

See page 217.

Falls at foot of Quinze River.



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Some Reflections on the Capitalistic Organization of Society.

"Man wants but little here below."—Goldsmith.

THE unprecedented fortunes which characterize the opening of this century, insist on claiming the attention of every person interested in social welfare. The conclusion is too often reached that economic laws are at fault, or great fortunes would not exist. The ideal of many is a society of uniform comfort where neither riches nor poverty would be possible.

The present is an era of Mammon worship, no doubt, but a careful consideration reveals the fact, too, that it is also an era of exceptional humanism. During the last few years the amount of private wealth devoted to the betterment of humanity, has been phenomenal. Schools, colleges, universities, libraries, hospitals, art museums—it would take long to exhaust the list of social centres of education and healing—have been heavily endowed by the possessors of great wealth. As the spirit of voluntary benevolence receives the grateful recognition of society, no doubt an emulation will grow up among the rich to be the first to strike the fetters from humanity. It will come about, however, not as the result of coercion, but of a true sense of duty on the part of those who control vast wealth. It is, after all, not fortunes *per se* that need excite apprehension, but the means through which they are accumulated. The great necessity of the times is common honesty. When men in positions of trust know that the public will not applaud their sharp financing as brilliant strategy, but condemn it as plain thievery, they will be restrained in their malpractices through fear of being socially disgraced.

There is a feeling of hatred among the poor against the rich. But no one is poorer, but rather richer, on account of existing wealth, even though it be controlled by private ownership. Every unit in the social body politic is better off for general accumulation. The human stock in trade can never exist for the benefit of one man. It is a common saying that the rich are getting richer, the poor poorer, and the middle class are being crushed out." Actual statistics show that the rich are growing relatively fewer, the middle class larger, and the poor are being crushed out.

The changes in general economic conditions within the last fifty years, which have rendered colossal accumulations increasingly easy, have been many and rapid. In the United States, the period of money inflation during the Civil

War and after, built up large fortunes. Among other causes has been the remarkable construction of railroads. The values created in this field ranges into the thousands of millions. Men with great ability to organize and execute, grasped the boundless possibilities of a sparsely settled and unproductive territory. They foresaw that all that was necessary to make the desert blossom as the rose, was cheap transportation. As a result of their organizing ability, they were rewarded with great wealth. Land, before worthless, became of immense value. Instead of a growth of sage bush came boundless fields of golden grain. For solitudes came cities with their culture and civilization. For these wonderful results, society was willing to pay the men of organizing genius, great fortunes.

The two great estates of Marshall field and John Jacob Astor, however, are instances of great accumulation that have taken place outside of special conditions or opportunities. They represent respectively the departments of real estate and commerce. The Astor estate furnishes the most conspicuous example in America of what the socialists call "unearned increment." But, after all, is there any such thing? It is a natural law that any unusual opportunities for gain will call out seekers and competitors. If unearned increment is such a prize as we are told, why have not more sagacious men bought land? Simply because they thought there were better investments elsewhere. A careful examination will show that, on the average, a fair interest on the money invested in land, plus taxes and assessments, will in the end amount to more than the unearned increment. There are some exceptions, however, to this rule in the case of rapidly growing cities and in newly settled farming regions. But land must advance very rapidly in value to outstrip the combined charges mentioned above.

It seems improbable that we shall have any such radical progress in inventions and business methods from the present starting place as has been made in the past. A nearer approach to perfection in the application of steam and electricity will doubtless be reached, but it is not likely that future improvements will be as radical and epoch-making as those of this last half century—although it is dangerous to predict that this will be the case. When a barrel of flour can be carried from Chicago to New York for less than it costs to cart it across either city, it is evident that the process cannot be improved in the same proportion as before.

Notwithstanding the tendency of modern industrial society to superadd a field of monopolistic production to the competitive fields in commerce, manufacturing and agriculture, the struggle of capital with capital has become more intense. Interest rates have declined considerably in recent years. A government bond which practically represents the rate of pure interest in the dividend paid thereon, may now be floated at par, bearing only a two per cent. rate.

The laws of inheritance are great and constant forces working toward the disintegration and distribution of great fortunes. The longest life is not sufficient for a single individual to absorb more than a minute fraction of the wealth of the community; and whether more or less the probabilities are that at death

it will cease to continue as an organized, accumulative force. Moreover, the brilliant financing ability of the father, which has been acquired in the bitter school of poverty, is not, as an acquired talent, likely to be transmitted to the son; and the fortune is soon dissipated.

It seems possible and probable that the passion for sudden wealth will diminish as conditions become more stable, and opportunities for rapid gain fewer. The fact that the amount of human happiness has but little connection with the amount of individual wealth will become better appreciated, as Canada and the United States add years to their youth. Let us never forget that all classes are benefited by the operations of capital. The fact of personal ownership, with its income in the form of interest and profits, makes little difference. The great bulk of the expenditure of capitalists is not personal in its nature; but is an expenditure in the productive process. Each laborer gets as much as if the property belonged to ten thousand stockholders, instead of to one. The organization and operations of capital are generally more perfect under concentrated control and bring better results, because of greater economics to the wage worker.

Great fortunes, then, are a blessing and not a curse. But every rich man owes a debt to society. His unchallenged ownership is a social trusteeship. The passion of accumulation as an end is destructive: and brings its inherent penalty. Great financial power involves a supreme test of character. Avarice shrivels the soul. Capital is good for the capitalist,—if he owns it: if it owns him, it is tyranny. As the psalmist has said: "He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them." For such a man production is the end of life. He is a machine and looks at men as only so many instruments to be used in technological process. How much truer is the ideal of the man, poor in worldly goods, but a very millionaire in richness of life! The poet, with one felicitous touch has given us his portrait:

"A man he was to all the country dear,

And passing rich, with forty pounds a year."

It is just this point—that production is not an end in itself—that our economists to-day too often overlook. The erroneous and fatal idea that production is the end of life, and not a means for the satisfaction of the wants of mankind, has left its slimy trail through most economic writing. Let us consider this somewhat farther.

Just what happened in the Southern States when slavery existed is now being repeated. Then the majority of slave-owners, if they even acknowledged the slaves' position to be not quite satisfactory, yet recommended only such alterations as would not deprive the owners of what was essential to their profit. To-day many capitalists, while freely admitting that the position of the wage-workers is not altogether satisfactory, propose only such ameliorations—if indeed, they propose any at all—as will not deprive themselves of any profits or advantages in the fierce and relentless struggle in which they are engaged.

There was a class of liberals in the old days of slavery who, while considering slavery an immutable arrangement, demanded that the government should

limit the power of the owners. They sympathized with the slaves in many demands for better treatment. So, to-day, there are liberals not a few who, considering the existing order immutable, demand that the government should limit the power of the capitalists. They sympathize with the demands of labor trusts; applaud the strike; and, in general, urge the workers to demand, and exact, more and more of the joint product. They philosophise and dream; but are the first to scream with rage if they see the worker actually reach out to take whatever he may think his share. The matter comes home to them and makes them uncomfortable.

The teachings of this class of well-to-do amateurs—the Bernard Shaws, the Jack Londons, the Lady Henry Somersets—may be ever liberal and, indeed, radical. Their attacks on the capitalists are vitriolic. They are, nevertheless, highly cruel; for they add to the present sufferings of the workers, morbid discontent and hatred. Another class, highly trained men of science, wish at all cost to maintain the present system of distribution and division of labor which makes possible the production of the great mass of goods they use. They lament the fact that thousands of workmen are living like dogs while producing for society; they know of the existence of unhooded emery wheels, of noisesome and dangerous gaseous exhalations that poison the blood; yet they never lift one finger to call a halt; or speak one word to actually effect reforms. Yet the existing order is blandly called, by these men of science—culture! In this culture—railways, telegraphs, steamship lines, and a thousand other things,—they observe something sacrosanct. Human life cannot be measured against these things. They will not exert a muscle to stop the maiming of limbs, the crushing out of life, if they suppose it will deprive them of their accustomed pleasures, now grown to be necessities. Everything may be changed except what, according to the teachings of science, is culture. Once the lawyers said: *Fiat justitia, percat mundeas!* They are now content to say: *Fiat cultura, percat justitia!* If there will be any additional expense in buying wares at the store, let no one dare to change life in the workshop and factory. Well, electric cars and steam railways, gas, lights and automobiles; pottery and died cottons, are no doubt excellent and useful and conducive to better living: but, in the name of heaven, let these be lost to civilization if, in the making of them, men must be maimed or poisoned in factories and mines, where men are cheap and machines are dear. If, in order that Chicago and Montreal may be lighted with electricity, or that the people may be carried swiftly in street cars, or that the factories in these cities may turn out quickly and in enormous bulk the most beautiful cloths, a few human lives—only a few,—must be sacrificed to the god of Mammon or Luxury, let there be no cars, or lights, or stuffs and no destruction of human lives resulting from the furnishing of them. A man truly enlightened would rather use a pack-horse than be indifferent to the lives which the railways crush out every year in Chicago and elsewhere, just because human life is cheaper than proper safeguards. A truly enlightened man will not purchase with indifference garments which cost human lives in sweatshops.

But useful culture will not be destroyed. It will not be necessary to ride

on the stage-coach again; or to clothe oneself in skins, to stop the evils we have mentioned. We have not achieved great progress in the technical matters in vain. Gradually, but surely, it will be understood, that it is possible to apply technical improvements without destroying men's lives; and to so arrange life as to profit by every technological advance. This will be done not by the tactics of the demagogue, nor the criminal negligence of the unthinking capitalist, but by each citizen really and sincerely taking an interest in economic questions, which, after all, are at the basis of our society.

W. W. SWANSON.

The University of Chicago.

On the Road to Kenilworth Castle.

ABOVE us shines the sunlight of an English June, on either side are broad fields of buttercups, with here and there a brilliant splash of poppy red, while before us, smooth and straight runs the road to Kenilworth. On we wander, stopping now and then for a handful of grose or a few wild roses; sometimes a motor spins dustily along, or a carriage full of chattering tourists passes, but who would ride in this beautiful weather, when the sunshine, the birds and the flowers invite us to linger among them at our own sweet will. Sometimes we pass a dear old English village, with its ivy covered church, little thatched-roofed cottages simply smothered in climbing roses, or perhaps a quaint ale house, with the fat John Bull landlord standing in front, his hands in his pockets, keeping a sharp eye for prospective customers. Or else perhaps comes into view, the heavy gates and little vine covered lodge of some great house, around which stretches the park, spotted deer peer timidly from among the oaks and beeches, squirrels run chattering along the fence, while far in the distance we catch a glimpse of the mansion itself, covered with ivy. The walking is perfect for nowhere are there such splendid roads as in England, and soon we come in sight of the straggling town of Kenilworth itself, really a long irregular street, down which the Tally Hos roll merrily. Trudging along passing all kinds of quaint shops and thatched-roofed cottages, nearly all of which bear the alluring sign, Tea 6d, a sharp turning to the left brings us in sight of a wooded incline, above which rise the battlemented towers of the ruined castle.

The winding road lined with trees leads over a small bridge, under which a brook runs, and we lean there idly, it is not difficult to conjure up the scene of centuries past. To outward appearance the castle is but a crumbling ruin, picturesquely covered with ivy, but the magic wand of genius has touched it. "A tall gentleman leaning on a stick" visited it in days that are passed and since then Kenilworth has been a living reality. We seem carried back to the fifteenth century to the days of good Queen Bess, and we half dreamily watch the scene as it must have been then.

The rough road is crowded with bullocks, sheep and other animals driven onward to be sacrificed in honor of the great feasts given by the noble Lord

of Leicester, among them laughing, shouting and swearing come the drivers in their rough jerkins. Here too, are jugglers and showmen, players and mummers of every description, traversing in joyous bands the road to princely pleasure, for so the minstrels have termed Kenilworth in the songs which they compose as they go. Here too, we see gay ladies on a pillion behind their squires, humble mendicants driven thither in search of dole, clowns in their hobnailed boots, substantial burghers and gentlemen of worship,—a gay and merry throng—now we hear the laughter of the women, the songs and twanging of the minstrels the jangling of the bells as the morris dancers commence their mummery, the whoops of the jester as he brandishes his bauble,—all seems to merge into dim bable of forgotten sounds to our twentieth century ears.



The Gatehouse, Kenilworth Castle.



The Banqueting Hall, Kenilworth Castle.

And now a turn brings us in sight of the magnificent castle itself, shrill trumpets sound, the battlemented towers surmounted by fluttering pennons lift themselves proudly before us, lined with gaily clad esquires. Knights in burnished armour gallop across the drawbridge, the great courtyard teems with life, men at arms, laughing, serving wenches jostle each other, and now a cry arises "the Queen" and her gracious majesty good Queen Bess arrives in state on her milk-white palfrey, the master of the castle, the noble Leicester riding beside her and followed by a princely train of followers. But alas, our dream fades suddenly, the road is quiet and leafy, in front an old man trudges along in lonely seclusion, hardly a sound can be heard but the brook at our feet, while before us lies the ancient ruin of the once stately Kenilworth Castle.



