

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXIV.

KINGSTON, CANADA, FEB. 27TH, 1897.

No. 8.

Queen's University Journal.

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

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The Business Manager is in the sanctum on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 11 to 12 to receive subscriptions.

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

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THE thorough discussion of the report of the Athletic Committee at the last meeting of the Alma Mater Society should be productive of much good. It has long been the custom to receive without question the reports of every committee which has discharged its duty faithfully. So fixed has this habit become in the minds of students that under ordinary circumstances no discussion or examination of a committee's reports is tolerated, even a question is thought to indicate a desire to censure. The evil effects of such a custom have been well exhibited; let us hope the custom is eradicated. If every report submitted is analyzed and explained until its purport is understood by all, unbusiness-like methods and unintelligible reports will be a thing of the past, and it will never again be necessary to bring upon one committee the reproach of two or three years of mismanagement. The warning will no doubt cause considerable re-organization in all branches of athletics. We should see that it is not unheeded in other departments.

Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the statement from the Principal regarding the disposition of the Senate's athletic fund and the assurance that a full report could be had at any moment for the asking. One is tempted to ask, Why did no one discover this fact before? Had it been known during the last five years the balance on hand would have been not five or six hundred dollars, but half enough to pay for the gymnasium. But this is past;

for the future we have a thorough understanding with the Senate and a committee working under rules which make even the appearance of underhand action impossible and the prospect is bright.

* * *

All who listened to Prof. Cappon's final lecture before the Alumni Conference must have been impressed by the lecturer's comparison of our college songs with the splendid poem chosen by the students of Baliol to be sung on occasions of important college gatherings. Such a song, breathing the spirit of progress, the joy of effort, the "rapture of pursuing," and the consciousness of being "men in a world of men," must be a source of continual inspiration, a constant spur to high achievement among the men who have adopted it as their own.

Have we anything in our collection of college songs and glees that can be looked upon as supplying the place of such an anthem? Productions such as "Oh, what a happy man is—" and that strange effusion known as the "Arts Faculty Song," abounding in a kind of broad humor that depends chiefly on local hits, cannot be taken as representative of the true spirit of the University. We have as yet no rallying song worthy of Queen's, no rhythmic expression of the spirit of self-sacrifice and sturdy independence, of the *esprit de corps* which has always been characteristic of our Alma Mater. No doubt the "Old Ontario Strand," which is certainly the most popular if not the most poetic of our songs, is well enough in its way, expressing, as it does, a marked disapproval of any scheme of federation with seats of learning situated elsewhere than in the Limestone City, as well as a certain crude patriotism which keeps the song alive in spite of its failings. But may we not have in addition a song more truly and more deeply expressive of the spirit of Queen's, a song peculiarly our own, a song that will stir the heart of every child of Queen's, "even as a trumpet?"

Great is the power of a true song. The man who composed such a poem as we have described would do more to foster the feeling of academic loyalty than many years of success on campus or debating platform. And by true song we mean not a collec-

tion of pretty sentiments expressed with artistic and rhetorical correctness, but an utterance straight from the heart of the writer, rousing enthusiasm and sympathy more by the tone of sincerity, the suggestions of truth and conviction with which he gives utterance to feelings latent in his fellows, than by any laboured striving to express in metrical form sentiments which he never felt and never can feel. An ardent young French republican, with a talent for rhyming, sat up the greater part of the night to compose, at the request of an officer, a marching song for a company that was leaving Marseilles the next day. That song, a short time after, rallied on the field of Jemappes the routed army of the Republic and dashed back from the frontiers of France the wave of Austrian invasion.

Does not some one of her gifted sons entertain towards Queen's something of the generous ardour that inspired Burns to wish for the land of his birth that he—

"For poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or book could make
Or sing a sang at least?"

But if we have not among us a Burns or a Rouget de Lisle, if the times and conditions make the production of such a song impossible, let us, in imitation of the students of Baliol, have incorporated in our new song book a selection from some great poet that shall serve as our watchword and our rallying cry, that shall embody in some way a reminder of the aims and aspirations of the great institution of which we are proud to be enrolled as students.

* * *

With this issue of the JOURNAL we present to our readers a cut of T. R. Glover, M.A., lately appointed to the chair of Latin in Queen's University. Prof. Glover, is a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and his university career was a most brilliant one. His reputation for exact classical scholarship may be inferred from the fact that he is now at work, at the request of the Syndics of the Cambridge press, on an edition of the Olynthiacs of Demosthenes. Though unused to Canadian educational standards and conditions, Mr. Glover is meeting with marked success, and has already clearly demonstrated that he is an able and enthusiastic teacher. His wide range of knowledge joined with his ability to express his thoughts in a humorous and forcible manner make his classes specially interesting.

* * *

One of our professors, in the course of a recent address to the student body, incidentally remarked that in his college days students did not besiege their professors as soon as the examination lists were published, desiring to know the number of marks they had secured or the reason for their being

unsuccessful in some particular subject. We gladly seize the opportunity to bring this matter before the readers of the JOURNAL. It cannot be denied that the existing condition of affairs in this connection is unsatisfactory, but we believe that the fault lies chiefly with the professors themselves. Apparently there exists with the Senate a written or unwritten law to the effect that the percentage of marks obtained by a student is to be disclosed only in exceptional cases. If this regulation were published and adhered to, we believe that most of the existing evils would disappear. Professors would then be relieved from the visits of dissatisfied students, while the latter would still have the privilege of an appeal to the Senate, if they really felt that an injustice had been done them. So long, however, as some students are fully informed not only of their own rank, but also of the rank of any about whom they may be curious, there is sure to be general dissatisfaction.

It seems clear that one of the following courses must be pursued in future—either let the percentage obtained by each student accompany the published results, or let it be authoritatively announced that information concerning the exact standing of any student can be obtained only by communication with the Senate and for reasons which the Senate may deem sufficient. The latter method commends itself as highly satisfactory, and we believe we are voicing the best opinion of the students in asking the Senate to give it their careful consideration.

* * *

In the McGill *Fortnightly* of Feb. 18th appears an editorial purporting to give McGill's side of the question, "Whether or not Queen's have any right to the title of 'Inter-Collegiate Champions.'" We cannot help expressing the opinion that if McGill and the *Fortnightly* have chosen the writer of that article to expound their view they have been unfortunate in their choice. If the writer made the statements contained in the editorial without learning the facts of the case he is a bungler; if he wrote with knowledge of the facts, he is—well, a bungler still.

