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IN his address on Convocation Day Professor Watson drew attention to the need in all our Universities of a Chair of Political Science. Everybody knows the superabundant modesty of our editorial staff, and, therefore, we feel that we may say, without fear of being misunderstood, that Queen's was the first University in Ontario in which Political Economy was taught at all. But we need something much more thorough than even she has as yet done. Questions in regard to the true basis of the State, the foundation of rights and the duties of a citizen, are of too much practical importance to be left to chance. The democratic ideal is to give every one the full rights of citizenship. But some people seem to forget that a citizen has duties as well as rights. It cannot be seriously meant that

the perfection of wisdom is to be attained by a "show of hands." We should very much prefer a "show of heads." We think that our Universities have not yet done their duty to the ordinary citizen. We cannot blame the Universities, for no University can "make bricks without mortar," as the delightfully inconsequent Euphemia puts it in "Rudder Grange." In fact there is no need to blame any one. We have been creeping before we walked. But it is absurd to see a grown boy crawling along on his hands and knees. The despondency of the Universities, and the apathy of the people, ought now to cease. Let some wealthy man who really loves his country, establish a chair of Political Science in Queen's, and he will do more to purify public life and create intelligent citizens than will ever be done by rivers of talk about the "Augean Stable" of politics, or square miles of printed matter about the stealthy advance of ultramontanism. The great weakness of our citizens is ignorance of the elementary principles of society and the state. Lectures in Mechanics' Institutes no doubt have their uses, but what is wanted is not lectures chosen at random, but the patient *study* of Sociology. A course of study in Political Science, of which every one within reach could avail himself, would be of incalculable advantage to the community. We believe it would even pay a city like Kingston to provide the funds to secure a first-class Professor of Political Science, whose duty should be not only to lecture to students, but to give instruction, *in the evening and free of charge*, to all Kingstonians who attended. *Verbum sap.*

ON every hand throughout the educational world we find the question of the teaching of English Literature being discussed. This question agitates the atmosphere of the Public Schools, the High Schools and the Universities alike, though the phases in each are different. But notwithstanding all that has been spoken and written concerning this question, and though there is probably no subject for the teaching of which more elaborate preparations have been made of late years in the way of texts and analyses, yet it is almost certain that there is no subject which is more poorly taught, or from which the student derives less permanent benefit. Before anything in the way of improvement can be suggested the ground of the difficulty must be discovered. We may note some of the conditions which seem to us to place English Literature in its present unenviable position. We believe that the chief source of the evil in this as in other subjects is to be found in the forcing system, whether it be in the schools or the Universities. The reason why English fares worse than the other subjects is to be found in the fact that it has greater difficulty than almost any other, except Philosophy, in accommodating itself to the educational machine. There is certainly no other subject in the High School course which requires such a special aptitude to teach it as it should be taught, or more time in which to accomplish this than English Literature; and yet how often it seems to be regarded as a subject which any one can teach. Not unfrequently it is handed over to whichever specialist in some other department has least work to do, or is even divided up among two or three.

Again, it is safe to say that the greater part of the English Literature teaching consists in going over the selections prescribed, grinding out barren grammatical analysis, for it is barren when no further use is made of it than merely to extract it, or

memorizing from notes certain dates and biographical, historical or geographical sketches centering round the proper names in the text, and, finally, hunting up the derivation of words, which latter may produce not the least useful knowledge which is obtained. And now when the six months', or year's, or two years' grinding is over, what knowledge of English Literature—or better, what method and impetus for the future study of English Literature has been imparted? How many students will, in the future, voluntarily and with an intellectual relish for their work, sit down to some new author and begin grinding out line after line and page after page of analysis, looking up, if they have any idea of where to look for them, the description of proper names and the derivation of words. But all these are necessary to the study of Literature, says some one. Certainly they are, to a certain extent, and so are bricks and mortar, wood and iron to the building of a house. But if you engage some one to show you how to build a house and he spends all his time in showing you how to collect materials until you are lumbered up with these and then leaves you without showing you how to make use of them, his direction and your labours are like to be of small benefit to you and to disgust you with building operations.

Evidently we require a new method or plan of teaching English Literature; and first of all we require that the teachers of this subject should have a special interest in their work. This is of course very necessary for the best teaching of every subject, but it is most necessary in the case of English Literature. Again, our teacher who has a natural interest in his subject must be capable of furnishing to his pupils a philosophic criticism of subject-matter and form in order that they may acquire a true insight into the meaning of the one and the æsthetic adaptations of the other, recognizing at the

same time the harmony between them. From this it will be seen that in our opinion the teacher of English Literature should be the best, or equal to the best, in the school instead of, as is not unfrequently the case at present, the poorest or the least prepared to fill the position and receiving an inferior salary. Doubtless the teaching of Literature in our Universities is not all that it might be, and this will have an influence on its teaching in the schools; but it is certain that the schools are not so well supplied, even from the available teaching material, in this department as they are in the others, and it is also certain that the examinations, by means of which the instruction given is to be tested, do not encourage more intelligent methods of teaching English Literature. No doubt the present widespread agitation of the subject will be productive of good results.

WE beg to call attention to the article in another column on "Wooden Criticism," from the pen of an esteemed contributor. The extraordinary style of criticism indulged in by Bentley shows the immense value of a proper point of view. We should be inclined to hold that the true lesson to be learned from that great scholar's absurdities, is, that the method proper to the study of English Literature is totally different from the method of Philology. The history of a word is one thing, the employment of words for the expression of emotion and thought is another and a very different thing. But there is no reason why contempt should be poured upon either the one or the other. What we should keep clearly before us, is, that Philology and Literary Criticism are quite distinct, and that each has its own laws. The new quarrel between the advocates of either, like the "old quarrel" between Poetry and Philosophy, is unnatural. No genuine manifestation of the human spirit can be at variance with any other

manifestation of it. Science is not Art, but each has its proper place in the sum of human activities. But, just as the physicist refuses to allow things to be explained theologically or by "final causes," so the æsthetic critic may fairly object to a literary masterpiece being robbed of its soul by being made the "happy hunting ground" of the philologist. This is quite fair. The mental attitude of the literary critic is different from that of the philologist. To say that both deal with words has as much, or as little, force as to say that science, art, religion and philosophy all deal with the same universe. They deal with the same universe, no doubt, but not with the same aspect of it. We should, therefore, be inclined to say that while Mr. Collins is right to protest against the method of the philological critic being applied as if it were a substitute for literary criticism, there is no reason for undervaluing the labours of the philologist, as if they had not their own proper value and application. We certainly think, however, that the study of philology is not suited for the ordinary student, but should be reserved for those who are aiming at special eminence in the Science of Language.