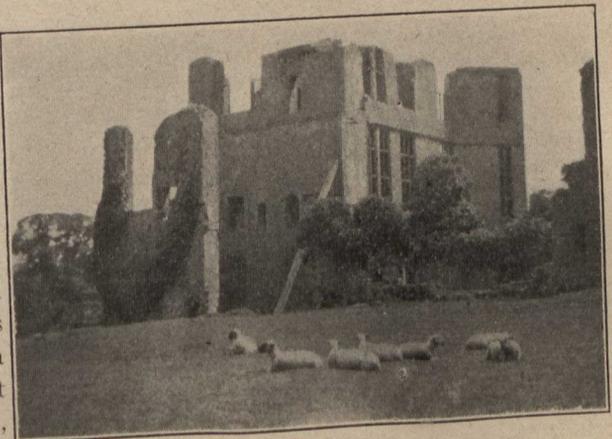
"On the road to Kenilworth."

Passing the great gatehouse with its stately towers, which is splendidly preserved being in fact, inhabited, we pause by the little postern to allow a party of what looks like either a Cookes Tourist, or a Teachers Convention pass noisily out. An old man pops a venerable head out of a sort of little wicket, and having paid our respective sixpences, we enter through an old

fashioned garden, heavy with sweetness into the stately precincts of the outer court. Like a broad lawn it stretches before us, rising gently on one side to where the inner court must have been,—a few sheep graze contentedly on the grass, the rooks caw as they fly through the crumbling ivy covered ruins, birds have built their nests in crevices of the walls, a light laugh of some tourist exploring a distant part of the ruin, breaks the historical silence once in a while, but that is all; for the rest it is perfectly quiet, a place as Sir Walter himself said, "to press on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in vittuous contentment."

We peer interestedly down into the remains of the great Keep and with a hop skip and jump land in one of the dungeons, now grass grown and open to the sky, so that it is hardly possible to realize that some unfortunate prisoner once languished there, for the moss is thick under our feet, a sweet English wall flower springs bravely from a crevice in the rock and above us is the blue sky of a summer afternoon.

Scrambling up regardless of dirt and gravel, we reach the level of what in Leicester's time must have been the great kitchen, for we can see still the orifice which in those days must have been the oven where many a side of beef and haunch of venison, has probably been cooked for a jovial company. At present a fat sheep reposes nearby, keeping a wary eye on the visitors, between nibbles.



Lord Leicester's Tower, Kenilworth Castle.

We now pause in front of Mervyns Tower, in which we can picture the unfortunate countess Amy Robsart, watching with sad eyes from her gloomy chamber, the din and revelry in the courtyard below. Determining to miss nothing, we commence the ascent by a narrow stone stairway cut in the thickness of the wall. The steps worn by many feet, twist round and round, a shaft of sunlight from the narrow loop hole, enabling us to stumble upwards; round and round we climb, till a cool breeze announces that the top has been reached. Into a gloomy little stone chamber we step, two narrow loopholes give light, and the walls are scratched and worn, a few steps more and we step out on to the grass grown turret, and stand there, nearly blown away by the wind. Below lie the crumbling vine-clad ruins, on either side stretch the beautiful woods and fields of Warwickshire, far in the distance we catch a glimpse of the "three tall spires" which mark the ancient town of Coventry and nearby the red roofs of little Kenilworth itself rise above the tree tops.

But time is flying, so we stumble down the steep stairs and penetrate even to the gloomy vaults beneath. They are dark still and damp, and a positively queer feeling creeps down ones back, as we look round at the heavy stone walls and grated doors, so with a rather lame excuse about bats, we emerge hurriedly into the sunlight above, much to the disgust of half a dozen peaceful sheep, who immediately move on.

The great banqueting hall, simply one mass of leafy green is quite the most beautiful of all the ruins, for the big windows with their delicate tracery are still well preserved, and the birds have built their nests there, while Queen Elizabeth's oriel window can be still seen in all its rich ornaments. The hall itself, though now carpeted in soft green grass, through which the daisies spring, is a magnificent old place nearly ninety feet long, to quote the guide book, and we wander slowly around stopping now and then to pick a flower as a memento of the old place. Remnants of the old moat, now a grassy ditch are still there, and we scramble down only to find a blase American tourist deeply immersed in the latest number of *Munsey*. It seems almost a sacrilege to bring anything quite so obviously modern into the sacred precincts of Kenilworth, but she reads on, quite oblivious of our scathing glances, and we climb up into what in olden days were the noble Leicesters own apartments. Like the rest it is all ivy, moss and crumbling stones.

The sun has now gone in and a cool breeze sprung up, trains too, have to be caught, so with a last look at the ruins, we stroll across the grassy court, down through the old fashioned garden, carefully kept by the venerable gate keeper, and so out beyond the walls on to the smooth shady road.

HELEN DRUMMOND.

Banquet by Men of '08 Arts.

THE best ever" was the unanimous conclusion of the boys, who are so fortunate as to belong to '08 Arts, as they wended their way homeward from what proved to be one of the most genuinely enjoyable and well-ordered banquets in which Queen's men have been privileged to participate.

There was no need to exhaust the skill of the amateur artist to arrest the attention of the members in the college halls, nor of printer's ink to advertise the function on the bill-boards. Everything was done with that delicate reserve and modesty which characterizes the men of '08 Arts in all their undertakings.

Whilst there was no straining to outdo the "doings" of the ambitious Meds., or the over-ambitious Science men, in their big "dinners," the results of the down-town banquet on Saturday night proclaimed more loudly than the lusty howls of either faculty could do that even *this* had been accomplished.

Much of the credit for the phenomenal success of this banquet is due to the untiring efforts of the committee in charge, viz.: Messrs. McCammon, Graham, Stevens, Simpson and Lipman. They had planned both wisely and well, and the one cause for regret is that one of the committee's most valued workers, Mr. J. M. Simpson, was unable on account of illness to be present and join in the festivities which he had so efficiently aided in arranging.

On the conclusion of the speeches in Convocation Hall, where a series of surprises had been sprung during the earlier part of the evening, the '08 Arts men—some three score of them—proceeded at once to the banquet hall, escorting in triumph the victorious presidential candidate, Mr. G. R. Platt, where even a greater surprise was in store for all outside of the committee in charge. It must have been with no slight satisfaction that they ushered in the expectant company with the honorary president, Prof. J. L. Morison, escorted by President D. I. MacLeod, in the lead.

The snowy whiteness of purest linen, the flash of polished silver and china, the gorgeous richness of the various fruits and the delicate sweetness and beauty of narcissus and carnations, presented a scene as beautiful as it was befitting to the occasion.

The menu list was such as could not fail to satisfy the most fastidious taste, for which "Mine Host," Mr. Harris, is deserving of credit. Course after course were disposed of till "eight jolly rounds went by" and all were made to feel that man was not made in vain in such a land plenty and of promise. Everything was perfection in detail, even to the beautifully embossed menu cards, which proclaim the artistic abilities of Messrs. Graham and McCammon of the committee. When each and every member of the distinguished company had done ample justice to the feast, the toast-master, Mr. F. C. Kennedy, proposed the time-honored toast to the King and in response thrice ten loyal hearts responded in the singing of the National Anthem. The toast to "The Faculty" was then proposed by Mr. J. W. Gibson, who dwelt at some length on the past history and present attainments of the Arts Faculty of Queen's University, giving special emphasis to those traditions and noble ideals of manhood and of Canadian citizenship for which Queen's has always stood and which have made her sons famous the world over. He gave high honor to the valiant men of the Arts Faculty who have borne the burden and heat of the day in times when Queen's was fighting her way against all manner of discouragements, and also to the new men who are now laboring with righteous zeal to strengthen and maintain the enviable position that Queen's now

holds in the very front ranks of Canadian universities. And of such men '08 Arts are proud to do honor to Prof. Morison, the honorary president of the year and guest of honor at the banquet.

On rising to reply, Prof. Morison was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. In an eloquent speech he expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by the senior year in Arts in electing him as their honorary president in this his first year as a professor in Queen's. With an earnestness that will not soon be forgotten by his hearers he pointed out how best students "in the best year in the best faculty in the best university in what is going to be the best country in the world" can make their college days profitable and at the same time enjoyable.

"The Year" was then proposed by Mr. G. E. Meldrum who recounted the many notable achievements which stand to the credit of the members since first they entered college four years ago. He predicted for all a glorious future and proposed that a re-union be held at some fixed date a few years hence. To this toast an able response was given by Mr. D. I. McLeod, president of the year. Thanks, praises and congratulations were liberally offered to the members present, with many valuable suggestions as to how the year might rise, even get higher in the realm of noble achievement. Mr. C. J. Tully, of Picton, who had been a member of the '08 freshman year and who had come down to take part in the elections (by request), "for Platt and heaven's sake," also responded to this toast. He recalled many of the pleasant incidents of that freshman year and expressed his hearty appreciation of the pleasure afforded him on the occasion of the banquet as well as of the high honor conferred upon his old friend, Mr. Platt.

The toast to "Arts Candidates" was greeted with loud applause. Mr. R. S. Stevens, as a veteran campaigner in Alma Mater elections, made a telling speech in which he advocated a number of beneficial changes in the method of conducting the campaign in Arts in future. He paid many high compliments to the president-elect and also to the candidates of the senior year who had made such a gallant fight, which, however, had proved of no avail on account of the blindness or oversight of their too numerous opponents in the other faculties.

Round after round of applause greeted Mr. Platt as he arose to speak in reply. He expressed his pleasure at being present at such an altogether enjoyable occasion, and then proceeded to speak on the question which had so fully occupied his mind during the day—the Alma Mater elections. He offered many valuable suggestions concerning election methods, heartily endorsing Mr. Stevens' plea for better organization and for more discretion in the number of Arts candidates to be nominated in future, and deprecating anything that approached to narrow faculty spirit in A.M.S. elections. Mr. D. A. McArthur then followed with a brief but clever speech, given in the best of cheer and in which he exhibited those most admirable qualities of the candidate who can take a defeat and bear no grudge against his more fortunate opponent. Mr. A. D. Macdonell also spoke, briefly thanking the men of his year for support-

ing him so faithfully and regretting his defeat only on account of the efforts of his friends and not from any personal motives or ambitions.

The next toast, to "The Ladies," was proposed by Mr. M. Bow in such a finished and gallant style as to leave no doubt of his being quite conversant with his subject and as to suggest his capability in "holding his own" in any arena. He spoke in most flattering terms of the many graces and excellencies of the girls of '08, even calling to his aid some heaven-inspired passages in measured numbers. Mr. D. C. Caverly made a fitting reply, disclaiming as modestly as the previous speaker had asserted boldly all first-hand knowledge of the subject assigned him.

"The Arts Society" was the next in order and was proposed in a very able manner by Mr. C. R. Graham. He dwelt in a forceful manner with the chief functions of the Arts Society and with its great possibilities, recommending certain timely changes by which its influence could be largely increased and its interests more faithfully conserved. In reply, Mr. W. A. Dobson, president of the Arts Society, spoke in eloquent terms of the place which the society could be made to fill if largely supported by the entire student body in Arts, and also expressing the hope that no feeling other than that of good will and unfailing friendship should ever exist between the Arts Society and the societies representing the other faculties.

After Mr. J. G. McCammon had proposed the toast to "Mine Host," one of the most enjoyable of festivities was brought to a close by the singing of the national anthem and of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Inter University Debate.

Once again by the defeat of the Varsity debaters here on Dec. 5 has Queen's vindicated her superiority in debating. The subject debated, that of Japanese immigration, is in itself one of very live interest at the present time and the large and representative audience of both students and city people who listened to the debate and the high-class musical programme were not disappointed in their anticipation of an evening's entertainment of the first order of merit. The vocal solos so appreciatively rendered by Miss Francis Edwards were especially enjoyed and evoked the heartiest applause of the audience.

The subject of debate precisely stated was: "Resolved, that Japanese immigrants should be excluded from Canada." On the affirmative as representatives of Toronto were Messrs. J. A. Carlyle and J. D. Campbell. Messrs. A. P. Menzies and D. C. Caverley carried the day for Queen's in upholding the negative. The judges were Rev. Dean Farthing, Mr. W. F. Nickle and Mr. Robert Meek.