In the inter-collegiate league matches of '95-'96 Queen's and McGill were pitted against one another in the first round of the series, not, as the *Fortnightly* states, "when playing off for the championship." Queen's had yet to meet Varsity and Trinity before the question of the championship could be decided. The statement that McGill played in Kingston on the understanding that a return match would be played on Montreal ice is false. Queen's had entered the Ontario Hockey League in the same year, and our secretary, Mr. Fox, notified McGill *before any games were played* that Queen's would find



T. R. GLOVER, M.A. (Cambridge).
PROFESSOR OF LATIN, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

it impossible to enter the league if home and home matches were played. McGill's team, which really was a strong aggregation, considered that Queen's would be "easy" and agreed to let the issue of one game decide the question. They came to Kingston prepared to conquer, but Queen's survived the match. *Hinc illae lacrimae*. We will not express an opinion as to whether the confidence of the McGill team that they could "retrieve themselves on Montreal ice" was well founded or not. But we claim that McGill knew before coming to Kingston that no such game would be played, and it is mean and childish on the part of the *Fortnightly* to attempt to account for their defeat by slandering the team of a sister university.

The efforts of McGill's team "since that time" to get on a match with Queen's date from the return of our team from their American tour in January. When the standing of Queen's in the Ontario Hockey League is decided, McGill will doubtless be afforded an opportunity to try conclusions with our men. We are not modest enough to claim to have "treble as much good hockey material as any university in Canada or the United States," for we are in no better position to pronounce judgment on such a matter than is the writer in the *Fortnightly*. Our team is not invincible; we have been defeated and we know how to take defeat, and if the McGill team succeed in winning from us this year the inter-collegiate championship we will not try after a lapse of two years to snatch from them the credit of their victory.

POETRY.

SONNET.

ALONE I viewed the stars, a summers night,
 All luminous, as if aglow with light,
 That knew our kinship and our common goal,
 And had a heart to love me in the whole
 With childlike love, so simply wise and sweet,
 As upward drew my spirit on to meet
 In close communion in the arms of truth.
 In that half hour my soul outgrew its youth,
 And needing wings for fellowship afar
 Grew dutiful to man's devoted star,
 And felt the fulness of a destiny
 To crown our longings for divinity;
 And meekly calm with holy hope inspired
 From vastness all sublime to simple life retired.

—A. D. MACNEILL.

MAN'S WAY AND NATURE'S.

The King of the North had slumbered long
 In his realm, which lies beyond the pole;
 His henchmen remorselessly levied toll,
 For the rain and the fog and the thaw were they;
 And men cursed the King for his long delay.

But the King awakened from sleep e'er long,
 And dressed him in robes of fleecy snow;
 Then shouted his eerie battle-song
 And commanded the northern winds to blow.

A poor little urchin in search of rest
 Found only an alleyway, damp and cold;
 But the King about him his mantle cast,
 A wonderful vision before him unrolled,
 And tenderly bore him away on the blast.

The King re-doubled his eerie song,
 But *men* cursed the King for his cruel wrong.

THE ARTSMEN'S FEAST.

Upon a wintry Friday eve
 When snow was fallin' fast,
 And Boreas its flakes did weave
 In wreaths in hollows cast,
 But o'er the bare and open moors
 It swept wi' angry sough,
 And raibled winnocks and the doors
 Wi' mony a straik and rough,
 Fu' fierce that night.

Thro' gatherin' drifts I took my road
 Wi' mony a grane an' struggle,
 For weel I kenn'd there'd be abroad
 Nae warlock, deil, nor bogle,
 Nor ony o' the beldam crowd
 Wha press'd puir Tam sae sair,
 Wi' eldritch screech and hollow loud
 That night he rode frae Ayr,
 On sic a night.

But when I reach'd oor college ha'
 It was ableeze wi' light,
 And ev'ry skurryin' carl I saw
 Was dress'd in claes o' white;
 And tables groanin' wi' a load
 For eatin' and for drinkin',
 And ilka student o' a mode
 O' gettin' maist was thinkin'
 Fu' hard that night.

But now the time to start has come,
 And G—rdie asks a blessin',
 While ilka lad just fresh frae home
 What the dishes are is guessin'.
 But some pit on a knowin' smile
 As if they kenn'd it a';
 The lave fu' brawlie ken the while
 They're the greenest i' the ha';
 'Twas plain that night.

Upon a bunker i' the north
 Were carls i' black an' red,
 Wha, whiles we ate, were gieing forth
 A noise would wak the dead.
 Meanwhiles the olives, oysters, turtles,
 The salmon, cod, and roast,
 The leg of mutton, turkeys, pickles,
 O' ither things a host,
 Went fast that night.

Now Sc-tt stands up wi' lang-drawn face,
 (Nae wonder he's in fright,
 When G--rdie has his left hand place,
 And Fl-m-ng's on his right)
 Tae sound the praises o' oor Queen:
 And a' then join in drinkin',
 And hope her bless'd as she has been,
 Wi' songs an' glasses clinkin'
 Fu' loud that night

Next L-ckie wi' a solemn air
 And hands i' pockets thrustit,
 Hoped Canada would grow mair fair;
 She surely would, he trustit.
 An' G--rdie answ'ring back again
 Wi' mighty voice an' gesture,
 Advised us a' tae keep mair clean
 Oor ain political vesture,
 Wi' power that night.

The Patriarch next took the floor,
 His look was just as solemn
 As if he stood that thrang before
 Frae perdition's way tae call 'em;
 But 'twas tae drink the happiness
 O' Queen's and a' her teachers,
 An' hope this country they would bless (?)
 Wi' artsmen, doctors, preachers
 In swarms, that night.

Then Fl-m-ng spoke wi' feeble voice,
 We heard not what he said,
 An' H-r-ld talked about the boys
 Wha wark amang the dead;
 Nex: G--dw-n wi' his speech sae slow,
 And gesture calm and grave
 Had sum' at tae say o' what they do
 An' what i' the "Tool-House" have
 That very night.

And now a speech is read by Gr-ng-,
 Wha sounds the Senate's praise,
 An' hopes his opeenions will not change
 Because o' dark spring days.
 Then W-ttie answers weel an' lang,
 His speech wi' jokes is sautit,
 And C-ppie in flattery is strang
 An' leaves us muckle daudit,
 Weel pleased that night.

Next Jimmie wi' his winsome smile,
 An' voice sae saft an' tender,
 And claes that he will never fyle
 Tae guests due honours render.
 The mayor wi' mony "regrets" replies,
 An' mony an "aw" an' pause,
 And Bl-nd tae be compliment'ry tries,
 An' M-tch fills up wi' "haws,"
 Fu' lang that night.

Then B-rt-n wi' majestic air
 Tae graduates pays court;

As nae one wants tae listen mair,*
 For ance his speech was short.
 An' H-y fu' stout, an' Str-ch-n thin,
 An' St-w-rt, lang and gray,
 Try hard the time to weel fill in,
 And each a wee bit say,
 Fu' short that night.

