

# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY HOCKEY TEAM, 1895.

CHAMPIONS OF ONTARIO AND OF THE CANADIAN INTER-COLLEGIATE LEAGUE.



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# QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXII.

KINGSTON, CANADA, MARCH 30TH, 1895.

No. 11.

## Queen's University Journal,

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University in Twelve Fortnightly Numbers, during the Academic year.

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The annual subscription is One Dollar, payable before the end of January.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Business Manager.

**C**HAMPIONS of the Ontario Hockey Association and of the Inter-collegiate Hockey Union, our boys have this year, by a brilliant series of games, eclipsed all their previous hockey records. A glance at the accompanying cut of the team reminds us that they are modest youths and will not be spoiled by praise. Throughout the whole season they played a clean, manly game and in the Ontario series shewed their superiority in the most convincing way. Here is an impartial judgment of their work from *Athletic Life* for March: "To Queen's University belongs the honour of carrying to Kingston the championship of Ontario. Her septette having won six consecutive victories have proved without a doubt that they are high above any other team in the Association. In their first round of home and home matches, the R. M. C. fell an easy prey to the tune of 17-5 and 6-3. The Limestones also suffered the same fate, 12-1. Next 'Varsity were taken into camp 19-3, and finally Trinity was sacrificed by a score of 17-3. Queen's may well be proud of her hockey team, every member of which is a worthy exponent of the game, besides possessing in Curtis, their Captain, a man who has probably had as much experience in athletics as any other man in Canada. He plays point for his team and is a model defence man. In fact the whole team is beyond criticism. Every man is a tried veteran and plays his position to perfection."

The Inter-collegiate series was practically decided by the match with McGill by a score so close that no discredit could be reflected on our opponents. This makes our boys double champions for '95. They were defeated but once, and then in a very closely contested match with the Montrealers, the Canadian champions for '94. We congratulate our team on upholding so well the honour of our Alma Mater. May they continue to do so for many a year!

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Our success in hockey gives still greater significance to the position that Queen's occupies in athletics. Her championships in both football and hockey shew how undoubted her supremacy is over other colleges and communities of much greater pretensions. We have little fear that Queen's men will allow themselves to be carried away by excessive self-gratulation over a success of this kind. Emerson has said that "the highest test of a nation's greatness is not the census nor the size of its cities, but the kind of men it brings forth." The same might be said of a University. It is truly great in so far as it moulds and produces men of thought and character. We should not plume ourselves on our census of students, though year by year it shews a remarkable increase, nor should we give undue prominence to our attainments on campus or ice. We are known all over the country through our champion teams, and by many of the unthinking we are regarded as a "sporting" institution. That this is a very one-sided and superficial view is obvious. Our athletics are bound up with the very best of our college life, as is evident from the fact that the champion rugby team numbers in its ranks many of the best students in the University. Furthermore, we believe that the moral influence of sports in Queen's has been of a high order and has tended to develop brain and character. Accordingly, though our place in athletics is high, it is still subservient to our progress as men of thought and action. With this in mind, it is our duty to extend the influence of athletics among ourselves, and, by unselfish rivalry unmixed with any bitter feeling, to maintain, if not to advance our position in relation to other colleges. To attain these ends there are two things that we conceive to be essential. First, the systematic carrying out of inter-year and inter-

faculty matches. As arrangements are being made for this for next season, it is unnecessary to discuss it, except to urge years and faculties to give it their best attention. The second point is that every player in the University should do all in his power to increase the efficiency of his Alma Mater's teams. The organ of the students of Edinburgh University has been complaining recently that many of the best football players in their university play with outside clubs and are no help whatever to the college teams. This is not the case with any of our senior players in either football or hockey, but many of the best of the junior players belong to outside clubs, and this tends to weaken the junior teams and to give the seniors inferior practice. Were it not for this, we might to-day hold more than one junior championship. This defect should not assume more serious dimensions. When another season comes, then, let every man give his Alma Mater first place and help her to maintain her present proud position in athletics.

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Week by week the session has glided by till now the examinations have come upon us like a "wolf on the fold." For the past few days the Meds. have been busy scoring points and transferring their wisdom to paper, and in two weeks time the Artsmen will also be in the "agony." The man who has done faithful work for the last six months can now warble merrily:

"Hasten thee, Kronos!  
On with thy clattering trot!  
Quick, rattle along,  
Over stock and stone let thy trot  
Into life straightway lead!"

for he fears not the face of the examiners. But what of those untamed youths who have spent their days in loafing around the halls and their nights in walking the streets! By a process of "cram" from this time on to exams. their names may possibly appear on the lists, but we fail to see how a University course can in this way take a strong hold on their life. We would warn one and all against overtaxing their working powers, and wish them a clear head and steady hand when their day of trial comes.

There are two questions in connection with examinations that have recently been agitating educational and college periodicals, the form that examinations should take and the best means for preventing copying. With regard to the latter some American colleges have adopted the "Honour" system, by which candidates are left to themselves and pledge their word that during the examination they have neither given nor received assistance. We are not prepared to discuss the merits or demerits of this plan for in Queen's the question is not a pressing one. And yet it is popularly reported that considerable illegitimate work is done during

exams. and occasionally we hear of an offender being caught. It would be an ideal state of affairs if our exams. were absolutely free from this element, but we believe that it could be reduced to a minimum by the infliction of a severer penalty than at present, such as expulsion or rustication, and by not allowing the examination hall to be overcrowded, as it so often is.

At Cornell University term examinations have been abandoned and rank is determined by daily recitations, and this perhaps will afford a truer test of the students' progress than a single examination, where chance work may play a considerable part. But a practical difficulty arises in ascertaining in large classes what the standing of individuals really is. This is too vexed a question to discuss at length, but we believe that the plan followed by some of our own Professors, by which class work and final papers are both given due value, points to the true solution of the problem.

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A recent reading of Frederic Harrison's "Choice of Books" has left some strong impressions on our mind, and by no means the feeblest of these is that more of the students and graduates of Queen's than are now doing so might profitably adopt the course he maps out. We have courses in Comparative Religion, Comparative Grammar and Philology, but as yet little or nothing has been done, either in the class-rooms by the professors or in their private studies by the students, in the rich field of Comparative Literature. A richer field it would be impossible to find and yet as under-graduate and post-graduate students we have completely neglected it. We can not point to a man who is even tolerably well acquainted with the masterpieces, let us say, of the Latin, Greek, French, German and English literatures. We have first class honour men in English and Moderns who know nothing of Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles or Virgil, either in the original or through the translations. We have first-class honour men in Classics who know nothing of Lessing, Schiller or Goethe; Corneille, Racine or Hugo; and very little even of our own Shakespeare or Browning. Surely from the point of view of the highest university culture, this is much to be regretted, and if it is the result of our specializing tendencies, the ultimate value of such tendencies is questionable.

There can be no study more full of pleasure and genuine inspiration for the literary student than the comparative study of literatures. To trace the rise and development of the drama in Greece and England, to compare the problems of ancient and modern life and notice the differences in the treatment given to these problems by the different dramatists would constitute a liberal education in itself.

Moreover, we cannot be said to know anything until we know its history, and as there is a very great deal in modern literature that can be traced back to Greece and Rome, we cannot understand our Shakespeare, our Goethe, or our Hugo until we have studied them in the light of the whole history of the drama.

