

ABBOTSFORD.

(Read the article in next week's Journal on Sir Walter Scott.)



VOL. XXXVII.

FEBRUARY 16th, 1910.

No. 15.

In Arcadia.

AFTER all Arcadia is apt to be round an unexpected corner in life. 'Dear Teacher' was not thinking of it at all. To be accurate, she was not even 'dear teacher' yet, for the name, too, was part of Arcadia. As she topped the long rise she was feeling a little lonely and a little afraid, partly of what the day might bring forth and partly of the glint of wickedness that had been in Barney's eye when she mounted half an hour ago. He had lifted an interesting looking hind leg, too, and shaken it in a tentative sort of way as if to make sure it was ready for use. There was a chilly little fear at the bottom of 'dear teacher's' heart that she might not be able to coax Barney to stop at the right place; so she drew the reins tighter and looked down into Arcadia with eyes that saw not. It was a shallow valley lying towards the east and west—a tiny shack stood out sharply on the opposite rise a mile away. On the right a narrow strip of 'breaking,' brown and glistening, stretched towards the entrance where the low hills lay. Alice-blue against the sky. All about the prairie was unbroken. It was very early in the morning and the sun came slantingly across the grass. The new green of spring was coming up thickly among the soft, bleached brown of last summer's growth. The oblique light on the grass, heavy with dew, made the prairie look like a great web of shot silk.

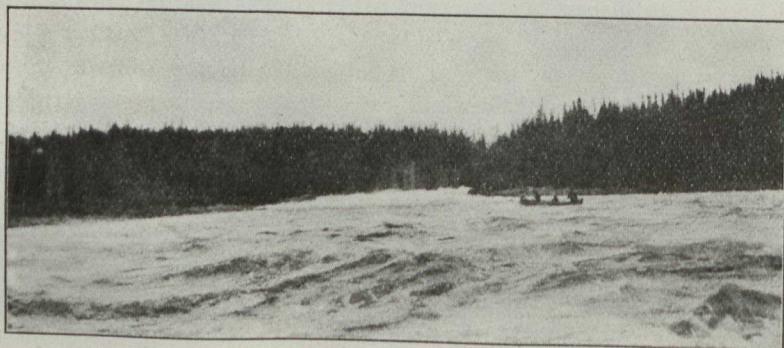
'Dear Teacher's' eyes, however, were engrossed with the school, which stood in the midst of Arcadia. It was somewhat the size and shape of a large match box, with a smaller match box attached to the front of it, by way of a porch. The Arcadians, however, always referred to the smaller match box as the "kitchen." It was painted—"neatly"—as the advertisements say,—to match the prairie, perhaps Nile green with dark green trimmings. Dear Teacher tied Barney in the shed and hurried to inspect the interior. It, too, was painted "neatly," blue this time and there were eight low seats. But by this time 'dear teacher's' eyes were busy and her mind full of the pictures in her trunk and the effect of dotted muslin sash curtains on the bare little windows, with their plain green shades, so that she quite forgot how she had half-hoped Barney would run away with her. Even yet, she did not realize that she had ridden into Arcadia.

The sun was high when 'dear teacher,' deep in a book, suddenly became conscious of an added depth in the silence. Presently faint whispering was heard in the "kitchen" and then, a timid knock. 'Dear Teacher' stepped down and opened the door and the Arcadians came shyly in. There were eight of them and the sum of their years was well under fifty. In response to invitation they scated themselves in a prim row along the front. Three pairs of bare, brown legs.

swinging gayly, in affected unconcern, and five pairs of neatly shod feet crossed demurely. 'Dear Teacher' had hoped many things, but she had scarcely looked for "Dutch cuts" and "Buster Browns." Yet here they were. The Dutch cuts were home done but the bows were tilted at the proper angle and if the "Buster Browns" were cheap print, they were as stiff and crackley as boiled starch and cold starch could make them.

