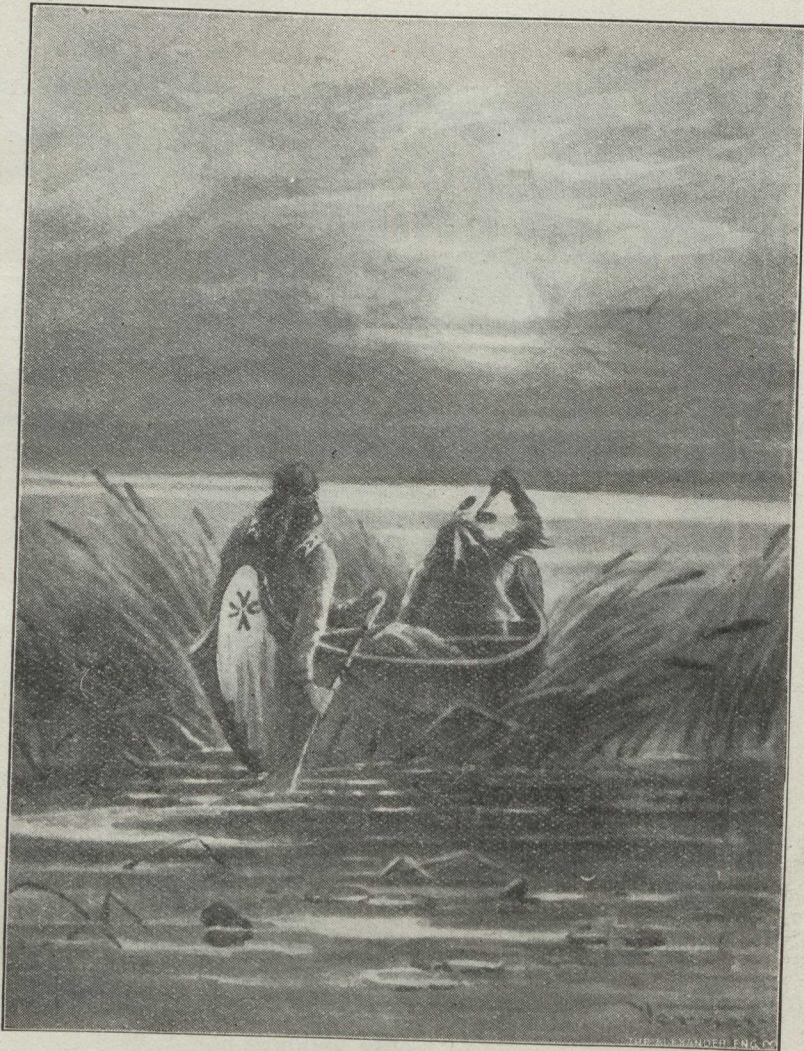




Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion:



INDIANS IN THE MARSH.



VOL. XXXVII.

FEBRUARY 9th, 1910.

No. 14.

An Address.

(Delivered before the Aesculapian Society, Feb. 4th, 1910.)

WITH feelings of thankfulness and gratification, I appear before you, sons of Aesculapius, this afternoon, for I look upon your society as a child of my own creation, in whose welfare and prosperity I take a deep and abiding interest.

In the success that has attended our labors in the seat of learning, who is there that has any part therein, but must feel a pardonable pride; and though possessed of no master hand, laying claim to be nothing but an humble laborer in the boundless field of Aesculapian lore, it is something of joy to me to have even a small part in shaping, year after year, the lives of those who will take our place when for us the day of labor shall have passed, and "the night cometh wherein no man shall work." You are more to us, believe me, than you ever dream. To behold your lives, expanding day by day, as with clear, true vision the hidden recesses of your work are revealed to you, is well worth all the energy expended. The pleasure of life, the satisfaction of accomplishment, is not all selfish. It is more, far more that in feeling you can give to others all the best that is in you, that through you humanity may be benefited, and the world may be left a little better for the life you have lived.

In that paternal solicitude I entertain for you, may I be permitted this afternoon to turn aside from the daily routine of your college work and say to you, from some of whom I soon must part as a teacher though not as a friend, a few words on those "Ideals in Medicine" that should light your journey and make pleasant your path. Need I say that study and research, in so far as you can indulge, is quite inseparable from a successful career. No man has ever yet risen above the ordinary, or left his mark, or made a name, who did not bring to his avocation not only a well ordered mind but a life of patient, unremitting study in his chosen field. And in no domain is this quality more important than in Medicine. The triumphs of Sydenham were due to the fact that hour after hour he would sit by his patient's bedside observing every detail of the trend in each particular case. Thus it was that, without any previous knowledge, he was able to leave us those beautiful clinical histories that, in their originality of thought, in their thoroughness and finish, have stood the test of all the critical years that have since passed.

The life of Pasteur was one of well ordered beauty and simplicity, of close and patient study. The glory of his work came not from inspiration or from chance, it came from well directed constant work. For fourteen hours a day in a small attic, in his Roman laboratory, Grassi pursued his studies on malaria only to find at the end of that time he was experimenting on the culex instead of

the anopheles. He cheerfully adapted his new mosquito and began all over again. Though too late to gain the reward of the discovery, his name will always be associated with that great event in the history of medicine.