In our day such a study is within the reach of every really earnest and persistent student. If he be a student of the modern languages he may find it difficult to acquire knowledge of Greek or Latin after he has left the university; but if he be an honour classical student, the task of reading French and German cannot be stupendous. If he would spend the time now wasted in promiscuous, vapid reading, in learning to read the great masterpieces of French and German in the original, there can be no doubt that he would see his patience rewarded by a rich harvest. But even if he has not the time or the patience, after finishing one honour course in languages, to venture on another, it is possible for him to do something in this comparative study through translations. Our times are especially rich in translations of the ancient literature of Greece and Rome. We have translations of Homer, Pindar, The Trilogy of Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle and Theocritus almost as perfect as it is possible to make them. The Roman Vergil and Lucretius have been made familiar to us through the excellent translations of Conington and Munro, and the critical essays of such writers as Pater, Symonds, Sellar, Nettleship, Jebb and Campbell give English readers all the help they can desire. Such knowledge is only second-hand, but even second-hand is better than none at all.

We hope we have said enough to call the attention of all intending teachers and preachers to this very important subject. There can be no better corrective for the philological dryness of the teacher of languages or the theological dogmatism of the Calvinistic preacher than an acquaintance with and love for the masterpieces of the greatest literatures.

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The Literary Society, organized at the beginning of the year, has had two regular meetings at which papers have been read. Taking into consideration the lateness of the session and the limited time at the disposal of those taking part, the society is to be congratulated on the strong interest shewn by its promoters. It is certainly here to stay. So far as we understand it, its work is designed to have breadth and variety enough to draw men from every department of university work. The programme proposed for next session is proof of this, where science, history, religion, English, French and classical literature are represented. Many have the impression that exclusiveness is a mark of the

society. The very reverse we believe to be the case, both in point of constitution and the spirit manifested by the present members. But there are of course a few who, even though formally members, will always exclude themselves from the real work of the society by not preparing themselves to follow the subjects intelligently. The chief criticism to be made thus far is on the entire lack of discussion, after the papers were read. This was due, not so much to the length of the papers or to the lack of readiness on the part of members, as to the fact that much of the time was taken up in getting the machinery of the society under way. At future meetings this will be obviated and free discussion can become not the least profitable part of the evening.

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The old but ever new question, whether or not a college education is the best preparation for life, is continually recurring under some new form, especially in the so-called practical spheres. For a thorough treatment of it we would require first to ask what the real meaning of life is, and then to examine the nature of college training, but such is beyond the purpose of the present article. It is a significant fact, however, that those who condemn college training—and we see instances of it even in the religious press to-day, where something more intelligent might be expected—never take the trouble to enquire into these preliminary points. With hazy impressions of both they settle the question off-hand. A few months ago in a western city in conversation with a man of varied experience and of considerable intelligence, the editor of a daily newspaper, we heard this charge made. Though not excluding college graduates in other professions, he made special reference to those whose education is completed in theological seminaries. He spoke in warm terms of our esteemed Principal as being the only minister of his acquaintance in Canada who had common sense. This he attributed to his practical and executive genius, but could not see the point when reminded that the Principal had his foundations laid in a thorough university culture. "Better far," he said, "to spend three years on the streets learning the ways of men than to be huddled together in a secluded college like a lot of monks."

Making due allowance for western extravagance of statement, there is truth in this remark as well as falsehood. Neither the university nor the life of the street can put brains into a man whose natural endowments are of a low order, but the former can do what the latter cannot, it can familiarize a man with the best that has been thought, it can discipline his intellectual faculties, give him a wide outlook on all questions of life and free him from the narrow conceptions often painfully present in the man of affairs, who can look at culture from the outside

only. These advantages, however, are not real unless they can be identified with the interests and relations of life. They are but the beginning, and the reason for their being misunderstood is that many, who profess to have made them their own, are inclined to rest in a *beginning* and with a ready-made theory in their teeth to apply it dogmatically to the practical issues of life. True theory and true practice must ultimately coincide and therefore the necessity of gaining broad and deep conceptions of life. To introduce a man to these is the work of a University. At the same time we must frankly admit that the average student, clergyman or man of culture often shews a discreditable incapacity for business and that many of them know comparatively little of human nature. This is too evident in the unsystematic way in which our college affairs and institutions are often conducted and is also prominent in church and educational circles. It is generally neglect of such apparently insignificant things that brings upon university men the charge we have been considering.

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The question as to who should have the official control of the reading room is again up for consideration. Last year the matter was pretty thoroughly threshed out but it was admitted that the Alma Mater could not consistently hand over the management to the Arts Society, as the latter represented only a part of those interested. The present condition of affairs arose in the gradual development of these institutions and presents no immediate practical difficulty, but only the theoretical anomaly of one body collecting the funds and another administering them. But to give the whole direction of affairs into the hands of the Arts Society, as at present constituted, would be simply to make a change of anomalies, for then some of those interested would be debarred the privilege of control, while under Alma Mater direction all have a voice, though some who are not interested may have an influence also. The latter is the safer method of the two. With a few changes in the constitution of the Arts Society, we think that a very satisfactory settlement of the question might be made. If the membership of the Society made made to include all under-graduates and post-graduates in the Arts and Science faculties (for the two are at present scarcely distinguishable), a committee could then be appointed to act conjointly with a similar committee from Divinity Hall in the management of the reading room; or if it would be inadvisable to unite Arts and Science in one society, a joint board could be formed having representation from the three faculties in proportion to the amount contributed. To some such representative body the Alma Mater would willingly hand over the control of the reading room.

## LITERATURE.

### "THE LILAC SUNBONNET."

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

THE Lilac Sunbonnet, a Love Story"—with Scottish scrupulosity the explanatory phrase appears on the title page. After this warning, the one who reads the book or this sketch is himself responsible. It is purely a tale of love and fancy. It discusses no "ism"; it adds nothing to our knowledge of "Borderland," "Christian Science," or "The Growing Evils of Charity." It tells of people who found life sweet and good, amidst its trials and sorrows—trials and sorrows not glossed over, but portrayed by an artist who accepted life "for better or for worse." Therefore it is aglow with happiness, the joy of first love and new life.

The plot resembles that of Barrie's "Little Minister," relieved of its fascinating extravagance. Ralph Peden is the son of that last adherent of the Marrow Kirk, "who led the faithful into the wilderness on the days o' the Great Apostacy." Poor Ralph, indeed, found it a wilderness. Possessed of a warm poetic temperament, his sole companions were his father, one of the *two* orthodox ministers in Scotland and of course, in the whole world, and the servant man who kept the manse. His mental life was nourished on Greek and Hebrew roots, and some worldly poets whom he secretly read.

Five O'clock Teas and Church Socials have done much to enlighten the benighted, but even yet the Divinity student is noted for his ignorance of the ways of women; what must have been the innocence of one whose cook and chambermaid even was a broken-down sailor. The presbytery (their ways are inscrutable) gave for his trial exercise Solomon's description of the virtuous woman, and sent him to a country manse to prepare it, and that in springtime, too! Young man, remember our first parent!

Lying among the broom and heather on the hillside, a warm June morning, with the smell of peat smoke in the air, amid the hum of bees and chirp of birds, he looked down and saw winsome Charteris, who had come out to oversee the blanket washing.—The reader will have to excuse details. Mr. Crockett is a poet of color and feeling and we really don't dare follow further. We may add that she was "tall and divinely fair" and wore a lilac sunbonnet; that she was the granddaughter of a "bonnet Laird," whose farm she successfully managed, and thus added to her charms the self-possession of a woman of the world. Altogether we can't recall a more charming creation. The manner in which she laughingly outwits Ralph at every turn, and his awkward simplicity, keep a freshness throughout, though it is only the "old story."

But interest is by no means confined to these. The life of the farm servants, the boys going to school, "guddling trout" (a unique method of fishing), the parish natural "daft Jock Gordon," all have their place. He seems to delight in depicting women, at least they do most of the talking and acting; his men are strong in their silence. The Presbyterian elder, bowed with sorrow and sitting paralyzed in his chair, is the embodiment of "what is not to be overcome." And not less interesting is his garrulous wife, "old-like but not so old." Perhaps the best scene is the dissolution of the Marrow Kirk. Scottish determination, hard logic and harder theology, grim humour and canny ingenuity are strongly united in that scene where John Bairdieson reconstitutes the Synod.