'Dear Teacher' looked down into eight anxious, upturned faces and looking, it dawned upon her, at last, that she had ridden into Arcadia. Feeling the weight of the momentary silence upon him, little brown legs, who sat at one end of the line, rose and standing carefully out from the seat placed his hands behind him and recited in a determined little voice: "I am Peary Arthur Wilhelm Eric Holdebrand, and I am five years old." "Five years old," he repeated positively as if 'Dear Teacher' had ventured to dispute his statement. 'Dear Teacher' drew her brows together in a determined effort not to laugh—and in doing so her eyes fell upon the tiny bit of starched maidenhood who sat at the other end of the anxious line. A sensitive pointed chin was quivering and great grey eyes were filling with nervous tears. Suddenly the baby rose, her slate and book, unheeded, she cast herself bodily on the floor sobbing in a soft Norwegian voice for "fadder." Emotion is contagious. One and another of the line instantly gave way and sympathetic tears endewed starched laps. One bit of practicality unfastened the large safety pin which attached her handkerchief to her belt, and having wiped her eyes carefully in the very centre, she pinned it back, its pristine smoothness unruffled save for the centre which the safety pin hid.

Tears in Arcadia! What could a 'Dear Teacher' do but seat herself on the edge of the platform and gather the sobbing Arcadians into her arms. Now a 'Dear Teacher' who sits companionably on the floor is an acquaintance to be cultivated. The ice broke in all directions, names, personal and family histories were volunteered in showers and presently the Arcadians stood forth in a smiling row and recited 'one and one makes two' with the best; and Baby Grey Eyes from the safe haven of 'dear teacher's' arm looked down with triumphant scorn on the small scion of the 'Fatherland' at the other end of the line and sounded 'a' with an unimpeachable English accent.



IN NORTHERN ONTARIO—THE RIVERLAND OF CANADA.

The Model Lecturee.

List, all ye men and gentle maids,
Of scholarship the flower,
Who haunt these academic shades
And Learning's feast devour.

The object of this simple lay
Is carefully to paint
A pattern all may well display
Of worthy self-restraint.

When in your daily studious round
The lecture doth appear,
Learn then to walk by duty's bound
With sober, seemly cheer.

First mark th' appointed time to meet:
Tempt not that sullen stare
Which holds you while you take your seat
And rattle with your chair.

A notebook is for taking notes;
No lecturer can blink
At him who all his time devotes
To sketch of pen and ink.

Sleep well at night—but 'tis not well
To slumber in your seat,
Nor will it all your cares dispel
To fiddle with your feet.

The lecturer will think he gains
A subtle compliment
In any modest, careful pains
To look intelligent.

Remarks he makes may rouse your rage,
But if with feeling hot
A friend in converse you engage,
Be sure he likes it not.

Remember that your parents kind
Provide the lecture fee,
So strive then to improve your mind,
O model lecturee!—*E. A. in Oxford Magazine.*

Queen's University Journal

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Editorials.

THE LATE MR. CHARLTON.

THE JOURNAL regrets to record the death of Mr. John Charlton, one of the trustees of Queen's University. Mr. Charlton was long prominent in the public life of the Dominion, being for many years an active member of the House of Commons and an esteemed elder of the Presbyterian Church. He was a very generous benefactor of the University, having contributed on Thanksgiving day, 1906, the sum of \$50,000 in endowment of the John and Ella G. Charlton Chair of Moral Philosophy. Although a member of the Board of Trustees since April, 1904, he was seldom able to attend any meeting of the Board owing to the illness which of recent years laid him aside from active life. The JOURNAL respectfully extends to the family and relations of the deceased the assurance of sincere sympathy from all the students of Queen's.

Mark Hambourg more than fulfilled everything good that had been said of him. We leave it to the editor for Music to make any comment upon the programme. It is enough for us to say that the audience greatly appreciated and enjoyed this musical treat. The satisfaction expressed ought to assure the committee that they are working in the right direction in procuring such artists as Mark Hambourg. It is to be noted with satisfaction that those who were in time were not disturbed by late-comers during the first part of the programme. To be kept on the other side of the door ought to cure those who make a habit of going late to concerts, etc. The thoughtless late-comers is not a *rara avis* in Kingston.

A member of parliament, at Ottawa, the other day was rash enough to say that if you wanted *unreliable* information a university professor was the man to consult. That a member of parliament of to-day should hold such a view is, to say the least, surprising, and forces one to the conclusion that the said member must have received his education, if he has any, under a system that was narrow and exclusive. How such a man can vote intelligently on measures affecting education in any way is hard to understand. There was a time when a type of pro-

fessor was out of touch with the needs of the people, but surely that time is passing away quickly and our good friend who somehow or other has got into parliament seems as much out of place, as a professor who does not know the practical relations of his subject. Both would seem to be about twenty years out of date.