The arguments on both sides were presented with admirable clearness and showed that extensive and painstaking research work had been done. The Toronto debaters brought out their arguments in a clearly defined manner but they dealt with their subject in that more academic and abstract way which

can never be of more than indifferent interest to the average audience. Although they presented their case with clearness, their style was, on the whole, colorless, and their delivery noticeably lacking in that animation and force which comes from a strong and energetic power of conception and which is so potent an influence in carrying the audience along with the argument of the speaker. In this respect Queen's was decidedly superior. In the matter of the practical application of concrete data and especially in the scathing analysis to which their arguments were finally subjected the visitors were clearly at a disadvantage. Moreover, they did not seem to clearly realize that it should be the aim of a debater to convince his audience, and that nice distinctions of terms in common use, such for instance as the elaborate dictionary meanings they gave of the word "immigrant," are, as a rule, looked upon by an audience as evidence of quibbling and as a mark of inferior debating power.

The Varsity debaters began their argument for the exclusion of the Japanese immigrant by defining the word "immigrant" according to the most authoritative dictionaries as referring only to those who came to settle permanently in a country. This granted, they contended that the Jap possessed certain characteristics which made him an undesirable permanent settler. He belonged not necessarily to a lower but to a very different civilization, a civilization which, relying upon paternalism in government and ancestor worship in religion, could not possibly be assimilated by the individualism of our political institutions and the principle of brotherhood underlying Christianity. True, the Japanese now had representative political institutions but their made-to-order constitution of 1889 had only been workable on account of the despotic power of the emperor. Trade with Japan would not suffer from exclusion because Japan needs Britain's support in the East and because the Japanese government itself wishes to discourage emigration. If the Pacific coast were peopled with Japanese, Canada would be an easy prey for Japan and, besides, there was danger of British Columbia seceding. In short, all methods of restriction were unsatisfactory and positive exclusion was the only sure remedy.

Queen's representatives endeavored to prove that exclusion would be harmful and that the desired results could be obtained by an efficient restriction that was both advisable and practicable. Quoting from the *Labor Gazette* and from railway managers they showed how urgent was the need in the West for unskilled labor at the present time. The Japs consequently would not displace white laborers. On the other hand, if they were not admitted, the development of the country would necessarily be retarded. Even though Japan did not favor emigration, she would feel snubbed if exclusion measures were adopted and would boycott Canadian goods. Again, if the Japanese were excluded they would develop home industries which would soon drive our products from the market. The Japanese constitution was shown to be a democratic one and it was therefore argued that the Japs could easily adapt themselves to Canadian civilization. Those in British Columbia had shown their loyalty to Britain by offering a contingent for the Boer War. The present agitation was due to the labor unions and it was unwise to prejudice not only

the interests of Canada, but also those of the Empire for the sake of one class. All the machinery for restricting immigration now existed and the influx of Japanese without passports from Honolulu could easily be checked. This restriction was rendered the more easy because Japan recognized that her greatness depended on manufacturing and the consequent maintenance of a large population. Korea also offered a better field for settlement, and a Korean colonization company with a capital of \$75,000,000 had already been formed. They advocated effective restriction of immigration and not exclusion.

Dean Farthing, in giving the judges' decision, gave some very profitable hints to debaters. He pointed out that many debaters, and especially those having little experience, were apt to crowd too much matter into their speeches without sufficiently elaborating each argument and driving it home with force. He also intimated that, although notes were allowable, the reading of lengthy reports or extended opinions of authorities was not advisable.

Letter to the Editor.

The Editor QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL.—

Dear Sir,—There are a few matters in connection with the Engineering Society dinner which I would like to bring to the attention of the Dinner Committee, the Science students, and the rest of the Alma Mater Society as well. The most potent means of obtaining my purpose will be, I think, through the columns of the University magazine. This method will save the introduction of anything of a too personal nature, and it will also put the ideas expressed before the minds of those for whom they are meant, in a more forceful manner than if they were spoken at a meeting of the Engineering Society.

A few weeks ago, at the annual meeting of this society, there was a movement on foot to change the Constitution in so far as it concerned the amount of the annual membership fee. The idea was to have this fee raised from one dollar to two dollars, the amount of the increase to go towards meeting the expense of the Engineering dinner. Members from the second, third and fourth years visited most of the members of the freshman year before the meeting, explained to them the proposed step, and obtained from them a promise to attend the meeting and to vote for the motion. A two-thirds vote is necessary to alter the constitution, and it was essential to have as large a meeting as was possible.

From the manner in which that subject was discussed that afternoon before the society, the freshmen drew the conclusion that the motion was for their benefit, and voted for the motion like a flock of sheep. The discussion was somewhat of the following nature: The dinner is the great social gathering of all the Science students; they assemble there with their teachers and professors and eat from the same board with them, in good fellowship; the aim of the society is to make the function of as educational a value as possible; men from all branches of the profession and from all parts of the country are

entertained as its guests; they address the students, giving them the advantage of their experience in spreading out before the embryo engineers the immense possibilities of the country along their own lines, and telling them that success demands, above all, steadiness and perseverance, etc. All this, together with the foretaste of a goodly feast naturally appealed to the first-year men, as well as to the others. Judging from the whole discussion, the prime and only object of the motion was the interest of the freshmen. The other years always turned out in full numbers, while the first year, either out of reticence, or from the belief that two dollars was an extortionate price for a ticket, were slim in their attendance. These reasons were not considered to be of any weight—the freshmen had never been at the dinner and hence did not know what its value would be to them. The motion provided that one dollar, or one-half of the price of a dinner ticket, should be paid to the treasurer of the college at the time of registration. The way the problem would work out was supposed to be something like this: When the dinner committee would canvass a student to know whether he would buy a ticket or not, they already would have hold of him by one hand, in virtue of the dollar he had already paid, and they believed that almost all of the students would pay the other dollar and go to the dinner, rather than stay at home and forfeit what he had already paid. This seemed quite plausible at the time, that is, before the dinner was held, and everybody agreed that he would not miss the dollar that he had paid at the time of his registration, and that it would seem to him that the dinner was only costing the one dollar which would be paid to the committee.

This scheme, if it had been carried out in its details, would, no doubt, have been highly satisfactory to all parties concerned. But something seems to have been radically wrong somewhere. It looks like a case of distinct misrepresentation to the freshmen class. The whole function, including the addresses, the fellowship, and the dinner, was scarcely worth more than fifty or seventy-five cents to a first year man. There is no fault to be found with the four courses—they were creditable enough, and a great improvement on the old method, but that was about all that impressed the writer favorably. The service was miserably poor, and the soup was scarcely warm when it did arrive. But all went fairly well until the toast list was reached. Each person was then given a cup of coffee, and this answered the purpose of drinking to the first toast. The problem then was, with what and out of what are we going to drink to the rest of the toasts? The waiters cleared away the empty cups, but gave us nothing instead. There was only an occasional jug of cold water on the table, but nothing to drink the water out of, unless the remaining coffee-cups, which had to be rinsed and the contents poured out on some plate or other. Soft drinks were certainly not in evidence; a little cider was seen, but it was too disgustingly weak to drink. In fact, if a person was thirsty, the only way he could quench his thirst was by buying alcoholic beverages and drinking them out of the bottle, unless he agreed to use the same cup with half a dozen of his neighbors. This was not a very encouraging state of affairs, and the freshman class, as well as a good many sophomores, presented an odd-

looking spectacle holding up flower vases, celery holders, etc., and touching them to their lips for the toasts. Moreover, before the toast list was half completed, the waiters even cleared away the large majority of articles that in the most superficial manner resembled glasses or cups. It was certainly a dry dinner for some of the men.

One of the greatest mistakes of the evening was in placing our own professors, no matter how highly we respect them, at the head of the list of speakers and keeping the strangers till the end. This was the only opportunity many of us would have of hearing these men, but by the time some of our own professors, whom we may hear at any time, had given their addresses, we had launched forth into the wee small hours of the morning, and were not in a frame of mind to listen very attentively to the speeches, which we had especially gone to hear. Our guests, surely, ought to be given the best opportunity for addressing us, and the local men should confine themselves to a short space of time. Some of the best men on the list were, unfortunately, unable to be present, but the ones who did not disappoint us were not as highly appreciated as they would have been, had they spoken near the beginning.

It is the general opinion among those who were at the dinner for the first time that it was by no means up to the standard which they expected. There ought not to be any reason for this view. The Engineering Society dinner ought to be a huge success—but it is necessary to have the details closely watched. A good musical programme, with numbers interspersed between the toasts would greatly add to the attractiveness of the function. What there was of this nature was first-class, but there was not enough of it.

This letter must not be taken to express the opinion of any one "sore head" or crowd of "sore heads." Judging from the rumors afloat, and from the opinions expressed to the writer by men of the first, second and third years, it seems that the above is not a very incorrect statement of affairs.

I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will not consider this article too lengthy for publication; indeed, had it not been for your appeal to the student body for contributions, the letter would have been considerably condensed.

Yours,
SCIENCE STUDENT.

The Quinze River.

THE Quinze River, or Rivière des Quinze, empties into Lake Temiskaming, the waters of Lac des Quinze, Lake Expanse and the Upper Ottawa. It flows in a south-westerly direction from Lac des Quinze, discharging into the north-east arm of Lake Temiskaming at the little French village of North Temiskaming. The breadth of the river varies from nearly a mile at the head to a few hundred feet in some places. It is, however, chiefly remarkable for the number of heavy and dangerous rapids in its course. There are about fifteen in all—from which fact it is named the "Quinze."

The river drivers regard it with special fear and dislike and when one sees the fury of the rapids, the ease with which a log jam may form and the diffi-

culty and danger of breaking one, he begins to see the reason for their feeling. The canoeman also has no particular love for it, the more so if he is paddling a loaded canoe for there is a portage to each rapid,—none of which can be run—and one of them is two miles long.

But these rapids, which cause so much discomfort to those travelling the river, may at no distant date prove very valuable to that district for the generation of power. This scheme has already been considered and when the demand arises will certainly be put into effect.

It may be of some interest to know that this was the route used by the French some two centuries ago in travelling from Montreal to their trading post on Lake Abitibi. So that the portages of the Quinze are historic ground even if they are rough.

Queen's: 1857.

Oft have I, looking backward, mused
 On all the changes I have seen
 In thee, since first I trod thy halls,
 A freshman, fifty years ago.
 An infant then, a giant now
 In size and strength thou hast become.
 The massive piles that tower above
 Thy Campus, where the liberal Arts
 And Sciences their seats maintain,
 Have all up-sprung within that time,
 As if magician's wand had waved
 Them into being. Thy modest home
 In those far-vanished days, survives
 Crowning the brow of Summerhill,
 Transformed within for other use.
 The mighty voices that awaked
 The echoes of its walls, and moved
 Unto their lowest deeps the hearts
 Of eager and ambitious youth,
 And kindled an unfading love
 For what is True and Just and Good,
 In silence are forever hushed.
 But ne'er can be forgot the wise
 And grave Professors, on whose words
 We breathless hung, while they discussed
 In eloquent and thrilling tones
 The lofty truths by Sophocles,
 Catullus, Homer, Virgil, sung;
 By Berkeley, Reid, or subtle Hume,
 Or by divinest Plato, taught;

Or on the properties of spheres,
Evolutes, and cones, and spirals,
Dilated with seductive charm.
And though they've passed behind the veil
That hides the unseen from the seen,
They rule us by th' *esprit de corps*
Which had its birth in their great souls,
Was fostered in the stress and strain,
The valiant struggle carried on
For life itself, with scanty means,
Through all the slowly-rolling years,
And gathered strength unto this hour,
Gives to our academic life
A character and tone unique,
Evokes a loyalty unmatched,
A sense of duty so supreme,
That all the world with deep surprise
Looks on, but cannot understand
The secret of this wondrous spell.
Just meed of honour let us pay
The rarely-gifted, great of old,
Who left to us this heritage
Which makes dear Queen's so truly rich.
Of those who heard and were beguiled
To tread the rugged path to heights
Whence the wide kingdom of the Truth
And all its wonders may be seen,
A goodly number have filled up
The measure of their life, and passed
To where their vision is full-orbed,
All mystery in a flood of light
Dissolved, and knowledge is complete.
Great men there were among them, men
Of lofty purpose, loving well
Their Alma Mater, keen to serve
Her, freely spending substance, thought,
And time and strength to make her great,
A beacon light to all the land.
Upon their hearts was deeply graved
The name of Queen's, that magic name
Which stirs the blood of all her sons,
Making the pulse beat fast and strong,
Nerving to self-denying deeds,
From toil and care set free, they rest,

The harvest of their golden prime
 And riper years all gathered in,
 The Master's gracious benison,
 Well done, well done, has been pronounced.
 But while our fathers founded Thee
 To train their sons, and they alone
 Were privileged to share the light
 And culture which within Thy walls
 Enrich and glorify the life,
 Yet customs, manners, all things change,
 The solid-seeming world itself
 Is in a state of constant flux,
 So, under growing sense of right,
 And broad and generous sentiment,
 Thy portals, to the gentle sex
 Long bolted, were wide open flung.
 At first they entered, twos and threes,
 With faltering step and timid mien,
 Scarce daring to look up; now scores
 Come trooping in and take their place
 Beside their brothers, there to seek
 For truth, to cultivate their powers,
 The fruits of latest learning reap,
 And qualify to give the best,
 The highest service to the world.
 Ah me! what changes I have seen
 In Thee since first I trod Thy halls!