There is throughout a warmth of colouring and a glowing tremulous joy, which is perhaps the chief charm. Life is taken at those expansive points where it seems a new creation, unconnected with the past and regardless of the future. Of course it is a love story and, of course, overdrawn, but not really sensuous even in its passion for feeling and colour. The author is apparently a warm-blooded Celt, breaking from a belated Hebraism, and is intoxicated by the new atmosphere. The person who does not care for a "holiday" novel had better not read it: it is excellent in that class.

### MR. A NON YMOUS.

A PAPER READ AT THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

Many have been the wanderings of mortals over this green earth since the much enduring, divine Ulysses purchased a ticket and set sail from Greece *en route* to Italy; but of them all, the most remarkable has been that of the Wandering Jew. Literary men have won fame and fortune in writing the biographies of less famous characters and I trust that, by judicious use of the abundant material at my disposal, I may acquire the same. At the outset I must apologize for the somewhat technical language that I have been forced to adopt. I would not appear pedantic, but I am very unwilling that the subject of my sketch should suffer through verbal inaccuracy.

The theory to be advanced may be novel but let no one reject it without considering its claims. The problem is briefly this: There are in every language myriads of literary productions the authorship of which has never been ascertained. In cases where these have been published, they are signed by A Non or A Non Ymous. Every scholar now accepts these two to be one and the same, so that we are justified in concluding that he is the author of this literature. True, there are objections to this

theory, but they are entitled to but little weight in comparison with the direct and positive testimony in its favor. The writer must have been of extraordinary longevity and of a vagrant disposition, and these conditions are not fully met by anyone except A Non, the Wandering Jew.

That you may have a proper conception of his place as a humorist, it will be necessary to briefly sketch his literary evolution. Some say that he has grown downwards, but this results from a mistaken view of intellectual directions. Apparently with the direct design of substantiating Mons. Comte's theory, A Non first appears as a theological writer, and internal evidence is so strong and stylistic peculiarities so marked that theologians, generally conservative, have all but proved that he is the honoured author of much of the sacred literature of the Hebrews. His only fault is his unmethodical arrangement. His use of allegory is remarkable as showing his fitness for his future career as a humourist. There is no doubt that the Jews misunderstand him, but we must bear in mind that the Jews were a thinking race, and very much undeveloped on the humorous side. In fact I do not know one single name belonging to the period and the only jokes recorded are practical, like the deception which Laban practised upon the smitten Jacob.

Unappreciated here, and seeing others receiving the credit of his work, A Non turned from Hebrew to English and made a great hit by publishing the *Beowulf*. It became the rage. People clamoured for it as the starving peasants in France at the time of the Revolution clamoured for bread. Fifteen thousand copies were sold in a day. Printing presses were run day and night. The people tried to find the author that they might lionize him but he prudently avoided the society, whose favor cost poor Burns his health and life, a few years after. The comicalness of the scene greatly moved him, and finding the strain of the lofty epic too intense, he sought repose for his soul in another direction.

He dipped his pen, in blood and wiped it upon unspotted paper and the satires of Junius appeared. Some say that Junius was Sir Philip Francis, others say somebody else, but the evidence is conclusive almost to demonstration that the letters are the work of A Non Ymous. A poem written about this time illustrates his literary transition from the lofty epic to the satiric. He had been attending a league baseball match and had been disgusted with the grand stand playing of one of the favourites, whose discomfiture he was soon given the pleasure of witnessing.

But he soon became tired of satire. It was impossible for him to take pleasure in the sufferings of

his fellow-creatures. He took a journey to the south and we hear little except occasional notices and contributions to the magazines, but on his return we notice a great change. Under the influence of the tropical sun his already mellowing nature has ripened fast and he returned a humorist. He had buckled a strong belt about his sides and given himself up to fun and laughter. He was younger than ever. He had lived long, he had seen generations come and go, he had witnessed the rise and fall of empires, and he had concluded that a great man cannot consent to take anything seriously. He was bent upon a career as a humorist. His father gave him good advice, but it met the common fate of advice, for the son said of humour: "It is in me and it shall out. Though I suffer, the world shall not find me recreant to the trust it has imposed upon me." This accounts for the rise of so many newspapers and almanacs and other gratuitous literature. The most aristocratic humour we find in high class journals like the *Queen's Quarterly*, and the most plebian is that in the patent-medicine almanac. The latter, by long odds the best, is easily within the reach of all.

What has my hero to do with American humorists? As the electric light excels candlelight, or rather as the sun puts in the shade all lesser luminaries, so it is with this mysterious author. I would feel that I was doing Mark Twain, Artemas Ward, Josh Billings, and that plebian band too great an honour if I were to shew their inferiority to our hero. One of them plumes himself on his fine education, for he says he could chew to-ba-cco in fourteen different languages, but A Non was "at home" in every language and every dialect that came into existence when the tower of Babel was builded. The American humorist's life lasts on the average 34 years and 6 months, but this man is the contemporary of all ages. Midas could have got rich in 1,000 years; Aristotle might have had a well-developed mind had he attained his 500th birthday; even a less gifted man than A Non might have become learned in such a time, but the "dew" of youth is ever on A Non and his genius is as perennial as the alpine glaciers. The Prof. of Physics says that friction is the most ubiquitous creature in existence, but for once he has erred through forgetfulness of our long-lived hero. Let me conclude my sketch by the words which he would have upon his monument; the words which indicate his humility and his strivings after an ideal; which shew his search for suitable language in which to express the thoughts that have been kindled in his soul:

The hen, it is a bonnie bird,  
And so's the river Nith,  
And every wife about the door  
Has one, or two, or more, or so.

## POETRY.

### THE HEROES OF '95.

AS when of yore on Heliconian height  
To that old singer of the Works and Days  
Came the Pierian maids and bade him raise  
His voice in solemn song and show the light  
Of truth to men. Bold champion of the right!  
To aid his fellow-men he shunned the ways  
His brother-bards had trod; the noon-day blaze  
Of martial glory scorned, but sang the fight,  
The strife of man with nature; all his aim  
To preach the faith that truth o'ercometh wrong.  
So I, a bard of feebler powers, yet strong  
In strength that comes of sovereign truth, shall strive,  
Albeit my Muse hath halting grown and lame,  
To sing a modern herd, prosaic '95.

I asked the sage of the cellar, who keepeth the gate and key,  
(Many a class hath he seen depart, and many more may he see!)  
Tell me, said I—for thou knowest them well—of the class that is passing away,  
Of the men of fame who will leave a name, as a mark for a later day.  
Then slowly answered that wise old man and his voice had sadder grown,  
"I cannot tell, though I know them well, that many such I have known.  
Back is a kindly giant, handsome and stout and tall,  
Fat since he took to preaching and turned his back on the ball.  
Turnbull's a quiet fellow, though he loves 'mongst the ladies to shine,  
But they say that his temper is "Irish": I like that, for so is mine.  
Begg's the chap they call Livy—he plays on a thing called guitar,—  
When he leaves—like the student they sing of—the ladies will weep round the car.  
Baker's a football cyclone; has the hardest head of them all,  
In a match none quicker than "Bunty" to "throw himself" on the ball.  
King is a little fellow but he never forgets that they say  
"The *mind* makes the man, not the inches," and it cheers him from day to day.  
'Twas Miller that ate the Salmon. The girls call him "Rosy," I hear,  
They like his smiling young features, and his speeches on "woman's right sphere."  
Campbell is sly but progressive. I've been watching George and his tricks,  
He's been studying human nature and his subject's in '96.  
McInnes would pose as a cynic who holds the poor world in disdain,  
Would ape old Diogenes, truly, but isn't so short in the grain.  
Conn's the good boy of the class. *His* weakness I never could find,  
Has a passionate fondness for work, and exams, never catch him behind.  
The man before whom all the freshmen do quake and exceedingly fear,  
Watson, the High Chief Justice, is the gentlest man of the year.  
Then there's Detlor, Bohemian Billy, a comical chap in his way;  
If he errs, 'tis no fault of the heart, as all his acquaintances say.  
Peter Pilkey's patriarchal, pies and puddings make him glad,

CONTRIBUTED.