WE have to congratulate Trinity College on its new departure, and are glad to learn that Moderns are to occupy an important place in its course of studies. Trinity, like Oxford, has always prided herself in her Greek and Latin studies, and she follows Oxford in now opening a place for French and German and perhaps Italian, but not least important for Anglo-Saxon. But *Rouge et Noir* is wrong in supposing that now for the first time will this study find a place in a Canadian University. It has been taught in Queen's for the last fifteen years, and by referring to our Calendar it will be seen that large portions of the Anglo-Saxon and Semi-Saxon works are read each year.

COMPLAINT is often made by medical students, and by doctors themselves, against the presence of botany among the subjects of examination for medical degrees. It is declared that as now studied it is of little or no use. This, we are forced to admit, is quite true in too many cases. Students attend the required number of lectures, cram up what they think will give them a pass, and do pass without ever having examined a flower, and without being able to make use of their knowledge for the naming of even the simplest parts of a plant. It is not to be wondered at that the knowledge got in this way should be almost useless, and even this, being held by an effort of memory only, is soon forgotten, and what small value it had is lost. Still this is not the fault of the subject itself, but rather of the time at which it is taught. It is quite plain that such a subject can not be taught as it ought to be during any part of the ordinary winter session, unless the lecturer has large greenhouses at command. We find, however, that where there is the largest supply of plants at all times of the year there are usually no classes in botany during the winter session. Thus at Edinburg University, although the class-room is situated within the Botanic Gardens and in immediate connection with the large greenhouses, yet the classes are held only during the summer. Attendance on one or two lectures as illustrated there, both within the class-room and throughout the beautiful gardens which surround it, would convince any one of the impossibility of studying botany without living plants. At Queen's provision has already been made for the study of botany during the summer session, when the lectures are illustrated by native wild flowers. But only a few students attend this class, which has barely secured for itself a permanent footing. With the addition of other classes to the summer session it may soon be necessary for

all medical students to take at least one summer session during their course. This would enable the Senate to make botany altogether a summer subject, and thus allow the professor to illustrate the lectures in a practical manner, which we are sure he would be only too glad to do. The objection to botany as a medical subject would be removed, and a true interest imparted to it for all those in whom any interest whatever for their studies can be roused.

LEFT to itself every University develops a distinct individuality. In England, Oxford has long been famous for its classical and philosophical culture, and Cambridge for its eminence in mathematics and physics. No doubt both Universities provide a splendid education in either department, but the type of culture is appreciably different. A man who desires to devote himself to science, for instance, would naturally go to Cambridge. Why should not our Canadian Universities be encouraged to give prominence to literary culture, or to scientific culture, according as their history and circumstances suggest? Toronto University has a splendid set of physical instruments, and there seems no good reason why she should not give prominence to that side of her teaching. Queen's, as is natural, is not so rich in scientific apparatus, but she has always attached importance to the literary and philosophical side of her teaching, without of course neglecting the mathematical and physical side. When our Universities have got well beyond the bare necessities of intellectual life, and have begun to give real encouragement to post-graduate work, why should a graduate of one Canadian University not migrate to another, as is so often done in Germany? In this way he would better make his education in a particular department *totus, teres atque rotundus*.

POETRY.

A CONCRETE THOUGHT.

BY REV. J. MAY, M.A.

I TAKE the wings of Time ;
 Back to the dawn I fly ;
 Shoot past Creation's prime
 To blank vacuity ;
 A simple void is all I find ;
 Yet not a void, for here is *Mind*.

Lo ! from this Mind a thought
 As ether shoots through space,
 With fiery vapour fraught—
 The all-containing base
 Of all that is, or is to be—
 A God disclosed is what I see.

"All," did I say ? Not so,—
 Only the senseless frame
 Through which a soul must go,
 A subtle forceful flame—
 The breath of God, the life of all,
 Brute or etherial, great and small.

What *is* this Universe ?
 Th' Invisible in sight !
 Poem of God,—its verse
 These rhythmic spheres of light :
 A symphony complete, sublime,—
 The wide creation beating time !

The lisping infant hears
 The strain on bended knee ;
 False Science stops her ears,
 And crazed Philosophy.
 Thus hear the deaf and see the blind,
 So paradoxical is the mind !

What are these things in space ?
 The vesture of a God !
 Nor Thought with swiftest pace
 Can reach where He hath trod.
 She shrinks abash'd, she faints, she reels,
 When but His garment-fringe she feels.

The World—why made at all ?
 Why ? Just for God's delight.
 The hyssop by the wall,
 The starry hosts of night,
 The flower that scents the distant air,
 Are joys to Him who set them there.

This Concrete Thought divine,
 Is it then fixed for aye ?
 Or doomed to know decline ?
 Pass re-absorbed away ?
 Yes. No,—When comes this second Birth,
 Lo ! a new Heaven and a new Earth.

LITERARY.

WOODEN CRITICISM.

THERE is at present a "very pretty quarrel" going on between Professor Henry Nettleship and Mr. J. C. Collins. In the *Quarterly Review* Mr. Collins had said that "philological study contributes nothing to the cultivation of the taste. On the contrary it too often induces or confirms that peculiar woodenness and opacity, that singular coarseness of feeling and purblindness of moral and intellectual vision which has in all ages been characteristic of mere philologists." Even a worm will turn, and a philologist has his feelings as well as another. No wonder, therefore, that Professor Nettleship, preserving with difficulty the Athenic calm befitting an Oxford "don," should retort that Mr. Collins' views would "legalise superficiality," and "establish and endow the worship of the god of shoddy." The champion of literature, however, has many arrows in his quiver, and, in no way abashed, he shoots a flight of them with deadly aim against his antagonist. To show that "woodenness and opacity," "coarseness of feeling and purblindness of moral and intellectual vision," are epithets not one whit too strong, he cites a few of the notes to Milton written by Bentley, "the greatest philologist which this, or perhaps any other country has produced." One or two of these choice morsels we select for the delectation of the reader. If they do not call up in him a mixed emotion of awe and laughter in the presence of such sublime literary stupidity, he is not the man we take him for. It must be borne in mind that Bentley started with the inconceivable blunder of treating the text of Milton in the same way as that of an ancient author, whose text was corrupt. His portentously stupid "emendations"—save the mark !—make one somewhat sceptical of his labours even in his proper field of classical emendation. Indeed, Mr. Collins does not hesitate to say that "two-thirds of Bentley's Horatian emendations are as contemptible, tasteless and impertinent as his emendations of Milton."

