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WE extend our congratulations to Mr. Edward Ryan, B.A., on his accession to the highest office in the gift of our students. May his reign be a bright one in the history of our society, and as happy in the days of the years of his life.

* * *

One of the most noticeable features in the recent struggle was the enthusiasm of the Professors of the Royal for the medical candidate and the sublime indifference of the Arts dons for theirs. In all probability the position assumed by the latter gentlemen is a sound one. They are, most of them, graduates of larger and foreign Universities, and, naturally enough, the petty affairs of our students must be matters of very little moment to them.

* * *

It is none the less worthy of notice that each and every one of these gentlemen is, *ex officio*, a member of the Alma Mater Society; and, inasmuch as none of them have seen fit to decline the honor of membership, it seems—to a purely colonial mind—in somewhat odd form to eschew its duties.

This is, however, in strict line with the unwritten code of 'Varsity etiquette which obtains in the British and larger American Universities. Between the don and his students, abroad, "there is a great gulf fixed," and no smile of the former was ever yet known—in history or tradition—to have bridged the chasm between. There are exceptions to the observance of this principle, but as a general thing these only serve to emphasize the law. The chief difficulty arises when social customs clash with those of the University, in which case, as Society recognizes only two classes of beings—those within her pale and the Pariahs without—she calmly ignores the traditions of the Quadrangle; and oftentimes beneath the one mahogany "the lion and the lamb lie down together," and the same pair of "shorts" removeth them.

* * *

In our newer land, however, there is for many reasons a close *rapproch* between professors and students, and their acquaintance with one another is not despite, but in virtue of, their class relations. This is as it should be; and it is to be hoped that in the future our faculty may follow the example of the two gentlemen of their number who were present last Saturday night, and testify by their presence at the polls an active interest in the affairs of the most representative of our University societies.

* * *

In an article in the current number of *The Educational Monthly*, Prof. Fletcher takes up again the question of matriculation classics. He deplores, in common with most of the teachers of classics throughout the province, the unfortunate character of the work prescribed by our Universities in this department. The amendments suggested by him are in line with those introduced at the last meeting of the Teachers' Association; and these, in turn, are virtual *fac similes* of the classical matriculation of Harvard.

* * *

The matriculation work prescribed at present is, in Latin, Caesar, *Bellum Gall.*, I., §§ 1-33; Cicero, *In Catilinam*, I., and Vergil, *Aeneid*, V.; and in Greek, Xenophon, *Anabasis*, Book II., and Homer, *Iliad*, Book IV. A selection of authors more unsuited to give a boy a good foundation in Latin and Greek it would be difficult to find. It is refreshing, even at this hour, to see a Professor of Queen's setting his face against it.

* * *

One of the peculiar charms of the above work is that as soon as a boy has begun to become acquainted with

Cæsar's vocabulary he is rushed into Cicero, whose language—that of the rhetor—is about as different from Cæsar's as the placid smile of a sophomore from the grin of a Zulu. But by degrees the boy comes to acquire a pretty fair vocabulary of Ciceronic words and phrases. By this time, however, he has forgotten a good part of the Cæsar-ean vocabulary which he had before. At this interesting period he is introduced to Vergil, whose language is, of course, poetical; and by the time that he has finished Vergil he is in an excellent condition to write Latin prose. If a piece of English is given him, he starts off with the historical Latin of Cæsar, he continues with the oratorical of Cicero, and polishes the piece off with a choice selection of poetical words and phrases borrowed from Vergil.

* * *

If we add to this exquisite mixture the work prescribed in Latin prose, the idea will be complete. We are not surprised at Prof. Fletcher characterizing the thing as an absurdity. The only wonder about it is that the classical masters of the province should have been held responsible at all for the defective character of their pupils' prose at matriculation. The changes proposed by Mr. Fletcher are that a single (prose) author be prescribed in Latin, and that a similar course be followed in Greek. The advantages of such a change are so obvious as not to require mention, and the only pity is that it was not made long ago.

* * *

We understand that there is quite a fluttering among the feathers of the mathematical fledglings over our way of estimating their pet subject. We are rejoiced to hear it. This falls out according to expectation. Truth never shuns the light. We court discussion. Too long has this department of University study remained

“Fixt beyond all change, or chance of change,”

while other subjects of equal or greater importance have suffered modification to such an extent as to be scarcely recognizable by their best friends.

* * *

For mathematics as a science we have the greatest possible respect—we were going to say veneration. Yet, while perfectly willing to grant that, like Dickens' friend, the mathematician is “only an odd boy, but he's got his feelin's,” we may be permitted, we hope, without any slur upon the said “feelin's,” and with the sublime calm of a mollusc, to say that until someone explains the present abnormality of the B.A. course in making Greek optional and mathematics compulsory, we propose to continue this discussion. And if any of the young Hotspurs of the College are dying to break a lance in behalf of the other side, it only remains for us to add, *inter angures*, that “Barkis is willin'.”

* * *

We beg leave to remind the said fledglings, however, that it might not be indiscreet to look the matter up a little before rushing into print. Webster once said to

Clay, “The gentleman may find that in a contest of this character there are blows to take as well as blows to give.” And we beg leave to submit, with all deference, that the result of the discussion justified Mr. Webster's remark. It is Pope, we think, who says, “And philosophers rush in where angels fear to tread,” or something of this kind. Probably if we were mathematical we should know the exact subject of the verb “rush” in the above quotation; and it is equally probable that we would quote it.

* * *

Mathematics is, *par excellence*, the exact science. We hate exactness. It is also the science of system; and if there is one thing on earth more than another which excites our pity, it is system. As to seeking mathematics for its own sake, the idea is simply atrocious. We confess frankly that we have always had a very great respect for Shakespere since we first read the following little passage from him:

Moth.—How many is *one thrice told*?

Armado—I am ill at reckoning; it *fitteth the spirit of a tapster*.

Moth.—You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Armado—I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

* * *

The third number of the present volume will, wind and tide favoring, appear on Dec. 30th. It is proposed to make it worthy of the occasion. Meanwhile, we thank our subscribers for the enthusiastic support and encouragement which they have given us; and, while assuring them that we shall do our utmost to deserve a continuation of their favor, wish them, one and all, a very merry Xmas and a happy New Year!

* * *

Principal Grant has arrived in Vancouver, and has sent a telegram saying that he started from there on Sabbath, so that he may be in Kingston on Friday, and will surely be here by Saturday evening.

* * *

We do not belong to that class of men who are ready at all times, and under the slightest provocation, to play the flunkey to a great name. But here is a gentleman whose name is known and honored wherever the English language is spoken; who has done as much to raise Canada and Canadians in the eyes of the world as any man of his generation. His abilities as a preacher made him in his youth a marked man in the church, and his sound judgment, literary powers, and broad Christianity have left an ineffaceable impress on all classes of our citizens. Kingston, in giving him a public reception, is honoring herself; and we hope that every student in the University will stay over to show him that those who have been so favored as to have the closest communion with him are his most enthusiastic admirers. Let every Queen's man be at the depot to give him a three times three that will show him and the city the estimation in which we hold him.

✻ ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS. ✻

COLLEGE CURRICULA.