So gentlemen, the larger your storehouse of knowledge, the greater will be your resources, the more good can you do for others, and your pleasure in life will be immeasurably enhanced. I do not wish to indicate that your life should be only "one damned horrid grind," far from it; and so I would make bold to suggest that you cultivate the habit of reading outside of your professional work. The classic gems of literature should be at your command. Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Stevenson will be in good company with Sydenham, Lister, Osler and Holmes. Why even "Huckleberry Finn" and the "Songs of a Sourdough" will give you mental diversion both pleasant and profitable. Cultivate a cheerful demeanor, you little think how much a pleasant face, a kind, gentle touch, a word of encouragement is valued; nor how much of care and anguish it drives from the sick pillow and the home where hearts are saddened by the shadow of impending trouble.

While I would have you keep your professional dignity, you must not always look as profound as one of your professors; nor make the occasion of each visit to consist entirely of a woe-begone countenance and woeful drugs. The Sympathetic system is a wonderful instrument. See that you touch the right cord and bring therefrom as much as you may of life's sweet music.

Would you permit me to dwell for a moment on the value of a clean life. I am not going to preach a sermon, nor fill your mouths with Biblical extracts, nor exclude from you the pleasures of life. But there is a straight way in life wherein you must walk. Temptation and danger will beset you in a measure you little dream. In days of old the Romans had their temples and their gods. High above all stood the temple of Vesta, and around her sacred altars the eternal fires were lighted and the Vestal Virgins kept guard by night and day, that desecration came not to this sanctuary of chastity. And so would I have you young men going forth in a sacred calling, preserve inviolate your lives, that all that is best and purest in you may respond to the call of duty, to the advancement of your profession. Keep a guard round the temple of your manhood.

Nor, while I do not wish to give a lecture on temperance, yet, both in your student days and in your professional life let sobriety be with you a principle from which you must never depart. The day has gone by forever when dissipation can be a passport. Oh the lives that are wrecked, once filled with hope and promise, should be a lesson. Day by day these ruined hulks pass before you, mere drift-wood on the great ocean of life.

If I mention these matters to you it is because you cannot follow ideals in your profession unless you live up to your ideals as a man.

Commence early to cultivate the habit of silence with respect to your work. The closet door will be unlocked and the skeleton with all its nakedness is before you. Secrets hidden to all others will be revealed to you. So with your life, guard them and take them with you to your long last home.

While the business aspect of your life must not be neglected remember well there is another side to your profession, the clear cut call of humanity, and whether the sufferer be rich or poor, of high estate or in the cottage of the lowly, he has equal right to your service and your skill.

From the gilded salon of St. Germain, Pasteur hurried to a poor garret in the Latin quarter, in an earnest endeavor to bring relief to a poor child suffering from hydrophobia. For days and nights he watched and tended, and when the end came he departed weeping like a child. "I did so wish to save your little girl," he said, "but I have learned there is still more to do."

Manson brought mosquitos from the Roman Campagna and infected his own child that he might prove the source of Malaria. McGraw, that splendid son of Johns Hopkins has set for us a noble example. He was a personal witness of the ravages of yellow fever and he set himself the task of discovering its source. To prove its suspected origin he took a mosquito from a yellow fever victim and infected himself. He survived the attack with a dilated heart, but was able to finish his work. Thus you see, gentlemen, it was not for wealth or position that Pasteur toiled, that Manson, like Abraham of old was called to sacrifice his first born, that McGraw was willing to give up his glorious life. Science and humanity were their ideals. "I labor," said Pasteur, "for the Glory of God and the relief of man's estate."

And so, gentlemen, thus would I have you shape your course. Only by placing before you lofty ideals and inspiring motives can you bring forth the best that is in you, and reach the highest mark of usefulness and happiness.

Now gentlemen I bring your minds to another aspect of our lives. It has been said, and with some truth, I must confess, that the study of medicine tends towards a skeptical attitude with regard to divine truths. Rather I should say the half study may lead a man in his ignorance of material things to doubt the source and existence of spiritual life. Profound study and continued investigation, on a mind well ordered, will lead you to broader knowledge, to a more perfect realization.

Consider for a moment the infinite variety, yet perfect harmony, of cerebral localization and the wondrous arrangement of the motor and sensory tracts. Study well the special senses with a cell for every duty and a special duty for every cell, and a separate government over all. Can you view, unmoved, the gossamer-like construction of the cardiac valves with the delightful mechanism beyond even the dream of the most refined human imagination, and with a separate yet connected government in each individual department. Bring before you the mysterious quality and wondrous power of the solar plexus, this imperium imperio, this independent government yet under higher supervision and direction. Study the construction of the peptic and pyloric intestinal cells and the transformation wrought by their combined labors.

Gentlemen,—can it be that all these things have been left to the mere hazard of a chance? Have they grown out of nothing only to end in nothing? Are they the baseless fabric of a dream that perishes and leaves not a wrack behind? Or is there an organizing power beyond all, that in the beginning divinely created, guides and controls these wonderful harmonies?

"I cannot believe," says Pasteur, "that we are created and will perish like a microscopic germ, that death ends all and that beyond there is no re-union." It was this profound faith that guided him in his work, that conquered the loss of failure and even the flattery of success. The life and death also of this great teacher should furnish a lesson, for with one hand placed in that of his wife and

with the other holding the crucifix, emblematic of his faith in divine power, the spirit of this immortal passed to its immortality.

And so may you find a life in your profession of high ideals and noble attainments, a life of faithful service to humanity and science, a life withal of happiness and joy, that these, and these ideals alone, can bring. And when for you the sun is setting and the day is past, may you place aside your labors "like one who wraps the mantle of his couch around him and lays him down to quiet dreams."