'Twere lang tae tell how N-ckl- *snapt*
 O' each Sister Institution,
 While Sc-tt for order aften rapp'd
 Wi' never a diminution
 O' the noise that railed H-nt-r o' Knox,
 And Em'ry o' McMaster,
 An' made the man from Victoria
 And H-ffm-n stop the faster,
 Fu' quick that night.

How P-rk-r talk'd and naething said,
 An' F-rr-ll did reply,
 And T-ndy sang an' held his head
 Fu' loftily an' high.
 How M--kl-j-hn gave us a song
 About a' oor professors,
 How W-lk-r *fly* an' Macdonell long
 Were pelted by transgressors
 Fu' hard that night.

How D-r--, when professors spoke,
 Did loudly shout "Hear! hear!"
 How seniors plates and dishes broke
 By peltin' buns; 'tis clear
 That tho' the world may think it right,
 An' wi' the crowd it passes,
 The swallow-tails an' chokers white
 Can ne'er mak men o' asses;
 'Twas plain that night.

—R. B. M.

HOPE.

Through the shadows of the twilight
 Comes a silent whisper, sweet —
 "In the realms of the eternal
 We shall meet."

With the gathering dew of evening
 Comes a feeling o'er the soul,
 Subdued and humble, that with morning
 Away shall roll.

Symbolled by the stars of Heaven,
 Hope stirs deeply in the breast,
 That when freed from earthly trammels
 We shall rest.

We shall rest we human beings,
 Broken lights of Him above—
 We shall rest with softest slumber
 In His love.

—E. M.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE MARKET VALUE OF A DEGREE.

IN the first years of his college course an undergraduate thinks that all he needs to become a leader of his fellows is the magic sheepskin. He is inclined to this opinion by the envy of the small boy and of his contemporaries in the village, and also by the awful respect which, he is taught, is due from him as a freshman to the venerable sages who have knelt to the Chancellor under the gaze of the citizens, their wives and daughters, and under a fire of more or less witty remarks from the gallery.

After four, or possibly more, eventful years he goes forth, armed with hood and parchment, to receive the homage of a waiting world.

After several months' survey, in which he is not deafened with applause, nor bored to death by thronging worshippers, it begins slowly to dawn upon him that some people really do not appreciate the value of a university education. The roseate complexion of his dreams takes on a soberer hue; he decides not to accept a college principalship at once, but to begin at the bottom, and salary is really no object at first.

Soon he buries his hood and diploma—perhaps too his books—in the bottom of his trunk, and concludes that he has wasted four years of his life, which he might have spent more profitably in acquiring experience and capital. He is reminded *ad nauseam* that "learning does not make a man," that "colleges cannot teach common sense," and that "one man's as good as another." He finds that men who have never lived within the corridors can talk faster than he can, find readier listeners, and are better pleased with their arguments than he with his.

It is just at this stage, after he accepts the fact that his training has no economic value, that he learns its ideal value; he can perceive the fallacies of popular philosophers, he can present his own views rationally if not glibly, and, best of all, he can commune with wiser men who, despairing of their own age, have dedicated their wisdom to a more enlightened generation, for whose birth the world still waits.

C.

THE FINDING OF PHIL.

The first storm of the season was raging in the mountains and it came upon Bonaparte and me unawares. The great depth of snow that fell during the day had almost discouraged us and forced us to accept from a Dutch friend at Stalker's the loan of a sledge which he facetiously styled his "boosh-cutter," a light but substantial vehicle, constructed in a wonderful manner of ropes and crooked sap-

lings. Bonaparte, who had learned by experience to take life as it came, accepted philosophically this new style of conveyance, and to me the easy gliding of the runners was a pleasant change from the hard grinding of the wheels upon the frozen snow.

"Find Phil Murphy, Frank," was the order given me by my grandfather, when, the morning before, he had watched me start. "Find Phil and bring him home, for poor Susy can't live many days longer. He's 'coasting' for the upper shanties and you'll likely hear of him at Stalker's."

"Not here," had been Stalker's answer to my query. "Haven't heard of him for weeks. But you can't climb the mountain this night, my boy; you'd be blown off the rock into the lake, and the little black too," said Stalker, casting a regretful glance at the said "black," for he dearly loved a good horse.

It was a wild storm even in the lowlands, but to attempt to cross the Bald mountains on such a night with any other companion than Bonaparte would have been suicide. Bonaparte was a little black French-Canadian pony with a will of his own. Although no older than I he had a more intimate knowledge of the hill district, and for that reason took to himself liberties which in another I might have resented. He was a well-known character in the lumber country ever since the breaking of the dam at Pine Tree Lake, but that story, though for Bonaparte's glory I should like to tell it, has nothing to do with Phil Murphy or our trip over the Bald mountains.

The night was dark and the road steep and winding, in one place a mere shelf cut in the side of the mountain from which I could look down upon the ice-covered lake, and see dimly through the driving snow the lights at Stalker's far behind; at another running straight up the side of the hill, where it required all Bonaparte's goat-like activity to make the slightest headway. But after we had gained the summit, though the storm beat more sorely upon us, the condition of the roads improved. On either side stood thickly trunks of giant trees killed by the great fire which, years before, had swept the ridge.

The wind, which had been sweeping with low, melancholy "sough" among the pines, gradually increased almost to a hurricane. The snow, falling now in fine hard particles, was driven with stinging force against my face. Half-blinded I allowed the reins to fall slack and left Bonaparte to steer his own course. A hugh pine, broken by the wind, fell close beside the trail, smashing as it fell the branches of the neighboring trees and hurling a shower of broken splinters and knots into the road just ahead. Bonaparte shrugged his shoulders in

his peculiar French fashion and travelled on, nothing daunted. Then came with startling suddenness from the summit of a rock that overhung the road the plaintive strangely human howl of a wolverine. Looking up I could see his burning eyes gleam fiercely through the darkness; but Bonaparte had seen such apparitions before and heeded him not.

There came a lull in the storm and the driving clouds of snow cleared suddenly away. The road stretched out far ahead, to all appearances clear. At that moment Bonaparte stopped. In vain I remonstrated. It was a clear case of mutiny. I knew that a stroke of the whip would dissolve our friendship and probably result in the demolition of the "boosh-cutter." So I resolved to wait with all the resignation I could muster in that night of biting frost and cutting wind.

After a short embarrassing silence, he turned and looked at me enquiringly, pawed impatiently at the snow at his feet, then before, with my stiffened hands, I could prevent him, walked calmly into the forest, immediately bringing the sledge foul of a tree-trunk where it stuck dead. To prevent a wreck I sprang out intending to catch the rebel by the head, but as I did so I caught sight of an object that lay in the road almost hidden by the snow. A chill, not wholly due to the cold, sent a shudder through me when I saw outlined under a thin garment of snow the body of a man. Forgetting everything else I rushed to the spot, lifted up the head of the prostrate figure and wiped the snow from the face. A slight movement of the arm and a low feeble moan told that the numbing torpor that attacks the frost king's victims had not yet deepened into the sleep of death.