In *Paradise Lost*, IV, 810, we read :

"Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear,
 Touch'd lightly."

Now, listen to the greatest of philologists ! Ithuriel, he says, must have been very much puzzled by finding a toad—positively, a real live toad !—in Adam's bower, and the poet ought therefore to have taken due notice of his perplexity. Bentley, therefore, proposes—the audacious fool, actually proposes—to insert a line of doggerel composed entirely by himself—certainly nobody else would father it—and to read thus :

"Him, thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear,
 Knowing no real toad durst there intrude,
 Touch'd lightly."

"Knowing no real toad durst there intrude !" O, scholarship ! scholarship ! how many literary crimes are done in thy name !

Again, *Paradise Lost*, vi, 867-8 :

"Hell heard the insufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven."

On these lines, absolutely perfect in their sublime suggestiveness, the "dull conceited hash," to use Burns' phrase, thus comments, "'Twas not the noise of the fall, but the clamour of those that were falling." And "insufferable" fills the verse rather than it does the sense. Rather, thus :

"Hell heard the hideous cries and yells, Hell saw
Heaven tumbling down from Heaven."

"The hideous cries and yells !" As if, forsooth, the expression of soul-shattering despair, terror and rage, could be compared with the hootings of a maddened electioneer mob.

Take one more specimen of the emendations of this "tasteless, unilluminated pedant." Everyone knows—except the philologists—the matchless pathos of the closing lines in *Paradise Lost* :

"They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

"Why 'wandering ?' " asks Bentley. (Ah, yes. Why ?) Erratic steps ? Very improper, when in the line before they were *guided by Providence*. And why slow, when even Eve professed her readiness and alacrity for the journey ? And why their *solitary* way, when even their former walks in *Paradise* were as solitary as their way now, there being nobody besides these two, both here and there ? Shall I, therefore, after so many prior presumptions, presume at last to offer a distich :

"Then, hand in hand, with social steps their way
Through Eden took with heavenly comfort cheer'd."

Could tasteless stupidity further go than this ? Well may Mr. Collins quote the lines of Pope, who says of Bentley, that he

"Made Horace dull and humbl'd Milton's strains."

The question of the educational value of the philological as compared with the literary method of studying literature is of great interest to all University men, and we may return to it again. Perhaps we may find that Bentley has his living successors, who ought, like him, to receive the flagellation of *being quoted*.

THE ETRUSCAN QUESTION.

[The Etruscan Question, by Prof. G. D. Ferguson, Queen's University, Kingston.]

WE have in this essay a vigorous criticism of the "Etruria Capta" of Prof. Campbell, of Montreal. This scholar offers himself as Oedipus to the Etruscan sphinx, and claims to find in the Basque language the key to the interpretation of the Etruscan inscriptions. Neither the methods, nor the results of his inquiry, will, however, commend themselves to scholars; they will afford satisfaction to the author alone. The great silence resting

over Etruria still remains unbroken. The earliest and the latest note of learned investigation are the same—a confession of ignorance. Dionysius of Halicarnassus (B.C. 50), the profoundest ancient writer on Italian antiquities, says, "the Etruscans resemble no other people in language or manners." To the same effect is the last deliverance of German scholarship. Deecke, the ablest living authority on Etruscan, closes his criticism on Corsen with the words, "The Etruscan problem is, therefore, still unsolved."

The Etruscan tongue has fascinated a host of scholars. Niebuhr says : "People feel an extraordinary curiosity to discover the Etruscan language," and adds that he would give a considerable part of his worldly means as a prize to the man who should discover it. The theories suggested are legion, and a vast amount of erudition has been wasted to explain the Etruscan by the help of various Aryan, Semitic and Turanian languages. Thus the Etruscan language has been declared to be Sanscrit (Bertani), Celtic (Sir W. Betham), Gothic (Donaldson, Lord Lindsay), Armenian (Robert Ellis, B.D.), Turanian (Taylor), Slavonic (Kollar), Græco-Umbrian (Lepsius), and finally Italic (Buonarotti, Fabretti, Mommsen, Corsen). This diversity of view proves the unsatisfactory nature of the solutions of the problem. Accordingly the position of scholars in Germany is at present that of a cautious reserve.

Prof. Ferguson points out that, while almost all previous scholars have advocated some form of the great Indo-European family, Prof. Campbell abandons this goodly fellowship of the ripest learning, by adopting Basque, which he ranks among the Turanian tongues, as the interpreter of the Etruscan. Yet while so doing he constantly employs Grimm's laws of the variations of consonants, which hold good only in Aryan languages, and do not apply to Turanian. Nor is his vowel system a whit more sound or stable. He assumes without the least attempt at proof that the Etruscan letters are syllabic and not alphabetic, and to the inherent vowel he allows variations of the widest character, so that the variable consonant and equally variable vowel may correspond to any sound in Basque that has the faintest appearance of similarity to Etruscan. Thus his whole mode of procedure is a confusion of all scientific etymology, and the mere guess work of an unwary philologist. This he himself in a measure confesses when he says, "The poverty of the Etruscan syllabary multiplies the equivocal to such an extent that the context, or even a knowledge of the nature of the document in which the works occur, must decide their value." Now, if there is any subject on which all Etruscan scholars agree, it is on the fixed and alphabetic character of the Etruscan letters, and, after the labors of Lepsius, Müller and Deecke this may be considered as a settled matter. Though no Rosetta stone has been as yet discovered, the bilingual inscriptions we have, scanty as they are, have thoroughly satisfied European scholars on this point.

Prof. Campbell, in working from the basis of the Basque, endeavors to throw light on a language which was extinct at least two hundred years before our era by means of a language whose vocabulary is so corrupt, variable and affected by foreign elements, that it is a matter of great difficulty to determine what words are really Basque. The earliest texts of the very scanty Basque literature are not more than four hundred years old, and these, according to Bladé, the great authority on Basque, are often unintelligible to even the best Basque scholars of to-day. If a national literature, which serves to fix the forms of speech, cannot stem the tide of change in Basque, what variations, carrying it farther away from the mother speech, must Basque have undergone in the eighteen hundred years separating it from Etruscan when the repressive force of literature was not acting on it? And how slight must now be the similarity between them?