—L.



Hudson Bay Co.'s Post in Abitibi Region.

Queen's University Journal

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Editorials.

That cumbersome and ungrammatical sentence which appeared on the refreshment coupons at the Final Year Dance was the only blot on the record of a function which, in many ways, will stand as a model of excellence for ages yet unborn. It appears to be a small thing to criticise and after all, may have been an oversight, yet in a final year such oversights are scarcely pardonable.

Nor has the final year been the only offender in this respect. The Levana Society, that model of dignity and prosperity, shocked the patrons of its recent function in the ungrammatical arrangement of the Levana Tea invitations. Such errors have no place in an institution like Queen's and their occurrence, especially at public functions subjects the University to unfavorable criticism.

The selection of a delegate to represent Queen's at a sister university would appear to be a purely honorary matter. It is one way in which a society may express to a member its appreciation of past services or its recognition of merit and in so far as it stands for such it is a fit and proper thing. It is doubtful, however, if the election of a delegate should be fought with all the canvassing, speech making, and strenuousness which characterize a college election, because the issues of the two are quite different. In the first case a man makes a choice between two men that are equally well known to him and of whose respective merits he is quite cognizant, in the second he is asked to choose between his own faculty representative and one of another faculty with whom he is probably only slightly acquainted. If in no other way they differ in the matter of delicacy.

If in the selection of a delegate a quiet ballot be taken without any preliminary canvassing or speeches the result would be received with less ill feeling and jealousy and the successful candidate would feel more assured that he was conveying to a sister university the good wishes of a united faculty at home and not one disjointed and embarrassed by splits and resignations seemingly arising from his election.

THE FENCE AROUND THE GROUNDS.

In the last issue the Journal printed a letter discussing the proposal to build an ornamental fence about the college grounds. The writer of the communication objected to the outlay of money for this purpose at a time when certain needs of equipment demand satisfaction; and further deprecated the idea of devoting money to anything merely ornamental. It was further objected, too, that Queen's is not in need of a fence similar to the one at Harvard because it is situated in a district free from the distracting and incongruous sounds and sights of a commercial district.

The Journal does not deny that the resources of Queen's are severely enough taxed to meet the demands of the present period of expansion. Grant Hall and the Gymnasium stand as monuments to the loyalty and generosity of Queen's graduates and students. It cannot be consistently urged that they undertake anything involving considerable outlay. But the reasons suggested are not of sufficient importance to warrant the abandonment of the proposal for the construction of a fence around the grounds. Such a fence can be built gradually. It would require no immediate outlay of a large sum to make a beginning in the form of an entrance on Union or on Stuart street. A building cannot be erected in sections, and a large number of people who would not contribute toward the betterment of external equipment of the ordinary nature would readily lend assistance in such a project as the construction of an ornamental fence.

Not infrequently when a year has finished its active existence as a college organization its members manifest a desire to leave behind at old Queen's some tangible evidence of their interest in her future and their part in her past. Provisions for something ornamental and useful and at the same time not beyond the means of a number of students constitutes a reasonable outlet for the satisfaction of this desire.

As to the future acquisition of land it may be suggested that the present site of the University will always be regarded as its original seat, and the present property will undoubtedly remain the largest unbroken area in the possession of Queen's authorities. For these reasons it may be urged that the objection to enclosing the present grounds is not of great importance.

The Year '08 in all departments has probably one hundred and thirty members. If each of these subscribed \$5 and promised the same amount for the two following years, means for the erection of an entrance would be provided. It is the intention of the Journal to procure cuts of a number of ornamental entrances and submit them together with statements of their cost for the consideration of its readers.

 FLOGGING CRIMINALS.

Is a settled belief on the part of a number of judges that physical suffering in the form of flogging constitutes an effective deterrent to the commission of crime. Very frequently flogging is ordered as an accompaniment to a term of imprisonment. What can be said of this practice?

In a small number of cases concerning men who are craven-hearted brutes flogging may be of value. It may inspire fear and thus lead to a consideration of the consequences of crime. But as applied to the average inmate of a prison it is utterly bad. The primary aim of the management of convicts in prison is the reformation of character. Convicts are treated kindly and are given every opportunity for correcting evil tendencies. They rise from grade to grade of prison society until they step into the full rights of citizenship. What will be the value of reformatory treatment if in the middle of it a flogging is given the convict? Its effects will be entirely vitiated. The man won away by slow degrees from old points of view, from old tendencies will become again recalcitrant and distrustful. The desire for revenge will again manifest itself. The convict will no longer remain amenable to efforts for his betterment. Floggings are generally ordered for arbitrary times. And if given with due sincerity will undoubtedly rob reformatory treatment of any effects.

It is probably for this reason that prison authorities are, as a rule, decidedly averse to the practice of flogging the unfortunate men in their charge. Flogging as a punishment for a breach of prison discipline may be beneficial in its effects. Given some time after the commission of a crime and after the man subject to it has shown a desire to live honorably, its effects are the reverse of those expected from it. When opinion on the aims and purposes of prisons is educated the practice of ordering floggings for convicts will be discontinued.

A PROFESSIONAL COACH.

Since the close of the football season demands for the engagement of a coach for our football teams have been made from a number of important sources. Queen's began the past season with material that should have won the Intercollegiate championship. Instead of first place, however, the season finished with Queen's one point above the tail-enders. To what is this failure due? Against the coaching of Mr. Crothers nothing can be said. His work was largely vitiated by circumstances that are not likely to occur in future years. And further, responsibility for the failure cannot be laid on any individual connected with the Rugby Club. Officers of the club and members of the team to a man worked unselfishly to develop a winning team. But their best efforts were wasted.

The difficulty apparently lies with the system in vogue. To ensure success next season the present system must be changed. In the selection of Mr. Turner as captain an important first step has been made. The next thing is to secure a manager who is capable of discharging the wide variety of duties attaching to that office. Furthermore, the Athletic Committee should consent to arrangements for the early return to college of prospective first and second team men. Let this be done openly, and the details of the arrangements given publicity. There can be nothing dishonorable in a thorough-going attempt to turn out from bona-fide students a rugby team that can play the game with intelligence and skill.

An important factor, too, in the success of a college team in any branch of sport is the support of the student body. Next year special efforts must be made to arouse enthusiasm amongst the students. New football songs should be secured and before each game a mass meeting should be held at which yells and songs may be practiced.

As for the proper training of the football men it is a question as to the means by which this is to be provided. On the whole the Journal is inclined to regard the engagement of a professional coach as a final resort. But it is impossible to escape the conclusion that our rugby teams have suffered from lack of systematic training. It is evident, moreover, that systematic training cannot be given by a captain who is busy with college studies and must spend a great deal of his time in attending to other details of team management. To be thoroughly equal to the possibilities of rugby, our teams require coaching at the hands of someone who is not a regular member of the line-up. There are two sources from which this coaching can come. First, from an experienced football man who is willing to undertake the work out of loyalty to the college or love for the game. Second, from a professional coach who sells his service to the Rugby Club for a stated period of time.

For Queen's it appears preferable that a coaching staff should be composed of former players, who are available. And if such a staff can be secured the question of professional coaching may remain in obedience.

It is the intention of the Journal to ask five representative students to discuss in its columns the merits and disadvantages of professional coaching. Through this means opinion on the matter may be defined and educated.

A PROTEST.

In some quarters from time to time during the fall there has been manifested a desire to fasten upon Queen's students a reputation for hoodlum and boisterous tendencies. The latest instance of this desire is the absurdly exaggerated reports of the Bijou affair that were circulated by the local press.

On Saturday night a number of students paraded to Princess St. and demanded admission to a certain moving-picture show. This request was refused. After going further up the street a portion of the original body returned to the showhouse. One student near the front of the crowd was pushed into the theatre where he was pounced upon by a number of men in the employment of its proprietor. In the melee this student was slightly hurt and a pane of glass in the front of the theatre was broken. Does this constitute hoodlumism and does it justify the widespread circulation of the story that Queen's students raided a theatre doing much damage and creating great disturbance? Does it justify a report involving slander upon Queen's men as gentlemen and conveying the impression that Queen's students are a disorderly set quite beyond control. The Journal knows student feeling and student habits, and for the benefit of those concerned it may be said that there are not ten men in the College who are not primarily gentlemen, considerate of the rights and feelings of others. At times when a number of students are together in search of fun excesses may

be committed. These the Journal does not attempt to excuse. It opposes roughness and rowdiness as forms of conduct that do not become students. Moreover, it holds no brief for the men who went beyond the limit of decency on Saturday night. They should be dealt with as individuals. But as the organ of the student body the Journal demands that students be considered gentlemen until character of the opposite nature has been manifested by something worse than anything that has happened within its experience. We protest strongly against such reports of student conduct as tend to fasten upon us a reputation entirely undeserved.

As for the future relations of the students to the theatre that was visited Saturday night it is our opinion that none of any nature should exist.

REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS.

To secure the reduction of armaments or any agreement amongst national governments on the question appears to be a matter of supreme difficulty. For years the question has been debated in an academic way. From those in authority in various lands come complaints of the increased expenditure upon maintenance of armies and navies. But no approach to a general restriction of ornaments has been made. England continues to construct Dreadnoughts and appears to take great pride in her ability to boast of a navy greater than 'all the rest put together.' International rivalry in the matter of armaments will not be made less keen by continuous comparisons of national resources as represented in armies and navies. Each nation with eye fixed on a time when it shall be called upon to defend itself from aggression goes ahead to the limit of its resources with the construction of ships of war and additions to its military forces. What will be the end of this dangerous rivalry? What limit is there to the expenditure of money that it entails? Perhaps in time the relations of the powers will be more friendly. Or some tremendous revolution may place a single people in ascendancy over all others. In the meantime a process that to a large number of people appears a simple waste of productive energy must go on.

Arts.

THERE are no students at Queen's who do not know "The Maple Leaf Forever," there are many who know that Alexander Muir, the author of this our national anthem, was a graduate in Arts of this university, but there are none who have ever noticed about the college halls any mark of recognition commemorating the author of the song which is cherished by every loyal Canadian from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The late Mr. Muir graduated from Queen's in the early fifties and was for many years a teacher in the Toronto schools. The Toronto school board, and the veterans, to whom Mr. Muir belonged, have inaugurated a Memorial Fund and have now something like \$1,200 to its credit. When we consider that last year we contributed to a

Keats-Shelley memorial to be erected in Rome, does it not appear fitting and proper that we should make some effort to have a suitable, not necessarily a costly, memorial erected here in Queen's to the memory of the man who gave to Canada her greatest patriotic song?

Everyone ought to be satisfied with the results of the Alma Mater elections, for the representation has been apportioned to the different faculties in perhaps as fair a way as could possibly be effected. There is, however, room for some improvement in the order at those meetings where the candidates address the students. At the meeting held by the Arts Society for that purpose, on Dec. 3, the ear-splitting vocal efforts could be well compared to the dismal howls that our barbarian ancestors used to sing "to the accompaniment of mead and other drinks." After all, it must be conceded that an effective three-minute speech is some test of a candidate's ability, and, in all fairness, candidates not only for the presidency, but as well for every other office, should be given a hearing.

The sloppy condition of the streets by no means dampened the ardor of those who participated in the rush down town after the announcement of the Alma Mater election results. All the five-cent theatres were visited and one of them, which the students didn't consider very obliging, bore a very sorry appearance after they got through with it. The Bijou was the first visited. The manager made a loudly applauded speech to the boys telling them that he wanted to make some money that night and asking them to call later. But they couldn't wait. The place was rushed and the doors broken in. But as soon as entrance was made the lights went out. Carrying the Bijou's phonograph horn as a trophy, the aggregation then visited Wonderland and the Princess, where they were cordially received and well entertained. At the former the management put on an interesting and appropriate series of pictures entitled "Discipline and Humanity." At the Princess, before the moving pictures were shown, the boys vociferously sang several songs to the accompaniment of the piano, while "Alfie," standing proudly in front of his large and appreciative audience, beat time with his head and his index finger. The managers were cheered upon the conclusion of the entertainment in the last two theatres and had the pleasure of listening to "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Members of the final year to the number of about thirty gave a banquet to their candidates at the Hotel Congress after the election results had been announced, on Dec. 7. The guests of honor were Prof. Morison, honorary president of the year; Messrs. G. A. Platt, D. A. McArthur and R. J. McDonald. After ample justice had been done to an excellent repast, the speech-making began under the direction of Mr. F. C. Kennedy as toast-master. The toasts were: The King, the Faculty, the Final Year, the Candidates, the Ladies, and

the Arts Society. Prof. Morison, in responding to the toast of the Faculty, paid an eloquent tribute to the eminently practical and progressive nature of the training afforded by Queen's and concluded by saying that he was proud of his connection with the finest college of a country that was fast developing into one of the finest countries in the world. Mr. C. J. Tully, a former member of the year, also spoke.