A DAY ON THE BANKS OF THE KOOTENAY.

**B**EFORE the sun rose, the snow-capped, mist-shrouded fastnesses of the Rockies and Selkirks could be dimly discerned appearing in solitary grandeur above the clouds. The fine play of colours upon the snowy peaks told us it was the break of day. The day-star was yet darting upon the horizon. The feathered choir of the wild woods was trimming itself to be ready to welcome the light. All was still. The stillness was impressive; the tall pine trees listening, as it were, to nature's mysterious changes. What primitive beauty exists in a landscape where nature's course has been unimpeded and where the harmony of her arrangements is accentuated by her tree-children! We all know the feeling that comes over one in the wild forest with its heavy timbered arches overhead, its delicate half-tints of lights and shadows, with decay in the midst of life, and life and beauty springing from decay. One cannot help feeling the invisible presence that causes the plants to sprout and the birds to build their nests.

Such was my experience on the morning of June 2nd, 1894, as I rolled myself out of the blanket in which I slept that night under a tree on the banks of the Kootenay.

"Not from his fellows only man may learn  
Rights to compare and duties to discern;  
For all creatures and all objects in degree,  
Are friends and patrons of humanity."

The day before, I had ridden my cayuse pony from Fort Steele to where I then was, a distance of seventy miles. I arrived at the place where the Kootenay river was bridged about dusk, and to my dismay found the bridge had been carried off by the flood. This river under ordinary conditions is not more than thirty yards wide, but was now over a mile in width. To ford it was impossible. The last habitation that I had passed was forty miles distant. The night was dark and my pony was tired, so I had to content myself where I was, if contentment can be conceived in such a plight, with myriads of mosquitoes as boon-companions. Having picketed my pony, I began to kindle a fire which was to serve the double purpose of destroying the mosquitoes and warding off wild animals that might be prowling through the woods. The night was pitch dark and nothing could be seen but the ghostly gleam of a few bushes near. The only sound to be heard was the liquid flow of the Kootenay and occasionally the whirring of an owl as it swooped upon its prey. I was seated cross-legged (siwash style) before the fire when suddenly some half-rotten branches beside me crashed. Springing to my feet I seized my Winchester and

Patient, plodding Peter Pilkey, proud that baby calls him "dad."  
'Mid the "College Items" writers Denyes longs to find a place,  
Strives to match our long-lost "Oily" in the journalistic race.  
Connolly's the German tutor; lucky chap! much time he spends  
In the third-floor Modern's class-room, and hath angels for his friends.  
Next comes Volume, quiet Davy, fond of ladies and of books,  
Critic of the Alma Mater, not so gentle as he looks.  
MacIntosh don't care for classes, but can dance the Highland fling,  
Throw the hammer, speak "ta Gaelic," tell a story, smoke and sing.  
Brock is a stalwart athlete, a popular man in his class,  
Bright at his books as at hockey, and morally certain to pass.  
Energetic Herb, Kirkpatrick is our most ambitious man,  
Always serious, always busy, working out his latest plan.  
Pitts and Feir are sober-minded; "unco guid," as Burns would say,  
Think their thoughts and shape their conduct in the straight and narrow way.  
Menzies "spoke a piece" in public, spoke but once and left the stage;  
Loves the girls and eke Ralph Menzies with a most consuming rage.  
Hall the slow, the philosophic, hesitating Hall, you'll find  
Cramming with raw Kantian maxims, all the storehouse of his mind.  
Ryerson, the break-neck "Jingles," ever busy, ne'er at rest,  
At football, chess or mathematics always shines among the best.  
Ah! the girls will miss McCreary, artful Bob, who stays out late  
Counting stars on Sunday night, while swinging on her father's gate.  
Williamson with words of parting on our valedictory day  
Will draw tears of grief and sorrow from the Senate, light and gay.  
Perpendicular McDougall, sober, dignified, sedate;  
Young, the solemn junior Justice, whom the verdant freshmen hate;  
Clark, frequenter of the cloak-room, Alcombrack, who dreams in Greek,  
Pope, so tall, and fair, and manly; Day, who modern tongues can speak;  
Instant, modest and retiring; McIntyre, serenely sweet;  
With Carmichael, happy warbler, make our little band complete."  
Thus spake the sage of the cellar, who keepeth the gate and key,  
And he sadly said, "There are some who go, and some who remain with me.  
Tho' I cannot say that a later day will keep their fame alive,  
Yet I've told my story, that all may hear of the heroes of '95."

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"A new edition of the works of Edgar Allen Poe has just appeared from the hand of our great literary critic, Edmond Clarence Stedman, in conjunction with George Edward Woodberry. In this edition there is the absence of that rancour, which has characterized the criticism in regard to Poe for the last forty-five years."—*Ex.*



peered forward in the direction from which the noise came. The bushes before me parted and two old men came forth, having been attracted by the light of my fire. They were prospectors who had spent many years in wandering through the mountains. We greeted each other quite informally. The first thing they asked me was if I had anything "to chew," that is, in Kootenay phraseology, anything to eat. I told them I had—a chicken and an owl. "We have a little flour and a piece of bear meat." "All right." The division of labour came into effect at once. Bob Dour was to make bannocks, Ed. Teggart to supply wood and water, and I was to fry the meat. It took some time to get supper ready, as we had only one frying-pan in which to cook everything. However, when done it was good and we relished it very much. In the course of the evening Teggart gave a vivid description of a trip across the mountains on foot, before the days of the C.P.R., in company with Principal Grant, Chancellor Fleming and others. Each carried a pack. He thought the Principal carried the kettle and frying pan and stood the journey well for a "tenderfoot." After listening to a few blood-curdling stories we retired, each rolling himself in his blanket, feeling as secure as if it were a royal palace. As I was concerned about getting across the river, I rose early in the morning and took a stroll down to where the bridge had been, to see how things looked. It was a hopeless case. No one could possibly venture in a boat, as the current was tremendously strong.

These circumstances appeared discouraging and yet loneliness was impossible amid such surroundings. The scenery of the Rockies and the Selkirks at that time of the year is superb. The Kootenay valley is situated between these two mountain ranges. It is at no place wider than two or three miles. Its natural parks, where trees of immense size grow as straight as arrows and where crystal streams formed by the melting of the mountain snow flow serenely, compare favourably with the Miltonian shades of Vallombrosa. The "stars of earth"—wild crocus, tiger lily, wild rose, blue bell and the blossom of wild oregon-grape and saskatoon—beautifully adorn the carpet that nature has spread. It is impossible to describe in words the admitted grandeur of the giant Rockies and the almost unbroken line formed a few miles west of them by the supremely beautiful Selkirks. Cliff and gorge, glacier and torrent, lofty peak and darkening chasm, all combine to form a sublime poem that seems to lift the weariness of toil out of self and to place it on the shoulders of the rocks or else in the bottom of the deepest canyon.