Prof. Ferguson points out also how superficial is the Basque knowledge of Prof. Campbell, that he constantly cites Basque words beginning with the letter *r*—a letter which never stands at the commencement of a true Basque word, but must always be preceded by a vowel—that he substitutes for the proper Basque words, in his comparisons with Etruscan, other words of the vaguest general sense, and that he deals all the time in far-fetched affinities by which any word whatsoever in one language may be the counterpart of another in a different language, provided there be some slight resemblance in sound. He does not rely upon grammar and formative system, but upon detached words, a method which without exact historical and grammatical knowledge can only do harm. He even glories in this unscientific procedure of rejecting grammar as a basis of comparison, and says: "I have set forth the fact that various as are the grammatical forms of Basque, Caucasian, Yeniseian, Japanese, Corean, Iroquois, Choctaw and Aztec, they are one in vocabulary. The parent speech belongs to Syria. West of Syria, in Asia Minor, Italy, Spain and Britain, the inscriptions yield Basque." In this way, by using a host of dictionaries, vocabularies and strings of words, by far-fetched analogies and curious coincidences, any language on earth may be proved related to any other, Pigeon-English to Assyrian, and Coptic to Chinook.

Prof. Campbell by establishing an affinity between the Basque and Etruscan would connect Etruscan with the great Turanian family, which some consider the first stock that occupied Europe before the arrival of the Aryan race, but the whole weight of the scholarship of the present day, the almost unanimous tradition of the classical writers, and recent discoveries, point to Greece and Asia Minor as the path by which the Etruscans passed into Italy. As a wave of Aryan immigration they preceded the later Greeks and Italians, and were often called by the historians of these nations by the name of Pelasgi. Herodotus and other classical writers say that the Etruscans originated in Lydia, and thence passed by sea

into Italy. This is not improbable. But occupying as they did Asia Minor and Greece, a land voyage from Northern Greece round the head of the Adriatic may have accompanied or preceded this immigration by sea. Driven westward by the pressure of the Hellenes and other races they found a home in Italy, but left behind them traces of their former residence in the East.

The recent discovery of two inscriptions found in the Island of Lemnos serves to indicate the direction to which philologists must turn for a clue to the origin and language of the Etruscans. The learned Norwegian scholar Bugge, who has translated and discussed these inscriptions, holds them to be undoubtedly Etruscan, and his conclusion is that Etruscan is an Aryan language, developed before Latin and Greek, but more closely related to Latin than to Greek, and that the Etruscans were identical with the primitive Pelasgi. Such a view serves to confirm our belief that Etruscan scholars in the main are working in the right direction. It helps to dissipate the mist hanging over the earlier history of Italy and Greece, and to give fuller meaning and authority to the traditions recorded by the classical writers.

Prof. Ferguson has done a good work in exploding the Basque theory of Prof. Campbell. And this essay may perhaps contribute to disabuse the *Week's* great living philologist of the notion that the Canadians are, as a people, given up to a reprobate and unscientific spirit.

✻ MISCELLARY. ✻

A SUMMER IN MUSKOKA.

WE left Toronto one very hot morning early in July for Gravenhurst. A steam launch of diminutive size and Kirgston build, with coal oil engine, had been sent on some days before, and this we were to put in the water and operate. We successfully launched our craft, and early one morning got up steam to start on our voyage of forty miles, more or less, up the Muskoka Lakes. Our party consisted of three, and our object was to reach an island with an euphonious Indian name at the head of Lake Joseph, and then to get things in order before the rest of the party arrived. None of us had ever before undertaken to run a marine engine, let alone any other sort, or to navigate three lakes well filled with islands. We had been given much instruction and advice before leaving the city, and had with us a good map, so we felt comparatively comfortable. When all was ready, and our traps on board, the ex-editor took up a position in front of the engine, another of us grasped the tiller in the bow, and the third, acting as deck-hand, instructed a small boy on the wharf to cast off the hawsers. When we had thus freed ourselves from terra firma, the engineer, with a pair of pinchers and some waste in one hand, and his other on the throttle, turned on the steam and away we glided up the bay, leaving the City of Sawmills behind. We were quite contented and proud of ourselves, and the

engineer kept a firm grasp on the throttle so that we could readily stop the instant we saw a rock or anything ahead. We could see, too, that the water gauge was full of water, and this put us completely at ease, because we had been warned a dozen times to keep plenty of water in the boiler. We had proceeded about three miles, and were about to pass through the narrows into the Lake, when we noticed steam coming out of the head of the cylinder. Thinking the throttle was too wide open and letting too much steam into the cylinder we closed it a little, and thereupon the safety valve began to blow off like fury, till we thought the whole thing would blow up. We were somewhat annoyed at this occurrence, and considered it prudent to turn around and go back to the starting point. This we did without further accident, and as good luck would have it the engineer of one of the large steamboats came to our aid. He told us that in our over zeal we had got the boiler full of water; he also fixed the packing we had blown out of the cylinder, and gave us such practical instruction that never afterwards did our boiler or engine give us any serious trouble. Very thankful to this obliging man we again set out, and safely navigated the twenty miles we had to go through Lake Muskoka. We then passed up the Indian River, locking through, and steamed out into Lake Rosseau. At this point we found the boiler working so well that we were making more steam than we could use. To keep the safety valve from blowing off too much we used our whistle, and saluted every thing and every body that we caught sight of. We went speeding along finely among the islands, quite sure of our course. Passing a cottage on an island, a number of people came out to see us, and we wasted about five pounds of steam on them as we sped by, while they waved their handkerchiefs in return. The course appeared to open before us as we moved onward, and we were admiring our skill as navigators when our zeal was suddenly dampened, for we found we were about to re-pass in the opposite direction the same house and people we had wasted the five pounds of steam on half an hour before. We had sailed right around an island and were retracing our course. Nothing daunted we turned around and tried again more cautiously. We hailed various people on the different islands, and passed under the bridge at Port Sandfield and up Lake Joseph without further incident. In a few days we became quite expert at handling the tiller and throttle, and took a good deal of enjoyment out of the Opeche, for so our yacht was named. One day while running at full speed in the center of a wide channel we landed suddenly on the top of a rock. Our feelings can be better imagined than described when she floated off quite light, after four of us got out into the water on the rock. Another day we were out in a pretty fresh breeze towing a skiff behind us, when the skiff upset. This caused us to roll in an alarming manner, and one of the ladies with great presence of mind sat down on the bottom of the deck, and there acting as ballast we were enabled to turn into