To drag the man to the sled, to lead Bonaparte again into the road, occupied but a moment. Then letting the horse travel as before at his own gait, I endeavoured to bring the frozen man back to life. After kicking him, rolling him over and over, kneading him with my fists, I was presently rewarded by hearing a drowsy voice demanding, with a French oath, to be let alone. With this encouragement I redoubled my efforts. How long we travelled in this manner I cannot say, but suddenly Bonaparte stopped again with a neigh of satisfaction, and looking up I saw a broad stream of light streaming from the window of a long, low house before the door of which we had halted. "The Barrack" already! Yes, and there was Louis Brown at the door with a lantern, and portly Mrs. Davis looking out into the storm, and almost before I could realize where I was, I was greeted and almost embraced by a man whose large head, broad, square shoulders and bristly beard betrayed my old friend, Phil Murphy.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Journal:

WE have often been told by our Professor of Physics that wood is a very poor conductor of electricity, and he has often proved the truth of his statements by experiment. Scarcely any one now feels disposed to question the fact, and in view of my experience during the past week I am more disposed than ever to believe it. The freshmen in Divinity have been required to deliver their homilies before the Professor of Elocution and some ten or fifteen of their fellows and a hundred or so of wooden benches (including those in the gallery) with the result that every one of us, notwithstanding the fact that our homilies, as far as their matter and composition were concerned, were pronounced good, have to endure the charge of being "monotonous" and lacking the fire and energy that should characterize persons having an important message to deliver.

Now, while this criticism may be true in respect to some of us—in respect to the writer, for instance—it is far from being fair when, as has been the case thus far, it is made applicable to all. Who would think of making such a criticism in reference to the honorable leader of the opposition in our mock parliament when assailing the government for their neglect of the perambulator industry, or impeaching the "genial Melville" for conduct unbecoming a minister of the crown! Yet our critics (and we do not doubt their ability) have deemed it their duty to pronounce him "monotonous" on the evidence of their experiment, and all that witnessed it agreed with their verdict. But I contend, Mr. Editor, that the fault was with the experiment. A Beecher or a Spurgeon could not send fire through the non-conducting medium (the wooden benches) which we are required to pierce, and so long as the powers that be shall insist on our trying to do so, so long, to a great extent, shall they be wasting their own time and ours, and imputing to us weaknesses, which in our life work, in many cases, shall not be apparent.

What then, it may be asked, should be done in order that faults of style and undesirable peculiarities to which we are more or less subject, may be pointed out to us and corrected? I would suggest that a method which obtains in some other institutions be adopted here, and I do so feeling that if it is not better it is at least just as good as the one now followed. It is this: Let an arrangement be made which will enable the students to deliver their homilies, lectures or sermons in one or other of the city churches at the weekly prayer-meetings and let our critics be there to take notes and criticise us after-

wards. I admit that the present method is easier on the nerves, and for that reason many would prefer it to the one suggested, but the easy things are not always those that make for our good, and easy or hard the method that I suggest is the only one I know that will bring us before our critics in the proper light and enable them to be of any genuine help to us. By it the student if he has anything to say will interest his hearers, who will in turn influence and inspire him, so that he shall forget his critics and be his natural self before them. But no current of inspiration or any other quickening influence can flow through the wooden benches in either direction, and to expect that we can be natural or that we can do ourselves justice before them, is absurd. Let then the plan suggested, or some other that will produce the desired result, be adopted, so that it may be possible for our critics and for ourselves rightly to discern who is or who is not

A MONOTONOUS READER.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

AN open meeting of the A.M.S. was held on the 13th, the president occupying the chair. After the communications were read and disposed of, the treasurer of the Society reported that the annual report of the secretary of the Football Club had been audited and found correct. Several committees were asked to report at the next meeting.

The Mock Parliament then resumed its work. Several new members were introduced, the opposition boasting that they had gained one bye-election in spite of the Government heavy-weights that were arrayed against them, while the late opposition had not been able to carry a seat. Mr. Woods brought in a bill practically prohibiting Chinese immigration. But as the "dudes" of the house feel greatly indebted to the Chinaman, there is but slight probability of this bill becoming law. Mr. Anthony was greeted with a round of applause as he rose to bring before the house his Single Tax Bill. This also is a personal matter with many prominent members of the house. The Speaker left the chair to participate in the discussion, maintaining that it would be disastrous to the welfare of the country. The Ex-Minister of Justice spoke with much feeling, denouncing it as unpatriotic and unchristian. It was very ably supported by the leader of the opposition, who showed that prosperity would follow in its train. The Premier, in an eloquent speech, stated his reasons for voting against it. The committee appointed to investigate the charges against the Minister of Agriculture gave their report, on which

a division of the house was taken. The Government was sustained by a slight majority. (?)

A regular meeting of the Society was held on the 20th, the president in the chair. The Musical Committee reported that it had corresponded with the Levana Society with regard to furnishing a musical programme for an open meeting to be held in two weeks. The committee appointed to consider the football outlook for next season presented their report. When the report of the Athletic Committee was received the Society went into committee of the whole in which a heated discussion took place. The report of the committee was received and referred to a sub-committee. The following Athletic Committee was then appointed for '97-'98: N. R. Carmichael, M.A., Sec.-Treas.; E. C. Watson, M.A., J. Harty, W. Bain, J. W. Merrill, J. Shortt, B.A., A. J. Meiklejohn, F. Mohr, Rev. A. W. Richardson, B.A. The committee *re voters'* list gave an interim report. The books of the Athletic Committee were reported to be correct. At the close of the meeting the critic made a few remarks. At the next meeting the Society will be favoured with the President's address.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The story of the creation was the subject-matter of two admirable addresses before this Society at its last meeting. Mr. F. J. Pope, M.A., applied to the subject the methods and results of the physical sciences, and Mr. D. M. Gandier, B.A., supplemented the scientific paper with an interpretation of the same facts from a theologian's point-of-view. The first address was rich in interesting scientific details; it started with the earth as seen and known by ourselves, and in a few vivid strokes, tearing apart, loosening, and dissipating, went back to the time, or eternity rather, of gaseous nebula. Then retracing the course at greater length and with thorough examination of all the more prominent phenomena of the wondrous cosmic development, Mr. Pope once more landed his audience out of the mists and vapours on to the firm earth, and traced before them in rapid panorama all the spectacles of the geologic ages; the rising and subsidence of continents, the ever-varying oceans, the luxuriant plant life of the carboniferous period, the enormous beasts and reptiles of a succeeding age, the changes wrought by the age of ice which followed. The hypothesis suggested to account for the advent of the glacial period, was interesting in the extreme, and probably new to most of the listeners. Mr. Pope describes it as the "wobbling motion of the earth's axis."

