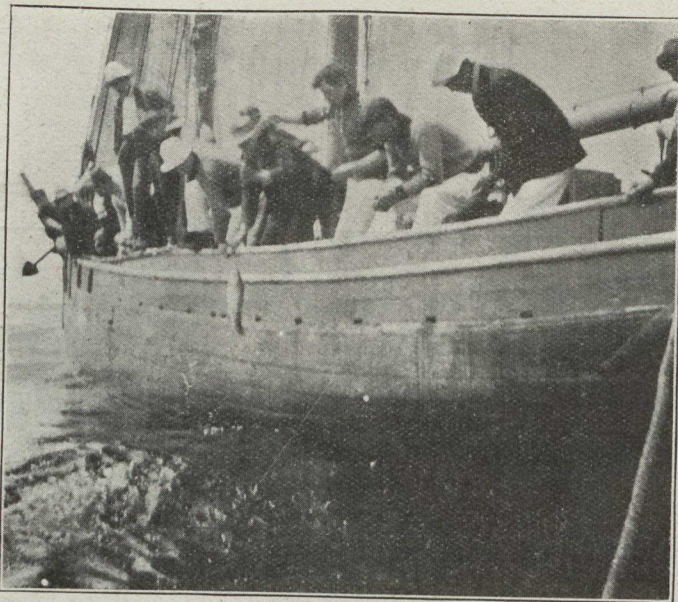


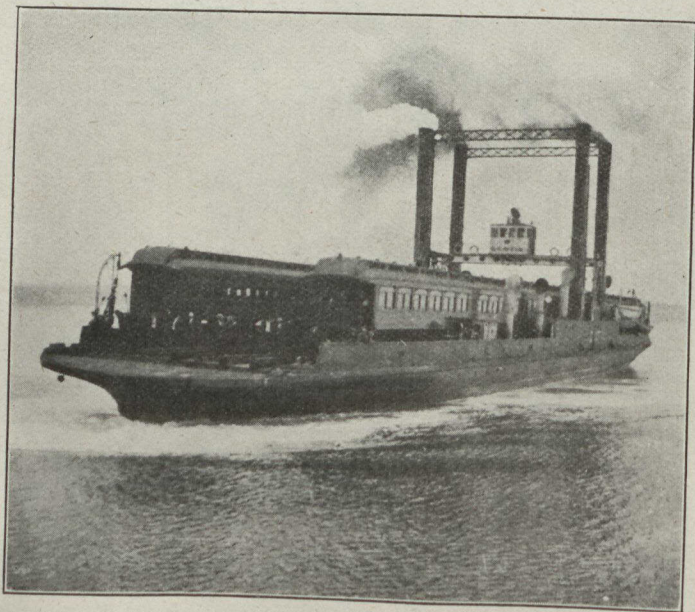


"HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY MAY LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY."





CODFISHING OFF PORT HOOD, C.B.



THE CAR FERRY "SCOTIA"—CROSSING THE STRAITS OF CANSO.



VOL. XXXVII.

MARCH 9th, 1910.

No. 18.

## *The Cruise of the "Effie Howard."*

*One who has never seen the ocean will have difficulty in picturing the trip here described. But to the few readers who have been so fortunate as to spend their summers amid the salt-laden breezes of the Maritime Province coasts it should bring back fond recollections.*

THERE were fourteen of us, a jolly crowd of landlubbers, set sail on the 8th of July, 1909, aboard the "Effie Howard," for a two weeks' cruise through the Bras D'Or Lakes to the Sydneys.

The "Effie Howard" is a stout little schooner which we had hired, together with a crew of two, her captain and owner, with a pilot. They had fixed her up temporarily and she made a fairly presentable pleasure boat when one did not object to "roughing it."

It was a bright Sunday morning when at Tidnish, a village on Northumberland Strait, we bade a fond farewell to our native shore. The wind was fair, and once clear of the land we started in to get the "hang" of our vessel and to put things to rights. To the majority of us a schooner was a curiosity, and the few exceptions posed as old salts. The provisions were already on board and all that remained was to tidy up our belongings and choose our berths. The bunks had been built "down cellar" and the problem of stowing fourteen fellows in six bunks was solved only after considerable prayerful meditation. By noon some semblance of order was brought out of the former chaos of suit cases, boxes, boots and biscuits, and we went on deck to "see the sea."

The little vessel was bowling along merrily. Pugwash and Wallace were soon passed and four o'clock found us off Amet Shoals. About here some of us decided to have some lime juice. One of the boys fished among the provisions, produced the bottle and mixed a half a dozen cups. As in our eagerness we gulped it down, it suddenly dawned on us that he had got the vinegar bottle.

Toward evening the wind freshened considerably and we turned in early. When we awoke next morning we were in sight of Port Hood, on the west coast of Cape Breton Island, where we anchored at nine o'clock about a mile from the town. Soon we took the ferry over to the mainland to see the place. Port Hood is a pretty little town, stretching about two miles along the water front. There are a number of good residences and stores. The life of the place is, of course, the large coal mine, to the south of the town. In the afternoon some of us explored Smith's Island, near which we were anchored, while some preferred to watch the interesting but extremely disagreeable process of preparing cod-fish, on the wharf near by. The dexterity with which the men dismember a fish is something marvellous.

In the evening our musical talent was called into service. We found among us, a mandolin, two mouth organs and a large phonograph, besides several really good voices. With this equipment we managed to disturb the neighborhood for some hours.

The next morning, (Tuesday the 20th), saw us on our way southward. Some miles out we were becalmed and Captain Stewart advised us to put lines over and see what we could catch. Almost before we realized it, a dozen fine cod had been landed. Cod fishing would not appeal to a sportsman. The fish seem to enjoy being caught. One does not know he has a bite until he hauls his fish in. Soon a fitful breeze sprang up from the south, and by much tedious tacking we made Port Hawkesbury next morning. First we were ferried in a cattle scow over to Mulgrave, where we saw the sights, including the well-known ferry steamer "Scotia." Mulgrave is a very pretty little town on the bank of a steep hill sloping right down to the Strait of Canso. In the afternoon we stayed around Hawkesbury and Point Tupper. In the marine slip at the latter place was a large French trawler which had been injured on the Banks.