the wind and run over to the sheltered side of the lake. There, at a place called Juddhaven, we righted and bailed the skiff and remained till the wind went down. When on shore at this place, the lady who had exhibited the wonderful presence of mind made the paradoxical remark that she would rather remain there a week than go in the boat again. On still another day we were taking the launch to tie her up till next season. To do this we had to pass through a river with a lock in it. When we reached the lock it was empty and we were in the upper water. Accordingly we closed the lower gates and opened the sluices in the upper ones. There was a great rush of water as there always is, and we sat around for nearly half an hour speculating on the slowness with which the lock filled. Then we were informed by a small boy that we had neglected to close the sluices in the lower gates, and the water was going out of the lock nearly as fast as it was coming in.

(To be Continued in No. 6.)

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

THE Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, who has been giving a course of lectures to the Divinity students of Queen's, received a pleasant surprise recently. His class presented him at the close of the lecture with the following address, accompanying it with very handsome volumes, including "The Ancient Mariner," illustrated by Dore and Noel Paton, a beautifully illustrated work on "The Painters of Christendom" and Ruskin's complete works:

To Rev. John Thompson, D.D.:

DEAR SIR,—We cannot allow the relations which have existed between yourself and this class to be severed without expressing to you our appreciation of the course of lectures now completed, dealing with the practical side of our preparation for the Gospel Ministry. The need of such help has been greatly felt by those of our members who may have been even for a short time engaged in pastoral work; for we have proved by mistakes more or less grievous, that while we are to be harmless as doves, we have need to be wise as serpents.

We cannot forget your self-denial in so freely surrendering your holidays, having as an only reward the knowledge that your labours have been very greatly appreciated. It remains that we take up our work with greater earnestness, and strive to magnify what has been shown to be the sacredness of the trust committed to us.

We now ask you to accept as a memento of this occasion these volumes, and we join with one heart in wishing that yours may be a rich share of the happiness this glad season brings.

Signed on behalf of the class,

J. JAMIESON WRIGHT,
ORR BENNETT.

Queen's University, Dec. 21st, 1887.

Dr. Thompson gave an appropriate reply.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

AN interesting debate took place the other evening on Commercial Union, in the Osgoode Convocation Hall, in Toronto. The two sides of the question were championed by believers in total immersion and limbs of the law respectively. The chairman for the evening was S. H. Blake. The reason why a lawyer should have been chosen as referee in a debating contest between law and divinity students may not appear evident at first sight. There was therefore a good laugh when one of the speakers from McMaster Hall, in closing the debate, explained that lawyers were noted for being trained hands at making a strong case out of the weaker side, and in covering up their tracks. Therefore, they of McMaster Hall, were wise in their generation in proposing that Mr. Blake would make an excellent judge of the debate. The disciples of Blackstone of course gladly accepted the proposal, little thinking that an able lawyer would, as their opponents cunningly saw, be the more apt to detect any attempt to make the worse appear the better reason, and to uncover their tracks. Although the night was wet the Hall was filled, the majority being ladies. Such is the interest the fair sex always take in student's doings. The 'Varsity Glee Club came down in force and sang a couple of stirring glees. One concerning "Boots" especially took the audience by storm. A Scotch reading by a young man with a Highland name, and a solo were also on the programme. The chairman opened with a short address to young men, on the benefits to be derived from taking part in debating societies. He emphasized the great necessity for preparation in public speaking, and of the benefits which accrue to a person who can think on his feet. The debate itself was a disappointment. It was scarcely equal to an ordinary debate in the Alma Mater Society, and a 'Varsity man has since referred to it as a weak affair. The speakers did not properly grasp their subject, and so did not marshal their arguments in anything like good form, nor did they by any means adduce all the arguments that they might be advanced. There was far too much assertion on both sides, not backed by authority or argument. The chairman, therefore, in summing up, was forced to reject a good many points taken by both sides because one was simply a contradiction of the other; and as he said, not being himself an encyclopædia he could not tell which was right. The Baptist students made out the best case, but were less finished speakers than their opponents. The limbs of the law in striving after oratorical effect lost sight of the pith of the subject, and in attempting to belittle their opponents' arguments with inapplicable generalities lost the debate, the chairman deciding in favour of the upholders of Commercial Union. This debate was one of a series which has been arranged between the various students' societies in Toronto. The debate of the season, however, may be expected when Queen's sends her representatives to meet 'Varsity somewhat later on in the winter.

—POLLUX.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

THE evening of December 8th was a gala one for the friends and admirers of the Scotch Canadian poet, Alexander McLachlan. To the number of about a thousand they gathered in Association Hall, in the new Y. M. C. A. building in Toronto, to honor him in a tangible way. The meeting had a three fold interest to the writer. First, because he is an ardent admirer of the poet's literary genius; secondly, because Principal Grant was to preside, and thirdly, because Alex. McLachlan, '84, a nephew of the poet, and the writer were room-mates at College. As the daily papers had reporters present who took full notes of the speeches, we will only describe a few of the incidents which struck three Queen's men who sat together in the gallery, and which probably the reporters did not get a chance to notice. The gathering, though presided over by the Principal, was virtually in charge of a *Mail* reporter of Celtic lineage, who acted as usher extraordinary, in fact a sort of Pooh Bah for the occasion. It was principally due to this gentleman's ubiquitous energy that the audience was comfortably seated, and that the speakers of the evening, as well as the others who occupied seats on the platform, were conducted in safety to the waiting rooms, and prevented from being lost in the labyrinth of stairs and halls with which the building abounds. He, also, shortly after eight, opened the door which led to the platform and held it while the speakers and others filed through. Afterwards during the course of the evening he acted as stage manager, moving chairs about, changing the position of the reading stand, and conducting the young lady who recited back and forward from the platform, as well as attending to his duties as reporter.