IN an age of such rapid material advancement and marked progress in the development of human thought in all its departments it becomes every one interested in the progress of our race to enquire whether the fountains of truth, the treasuries of knowledge, are sufficiently easy of access to the race as a whole. Universities, the repositories and exponents of human thought in its highest form, have a special function to perform in the development of national character. With them rest the privilege and duty of determining how variously and how deeply the educated of the people shall have drunk at the fountains of knowledge. A nation's intelligence cannot be estimated by the intelligence of a few individuals in it, but rather by the intelligence of the masses. Any measure, therefore, which encourages and tends to secure a more general diffusion of knowledge is in the interests of the race. It is a trite saying that the stream will not rise above its head. No more will the stream of intelligence rise above its source. The intelligence of the parents of any given generation will never rise above that of the children of the preceding generation. The mental development of children is in turn limited by that of their teachers, and that in turn by public educators, so that ultimately the limit is fixed by the degree-conferring bodies of the nation. This is a truth so evident that we should be all the more surprised at finding it not generally acknowledged, at least in action. Is it not a fact that, though wealth is far more generally diffused than formerly, though the means of education are now practically within the reach of every person, and every facility for acquiring a more complete and extended knowledge is supplied, yet the main result has been the shortening of the educating process rather than a more perfect development of it? At present the principle of the division of labor is so rigorously applied in all large educational establishments, and the demand for specialists is in consequence so urgent, that a man of diverse attainments in the realm of knowledge is almost a relic of the past. With specialists we have no fault to find; we will gladly welcome more of them. We hope for the time when every teacher, at least, will be a specialist. What we have to criticise is the fact that depth has been obtained at the expense of breadth. The curricula of our Universities are being more and more framed on special lines, while the common basis of knowledge is being correspondingly narrowed. Our increased educational facilities have not given us more fully developed minds, but minds more fully developed in one direction. While the fountains and facilities for drinking have been increasing men have been more and more tending to sip from a few in order that they may drink more deeply from one.

In the early history of our country college, curricula were framed largely to suit the exigencies of the times;

but we believe the time has come when our Universities, if they would continue to exercise their proper influence, must make a decided step in advance and demand from their graduates a higher form of culture. They must no longer sacrifice breadth of knowledge in order to gain depth, but must seek to utilize the improved educational facilities of the nation in securing greater breadth combined with depth. How is this object to be attained? There are two methods usually suggested: First, to raise the standard of matriculation; second, to add on a post-graduate course. We believe in a little of each in its own order. Let the standard of matriculation be raised, not so much by widening as by deepening the knowledge required. Let the days of superficial preparation for a collegiate course have an end. Impose upon intending matriculants a longer term in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. In this way will the Universities not only help themselves, but they will help these High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, whose teachers justly complain that they are forced to be cramming machines by the natural anxiety of their pupils to rush into the Universities with the minimum amount of preparation. All, we believe, would be benefited by such a measure, and none more than the pupils themselves. With University College, Toronto, as the head of Ontario's educational institutions, rest the privilege and duty of inaugurating such measures as will lead to this result. Should her rulers take the initiative step we feel assured of a hearty response from the sister Universities of the Province. Already, more than once, we believe, Queen's has approached the authorities of the Provincial University with a proposal to effect such a measure. We anxiously await developments on this line.

The second measure proposed is the best available in the absence of the first. In the past, however, it has served rather to aggravate than to remedy the defect, since post-graduate studies are usually undertaken on the line which has already received the largest share of attention. We do not undervalue this in itself; we wish, not for less of this but for more of that. Unless, therefore, post-graduate work is undertaken on new lines, it must fail to supply the deficiency complained of. Moreover the majority of those seeking degrees desire to obtain them by the shortest road possible, so that a post-graduate course, even when special inducements are offered, will, from a combination of these causes, be undertaken by the few and not by the many.

Viewed from every standpoint, therefore, we fail to see any effective remedy but that proposed. We believe the measure will commend itself to all who desire to see our Universities and other educational institutions attain to that standard of excellence which is commensurate with the greatness of our country. Let no failure in the discharge of our duty cripple the energies of our public educators nor entail mental and moral decrepitude upon our posterity.

THE ELECTIONS.

THE elections are over, and have brought their lesson with them. As in all great movements we have learned the principles which must guide us for the next encounter. The representative system has never given entire satisfaction in the State, the Church, or the University, and the evils attending it were never more apparent than during this election, for the possibilities of its development were greater.

It is a significant fact that, were a vote taken by the *bona fide* members of the A. M. S., not more than five or six of the present officers would have been elected.

It is also worthy of notice that the members of the Royal, by a straight party vote, have won almost every election from time immemorial, and will continue doing so until they are either met on their own grounds or the relationship of the different Colleges to the A. M. S. has been placed upon another basis.

Again, the snifle of the caucus in the "den" is sure victory and its frown immediate death; and when such influences are brought to bear upon every aspirant for office we cannot be surprised at the low rate for which they are frequently bought and sold.

THE LIBRARY.

ALTHOUGH Queen's is rapidly becoming invulnerable to the attacks of the critics, and even now it would require a certain amount of inspection to detect an assailable point, there is one small subject that might be mentioned in connection with the improvements, that has caused a good deal of comment. Why cannot we have a reference catalogue of the books in the library? Surely the labor expended on such a task would be more than compensated for by the benefit that would accrue to students and others. As it is we are completely in the dark as to what books the library contains. We ask for a volume, not from any absolute knowledge of its being in the possession of the University, but merely from a vague conjecture based on hearsay evidence. This scarcely seems in accordance with the recognized method of conducting such institutions. Frequently a student, in search of necessary information, will swell the coffers of Mr. Nisbet by the price of a certain book when that book, "unbeknownst" to him, the whole time is peacefully basking in the mellow radiance of the faded red curtains (which need renewing most shamefully). Now let a new order of things appear. Let us have a catalogue, even if we have to relinquish the nickle-plated cup in the drinking fountain and go back to aboriginal tin.

ENGLISH.

BEFORE any mischief is done it would be well if students taking the English classes were warned that the halcyon days of yore are past. The outlook is decidedly gloomy for those men who, receiving in perfect good faith the tradition that "English is a picnic," disdain to listen to lectures or peruse their text books. Gentle-

men, something will drop, sure as fate, next April, unless you meet half-way the zealous overtures of our new Professor. Remember that those well-thumbed copies of notes which in past years have been handed down from student to student are now of comparatively little value. New material demands new energies, and the sooner each and every undergraduate who intends to present himself for examination recognizes the fact in all its awful solemnity the more serene will be the countenances of those same undergraduates when the results are announced next spring. *Verbum sap.*

LITERATURE.

AWAY FROM ME!

THE beach sighed for the sea when it had lost it,—
Sighed for the sea it deemed too rude a sea
When from its breathing bosom forth it tost it,
Proud crying—"Away from me!"

"So be it, dear beach!" the sad wave said, receding,
"The time shall come when it shall come to pass
That you shall cry, and I shall hear, unheeding,
'Away from me, alas!'"

And here, dear maiden, may you find a moral:
Think—ere you spurn true men for butterflies;
Think—ere you slaughter in a needless quarrel
Life's opportunities!