The committee having charge of the banquet consisted of J. G. McCammon, R. S. Stevens, A. Lipman, and J. M. Simpson.

HERE AND THERE.

A very pleasant time was spent by the Freshman year at their social evening on Nov. 27. Professor Mitchell, honorary president of the year, delivered an address in which he pointed out the danger of the social side of college life crowding out the intellectual.

The Arts Society, at its regular meeting of Nov. 26, authorized a grant of \$50 for the purchase of art specimens for the new Arts building. The pictures will be hung in the different rooms of the building and will also be used as art specimens by Prof. Cappon in his lectures on art in honor English.

The year '11 have determined that they shall not be found lagging in athletics this winter. A committee of five gentlemen and three ladies have been appointed to look after the athletic interests of the year.

The meeting of the Philosophical Society, on Dec. 2, showed by the large number present that the society is appealing to an even larger number of students this year than last. The feature of the program was an able paper read by R. J. McDonald, M.A., on "The Beginnings of Greek Philosophy."

The Cameron Scholarship in Gaelic has been awarded to Mr. Norman Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald, as his accent testifies, hails from North Uist, Inverness, Scotland.

The shy and subtle sleuths of the Concursus have been slowly but surely tracing up the misdeeds of the unwary freshmen, and it is rumored that the prosecuting attorneys are now engaged in weaving the net of evidence that will entangle the offenders when they appear before the judgment seat.

Messrs. M. R. Bow and D. I. McLeod represented Queen's at recent university dinners in Toronto.

Prof. Anderson has decided to give a prize to the student taking the highest first-class honor standing in preliminary honor Latin. The department of Latin will now have prizes in the pass and both honor classes for which aspiring students may strive.

Science.

SCIENCE DINNER.

P RINCIPAL Gordon in proposing the toast to our country at the Science Dinner on Dec. 6th, dwelt on the almost limitless resources of our Domin-

ion. He said that, especially to the members of the engineering profession, Canada is a land of great opportunity; and that for us as university men it would be our privilege to aid in its development, and our duty to see that our work be done in a broad-minded and honorable manner. These remarks may be said to be the keynote of the leading speeches at what was probably the most successful dinner yet held by the Engineering Society.

The capacity of the building seemed almost taxed when two hundred students and their guests assembled in Grant Hall.

On the platform were drills, motors, surveying instruments, and decorations appropriate to a gathering of science men. We were especially fortunate in being able to secure such a large number of prominent men to respond to the toasts. It would be impossible to even outline here many of the splendid speeches made by engineers, representatives of other institutions, and our own professors. They were all listened to with the closest attention.

Among the speakers were M. J. Butler, Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals; Prof. John Watson, Prof. Jordan, Frank C. Loring and J. B. Tyrrell (whose speeches we print in this number), J. C. Murray, Prof. Brock, J. C. Goldmark, Prof. Porter and Prof. McLeod of McGill, and also representatives from McGill, Varsity and R.M.C.

Songs and cheers by the different years, and the Faculty song by T. Carling, helped to make the evening more enjoyable.

Perhaps the main purpose of the Science Dinner is to bring the students into closer touch with the professors and men of experience in engineering. In listening to the leaders of the profession a student cannot but realize the better his own position in life. The quoted ideas of what an engineer is varied from "the silent man who does things" to "a man who wears a corduroy suit, yellow boots and looks wise," but to understand the real opinion of the speakers one must have been present. We should be not a little proud of our profession.

Kingston, Dec. 6, 1907.

Mr. Frank C. Loring in response to toast, "The Profession," spoke as follows:

Of all industrial occupations, mining is the oldest.

Preglacial men, contemporary of the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the great cave bear, when not engaged in war or the chase, before the gave thought to agriculture, busied himself in enlarging his cave dwelling, in searching the glacial drift or breaking into seams of flint for material for his weapons, at a later period in exploring and utilizing beds of clay for his crude pottery, and although as compared with the present, his labors were but limited in scope, they created the necessity for the first mining engineer.

The discovery of superficial deposits of native gold, silver, tin and copper, and the ease with which these metals could be wrought into implements and

ornaments caused further search, then with the aid of the first metallurgist, in an effort to secure more efficient implements, dawned the bronze period of mankind.

Owing to metallurgical difficulties, not until historic times did the age of iron, the present age, supersede those of stone and bronze.

Thus evidently, mining is of such relative importance that the archeologist and the historian have selected the product of its labors to mark the span of man's existence on earth.

Search the pages of history, it will be seen that the miner, therefore the mining engineer, were the prime cause for most of its great events. That base passion, human avarice, has been the main incentive for all the great conquests and discoveries of history. Lust for wealth, not perishable wealth, but gold, silver, gems, has accomplished more than have all the noble sentiments; crusades, holy wars, religious movements, combined. It needs but superficial study of history to convince, that in all the great movements, hope of plunder was a greater incentive than was ever religious zeal.

The metals of Britain and Spain first attracted the Phoenecians and Romans. These are but minor instances. That greatest of historic events, the discovery and early exploration of America, is a direct result of thirst for the product of the mine. What greater heroes than Cortes, Pizarro and their comrades? The story of their exploits is more fascinating than any romance. What was the incentive? gold, silver, gems. Not the Fountain of Youth, but the Golden Fleece was the object of Ponce de Leon's search. The galleons of Spain loaded with bullion and pieces of eight kindled the imagination and stimulated the avarice of Drake, Hawkins and other great captains of England. These were followed by the buccaneers, Morgan and the rest, whose depredations did more to check the advance of Spanish settlements to the north than did any other cause. The early settlement of Canada, especially by the French, was influenced to no small degree by hope of securing gold.

The first great exodus to the Pacific coast of North America was caused by discovery of gold in California in '49. Gold in Caribou stimulated the settlement of Western Canada. Elsewhere, in Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Alaska, the miner and the mining engineer have been pioneers. To these two more than to any other class, is due credit for the advent of the farmer, city builder, railroad, and the establishment of permanent and wealth-producing population. For, were it not for the lure of gold there would have been no incentive to adventurous spirits who were the entering wedge, the first cause of empire building.

And to-day, whatever permanent population, whatever cities, factories, taxable property may be established in Northern Canada their existence will be owing more to original efforts, hardships and success of the miner and mining engineer than to any other cause. They blaze the trail. They create the market.

The profession of mining engineer is unique, in that he is absolutely necessary to success of any other branch of engineering and to nearly every other

industry. Without him the railroad, bridge, mechanical, military, hydraulic, or electrical engineer cannot succeed in securing his fuel and the material for his rails, engines, bridges, machines, ordinance, dams, water wheels, dynamos, wire and other material necessary to success. The mining engineer might, and often does succeed without the aid of his brothers. Not so with them. He must supply material and fuel for manufacture, gold and silver for coinage and jewelry, the gems for my lady. Scarcely any article in use but what at least to a small degree owes its existence to the efforts of some mining engineer.

Yet to a great extent, mining engineering is not an exact science. The Electrical, hydraulic, mechanical or railroad engineer can be guided to a far greater degree by certain fixed principles, rules or measurements in solving the problems of his profession. With the mining engineer, the geological, physical, mechanical, metallurgical, and economic problems vary with every form or extent of ore body, nature and quality of ore, location and accessibility of mine. Given the length of span, load requirement, and nature of traffic, an adequate bridge can be designed miles from the point of erection and often on lines many times before adopted. Given the amount and nature of service required, the electrical engineer can plan a complete installation. It is not so in mining, with all its complex problems arising daily. No two mines can be developed alike, nor contain the same width or extent of ore body. No two ores admit of the same treatment. No two mines can be operated at the same expense to obtain equal results. Therefore, no mine can be operated successfully from a distance. As well attempt to direct the course of a sailing vessel from New York or London. The personal equation enters to a far greater degree in mining than in any other branch of engineering. Yet, strange but true, there is no business in which the tyro imagines himself perfect with less experience than that of mining.

In the examination of mines, experience, power of observation and comparison are essential. There are engineers whose opinions based on comparatively superficial observation are far more valuable than are the most exact measurements and tests of others. Why? They have the judgment borne of experience and peculiarly suited mentality. Often one must be trained to the peculiar conditions of a district. He must be able to compare one ore body and geological condition with another. At times he must even be a good guesser, and to a more or less degree he must be an independent, courageous, original thinker. He must have judgment, ability to discriminate, intuition. A thorough technical education, supplemented by opportunity and industry, allied with the qualities referred to will fit an engineer to carry through any task or problem successfully.

Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, responding to "The Profession," also spoke as follows:
Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—

It gives me a great deal of pleasure to be with you this evening, to meet and become acquainted with you, and to learn of and share in the aspirations

of the younger men, and to hear the words of wisdom that have fallen from the lips of the older men.

I am glad of the opportunity that you have afforded me to express the high appreciation that I have always felt for Queen's University, and for the position that Queen's has taken in the life and progress of this Dominion. It has undoubtedly endeavored to educate its men in such a way as to meet and supply the needs of the highest types of manhood on this continent, and it has succeeded admirably in its efforts, for wherever throughout the length and breadth of the land men are most active and energetic and are accomplishing most, there men from this university will be found in the thick of the struggle.

A graduate of Queen's must feel, not only that he has been well educated, but that he has the sympathy and support of his university wherever he may be. That sympathy and support are extended to him in especial measure if he is living and working in this his native land, even though primarily he may be working for the benefit and support of himself and his family, for in the long run his work will tell for the development of the country and the benefit of his neighbors. It encourages me to feel that his Alma Mater still loves him, and rejoices to learn of his achievements, and that when merited she is prepared and willing to place the strongest stamp of her approval and recognition on his actions.

Queen's has also shown herself a distinctly national university in the best sense of the term, with broad national sympathies and ideals, for besides those who have attended lectures in her halls, and have been graduated in the regular course, she has gathered around her and incorporated into her Alumni, some of the ablest, most energetic and cultured men in Canada, men who are proud of the land in which they live, and who have give nand are giving all their energies to help on its development.

Queen's has been particularly fortunate in having Sir Sandford Fleming as its Chancellor. A man of great activity and untiring energy himself, he could have no sympathy with the idea that education may be a means of making idleness respectable, nor could he acknowledge that the educated man is necessarily that smooth and oily individual who never has opinions of his own sufficiently strong to interfere with those of others. On the contrary, his actions have pointed clearly to the belief that the educated man should be a man of lofty ideals, who will work for the attainment of those ideals, with others, if possible, but without them if necessary. I trust that Sir Sandford may long be spared in health and strength to assist you with his presence and counsel.

I am particularly pleased to be present at a gathering of the Engineering Society of the University, and may I be permitted, as one who has spent many of the best years of his life in the vast solitudes of the North and West, to bring you greetings, not from any society or set of individuals, but from the plains, forests and mountains of our own dear Canada, this beautiful land which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the confines of our

restless neighbor to the south, to the lonely shores of the ice-bound ocean, which has so well guarded its secrets from a host of arctic explorers.

Gentlemen, this great unused land is awaiting your arrival, and it will be your duty and privilege to develop it on good and rational lines, so that it may support a prosperous and happy population.

Fireside economists are fond of telling us that while we have a very extensive country, most of it is quite uninhabitable, and can be nothing but a burden to the people who live in the more southern districts that they themselves are now living in. The world has always been well supplied with such men who have cried, "Back, back, you can go no farther." But if I can discern the spirit of this university aright, it is not interested in supplying pessimists. The men whom I see here will rejoice in the fact that there is so much new country and raw material lying ready to their hands, and that the education that they have received here will fit them particularly well to develop this new country and make use of this raw material. In centuries to come, when Canada will be supporting one of the ablest and most virile people on the surface of the globe, the engineers of that time will look back with envy on you, and will think of you as among the most fortunate of men, with so many of nature's priceless treasures all ready to your hands, to be used in any way that may seem best to you.

It is not necessary for me to say to you, at this time and in the midst of these surroundings, that the engineering profession, or group of professions if you would rather consider it so, whose duty it is to obtain, use and direct for the benefit of mankind the material and forces which are stored up in nature's treasure-house, is the highest and noblest profession that there is, and that the education which fits you well for that profession is the most ennobling education that can be imparted to any man. It lays before you the ripest experience of the men of all preceding ages, and in reciting to you the careful and accurate reasoning of others it teaches you to think clearly and quickly for yourselves.

But thought, like faith, without works is dead, so a vital part of this education must enable you to put in concrete form the ideas that you have carefully thought out. Any education that merely teaches you to think, however clear and noble the thoughts may be, is only a very partial education at best. Every thought should be towards some definite purpose, and the carrying out of that purpose should be kept continually in view.