Other Opinions.

To the Editor of the Journal:—

An editorial in the JOURNAL of January 26th in part sets forth a criticism of Mr. John R. Mott. With much of the thought contained in it I heartily agree, and it is in no spirit of resentment nor with any desire to open a controversy, and still less because Mr. Mott needs any defense from me, that this reply is sent, but because I think it is unfortunate that some opinions which, I am quite sure, are shared by only a small minority of Queen's students, should have gone forth through the editorial columns of the JOURNAL, where they are likely to be considered the thought of the student body generally.

For instance, the editorial states positively, "He (Mr. Mott) did not touch vitally upon the relation of the Christian student to his fellows or to the non-Christian peoples." Out of a large number with whom I have talked regarding Mr. Mott's message, only two have expressed a like opinion. They, perhaps represent a larger number, but I know positively that very many think that Mr. Mott did deal vitally with a student's relations to his fellows and to all mankind, in a way that few others we have heard at Queen's have equalled. How else can we explain the fact that Mr. Mott was kept busy after each address for more than two hours, and at many other times, meeting men who wished to see him privately regarding real problems in their own lives, and in regard to their life-work; or the fact that the number attending the meetings of the Student Volunteer Band have since doubled; that some have definitely decided to devote their lives to Christian work among the non-Christian peoples, and that several others are earnestly considering the matter; that since Mr. Mott's visit four mission study classes have been organized, with an attendance at the very beginning of about seventy-five; and that a new and hopeful interest in world-wide Christianity is manifested by a large number of the students?

Again, the editorial states truly, "It is not a solution for most students, in a struggle against carelessness and sin, to be urged *"to come to Christ,"* unless the content of that phrase is made clear," but the context implies that Mr. Mott used that expression and stopped there. Surely this is not the case. On the very next page of the JOURNAL, Mr. Mott's address to the Y.W.C.A. was reported in part as follows: "Christ will become and remain real to those who study His words and works in a thorough and reverent fashion; to those who obey His teaching and daily endeavor to have that purity of heart which alone can "see God"; and to those who remind themselves of His presence by prayer and communion and by association with those to whom He is a great reality," and so on. The same definiteness and clearness in dealing with really vital matters which this brief summary indicates, was shown in his addresses to the men.

The editorial also seems to suggest, though it does not state, that the spirit which Mr. Mott represents and engenders is the spirit of those who think that Queen's is too "intellectual." The following words of Mr. Mott should effectually dispel that idea: "The highest order of constructive statesmanship is demanded to-day both in the foreign outreach of the missionary enterprise and in the supporting movements on the home field. The students, therefore, who are ambitious to make their lives count most largely in extending the limits of the Kingdom should apply themselves with peculiar intensity and thoroughness to their regular college and university work. They, of all men, should not tolerate superficiality. So far as it does not contravene this distinctive and paramount purpose of college life, they should also avail themselves wisely of the advantages of extra-curriculum activities. They should catch the passion for helpfulness—seeking to serve men in the midst of the highly potential opportunities of college days Above all, they should go in training and stay in training for Christlikeness." Mr. Mott himself is a scholar of no mean order, and some of the strongest men of Queen's, intellectually, men who have headed their classes, were among those who were apparently most influenced by him.

The criticism which the editorial contains is a negative one. It is likely the writer did not attend all Mr. Mott's meetings. No one, however, who did not attend every address should attempt to say what was lacking in Mr. Mott's message to us. For his work was carefully planned, so that there was no repetition, and each address contained part of his complete message. It is to be regretted that the JOURNAL did not arrange to have his addresses reported so that all might judge for themselves. There are many at Queen's who are indebted to Mr. Mott for a wonderfully clear and comprehensive view of the situation on all the great battle-fields of the church, for a firmer grip on the vital truths of Christianity, and for a clearer realization of their own duty towards all men, and who feel that their whole lives will be greatly influenced by the thoughts and interests his addresses here have aroused in them.—R. M. M.

Queen's University, February 4th, 1910.

To the Editor of the Journal:—

Dear Sir:—In the last number of the JOURNAL there appeared an article deliberately libelling the Science Hall Vigilance Committee. It is our candid opinion that this article is simply a personal attack directed against the court by one who was convicted. It is a matter of regret that the JOURNAL should be allowed to degenerate into a mere medium whereby an individual may air his personal grievance. Coming from the editorial column it is more to be deplored.

We believe that the manner in which the court was conducted has met with the general approval of the Science student body. The Vigilance Committee exists for a purpose and the members have directed their best energies towards fulfilling that purpose, so we feel justified in saying that the JOURNAL has gone too far to spread abroad an article that is deliberately calculated to injure the reputation, as well as the work of the Science Court.

(Signed) *By order of Vigilance Committee,*

R BARTLETT, *Clerk of Court.*

Queen's University Journal

Published weekly during the Academic Year by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University.

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Editorials.

THE Musical Committee deserve much credit in bringing Mark Hambourg to Kingston. It is a rare opportunity and the students ought to take advantage of the reasonable rates to hear such an eminent musician. We do not get enough of good things of this kind in Kingston.

The policy of the committee in bringing every year some such excellent artist is to be commended and should be appreciated by the members of the Alma Mater Society and the citizens of Kingston. It is part of a good education if a student while at college can acquire an appreciation of these more subtle realities of life and the coming of Mark Hambourg is a privilege and a pleasure that should not be missed.