When I returned from the river my friends had risen and were preparing breakfast. I had been

fortunate enough to shoot a duck on my early walk and we now prepared it for breakfast. About 9 o'clock my companions returned to the mountains. I remained for an hour or two upon the banks of the river waiting in vain for some one to venture across. At 11 o'clock I gathered my traps, saddled my cayuse and started for Fort Steele. I had not gone very far when I overtook the prospectors resting in the shade by the side of a small lake. We were not long there when it was evident that a great cyclone was coming up. The skies began to lower, the clouds to gather, the thunders to roll, and the lightnings to flash. It was a wild day. Even the animals trembled. Our cayuses neighed and rushed together as if to solicit each others protection. The little birds forgot their wildness and flew down from their lofty heights to walk the earth like ordinary mortals. The cyclone came and swept nearly everything before it. Parts of the forest were mown down like grass. It was the most destructive cyclone ever experienced in British Columbia.

I was determined to get to a house that night, so when the cyclone had spent its fury I bade my kind friends adieu and started. The air was exhilarating and everything looked clean and sweet. My little pony loped easily along and about 9 P.M. we arrived at "Black Shorty's." I found Shorty about the house scaring off the animals that were taking his hens. He invited me into his house, if by any courtesy his place of dwelling could be called a house. Shorty, like almost all the men in Kootenay, keeps a bachelor's hall. His proper name is Mr. Henry Atcheson, *i.e.*, if he really remembers his right name. But from the shortness of his stature and the colour of his skin he has been appropriately named "Black Shorty." He left his home in Texas over thirty years ago, when a boy of 14, and has lived ever since on hunting and trapping in the mountains. He has studied the habits of the grizzly bear, mountain lion, and mountain goat and sheep as minutely as Mr. White of Selborne the habits of his famous tortoise. In his own house he is very hospitable and loves to talk of his adventures and his dexterous feats when facing an enraged grizzly. Like all men he has grown more or less like his ideal and in his features and actions one can at once detect a likeness to the bear. This is Shorty on the outside, and interesting as he may appear here, he is even more so if we go beyond the rough exterior to the inner man. He is thoroughly orthodox in his religious views, and though he never went to school or attended church he has a calmer and nobler conception of life than many who become dyspeptics there. We retired late that night, and though there was then an inch of water on the floor we did not expect to find two and a half feet there next morning; yet such was our experience. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

## IMPRESSIONS OF THE CLASS OF '95.

BY A MEMBER OF '94.

PISTOL.—"Discuss unto me; art thou officer?  
Or art thou base, common and popular?"

With sadness and disappointment written upon our brow, we behold the "manufactured article" about to go from amongst us. In the glow and freshness—especially the latter—of youth, the class of '95 promised much but they have performed little. Some students, noticing the large number of this year who are already in Divinity Hall, attribute this case of arrested development to early piety. This, perhaps, may be the cause, but we are not prepared to commit ourselves on the question. As a year, they lack color and individuality and are "neither cold nor hot." In athletics they never won so much as a team race, not even by "cutting across the grass." In the councils of the Alma Mater their voice is seldom heard, and though there may be sages in the year yet, for the most part they have acted on the old maxim that "silence is golden." In some of their actions they have shown a great lack of determination and unity of purpose, and so fell an easy prey to the wiles of politicians and the sophistries of orators.

So much for destructive criticism, and now let us turn to the more pleasant duty of pointing out merits, for of old time we loved '95 and got into our famous "row" with the Court by interfering on their behalf. Among the members of this year are numbered many who rank easily with the best men in the College, and who will, we are sure, hereafter prove themselves an honour to their Alma Mater. The Court this year has attained great success along the old lines and has in addition opened up new spheres of usefulness which promise to be invaluable in the regulation of college affairs. The Arts Society, too, has scored a financial triumph under the able direction of members of the Senior Year. On the whole, however, we would say to the year: Be up and doing; throw aside your drowsiness and show the world even yet what you can do; with which sage advice we bid you a last "good-bye," not because we think of you as going, but because we intend to go ourselves this spring.

BY A MEMBER OF '95.

"We clamb the hill together,  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither,"

even if John did turn out the gas once or twice when our meetings went beyond 6 P.M. But we have reached the end of our tether and it behoves us to look back over our past course and set down in order the thoughts that come into our fact-crammed noddles. As a class we had great ideas as to what a class should be, and as usual have

succeeded in actualizing some, while others have been allowed to remain mere potentialities until it is now too late to do anything with them. We have been essentially a studying year, and for that reason perhaps more than for any other, have devoted a large part of our class spirit and energy to the larger field of college work, in which '95 never will be reproached. It is therefore difficult to separate class success from college success.

Our year meetings have been, as a rule, good, as regards business, programmes and attendance. Here and there a failure crops up, but they are few and far between, and they are due to that cry of "no time," for which '95 is responsible more, perhaps, than any other senior year. It has been our greatest fault, and whether it can be excused or not will be seen on the afternoon of May 1st. We have worked on gradually, "advancing in study a step every day," and at least, as Confucius said, "have not lost our time nor our years."

BY A MEMBER OF '96.

In the month of October in the year of Grace, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety One, a fresh "gang" was incarcerated within these walls to serve for various terms, most of them for four years, those guilty of more heinous crimes to serve a further term of three years before returning to their native woods. They were a motley crew, a rare collection of oddities, and their subsequent development aptly illustrates the principle of identity through change. They are not all here now. Some were set at liberty at the end of the third year as a reward for good conduct, and several of the more hardened have sought more congenial quarters elsewhere. But since entering, the class has been reinforced by many others, some of whom had served short terms in other institutions. They have not yet recovered from the shock of their entrance. A stronger gang had arrived before them, and they were followed by a still more impetuous crew, and the juxtaposition has made them somewhat shy and timid, so much so, indeed, that once upon a time, they retired from their place of meeting at the command of their juniors. But on one memorable occasion they broke through this diffidence. When "in the circle of revolving years" their turn came to choose candidates for the Alma Mater Society, a radical member produced a new scheme; with child-like faith they accepted it and chose their candidates; then hearing that the new scheme was intended for an entirely different purpose, they declared it null and void and made another start. A convincing proof of their shyness is that out of a membership of sixty they have only one married and one engaged, though several others are doing their best. A few bold, bad boys, however, answer "adsum"

to '95. They have two representatives on the First Fifteen, and *horribile dictu* some of them smoke and play pool. Their standard of scholarship is high—and here the lady members shine illustriously—but with many of the boys delapidated honor courses seem still to trail in the dust.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE ODIOUS WORD "VARSITY."

To the Editor of the Journal :

**T**HE expressive word "odious" is not ours. The following quotation is from an article in "The Cambridge Review, a Journal of University Life and Thought," of March 7th, 1895 :

"We are grateful to Dr. Hill for striking a blow at the odious word, 'Varsity.' He says: 'Thirty-five years ago in Oxford this vile pronunciation was confined to the men who hung about the cricket-grounds and the College barges, ready to pick up a chance sixpence by rendering some trifling service, or to drink a gentleman's health without rendering any service at all. Even a junior scout would have disdained to use it.'"

Why Canadians should delight in plumage stolen or borrowed from English cads and barges we have never been quite able to understand. Toronto University men were the first offenders, and the students of Ottawa have of late years imitated them, with zeal worthy of a better cause or name. It is always easy to use slang, and not being purists, we do not object to it, when men are in undress. But it is out of place on State occasions. May we say then, without giving offence, that the recognized organ of the students of the Provincial University might take advantage of the present storm and stress to apologize for its title, since it will not apologize to the Council. We have always felt that the title was an offence against the good breeding and good English which Universities are supposed to cultivate. Let your esteemed contemporary not take this remonstrance amiss, but consider that "faithful are the wounds of a friend."

PROPRIETY.