Judge not by looks, but by immortal merit:
Worth dwells forever in the hidden parts;
And oft the roughest-seeming ones inherit
The very noblest hearts.

Pause—ere you turn to dearth and dust and ashes
A love divine, by bidding it go free!
So that you cry not, late, with wet eyelashes,
"Alas,—away from me!"

From "Lyrics" by
GEORGE FREDERIC CAMERON.

CONVERSATION.

A HUMAN foot has never yet ascended the Jungfrau nor the Finsteraarhorn.

The summit of the Alps . . . a perfect chain of steep rocks . . . the depths of the heart of the mountains.

Above the mountains a pale-green heaven, still and clear. Hard, severe frost; firm, glittering snow; from under the snow protrude gloomy, ice-encrusted, weather-beaten twigs.

Two Colossi, two giants, rise on either side of the horizon: the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn. And the Jungfrau asks her neighbor: "What is the news? Thou canst gaze around more easily than I, what is happening there below?"

A thousand years elapse—a minute. And Finsteraarhorn thunders in reply: "Impenetrable clouds veil the earth. . . . Wait!"

Another thousand years elapse—a minute.

“What now?” asks the Jungfrau.

“Now I can see: there below everything is unchanged, confused, and small. Blue water, black forests, masses of gray, piled-up, towering stone. And all around those little beetles still swarm, you know them, those with two legs; who, hitherto, have never been able to sully my summit nor thine.”

“Mankind?”

“Yes, mankind.”

A thousand years elapse once more—a minute.

“And what now?” asks the Jungfrau.

“It appears to me as if a few of these beetles had become visible,” thunders Finsteraarhorn; “it has grown clearer there below; the waters are diminished, the forests less dense!”

And yet another thousand years go by—a minute.

“What seest thou now?” asks the Jungfrau.

“Around us, close at hand, it seems to grow clearer,” replies Finsteraarhorn; “but there, in the distance, there are still specks in the valleys, something still stirs there.”

“And now!” asks the Jungfrau, after another thousand years—a minute.

“Now it is good,” answers Finsteraarhorn; “it is pure everywhere; perfectly white, wherever one looks. . . . Our snow is everywhere, spotless snow and ice. All is frozen. Now it is good and quiet.”

“Yes, now it is good!” assents the Jungfrau. “And now, thou hast chattered sufficiently, old one. Let us now sleep a little.”

“Yes, it is time.”

So they sleep, those giant mountains; and the clear, green heaven slumbers above the everlastingly silent earth.

February, 1878.

IVAN TURGENIEF.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BY THEODORE MASSIAC OF FIGARO.

NOBODY in France is better known to the general public, nobody has addressed bolder words to the world at large, nobody has been more prodigal of his talent and good fortune, than Alexandre Dumas. And at the same time nobody guards himself more carefully from the intrusion of curious outsiders. You must be of his intimate circle if you would know the private life of this remarkable man. “I give the world the best of me,” he once said; “my mind, what I know, what I find. In return I think I have a right to keep for my friends and those who have an affection for me something which they alone may see.” As I have the honor of enjoying Alexandre Dumas' friendship I am able to speak with exactness about his inner life, about his charming home and his delightful family.

Alexandre Dumas de la Pailleterie is now sixty-three,

but he enjoys such good health and is always in such happy spirits that he does not seem to have entered his grand climacteric. Look at that proud, powerful head, without a wrinkle on its front, with the black hair of younger days now gray and frizzy, scarcely thinned even on the crown. The forehead is lofty and haughty, heavy brows arch the soft blue eyes, the lips are voluptuous, and disclose a fine set of white teeth when the face breaks into a smile. The heavy lower jaw ends in a prominent chin. The complexion is a dull brown, as if tanned, and is relieved by a delicate rose tint on the cheeks. Dumas is tall, robust, solidly built. His broad shoulders are a little rounded. He has muscular hands, streaked with veins en relief, the fingers being supple and delicate—the hand of a writer, or, if necessary, of an athlete.

* * *

Dumas lives at No. 98 Avenue de Villiers, in a fine new quarter of Paris, which was a sandy plain fifteen years ago. His hotel is three stories high. You enter from the street into a garden. The front door is on the left, while the servants' quarters, stables and carriage house are at the back of the garden. You are first struck by a large statue of the elder Dumas, one of the last creations of Gustave Doré, a copy of the statue which adorns the Place Malherbes, a few hundred yards away. On either hand are two remarkable ecclesiastic stalls of the Renaissance, while above them thick ivy leaves cover the high walls that shut in the garden. To enter the house you must ring again at the double glass door, which is opened by a man-servant, who shows you the way into the drawing-room, composed of two distinct parts. This salon was formed by pulling down a partition and throwing together two large rooms. The portion on the right, as you enter, is furnished in Louis XV style. The furniture is covered with rose-colored figured silk, the figures consisting of large white medallions, with bouquets of red and tea roses in the centre. To the left, in front of the mantel-piece, with a large mirror over it, is an admirable portrait of Mme. Alexandre Dumas, by the well-known artist, Jules Lefevre.

* * *

The other half of the drawing-room is separated from the part described by a life-size white marble nymph, standing on a dark purple velvet pedestal. And this portion of the salon differs entirely from the other half. Here everything is Chinese and Japanese. The chairs and tables are of stained bamboo, and are upholstered in faded rose-colored velours de Genes. The doors are made of bamboo, and the ceiling is decorated with Japanese drawings. On every hand are Chinese fans, screens of ancient Chinese lacquer and odd figures and knickknacks from the East, among them a gilded Buddha emerging from his shell. The skin of an enormous brown bear on the floor also attracts attention. Here it is that the host receives ordinary visitors and those who come to make ceremonious calls. Intimate friends climb two flights of

a fine old oaken staircase to the study of the dramatist, where the eye is gratified with a mass of pictures and books. In the middle of this well-lighted room is an immense writing table laden with letters, papers, books and a stand of penholders, where bristle as many as thirty yellow goose-quills. Dumas will have nothing to do with the steel nor the gold pen, and the legibility of his chirography suffers in consequence. Next to this study is the author's bedroom. Here are pictures and other objects of art, a beautiful set of Sevres and Saxe being especially noticeable on the mantel-piece. The bed is low and wide, with a spring and hair mattress. The only luxurious things in the room are objects of art. There is an admirable picture gallery, composed principally of modern pictures; everything in the dining-room is in the best of taste.

* * *

Some twenty-five years ago Alexandre Dumas married a noble native of Finland—Princess Narischkine, *nee* Knarring—by whom he has had two daughters—Colette, married about seven years ago to M. Maurice Lippmann, and Jeamine. But the father still preserves most of the habits acquired when a young bachelor. Dumas is an early riser. He is out of bed at 6.30 in summer and at 7 in winter. After dressing he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until about four, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at seven and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper. He needs from eight to nine hours of repose. He enjoys exercise, and plays billiards with this in view. He is very orderly. I have seen him more than once, feather duster in hand, busily employed in dusting his study; at another time I have found him in his shirt-sleeves, aided by a servant, changing the place of a piece of furniture. It is on Sunday that he indulges in this house cleaning mania.

