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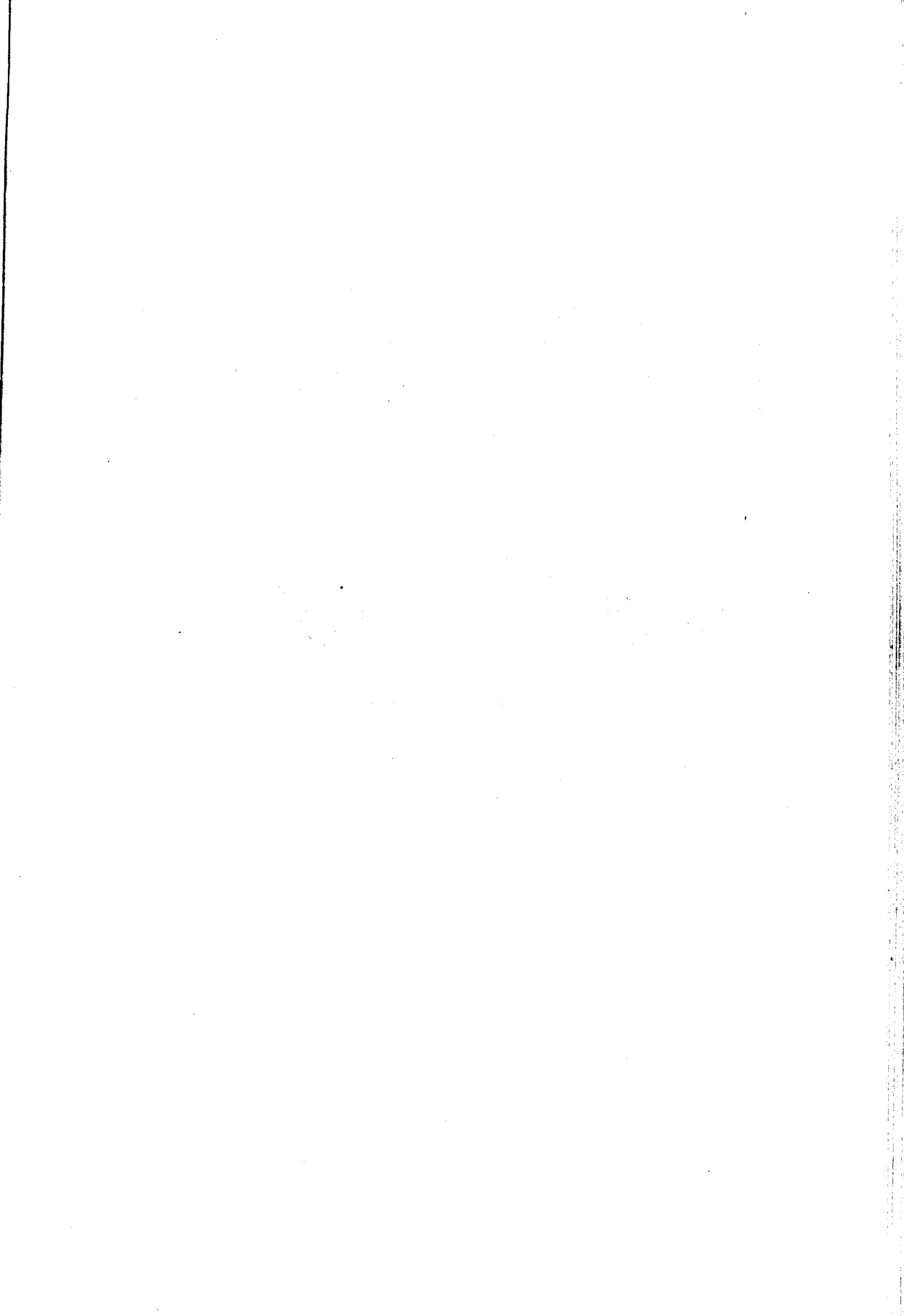
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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL



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FEBRUARY 28, 1902.

No. 8.

WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS WOMAN.

With no apologies.



CERTAIN pragmatical person who had contrived to assume a little enthusiasm, no doubt, for the time being, sent in a certain quantity of manuscript to this paper recently on the subject of womankind. The editors of the paper, of course, who are expected to enter at once into the whims of all sorts and conditions of people could by no means refuse to publish the article which was in this way thrust into their hands. The subject at least was one of almost universal interest and as there was at the time a comparative scarcity of matter suitable for the printing press, to say nothing of the threats and entreaties of the writer, the persons who preside over the publication of this paper had no course open to them but to publish the dissertation handed them by their importunate contributor. The title which he had placed at the head of his production and which, as some will remember, was borrowed from a recent well-known book, was only set up in print after much altercation between the writer and the editors. Our pragmatical friend, as we have called him, at first insisted of adding in small capitals some such phrase as "Copyrighted by T. Sandys," or "J. M. Barrie please copy," which of course the edi-

tors would not for a moment hear of. On the contrary they made the stipulation that an express apology should be offered to their friend Mr. Barrie, for thus making use of his celebrated phrase; and they would offer no mollification to their less famous contributor except that of putting the apology in the very smallest letters to be found in the printing-house.