Did you hear what happened at the Mock Parliament?

Another New Year Resolution gone to smash! We *had* resolved to have the Intercollegiate Hockey Championship. But "What's the matter with Old McGill?"

An interesting article appeared in the January number of "The Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada," entitled, "The Natural Resources of Quebec's Hinterland," by R. O. Swezey, B.Sc., '08. Mr. Swezey has spent most of his time since graduation in exploring the country north of the Height of Land between James Bay and the St. Lawrence in the interests of a pulpwood syndicate, and is therefore, in a position to give facts.

We are informed that the pulpwood areas of northern Quebec are vastly richer than any equivalent area in the St. Lawrence valley, while the haul to Quebec compares very favorably with the haul from the Upper Ottawa Valley districts to Ottawa. "This great region," we are told, "offers many inducements to the pulp and paper manufacturer; cheap power, virgin forests, inexhaustible if properly worked; short, easy log drives, good railway facilities, and comparative short haul to Quebec harbor."

The article concludes with a criticism of the present system of fire ranging,—a criticism which an editorial in the same number regards as a “little too sweeping.” What do some of our Science men who tramp the northern bush every summer think?

Mr. Sweezy says:—“Fire rangers in sufficient numbers and thoroughly competent—not the usual class—should be employed with police powers, to keep perfect watch during the summer. Perhaps the only real good fire rangers who can be employed for such work are the Indians, who instead of drawing \$75 a month and sleeping much of the time, will be overjoyed at \$40 a month and cover more country before breakfast than the ordinary ranger will travel in a week.”

Personally, we heartily agree with Mr. Sweezy. The ideal fire ranger is not the raw undergraduate who is met with so frequently in our forest reserves, listlessly whiling away the summer hours, but those sturdy natives of the north woods, the Indian and his half-breed brother, who are strangers to fatigue and who know the forest as few of the undergraduates know their books.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

At a recent meeting of the Executive of the Wrestling, Boxing and Fencing Club, it was decided to hold the annual Assault-at-Arms, this year, on Saturday, February 26th. Preliminaries will be held one week earlier.

The Mock Parliament continues to settle the destinies of the Nation. What a heaven the ardent supporters of “Votes for Women” would make this wicked world! There are some, too, who ought to go into exile to avoid the malignant presence of the “fair co-eds” and others of that ilk.

A strong government with a vigorous opposition is for the good of the people and the despair of the Speaker.

We hear it rumored that Convocation Hall is to be improved by being equipped with seats similar to those in Grant Hall. “A consummation devoutly to be wished!” We have suffered long and patiently, but we are willing to bear it on account of “hard times.” But we hope we can assure our visitors to Convocation Hall, that in the future they will be comfortably seated.

We hope you enjoyed your holiday yesterday. How much *work* did you overtake?

The Toronto Globe—Saturday:—

Lauder-Thompson—At Langdale, Ayr, Scotland, on February 3rd, 1910, the wife of Thomas Lauder Thompson, M.D., of a daughter (*by cable*).

The italics are ours! Had the little lassie arrived by an aeroplane it would not have been such a surprise! According to the rules of the Mock Parliament the resignation of Mr. Stork is now in order.

Ladies.



WHAT to do on Leaving College," whether by way of further self-improvement or for the service of others, is a problem we all have to face. Here are some suggestions from a "mere man":—

A girl leaves college, filled with high ideals, great hopes and boundless enthusiasm. Still it is frequently quite difficult to decide upon the proper profession and to find the proper niche in which her hopes and ideals are realized. Several professions stand out prominently from the others, viz., — Teaching, Nursing, housekeeping, or as we must now say

Domestic Science.

Take the first, than which there is no nobler. It is of late years rapidly coming to its own, both as to prestige and pay. It stands second to none in national upbuilding. The fate of the nation lies with the rising generation, and the rising generation are in the hands of the teacher, from the primary room to the college graduation class. One enthusiastic egoist said in my hearing, "The cream of the country is in the teaching profession." Yet one finds also some skim milk samples.

The girl who decides to follow nursing has set before her a high ideal and one hard to live up to. There is much work connected with the preliminary training—frequently more after graduation. While in the hospital the work is severe, but regulated; afterwards a nurse has often to work for twenty-four to seventy-two hours at a stretch, if on a serious case, and if, as often happens, no other help can be had, she has to deal with human nature, irritating enough at any time, but doubly so in sickness. The girl who makes the best nurse requires good health, great endurance, and last and most important by far, a good supply of common sense, frequently labelled "Tact."

It is very pleasant to see a patient returning to health and strength, but it is doubly sorrowful to see one slipping away in spite of all that can be done for him. Many of the best young women of our country are already engaged in this grand profession—the capable, whole-souled, whole-hearted, energetic girls; not the over-dressed, is-my-hat-on-straight, can't-make-my-own-bed, scared-at-a-mouse, looked-after-by-Dad kind.

Lastly—take Domestic Science. This overlaps or mingles with both of the preceding. It is now taught in nearly all of our schools and is therefore practically included in teaching; it also comes under the head of nursing in that the preparation and selection of food is one of the parts of a nurse's training that is of late years receiving more and more attention.

Troubles and irritations will be found in all, but the right kind of girl will also find pleasure, profit and happiness in any of the three and also that independence—so dear to the heart of the sweet girl graduate—an independence she so frequently gives up to do her part in founding another home in this greater Canada of ours.