The most interesting thing in Hawkesbury is the Freezer. The engineer very kindly showed some of us through. Here mackerel and other fish are put as soon as caught and frozen and kept so. The air is kept at a temperature nearly to zero by a Linde Refrigerating machine, and although it was a warm, close day, the men inside were working wrapped up like Arctic explorers.

Early Thursday morning four of the boys manned the dory and towed us out to the Strait, where we tacked slowly down to the mouth, rounding Bear Island about noon. From there on the wind was fair and we made good time up through Lennox Passage. This stretch of water is very pretty and contains a number of islands. Here the chart was produced and we found it a very interesting process to follow the vessel along in her course. Early evening saw us tied up at the mouth of St. Peter's Canal. The country around here is very picturesque. There is much high-land. Indeed the Canal itself cuts through a ridge which must be over a hundred feet high. The village of St. Peters is nicely situated and we were given a good opportunity to see it. The boys and young men there treated us very well and we planned to see more of them on our return. We began the following day, Friday, by pulling our vessel through the Canal, a distance of about half a mile, but at the north end we were forced to wait about an hour on account of fog. When ready to sail, two of our men were missing. By liberal use of the fog horn we soon raised them. They had been away back in the woods exploring an Indian camp. No doubt making a systematic study of the "wily Red Men."

The sail from here out to the lakes is very beautiful. For seven miles the Channel winds about among the islands; and when one begins to wonder where he is he rounds a point and bursts out into beautiful Bras D'Or. Such was our experience, when a little before noon we got our first glimpse of the famous lakes.

Much has been written about the beauty and grandeur of the Bras D'Or Lakes, and much more will be, before the subject is exhausted. If I were to begin to describe our impressions of them I should have no room for anything else.

With a fair wind we soon made Grand Narrows Bridge. We passed, in the draw, another schooner. We found this rare occurrence quite exciting. On account of the narrowness of the draw and our speed, it was also somewhat dangerous. We soon passed Baddeck where we could see A. G. Bell's establishment, Beinn Breagh. His property consists of a headland about one and a half miles in length and six hundred feet in height. On the face of this hill is his magnificent summer house and on the crest we could see his famous Tetrahedral Tower.

Speeding up through Great Bras D'Or we anchored at six in the evening in Keeley's Cove, just inside Bras D'Or inlet. From here we could see the open Atlantic on which we expected to be next day.

The land along the north side of Great Bras D'Or is very high, reaching its greatest altitude, here, at Keeley's Mountain, 1045 feet in height. We undertook to climb this, and three of the boys who started on the right path, got within 100 feet of the top. The rest of us took the wrong way and were stopped less than half way up by a deep gully. Darkness falling we were forced to return to the ship.

Saturday dawned windy and wet and not fit to attempt the run around to Sydney. We anticipated a monotonous day, but we who went into the Captain's cabin did not realize the passage of time, for the old skipper kept us in an uproar with his amusing stories. Noon brought no improvement in the weather, so six of us, more impatient ones took the ferry across to Boulardrie, where we managed to engage teams to Sydney Mines, a distance of twelve miles. The drive across the Island was very enjoyable in spite of the unpleasant weather. Reaching Sydney Mines we soon caught the boat across to Sydney proper, arriving at eight in the evening. The rest of Saturday was occupied in the process of humanizing ourselves, which consisted in visiting the clothier, barber, boot-black, restaurant and post office.

Sunday, we spent very pleasantly. Some of us went to church and some of us didn't. But as this is an account of the voyage, I shall not dwell on our doings in the cities. The schooner arrived early Sunday afternoon when our party was again complete.

Monday was spent in "doing" the city and seeing what we might. The sights we saw, even the steel works alone, would fill a volume. A few of the boys got out to Glace Bay to see the strike but little was visible.

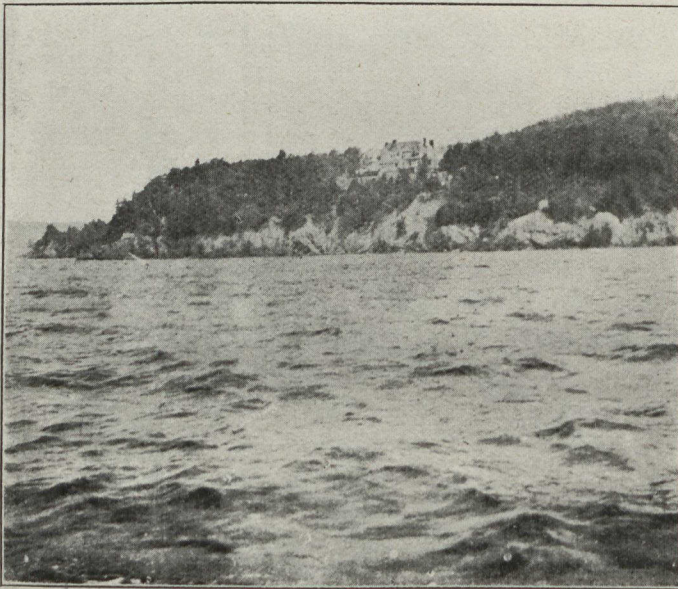
On the morning of Tuesday, the 27th, we set sail on our return trip. On the way out of the Harbour we passed a number of steamships, including a large French cruiser. We made good time until we entered Bras D'Or, where the head wind delayed us so much that by dark we were still fourteen miles from Baddeck at a place known as Campbell's Cove, on Boulardrie Island. Here we anchored and went ashore. Two of the boys went up to try to get some milk, but the farmers' wives were so frightened at their appearance that it was a very difficult task. A notable thing here was the fact that none of the party saw a man among the people of the settlement. It seemed to be a community of women. We built a bon-fire here and had a swim. After that the "orchestra" was brought on



shore as a fitting finish to an evening's fun. I neglected to mention the addition to our "orchestra" of a large tin dish-pan, skilfully manipulated by one of our party.