We could not help being amused at the company in which the Principal found himself. Good Grits forsooth if not Queen's sympathisers. On his right hand was the editor of *The Globe*, better known as the smooth, smiling Deacon Cameron, with a pair of gig-lamps adorning his nasal appendage. On his left was the pawkie and humourous Minister of Education. The Principal on rising was greeted with applause, and opened with an excellent racy address, well interpolated with numerous choice quotations from McLachlan's poems. When he had finished he called on the Secretary to read the letters of regret from notables who were unable to be present. Three of the most notable of these were: The Premier of the Dominion, the Attorney-General for Ontario, and the President of Toronto University—all good Scotchmen. Then followed Miss Alexander's recitation of McLachlan's poem on Hallowe'en.

Then came a capital speech from Dr. Clarke, who is the happy possessor of a fine broad Scotch accent. He acknowledged that he had endeavoured in his younger days to mount Pegassus himself, but that he had long since given it up as unsatisfactory, and that he now looks back on it as one of the follies of his youth. He gave a graphic description of the many who think they have the divine

affatus, who make even metres and perfect rhymes, and embody them in beautiful language, but who always fail to put breath in the nostrils of their creations, and so they are dead things and touch no chord of sympathy in our souls. This greatly tickled the editorial heart of the Deacon, and he applauded inordinately. He was perchance thinking of the artificial sonnets which he has been palming off almost daily on the readers of the *Globe* for the last year, which are subscribed E. G. G., and which rumour saith are written by a bank-dude. The Dr. gave several recitations in good style, and brought down the house when he said, that no Scotchman could read *Scots Wha Hae* without wanting to fight some body. He ended with the poet's tribute to Sir Colin Campbell and his Highland regiment at Balaclava. Miss Alexander followed with another recitation, "The Langheided Laddie."

Next in turn, according to the programme, came George Washington Ross, the Yankee named Scotchman, better known as the Minister of Education. He said he considered the occasion of so much importance that he had done something unusual, and had written out his speech. He accordingly began to read from his notes, which by the way were printed. He considered that a true poetic spirit is composed of three elements, namely: love of nature, love of the ideal, and love of country. On these three heads he dilated, giving numerous quotations from the poet being honored in explanation. Miss Alexander then gave an excellent rendering of "Old Hannah" and was encored by the Principal, who brought her back and persuaded her to read "John Thamsom's Bairns."

The next speaker was Warden Massie, who requested the Principal to vacate his chair, while he proposed a vote of thanks to him for coming so far to preside at the meeting. Mr. Morrison took the chair and put the motion, which was seconded by Mr. Cattnach. The chairman asked those in favour to signify their approbation by clapping their hands, and led off himself in a way that would have filled the breast of any Salvation Army captain with envy. The Principal in a few well turned sentences made an apt acknowledgment, and then called on all present to come forward and put their names on the subscription list. The meeting closed with the national anthem.

Occupying a prominent seat in the audience was friend Bengough, *Grip's* clever caricaturist, and one of Poet McLachlan's best friends. He was quite conspicuous with his Disreali bang and large fur collar, and was apparently taking mental notes for future use, as one could see from the droll smile that at frequent intervals illuminated his visage.—POLLUX.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

THE following letters show the effect of the students' action in re the Endowment Fund:

MY DEAR MR. CONNELL:

Dec. 31st, 1887.

When you told me that the Alma Mater Society had called a special meeting of the students to consider

whether some of them could help the Endowment Fund during their Christmas holidays, I admired the spirit, but felt that it could not possibly amount to much. When you told me a few days afterwards that they had met, had opened a list, and had subscribed thousands of dollars, I knew not what to say. For once words failed me. The great body of Canadian students are, I believe, in pretty much the same circumstances in which I was during my University life. I had to look at both sides of every cent before spending it. I had earned the cent, and knew that nothing but the strictest economy would bring me through each session. I know, therefore, how to appreciate this remarkable demonstration. I allow myself to think that it has in it a personal element of sympathy for myself, as well as just pride in their Alma Mater, and the generous spirit of youth. May I ask you to convey to them my heartfelt acknowledgments, and to say that their action means much more than the success of the effort that is now being made for Queen's. It will inspire every graduate and friend now and for many a day. Mr. John Carruthers, when told of it, burst out with: "I wish I were among the noble fellows to shake hands with every one of them." The Hon. Alexander Morris, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, writes: "The action of the students is worth the whole endowment in its moral effect. It made me feel young again. 'The boys' will erect a monument *perennius ore* on the old limestone foundations of Queen's. I have not had such cheering news for a long time."

The Chancellor in a letter, which I enclose, sends the thanks of the University. Wishing the Society, and all the students, A Happy New Year, and a session full of earnest endeavour.

Believe me,

Always sincerely yours,

GEORGE MUNRO GRANT.

Ottawa, 30th Dec., 1887.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL:

I duly received your note apprising me of what the students have done in connection with the Jubilee Endowment Fund. It has more than gladdened my heart, and I must ask you, on their return from the Christmas holiday, to take some means of thanking them in the name of the University. May I further beg of you to convey to them an expression of my high admiration of their conduct and the spirit of devotion which they have evinced to their Alma Mater at this junction in her history. Their memorable act is worthy of Canadian youths, it is worthy of British subjects, it will mark an important spot in the annals of the University which bears the name of our illustrious Sovereign. I venture to say it is without a parallel in any country, perhaps in any age.

Believe me, with cordial good wishes,

Yours very sincerely,

SANDFORD FLEMING.

[Sermons preached in St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, by John Cook, DD., LL.D. Dawson Bros., Montreal]

THIS volume of sermons, which Dr. Cook has given to us as a New Year's gift, is a "Memorial of a ministry extending over well nigh fifty years" in one congregation in Canada. The author was one of the founders and early Principals of Queen's University, and its first Chancellor. He was also unanimously elected the first Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada by the four supreme church courts which consummated the Union in Montreal twelve years ago. Sermons from a man who has occupied so prominent a place in the church and country will surely be used, even in an age which loves not to read sermons, unless they be of the highly sensational type, broken up into columns with blood-curdling headings. They are well worthy of being read from beginning to end.

The writer of this notice received a letter the other day from an old friend, and he cannot do better than quote some lines from it. "I have got a volume of such noble sermons from Dr. Cook," he says, "I never hear such sermons now. They occupy in themes and treatment the intermediate ground between ethics and the christian revelation. They are argumentative, and in the best sense of the word rationalistic. The style is grand and impressive. I hope they may be largely read, and taken by our ministers as models."