* * *

Toward the middle of May Alexandre Dumas leaves Paris for Marly, a few miles away, where he bought a place some time ago. One of his neighbors is Victorien Sardou. The whole family accompanies him, even M. and Mme. Lippmann and the grandchildren. At the end of June they all move on to Puits, near Écretat, on the Channel, where the dramatist has a fine establishment, and where he remains until the end of September. Here it is that Dumas does most of his literary work, and here will be finished his new five-act drama, which is to be brought out next winter at the Theatre Francais. The piece is already under way, but the author will not go seriously to work at it until surrounded with the quiet of the seaside.

ON A RAFT.

UNQUESTIONABLY the only true way to gain an adequate idea of the St. Lawrence is to secure a passage to Quebec on one of the numerous rafts that are sent down every year by the large lumbering firms near Kingston, Ont.

To anyone with a love for out-door life, a jolly companion and a fortnight or so at his disposal, I would recommend this ideal trip. It is true there is a line of steamers on the route that profess, among its many virtues, to afford to the tourist unsurpassed views of the 1,000 Islands and Rapids "by daylight," but owing to the speed of the steamers and the unfortunate fact that the sun flatly refuses to work overtime, a greater part of the scenery is lost. It is scarcely possible, however, that the rafts will ever prove formidable competitors to the steamers in the matter of passenger traffic. The majority of the travelling public will doubtless prefer the comfortable stateroom and well-furnished tables of the latter to the rude pine shanty and aboriginal pea-soup. As very few have hitherto undertaken the expedition with an eye to amusement on account of our trip last summer, may to some readers prove interesting. It was about 3 p.m. on a hot day in July that I received the first intimation of what was in store for me. A ring at the bell—"a young man wishes to see you," a short conversation in which he unfolded his plans, an "all right, I'm with you," and in half an hour we were both tearing about town investing in sundry articles indispensable to the amateur raftsmen, such as a "cow's breakfast" or two to preserve our immaculate complexions, canned goods of all sorts, fishing tackle, and such literature as "Hand-cook to the French Language," which, by the way, is full of extraordinary sentences that would never by any chance occur in a rational conversation—a bundle of those admirable "Rules for Treatment of the Apparently Drowned," handy to have in case of accidents—and some heavier artillery as Parkman and Marryat. The thrilling tales contained in the former's interesting volumes were peculiarly suited to the life we were about to lead, although the specimens of the noble savage that came under our notice did not inspire us with any considerable degree of horror. We had no time to lose, as the raft was booked to leave that evening at seven o'clock. At 6.30 I was at the boat-house with my goods and chattels, where my friend S— had agreed to meet me. After loading up the little skiff and bidding farewell to several inquisitive little boys and girls who had gathered on the wharf, we hoisted our sail and sped off before a gentle breeze in the direction of Garden Island. Here we found the tug puffing and panting away in the endeavour to make a start, for it takes more than the conventional twist of the wrist to induce the leviathan to move. The tow-rope was creaking with the strain, as if indignant at being pulled so tight. The men were shouting and swearing in half-a-dozen different languages, the huge logs were groaning, and the uproar generally was tre-

mendous. Presently we saw the great rope gradually slacken, and a slight ripple gather at the broad front of the raft. This increased until the ripple became a wave, and in a few minutes we could distinctly hear the regular plash ! plash ! of the water as it lapped against the bows, which announced the fact that we were off. But we had not yet gone on board. The breeze betrayed no signs of dying out, and the evening was so perfect that S—— and I decided to resurrect our trolling spoons and flies and follow the Wolfe Island shore in search of a bite, so off we went. Meanwhile the raft had not remained still by any means, and when we pulled in our lines in despair and looked about for our boarding-house, we could just see its lights twinkling about four or five miles ahead. It is surprising the distance that the tow will cover when one is not careful to watch it, considering the slow rate at which it moves—never more than three or four miles per hour without much current. After having swept the horizon carefully with his eagle eye, S——, who is an old hand at the business, declared that the wind was going down and that we must hasten to catch up to the raft. This we eventually did after an hour or so's hard work, and were very glad to find a comfortable little cabin awaiting us with two spacious "bunks," on which our beds had been made up, a lamp burning brightly in a bracket, and a deliciously clean odour of fresh pine boards. We tossed up for choice of sides, and after registering a bet as to where we would be in the morning, turned in and slept the sleep of the just. It must have been about five o'clock next morning when I discovered that my blanket had developed a tendency to fall off, and I was about to pull it on and congratulate myself on the prospect of a comfortable three hours' nap, when a tremendous hammering at the door and a squeaky voice calling out "Brakefass, shentlemens, come to brakefass," caused me to jump as if I had suddenly sat down on the business end of a tack. But it was no joke. After pounding my companion in the ribs for some time, I managed to bring him to, and remonstrated with him against this villainous outrage. He smiled faintly and muttered, as he pulled on his breeches, something about Rome and what the Romans do. I thought this a singularly thin explanation, but submitted with a good grace. We had a dip in the river and went in to a rattling good breakfast of beefsteak, potatoes, coffee and buttered toast, which repaid us somewhat for our exertions. Then we strolled out to see where we were—a few miles above Clayton and close to the American shore, about eighteen miles from Kingston.

(To be continued)

We want to remind our subscribers, especially the students, that it would greatly help us if the subscription fees were paid in soon, as we have constantly occurring expenses to meet and no capital to fall back on. They will find by reference to our first page that all subscriptions must be paid by the end of January.

THE FOOTLIGHTS.

OPERA HOUSE.

KINGSTON was fortunate in having a visit from the McGibeny family, of operatic fame. In this age, when there is so much that is sham and unnatural in the theatrical world, it is refreshing to meet a company like this, where the ties of the family and the claims of the stage do not run counter to each other. And when we reflect how sparsely the talents they displayed are distributed among the race generally we cannot help looking with admiration on the phenomenon of a family every member of which is an artist.

In their performances there was no strife for individual prominence. None particularly distinguished themselves, for the talents of the individual were hidden in the talents of the family. Still, if favoritism is permitted, the clarinet solo by Master Dockie, the double quartette, "Jingle Bells," and the musical reading by Miss Allie McGibeny will be longest remembered.

The audience which assembled in the Opera House on Dec. 5th to hear Campanini, the famous tenor, though decidedly select, was deplorably small. We will not attempt to account for this, but we suppose some good cause did exist, for usually the people of Kingston are not backward in supporting first-class musical talent. Somehow or other the majority of the audience retired disappointed in the great Italian tenor. Whether it was owing to his state of health or advanced age we know not, but certain it is that he is no longer *par excellence* the tenor of the world, although he still ranks very high. Mlle. de Vere, the soprano, was undoubtedly the star of the evening. She entranced her hearers by her clear, sweet, sympathetic tone and extraordinary range of voice. She certainly is by far the finest singer, except perhaps Mme. Valda, that we have had the pleasure of hearing for a long time. The other singers, especially Mlle. Groebel, were undoubtedly first-class, and altogether the concert was a genuine treat.