Next day by noon we had fought our way against the wind to Baddeck. This is a popular summer resort, and is noted for its cleanliness. Three of us were so fortunate as to engage a boat and sail over to Beinn Breagh, where we made good use of our one hour there. In that time we climbed to the top of the Tetrahedral Tower, then went over to the laboratory where Mr. Bell experiments with his world famous kites, and last but by no means least, we saw and examined the aerodrome, "Baddeck No. 1."

The Tetrahedral Tower is a remarkable structure. As its name implies, it is in the form of a gigantic tetrahedron, eighty feet in height. Each of the three legs is built up of numerous small units, also of that form, composed of pieces of half inch pipe, about three feet to a side. Mr. Bell has great faith in this type of construction, using it in his kites and many other inventions.



DR. GRAHAM BELL'S HOME, "BEINN BREAGH," NEAR BADDECK, C.B.

On our return to the schooner we sailed with a fair wind for the Canal; we made St. Peter's Inlet early in the evening. Here our breeze fell and the dory was again called into service; so that we did not reach the village until too late for the reception that had been planned for us.

As soon as the Canal was opened in the morning we made sail with a fair wind. Noon saw us entering the Strait of Canso and by two in the afternoon we were crossing St. George's Bay, headed for Charlottetown. But during the night the wind blew up to a gale and we were forced to put about and beat into Pictou Harbour, where we found ourselves on turning out next morning.

We anchored at Pictou Landing and during the day visited the towns of Pictou, Westville, Stellarton, New Glasgow and Trenton; seeing all that was seable and meeting many old friends.

On Saturday began the last and roughest stage of the voyage. There was a strong wind dead ahead and a heavy sea running. Our progress was a series of zigzags to Prince Edward Island and back. The little vessel was taking the green seas over her bows and seemed to rather enjoy keeping her bowsprit under water as much as possible; but for the most of us it was too much of a good thing. Sea sick? No, not exactly, but still the cook enjoyed a Saturday holiday. The calls on his talent were very few and irregular.

Towards evening the wind eased off slightly and we went below, just after having passed Amet Shoals light. Our attempts that night to keep from rolling out of our bunks were only moderately successful, but we lived till morning and came on deck to find Pugwash on our port beam. We put up past Northport and Amherst Shore and at one o'clock noon on Sunday, August 1st, 1909, dropped our dory to land the crowd, thus ending the famous cruise of the "Effie Howard."

## *The Troubles of a Junior Science Man.*

I've some friends, not over kind, and to get them off my mind  
I am going to try the very best I can,  
Daily visitors and nocturnal, I will send them to the Journal,  
They're the troubles of a Junior Science Man.

Now don't think that I am knocking, or that I my mind am locking,  
'Gainst the good things that our dear professors plan,  
And while I am confessing, just consider it a blessing  
You've no troubles like the Junior Science Man.

With no parents dear to cheer me, when the spring exams are near me,  
Comes the fear of being but an also ran,  
And the following are the reasons, which I hope but for the season,  
Are the troubles of a Junior Science Man.

There is General II to start with, and it will be hard to part with,  
Its predominant ideas stress and strain,  
When I've finished its discussion, I am in a dazed condition,  
That I don't get over till I'm there again.

Then the next is General III, and I think we'll all agree,  
That to mention it is all that's necessary,  
With its detailed faults collected, even there were some neglected,  
It would surely fill a generous commentary.

Next ones to disturb my slumbers, are those Mechanicals, Numbers,  
One to Seven, may their souls soon rest in Heaven,  
But just now, I greatly fear, that of getting them this year,  
My best chances are not more than One to Seven.



Then there's Electrical I, and which way the currents run,  
That's the problem, and it always puzzles me,  
I can't see what use it is, nor why the deuce it is,  
That the Prof. and I so often disagree.

Now you may think it queer, but I can't get the *idear*,  
Of the "dope" that we call Metallurgy One.  
And the axe is at the end, if by chance I do offend  
By the Wednesday morning lectures that I shun.

Now these are just the worst, of the woes with which I'm curst.  
Oh, I love them as I once loved castor oil,  
Though I'd like this to conceal, I've as much chance now, I feel,  
As the microbe in the water that we boil.

With no girlie dear to cheer me, when the spring exams are near me,  
Comes the fear of being but an also ran,  
The preceding are the reasons, which I hope but for the season,  
Are the troubles of a Junior Science Man.—*J. S. M.*



G. Y. CHOWN, B.A.



## Queen's University Journal

Published weekly during the Academic Year by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University.

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## Editorials.

"CANADA'S Fertile Northland" was the topic of a very interesting address given by Mr. R. E. Young, Commissioner of Railway Lands for Canada, of Ottawa, at the meeting of the Alma Mater Society on Saturday evening. It was by no means an ordinary lecture, and those who were present were highly pleased with it. Mr. Young carried his audience with him from the beginning. He had a contagious enthusiasm which he justified by a series of facts which he presented in a very graphic way. He had evidently gone to a great deal of trouble in getting his material and he had it ready for the Society in such palatable portions that there was a strong desire for more. Mr. Young is an optimist as far as the Canadian West is concerned, or if that terms savors a little of uncertainty, it might be better to say that he "believes" in a great future for that part of the country lying north of the present surveyed portions of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. No extravagant facts or figures seemed to find a place in his statement of conditions. His estimation appeared to be conservative and his allowances liberal, and yet everybody was made to feel that there were good reasons for his predictions that lands formerly despised as barren and frozen would soon be prosperous agricultural and manufacturing districts. It is his conviction that within a few years the bulk of the population of Canada would be west of Winnipeg.