### THAT LADY DEAN!

Dear Mr. Editor :

My waking dreams are haunted by grisly shadows of coming events! I cannot banish a picture I have of the Lady Dean which has been evoked by a speech I heard not long ago. Behold her as she sweeps through the corridors in black dress and soft slippers in order to catch the unfortunate offender! From unknown corners, just when least expected, is heard her aggravating little cough; she pops upon one unawares in unwary attitudes. Her prim voice is heard at all hours—"Young ladies,

these hooks are meant for gowns!" (N.B.—She is not expected to know anything about the needs of the Sunday choir in Convocation Hall.) "Miss So-and-So your pose is undignified!" and as, with a very expressive rejoinder and impatient toss of the head, Miss So-and-So adjusts the offending members, a shocked voice says in a most freezing tone: "Is it possible that a young lady will stoop to slaug!" Her tone at this baffles description. How exceedingly proper is the Lady Dean. For, mark you, were she not, a far worse criticism would await her. Imagine a Lady Dean tripping in the most girlish manner down the stairs, running into students in her charming zeal and retiring in blushing confusion. A Lady Dean with an eternal giggle and high-heeled shoes pitty-patting along the corridor; who would hold "confidentials" with the tutors and shock Dr. Bell out of his wits—nay a Lady Dean who would hobnob with John himself! Can we—here hangs the momentous question—can we have a happy medium? It is within the limits of possibility, but only so. For she must be goodlooking, yet not beautiful, or she will drive us green with envy; she must have personality to attract but none to repel; she must be firm yet not dogmatic; present when wanted yet never in the way—in fact an ideal woman from the different standpoints of seventy girls. This is an utter impossibility. A living, refining *spirit* is what is needed—not one woman, for a *presence* would destroy all. Therefore this spirit, imbibed and fostered by the girls individually and together, is the best refining influence at college.

### A GIRL OF QUEEN'S.

I saw but One through all heaven's starry spaces gleaming;  
I saw but One in all sea-billows wildly streaming.  
I looked into the heart, a waste of worlds, a sea,—  
I saw a thousand dreams,—yet One amid all dreaming.  
And earth, air, water, fire, when thy decree is given,  
Are molten into One; against thee none hath striven.  
There is no living heart but beats unflinchingly  
In the one song of praise to thee, from earth and heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

As one ray of thy light appears the noonday sun,  
But yet thy light and mine eternally are one.  
As dust beneath thy feet the heaven that rolls on high;  
Yet only one, and one forever you and I.  
The dust may turn to heaven, and heaven to dust decay;  
Yet thou art one with me, and shalt be one for aye.  
How may the words of life that fill heaven's utmost part,  
Rest in the narrow casket of one poor human heart?  
How can the sun's own rays, a fairer gleam to fling,  
Hide in a lowly husk, the jewel's covering?  
How may the rose-grove all its glorious bloom unfold,  
Drinking in mire and slime, and feeding on the mould?  
How can the darksome shell that sips the salt sea stream,  
Fashion a shining pearl, the sunlight's joyous beam?  
Oh, heart! should warm winds fan thee, should'st thou  
floods endure,  
One element are wind and flood; but be thou pure.

—*Jelaleddin.*

**COLLEGE NEWS.**

**A. M. S.**

**T**HE attendance at the meeting of the Society held on the 16th inst. was unpleasantly suggestive of the near approach of examinations, and if '96 had not turned out in force there might have been some difficulty in securing a quorum. Owing to the absence of the three presidents, J. C. Brown, B.A., was moved into the chair. The secretary of '96 was summoned and gave evidence in the piano dispute, after which the Society, on motion of R. W. Anglin, absolved the class of '96 from all blame in the matter. As a result of this action, R. Burton did not press his motion censuring the executive for not having the piano returned to its usual place. The executive reported progress in regard to the public debate, and on motion of C. E. Smith it was decided to secure, if possible, three of the Professors to act as judges.

All arrangements had been made for holding the public debate last Saturday evening, but owing to the absence from the city of the principal speakers the open meeting had to be postponed. The attendance at the regular meeting was more than usually large, and as it was the anniversary of the famous Athletic Committee discussion of last session, no one was surprised at the fiery flow of eloquence which was poured forth for a time only one hour short of the record of that historic meeting. Usually, however, when the members are in an argumentative mood little business is done and Saturday night was no exception to the rule. In the earlier part of the evening some communications were read and discussed at length.

J. C. Brown, B.A., moved a committee consisting of the three present Editors, the Business Manager, and A. E. Ross, B.A. (Med.), D. McG. Gandier (Divinity), and J. H. Turnbull (Arts), to select a JOURNAL staff for next session and to recommend any changes which they might deem advisable.

On motion of J. W. McIntosh, M.A., the Society passed a resolution of condolence with the friends of the late Mr. W. B. Gordon, '97.

**Y. M. C. A.**

On March 15th the room was well filled to listen to G. E. Dyde on "A Pure Conscience," Acts 24, 16. The paper was a very practical and helpful one. The danger of being too much absorbed in watching the state of our own conscience was pointed out. Our life should be like St. Paul's, for he was too much occupied with the great purpose of his life to allow himself to drift into a series of morbid self-examinations. The discussion was profitable and shewed the necessity of a pure heart and life going hand in hand with a pure conscience.

C. A. Ferguson was the leader for Friday, the 22nd inst., and his topic was "Helpfulness." The true spirit of life is an unselfish one and should bear fruit in deeds of helpfulness. These are to be performed especially with a view to shewing our fellow-students what the real meaning of life is.

At the close of Mr. Ferguson's paper we had the pleasure of an address from Rev. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of North-West Missions. The Doctor was in his best form and made a strong appeal for men for the west. He never forgets that he is a Presbyterian and presents the claims of our work there in a telling way. Several volunteers for western work interviewed him after the address.

The new Y.M.C.A. executive is hard at work and has its various committees appointed.

**Y. W. C. A.**

The election of officers took place yesterday afternoon, the 29th. Miss Muuro conducted the usual Friday meeting the preceding hour on the important subject "India; Crisis." The Friday before a paper was read by Miss McDowall on "Character makes Condition," and an animated discussion followed on the influence of environment—how far it has to do with our character-formation. Miss Mudie's paper on "Our Whole Duty," read on the 15th, was a most interesting and instructive one.

**MEDICAL Y. M. C. A.**

The annual meeting of the Medical Y.M.C.A. was held on Friday, the 22nd. The reports of the retiring officers shewed that the work of the year had been very satisfactory. Officers for '95-'96 were elected as follows:

- Honorary President—Dr. I. Wood, M.A.
- Honorary Vice-President—Dr. E. Ryan, B.A.
- President—A. A. Metcalfe.
- Vice-President—A. Gould.
- Secretary—S. Drummond.
- Treasurer—G. W. Mylks.
- Organist—A. Bellamy.
- Librarian—R. C. Redmond.

**SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES.**

Rev. C. J. Cameron, M.A., of Brockville, gave the address on March 17th. His subject was, "The three parts of Theology," based on Isa. lv. : 7 and Luke xvii. : 14. The three parts of Theology correspond to Demosthenes' qualities of the orator, and are action, action, action. What the world needs is not a new revelation, a new creed, a new law or a new God, but a practical use of those it already has. Man's way in life lies along the state of his heart and the heart must be right in the sight of God. The necessary cleansing can be brought about only by a close application to life of the principle of action.

On March 24th we listened to Rev. J. J. Wright, B.A., of Lyn, who spoke on John xii. : 32, "The Suffering Saviour." This is one of the profoundest truths ever exemplified in human life and is a difficult one to understand, because to do so we must live it in our own lives. The spirit of Christ instead of passing away is just beginning to be understood. History shows that the universal reign and influence of Christ is being fulfilled and that all men, irrespective of local and national conditions, are being drawn to Him. This universal kingdom is to be brought about by the suffering of Christ, a suffering that breaks down opposition, that touches a common chord in all men and shews them that Christ met and overcame perplexities in life similar to their own. Many practical lessons were drawn, shewing how Christ's purpose of self-denial and love should be worked out in human life.

#### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The "raven of dull care" had been hovering over me all week, for the near approach of exams. had reduced to a minimum my period of sleep, when I chanced to see "American Humorists" bulletined for the new Literary Society on Friday evening. At once my fancy called up the image of Oliver Wendel Holmes, with a twinkle in his eye looking slyly across the breakfast table at the Bombazine, or of Bill Nye vainly endeavoring to entice the domestic fly from its basking place on his polished pate, and methought that a jovial evening with the literary sages of the college would prove an antidote to my increasing woe. Accordingly 7.30 p.m. found me, with about twenty others, breathing the learned air of the classics room. Our genial President was already in the chair and the dry work of adopting the balance of the constitution was soon hurried through. Then, next year's programme was submitted by the executive and after due discussion was adopted, with subjects somewhat as follows: The American Civil War, Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," Agamemnon and Macbeth, Embryology, a poem of Browning's, and The Origin and Development of Religion: a solid programme that will tax the leaders to their utmost.

I had just fallen asleep when I was suddenly roused by the President calling on Mr. R. F. Hunter to read his paper. As Bob scrambled up to the desk, humour seemed to ooze out of the very toes of his boots, and the corners of his mouth quivered as he tried to suppress an ever-broadening smile. His subject was Mr. Anonymous, that omnipresent and omniverous contemporary of the ages, who, like the ubeequeetous freection of the pheelsics room, finds his way into both the Queen's *Quarterly* and Mother Seigel's Soothing Syrup Almanac. To say that Bob was in his element is to put it mildly indeed. He

revelled in fun, he grew sad with pathos, and then again he soared as he described the billionairess of many engagements, till at length we feared that Bob himself must have been numbered among her elect. He played his part well, and the general opinion was that his own humour was superior to anything he gave us second-hand.

By this time bracing laughter had dissipated care and had acted like a tonic on my nerves, and I was ready to be set a thinking by Mr. T. S. Scott's substantial comparison of American and English humorists. His text was, "American humorists, are there any or are they only jokers?" This he discussed in a masterly way, shewing how little real humour there is in the professional punster or buffoon. He concluded his paper by reading in an attractive style a poem from the Bigelow Papers, which reminded many a grinding student that there are more romantic things in life than mathematics and Anglo-Saxon roots.

Then was heard in rolling guttural tones that would make a Barclay green with envy, a sketch of the life and work of Mark Twain, from Mr. J. D. Stewart. After a well-drawn and transcendently philosophic distinction of wit and humour, Jim proceeded to shew, with the ready approval of the house, that a great deal of what Mark Twain wrote is execrable trash. Yet among it there are many golden grains,—subtle, insinuating humour, that would make the soberest man in the medical college lose control of his facial expression. Then he treated us to a comparison of "Innocents Abroad" and "Tom Sawyer," placing the latter at the head of Mark's works. Illustrative selections were given, not without examples of Twain's pulpit oratory, and when Jim took his seat every one was shedding a secret tear over the lamentable ignorance of Old Testament history shewn by Tom Sawyer, when he named David and Goliath as the foremost of the disciples.

The evening was a success, and life, even at this dread season of the year, seemed bright and rosy to all. With a croak my attendant "raven" flew off into the night, and on the homeward way I muttered to myself

And when you next do spring some fun  
May I be there to hear.

VIATOR.

#### ARTS SOCIETY.

The Arts Society meeting on Tuesday evening, for the reception of reports of officers, was very poorly attended. The Treasurer's report was very gratifying as it showed that this year only one student had failed to pay his fee, and also showed a balance of over thirty dollars in the treasury. Numerous amendments to the constitution were proposed, but they involved such sweeping changes

that it was finally decided to appoint a representative committee to consider the whole constitution and recommend to the Society, at its meeting in October, any changes that would be advisable.

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

To-morrow, March 31st, Rev. J. A. Sinclair, M.A., of Spencerville, will preach in Convocation hall; on April 7th, Rev. John Hay, B.D., of Coburg; and on April 14th, Rev. J. Bennet, B.A., of L'Original.

There will be no more piano squabbles this session. The year-meetings have "folded their tents like the Arabs, etc."

The song-book committee appointed last January will give their semi-annual report of progress to the Alma Mater Society to-night.

All student subscribers should leave their addresses with the Business Manager in order that JOURNAL No. 12 may be mailed to them.

We call the attention of the students to the notices on the senate's bulletin board. They are of importance to those going up for examination and degree.

On last Wednesday afternoon the Levana Society met for the nomination of officers for the ensuing year. The election will take place on Monday, April 1st.

The devotees of the rink are sad and forlorn, for on Saturday, the 23rd, the band played its funeral dirge for the year and Father Hatch turned off the sprinkler.

Mr. Hiram Calvin, M.P., has been elected a Trustee of the University for another term of years. Out of 50 members of the Council who voted, all, with one exception, voted for the re-election of Mr. Calvin.

Only two more games remain to be played in the chess tournament. In the semi-final T. Ikehara and E. Ryerson play and the winner then tries conclusions with R. J. Clark for the championship of the college.

The present Curators, before resigning, should see that the lime is removed from the surface of the photos in the reading room, for as they are now the least dampness would result in considerable damage to many.

At their last debate, the Freshmen discussed that perennial question of the relative greenness of the city and country man in exchanged localities. During the course of the debate many excellent stories were related, stories which we have not heard for years and had well-nigh forgotten. Much eloquence and sarcasm was indulged in by both parties, but the judges decided that the balance of verdancy was on the side of the country man in the city.

Our girl friends from Hamilton Ladies' College remark on our efforts in a charmingly innocent way. "The columns of the Queen's University JOURNAL seems to be chiefly occupied by college news and sports."

The Ontario Hockey Cup has not yet made its appearance in the library. The Secretary of the club should have it placed with the other championship cups as soon as possible so that all might have a glimpse at the trophy before leaving for the summer holidays.

Last week the skating on the lake was excellent and some were tempted to use small sails to aid in locomotion, but with the strong winds the result proved disastrous and now two or three of the boys wear rueful countenances and invest all their spare cash in court plaster.

At a recent meeting of '96, a congratulatory message was drawn up and dispatched to C. H. Edwards. In due time an acknowledgment was received and with it a large and well preserved specimen of cake, but the latter, we understand, never got past the executive.

In the last issue of the *Week*, Principal Grant very ably discusses the question: "Would Federal Interference with the Manitoba School System be in the General Interest." His statements are clear and convincing and will, we think, help to reveal the problem in its true light.

Steps are now being taken by some of the clubs in the Quebec Hockey Union to practically test the effect of doing away with the "off-side" rule. With this rule suspended hockey will closely resemble lacrosse, both in the arrangement of the players and in the methods of combination and passing.

The demand in the library this session for "Morris and Skeat's Specimens of Early English," has been very great, and as many as thirteen requisitions for it have been up at one time. When the demand for a book is so general and persistent it might be advisable for the library authorities to have several copies placed on the shelves.

The greatest praise is due the Concurus for the prompt way in which they acted in the disgraceful incident that recently took place. Some students with chronic officiousness have been finding fault with its course of action, but we believe that the court has justified its existence more than ever before.

In the annual election for representatives to the Council, 140 graduates voted and elected the following, who hold office till 1901: W. J. Gibson, M.A., M.D.; Rev. J. K. McMorine, M.A.; Rev. D. J. McLean, B.A.; James C. Connell, M.A., M.D.; Geo. W. Mitchell, M.A.; R. H. Preston, M.D.; Rev. Geo. MacArthur.

The following is a specimen of current exchange criticism :

"The *Oxford University Magazine* continues as heavy as ever. The late number shews only too plainly the mark of the beast of modern Oxford criticism—made in Germany—that school which mistakes pedantry for accuracy and hyper-minute philological word-twistings for true investigation of an author's meaning."—*The Student*.