Several views have been taken, the second speaker said, in the old question of relating the conclu-

sions of scientific study with the passages of Scripture which deal with the cosmogony. One is to believe the sciences only when they agree with the traditional interpretation of the Biblical passages, or to make the sciences fit the Bible; another to make the Scriptural stories agree with the conclusions of the sciences, a device which has been attempted often and with wonderful ingenuity. The right view, Mr. Gandier asserted, was to treat the Old Testament account of the cosmogony as the current theory of the age which produced it, claiming for it no final scientific accuracy and finding it real value rather in the sublime conception of God which colours every line of that most impressive of dramas. An extract from the luminous essay of Doctor Watson on this subject, delivered at the November Convocation some years ago, was read in summing up.

STUDENTS' "AT HOME."

The students of Queen's returned the many kindnesses of their Kingston friends by entertaining them in the Frontenac hall on Tuesday night. The affair might be called a decided social success, and in view of the fact that the conversat has fallen through and for the last few years the students have done very little entertaining, it is to be hoped that their "At Home" will become an annual event. Good music, a splendid floor and a jolly crowd made the dancing very enjoyable, and the committee received the congratulations of the guests.

As the evening wore on the countenance of H.R. assumed that happy, *second-team-championship* smile which showed that all was well along the Potomac.

The Penitentiary Commission, whose rooms are on the second floor, didn't seem to be pleased. They reported some very narrow escapes during the course of the evening.

HOCKEY.

QUEEN'S VS. PETERBORO.

On Monday, Feb. 8th, the first team travelled to Peterboro to do battle with the senior hockeyists of that town. This was the semi-final match of the O.H.A. series, though the first in which Queen's I. had taken part. It was pretty generally known that our team was not in championship form, but the news of their defeat by a score of 5-4 excited a great deal of surprise. Queen's would have done well if they had accepted the offer of the Rockwood rink for an occasional practice, for their style of playing is ill-adapted to a small rink. With soft ice on such a rink, the matter is generally decided by weight, not the skill of either team. The Peterboros also took advantage of the peculiar conformation of the rink to make certain ingenious plays, which for a

time puzzled the Queen's men. The Peterboro team is a fairly fast, heavy aggregation, which, on its own ice, is not easily beaten by a foreign team, but which on a large sheet of ice, where there is a good opportunity for team play, would not be very dangerous.

The lesson taught our men by this defeat was not disregarded, and a week of hard practice left them in good condition for the return match with Peterboro. The default of the latter team, however, on the morning of the day fixed for the match, left Queen's victors in the semi-final round. Only one opinion is expressed as to the conduct of the Peterboro team—that it would have been more sportsmanlike to have come to Kingston even to meet a probable defeat than to throw up the sponge because they saw there was no possibility of strengthening their team.

'VARSITY VS. QUEEN'S.

On Wednesday, the 17th, the first match of the final round was played in Toronto against 'Varsity. The ice, though not in first-class condition, was much harder than at Peterboro. Our men were not over-confident, as it was believed that the 'Varsity team was the best that has represented the institution for many years. Capt. Curtis is still of that opinion.

The match was keenly contested from start to finish, and it was only the superior combination of the Queen's men, together with their stone-wall defence, that enabled them to take the lead and out-score 'Varsity by six points to one. The 'Varsity forwards are fast, but lack combination. Their defence, with the exception of Waldie in goal, is not first-class. The veteran Shepard is still by long odds the best of their forwards. There was too much individual work among the 'Varsity players, and against a team whose chief strength lies in an almost faultless combination play, selfishness is fatal. Time and again Queen's worked the puck past 'Varsity's defence, but the lightning shots of Dalton and Harty were skilfully parried by Waldie, who was chiefly responsible for keeping down the score. 'Varsity's forwards when, as often happened, the puck was carried into Queen's territory, were unsupported, and thus lost many a chance to score.

This is the first occasion on which we have had a fair opportunity to estimate the strength of our team. Merrill, the new cover-point, though not so tricky as "Randy," played an excellent defence game. Dalton, the pocket-edition forward, is swift, cool and unselfish, though his shots on goal do not find an unguarded spot so frequently as did those of McKay, whom he replaces. The other five men are the same as of old, and their style of play calls for no comment. Upon the whole the team is little, if

at all, inferior to that of last year, and may be relied upon to do credit to Queen's in any matches that may hereafter be played. The return match with 'Varsity, which is to be played in Kingston sometime during the week, will decide the question as to what team is to hold the hockey championship of Ontario for 1897.

ARTS COLLEGE.

Y. M. C. A.

ON Thursday evening, Feb. 11th, the Association held an open meeting in Convocation Hall. The hall and gallery were filled with students and Alumni, the specially attractive feature being an address by Prof. Cappon. The professor's address was marked by its candour and genial impressiveness and truth. He spoke to us as prospective leaders in literary and public life and his words were timely and instructive. The thoughts he brought out were that first with reference to a literary style we should aim at building up a diction of our own, one which should be subservient to and the counterpart of the thoughts we had in mind. Secondly, we should avoid a false simplicity of expression, *i.e.* the use of cheap or ready, but unrefined, ways of speech. There is, he said, an artistic and refined simplicity. The third and chief thought in his paper was that the work of every truly great man was his frank integrity, a sort of freedom of spirit that casts aside conventionality and lives in an open space untrammelled by the thoughts and ways of other men. That alone is the climate and atmosphere of greatness. As a fourth point, he said that our only criterion for understanding the thoughts of men in the past is our own experience, however limited. We must be able to fit the lives and experience of the great men of history and their writings into the mould of our own experience if we are to understand them. Culture, he said, is the assimilating into the fibre of our own natures the great thoughts and deeds of the heroes of the past. But for depth of insight into human life the humblest villager might quite surpass the literary dilettante. For the knowledge of the latter was at second hand, while that of the former was at first.

The professor's paper was greatly enjoyed and it is hoped it may be his pleasure to address us again on another occasion.

On Feb. 19th Geo. Maudson gave a thoughtful paper on the subject "True Freedom." He said the essence of true freedom was our identifying ourselves with the highest law of our being, and in spiritual things that law is the law of love.

There is a marked increase in the attendance at our meetings, and the discussions are more general.

THE ARTS DINNER.