Another recent musical event was the St. Andrew's Society concert, which came off Nov. 29th. Most of the performers were excellent, but we have only space to mention the Schubert Quartette, of Boston, which is composed entirely of ladies. This was a novelty to us, but a decidedly pleasant one. Their singing was charming, and we cordially echo the encomiums showered upon them by all who had the pleasure of hearing them.

The Choral Union gave Haydn's Creation on Thursday evening last. We shall notice it more fully in our next issue.

Prof. Reynolds, the mesmerist, has been giving entertainments at the Opera House all this week to large and admiring audiences.

COLLEGE NEWS.

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

HE introduced the new professors to the graduates, students and friends of Queen's in the following words:—

In March last, the Board of Trustees resolved to strengthen the teaching powers of the University by the appointment of two professors, one to the chair of English Language and Literature, the other to the chair of French and German Languages and Literature. Notices were published in Canada and the United Kingdom, inviting applications. In all, there were twenty-five applicants, 10 for English Literature and 15 for Modern Languages. These with copies of testimonials were forwarded to each individual trustee, and every inquiry was made respecting the qualifications of the candidates. The high character of the applicants for these chairs was most remarkable, and can only be taken as a testimony to the position to which Queen's has attained as a seat of learning. Among the candidates there were not a few whose scholarship would have done credit to any University. The trustees had a full field of choice, and it became their duty to make a selection which in their opinion would give the greatest permanent satisfaction. After ample time had been given to the consideration of the information obtained a board meeting was held for the special purpose of making the appointments. The board met on the 18th of September, when the selection fell on Mr. Jas. Cappon, M.A., of Glasgow, Scotland, for the Professorship of English, and on Mr. John McGillivray, Ph. D., of Collingwood, Canada, for the professorship of French and German. It was a full board when the choice was made, 18 trustees being in attendance, and the appointment in each case was made with complete unanimity. No better proof can be adduced that, in the opinion of the governing body, the very best selection has been made. I have now to discharge the very pleasant duty of formally introducing the two new professors to the students and friends of Queen's. If Professor Cappon has not hitherto been associated with Canada, his future is to be with us and we are to have the fruits of his energy and trained intellect. I doubt not that he will prove as true-hearted a Canadian, as not a few of the staunchest friends of Queen's, who, by the accident of birth, first saw the light in other parts of Her Majesty's wide domain. Professor Cappon comes to us with a reputation of which any man of his years may well be proud. He has already distinguished himself as a student, a teacher, and an author. Professor McGillivray, by birth a Canadian, is better known to us; it is sufficient for me to recall the fact that he took first rank at Toronto University, and I need scarcely say that it is a pleasure to us to do honor to a sister University, in the person of one of her best students. Professor McGillivray has greatly strengthened his position by devoting the past four years to the perfection of his

studies on the continent of Europe. He returns to the Dominion with testimonials of scholarship from some of the most famous seats of learning in the old world.

[We regret that owing to some oversight, the above words of our gifted Chancellor were omitted from last issue.—Ed.]

Y. M. C. A.

THE History class-room is no longer large enough to accommodate comfortably the numbers that gather to the Friday evening meetings. The next move will be to Convocation hall.

The devotional committee has arranged the programme for the spring term. Good leaders and interesting subjects have been chosen. Several new features have been introduced which the committee hope will be found in keeping with the progress of the Association. The programme will be gotten up in a new and attractive form. It will have upon its face, besides the usual information regarding the meetings, a calendar of the four spring months and a list of the red-letter days of that term. Much credit is due to Mr. Wright, chairman of the committee, for his active interest in this important part of the work.

Dr. Mowat leads the Sabbath morning class for the remainder of the Fall term. None better than he can expound the Old Testament lessons. The class is well attended.

A wise man said "I would not give a fig for a man's religion if his dog and his cat are not the better for it." How much less is a religion worth which does not present to the world the well-endowed, well-developed type of humanity? There are those who think that the days of chivalric christianity are gone, that our religion has become a weak, enervated thing, quite unfit for and unbecoming the robust and active. Too often a'as, do appearances justify this conclusion. Yet often, too, are we pleased to find some who realize that the fullest, highest life is to be worked out, not in the seclusion of the cloister nor in isolation from the joys and sounds, the business, labor and pleasures of everyday life, but best where other phases of honest endeavor are most expressive, in the thronging mart and national games. Thus we meet with men who can be better christians because they are good footballers or first-class cricketers and who can also be better players because they are good christians. Two such have lately visited us from Yale, in the persons of Stagg and Reynolds. The former is rusher on the invincible Yale team; the latter, also a Yale student, zealous in christian work. They addressed a largely attended meeting in the history class-room, and certainly have left us the better because of their contact with us.

Dr. Smith's address at a recent Friday evening meeting was a capital one. The Dr. well understands the student's life and work, and also knows full well the qualities which alone can fit him for proper living and acting. We shall not forget your words, Doctor!

DIVINITY HALL.

PROF. Carmichael has completed his first course of lectures in Church History and has departed for King. Towards spring he will visit us again.

A class in Bible History has been organized under the Rev. Mr. Houston. Mr. Houston is most proficient in this subject and is quite qualified to instruct thoroughly the class in this important branch of bible study.

OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

AT the annual meeting of the Ossianic Society, the following officers were appointed for the ensuing year :—

- Patrons—Dr. Lamont and Prof. Carmichael.
- Hon. President—Rev. Mr. Mackie.
- Bard—Evan MacColl.
- President—J. D. Boyd.
- Vice-President—Malcolm McKenzie, B.A.
- Second Vice-President—Neil McNeil.
- Secretary—A. K. MacLennan.
- Treasurer—A. McKenzie, B.A.
- Librarian—John A. McDonald, B.A.
- Executive Committee—Profs. Harris and Nicholson, and Messrs. A. K. McNaughton and N. A. McPherson.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

AT the annual meeting of the Queen's College Missionary Association, held in Divinity Hall, the following were appointed officers for the ensuing year :—

- President—James G. Potter.
- Vice-President—James Rattray, B.A.
- Recording Secretary—E. G. Walker, B.A.
- Corresponding Secretary—J. Millar.
- Treasurer—John A. McDonald, B.A.
- Librarian—D. L. McLennan.
- Committee—Theology, J. J. Wright, B.A., T. B. Scott, B.A.; Arts, T. L. Walker, J. F. Scott; Medicine, O. L. Kilborne, B.A., J. Kennedy.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