One of the errors that Mr. Young dispelled was that in the West there is a great danger from frost. Each succeeding year is making it plain that the West is the place for growing wheat. With the breaking up of large contiguous tracts of land, the heat absorbed during the day is sufficient to prevent the slight frosts that used to be so fatal to the crops on isolated farms. In addition to this, the wheat now raised in the West is not from imported seed as it once was, but is a naturalized *Western* wheat with characteristics of its own. One of these qualities is the capability to grow up and ripen within the season which is also gradually extended as the whole comes under cultivation. The winter climate was a thing to be thankful for, and for which no apology need be made. "Things don't grow in the winter," he regarded as a sufficient answer to all the whining about cold weather. In addition to this the hard winter was the very thing which

kept the soluble vegetable constituents frozen in the earth, instead of allowing the fertility of the land to be lost by the constant leaching out during mild weather.

At the closing of the address the Society gave Mr. Young a very enthusiastic vote of thanks. We hope that he will be a frequent visitor to Queen's.

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We apologize for referring to the Mock Parliament again! We are not sure whether it has any bearing on this case or not. Perhaps Sir Percy Jull, Minister of Finance, could give us some information on the subject! At any rate, there was a Suffragette meeting held during the past week. Whether this is a remnant or a reminiscence of the Parliament we are in doubt. "Remnant" is perhaps the better term. It is so feminine. Despite the consternation that has arisen in so many manly hearts, it is reassuring in some degree to find that "some mere men" were needed to form a "quorum." That must have been a sore touch. But then Sir Percy's action was consistent with his parliamentary career, and his unflinching good humor where ladies are concerned. But what excuse can Mr. Telford offer? In the Opposition, his voice was heard the loudest in his demand for the prayerful resistance to the proposed bill for Woman Suffrage. Surely his position is most incongruous—unless he has been secretly converted—or influenced.

It has been rumoured that the Y.M.C.A. office is to become the centre of the imminent militant warfare which is soon to convulse the University. Kingston itself is proof against much excitement. It will with difficulty tolerate even such mild enthusiasm as a "Students' Rush"—and suffragette tactics, of course, will therefore be kept within college grounds. In the meantime all male students are warned of the possibility of immediate disturbances at their meetings. It would be a master-stroke on the part of the new organization if these attacks could be brought on during exams. There would then be great possibilities of daring strategy and brilliant successes which would go a long way to win "Votes for Women."

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Everyone will regret to hear that Mr. John Burton has been so ill during the past week. We hope that we shall soon see him round again. Could not the Alma Mater Society arrange to be responsible for the building on Saturday evenings, and save Mr. Burton this extra night's work. He deserves every consideration from the students.

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We are publishing the following letter in the hope that it may be of interest to some of our readers. Further information in regard to any of the positions vacant will be given to any one interested. The work at Aintab College should be especially suitable to any young man, a recent graduate, or who will be graduated this spring. A similar position for a young woman is offered at Smyrna. Most graduates are young enough to spend three years or so abroad, and with interesting work always to hand, and opportunities given for travel on the continent during the vacations, it is an opportunity that is worth considering no matter where and what one's work may subsequently be.



February 24th, 1910.

Mr. W. A. Kennedy,

Queen's University Journal, Kingston, Ont.

My Dear Mr. Kennedy:—I am very glad to inform you of our list of the positions in Turkey where we need new missionaries.

We need one ordained man to be located at Salonica. The work will be partly educational and partly that of a general missionary.

For Bulgaria, which is ordinarily considered part of Turkey, but really is independent, we need two men, both ordained, to be located at Samokov, the work being both educational and evangelistic.

In Asiatic Turkey we need an ordained man for Erzroom, which lies close to the Russian frontier and is a very important post. He should be a strong, all-around man, able to look after churches and schools and deal with various races in a very complex situation.

We need an ordained man for Oorfa, where we have an immense industrial work. This man should be of unusual business and executive ability. He will have four or five assistants under him in the industrial work and will be in charge of various schools, a sort of combination of bishop, school superintendent and manufacturer.

We need also an instructor for our College at Aintab. A recent college graduate, unmarried, to teach in English and other branches for a term of three or five years, regular missionary salary and travelling expenses both ways.

We need two physicians for Asiatic Turkey.

We need an instructor in the Boys' High School at Mardin—a recent college graduate who will go out for three or five years.

When it comes to women our needs are various.

Two general teachers for Bitlis in our Eastern Turkey Mission—a kindergarten for Harpoot—a normal teacher for Smyrna—an evangelistic worker among women at Harpoot—a general teacher for Monastir, European Turkey—a nurse for Hadjin.

All these pertain to Turkey. I say nothing of our needs in other fields. I shall be glad to furnish further information in regard to any of these fields.

Very sincerely yours,

Cornelius H. Patton.

We beg to apologize to Sir William Dobson, for the mistake in last week's Journal. He was referred to as the member for Baffinland. We have been informed that Sir William represents *Lapland*.

ARE YOU IN ARREARS?

There are a number of subscribers who are in arrears for this year's and previous years' subscriptions for the Journal. We are now nearing the end of another college year and the Journal needs every dollar that is outstanding to meet its obligations. Kindly forward *that subscription* without further delay.

## Ladies.



A special meeting of the Levana Society was held on Wednesday, March 2nd, to deal with a proposal kindly made by a Queen's girl to bring a lady from Toronto to lecture in Grant Hall, but with much regret the Society decided that they could not accept the offer.

The meeting of the Y.W.C.A. on Friday, February 25th, was more than usually interesting. Miss Playfair gave a most excellent address on the subject of "Optimism," which was appreciated very much indeed by the girls.