It is remarkable how the amorous youths of the college enjoy walks on King street since the skating rink closed. Many sad cases come and go, heedless of approaching exams. But we must not be too severe, for in springtime, as a close observer remarked the other day,

"A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and the reason that the phenomenon is so much more prevalent this year than usual is due, doubtless, to the extreme severity of the winter.

Our esteemed publishers, the *British Whig* have moved into their new quarters in the palatial building erected by Mr. Pense on King street. When completed, this building will be an ornament to the city of Kingston, and its splendid appointments will give it high rank among Canadian publishing houses. Future *JOURNAL* Editors will find here the best of accommodation, and we shall expect great things of them. We heartily congratulate the *Whig* on its step upward, and hope that in its new home it may long continue to maintain its high position among the newspapers of our Province.

Our worthy contemporary, the *Edinburgh Student*, cannot reconcile itself to the ways of women, as this clipping from an editorial shews. (The italics are ours.)

"Eccentricity always attracts, and whether it be the buckskins and eagle plume of a belated Highland chief born out of his time, and vainly attempting to hold back the century and the wholesale boot manufacturer, or whether it be an American New Woman, fired with holy desire to hurry on the millennium by the speedy starvation of medical men, one is momentarily arrested by the *oddity*. A lady has come amongst us to preach Health to her ignorant and weakly sisters of Scotland. To accommodate her enormous audiences she has secured the Lyceum Theatre, and there without orchestra or scenery she acts her little part. Nor is she one of no degree—M.D. of America! The incomprehensible comprehensiveness of that word America is *touching*. No mere University, no simple medical school is capable of containing the *erudite* Mrs. Longshore-Potts—her Alma Mater is a Continent. Were it not for the dignity of that be-hyphened name, one might have dreamt of a connection with the more famous though less ambitious Mr. Potter of Texas. Not having the American Peerage in stock, we leave this interesting question to the *lady students* who daily fill the Lyceum, drinking in the inspired words of this *our* latest *extra-mural* lecturer."

## SPRING POETRY.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

What music trembles through the night  
Beneath the cold eternal sky,  
As if some spirit cheered its flight  
With notes of dulcet melody?

—*The Student*.

There was a mayd  
At school she stayd  
A lonely hour at noon.  
There was a mouse,  
He set up house  
All in the Ladies' room,  
He knew they had no broom.

There was a sound,  
And to the ground  
The mayden fainting falls.  
Now mousie, play,  
No mayd will stay,  
For lunch within those walls,  
So much thy squeak appalls.

—*McMaster Monthly*.

I knew a maiden fair and sweet  
Whom I had loved for years;  
At last one day I told her this;  
Although with many fears.

At first she did not say a word,  
Then, in a pleasant way,  
She looked out to the west, and said,  
"It is a pleasant day."

She had not heard a single word—  
She's told me since with tears;  
She wore her hair, as some girls will,  
Down over both her ears.

—*Vassar Miscellany*.

Who is it burns the midnight oil,  
Who always at his books doth toil,  
Who doth from every sport recoil?  
The Grind.

Who shuns the coat-room's shouting throng,  
And roams the dusty shelves among?  
Who listens for the class-room gong?  
The Grind.

Who is it past the hour doth stay,  
And chin the tutors day by day,  
Hoping to jolly out an A?  
The Grind.

When asked a question in the class,  
Who seems a most consummate ass?  
But who more fluently can gas?  
The Grind.

Who sadly scans the term report,  
And finds his pains have come to naught?  
Who flunks at last, like any sport?  
The Grind.

A Freshman there was and a damsel old,  
But the youngster this spinster ado  
The "Freshie" was sure that he had her "cold,"  
For he sported a mortarboard.

But 'twas a mistake—an illusion quite,  
For when'er to propose he'd begin,  
The experienced lady would giggle outright,  
And tickle him under the chin.

—*Columbia Spectator*.

**PERSONALS.**

**W.** McKECHNIE, '98, has returned to college.

H. P. Fleming has been appointed valedictorian for the graduating class in medicine.

M. James, M.D., of Mattawa, and W. J. Scott, M.D., of Lanark, were in the city for a few days.

Rev. Marcus Scott, B.A., of Campbellford, has received a call from the Central Presbyterian Church, Detroit.

Rev. A. K. McLennan, B.D., of Dalhousie Mills, has received a hearty call to Lingwck, Que. He is offered \$800 plus manse and glebe.

Owing to illness, it is very probable that C. G. Young, B.A., and A. E. Ilett, B.A., will be prevented from taking their examinations this spring.

W. F. Nickle, B.A., has purchased the residence on the corner of King and Emily streets. This savours somewhat of *business*, so we may look forward to having Billy about the halls once more.

Several very favorable reviews of Dr. Watson's latest book have appeared in Canadian journals. Prof. Hume, of Toronto University, reviews it in the *Canada Presbyterian*, and Prof. Murray, of McGill, in the *Week*. The last we have seen is by Rev. Dr. Milligan in the *Globe*, who concludes his very appreciative sketch with these words: "If I were to give a poetic title to this really charming book, I would name it 'The Epic of the Philosophic Life.' . . . I possess a few books I like to have with me wherever I go. This one will henceforth be among these as a fertile source of instruction and inspiration."

It is our painful duty to notice the death of one of our number, Mr. W. B. Gordon, of '97, which took place on the 15th instant, after an illness of six weeks. The deceased, after two years engaged in teaching, entered college a year ago last fall with a view to preparing himself for the ministry, and though naturally of a delicate constitution he was known among his class-mates as a good student, standing well in all his classes. He contracted a fever, however, in consequence of which he died. Being of a retiring disposition, not many knew him intimately, but those who did found in him an earnest, warm-hearted friend and a true and devoted Christian. He was an active member of the college Y.M.C.A., and was secretary of '97 in his freshman year. His remains were taken to his home in Kingsford. The JOURNAL staff extend their sincere sympathy to the friends of their late fellow-student.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

H. Feir, '95; Rev. H. Cameron. Morrisburg; Rev. Dr. Campbell, Montreal; R. M. Dennistown, Peterboro; M. Leggatt, Hamilton; D. B. McLennan, Q.C., Cornwall; Rev. Jno. McNaughton, Asia Minor; Dr. D. Young, Selkirk; Rev. Jno. Muirhead, B.A., Whitewood; Rev. Jno. McMillan, B.D., Halifax; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., Toronto; Judge McLennan, Toronto; Judge Bain, Winnipeg; Rev. A. Graham, B.A., Lancaster; C. L. Begg, '95; Rev. J. Cumberland, M.A., Stella; Rev. Jno. Millar, M.A., Norwich; C. R. Webster, B.A., city; J. A. Leitch, B.A.; J. A. Supple, '96; A. C. Durie, '98; W. Mundell, B.A., city; Governor-General, Ottawa; Dr. J. C. Connell, M.A., city; J. A. Gillies, Braeside; Dr. Clements, city; Rev. Dr. Pollock, Halifax; J. B. Turner, B.A., Halifax; P. Pergau, B.A., Sawyerville; Col. Duff, city; S. E. Ryerson, '95; F. Playfair, '96; Rev. N. Campbell, Mitchell Square; M. Flanagan, city; Rev. J. Binnie, B.D., McDonald's Corners; Miss J. Barr, Grimsby; Geo. Gillies, B.A., Gananoque; Dominion Parliament Library; Dr. Strange, city; W. J. Herbison, '94; G. Y. Chown, B.A., city; Rev. Dr. Smith, city; J. Norris, M.A., Kincardine; Mrs. H. Field, Stonewall; W. G. Brown, B.A., Toronto.

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