We were recently brought to task for an editorial, criticising a faculty court of the University. We refrain from saying anything about the recent meeting of the Medical Concurus. Its putrid condition is beyond the aid of all caustics, antiseptics and deodorants. However, it is hopeful to hear the opinion expressed by some of the best men of the Medical Faculty that the present court must change its character in the future, and that it will become once more worthy of the Aesculapian Society.

Rumor has taken definite form. The floor of Convocation Hall is to be furnished with three hundred comfortable seats. The old benches will disappear and with them the mediaeval necessity of doing penance while we learn. And what a distinct improvement it will be to our old Convocation Hall. From the walls, may the shades of the brave souls cast no frown upon our luxurious ways.

Arts.

THE professors are beginning to remind the delinquent of the number of weeks left; the exercises are coming in more regularly; the back essays are being feverishly written; the work in general is piling up and moving along with increased rapidity; everything in fact bespeaks the approaching final test of a good, bad or indifferent term's work.

Are we going to discontinue framing the group pictures of the graduating years along the walls of our reading room? The line is intact down to the year 1906. The year groups of '06, '07, '08 and '09 are not present. We understand that '09 has taken measures to have their year group framed on the wall.

The Arts Society might arrange to have the groups of the other three years framed also. We should not break with this time-honored custom as nothing better marks the splendid growth of old Arts, from its infancy down to the present time.

Mr. F. A. Acland, Deputy Minister of Labor, will address the Political Science and Debating Club, in Convocation Hall, next Friday, the 18th, at 8 o'clock. The Club is doing good work in bringing distinguished speakers to address the students on subjects of practical benefit to us all. Students of all faculties are invited to attend these meetings.

We hear that the year '11 has been considering the establishment of a fellowship in some department of Arts, and the construction of a fence around the University.

Professor Morison addressed the Historical Society of Quebec City last Saturday evening.

Science.

THE complete enrollment for the Field Corps of Engineers was sent in to Ottawa last week and since then the members have been measured up for uniforms. All equipments should be here by April the first. It is understood that a telegraph detachment is to be added also.

Negotiations are being carried on which, if successful, will give the use of the stone building on University Avenue as an armoury. The building will, of course, have to be entirely rebuilt on the inside, but all expense is borne by the militia department. An effort is also being made to secure Friday afternoon of next term, excepting those on which the Engineering Society meets, for drill; the Saturday afternoons will be left for rifle practice on the Barriefield ranges.

Although the '10 Muckers were soundly trounced in hockey by the Dionysaurs of Ontario Hall, last Thursday, they managed to redeem themselves by winning from the brilliant septette from Divinity Hall. The Muckers started right in at the beginning and scored two goals before the Divinities had finished their opening exercises, but after that honors were pretty evenly divided. Cornett had the misfortune to break his skate during the play and Rose went off to even up. Mackay's rushes were the sensation of the game, but after being put off twice for dirty work, settled down. The Divinity goal keeper should be congratulated on his work. The line-up:

Muckers:—Gillette, goal; Battersby, cover; Mackay, point; Bateman, Ma-teer, Rose, Gallaher, forwards.

Divinity:—Shearer, goal; McGillivray, cover; Wylie, point; forwards, Laing, Menzies, Cornett, Johnston.

Referee, Silas Cook.

At four o'clock, last Thursday afternoon, the stalwart Muckers of year '10 collected at the Royal rink resolved to squelch the budding hockey aspirations of Prof. Baker's prehistoric terrors. The game was fast and furious, the first two goals went to the Muckers, but after that the fossils (naturally cold-blooded animals) warmed up and took a free hand in the scoring. Bill Fletcher refereed the game to the satisfaction of all, except Gallagher, but the referee settled the dispute quickly by threatening to eject Oscar from the ice by means of some of Dr. Guttman's nitro glycerine explosive mixture. For the Fossils, Mesophyppus Marshall and Dinosaur Davis were the stars, several others saw stars; Gillette spied a particularly bright one, it must have been a zenith star, for he got flat on his back with his feet propped against the net in order to observe it more carefully. Near the end of the game Ellen Keeley took the hiccups and had to retire for repairs, Slickenside Slipper going off to even up; Slick, at this stage, was playing the game of his life, sitting down for a rest only at rare intervals. Un-conformity Uglow and Rhamphorhynchus Nichols also deserve special mention, while Belemnite Bell and Spirifera Stewart formed a stone wall defence. For the Muckers, fiery Bateman and tiny Oscar were conspicuous. The predom-

ating geological phenomena which characterized the game was faults, especially thrust faults. The official score at full time was Fossils 5, Muckers 3; and now the Fossils are wondering where the oyster supper comes in. The teams were:

Fossils:—Spirifera Stewart, Belemnite Bell, Rhamphorhynchus Nichols, Unconformity Uglow, Slickenside Slipper, Dinosaur Davis and Mesohyppus Marshall.

Muckers:—Gyratory Gillette, Gravity Stamps Mackay, Bituminous Battersby, Ellen Arrastra Kelley, Spitzkasten Mateer, Frue Banner Bateman, Grizzly Gallagher.

Mr. Cook, of the National Gas Producer Co., Montreal, will give an address on "Gas Producers" in the Engineering Building, Friday, which should prove interesting to students in Mechanical Engineering IV.

We are pleased to note that Wire Newlands is appearing on time for his nine o'clock classes since receiving his new alarm clock.

The term is drawing to a close and the men getting down to the annual grind, but we have not yet had any Students' Papers read before the Engineering Society. We believe that several good papers are ready, but will not be read until the necessary five are forthcoming.

Medicine.

THE first session of the ancient and honorable Medical Concursus Iniquitatis et Virtutis was held on the evening of Thursday last; when many of the boys realized that the way of the transgressor is hard. The chief offenders were from the ranks of the Sophomore and Freshmen years, but every year seemed to have a representative.

Despite the gradual growth of a feeling among the Medical students for the past year that our court must go through a certain process of reforming—yet it fell, we might say, below the standard of former years. It is true that many of the old evils were eradicated, but new ones of a graver nature arose. These could have been controlled by the judges, but were sadly neglected. It would be unfair to shoulder all the blame on Mr. Governing Body. It seems as if a certain number of students came to the building that evening for the sole purpose of causing a disturbance. A special session of the court should be held for the benefit of these gentlemen(?).

If we are to remain a self-governing body of students some radical changes in our court must be made in the near future.

Our faculty is to be congratulated on being able to secure such men as Dr. Parks to lecture to the students. We are sure that every Medical student gained much information from his excellent addresses.

The JOURNAL regrets to hear of the death of C. S. Worrell, who was compelled, through illness, to leave college last year.

The Third Year congratulates you "Leo."

Dr. Connell—A cyst formation.

Dr. W. E. W--ns :—Would that mean that it was in connection with cisterns?

Divinity.

THE committee that had charge of the Q.U.M.A. meeting on the 12th inst., have in hand a work which may become one of the greatest in which the Society is engaged. Their work is to make an active canvas among the students, with the object of interesting them in the summer work on Home Mission Fields. The object is not alone to get recruits for student missionary work. Each year many students go West to teach during the summer. The opportunities for such to do effective Christian work, was clearly brought before the Q.U.M.A. in a paper read a few weeks ago by Miss Girdler. If the Missionary Society can give organized effect to the suggestion made then a new and important factor will be added to the efforts being made to bring the message of living Christianity into all the homes in the West.

Trial sermons were preached on Sunday the 6th inst., by J. C. Robinson in Cooke's church in the morning, and by W. Stott in St. Andrew's in the evening. Very favorable reports have been received of the two services.

It hath been said from of old that 'the wicked stand on slippery places.' The Israelites that are now did not remember this when they heard the Anakim, the giants, shout from Science hall: "Come over yonder to the rink and we will avenge the victories which your forefathers won when they defeated our great ones in the former days." Right gladly did the host of Israel march forth to the chosen place, confident that they would defeat the Anakim. When they came into the rink they found a very enchanting place, and immediately began to delight themselves therein. They were given sticks of hardwood and told that they must with these strike a small, round animal. This they disdained to do, but set themselves rather to other feats of valour. Finding that they could not stand on the slippery places they proceeded to employ themselves otherwise. The former leader of song—the mighty McGillivray, showed how he could stand on his shoulders and gracefully wave his feet on high. Jonah, the Moderator, rolled himself up in a ball and carumed here and there. The other mighty ones did likewise. Some of them that came too closely into contact with the heathen were thereby defiled and became weak. These heathen themselves—the Anakim—the giants, were finding that they could stand, yes, even run on this slippery ground. They continually brought the little round animal down to where Shearer, the keeper of the gate, was standing. For sometime he paid little attention as he was admiring the beauty of the landscape. But it was discovered after a time that