THE annual election of officers for the Alma Mater Society took place in the City hall on Saturday, December 1st. The struggle for the offices was probably the most earnestly contested and exciting one that has ever been seen here; and the large vote polled testified to the interest taken in it, and brought many shakels into the coffers of the Society. Election meetings had been held almost every night during the week before the elections, the freshmen and ladies having particular attention paid to them. The friends of the candidates had a number of carriages out, and there were few people in the city entitled to vote, (except most of the Professors in Arts) who were not persuaded to cast their votes one way or the other. The bar, the pulpit, and the surgery furnished many distinguished voters; those of them who arrived after four o'clock—when the crush had subsided—

being greeted with hearty cheers. At 2 p. m. the voting began, and during the greater part of the first hour the ladies monopolized the polling booth. When the polls opened there was a slight dispute over the manner in which the votes were to be recorded, Mr. Cameron's scrutineers claiming that an amendment to the Constitution, passed at the last annual meeting, provided for the ballot being a secret one, while Mr. Ryan's representatives insisted that it should be open. For about fifteen minutes the fun was fast and furious and it appeared as if a row were inevitable; but before any blows were struck the President, Dr. J. C. Connell, settled the question in favor of the Meds. However, between three and six, the balloting was practically secret. The hourly returns elicited tumultuous demonstrations of enthusiasm from the supporters of the leading candidates. At three, four, and five o'clock the Arts' representative was ahead, but at six the Meds shouted themselves hoarse when the bulletin board showed that their man had a majority of 18, which had increased to 19 when the polls closed at nine o'clock. The excitement, which had been intense all afternoon, exceeded all bounds when it was seen that the entire Medical ticket was elected, and the cheers and yells from the victorious party made the staid portraits on the wall almost leap from their frames. Then the candidates, successful and defeated, addressed the crowd, and their efforts were received with renewed bursts of applause. About four hundred students fell into line when all was over and proceeded to serenade the Professors and the city generally. The day terminated by the victor and a number of his supporters celebrating their success in a banquet at the Windsor. About four hundred and sixty votes were polled and the office holders for 1889-90 are as follows:—Hon. President, Rev. Dr. Wardrobe; President, Ed. Ryan, B. A.; Vice-Presidents, W. Rankin, D. McPhail; Secretary, R. J. McKelvey; Treasurer, A. McIntyre; Asst. Secretary, — Argue; Critic, F. King; Committee, S. H. Gardiner, J. Farrell, T. J. Lockhart.

PERSONALS.

Dr. T. A. Bertram, of Dundas, was married a few weeks ago to Miss Jean B. Knowles, of New York. Shake, Tom!

Rev. Mr. Ande has accepted a call to the Brant Avenue congregation, Brantford.

A. G. Farrell, B. A., Smith's Falls, has been appointed a Notary Public.

H. L. Wilson, M.A., has been appointed Departmental Master in the Ridgeway Collegiate Institute.

W. Nicol, B. A., Science Master in the Guelph Collegiate Institute, has had two unsolicited offers, to Chatham and Lindsay, at \$1,000 a year. He declined both.

H. Pirie, B. A., has returned from England and is now attending to his work in the Royal. England seems to have agreed with Harry.

John Nelson, '90, came to cast his vote at the Alma Mater elections. Come again, John!

J. V. Anglin, M. D., '87, has been appointed chief mind-reader in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, near Pittsburgh.

Rev. E. B. McLaren, B. D., of Brampton, has received a call to the Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, B. C.

Hastings McFarlane, B. A., and his wife are comfortably settled in Tomoco, Washington Territory. Hasty has entered a law office.

One of our Staff received a letter from Rev. J. Steele, B. A., the other day with his subscription fee for the JOURNAL enclosed. Jake has always been a loyal friend to his Alma Mater. Success to you, old man!

Rev. Mr. Meikle, evangelist, will remain in Brockville for some time.

Mr. J. S. Gillies, '90, left to take a course in Mechanical Engineering at McGill. According to last reports he was in a bush or forest near Ottawa.

Dr. Whitney, '88, has gone to Dakota. When here, a few weeks ago, he received an offer of a partnership with a firm there and he accepted. May he continue to *take life easy*.

A few weeks ago, Miss Fraser, of the W. M. C., addressed missionary meetings at Snow Road, Elphin, and McDonald's Corners. On Wednesday evening, November 14th, at the close of the meeting she was presented with the sum of \$40.00 by the members of the Snow Road Club.

We have just learned that Miss Alice Cameron, B. A., '88, has been appointed teacher of Classics in the Renfrew High School. We have not only to congratulate Miss Cameron on her appointment, but also the High School which thus gains such a valuable addition to its staff.

We accidentally omitted to announce in our last number that A. D. Cartwright, B. A., '85, and H. V. Lyons, B. A., '85, had creditably passed their Barrister and Solicitor exams. These gentlemen have our best wishes.

COLLEGE NOTES.

HOW did you vote at the elections?

Jimmy reports two more ladies, Miss M. White, of Toronto, and Miss S. E. Anglin, city.

The seniors talk of having their dinner before Christmas.

Every student should subscribe for the COLLEGE JOURNAL, for without "you are accounted as nothing."

Our foot ball boys took it badly that Ottawa College did not accept their challenge.

The students think a change in the regulations, with regard to the distribution of the mail, should be made. We agree with the boys.

Messrs. A. K. McLennan and D. Cameron divided the spoils of the Gaelic Scholarship.

The din of the election has passed away and Brothers Hayes, Etherington and Taylor say they feel better. Isn't this a dandy combination? To sound their praises is like "gilding fine gold or painting the lily."

We understand the ladies have made application to the Senate for a larger room. We fully sympathize with them in their demand, as we fail to see how, with the increased number, they have been able to find standing room in their present box.

A nut for the gymnasium committee to crack:—The ladies have to pay a gymnasium fee, why could a day not be set apart to give them instruction in gymnastics? This should be attended to at once.

We fully agree with the Athletic association in the idea that a committee on Sports should be appointed early to make full arrangements for University day. But we do not agree with such long-sighted arrangements whereby a contestant making 46 points gets all silver in prizes and his opponent making 34 points gets all cloth. This needs reviewing.

T. R. Scott, B. A., has been suffering from ill health for some few weeks, and in consequence left for his home on the 8th inst. We hope to see him back next term fully restored.

The time has now come when the Alma Mater Society demands a new constitution. Recent events have proved the need of this beyond a doubt, and it is earnestly hoped that the committee to whose hands the work of preparing a new one has been entrusted will perform their work faithfully and well.

The partition between the consulting room of the library and the library proper has been raised by the addition of a neat-looking wire fence. Though there are no barbs, it is hoped that the boys will take the hint and not climb over into the sacred grounds.

The venerable concursus of '88-'89 has dealt its first blow, which has had beneficial results. Even the lady freshies have assumed a more humble air since the awful tones of our crier pealed forth, carrying consternation to the minds of freshmen. The officers for the year are:—Senior Judge, A. S. Hay, '89; Junior Judge, C. O'Connor, '89; Senior Prosecuting Attorney, D. Strachan, '89; Junior Prosecuting Attorney, R. J. McKelvey, '90; Sheriff, J. H. Farrell, '89; Clerk, R. S. Minnes, '89; Crier, Chas. Daly; Chief Constable, E. B. Echlin, '89; Policemen, J. Muirhead, J. F. Farrell, J. Cochrane, Fred. Heap, J. Beattie, W. R. Stewart.

Well done, Cunny! Your little bow to the Alma Mater Society as retiring Secretary was worthy of a son of Queen's. It was your last innings and you made a home run! The work of both the secretaries fell on Mr. Cunningham's shoulders, but he has shown himself equal to the occasion. The past year has been a prosperous one for the society. Never before has there been so much business transacted in any one year, and this year sees

still greater advance. We would suggest this: At next annual meeting let the retiring treasurer come prepared to give a *report* worthy of such an office, that the society may have at least some idea of its financial position.