Divinity.

THE following is an excerpt from the diary of an Arts man. It was written as he went north to Elk Lake to spend the Christmas holiday.

As we got north we saw more of those eager, hopeful and determined men, that the North country, with its forests and mines, makes. At present, New Ontario is largely a man's country, thousands of men are there, eagerly seeking their livelihood; many hoping and feverishly working for fortunes. Very few of them ask favors. They merely want everything to be done "on the level."

One of the stations we passed was temporarily closed down. The man in charge had the night before been killed by a couple of subordinates, who thought he was infringing on their rights. This shows a spirit of lawlessness that no one thinks of condoning, but it also gives one an idea of the sternness of the northern character.

The ministerial work of Queen's men, with their Theology, practical and personal seems to be especially helpful, and accordingly sought for, among the practical, earnest men of the North. In our northward journey, first we saw "Scotch John's," Kirk at Latchford. Then at Cobalt and Haileybury respectively, Byrnes and Donnell have important charges. While at New Liskeard we saw the imposing church and spacious manse waiting for "Dug." Ramsay. Farther north at Earlton, the church erected and occupied on different occasions with such success by "Pete" Pilkey, was to be seen. Upon the ministers in these northern towns devolves the real leadership in many departments of civic life. The social life of the places seems to primarily need their aid for organization and satisfactory management.—J. H. M.

The excellent address by Prof. Scott before the Theological Society on Friday, 4th inst., on "The Theology of Tolstoi," was deeply appreciated by the large number who gathered to hear him.

Arts.

THE first session of the ancient and honorable Arts Concurus Inquitatis et Virtutis was held on the evening of Wednesday last. The chief offenders were from the ranks of the freshmen, but none of the cases were of such a nature as to call forth a severe sentence from the Chief Justice.

Some of the cases might have been pressed somewhat more strongly by the prosecution and his Lordship had to overstep his regular duties, freely questioning and freely expressing his opinion after the manner of Colonel Denison.

His judgments were well weighed, his warnings and general advice wholesome indeed.

"Thy brother's keeper," was the advice given the seniors in their attitude toward the freshmen. Timely warning and advice would usually be acceptable and would surely be helpful.

At the last meeting of the Arts Society the question of raising the Arts fee to \$2, was discussed. The main purpose of the extra dollar is to guarantee the financial success of the annual Arts dinner. Strong arguments were brought forward, for and against the motion. The meeting, however, adjourned before the question was fully discussed and a special meeting will be called to decide the issue.

Sorry, friend, you have our sympathy. To appear in all innocence before the august presence, little anticipating the coming storm and to come away with colors trailing and vowing vengeance, has been the lot of more than one of us. However, we pass no judgment. Many are the trials and petty worries connected with the position.

We would suggest a possible way of avoiding future complications by lingering near the doorway and sliding your book in, at the psychological moment.

For the benefit of the ladies, and especially the gentlemen, studying in the Red Room, be it known that the piano will not be played in the Club Room during the morning hours except between classes. We consider that the Arts Society has done well in following the example of the Levana Society in this matter. All would have been well had not that classic air, "My Wife Has Gone to the Country," been thumped for one hundred and one times every morning since the record was procured.

Science.

DR. Warren, Professor of Mineralogy at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, delivered an interesting address before the Engineering Society, last Friday on the subject—"Calcium Carbide."

Mr. E. P. Gibson, Sc. '12, has been forced to abandon his college work for the term, his eyes having given out. Mr. J. M. Wardle has been appointed to take his place as treasurer of the Engineering Society.

We are glad to see J. H. Ramsay back to college again after a month's illness with typhoid.

MEDITATION OF A SCIENCE MAN.

How doth the busy little volt
Improve each shining hour?
He travels on the D. C. line
And gives the people power.

And when he meets the little ohm,
It standing in his way,
He sends an ampere in his place
And stays and wins the day.

And when he's done his daily task And if they meet along the line
 And made the motor go, A henry or farad',
 Like chickens home to roost, he hikes They'll treat him as they did the ohm,
 Back to the dynamo. For which we should be glad.

Or, perhaps he takes the A. C. line, For if the busy little volt
 Because he thinks it pays, Did not work day and night,
 And takes his family along— Where would we get our kilowatts
 And then we have a phase. And our electric light?

D. Y. Namo.

Medicine.

WE are glad to print elsewhere in the JOURNAL an excellent address given by Dr. Ryan, at the last regular meeting of the Aesculapian Society. Dr. Ryan is a true college man in the highest sense of the term. Along in the eighties while attending the University, he saw the need of an organization that would serve as a bond of union among the Medical students, and at the same time bring them as a body into relation with the faculty. As a result of his efforts we have our Aesculapian Society of to-day of which we are all so proud.

Dr. A. P. Knight left for Stratford, where he was to give an address at the Normal School on Friday last. He has been appointed under the Provincial Board of Education to give a series of addresses at the various Normal institutions throughout Ontario.

"'12" Medicine is a year of unlimited talent—they have discovered in their midst a temperance lecturer—He is travelling under the pseudonym of "Sylvia."

The JOURNAL regrets to learn that Dr. S. W. Arthur, B.A., ('03), is ill with typhoid fever at his home, Redvers, Sask.

Dr. Wood:—"Gentlemen, it is impossible for a patient to live on boiled milk for any length of time."

