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dressed to the Business Manager.

THE Conversat is dead, and we may write over it the sententious western epitaph "Died by request." But what of the debt we owe to sister colleges, of whose hospitality we have partaken for two sessions without return of any kind? If the Alma Mater Society finds itself unable to proceed because of what looks suspiciously like a senatorial boycott, cannot the Arts Society take the matter up? Delegates to other colleges are selected from among the Arts students, and upon us falls the odium if no return is made. If the seniors have not decided to patronize the "high tea" at the Kermis instead of having a class dinner they ought to enlarge their plan and invite the other students to unite and make it an Arts students' dinner, instead of a class dinner. Such a scheme we feel sure would meet with pretty general support and would reflect credit upon the enterprise of '97, whereas the reproach, if no college function of any kind is held, will attach most strongly to the same year.

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No despotism, no plutocracy can be more tyrannical than organized labor when it gains the ascendancy as it has in some of the large cities of the neighboring Republic. The alien labor law, designed at first to protect the American artisan against the pauper labor of the old world, is now directed in the most obnoxious way against Canadians, especially

in the cities along the border. Buffalo is the most conspicuous example. There, Labor Inspector De Barry is fast earning the reputation of being the meanest man in Christendom. A great many Canadians have gone to that city to work, and on the whole they have shown such industry and intelligence that they have in many cases surpassed the native workmen, and the demand for Canadian labor has been steadily increasing. But organized labor became alarmed, and through its agent it has been steadily rooting out the hated alien from Canada. In this there is a double joy, for it is vindicating the sacred principle, "America for the Americans," and at the same time indirectly it is giving the British Lion's tail a twist, a pastime which the more ignorant American laborer so dearly loves. De Barry is kept busy patrolling the hallowed precincts of that elysium of the labor demagogue, and the bold, bad Canadian who falls foul of him is promptly deported across the river out of the "land of the free." But such is the demand for Canadian skill and intelligence that this grand inquisitor has an unhappy time of it. Having got rid of the dress-makers and sewing girls, he is now confronted by the fact that a whole army of bright young Canadian girls have dared to enter Buffalo hospitals to help care for the sick and unfortunate. His census reveals the astounding truth that to deport all these would seriously interfere with the efficiency of some of these institutions, and he appears to have "weakened."

There is a slight feeling in some parts of Canada that our government should retaliate by similar legislation, but we trust that the better sense of our representatives will prevail and that we shall continue to allow our neighbors a monopoly of such peanut politics. Let us thank De Barry and his masters for the high tribute they pay to Canadian skill and energy, but let us not imitate them, for imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and there is nothing flattering in the envious and selfish policy they are pursuing.

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We have received from Mr. A. J. McNeill, Divinity Hall, a copy of "Woodlands and other Rhymes," a