The first five sermons bring Christ before us as the atoning Saviour, the revealer of God, and the living Saviour and Lord, and show who are now this spiritual kindred, and what constitutes men subjects of this kingdom on earth. Then follow sermons on various aspects of His teaching and on the great principals and duties of christian character. The last in the volume was preached in Toronto before the General Assembly and deals with "the future of the church expected by St. Paul." Even in 1876 Dr. Cook was an old man, but his language in his Moderator's sermon breathes a hope and an inspiration that we usually expect from only the young and fervent. He does not think that "the church is so enlightened as to need no more light." He looks for glorious developments in character and in society, when, for example, the principles of christianity are "as openly and consistently applied in the case of nations and thier intercourse as in the case of individuals." From a higher standing point in moral christians of future days will wonder at features of our life "as we wonder when we look on John Newton converted to God, praying and wrestling with temptation in his cabin, yet the captain of a slave ship." Buy the book and read it is the best advice that we can give, and we give it honestly.

EXAMINATIONS IN MEDICINE.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATRICULATION.

Arithmetic—F. Birmingham, R. A. Caldwell, D. Herald; J. S. Kennedy, J. F. Gibson, equal; W. Herald, C. N. Raymond, equal.

English—R. A. Caldwell, F. Birmingham.

Latin—R. A. Caldwell, F. Birmingham, W. Herald.

Algebra—R. A. Caldwell, W. Herald; F. Birmingham, D. Herald, equal; J. F. Gibson; J. S. Kennedy, C. N. Raymond, equal.

Euclid—R. A. Caldwell, F. Birmingham, J. F. Gibson, equal; A. P. Chown, D. Herald.

Medical Botany—W. A. Cook, Lizzie Scott, equal; W. A. Belton, Janet M. Wier, E. H. McLean, G. D. Lockhart, W. S. Scott; Nellie St. G. Skimming, Clara Demorest, W. A. Empey, equal; S. N. Davis, W. E. Kidd, S. E. Mackey, Mary MacCallum, J. Edwin Macnee; W. B. Thompson, Frank Stitt, equal; Clarence Jones; D. N. McLennen, Margaret O'Hara, Samuel Green, equal; W. J. Johnston, G. P. Meacham, J. S. Campbell, M. D. Ryan, R. A. Caldwell; J. N. Patterson, Janet Murray, A. P. McLaren, equal; D. Herald; E. Watts, J. S. Livingston, equal; F. Cloutier.

THE MUSEUM.

GREAT improvements have been made in this department during the past year. The shelving has been completed and there is now abundance of room to display the gifts of our friends for some time to come. Large additions have been made in some of the sections. Over one thousand sheets of plants have been mounted and arranged, and are now used in the honor work of the natural science class. The fine collection of W. Nicol, B.A., is now available for the purposes of study, and adds much to the practical value of the Herbarium. A large number of ferns, just received from Dr. Neish, of Jamaica, when mounted, will greatly increase our facilities for the study of this class of plants.

Considerable progress has been made in labelling and arranging the rocks and fossils, and a goodly number of the characteristic species of the geologic formations of Ontario are now on exhibition. But very much yet remains to be done in this department. Many specimens have not yet been identified, but it is hoped that this will be remedied to some extent before the close of another season. The collection illustrating the carboniferous formations in the Maritime provinces is very defective. Could not some of our many friends down by the sea help to supply our wants in this important section?

We are indebted to Mr. Wright, overseer of the work in the excavations for the city drainage, for a number of Trenton fossils found within the city limits. To Mr. J. McFarland we owe a very complete collection of rocks and minerals from the Silver Mines near Port Arthur. Some of the specimens are very fine.

The most conspicuous addition to the case of the larger animals is the Polar Bear and other northern animals presented by Robert Bell, M.D., LL.D., of Ottawa. The beauty of the specimens and the life-like accuracy of the mounting excite the admiration of every visitor. A collection of buffalo bones, which Mr. Wellington, of Calgary, kindly permitted the curator to select, is another

noticeable feature. A fine specimen of the white owl, presented by Rev. J. Cumberland, M.A., will henceforth greet every visitor on entering the Museum. The shells have been placed in glass-covered cases and arranged according to Woodward's Manual. A number, however, are still undetermined, but will be inserted in their proper positions as soon as possible.

"A SWINDLING SCIENTIST."

ABOUT the 9th or 10th of November a person of pleasing address and intelligent countenance called on the Curator, announced himself as a deaf-mute acquainted with Paleontology, and wished to see the Museum. After looking over the rocks and fossils he informed the Curator that he belonged to Ayreshire, in Scotland; had studied Paleontology under Prof. Davidson, at Jermyn Street Museum, London; had arranged several collections in Canada and the United States, was now out of employment, and that Sir W. Dawson had suggested to him that he might get employment here. The readiness with which he named several specimens proved that he was acquainted with the subject. While he was writing out the terms upon which he would perform the work required a notice was received from Ottawa warning the Principal against a "swindling scientist," who had been described in *Science*, and was now in Canada, and would likely visit the Museum and Library. The document describing the scientist was shown to him. He read it, made some remarks that implied that he was the person described, then picked up his papers and left.

A notice in a Toronto paper some time after showed that he had visited the University, tried the same role and had been met by a similar caution.

COLLECTIONS BY THE CURATOR.

OWING to the liberal action of the trustees, the curator was enabled to spend the greater part of the months of June and July collecting along the line of the C. P. R. Having joined a large excursion party bound for Vancouver, composed of members of the General Assembly which met at Winnipeg, he enjoyed very limited facilities for collecting or preserving specimens on the outward journey. On landing at Vancouver, however, he found himself freighted with a respectable load of specimens of various kinds. A week was spent here collecting rocks, plants, shells, etc., in the neighborhood of the town and round the shores of English Bay. At Kamloops he enjoyed the kind assistance of Rev. J. Chisholm, B.A., an enthusiastic friend of Queen's, and was guided to some interesting localities by the Editor of the *Sentinel*, once a citizen of Kingston. By the way, the Editor honored the afternoon's wanderings with a couple of columns of editorial description. A day at Banff furnished a few interesting things. At Calgary, the Curator received a great deal of kindness and assistance from Dr. Lafferty, a graduate of Queen's, and was carried round to many points where interesting specimens of plants were

procured. A couple of days were spent at Brandon wandering along the banks of the Saskatchewan and out upon the prairies, collecting the peculiar Flora of the region. This visit was rendered specially enjoyable by the warm hospitality of friends well-known years ago on the banks of the far off Richibucto. At Winnipeg and Emerson special facilities were enjoyed for collecting and preserving plants and shells. Fine specimens of the latter are found in the Red River when the water is low, as it happened to be last summer. In the neighborhood of Stony Mountain vast numbers of little shells, *Planorbis*, *Limnaea*, *Physa*, etc., are seen among the grass, many of them still perfect, showing that the prairie in this region must have been covered with water very recently. The collection of animals at the Penitentiary is well worth a visit from the naturalist.