In the education of an engineer you are taught to work, and to direct your work by careful and accurate thinking. You learn to know and feel that no matter where or what you may be, work and thought must go hand in hand, for both are necessary for your success, and for the comfort and success of those around you.

I congratulate you, professors and pupils alike, on the success that you have already achieved, and I look on it as a positive assurance of the greater things that you have yet to accomplish.

PERSONALS.

G. R. McLaren, B.Sc., '07, was in Kingston a short time ago. He will leave shortly for Nova Scotia.

F. H. Huff is in the hospital with an attack of diphtheria.

C. R. McColl has had the misfortune to be compelled to remain in his room through illness.

W. M. Harding, vice-president of the Engineering Society, was at the S.P.S. dinner in Toronto on Friday, December 6th.

J. C. Murray, B.A., B.Sc., '02, editor of the *Canadian Mining Journal*, was at the Science dinner.

C. W. Agnew, '08, was in town recently on his way to the Pacific coast. He has been ill for some time and is going west to recuperate.

Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin entertained the members of the Science Faculty, the Executive and guests of the Engineering Society, on Friday afternoon, December 6th.

JE MAPERCOIS QUE.

The latest song is "Put Me Among the Girls." One may hear this little ditty sung to fine effect by T. A. Mc--m--.

The conduct and general morale (?) of the Science students at their annual dinner is something worth remarking, and at least deserves honorable mention in this column. "*Not one went under.*"

Mr. C. L. Hays will in future be open for engagements in the musical line. As he is not yet entirely at home on the stringed instruments or the Jew's harp, he will confine his efforts to the piano. There are a large number of music critics who can vouch for Mr. Hays' ability in the course he has mapped out for himself. He has recently completed a thorough and systematic course in music, on the continent. Though Mr. Hayes does not wish to appear too particular (at this early stage of the game), he prefers that his work shall consist of the final year At-Home, Levana tea, or drawing-room variety.

The conversation heard around the Mineralogy building is deteriorating. The language is not only pedantic, but the diction and choice of words show that as far as some bright youths are concerned, Junior English might never have happened. To hear, "Sneeze, your brain is dusty," and "You're crazy with the heat," is not a credit to men who have passed through the hands of our professors of English. We might add that Tom Campbell is hastening down hill, in which short journey he is being ably chaperoned by that wonderful imp of Satan, J. N. Scott.

Medicine.

There will be no session of court until after the holidays. As yet few charges have been entered and those which have been handed in are of no serious character.

Medicine will be well represented on the executive of the Alma Mater Society for the following year. J. E. Galbraith, D. A. Carmichael, E. Kidd and D. Jordan were successful candidates for the offices of vice-president, secretary, assistant-secretary and committeeman respectively.

One of our candidates was of the opinion that our Alma Mater elections should not be run on parliamentary style. Did he canvass the lady students in his recent campaign? Well, no. His timidity forced him to do otherwise. A few bon-bon boxes containing 'sweets to the sweet' and 'Car.'s' election ticket were nevertheless received by members of the Levana. Congratulations, D. A.

Dr. Albert McCormick, who has been acting as surgeon on the steamer Bonnie, which runs from Montreal to Mexico City, has been visiting friends in the city before sailing for London, where he will take a post-graduate course. He was accompanied by Dr. J. Quigley.

H. H. Milburn represented Queen's at the annual medical function of Toronto University, which took place on Friday evening, Dec. 6th.

A representative of the Aesculapian Society has been invited to attend a dinner given by the Western Medical College, London. I. D. Cotman has been appointed delegate.

J. Collinson represented Medicine at the Science dinner, which was held in Grant Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 6th. Jeff reports a good time.

W. Morrison, who was appointed convenor of the general dinner committee, has resigned. E. T. Myers has been chosen to fill the vacancy.

J. R. Hurtubise, final year, has been called to his home at St. Anne de Prescott, to attend his mother, who is seriously ill.

Dr. A. W. Girvin, who graduated in '05, recently visited the college.

B. C. Reynolds, who has been sick in the general hospital with varicella, is again attending lectures.

Divinity.

HE Pope of the Hall hereby give warning that he will refuse all indulgences to the editor of the Philistine Camp of Science if at any future time the said editor dares to assert in that profane book of science such sacred writings as are composed by our most revered scribe.

NOTES, FOOTBALL MATCH.

On the second month of the first year of the reign of Pope John I, a battle was fought in the Valley of Humiliation.

The contending forces were equal in number, besides women and children, who watched the conflict from the heights above.

At one end of the valley stood Israel's hosts under the leadership of Ramesses I. Afar off was the Philistine army, the name of whose champion we will not enter in sacred writ.

Our enemies departed from an ancient custom of their forefathers in the matter of uniform. From generation to generation the Men of Science had put on overalls when going forth to battle, but in these days there has arisen a race who know not the ways of their fathers.

A camp follower of the enemy to the Pope, who has made a very mild and harmless remark, "Say, did you swear?" Unlike David, our great and glorious ancestor, the Scribe arrayed himself in honoured armour. Time and time again our noble leader, Rameses I, caused many a man to bite the dust.

Bishop Macdonald blew long and loud blasts on the trumpet used in the capture of Jericho. This cheered on the hosts of the faithful and caused our enemies to quake with fear. A countless horde of the Philistine allies attacked our noble Bishop. Upon the rising of the sun, even until the going down of the same, he withstood them, but it was in vain. And now Israel's trumpet lies in profane hands.

At a stage in the conflict, Bishop Sully fled before the approach of the revolving sphere, consequently the Men of Science rent the heavens with mighty shouts of victory.

The battle was over. Zion had lost, and there were sore lamentations in the camp of the blest.

A freshman, meditating, "What a pity the kids (Kidds) graduated from Theology before the shavers (Shavers) entered, for then we might have had a kindergarten department in the Hall." If a few of Shaver's little shavers, and the little shavers would enter of a truth, it would come to pass even now.

C-k's prayer, "Give us true hearts, noble hearts, pure hearts, sweethearts." And the Parry Sound maidens responded: Amen and amen.

It is reported that the slight disturbance at a certain place on Princess street on election night was a protest of the brethren in Science and Medicine against Sunday concerts.

The members of the Hall are proud and lifted up once more. Our candidate for critic of the A.M.S. was elected by a good substantial majority. We extend sympathy to the other fellow, and to R. J. congratulations.

A joint meeting of the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. was held on Friday, November 29th. The meeting was under the leadership of the Q.U.M.A. Mr. W. A. Dobson gave an interesting account of his work in Temiscaming during the past summer. Mr. R. J. Macdonald told of the foreign work undertaken by the association. Letters received from Mr. J. T. Ferguson, of Formosa, and Mr. W. A. Kennedy, of Bardizag, Turkey, were read. At the regular meeting on Nov. 30th, the topic was, "Making a Station on the Fringe of Civilization," and the speaker, Mr. J. M. Shaver. In his address, Mr. Shaver told of some of the hard things that a pioneer missionary is called upon to do. J. M. did good, hard, solid work for the church and the Q.U.M.A. On Dec. 7th Mr. J. M. MacGillivray read an instructive paper on "China's Social System." The treasurer reports that about fifteen hundred dollars will be required for this year's work.

Ladies.

Lady Student—Are the Journals out yet?

Editor (incog.) quite concerned—Yes, but the Ladies' Column is omitted this time.

Student—Ah, well, it doesn't matter much. It's never any good.

Editor (aside)—O wad some power the anguish spare us o' seeing oursel's as ithers see us.

ON Wednesday, Nov. 20, the regular Levana meeting was held. As the president and secretary were both of the *dramatis personae*, the vice-president, Miss Hiscock, presided, and Miss Alice Pierce acted as secretary. A committee consisting of the president, secretary and critic was appointed to revise the order of business in the constitution of the society.

After the business meeting the members adjourned to the English room where already a goodly audience had gathered, though it seems remarkable that the presentation of a play bearing such a title as the "Mouse-Trap" could attract so many of the gentler sex who are said to have such a dread of the tiny members of the rodent family. It may have been they did not possess the "idea" which Mrs. Somers, emphatically seconded by all her callers, declared was the essential necessary to throw one into a state of terror. The idea of that poor little mouse was at any rate sufficient to raise the company assembled in her drawing-room far above their ordinary level.

Queen's is truly blessed with histrionic talent even when we go beyond the pale of the Dramatic Club. The whole play was a great success; even the screams were realistic—act, gesture, costume, the man himself—all done to a nicety.

The weather was propitious, the public generous, and the Y. W. sale a huge success. The banners were especially fine this year, and as usual disappeared first, but the candy, picture and calendar tables were speedily cleared as well. About one hundred and five dollars was cleared. It is to be hoped that the girls who have been obliged to lose class after class making preparations for the sale will appreciate the privilege of assisting in sending a delegate to Silver Bay and fully realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

PERSONALS.

Miss Hosie Elder, M.A. '04, left on the 21st for McLeod, Alta., where she has accepted a position as English teacher in the Collegiate there.

Miss Evelyn Caverley is still under the doctor's care at her home in Stirling, and it is scarcely expected that she will be able to return to college this year.

Mrs. Charles Lowes (Miss Carrington, '09), was at the college lately renewing old acquaintances.

Miss Edith Green ('07) spent a day or two at the college and in the residential district recently.

Miss Pearl Chandler and Miss Anna Leslie have arrived from the West. Miss Chandler has entered Education and Miss Leslie is continuing her work in Arts.

Miss Carrie McCrae and Miss Bessie Middleton were both in Kingston visiting friends this past week.

THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE.

Miss A.—Well, your discussion of so much fine theory concerning methods of teaching reminds me of the graduate of Hamilton Normal College, who said, in speaking of Field Day there: "Oh, yes, I taught on theory all morning, but in the afternoon I got desperate, and just threw theory to the winds and grabbed a boy. After all, that is what any teacher does finally."

Miss B.—What! grab a boy!

Miss C. (at tea time)—"Well, I don't care, girls aren't afraid of mice. It's silly for people to keep on saying that a girl always gets on a chair when she sees a mouse."

(At 9.30 p.m.—a mouse in the secretary)—"Oh, hear, I wish A— were home. I'd like to chase the thing out, but really I'm afraid."

The Levana Society held their annual tea in Grant Hall on the afternoon of November 30; from four to seven. The president, Miss Reive, and the hon. president, Mrs. Goodwin, received at the door and the girls performed the various duties. According to proverb, the tea was a decided success socially and

financially. Being very informal, every one felt 'at-home.' The tables and booths never looked prettier, and the coffee, ice-cream and candy were of excellent quality. A new feature of the tea this year was that the tables were removed and the last half-hour spent in dancing. Financially about eighty-five dollars was cleared.

The programme for the regular meeting of the Levana Society, on Dec. 4, was the Inter-Year Debate, '10-'11. The topic was, "Resolved that college rushes promote a feeling of good fellowship." The affirmative was upheld for the year '11 by the Misses Burley and Hudson, the negative for '10 by the Misses Macallister and Heuston. The topic was open to criticism, but the debaters certainly showed a knowledge of men and rushes and dealt with it very tactfully. The judges, Messrs. Brock, Nickel and Ross, decided in favor of the negative.

Yes, ladies, the Alma Mater elections are over again. And have you not heard, as I, that oft familiar strain, "It was the ladies' vote did that!" The poor ladies! Did you ever consider what a strange part they play in the elections? They are sought and hissed, "and all for the use of that which is mine own," namely, the right of voting in Queen's Alma Mater elections as a student of Queen's College. It is purely a matter of form, ladies, but it is a precedent established. "We might have put our man in, but the ladies who vote without method or reason spoiled everything." Thus is public opinion. The ladies are not capable of judging character or ability and vote like sheep. You know the way the sheep go. So educate our friends. *They make the discrimination required above.* You know of the woman whose name has been handed down through the centuries because of her precious ointment. Now hear the man who speaks for the few and says, "The ladies showed more good sense in the elections than the majority of men." Of course, a girl's opinion would have no method in it, and the fact that it is known that "the ladies did it" leads me thus to advocate: Let them not have a separate polling booth. Or, if they have a separate booth, let the votes be mixed with the general vote from Arts—since they belong to that faculty—before being counted. Is this not rational? Would it not dispense with criticism of friends and neighbors? Not but what it is perfectly right for the girls to vote for either faculty or as they please. But this would prevent a good many of the acid remarks that float about.

Overheard at the tea-table, night of Science dinner.

Miss K.—I can't see why the girls don't get up a dinner!

Mr. G.—Why, who would eat it?

WOOD-WITCHERY.

We can hear the robins singing,
Direos warble, catbirds call,

Breathes the balmy, spicy fragrance
From the pine trees grim and tall.