### THE FIELD OPEN TO WOMEN MISSIONARIES IN TURKEY.

The work for a woman missionary in Turkey is, as a rule, limited to teaching in the girls' schools and colleges, or to nursing. Most of our orphanages for boys as well as for girls are controlled by women. The branches to be taught call for supply in the following order:—English, history, mathematics, science, moderns. There is also a call for Normal teachers, and for trainers in Kindergarten work. The call for trained nurses is very urgent. A woman of ability who is willing to devote her life to such work, would, doubtless, soon find herself in charge of an institution. Some institutions, however, have adopted a three-year system for those who wish to stay in the foreign field for only a short time.

The kind of woman needed in the mission field in general, and in Turkey in particular, is one who can adapt herself to circumstances and to conditions she never dreamt of at home. She may be called upon to teach in an institution which has all the modern equipment and conveniences; in one sadly lacking in these, and where she has to combat filth, sordidness, and old-fashioned ideas both as to the necessity of education for girls, and as to the manner of imparting it. She may be associated with people ready to adapt themselves to her ideals or with those who insist that she shall adapt herself to theirs; or she may find herself all alone with only her own resourcefulness to back her up, and her own spirits to keep her from bursting with loneliness, and homesickness. She must, above all, be filled with an ideal which no amount of failure or discouragement can dim; and with a love for men and women as such, sufficient to counteract her natural disgust at the low ideals, morals, and manner of life she will find about her. There is little idealism in mission work if idealism depends on outward circumstances. But if the idealism is fed from within, then it seems to me there is no land where such ideal missionary work can be accomplished as in Turkey, for I can hardly imagine a land where the need is greater.



The missionary boards working in Turkey are, as a rule, very broad and look to character rather than to creed. Certificates from one's home church, from one's college, and also from some person in authority and, known to the Board, are desirable. Also a medical certificate is required, and the standard of health demanded from a candidate for permanent missionary work is very high.

If one comes out for only a short period she need bring but little in the way of personal effects with her. But if one is to stay permanently it is desirable to bring out most of one's outfit, this depending, of course, upon where one is to be situated. Clothing, books, a few dishes, and a minimum of furniture (if going to be settled alone); for although such things can be purchased in Turkey, they are somewhat expensive. Missionaries to Turkey are allowed furlough every ten years, and more often if health requires.

If anyone wishing to come out would like further and more specific information, I will be glad to supply it, if in my power. And I may assure you, that I will be doubly glad to do so if it were a Queen's girl, who applied, for I believe that Queen's gives the breadth of vision, adaptiveness, self-reliance, and desire to serve, which are required on the fighting line.—*L. P. Chambers, American Bible House, Constantinople.*

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## Science.

COL. H. S. Greenwood, one of the early graduates of the Royal Military College, delivered a very interesting lecture to the members of the Engineering Society, last Friday. His subject was "The Railways of South Africa Before and During the War." The speaker pointed out some of the great differences which exist between American and South African railways. All roads are government owned except the Cape Central Railway; the majority are narrow gauge, being from two and one-half to three and one-half feet. When the mistake in laying to this gauge was realized it was found to be too late to put in the standard on account of the great expense involved in changing the rolling stock, etc., so it was resolved to go ahead as before.

American engineers would be horrified to hear of the grades which existed on the majority of the roads, one in sixty, fifty being quite common and one in forty being on record; since the war, however, these have been greatly reduced.

A number of slides were shown, illustrating the destruction of bridges by explosives during the war.

The speaker mentioned the excellent work of the Railway Pioneer Corps. This was a regiment whose members were, many of them, mining and mechanical engineers, men who had railway or shop experience; when news of a bridge being destroyed was received, this regiment was despatched at once to the site and very quickly a temporary trestle was erected alongside until the bridge was repaired and in condition for travel again.

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A number of the Science professors attended the annual meeting of the Canadian Mining Institute in Toronto, last week. T. J. Mateer, '10, and A. M. Bateman, '10, were also present. The following student papers were sent in,

"The Use of Cobalt Oxide for Pigments," by J. J. MacEachern, '10, and two papers on "Development Work in New Ontario," by A. A. Holland, '10, and A. M. Bateman.

K. S. Clarke, who was delegate at the first annual dinner of the Engineering Society, McGill University, last week, reported it to have been a great success. To a great extent the function was similar to our own, but Mr. Clarke emphasized the fact that compared with theirs our student speeches were very poor indeed.

Scene—Third year muckers at Mineralogy IV.

Prof. N-l :—"Well, Hughson, what have we in this rock?"

"Bill" :—"Well-er—a mineral, I guess."

Prof. N-l :—"What would you expect—humming birds?"

## *Medicine.*

WE are sure that our graduates and undergraduates will be pleased to learn that our Medical School is ranked as one of the best in Canada. In October last, the American Medical Association, appointed a committee to investigate all medical schools of United States and Canada, so that the various licensing boards might know exactly the kind of work that each school was doing. The report of the American Medical Association was made through its committee a few days ago in Chicago. They divide all medical schools in three classes, A, B and C. In Canada four were classed A—McGill, Toronto, Queen's and Manitoba; one was classed "B." Three were condemned. The work of this unbiased commission will be of great value to the medical profession of America and especially to the Canadian graduates of McGill, Toronto, Queen's and Manitoba when desiring to practice in the United States.

At the regular meeting of the Aesculapian Society, Friday last, the committee appointed to revise the Aesculapian constitution brought in their report. Many changes are recommended and if these are carried into effect there is no doubt but that the Medical Court will be the best in the University.

Dr. C----ll :—"How would you flavor this prescription?"

M. H. Mc--ld—(looking at Dr. M— in his ice-cream suit) :—"I prefer chocolate or pine-apple."

Dr. C.— :—"How would you prepare Diphtheretic Antitoxin?"

S. G. C.— :—"Take a horse."

Class—"Whoa Baldie!"