The question everybody is tired of asking now is: "are we going to have a glee club this year?" It seems too bad that, at a college where over four hundred students attend, a musical organization of some kind cannot be formed. The singing of college glees is not by any means an unimportant event in college life, and especially in "good old Queen's," where so much that is historical and traditional clusters round the old songs, the old spirit should not be allowed to moulder and decay. We have lots of talent in every department; we have always received sympathy and help from our musical Professors; then why not begin at once and organize a glee club that will astonish the natives.

The Medicals are busily preparing for their Re-union, which comes off next Wednesday, and promises to be a great success. Among the musical attractions is Mrs. Whitehead, of Rochester, formerly of Guelph. She comes very highly recommended, and there is no doubt but that she will meet our highest expectation. We understand that the dancing will not occur in Convocation Hall as heretofore, but will be relegated to a more exalted position. This is as it should be, for certainly no concert can be a success held in a crowded ball room.

COLLEGE WORLD.

A FOND mother called the other day upon President Patton, of Princeton, and asked anxiously if her son would be well taken care of at college. Said Dr. Patton: "Madam, we guarantee satisfaction or return the boy."—*Ex.*

Michigan University has established a course in the art of writing plays for the stage.

The largest library in the world is the Bibliotheque National, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collections and engravings exceed 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes.—*Ex.*

The oldest college periodical and the oldest monthly of any kind in America is the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Wm. M. Evarts was one of the five students who started it fifty years ago.

An astronomical expedition is being fitted out at Harvard for the purpose of observing the total eclipse of the sun in California, and of going to Peru to observe the Southern heavens.

A Sophomore, stuffing for examination, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation on the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if a man is justified in trying to help the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would the ass be justified in trying to get out himself.—*Ex.*

The new Arts College for Women, affiliated with Trinity University, Toronto, was opened on the 15th October, in its temporary location, number 48 Euclid Avenue. The college is to bear the name of St. Hilda, who was abbess of Whitby in the 7th century, and took so prominent a part in the intellectual and religious progress of her age.

Of the 1,400 students in Michigan State University, President Angell states that the parents of 502 were farmers, 271 merchants, 93 lawyers, 83 physicians, 52 manufacturers or mechanics, 61 clergymen, and that 45 per cent. belong to the class who gain their living by manual labor.

Before another month there will be nearly 900 lights in the different university buildings. Notre Dame has now quite an electric light plant. There are no less than seven dynamos for the incandescence and arc lights with which the buildings and premises are lighted up, and for supplying current for experimental purposes in Science Hall.—*The Notre Dame Scholastic.*

Harvard College is progressive, not alone in its advocacy of electives, of the woman's annex, of "non-attendance at prayers," and other organic modifications, but the internal arrangements and class-room methods are continually advancing. In 1880 the professors, by the aid of the librarian, began to assist the pupils systematically in their reading and study. A professor has an alcove assigned him, under his name, to which his students have access at all hours of the day with the privilege of taking a book from the room over night. In this alcove are placed the volumes the professor wishes his class to study. In 1880, thirty-five professors reserved for their alcoves 3,330 books, and in 1886 fifty-six professors reserved 5,840 books. In 1880, 41,986 books were taken from these alcoves, and in 1886, 60,195 were taken. It is said that this simple departure has had a remarkable effect upon the intellectual activity and habits of the students.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

VENI! VIDI! —!

OR, A LEAF FROM A DESERTED NOTE BOOK.

I AM not sure whether I am generally recognized as a genius or not. But after all it matters little, for in every atom of my organism I feel and know that I *am* one. I was never more convinced of the fact than when, having wrestled with my first finals and having completely and gloriously vanquished them, I became a sophomore. A SOPHOMORE! True, I did not win any medals nor capture a scholarship; but let me earnestly assure you that this was not so much due to my ignorance as to the superior aptability of a few dozen other fellows to answer questions more correctly than I.

Having reached, then, this exalted position on the ladder of fame, I incidentally learned from my room mate that a few more rounds still remained above me. One of these he called Philosophy. This was said to unnerve me, to cast me down from the dizzy heights which I had

reached, again to flounder in the miry pool of freshman-ship. Vain hope! Delusive wish! This jealous thrust only served to spur me on, and next day, with majestic mien, and every step ringing with determination and defiance, I walked into class and took a seat on the front bench.

I noticed that some of my fellow-students took copious notes, catching the words as they fell from the Professor's mouth and materializing them in black and white. I did not. I merely oiled my rational threshing machine, and, feeding it with the thoughts and utterances of the Professor, set the machinery at work and sifted out the chaff. My companions, poor fools, thought they gleaned bushels of the precious grain daily. But what did I discover? How much did I carry home? *Just a handful.* The rest was thrown out and carried by the winds away.

I laid in quite an extensive collection of philosophical works, which I am still reading and criticizing. The light of my reason is penetrating the dark, unexplored corners of Psychology, and soon shall I open to the world regions of thought that have never been dreamed of.

But had I not better share some of this light with the Professor? Had I not better point out to him his errors and direct him to the true way? Happy thought, my first duty lies here.

Perhaps the kindest course to pursue in order to achieve the desired result would be to answer him, gently but firmly, as my superior wisdom dictates when fate calls me to appear before him single-handed in presence of the assembled class. My resolution is made. The die is cast.

* * * * *

That was some days ago. I have matured my plans, and will be triumphant at every point. Something within tells me I shall meet him to-morrow, but a great calmness has fallen upon me, and my heart is filled with hope and exultation. I feel as I believe Wellington must have felt before Waterloo. I wonder if a University will be called after me.

* * * * *

This is *to-morrow*. The boys say I struck a snag. I can't fully understand it yet, for the shock was great. Perhaps night or Blücher didn't come. I think I will leave Queen's forever, but will have to sell my books to pay the landlady.

P.S.—Farewell! A long farewell to all my greatness!

GROWLS

FROM OUR DYSPEPTIC EDITOR.

WHEN I came to Queen's my head and heart were filled with great expectations. What rare times were before me! I thought of four hundred young men assembled together, working in one another's interests, storing up golden associations, all alike striving to build up the student part of the University and to make it a powerful element in society. I saw in my mind's eye societies organized for various purposes, such as for athletic development, literary culture, debating power,

Christian influence, and many others. All selfish aims and personal interests were forgotten in the common weal. The students were as members of a democracy guided by those men who had proved their ability as citizens and had ascended to a higher plane.

This was what I *expected*. Before I had been here a month my castles fell, turret after turret, stone after stone, till not even the foundation remained. I found the Alma Mater Society divided into cliques, its officers but little assisted, and the debating element drowned by harassing business.

The Y.M.C.A. meetings were well attended, but owing to the exclusiveness, hyper-conscientiousness, unsociability and fun-hating disposition of the majority of the leaders in the association, its influence among the boys was minimized.

The Gymnasium offered no attractions, owing to its situation, incomplete apparatus and irregular management.

Football was indulged in by many, but this was for only two months in the year, and Association had been entirely deposed by Rugby instead of being equally supported.