there stood a man behind Shearer who once and again raised high his hand. It was found that every time he did so, the little animal went through the gate. Fearing lest this might be a ruse by which the enemy might seek to capture the citadel, the Moderator commanded the keeper of the gate not to allow this animal to pass. Right faithfully and valiantly did the keeper then fulfil his commission. Many times thereafter would one or more of the Anakim come even unto the gate and try to thrust this 'puck,' as it was called, through. But the keeper of the gate proved steadfast. Yea even when one who bore the aspect of a fiend—at least he good stand well, his name was Bateman—even when he sought to use his bait to draw away the keeper, he too failed. Then did the captain of the host of Israel decide that he and his warriors would also do as the Anakim did. They took this 'puck' from the Anakim and took it down to thrust through the gate of their enemies. These Anakim, however, had planted at a certain 'point' in front of their gate, a Batter(sb)y, and the Israelites could not get the small animal to pass this animal. At last, however, the Moderator, summoning his men, charged right up to the gate and with a mighty shout, hurled themselves against it. Yea, the 'puck' itself went through the Batter(sb)y and entered the camp of the Anakim, where it belonged. Then did the Israelites raise a great shout which angered the Anakim, and they sought to avenge themselves, but the keeper of the gate withstood all their attacks. Thus was a mighty victory won as in the former times.

Education.

SINCE all the term examinations are finished, most of us are turning our attention to an essay which is required in Principles of Education. For this work the class has been divided into groups of five or six, and each of these sections is supposed to make a thorough study of some particular branch of school work, and to write an essay upon it. The purpose of this is to get each student interested in some line outside the regular lectures, and the subjects have been selected in such a way as to give as much variety as possible, *e.g.*, "The Public Library and the School," "Physical Education," "Effect of Schools on Children's Health," "School in its Relation to Industries," "Relation of School and Home."

Considerable labor is involved in searching for articles bearing on the work and much time is lost, due to the fact that the only place for consulting books of reference is the general University library.

For work of this nature, it seems to us that it would be a good plan if some room,—even a small one,—were fitted as a reading-room, with the various educational journals and magazines on file. A student then, having a little time to spend between classes, would carry out Aristotle's idea of "the right enjoyment of leisure," whereas it is not worth while to go to the University library when one has only a few minutes to spare.

We understand that in the Faculty of Education in Toronto, a room of the kind described above, is in use, and proves very helpful. We would commend the suggestion to whoever has authority in such matters;—the cost would not be

serious, since these publications are bought for the library anyway, so the chief consideration would be to obtain the use of a suitable room.

Dr. Stevenson:—"We are now far enough along to be within sight of the end of the work prescribed in Psychology, (*loud applause*), so we shall take up the remaining points in considerably more detail. (Great disappointment manifest on the faces of all).

Prin. Ellis, calling the roll at 8.02 a.m.:—"Mr. A. H. I-w-n?"

Mr. N. A. I-w-n:—"He will be here in a minute, sir."

8.15 a.m.—Enter Mr. I-w-n, very quietly.

Alumni.

The following are extracts from a letter received at the Sanctum from A. T. Barnard, our blind minister. One of his duties the other day was to christen quadruplets.

"You are one of the people to whom I have had in mind to write ever since I came north to this, my first church. I wanted to tell you all about my work and how I was getting along, for I was sure of a sympathetic listener, and one who is really keenly desirous of not seeing me go down in the fight. I have always been sorry, of course, that nature has so hemmed me in in so many ways, and yet with a kind of sarcasm in which she seems to revel, to have given me a chafing, restless mind, that longs for expansion on a sphere as long and broad as a comet's orbit. However, this is not to be, I am afraid, and I shall do well, if I achieve only a moderate degree of success.

. . . One of the things that troubles me most is that my studies are practically at a standstill, nor can I hit upon any convenient method of overcoming this difficulty.