In one of the old world countries that assisted indirectly in the preparation of our present day civilization and enlightenment, it was a custom to bring mummies or other such company into the banquets, signifying probably that in the midst of life we are in death, or that life is but a walking shadow, or edifying contemplations of the kind. Rich companionship indeed for a body of Egyptian under-graduates to elbow it at their annual dinners with the mortal remains of some long-dead Pharaoh's flunkey. But more curious must have been the reflections of the dead themselves, whistled back for a night to furnish the gravity for a host of earthly banqueters:

"I'll drink with you, Rameses; did you live in Cleopatra's time? and don't you think I would have out-rivalled Antony, the Roman? For my part I don't approve of these foreign gentlemen picking up our rich heiresses." Whereat the sober mummy with still a thirteenth yellow wrinkle would frown and frown and warn the young Bacchanalian to think him of his sins.

If the Committee of Affairs had thought of it they might have had one of the mummy fraternity at the Arts dinner the other night. The genuine ones are dear, but there is an American brand which are not so far beyond our reach. His meditations might have been somewhat in the following vein:

"What new punishment is this that Pluto & Company are putting upon me? Did I not see enough of this mad world in the days of the Shepherd Kings of Egypt with their wars and turmoils? I deserve repose rather than this errand to these roisterers of the nineteenth century. But I must make the best of it and observe how they disport themselves. What rich viands the servants bring steaming in, course following course, and to the sound of music! A delightful freedom from stiff ceremony too, compared with the days of my sojourn on the green earth. It may be a tolerable world after all; if I mistake not even in my day prophets spoke of better things in the coming-on of time. But hush! they remove the traces of the feast and the flow of soul begins. 'God Save the Queen' is a noble song, it must be their national hymn. And now the speeches. Canada is the theme of the illustrious gentleman who speaks from beside the head of the table, intense and thrilling patriotism in every word. Unity at home among the different elements that make up his country; unbroken unity with the land that bore them—it is worth while coming back from the shades to hear high thoughts like these; the world must have moved on since my time-of-day. And other pleasant speeches too. Who is that gentleman with the long black beard? He looks like a writer of books; he must be a philosopher;

yes, I am sure he is from the way he talks, and Scotch too, I believe. It is pawky fun he is making, and he must be much admired, if the shining faces of his listeners tell truly. And that one next to him, what a ringing cheer greets him as he rises. And songs and speeches from the younger men as well, all happy and interesting."

Does you know the famous George Munro, de leader of de band ?

Does you b'lieve der aint his equal in dis or any land ?

Does you know how he will lub you when he wants your little pile ?

Does you always run to meet him when he wears that pleasant smile ?

Does you know de gentle Rabbi, who makes the critics quail ?

Does you know dat he can demonstrate dat Jonah ate de whale ?

Does you like to hear old Adam talk about de single tax ?

Does you think he's always happy givin' Henry George de axe ?

By Jove, de man from Aberdeen, does you think he's out of sight ?

For every way you take him don't you think dat he's all right ?

Does you know de youthful tenderfoot, who can't endure a sweater ?

Does you want to ape his Cambridge tricks when you think our own are better ?

"A jolly song. I'll learn it off by heart and sing it to my confreres when I reach my old quarters again. And indeed I must hie me thither soon, much as the attractions of the upper world allure me. Queen's University is the name; I'll take a note of it, and come again when I have the chance. I wish they had asked me to make a speech."

OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on the 31st ult. The officers for the ensuing year were appointed as follows: Patrons, Profs. Carr-Harris and Nicholson; Hon. Pres., Rev. K. J. Macdonald, B.D.; Pres., J. B. MacKinnon, B.A.; 1st Vice-Pres., A. D. McKinnon, B.A.; 2nd Vice-Pres., F. A. MacRae; Sec., M. A. MacKinnon; Treas., M. H. MacKay; Librarian, W. A. Fraser; Bard, Evan McColl; Pipers, Messrs. Carr-Harris and Baker.

The first regular meeting was on Friday, 19th inst., at which seven new names were added to the roll of membership. A resolution was drawn up to the effect that this society express its gratitude to Mr. A. D. MacNeill for his translation of Ossian's "Faine Soluis," a translation in which so much of the spirit and charm of the original is so admirably preserved. Gaelic reading and singing, piano solo by Mr. Munroe, and bagpipes solo by Mr. Baker

constituted a part of the programme. Prof. Carr-Harris gave an interesting address on Celtic literature and more particularly on Ossian and Ossianic literature. The latter, who lived about 270 A.D., was, he said, the best exponent among many contemporary poets of the renaissance of Celtic literature. While Homer and Virgil are studied in a comparatively mechanical and forced manner, Ossian, because of the depth of feeling which pervades his works, the pure, religious spirit which he manifests and the deeds of bravery and genuine self-sacrifice which he records, continues to attract many, and thus societies all over the world are this day proud to bear his name.

The last meeting for this term will be held on Friday evening, March 5th, and a good programme is being prepared.

YEAR MEETINGS.

'98.

The regular meeting of '98 was held on Monday evening the 15th inst., President Dowsley in the chair. The meeting proved to be one of the best held this season, the programme being varied and attractive. The first number was an instrumental solo by Miss Ryckman, followed by an interesting prophecy by the class prophet, Mr. J. Anthony, in which he kindly imparted to the year a few words of sage advice. Mr. J. Macdonnell contributed a vocal solo, after which Mr. W. A. Fraser gave an address characteristic of the "Gaelic" humour which he possesses. The proceedings of the meeting were then ably reviewed by Mr. G. Dalton, who acted in the capacity of critic.

'99.

On Tuesday, Feb. 22nd, the members assembled in the Sr. Philosophy room to enjoy a treat in the shape of a programme prepared by the lady members. At 5 o'clock our vice-president, Miss Minnes, took the chair. After the reading of the minutes, the business was quickly disposed of. The year had much pleasure in accepting an invitation from the Junior year to join with them in holding a union meeting in the near future. Then followed the programme, which consisted of a violin solo by Miss Caldwell, a reading by Miss Britton, a piano solo by Miss Bryson, a reading by Miss Greenhill, and last but not least the debate: "Resolved, that final examinations are a defect in our educational system and ought to be abolished." The affirmative was upheld by Miss Britton, with Miss Wilkie, Miss McLennan and Miss Anglin as assistants; while the leader of the negative was Mr. J. F. McDonald, assisted by Mr. J. McCallum, Mr. J. Rawlins, and Mr. W. McDonald. The judges returned with a decision in favor of the affirmative.

We now feel convinced that final exams. are doomed. The meeting was closed with the usual witty remarks of our genial critic.

Points worthy of notice: The absence of our president. The noble confessions of certain members. The self-composure of our secretary. The usual "all out."

1900.