Down an open glade, the bracken
Stretch in vistas cool and green,
Calling us with fairy fingers
To come—learn of the unseen.

And the weight of years slip from us,
And we see with childhood's eyes
All our witching friends and fancies,
Ours before we grew world-wise.

And the brothers of our childhood
Who have touched the 'Farther Shore,'
In the dim-wood's magic vastness
Come and clasp our hands once more.

And we learn the earth's great secret—
Life and love can never die;
We are tasting the Eternal
In the days now slipping by.

Aylmer Woods, P.Q.

—C.L.

Alumni.

THE eighth annual banquet of the Western Ontario Alumni Association of Queen's University was held in the Tecumseh House, London, on the evening of Oct. 30th.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Alexander, Mr. E. J. Corkill, Dr. Drennan, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Edwards, Dr. J. Fraser, Dr. Robt. Ferguson, Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, Prof. W. J. Patterson, Mr. L. J. Pettit, Miss S. E. Marty, Mr. J. McCutcheon, Dr. Jas. Newell, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Ross, Rev. Jas. and Mrs. Rollins, Mrs. McCann, Rev. J. G. and Miss Stuart, Mr. J. H. Smith, Major L. W. Shannon, Dr. A. Voaden, Mr. John Dearness, Mr. Fred Landon and Rev. Professor Jordan. Rev. Dr. Ross presided. After the banquet the following toasts were proposed and honored:—'The King,' by the president; 'Canada,' Major Shannon and Dr. Hodge; 'Our Alma Mater,' Rev. Professor Jordan; 'Graduates and Undergraduates,' Dr. Voaden, Messrs. E. J. Corkill and J. McCutcheon, Dr. Newell and Rev. J. Dollins; 'Our Guests,' J. H. Smith, Vice Principal Dearnus and Prof. Patterson; 'The Ladies,' Mr. Thos. Alexander, Miss Marty.

The officers elected for the current year are:—Hon. President, Rev. D. M. Gordon, L.D.; resident, Rev. James Ross, D.D.; Sec.-Treas., Patterson; Vice Presidents, Dr. Jas. Newell, Dr. Voaden, J. H. Smith, E. J. Corkill, F. Gavin;

Executive Committee, Miss S. E. Marty, Rev. J. G. Stuart, Rev. Jas. Rollins, Rev. J. E. Norris, Dr. Jamieson, Rev. J. F. Scott, J. M. McCutcheon, Lr. Hodge and Rev. T. J. Thompson. The next meeting of the association will be held in London.

The address of Professor Jordan in response to the toast, 'Our Alma Mater,' was the feature of the evening. It dealt in an interesting and instructive way with the spirit, the aims and the ideals of the University. A note of optimistic loyalty to the spirit of Queen's characterized all the addresses.

At the business meeting, which followed, it was resolved "That the cordial thanks of the W. O. Q. A. A. are hereby tendered to Rev. Professor Jordan, who at much personal sacrifice attended the annual banquet and delivered such an inspiring and instructive address." The secretary was instructed to forward the same to Professor Jordan.

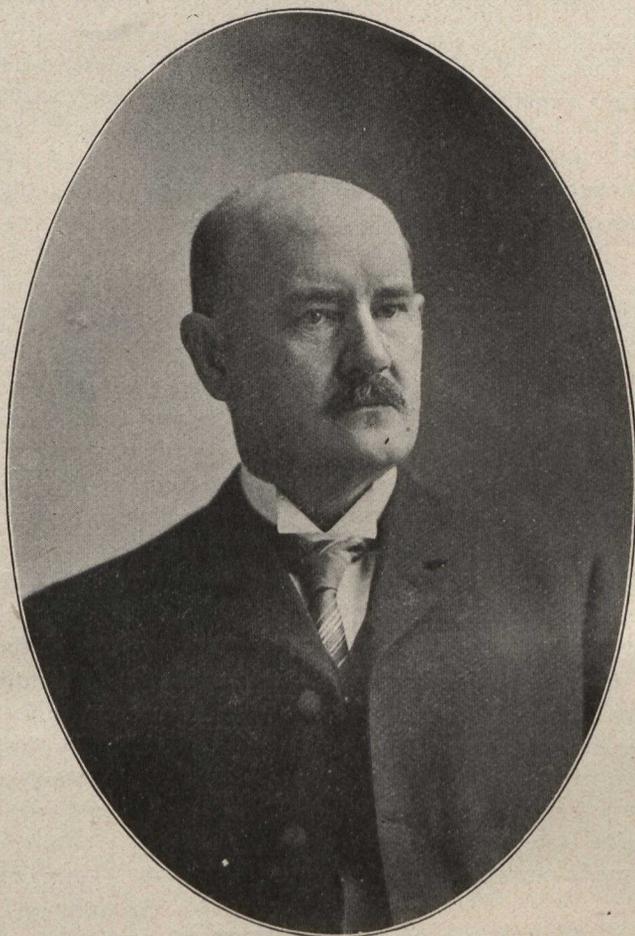
A QUEEN'S MAN WHO IS FAMOUS.

With an English father, who in his younger days had been a pioneer boat captain on the Upper Ontario, and afterwards a farmer, and with a keen, shrewd Scotch mother, still physically and mentally vigorous, Mr. Robert Henry Cowley was fortunate in his parents. In his early years his mind was naturally impressed by all that is associated with the log school-house, the country church and the varied toil of farm life. Through dust in summer and snow-drifts in winter he daily trudged along the old "Richmond Road" some three or four miles into Ottawa to attend the Collegiate Institute. Much of his interest in literature can be traced to the head-master of the "Grammar School" of that day, who fortunately brought with him from his native Scotland an old-world faith in the "Humanities," Dr. John Thorburn, an honorary graduate of Queen's, still greatly interested in the one-time urchins, whose minds he helped to shape. Mr. John MacMillan, too, a singularly painstaking and efficient master, who succeeded Dr. Thorburn as principal, was even at that time a power in school and community. From the beginning of his school career Cowley was respectfully recognized by his mates as a lad to be depended on, and with a mind and will quite his own.

Deciding to take up the hard and unpromising work of teaching Mr. Cowley passed steadily through the Model and Normal Schools, teaching in turn in a country public school, the Ottawa Model School, and finally, as Science-master in the O. C. I. having qualified himself for this post by taking as an extramural student an Honour Science course at Queen's.

His administrative instincts led him in a few years, upon the death in harness of a brave pioneer teacher, Mr. Smirle, to accept the position of Public School Inspector for Carleton, and the splendid condition of the schools of that county, with their twenty serviceable continuation classes containing upwards of four hundred pupils, is largely a result of his patience, enthusiasm and sagacity. One of his teachers writes:—"Mr. Cowley was to a remarkable degree the trusted friend and counsellor of his teachers. His never-failing sympathy incurring him to all. He so fully enjoyed the confidence of the people and their representatives in the council that rapid progress was possible."

It was during this period that Mr. Cowley became directly interested in nature-study and the school gardens, on which subjects he has read various papers, and contributed an illustrated article to *Queen's Quarterly*. He co-operated with Dr. Robertson, now principal of Ste. Anne de Bellevue College, in his experiments in this field, visited Ohio in company with Dr. Robertson to



Mr. Cowley—Inspector of Continuation Classes.

see the consolidated rural schools there, and on one occasion advocated the extension of nature-study and garden-work before the provincial government of Nova Scotia.

With his beliefs in nature-study, his ingrained faith in the value of literature, his experience and public spirit Mr. Cowley was already prominent in school work, and the Ontario government soon offered him the position of Inspector of Continuation Classes. In these classes pupils who are unable to leave home, are provided with one to four years' instruction in all High School branches, under properly qualified teachers, preparing for the Junior Teachers

and Junior Matriculation examinations. These future High Schools are now springing up rapidly in Ontario under Mr. Cowley's fostering management and are bringing some of the advantages of the advanced schools within reach of a growing number of our rural population.

In the stress of his official duties Mr. Cowley does not forget his Alma Mater, being a valued member of the University Council. Indeed it is his hope that the universities of Ontario may yet be able more directly and distinctly than at present, perhaps by means of affiliated schools, perhaps by an extension of the existing Faculty of Education to give the public school teachers, city and county, a larger acquaintance with college life and thought.

The announcement of the death of J. C. Brown, M.A., of 1896, after a few days illness, at his home in Williamstown, Glengarry, has been received with deep regret. Mr. Brown was Maclellan Prizeman in 1890, and was awarded the medal in History and English Literature in 1896. His genial disposition and manly character made him a general favorite among his fellow students. He was a most loyal and devoted son of Queen's. Her very stones were dear to him. On his last visit to this city, nearly three years ago, he called on the writer after his arrival from the west by the evening train. He had dropped over solely for the purpose of seeing the new buildings—especially the Grant Hall. But as he had to leave by the midnight train, that he might attend to some pressing business in the morning, he surveyed them by moonlight! Are there many who would have done likewise? He studied law and practised his profession in Williamstown, where his genuine worth won him the esteem and confidence of all classes. He held various public offices of trust, and took an active interest in all movements to promote the welfare of the community. Though cut off in his prime he has left the record of a life that reflects honor upon his Alma Mater. The Journal extends its sincere sympathy to his widow, whose sorrow over the loss of her husband was multiplied by the death, on the following day, of a daughter four years of age. Both husband and child were laid in the same grave on Wednesday, 4th, inst.

Accipe fratema multum manantia fletu:

Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

Exchanges.

THE magazines that come to us regularly from old country universities are few in number, but offer abundant material for comparison and contrast. *T. C. D.*, from Trinity College, Dublin, is a penny weekly which does not take itself at all seriously. Its editorial department is of quite minor importance and shows a lamentable lack of dignity in its discussions. In the issue at hand it is devoted almost entirely to mere fault-finding. "Editorials," we read, "are the expositions of the editor's wrath"; and again, "The twentieth century is dull and its undergraduates are duller." The inference, of course, is that

there is a dearth of subject matter for editorials. We are inclined to think that the lack is in the editor himself rather than in the college life. We cannot think that life at Trinity is so uneventful, so entirely devoid of interest as he would have us believe. And even were it so, he might with profit wander farther afield and discuss something of interest to a wider community than Trinity College. And, after all, is "wrathiness" and the ability to give expression to it, the most important qualification for the editorial chair?

T. C. D. does not seek to make itself attractive as a magazine. It is a penny weekly and it looks the part. Yet withal there is about it a certain raciness which is very pleasing; and much of its nonsense is very clever. Its subtitle calls it "A College Miscellany," but it is more of a College jester than anything else. In this capacity it no doubt presents a certain side of student life; but its presentation must be far from a complete one.

The Glasgow University Magazine is of the same type as *T. C. D.*, though considerably more ambitious and attractive. The editorials occupy only one page. Quite a prominence, however, is given to college news and to music and drama. For the latter section there is an abundance of material which fills us with envy. There is some good verse, too, some of it in a serious strain; but by far the greater part of the *Magazine* is devoted to fun. We look for more than a good laugh from the organ of the students of Glasgow University. The *G. U. M.* is open to the same general criticisms as *T. C. D.*, though it is decidedly better. As a newspaper and jester it is excellent, as a serious magazine it is a complete failure.

The Oxford Magazine offers a striking contrast to these two publications. No one would think for a moment of hinting that the *O. M.* does not take itself seriously enough. Indeed it goes rather to the other extreme. One would almost expect to find on the title page the legend "No fun shall enter here." Only occasionally do we find a bit of humorous verse, that has stolen in. Otherwise a grave and solemn dignity is preserved throughout. Yet we dare criticize even this patriarch among college magazines. It claims to be a "weekly newspaper and review," but the emphasis is laid too strongly on the newspaper element. The editorial "Notes and News" are little more than chronicles. No thorough discussions are attempted. In the editorial section there is no simple article occupying more than half a page. The editor might with profit allow himself more latitude than is possible in a mere "Note."

The most commendable feature of the *Oxford Magazine* is its careful reporting of addresses and particularly of the debates at the Union. The criticisms of the debaters are frank and well-calculated to show the various speakers wherein lie their strength and weaknesses.

It is with pleasure that we turn to that prince of college magazines, the *Edinburgh Student*, which comes nearer the ideal than any other we have seen. Printed on heavy calendered paper, with a wealth of splendid illustrations, the

Student is doubly pleasing to the eye after the uninviting and old-fashioned *Oxford* and the less and more ordinary *G. C. M.* and *T. C. D.* The *Student* is an artistically produced magazine. But its brightness and attractiveness is not obtained by a sacrifice of real worth in reading matter. On the contrary, the subjects treated show a great variety and the treatment is more than usually interesting. The predominating note is serious but there is quite a sufficient supply of material in the lighter vein. The *Student* certainly accomplishes its avowed intention in its "consuming paper and ink in an attempt to amuse and instruct our fellow-students."