E. E. St-le:—"Doctor, I was seriously sick for two months and got nothing else."

Dr. Wood:—"I was just going to say that we have idiosyncrasies and abnormalities."

TO DR. F. E.

Watch him pass with step majestic	Listen now his voice majestic
Down cadaver littered room,	Tells of nerve in hidden nook,
On his face one sees depicted	Then unerring draws it forward
Harder work or coming doom.	With his silver-plated hook.

Brain and muscle, gland and artery, "See it for yourself"—he warns us
 And relations of the spleen; Touch it, handle it, (taste it not)
 So precise and clear his diction, Know your subject from the *subject*,
 All the points are duly seen— Lectures can be bought.

Rare old Teddy, friendly, cautious!
 (While he smiles so pleasantly),
 Very many of our troubles
 Lurk in thy Anatomie.

With apologies to "The Student."

Education.

WE have heard a great deal, in Dr. Stevenson's lectures, about the formation of habits. Much emphasis is laid on the importance of good habits, and yet the whole staff in Education seem determined that we shall develop one of the worst kind—that of continually writing exams. During the week preceding the Christmas vacation, the exams came thick and fast; another appeared very unexpectedly just two days after our return at the New Year. We were beginning to congratulate ourselves in having broken the habit, when two more tests came into view—for Jan. 24th and 26th. Last but not least, we were confronted on Friday morning with a paper which travelled under the awe-inspiring title of "Psychology, Principles of Education, and General Method." The writer has not yet fully recovered from the shock. The three subjects were together on the question paper, and probably well *mixed* together in the answer papers. However, after we finished writing, Dr. Stevenson sought to counteract the bad effects by showing us some more of his very interesting bird slides.

We fear that we shall be denied the pleasure of any more exams for some time, but most of us expect to have a slight acquaintance with those of the Arts faculty in April, and then of course we may look to the finals in Education in May.

And the marvel of it all is that some people say there is no pleasure in life.

The other day a number of the Education class went into the wrong classroom for a lecture. Herb. Sm--h, who was standing in the corridor when the mistake was discovered, was heard to remark, "All we like sheep have gone astray."

Alumni.

THAT the graduates of Queen's are in the front rank of those who are building up Northern Ontario is evident from a perusal of last week's *Presbyterian*. This number is given up almost entirely to Northern Ontario, and the reports of the work being done there are all contributed by Queen's men; the men who have that work in hand. The late Mr. Childerhose has a strong article on Northern Ontario as a Mission Field. J. A. Donnell, M.A., '02, writes of the work in Haileybury, where he has a flourishing church. J. D. Byrnes, B.A., '98, B.D.,

'01, gives the account of the growth of church work in Cobalt. He is fortunate in having a Queen's girl (née Miss Morton) to grace his manse. J. J. Wright, B.A., '85, one of the heroes of the Yukon, who in his college days was editor-in-chief of Queen's Journal, is doing missionary work at Elk Lake and has an account of his field in this number of the *Presbyterian*. D. C. Ramsay, M.A., has charge of items from Liskeard. "Doug." is a full-fledged skip already in the Liskeard Curling Club, and his voice can be heard on Sunday in his church and during the rest of the week in the rink.

Mr. Childerhose will be missed in Northern Ontario, but it is fortunate that the Church has such a strong team of men to carry on its work.

Other Queen's grads. in the North country are Dr. Jim Young, M.D., '04, of football fame, now practicing in Liskeard; John Sharp, M.A., '02, and Miss C. L. McLennan, B.A., '06, of the same town.

Rev. James Wallace, M.A., '98, B.D., '01, of Lindsay, is back taking Ph.D. work in philosophy.

Art. Turner was seen in town the other day. His Alma Mater is mildly wondering if it is affection for her or for some one else that is bringing Art. back to Kingston so often.

Exchanges.

Try not to get men into heaven as much as to get heaven into men.

Every man is a fool at least ten times a day. Wisdom consists in not exceeding the limit.

A sincere man.—One who bluffs only *part* of the time.

Each of your acquaintances is a live wire connecting your life with some other life.—*Ex.*

The *Dalhousie Gazette* is one of our foremost monthlies. Its general appearance is good and its various departments touch on all phases of college life. This, we think, is one of the distinguishing marks of a strong college journal. We welcome the Gazette and in so doing we wish to call the attention of our readers to an article in its January issue. It is entitled, "Chances in Journalism To-day for the College Graduate," written by a specialist in journalism, Dr. J. D. Logan, of *The Toronto Sunday World*.

He points out how a journalist has the status of a reporter, the status of a staff or departmental editor, and "the status of a 'leader' writer, literary critic, music critic, or special writer on political, economic, educational, and sociological topics that have immediate significance for a 'peoples' destiny." He then reminds

us of the bounding growth of Canada and of the consequent heavy demand for men of leadership in all the fields of a nation's form. He says, "the house of journalism is large and commodious, the space within as yet uncrowded, the door is wide open, and as many as can, may easily enter therein. But alas! there is no one whom a managing or a city editor so despises as the college graduate, who applies for a position on the reportorial staff of a newspaper." He claims they are incompetent in the following ways:—

- (1) They do not know how to "nose" out the news.
- (2) They have not the "gift of writing plain, idiomatic, and reasonable prose."
- (3) They do not know how to speed a "copy."