## Divinity.

A few years ago a Theology student of one of the Scottish universities was supplying in one of the smaller towns during the summer. This student, who is now a well-known author and professor in a theological college, was in the habit of smoking on the street. One of the elders of the kirk undertook to point out to the student the bad influence this habit would have on the boys of the town. The student's answer was, "Well you can't expect all the virtues for a guinea a week." This was certainly a witty rejoinder and was not intended to justify the habit. But it no doubt brought to the mind of the elder the position of responsibility that each must assume who undertakes the part of critic. In other words criticism can never be wholly or even chiefly negative. One cannot set to work to show that existing conditions are wrong or accepted beliefs untrue, without the question staring him in the face,—how are you going to make things better? This is said to be a critical age, and it is truly so, just because there has never been such general acceptance of the responsibility of each for things as they are, and such willing effort on the part of each to in some way make them better.

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A large number of students attended the postponed meeting of the Q. T. S., on Wednesday of last week, to hear Prof. Morison's review of "The Religion of the Future," a book written by President Elliott, of Harvard University.

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Mrs. Ross was "At Home" to the students of the Theological faculty on Friday evening of last week. A most delightful evening was spent with the Dean and Mrs. Ross.

## Education.

ONE phase of the work in Education was concluded last week, viz.,—the practice teaching in the public school. While we can speak only in terms of the highest praise of the courteous treatment we have received from all the staff of Victoria School, yet we cannot help feeling delighted that one section of our work is really finished.

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Mr. W. J. Weir, B.A., left Tuesday to assume the duties of acting principal of Arthur High School. We congratulate him on his success, but are sorry to lose a member of our faculty.

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Miss Jean Reid, B.A., of the Education class of '09, is teaching in the Drayton Continuation School.

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Some original definitions of musical terms have been contributed by a member of the faculty and will, no doubt, prove valuable information, especially to the students in the department of music.

A *staff* is five parallel straight lines of any length crossed by any number of parallel straight lines and enclosing in its meshes a great number of little twisty figures which give forth blood-curdling shrieks when disturbed.

These little twisty figures are called *notes* and are present the whole length of the straight lines.

When two of these little creatures scream at the same time, but one a little louder than the other, we have a *slur*.

When eight of these little creatures are arranged in a row, and each one attempts to squeal louder than the other we have a *scale*.

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## *Alumni.*

THE following are extracts from the '07 Arts "Bulletin," which has come to the Sanctum. It is a "cinch" for the Alumni Editor for the scribe of '07 has located every member of his year. Many thanks, Mr. Scribe!

Said one: "As is agriculture to the commercial welfare of the nation so is the school to the intellectual. Therefore it is fit that '07 should have sent into this field her largest contingent." And so it is; from ocean to ocean a line of '07 true blues are thus serving their country. In Vancouver, B.C., Boak teaches classics in McGill University College. In Revelstoke, B.C., was McKinnon when last heard from. In the prairie provinces, Red Deer, is our historian, Miss Millar; Stillwell is in Moosejaw Collegiate; Branion is a Saskatchewan inspector; Huff is at Battleford; Brown is in Regina; Miss A. S. Macfarlane is at Melville, Sask.; J. D. Ferguson wields the birch at Govan, Sask.; Miss Greene near Buchanan; Fuller at Carlyle; Miss Weaver at Qu'Appelle; Deutchmann at Lemberg,—all 'Sask.' Miss Jean Monroe was last heard from at Bentley, Alta.

Ontario High Schools have claimed many of our number. Miss Mackay is in Kemptville H. S.; Miss Muir in Ottawa Collegiate; Miss McKerracher in Durham H. S.; McMillan is also in Ottawa Collegiate; Matheson in Brampton H. S.; Burns in Dundas H. S. (looking rosy, they say); Feasby in Listowel H. S.; Hanna in Ridley College, St. Catharines; Wilson in Orangeville H. S.; Cornell in Pembroke H. S.; Miss Alford in Peterboro Collegiate; Miss Scott in Sterling H. S.; Miss Chandler in Athens H. S.; Miss Clifford, our Vice-President, in Mitchell H. S.; and if a recent report be correct White is in Petrolea H. S.; Miss J. Foster is in Dunnville H. S.; Miss McArthur and Joyce we haven't been able to locate but they are teaching somewhere; Elliott is in Harriston; Miss Reid in Dayton.

In the olden days it was thought by some that '07 was a Divinity bunch. The number of "Divinities" has thinned somewhat, but they still come second in numbers—there being 16 in all. Of these there are ten in The Hall at present. In their final year at Knox (Toronto) there are Cooke and McRae, while Lynn graduated from there in '09. Victoria College will let J. M. Shaver loose this season also. Beecroft and McPherson (the chief) are at present in mission work in the vicinity of Calgary, Alta., and will be back next year we hope in completely restored health.

The Medical contingent is next strongest, being 11 in number. In the final year are Jordan, Polson, and Houston. "Denny," by the way, has managed the

Rugby team this season in a very efficient manner. He also made an excellent run for the Alma Mater presidency. Of the rest, Leatherland is in Seaton Hospital, New York; Byers is also in New York; Dunham in the Kingston General; Goodfellow in the State Hospital at Warren, Pa.; Robb in Willard, N.Y., State Hospital; Reynolds in St. Luke's, Ottawa; Ellis (R. J.) is on one of the trans-Atlantic boats; Wallace (W. G.) has taken up his father's practice at home.

## Exchanges.

A college is like a little world—  
 Aye, thus it is—one generation comes,  
 Another goes, and mingles with the dust:  
 And there we come and go, and come and go,  
 Each for a little moment, filling up  
 Some little plan; and thus we disappear  
 In quick succession; and it shall be so  
 Till time, in one vast perpetuity,  
 Be swallowed up.—*Allisonia.*

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of *The Central* from *The Central Technical College*, London, Eng. Since this is a purely scientific and engineering journal it will be placed in the reading room of the Engineering Building.