The Concursus had lost its eagle eyesight, and deeds of cheek and darkness went on unchecked and unpunished.

This was what I found, and if you don't believe me—you needn't; but I know whereof I speak, to my sorrow. At any rate you will hear from me again.

CAMPAIGN ECHOES.

ENERGETIC canvasser (to grad.)—You are an alumni, are you not?

Grad.—No; I am an alumnus.

E.C. collapses.

Two members of a canvassing committee gained quite a little experience during their rounds. Shortly after dinner one day they tackled a city grad., Mr. S., and asked plump for his vote. He requested further information, and for three mortal hours they continued to inform him. They described the whole situation minutely, rattled off a list of Presidents since '49—chiefly from their imagination—discussed Commercial Union and Annexation, the next Mayoralty election, the split in '59, and everything else that ever has occurred or is likely to occur; and at last got the promise of Mr. S.'s vote. When they discovered, at the committee meeting that night, that Mr. S. had been canvassed in the *morning* and had promised their candidate his vote, the picturesqueness of their expressions could only be equalled by the force of their language.

One feature which gave considerable amusement to the "free and independent electors of Queen's" was the grammar of the sentence on the election cards of a candidate for a high office in the Alma Mater Society—the society having for an object "to cultivate a *literary* and scientific taste among the students." (Vide Constitution, I, 3 c.)

The levity-inspiring passage (the italics are ours) ran thus: "Your vote and influence *is* respectfully requested," etc. The Society need not wind up its affairs yet. There is still some material for it to work on.

The Ryan—the Ryan—the German Ryan!—*Old Song.*

It is understood that the proceeds of the last election will be devoted to presenting each member of the graduating class with a silk hat. This is as it should be.

The following is authentic: One of the candidates for A.M.S. honors, in his frantic efforts to win votes, called, it is said, at the house of a very pretty young lady, who, by the way, is not a student of Queen's. He was shown into the third-class reception salon, and when the maiden appeared, covered with blushes and a pink wrapper, began in his blindest tones by inquiring if she were not a great friend of Mr. So-and-So's (a giddy young junior in Queen's). After the girl had recovered sufficiently from the embarrassment consequent upon such a delicate question to bashfully acknowledge the corn our "hot-headed" young aspirant immediately implored her to exert her influence over the irresistible junior to "vote for me next Saturday." What the result of this intrepid scheme was is not known, but it is said the damsel is never seen now to smile, and contemplates going into a nunnery.

A WAIL FROM A MALE.

WITHOUT wishing at all to disparage the sex,
 Or endeavor to show, in a roundabout way,
 By arguments, discourse, or reasons complex,
 Why women (God bless 'em) should not have their say
 In affairs which seem proper for men to discuss,
 I would like to remind every student in Queen's
 Of the sterner persuasion—I feel that I must—
 Of the dreadful increase (and you know what it means)
 In the number of ladies who flock to our College
 And pick all the plums from the scholarship tree.
 It's going too far, though not yet, to my knowledge,
 Have measures been taken to get a decree
 From the Senate, that well-known mysterious clique,
 To stop this effusion of feminine cheek.
 'Tis sweet, I admit, to see the dear creatures
 Go fairly flitting about in our halls,
 But that look, "We mean business," that's stamped on
 their features,
 The boldest, most callous among us appals.
 Tho' the face it be fair, and the figure bewitching,
 Tho' the gown and the note-book complete the tableau,
 Tho' the locks, in some cases quite short, needing "switch-
 ing,"
 Are draped intellectually over the brow—
 What availeth all this when we have the suspicion
 That the damsel continually smiles in her sleeve
 With "I'll finger those bills at the end of the session,
 "And don't you forget it—you'd better believe
 "That the girls don't get left"—then the sweet's but
 a sham,
 Like a powder that's mixed up in strawberry jam.

When we opened our doors to the destitute sex
 And extended a welcome—both student and Prof.—
 Had we known the result we'd have "jumped on their
 necks"

In short order, and sagely remarked, "Oakum off."
 But politeness eloped with our judgment just then;
 Bad luck to civility!—Don't you perceive
 How we're fixed?—'Twould be scarcely the cheese for
 the men

To insist at this date that the ladies should leave!
 'Tis the case of the adder all over again;
 We gave them a place by our fire and got stung
 For our pains, and it's lucky there's no other gen-
 Der that's likely to snare us its meshes among.
 But our name may be "Gallagher," "Dinniss" and
 "Mud"—
 'Rah! 'Rah for the ladies! We don't care a spud.

Moonlight talks,	One year,
Midnight walks,	Skies clear;
Longing eyes,	Years two,
Soothing sighs,	Rather blue;
Front gate,	Years three,
Very late.	Can't agree.

Parlor scene,	County court,
Feeling mean,	Splendid sport,
Dearest Bess,	Sorrow, sin,
Answer yes,	Jury grin,
Kind kiss,	Divorce given,
Mutual bliss.	Fetters riven.

Interview,	Worried life,
Papa too,	Lonely wife,
Nothing loath,	Husband roams,
Happy both,	Wife foams,
Couple glad,	Care cost,
Have it bad.	Love lost.

Organ swells,	MORAL.
Marriage bells,	When you wed
Honeymoon	Look ahead,
Ended soon,	Night fall,
Double Brown,	That's all.
Settle down.	—Etc.

We are in a state of quandary. We are not quite positive whether or not it was intended for a joke; but if it wasn't, a certain Prof. in this University has not yet quite accustomed himself to our Canadian speech. Not very long ago a lady, in conversation with this man of knowledge about people and things in far-away Scotland, inquired if wood stoves were used to any extent.

"No," replied the Prof. thoughtfully, "no, I believe, as a rule, the people prefer iron stoves."
 We are still in a quandary.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

I HAVE heard Campauini! Oh my!!
R--ss--l.

Just wait till I catch Muirhead alone!
Charlie O'C--r.

Who says matematics isn't important?
T. G. M--q--s.

We wonder what our Prof. lectures to the ceiling for.
The English Class.

Tell the boys I am teaching the Japs how to play foot-
ball.
A. W. Beall.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, --Here's my report: "I
think everything is all right."
F. H--p.

What's the matter with making me an honorary mem-
ber of the Alma Mater?
John.

I wish there were twenty-two evenings in the week.
A fellow doesn't have time to get in any study now.
D. St--n.

I don't think the Prof. gives me any show in Philo-
sophy. I think he should let me answer for the ladies.
J. K--ll--ck.

I go to Alma Mater so as I can second motions and
move we adjourn. That is the easiest way to get your
name in the minutes, you know. Jimmie C--ch--ne.

Thanks, ever so much, for the offer of the Sanctum,
but we have the loveliest room now, that was given to us
by the Senate. Aren't they darlings? But--oh dear!
What *shall* we call our society? We had *such* a cute
name, but none of us knew what it meant, so we had to
let it go.
The Ladies.

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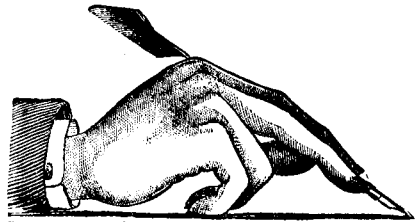
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