A newspaper man, he says, must be "thoroughly cultured, a thinker and a journalist" and finally concludes his most valuable paper by saying,—“by all means choose journalism for your life work, if you feel the call.”

Surely, here is something to give college men with journalistic aspirations "something to think about," to weigh and to consider. We have given you but a short and disconnected synopsis of this article, but we take much pleasure in recommending it to you from the Gazette.

Athletics.

HOCKEY—QUEEN'S LOSES TO M'GILL.

MCGILL University hockey team, beaten by Queen's in the game in Montreal two weeks ago turned the tables on the local boys Friday evening, winning by a score of six to eight. This practically puts Queen's out of the running for the championship, and the wearers of the tri-color are preparing to say farewell to the Montagu Allan Cup. The largest crowd that ever got inside the Kingston rink saw the 'Waterloo,' and the only morsel of consolation came from the fact that Queen's fought to the end and owed their defeat to one invincible cause—a slight superiority on the part of their opponents. Basing judgments on the game in Montreal, the vast majority of the spectators expected a win for Queen's, but McGill furnished the surprise. The men from Montreal played hockey. They were fast and aggressive. Only once did they show fatigue, just before the end of the first half. They further knew the value of combination. Their defence was a veritable stone wall. Queen's forwards worked as they never worked before. They did not combine well at all times, and in spots showed inability to stand the pace. But their greatest difficulty came from the McGill point and cover-point. The red and white defence was of course enabled to produce results in the matter of keeping down the score owing to the weak shooting of Queen's forwards. But they had positive merits. One of the most noticeable weaknesses of the local seven was the inability or unwillingness to in any way stop an opponent by the use of the body. Time and again when a fair check was possible, the opportunity was lost and neither man nor puck secured. McGill checked well, the very point in which Queen's was weak. Without resorting to heavy body checking, without anything that could, as a rule, be described as outside the bounds of fairness, members of the McGill team put an end

to Queen's attacks. Of the local team, Basil George was the only man who attempted to prevent a man from dodging him on his way to the Queen's goal. In regard to the further merits of the teams, while McGill showed especial strength on the defence, it was in that department that Queen's was especially weak. McGill's defence was able to smother Queen's rushes. Queen's defence let the forwards around them in front of their goal repeatedly. Gilbert played under a luckless star in goal, a number of long shots getting into the net rather through accident than through accuracy of aim. As for Queen's forward line, it played well. One great objection can be urged against it, in addition to that in regard to the use of the body, namely, the lack of condition that showed itself at times. At one stage of the second half, McGill was on the slump. Sharp enthusiasm on the part of Queen's, and condition to go fast, while McGill was resting, would have meant victory by a narrow margin. The score stood at five to three and Queen's were showing superiority. It was occasion for intense excitement. The clouds appeared to be lifting. McGill, however, scored on a long shot, with the result that the task almost achieved, became hopeless. For Queen's, Dobson was undoubtedly the star. He did not get away as well as usual, but was always going. He counted for three. Verne Crawford was also in fine form and was most effective. Basil George proved himself a good man at cover. For McGill, the defence players were the most effective members of the team, though the forwards were always aggressive.

FIRST HALF.

The game began at eight sharp. Within one minute of the face-off Queen's found the McGill net and it looked good for a repetition of the victory in Montreal. McGill, however, got busy, running in two goals in rapid succession. The game then settled into a sharp struggle with little to choose between the teams. It appeared clear that condition and a willingness to take things seriously would turn the balance. Queen's forwards made many pretty individual rushes. Campbell several times got away, going almost to the McGill goal. It was wasted energy, however, for he would find himself alone or sandwiched between two white and red sweaters without a chance to shoot. McGill forwards had an easier time owing to the looseness of Queen's defence play. The half time score, four to one for McGill.

SECOND HALF.

The opening of the second half looked good. Queen's set the pace. The attempts at combination were soon rewarded when Campbell took a pass from Dobson, scoring Queen's second point. Shortly after this George and Crawford combined for a nice rush up centre ice, Verne scoring on a neat shot from the side. At this point the tide turned for McGill, though the Montrealers were obviously weakening. A long shot slipped by Lockett and got past Gilbert into the nets. Sargent soon tallied another, and from that time it was only a question of fighting to keep down the score. Queen's found the net three times before time was called and McGill twice. The final score was 8-6. The cup that was wrested from the Cliffside with so much pain and effort, slipped a little from its place. The teams were:

Queen's:—Gilbert, Lockett, George, Campbell, Dobson, George and Crawford.

WHAT! WHAT!

The loss of the game on Friday night means that it will be almost an impossibility for Queen's to hold the Intercollegiate championship. To have any chance it will be necessary to win from 'Varsity in Toronto. The question of first place in the league is, however, still far from settlement. McGill should defeat Toronto in Montreal, but will probably lose in Toronto. If this proves to be the result of the remaining games and Queen's suffers no defeats, a three-cornered tie will develop. To bring this result within the range of possibility, Queen's must work for condition and must shoot, shoot, shoot.

Dr. Jock Harty, coach of the hockey team, is well-known to all students at the University, who take any interest in hockey. In the greatest of winter games, so far as Queen's is concerned, he counts for ten. His advice is of



DR. J. J. HARTY.

greater value than the services of three men. He knows what hockey is. He knows the difference between an effective and an ineffective player, as well as any man in the country. This year, as in several past seasons, he has given his services to the hockey management without other consideration than the thanks of the players and the unexpressed gratitude of the student body. He is always on hand for the practices, and when at the rink he is always busy. With megaphone in hand he may be seen any day coaching the players, whether they belong to first team or third. His pointers are always valuable, are always accepted without hesitation. He coached the team to victory over Toronto and the Cliffside last year. He has, during the present season, done as much for the team as it is in the power of any one to do.