The regular meeting of 1900 was held on the 4th inst. in the Jr. Philosophy room. The vice-president occupied the chair till the arrival of the president. After the business of the year was concluded the programme prepared for the meeting was rendered, of which the principal features were a solo by Mr. Crawford and a recitation by Mr. Arthur. It was decided to hold a debate *re* woman's suffrage at the next regular meeting.

DIVINITY HALL.

THE CONFERENCE.

THE fifth annual conference of our Theological Alumni was held in the University from Feb. 9th to 19th, and was in every respect a decided success. Judged from the number present, the variety of subjects treated, and the thorough preparation of the members, as indicated by their excellent papers and intelligent discussions, the conference left nothing to be desired. From an exchange of confidences made during the conference, among those who have done most towards its progress, we find that the doubts with which some viewed the enterprise at the outset, have now vanished, while the faith of others in its possibilities for good have been more than vindicated. In our limited space we can merely indicate the subjects discussed; we trust that many of the papers will be published for general circulation.

The chief interest of the conference centred, as in previous years, in the Chancellor's course of lectures delivered by Prof. Watson, whose subject this session was "Christianity in its Relations to Human Progress." Dr. Watson merited and received the warm thanks of all the members for the self-sacrifice involved in the preparation of this course at a time when his regular class-work demands so much attention. It would be superfluous to comment on his lectures; like all his work they were candid, comprehensive and suggestive. While necessarily treating his subject from a philosophical standpoint his peculiarly lucid style enabled him to present it in a form intelligible to all.

The development of O.T. prophecy was taken up in accordance with the plan arranged last session. Mr. R. J. Hutcheon sketched its rise and develop-

ment down to the 8th century B.C., and Messrs. Strachan, Mutch and Milligan dealt respectively with the life and work of Amos, Hosea and Isaiah. All these papers were the product of much study, and Mr. Hutcheon in particular was warmly commended for his thorough investigation of a period concerning which most people know so little. Messrs. Hay, Thompson and A. Laird gave a comprehensive outline of Tolstoi's social and religious views, and as a result of these papers a full study of the life of Tolstoi will form part of the work for the ensuing year. Dr. Thompson and Mr. McPhail opened up many problems of the pastorate, and the best methods for solving these were vigorously discussed. Prof. Watson presided over a discussion of Caird's "Evolution of Religion," which was ably dealt with by Messrs. J. G. Stuart and John Millar. Rev. J. A. McDonald, editor of the *Westminster*, delighted the conference with a paper on "The Needs of the Modern Pulpit." Dr. Ross dealt with some of the chief problems of N.T. study, and Dr. Mowat outlined the present position of O.T. criticism. Prof. McNaughton's lectures on the development of church organization in the first century were a marked feature of the conference, as were also Prof. Cappon's lectures on the interpretation of life by modern poets.

The growing demand of the times for a ministry thoroughly informed on social and economic questions is recognized by Queen's graduates and this year, as usual, a large part of the ten days was devoted to such problems. Kidd's "Social Evolution," Tolstoi's "War and Peace," the municipal problem, the development of national character, the state in relation to crime, and the economic development of labor in England and Canada were carefully studied and were the basis for much helpful instruction along social and economic lines. Profs. Shortt, Watson and Dyde and Messrs. Bland, Hossack, Hunter, Macdonnell and Peck had charge of these subjects and did them ample justice.

From the foregoing outline it can be seen how much work was undertaken and how beneficial such study must necessarily prove. We were sorry that the genial chairman of the conference, Dr. Milligan, contracted a severe attack of bronchitis soon after his arrival, but not even this affliction could suppress his sparkling sallies of wit and wisdom. General regret too was expressed over the illness of the Secretary, Mr. J. D. Boyd, who, we are pleased to learn, is now convalescent. Finally to our own Principal is due much of the credit for the success of the conference. As usual his eye was everywhere, and the skill with which he maintained a relevant and interesting discussion of the various papers added much to the profit of every session.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

At the last regular meeting a committee was appointed to receive contributions for the relief of the India sufferers. A few days ago a collection taken up in Divinity Hall amounted to \$25.00, and the various years will probably contribute liberally.

The Treasurer's report showed a deficit still of \$286.82. This is a somewhat serious deficit at this season of the year, and we hope the friends of the Association will come to her assistance.

The collectors for the foreign mission work of the Association are meeting with very fair success among the students. Arrangements will be made shortly for fields for the coming summer.

NOTES.

The course of lectures on "Applied Christianity and Homiletics," which we have just received from Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, has been thoroughly enjoyed and we are sure his earnest words of instruction and counsel will help us much in actual pastoral work. A tradition of four or five years since assured us that the Dr. was an entertaining and intelligent lecturer; we are now prepared to transmit the same to future generations, and we trust they may share our privilege of verifying the statement by actual experience.

The lecturer in elocution came up for the last week of the conference. His deputy presented him with a financial statement, showing the total receipts in class fees to be thirteen cents, while expenses for worn-out bells, damaged windpipes and shattered mirrors amounted to several dollars. In view of such disheartening intelligence, it is not to be wondered at that the spring term was of short duration.

We were young again during the few short days of the Alumni conference. All we needed was to close our eyes to be convinced that we were still the guileless freshmen of years ago. Easton's hearty laugh rang out as of yore, Thompson's trenchant criticisms recalled red-letter meetings of the Y.M. C.A., Millar's friendly tones made us thankful we had come to Queen's, Hutcheon's zeal for philosophy and classics reproached our laziness, and Strachan's melodies cast an indescribable halo about our college life. How sweet to live it over once again. But our neighbor pinched us and as we opened our eyes the vision splendid disappeared. Prince Albert coats and shaggy beards dispelled every illusion and there remained only the pleasure of feeling that these old time benefactors were now our transient guests. Even this, however, was no small joy and we were really young again so long as they were with us.

MEDICAL COLLEGE.

NOTES.

THE regrettable lack of interest that is being taken in the affairs of the Æsculapian Society, both as regards attendance and participation in discussion, can no doubt be accounted for by the existence of counter attractions—the gymnasium alluring those whose craving for bodily development is insatiable; the rink, or rather the ladies at the rink, enticing those who seek mental improvement.

The dread rumours that were everywhere afloat to the effect that the "honourable and mighty" was about to bestir itself seem, happily for many a sophomore, to have been unfounded. They have not, however, been without their use, for we notice a marked improvement in the matter of noise during the hours of classes. Few dances have been indulged in of late, and quiet, more or less intense, holds the sway. Even the inimitable "Huff," whose boast it is that he would rather dance than eat, seems to have caught the contagion, or is it that he can't muster enough of his followers, the devotees of Terpsichore, to complete the circle for "all in the centre?"

A pleasing feature of a recent meeting of the Æsculapian was the presentation to our worthy and respected janitor of a slight token of our appreciation of the interest he takes in us. Tom is always ready and willing to do whatever he can to our advantage, and not one of "his boys" feels the slightest reluctance in contributing his little towards this annual gift.