Yes, I have tried hiring readers, with but ill success. They do not understand what they read, and so make but poor work of it. Moreover it costs tremendously. One book I read last summer in this way was Prof. Scott's book on John's Gospel. The reading of it was nearly double in cost to the price of the book itself. The book cost me, I think, two dollars, and the reading four twenty-five.

. . . I am not getting very much Queen's news, these days, I am sorry to say. Of course I read of the bitter trial our Principal was called upon to face, but not many details reached me. It was good to hear about Dr. Douglas' gift to a chair in Colonial History. That department should be well provided for by this time.

. . . In many respects I am very happily situated here. The people are unusually kind and thoughtful and ready to make allowances for my unavoidable tardiness in visiting them. The church is cumbered with a heavy debt, it is true, and hopelessly shackled to the augmentation fund. But the debt is being reduced by a stout three hundred a year. There is only one charge,—a great advantage for me,—though my work is as heavy as need be, including two sermons, a children's address, a Bible class every Sunday, and a Young People's Society, and a prayer meeting through the week. The Young People's Society is my own doing, and

I am not sure yet whether it will be a success. Last meeting nearly finished me as far as it was concerned, for there was a hockey match on that night, and what did my rascals do, but clear off and leave me to whistle to an empty room!

Everyone is glad to see Stuart Nicol back again after his serious illness.

Congratulations are in order for Frank Stidwell. The following announcement appears in the Cornwall Standard:—

STIDWELL—ARMSTRONG.

A quiet house wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. John Warwick, Airlie Cottage, corner of Amelia and Fourth streets, on Wednesday morning, when Miss Evelyn Margaret Armstrong, became the bride of Mr. Francis Stidwell, C.E., of the office of Messrs. Magwood & Walker, civil engineers. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. E. Reynolds, pastor of the Methodist church, in the presence of only the immediate friends. The young couple were unattended. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a brown travelling suit. The house was prettily decorated with ferns and chrysanthemums. After the ceremony the party drove to the Grand Trunk depot and Mr. and Mrs. Stidwell left on the International Limited express for a trip through Western Ontario. On their return they will take up their residence on Fifth street, east, near the corner of Amelia street.

Exchanges.

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
 One Romeo and Juliet:
 'Twas then he first fell into debt
 For Romeo'd what Juliet.—*Éx.*

One of our most welcome exchanges is *The Buff and Blue*. This little monthly from Gallandet College "makes its presence felt" in a way that elicits much admiration. It is impartial in its treatment of the leading topics of the day and of the various phases of college life. In its January issue is a detailed treatise of "The Evolution of the Novel," which in itself makes this particular number a valuable one. From it we would like to take a portion of its poetical column:—

DISCONTENTS.

Months have ripened into teeming years
 Manhood comes despite a mother's tears;
 We take our places in the world's affairs,
 And one by one we face life's many cares.

We seek to snatch from 'midst the endless strife
 An honored place in which to live our life;
 At last 'tis ours, the world rings with our name,
 A worthy deed is done and lasting is our fame.

We find applause intoxicating sweet,
 But as the years to yester-years retreat
 Its ceaseless sameness soon begins to pall,
 For every cup of sweetness has its gall.

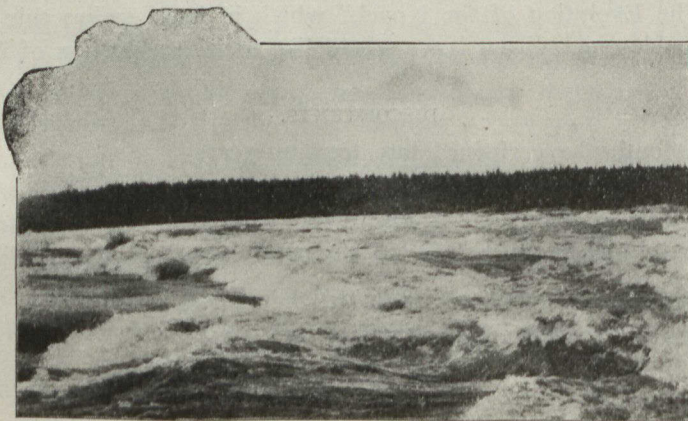
A yearning from our old home soon we feel,
 So back to childhood's fading scenes we steal;
 An aged figure meets us at the door,
 And a mother's embrace is ours once more.

L'Envoi.