It is not long ago since Dr. Harty was the star of Queen's team. He enjoyed for years the reputation of being the best forward in the Intercollegiate. And in the days before the formation of the Intercollegiate League, he was known to the wider constituency interested in Canadian championship hockey. He was a member of Queen's team at the time of the great matches against the Shamrocks of Montreal. It may be said that Dr. Harty holds, in regard to hockey, a position corresponding to that of Guy Curtis in Queen's football annals. In this sketch it is Dr. Harty's connection with hockey that constitutes the main interest. But it must be said that the influence of Queen's coach upon the

players is of such a nature as to make his services unique. He stands for what is clean. He recognizes that there are more important things than hockey in the last analysis: that first things come first. At the conclusion of the game against Toronto, the editor of this section heard Dr. Harty say to a group of students who were seeking consolation, "The boys have no reason for being discouraged. The most that can be said is that Toronto appeared to get along a little better on the soft ice." This comment was a perfect embodiment of the facts that serves as an indication of the spirit of fairness that guides Dr. Harty in his connection with Queen's team. This, too, is what the boys desire. They get from him the most reliable information in regard to play and players: they get something of equal importance in the wholesome influence that a man of his character brings to the men with whom he comes in contact. Amongst the students of Queen's Dr. Harty has friends without number. This is the one reward he gets for his warm and active interest in his Alma Mater.

QUEEN'S II. LOSE TO R.M.C. I.

Queen's second team was put out of the running in the intermediate series of the Intercollegiate by R.M.C. on Monday of last week, when they went down to defeat by a score of nine goals to three. This gave the Cadets the round by thirteen to eight. The soldier boys won on their merits. They outskated Queen's, and to this superiority may be attributed their victory. Queen's second team with Lockett and Bissonette in place made up an aggregation of good strength. This fact, too, was clearly evidenced during the play. The first half was fast and close. The Cadets scored first, but things were soon evened up by Bissonette. From this point until the end of the first period the game was a good exhibition of hockey. Cadets scored twice in this period, making the half-time score three to one. In the last period Queen's went to pieces for a time and gave their opponents a chance to get a safe lead. Stan. Mills, who had been playing a grand game in the nets, was struck over the eye by a fast shot. Before he recovered from this injury three points had been scored that would never have tallied under normal circumstances. At this time, too, the lack of condition on the part of Queen's forwards made itself apparent and proved responsible for two additional scores. With the count standing at seven to one, Queen's took a faster pace. They scored twice before the end of the game, while R.M.C. tallied one. Queen's aggressiveness at the close in face of odds that could not be overcome was one of the most gratifying features of the game. The score in no way indicates the relative merits of the teams. The teams were:
Queen's:—Mills, Lockett, Elliott, Bissonette, Meikle, Goodwin and Smith.

BASKETBALL.

Queen's defeated McGill by a score of 26 to 18, on Friday afternoon, in the third game of the Intercollegiate basketball series. This puts the local team at the head of the league and unless expectations are disappointed, should mean the championship. The game was played before a large number of students. The increase in the number of ladies present was especially gratifying to the manage-

ment. The game was one of the fastest and closest seen at Queen's. McGill team is heavy and strong. At times its defence players simply reached over the heads of Queen's men, intercepting passes and setting at naught the attempts of Queen's to work their combinations. McGill took the lead at the start and appeared likely to hold the advantage. But the tricolors set to work in a way that was bound to produce results. Queen's forwards proved faster than McGill attacking division. They covered up quickly when occasion demanded. This resulted in the spoiling of many McGill shots. At half time the score stood at 14 to 7 for Queen's.

In the second half McGill was aggressive. They pulled up almost level with the local boys. But Queen's proved to have the condition and withstood the attack, taking the lead again by a safe margin when the fast pace caused McGill to slacken their pace. Souter and Menzies starred for Queen's. The final score was: Queen's, 28; McGill, 18. The teams were:

Queen's:—Vansickle, Leckie, Menzies, Souter and Erskine.

De Nobis.

Preacher:—"I had a mother—a saintly one; she is in heaven. I had an aunt—a pagan; she is in hell."

At this point one of the congregation rose up in wrath and prepared to leave.

"There's a man following my aunt," said the preacher.

"Any message for your auntie?" came the reply as the door closed.

Jamie:—"A kiss is the cream of life."

Mabel:—"Please, pass the cream."—*Etc.*

Prof. F. O. W. to student in Gen. III on gas engines—"You will observe, gentlemen, that there is always a proper time for sparking."

Monsieur Tremblay—"Je ne comprends pas."

Place—Choral Society Practice. Time—5.45.

Prof. Small—"On finishing this selection will the gentlemen please remain for ten minutes. Ladies may go."

Five minutes later—H. H-rr-s-n, pale as to visage and head bowed rushes from room with large handkerchief held to his nose.

Lower Hall—Said H. H-rr-s-n in conversation with several members of ladies club.

University Ave.—Same—H. H-rr-s-n and four (4) (*IV*)—FOUR!!! ladies.

Final scene—Grimm's—BROKE!!!

Gymnasium Subscriptions.

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