Most noteworthy are such articles as "Looking Backward, 1907-1860," an introductory lecture by John Chiene, Professor of Surgery; "Drummond's Influence to-day in Edinburgh University Life," which shows how this great man has affected the life of the university and how his influence can still be plainly seen. From both these articles we quote below.

Then there are sketches of famous undergraduates, such as Sir Walter Scott and Charles Darwin; a discussion of national education; articles on Mycenæ in the Peloponnese and The Oxford Union.

"Extreme business, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality, and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity." If we "would whistle more and argue less" the world would be a better world.

These things I learned from my friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, and I now thank him for them. Horses fresh from the grass (and that is our present state) cannot be trusted, and should not be asked to do a hard day's work. A colleague of mine once told me that he could not afford to lose a day with the trivialties of an introductory. Another colleague spoke of one of mine as not bad (high praise for a Scot), but he could not see what it had to do with surgery. I answered, "a surgeon must be a man, and a good man, too, before he can be a good surgeon." I am here, if it be possible, to make men who will be good surgeons.—Prof. Chiene in *The Student*.

Into this world of plastic and sensitive humanity (Edinburgh University) there stepped an absolutely pure man. He was a gentleman and a Christian. From that day to this certain ways which used to be "all in a day's life" have been *bad form*; certain aspirations and attempts at manhood have been accepted as things to be honored. This was Henry Drummond's supreme achievement, as it is his most lasting memorial.

For the rest, it was he who first presented Christianity to multitudes of men in so winsomely human a way that they realized for the first time that it was not only right but in the highest sense natural to follow Christ. He made the following not only the possible but the obvious way to live. Life, as he presented it to men, was austere enough in its mighty laws, from which he abated not a jot nor a little. But in its austerity it was both honorable and glad.—"Drummond's Influence" in *The Student*.

THE PANACEA.

It is Research of which I sing,
 Research, that salutary Thing!
 On Glory's summit none can perch
 Who does not prosecute Research:
 For some read books, and toil thereat
 Their intellect to waken:
 But if you think Research is *that*
 You're very much mistaken.

All in Columbia's blessed States
 They have no Smalls, or Mods., or Greats,
 Nor do their faculties benumb
 With any cold curriculum:
 O no! for there the soaring Boy,
 Released from schools and birches,
 At once pursues his studious joy
 Original Researches:

A happy lot that Student's is;
 I wish that mine were like to his!
 There in the bud no pedants nip
 His Services to Scholarship:
 There none need read with care and pain
 Rome's History, or Greece's,
 But each from his creative brain
 Evolves semestrial Theses!

On books to pore is not the kind
 Of thing to please the serious mind,—
 I do not very greatly care
 For such unsatisfying fare:
 To seek the lure that in them lurks
 Would last *ad infinitum*:
 Let other read immortal works,—
 I much prefer to write 'em!

—A. G., *Oxford Magazine*.

The Historical Society and the Women's Debating Society have had a debate. "I say," declared a fair debater, "that woman feels where man thinks." Oh, madam!

We have never used venomous ink,
 Nor the feelings of women miscalled:
 But if women will feel where men think
 No wonder that men are so bald.

Many are called but few get up.

Epitaphe d'un Paresseux—

“Ci-dessous Antoine repose,
Il ne fit jamais autre chose.”

A sensible fellow called Greville,
In all kinds of sport used to revel;
Diabolo came,
He took to the game,
And rapidly went to the colonies.

—*The Student, Edinburgh Univ.*

Music.

THE Glee Club is going to Odessa on Tuesday, Dec. 10th, to help in a concert there in the interests of the public school. Trips like this are productive of good on every hand. Because the boys always have a good time, they awaken keener interest in the club's work. Because a good concert is always given at little expense to the promoters, the people interested are benefited and the college becomes better and more favorably known.

The Debate Committee and all students are grateful to Miss Edwards, who sang at the inter-collegiate debate, and to Miss Shaw who accompanied her. Very frequently city musicians have helped us generously with our musical programmes and we assure them that their help is appreciated. Miss Edwards sang “The Sands O'Dee.” The musical setting, which is by Clay, suits these pathetic verses admirably; and it was rendered by Miss Edwards very sympathetically. Miss Shaw accompanied in her usual capable manner.

Mr. W. D. Lowe sang an interesting Hungarian folk song and a bright encore song. His big mellow bass voice is always listened to with pleasure.

The Ladies' Glee Club is working on a lullaby by Neidlinger; the Tannhauser March arranged as a vocal chorus for ladies' voices; Life's Lullaby and Voices of the Wind set to Rubenstein's Melody in F. Choruses of such a nature are worth working on and the practises of the Ladies' Glee Club must be both interesting and beneficial.

Book Reviews.

DAYS OFF.*

WHO does not know the charm and delight of a "day off,"—sailing, fishing, canoeing, what not? It is the butter of the humdrum bread of existence. In his new volume Dr. Van Dyke has philosophised little and preached less,—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, has philosophised *a* little and preached *a* little less,—but on the whole, he has caught the joyous freedom-from-everything of the day-off, and has brought it to our winter libraries. Keat's fireside cricket "seems to me in drowsiness half-lost, some grasshoppers amid the summer hills," and nowadays, what with our preserved sunlight (nearly done up in wires), our pickled heat in pipes, and our canned summer in flower-pots, we only need a kippered summer-holiday. like this to make a northern winter quite endurable.

In getting at the "true inwardness" of a day off, Uncle Peter brings out the idea that the complete laying aside of every care and every duty for the time being, is a duty in itself. "The wisest of all Masters said to his disciples when they were outworn by the weight of their work and the pressure of the crowd upon them,—'Come ye yourselves apart into a lonely place, and rest a while.' He would never have bidden them do that unless it had been a part of their duty to get away from their task for a while." And when his interlocutor proposes to relate some of his "pleasant and grateful memories, little pictures and stories," that have to do with holidaying of all kinds, and asks him would anyone read it,—what does he think? Uncle Peter stretches his arms above his head, and "I think," he answers, "I reckon, and calculate, and fancy, and guess that a few people, a very few, might browse through such a book in their days off."

But the author modestly allows Uncle Peter to overlook one very important fact, that the name of the gentle reader to whom this sort of book is addressed is not Few but Legion. He himself is the very type of the indoor-bred man who yet loves God out-of-doors, the man of academic training and tradition who would rather spend a day with Baptiste,—at least, a day off—than with the learnedest of his colleagues. This class is a large and increasing one, and Mr. Van Dyke has the exact perspective of his class. It is not that of Baptiste, who never leaves the woods, nor of Herr Professor who never leaves the study, nor even of Baptiste who early takes to school and becomes in time Herr Professor—the latter would be slightly ashamed of his woodcraft and vastly proud of his book-lore, but the Van Dyker artfully conceals his Greek under a coat of tan, and would rather land a trout than discover a papyrus.

The table of contents shows twelve chapters, sketches, whatever you might call them. They vary greatly, and it is something of a surprise to see "Notions about Moods" included among them. Does the author mean to encourage that class of persons who carry moods to camp?—an odious suspicion: more likely he meant that the discussion in itself was a desultory picnicky sort of one. Two of the sketches are in the form of stories, ostensibly love-stories,

in which the real interest centres round a trout and the poor maidens suffer accordingly. The heroines are incredibly wooden, the heroes anglers by instinct and lovers only by incident, but anyone who has ever fished will forget everything else in the exciting tournament of Angler versus Trout.

One of the sketches is a sort of satire on the war among the "professional nature-writers,"—the Tragedy of a Tomato. It is the least attractive of the twelve,—imagine a "day off" with a satirist for company! But the "Holiday in a Vacation" is charming enough to quite make up the balance. It is a reminiscence that recalls to anyone who has ever tasted the delights of a canoe trip, the endless variety of that most delightful of days off.

The book is plainly but rather attractively bound, edges rough-cut, illustrations colored and eight in number. Coming as it does from the pen of so well-known a writer, so near holiday-time, it will probably be a favorite Christmas present this year.

M.D.H.

Comments on Current Events.

IN McLure's Magazine, for December, President Eliot, of Harvard, has an article of some length on the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. In the article the terms of the Act are set forth and explained. Then the results achieved through the operations of the Act are enumerated in such a manner as to illustrate the various merits inhering in it as a means of preventing industrial disputes. President Eliot is strong in his praise of the Industrial Disputes Act. He urges its adoption in his own country, enumerating the following advantages that it possesses over any legislation existing there:

- (1) There is no arbitration in it, compulsory or other.
- (2) It prevents sudden blows aimed by capital at labor or by labor at capital.
- (3) It prevents the sudden cessation of industries which have to do with such necessities of modern life as fuel, the means of transportation and communication, the lighting of towns and cities, and water and power supplies.
- (4) It makes it necessary for the aggressor in an industrial dispute to have a well-considered case that will stand publicity.
- (5) It informs the public, which ultimately bears, in higher prices, the burden of all industrial warfare, about the causes and issues of every industrial dispute.
- (6) At the same time it leaves unimpaired the right of any group of men to combine for mutual advantage, and to lock out, or to strike, after full public inquiry.
- (7) It tends to prevent or restrict secret machinations on the part of both employers and employees, because both know that publicity must come at last.
- (8) It gives opportunity, through the intervention of an impartial public authority, for reasoning, conciliation, the removal of misunderstanding, and an amicable settlement.

De Nobis.

The year had gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's Son.

He was beset by bill and dun
And he had very little Mon.

"This cash," said he "won't pay my dues
I've nothing here but ones and Tues.

A bright thought struck him and he said
The rich Miss Goldrich I will Wed.

But when he paid his court to her
She lisped, but firmly said "No Thur.

Alas! said he "then I must die
His soul went where they say souls Fri.

They found his gloves and coat and hat
And the coroner then upon them Sat.

A new Queen's maxim:

Do not let your work interfere with your college course.

A candidate speaking before Engineering Society:—I do not know science men very well for the only science class I ever took was Junior English.

Gymnasium Subscriptions.

On subscriptions of \$25.00:—\$5.00 each from W. L. Uglow, R. J. Ellis, M. Matheson, C. W. Livingston, W. H. Losee, F. Miller, R. Brydon, G. R. McLaren, R. O. Swezey, E. W. Henderson.

\$10.00 each from H. T. White, C. Orford.

\$25.00 from A. L. S. Mills.

\$10.00 from L. M. McDougall.

On subscription of \$10.00:—\$5.00 from F. L. Sine.

On subscription of \$20.00:—\$5.00 from J. W. Mitchell.

On subscription of \$50.00:—\$10.00 each from D. R. Cameron, C. W.

Dickson.

On subscription of \$100.00:—\$20.00 from Prof. J. Matheson; \$25.00 from Prof. W. Nicol.

A Xmas Thought for Journal Readers.

ON the occasion of its last appearance in the present year, the JOURNAL desires extend to its readers and well-wishers the compliments of the Christmas season.

Two thousand years ago, in a far eastern country that has served as the cradle for great events in the world's history and is now the home of strange tradition, was born a man to whose memory and example the occupants of castle and cottage pay the deep tribute of reverence, love and worship. To us across the centuries comes the inspiration of a life that has shaped man's conception of the character that he should bear. It is the beginning of this wonderful life that we commemorate in the approaching season: and it is from the fact of commemoration that the Christmas season gathers its content and significance. At Christmas time we are stimulated to joy and renewed zest in life. We try to rid ourselves of the selfishness and meanness that creep into us in careless moments. For jealousy and covetousness we substitute good cheer and friendly contentment. The Christmas spirit steals upon us to clean life of the blight to which it may be subject. Under the influence of a sublime example we create new standards of conduct and character.

At Queen's we constitute a community of a thousand persons. It is the duty of each one of us to recognize that membership in this community implies a great opportunity, and carries with it certain tasks and responsibilities. We come to college primarily for the purpose of developing character. To this great aim all our activities should be subservient. If we play football or take part in any branch of athletic sports our purposes in doing so should be to lay the foundation of good health, which is the basis of success in life, and strengthen ourselves in habits of fairness, honesty and courage under the most trying circumstances. If we attend social functions, our reason for doing so should be a desire to gain all that we can from contact with fellow-students, acquaintance with new opinions and methods, relief from the narrowness of self-seclusion, refreshment that comes from the amenities of social intercourse. If we go beyond the class-room to special lectures or addresses, the motive prompting us to such action should be a desire for a broader outlook, a widening of interests that will make life fuller and better by a revelation of its possibilities. Thus as students we should be careful of perspective and proportions. Does any feature in our life bulk too large? Do we overemphasize our athletics, our social life or our work? In addition to the momentary satisfaction we derive from participation in college activities, do we make it serve the great end of the development of character? Does it improve our equipment for undertaking tasks that will fall to us as men and as citizens of a country whose history is bound not to be unimportant when the story of civilization is told. This is the great question for Queen's students of the present.

G. A. P.