All the world can give will slip away
 'Fore the sadd'ned sweetness of yesterday;
 Though every promise of youth you fulfil,
 To a mother's love you're a baby still.

"The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking, instructed in the methods of philosophic investigation, acquainted in a general way with the accumulated thought of past generations, and penetrated with humility."—*President Eliot.*

There was a young lady named Fitch,
 Who heard a loud snoring, at which,
 She took off her hat,
 And found that her rat,
 Had fallen asleep at the switch.—*Ex.*



Athletics.

LEAGUE STANDING.		
	Won	Lost.
Toronto	3	0
Queen's	2	2
McGill	2	2
Laval	0	4

The intercollegiate hockey series for this season appears to be taking the course predicted in these columns last week. The untried field is the Queen's-Toronto game in Toronto on Friday 18th inst. If Queen's win this a three-cornered tie will likely develop. The games of the past week resulted in a victory for Queen's over Laval. The margin was narrow; but this fact will not prevent close attention to training for the Toronto game. McGill was defeated in Toronto by 7 to 3. The Toronto reports of the game give half the play to McGill. This may be taken as an almost certain indication that McGill will win from Toronto in Montreal.

—

QUEEN'S 8, LAVAL 6.

Queen's won from Laval in Montreal last Friday, by the score of 8-6. This victory, though not as clear-cut as was desired, saves the situation and prolongs hope for another week. The early part of the game produced most discouraging results, Laval scoring three goals in fifteen minutes, while Queen's failed to find the net. At the end of this period Queen's caught their gait and gradually pulled down Laval's lead. The condition shown by Queen's was an encouraging feature of their play. The Laval team individually proved fairly strong. But combination was a thing unknown to their forwards. The half-time score was: Laval, 5; Queen's, 3.

In the second half Queen's scored 5 goals, while Laval found the net only once. For Queen's, Dobson and Crawford proved most effective. The defence showed strength in the second period when Lockett and B. George refused to be lured into the corners but remained close to their goal. Queen's had the regular line-up in the game.

—

ST. MICHAEL'S 9, QUEEN'S 4.

The half-time period, when David and Irwin raised the curtain on a close struggle for supremacy with the snow-scrappers, proved one of the most interesting ten-minute periods of the Queen's-St. Michael's fixture at the Kingston rink, on Wednesday night last. Incidentally, it may be stated, St. Michael's won by a margin of 5 goals and rather showed Queen's team to lack the capacity for aggressive play. Of course it was an exhibition game. Nothing depended on it except the necessity of carrying through an engagement. Then the weather-man

who hasn't handed out any bouquets to Queen's this season, showed his heavy cards. The ice was soft and heavy, and so cut up from the skating of the previous day as to make fast hockey out of the question. Owing to the bad ice and the fact that the game was of no great importance, Queen's didn't appear to take things seriously. If they did, the sadder becomes the story. The St. Michael's got busy at the start. Richardson scored their first about two minutes after the face-off on a shot from just below half-way. The second came a few seconds later, when Queen's defence went to pieces against a two-man rush down centre ice. The third and fourth goals went to the St. Michael's also. Gilbert's unlucky star came out for a twinkle. After this Queen's showed a tendency to work more aggressively. Campbell took a pass from Crawford, counting the first for the locals. But St. Michael's were on the hustle. They lost no opportunity for scoring. Before the end of the first period they added three to their score.

The second half saw Queen's do better. They scored 3 goals to St. Michael's 2. The members of the team appeared to grasp the fact that they were being neatly bodied away from the puck by their opponents and were showing their well-developed tendency to let anyone not wearing a tri-color dodge them unharmed. So they got in front of the St. Michael's attacking division in the second half. This proved a piece of successful tactics. The game ended, St. Michael's 9, Queen's 4.