The *Fleur De Lis* is one of our most welcome exchanges. Its literary and artistic excellence recommend it as a standard in our exchange realm. Some of our papers become great in a sense through witty hits, through stories and poems on the lighter, indeed, very often on the "trashy" side. Such distinction is hardly commendable or even praiseworthy. It is weak and ineffective and like most temporary things soon evaporates leaving us none the richer in spirit or in thought. The best of our exchanges have become really great, and are great in the broader sense though their contributions, both in prose and verse, on the more serious and vital problems of our daily life—private and national. This greatness is the more desirable and the kind which really lasts. It is quite true that a college journal reflects the life of its alma mater and when we come across exchanges with a true artistic and literary flavouring running throughout them we are safe in concluding that the literary, and therefore the truer, higher, the better life in that college or university is at no mean stage.

The March number of the *Fleur De Lis* has a number of fine, little poems. We might almost call them gems, considering the fact of their being student products. Here is one entitled,—

### HIDDEN.

The precious gems beneath the sea    And oft, methinks, with souls on earth,  
 Lie far beyond man's greedy ken;    Unknown to men, it fares the same;  
 And flowers, rare as rare can be,    As hidden gems have boundless worth,  
 In crannies bloom, unseen of men.    These souls deserve, but have not fame.



## *Athletics.*

### QUEEN'S DEFEAT M'GILL.

QUEEN'S are once again Intercollegiate champions. They won the honor this year on Monday night, in Ottawa, at the Rideau rink, when they defeated McGill by a score of 8 to 2. The game was witnessed by a crowd that taxed the somewhat limited seating capacity of the rink, the McGill old boys and girls, and Queen's sympathizers, past and present, being out in force. The ice on which the game was played was in excellent condition, considering the fact that Ottawa had experienced the same weather that visited Kingston in the past week. In the first half it did not cut up badly until near the expiration of the period. In the second half it was heavier and both teams showed the effect.

### QUEEN'S WON ON MERIT.

The victory for Queen's was due largely to the effective and dazzling work during the early periods of the game. From the time Referee Kirby dropped the puck on the ice at 8.30 p.m., until he sounded his whistle for half-time Queen's put forward their strongest efforts. They attacked vigorously and the forwards checking back fast kept the McGill men in the neighborhood of their own nets the greater part of the time. One by one the goals were added until it became reasonably certain that the game was won. The McGill players showed the effects of these tactics and the whirlwind opening made by Queen's. Cassells, who was counted on to take the heavy part of the defence for the red and white, went to pieces from sheer pressure of the attack made on his goal. He was closely checked several times early in the game, and owing to the fact that he lacked the saving quality of the power to remain cool when the tide was against him, his effectiveness was reduced to the lowest point.

### QUEEN'S SHOWED SUPERIORITY IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

But it was not in tactics and generalship alone that Queen's showed McGill that the Intercollegiate championship belonged to Kingston. In almost every department of the game the boys of the Tricolor showed greater strength than their opponents. The McGill forward line was a nonentity. It was ineffective and only in the last part of the second half, when the situation demanded the exercise of every capacity did it show any strength. Queen's, on the contrary, had reason to be proud of the splendid work of the forwards. They showed speed, combination, condition and a grasp of the idea that McGill should be put out and kept there until the end. At several stages of the game Queen's forwards simply rained shots in on goal-keeper Woodyatt. Cassells alone was able to relieve with any degree of success. On the defence, too, the local team was better than McGill. Cassells was strong, and his rushes, though they came to nothing in the majority of cases, were always dangerous. Mosley is large but was unable to attack. Woodyatt had a busy night and while he allowed one or two easy ones to get away from him into the nets, his work on the whole produced all the results that were to be expected. Leo Trimble and Basil George were on the job all the time. Their work can scarcely be praised too highly. They both rushed most effectively and they didn't allow any dodgers to get in on Gilbert. They both used the body when it was possible to do so, and found that there was

nothing so effective for checking Cassells. Vic. Gilbert in the nets played the strongest game of the season. He was cool as the occasion demanded. The first goal bounced around his feet finally dancing into the nets. But Vic. didn't let it occur again. He saved his goal many times.

#### QUEEN'S SHOWED BETTER COMBINATION.

Queen's also showed marked superiority to McGill in the matter of combination. The red and white, it must be admitted, were hopelessly weak in this department. They scored once on individual work and resorted to the same tactics during the entire game. Queen's forwards, however, played together. The wings would lead the McGill defence into the corners, then pass to centre where Verne Crawford or Gregg George was on hand to do the necessary. To Dobson, Crawford, Campbell and George the greatest credit is due. They played hockey from the opening, fast, clean, heady hockey that brought results every time. Dobson, Crawford, Campbell and Basil George were more effective than any man on the McGill team. For the red and white, Cassells and Sargeant were the best.

#### THE GAME IN DETAIL.

At 8.30 Mr. Referee Kirby bounced the disc in the centre. Blair and Crawford caught it between sticks. There was a short scuffle, and the big game for the championship was in progress. Sargeant, Ramsay, Gregg George and Crawford each had possession of the disc for brief intervals. Dobson then rushed down his wing, passed to centre where Cassells intercepted. The latter was closely checked and Dobson was given another chance to shoot. The disc went straight at the goal but was blocked by Mosley. The block was not clean, however, and the net bulged slightly as the first count of the game was scored. The next game went to Queen's. Cassells led an attack, passing to Ramsay in front of Queen's net. The play was offside and though the shot got past Gilbert, the goal was not allowed. At this stage of the game Campbell made the prettiest rush of the evening. He secured just near his own nets. Taking a short turn to get up speed he swept down the ice, dodging man after man. Finally Cassells and Mosley were alone left to protect the McGill nets. They didn't count, however, and the next minute the puck was in the McGill net. At this time Queen's began to hold the play in McGill territory. The result of this was that McGill became confused. Their forwards could not get away. Cassells made a pretty rush up centre ice, but was checked by Basil George. Trimble secured and began an attack that ended in a score after a few seconds play. This made it 3-0 for Queen's and from the fact that McGill was playing ineffectively, it became clear that the championship was safe for another year. But there was no disposition on the part of Queen's men to slacken the pace. Trimble and Basil George on the defence were showing rare checking ability and were feeding their forwards nicely. They started many rushes. Dobson, Crawford, Campbell and George were playing a game that could scarcely be bettered. The fourth goal came on a shot from Crawford after a mix-up in front of the McGill nets. The fifth count did not come for some time. Sargeant and Ramsay played hard on the McGill forward line, but Queen's defence was too strong. Cassells was not allowed to get out of his tracks. Finally Verne Crawford got possession and duplicated Campbell's work on the third score. It was a pretty piece of work.