The dioritic rocks and the waterfalls of Rat Portage have attracted a great deal of attention from geologists and tourists, and the old trails and fort of the Hudson Bay Company have a peculiar interest for the antiquarian and historian. Some rather rare plants reward the botanist who toils his way over the rocks and along the ravines. The Silver Mines near Port Arthur furnish great attractions to the geologist and mineralogist. Beautiful specimens of Quartz-Crystals, Amethyst, Calcite, Arragonite, Pyrite, Mountain Tallow, as well as silver ore of various grades, are easily attainable. The display of Agates and Amethysts in the windows at Port Arthur excel anything we have ever seen elsewhere in the Dominion, but the Boreal aspect of the vegetation in the neighborhood and the chill winds from the lake make the stranger feel that winter is near at hand.

From these localities and others a good collection of materials was obtained which will add much to the attractiveness and practical value of the Museum.

* DIVINITY * HALL. *

WE are glad to see with us again Mr. J. M. McLean, who was laid aside for a time by injuries received in a recent railway accident. His friends will be glad to know that his injuries were not so serious as many had feared.

The first Presbyterian examination for license took place on Thursday, the 22nd ult. A premium is evidently placed on scholarship by the Presbytery of Kingston, if one can judge at all by the number and comprehensiveness of the examinations required of church students. The sagacious divinity student regards the time not far distant when the Presbytery work will be a formidable rival of the work prescribed by the Theological faculty. Surely if ecclesiastical positions were secured on the same principle as positions in educational institutions, viz., according to the extent and severity of the examinations to which the graduate has been subjected a graduate of the Presbytery of Kingston ought to obtain an excellent living.

The second public meeting of the Missionary Association was held in Convocation Hall on Thursday evening, the 8th inst. There was a very fair attendance. The chair was ably occupied by Rev. J. Mackie, M.A. After devotional exercises and appropriate introductory remarks by the chairman, a graphic account of mission work in the North-West Territories was given by Mr. J. A. Sinclair. The great needs of that vast country, the favour with which the gospel message was received, and the encouraging results that were to be seen, were dwelt on by the speaker. Mr. O. L. Kilborn, who is studying with a view to medical mission work, read a paper on medical missions. He shewed by numerous scripture quotations the authority for medical missions. Christ himself was permanently a medical missionary. His healing of the bodies of men in a majority of instances preceded their spiritual restoration. Mr. Kilborn shewed what a valuable auxiliary the medical missionary was to the foreign mission cause. Not only are his ministrations valuable as opening up a broad avenue to the hearts of the heathen sufferers, but they are also of untold importance to the health of the other missionaries and their families.

Miss McKellar, of the Ladies' Medical College, who is studying with a view to mission work in India, read a paper on Madagascar missions, dwelling on the character of the people, the beginning of mission work on the island, the hindrances to its progress owing to persecutions and the vast proportions that the work has now attained. Miss McKellar's paper was interesting and instructive.

Mr. J. J. Wright, B.A., next gave a short address on the relation between home and foreign mission work. He was unwilling to recognize any distinction between these two branches of work, preferring to regard them as one. Work among the lapsed masses at home, frequently requires as rare qualifications and as great self-denial as work in foreign lands. It is all work for Christ, whether it be done at home or abroad.

Between the addresses a quartet and several choruses were sung by the students. Another open meeting is being arranged for the latter part of January.

PERSONAL.

W. HAY, M.D., has located at St. Lawrence.

Mr. W. Cornett spent his Xmas vacation with friends at Merrickville.

J. Miller, B.A., '86, paid a visit to the city at Xmas.

J. V. Anglin, B.A., M.D., '87, has hung out his shingle in Coaticook, Que. His success is assured.

We regret to hear that Miss Alice Cameron, '88, is ill and unable to attend her classes. We hope to see her back again soon.

Our foot-ball friend, W. G. Bain, B.A., '86, left a short time ago for Winnipeg, where he will practice law with his brother.

We take great pleasure in announcing the marriage of two of Queen's graduates, Mr. J. Marshall, B.A., and Miss Hannah Givens. This is the first time in the history of Queen's that two of her graduates have been so united, but we hope it will not be the last by any means. Mr. Marshall is now classical master in Cornwall High School.

Our muscular divinity friend, Mr. J. McLean, B.A., '87, had a tussle with a cow and a K. & P. express train last month, but though the cow was knocked clean out of sight and the train entirely demolished Mac. only received a shaking up and a slightly broken cranium. We knew, however, that he could lick anything short of an earthquake, so were not surprised at the result.

— Roddick, '91, went tobogganing on the Fort Hill last week. Dr. Garrett sewed up his head.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

CONSTABLE—"Your honor, I call your attention to Mr. M. He is smiling in court."

Judge—"I think you must be mistaken. Mr. M. is never known to smile."

You are not expected to eat the enamel said a landlady to a freshmen the other day as he was laboring to get the last drop of soup.

Prosecution—"Will you swear you saw him play?"

Witness B.—"Well—no—that is—I think likely—in conclusion I don't think it unlikely that I might have seen him playing if I had been there."

At the Medical re-union the other evening a lady was heard muttering to herself, as she stood before the skeleton on the toboggan, the well-known quotation :

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

I wonder what Bill Nye would have said if he had been at the Medical conversat.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"Just 11 weeks more now."—Guy.

"Your life's in danger, Mr. Walker!"—F. J. K.

"Dundas is good for 2,000."—A. K. H.

"For I'm a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny." —Percival.

"What should be done with Peeler? Why, kill him."
—H. H. P.

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Leishman's Midwifery.... 4 50	Heath's Practical Anatomy 5 50
Thomas' Dis'es of Women. 5 00	Schafer's Histology..... 2 25
Edis' Diseases of Women.. 3 00	

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