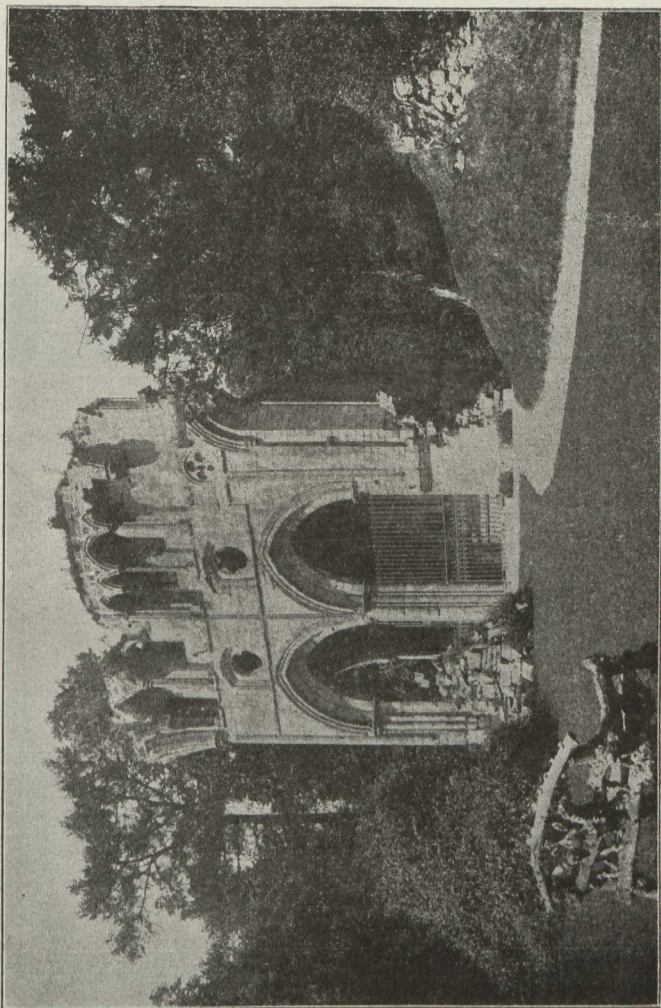
The JOURNAL extends congratulations to Cadets on their victory over McGill II, in Montreal, on Friday evening. When Queen's can't win our good wishes go to the other city teams every time.

To the K.C.I. team we also offer congratulations. They are a husky, dashing seven, and should go far before being beaten.

OFFICERS ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB, 1910-11.

Hon. president, J. F. MacDonald, M.A.; president, Bert Mohan; vice-president, A. O'Donnell; secretary-treasurer, P. T. Pilkey; captain 1st team, E. L. McArdle; captain 2nd team, C. F. Williams; committee, Arts, J. H. McLeod; Theology, D. E. Foster; Science, L. V. Trimble; Medicine, C. F. Williams. These were appointed at a very enthusiastic meeting of the Club held Thursday, 5 p.m., February 10th, in Athletic committee room. President Trimble in the chair. J. F. MacDonald and secretary-treasurer were both re-appointed for this year.





TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, IN DRYBURGH ABBEY.

De Nobis.

Prof. Baker (in his hustle-bustle manner to J. Katzenmeyer in Physics Laboratory):—"Well, how are you getting along?"

J. Katzenmeyer (irritated at being disturbed and not recognizing Prof. Baker):—"I don't know that it makes a d— of a lot of difference to you what I am doing."

Prof. Baker:—"No, I guess it doesn't, either." (And he walked away).

Scene—On the Avenue.

Freshette:—"Who is that man?"

Freshman:—"Why that's Mr. Lord."

Freshette:—"Is he a freshman in Arts?"

Freshman:—"No, in Divinity."

Freshette:—"My how funny it will be to say 'The Reverend Lord.'"

Student to "Prof." Hodge:—"Well, how is business, Mr. Hodge?"

The "Prof.":—"Very good,—say, you haven't bought any matches yet, have you?"

At Mark Hambourg concert:—

John MacK. enters *alone*.

Voice from the gallery—"John, this doesn't look Wright!"

Queen's student in Western school to a class in History,—“Who were the earlier inhabitants of Canada?”

Bright youth (enthusiastically),—"I know, I know."

Teacher,—“Well?”

Pupil,—“Adam and Eve!”

Dr. Manning, to a class in Chemistry,—“I needn't say anything about the coloring of glass—the ancient Egyptians knew all about that.”

October 1st, 1909.

Youthful freshette, enthusiastically, to G. Y.,—"I really want to take Philosophy this year."

G. Y.,—"All children cry for Castoria."

Gymnasium Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,272.45. \$15. N. S. Macdonnell, Balliol College, Oxford. Total, \$1,287.45. The financial year will soon be closed. A great many subscriptions are still unpaid. *Send it in now.*