Verne played hockey every minute of both periods of the contest. The sixth and seventh goals came just before half-time, when McGill was clearly lagging under the influence of the fast pace. Gregg George got one and the other was a partnership between Dobson and Campbell.

THE SECOND HALF.

In the second half with the score 7 to 0, McGill adopted the only policy that was open to them, taking every chance and trusting to luck to save them from disaster. The ice tended to get heavy. Play became close and slower. Cassells and Mosley were played way up the ice. The McGill defence became somewhat strenuous. Ramsay and Masson were sent to the boards and Cassells under the stress of the situation developed an ability for rough work. The first count of the period went to McGill on a long shot from centre ice. It was one of those shots that are extremely dangerous on heavy ice. The puck bounced two or three times in front of the net and finally just slipped in. The McGill supporters were wild. McGill continued aggressive. In fact it was at this period of the game that the red and white first showed the form that marked their play in Kingston. They bunched in about Gilbert. Finally Masson scored from a scrimmage. Campbell and Gregg George were given short periods on the fence. Verne Crawford was injured in a fall in front of his own goal. The score stood at 7-2 for Queen's with eleven minutes to play. Queen's condition now brought its desired effect. Dobson and Basil George rushed nicely. Woodyatt was playing up in the centre of the ice most of the time. Crawford finally got away for another rush, getting past both defence men. He was blocked by Woodyatt. A minute after this Dobson carried the puck up the side, passed to Campbell, who immediately passed to Crawford. The latter, by a neat rush, got by the McGill defence and again was confronted only by the McGill goal-keeper. This time there was no block. But Verne finding himself in front of the unoccupied net decided to save the feelings of the red and white supporters who were bunched at that end of the rink and shot a little narrow, the puck striking the post. The play continued fast and hard. Masson and Sargeant were working hard. McGill had thrown its last chance away. Queen's line broke away, just before the end after Trimble had commenced an attack, the eighth goal being scored on a nice shot from the wing. Two minutes later the whistle sounded. The game was finished and the championship was in Queen's possession. Referee Kirby was assisted by Kerr of the Ottawas. The teams were:—

Queen's:—Gilbert, Basil George, Trimble, Campbell, Dobson, Crawford and Gregg George.

McGill:—Woodyatt, Mosley, Cassells, Sargeant, Masson, Blair and Ramsay.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

Well didn't everybody look happy. Didn't everybody have reason for being happy.

Every man on Queen's team played hockey to which no objection could be taken. The forward line was easily superior to McGill's attacking division.

We like that Allan Cup, but Oh you old gold Q.

Marty Walsh was an interested and happy spectator of the game.



## *A Tragic Truth.*

A modern lady died and went to Hades. His Majesty met her deferentially at the gate.

"Will it be possible for me to secure an establishment here?" she said.

"Certainly, madam."

"In a desirable location?"

"I think so."

"I don't care to be near the riff-raff, and I should like to be sure to get suitable servants."

"You should experience no difficulty. There are several good agencies."

"I could give dinner parties when I liked?"

"Dear me, yes."

"And make a splurge at it?"

"Oh, certainly."

"I should expect to spend my summers abroad."

"Quite right. Return tickets free."

"You have operas?"

"Several, devoted to the *haut ton*."

The lady lifted her lorgnette. She smiled slightly. "Do you know," she said, "I am agreeably surprised. I was afraid this place was not kept up to conform to the best standards. It troubled me to think I might possibly have to associate with my inferiors. I am glad to see that you have such a sense of the fitness of things. I am very glad to have renewed our brief acquaintance made on earth, and I will trouble you to see that my arrival is chronicled in the society columns of the papers."

His Majesty bowed respectfully.

"Sorry, madam, but that will be impossible."

She gazed at him haughtily.

"How is that?" she asked sternly.

"There are no papers here. There are no society columns. No matter what you are doing, the public is in absolute ignorance of it."

And sinking back she muttered softly to herself—

"This is indeed Hell!"—*The Student.*

## *De Nobis.*

309 University Ave., Sunday evening.

"Come with me to church to-night, Jack."

"No, I am going to work."

"She would thank you if she knew that you called it work."

"No, really, I am not going out—*look at my beard!*"

Burton playing a piano solo *à la Mark Hambourg.*

Young lady:—"We can stand it if the piano can!"

One of our professors came home from the barber's the other day and described to his family an electric massage machine the barber had used on his head.

"Oh, I know what that is," said one of his small boys. "That's one of those new vacuum cleaners."

Lyle Irwin to G. M. Copeland (after Assault-at-Arms)—"You are a corker to fence—on the farm."

Mineralogy class, 8 a.m.—

Prof. Nicol:—"Mr. Lewis, would you read the next paragraph, please?"

Mr. Lewis:—"I brought the wrong book."

Prof. Nicol:—"Did you ever take the wrong ticket to a hockey match, Mr. Lewis?"

Mr. Lewis:—"No, but I never started so early in the morning."

Librarian (to fair freshette, returning a book to the library).

"Name, please?"

Miss M. (ingenuously):—"Vergil."

J. B. Stirling:—"Say, Bill, have you any jokes for *De Nobis!*"

Bill Hughson:—"Yes, sure."

J. B. S.:—"Are they fit for publication?"

"What is your favourite, D--n?"

"O, I prefer the Murphy, *of course.*"

### *Gymnasium Subscriptions.*

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