Although we are fortunate enough to have among our number several artists of more or less renown, it does not follow that we were concerned in the recent artistic ornamentation of one of the college buildings, and we disclaim all connection therewith.

TWENTY-DOLLAR POEM.

(Dedicated to an Hospital Ticket.)

Could I but clasp thee to this longing heart,
And know, unless I wished it, we should never part;
What bliss! what ecstasy would all my being thrill,
O twenty-dollar bill!

Cling ever close to me, thou god of all the race;
With subtle alchemy, O duplicate thy face!
The radiance of thy smile will every dream fulfil,
O twenty-dollar bill.

Art, passion, love, and song, these quickly fade away,
Fleeting, ephemeral things, frail creatures of a day;
But thou, O potent one, all time, all space doth fill,
O twenty-dollar bill!

FRESHMAN MED.

LADIES' COLUMN.

QUI NON PROFICIT DEFICIT.

MY LADY LEVANA,—Now that the college term is almost over, it seems natural to cast a reflective glance over the session's work to see how it has prospered and what has been accomplished of the many things it was in our minds to do. But we are rather painfully conscious in doing so that the work accomplished has fallen far short of what was expected when we entered. Then our hopes were high, and everything seemed to promise a bright and progressive year. A programme for a series of afternoons was drawn up, and many plans formed for beautifying and adding to the coziness of our room; that these plans have miscarried is not altogether our fault.

It was intended that we should hold an "At Home" by which enough money would be raised to make our room more like what we desire it, an ideal girl's room. While we were yet revolving plans and discussing means as to the best method of attaining our end, suddenly our aims were diverted into quite another channel by an urgent appeal on behalf of the gymnasium. With a zeal "worthy of a better cause," we abandoned all our plans for the embellishment of our own small domain, and gave all our time and energy to bringing the promenade concert to a successful issue.

The result has been that our small stock of money has been consumed to pay the debts contracted, very little has been done towards the improvement of our room, and "the end is not yet." However, experience maketh wise, and our plans are already laid for next year. An entertainment worthy of the Levana is to be given as soon after the term opens as possible, and the proceeds to be used for our room. As for the gymnasium, perhaps some other society will consent to give the next concert in its behalf.

A LOVE SONG.

The winter stars shine bright and cold,
But that is naught to me;
Her soft brown eyes are bright with love
And they're the stars I see.

The voices of the winter winds
Sing on in music drear;
Her voice—so like the zephyr's sigh—
The music that I hear.

And winter's hand in icy grip
Holds nature fast; but she
Within a hand so soft and warm
Holds safely my heart's key.

The roses deep beneath the snow
Lie still in death's repose;
But what care I—for I am hers,
And she—she is my rose.

—H. HELOISE DUPUIS.

PERSONALS.

Jas. Duff, '99, is teaching in St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.

Wm. B. Forbes ('97), is teaching at present in the High School at Markham, Ont.

E. L. Fraleck ('96), has returned to complete his Arts course before entering the Hall.

A. G. Burroughs ('99), has been compelled by illness to leave college and return to his home in Napanee.

R. R. Robinson, M.D. ('92), late of Steveston, B.C., has been appointed surgeon on the Str. "Warimoo" of the Canada-Australian line.

C. Dulmage ('00), who has been in the General Hospital suffering from an attack of typhoid, has recovered sufficiently to be able to return to Almonte.

We notice in the *Canada Presbyterian* a long article on "Missionary Work among the Gold Miners," by A. McMillian, '98, at present stationed at Trail, B.C.

The only casualty reported after the 'Varsity-Queen's match in Toronto was that sustained by A. Haydon, M.A., of Osgoode Hall, who, while cheering Queen's on to victory, was struck in the face by the puck.

C. G. Young, B.A., has accepted a call to Russelltown, Que., the charge lately held by D. R. Drummond, now of St. Thomas. Colin, as captain of the Divinity Hall football and hockey teams, will be greatly missed by his brother divinity students.

We notice with pleasure the appointment of T. L. Walker, M.A., Ph.D., to the position of assistant superintendent of the Indian Geological Survey. The appointment is made by the Imperial Government and is due to Mr. Walker's brilliant course at Leipzig and his intimate acquaintance with Canadian geological conditions. Mr. Walker is at present in the city, the guest of Mrs. Birch, George St.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE following is a contribution dropped by some friend through the sanctum door. As it bears no signature we conclude from internal evidence that it is the work of the poet of 1900:

"There's a land that's much better than this,
But it's not yet set down on the map,
If the court wants a share of its bliss
They will run on a big handicap.
The Seniors of course can't get there,
The Juniors are out of the race,
The Sophs. in its pleasures may share
If we choose to leave them the space."

"I got that in *on time*," said C. F. M., as he hit the clock with a snow-ball."

W-ds—"They say that the car next to the engine is the most dangerous in a collision."

L-g-d—"Why don't they leave it off then?"

One of the Latin pupils in his examination was required to give the principal parts of the verb "to skate." He did it as follows: *Skate, slippere, fallui, bumptum*. The professor marked his paper, *Failo, failere, flunxi, suspendum*.—Ex.

Great is Co-education. Professor Watson during the recent conference lectured on Atomic Evolution. After the lecture the following conversation was overheard in the hall:

First Lady—"Have you heard Prof. Watson?"

Second Lady—"No."

First Lady—"Oh, my! he's splendid. I've just heard him lecture on 'Automatic' Evolution."

Prof. (in Sr. Philosophy, reading from St. Francis)—"When they turn you from the door, when they tell you to go to—to—to the hospital, write down 'That is perfect joy.'"

D. L. G-rd-n—"That's what I say."

"If the librarian had asked me I'd have paid the fine."—J. L. M-l-r.

J. K. Cl-k, woman-hater driving with a lady on Princess street, seeing a fellow student approaching, hurriedly endeavors to turn his horse, exclaiming: "Undone! undone! A scout of the Philistines is upon us!"

Sophomore (making evening call)—"What's that beautiful sonata Miss M— is playing?"

Mrs. M—"It's a man tuning the piano."

Professor (describing an ancient Greek theatre)—"And it had no roof."

Junior (feeling sure that he has caught the Professor)—"What did they do, sir, when it rained?"

Professor (taking off his glasses and pausing angrily)—"They got wet, sir!"

Teacher—"Why did Freedom shriek when Kosciusko fell?"

Student—"Maybe he fell on her new hat."—Ex.

Professor—"Mr. W., how much will the stomach contain?"

Mr. W.—"One gallon, sir."

Professor—"You have an exalted idea of your own capacity."

He who "paints" and runs away
May live to paint another day.

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