We must admit however that our private differences and contentions with this champion of womankind ought not to blind us to his genuine enthusiasm for the theme. It is a theme which should stir the most phlegmatic and indifferent person to some activity and make him capable of producing a few high phrases of his own or from the lines of some erotic poet. In extreme cases one might even pardon the writing of a woeful ballad or an apostrophe to the moon's pale beams. So long as there is enthusiasm for the theme, there can be some allowance for the form which the enthusiasm takes. And it is for this reason that we have endeavored to overlook the peculiarities of our recent friend and contributor, and to do him justice, as one who had a great theme in his head and some energy in expressing himself upon it.

But the theme upon which this energetic writer ventured is one which de-

mands more subtle qualities than energy or headstrong enthusiasm, and in these other gifts we deem our querulous author to be somewhat lacking. He should have drawn off all the fine tissues which are wrapt about the minds and the hearts of his womankind and let the common people among us gain some insight into the starts and pauses, the actions, smiles, tears, frowns, and withal the strange passive compulsion through which a woman acts. He should have told us, if he knew, something about the manner in which a woman flies from the thing she loves and dares anyone to pluck out the heart of her mystery except by slow and painful discovery. Indeed the editors of these pages themselves—with the privilege of abstract and impersonal existence—are tempted to claim more acquaintance with the theme than even the ostentatious person who pretends to possess such inwardness in this as no doubt in all other subjects.

If we ourselves, for example, had undertaken to write a dissertation upon fair women, or even upon woman as a general conception of the mind, we would have sketched some one who walked upon the ground instead of conjuring up an air-drawn fantasy insipid and intangible. A glimpse into a human drawing-room is worth a score of fantastic vagaries painted in the air. In the drawing-room one comes down from visions of thin mist and gossamer to hear something of the latest babble of the town. The weddings and the festivals, the most recent engagement that has been whispered about so rapidly, the dance that happened yesterday and the one which we look forward to next week. "Yes," says Miss Violet or Miss Amelia from

her cushions, "I am going too; it will be far jollier than that stiff affair last night—oh thank you, no, I'll take some salted almonds—and the play to-morrow, of course everybody in town will be there—dear me, I shall be half glad when Lent comes, there has been so much going on this winter,—oh, are they going to have some music, I am very fond of music; yes, I sing myself a little, how in the world did you know?" Or in another corner there is a game of whist for the older people, but we only look over their shoulders for a moment and ask what suit is trump, and hasten back to the younger and livelier portion of the company, even if we do find them busy at the reputations of their neighbors. It is all so clever and good-natured.

Yes, my masters, the drawing room is the place we would haunt if tempted at all to write upon the theme of womankind. The lights and the music and the mingling of voices, the radiant faces which invite and then repel, which command in one glance and in a moment melt again into tender appeal, that is the world for us to live in rather than with abstract fancies of the air. Or if a piazza at the watering place seem more inviting to those who must have the fresh air of heaven, we are quite content to take a rocking chair and make our investigations from that point of vantage. Tennis on the lawn in front, and boats out on the bay, the same women who inhabit the drawing-rooms at other seasons with a little more freshness and more abandon than on the night before Ash Wednesday. Wherever they are we must have them in human form, and in human witchery of glance, of colour and of motion. Indoors or outdoors, in summer or winter, the world

would be a poor place without them.

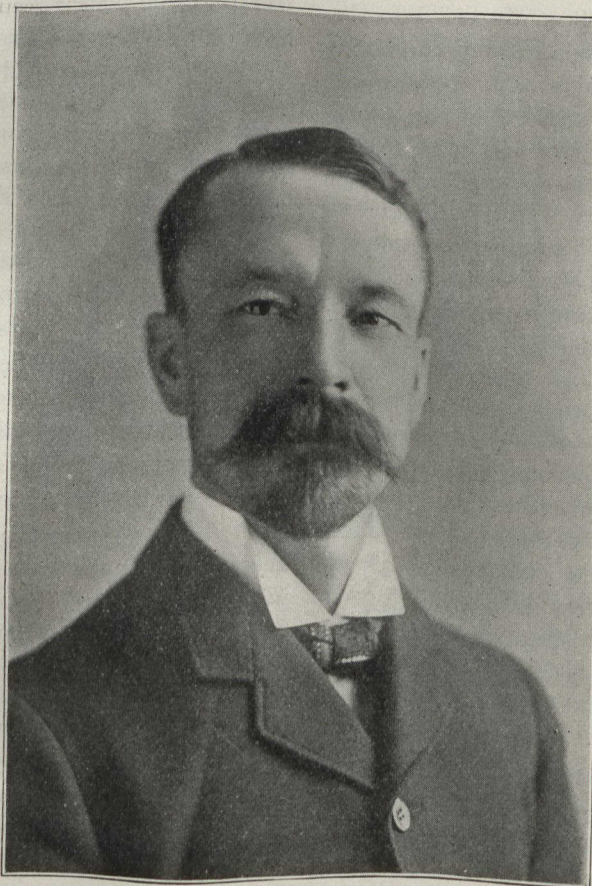
The writer of the present article—singular or plural, it matters little which—happened one summer day to be within earshot of a merry group of womankind in some such circumstances as have been described.

A most startling piece of intelligence had just been thrown into the midst of the company, and hammocks and rocking chairs were speedily deserted as every maiden of the group rushed with her own particular stream of queries to the person who had brought the news. The simple fact in question was that a well known actress of the American stage had been living quietly at the same hotel for full six weeks and not one had had the faintest suspicion of her presence. Unfortunately, she had packed up and gone home that very day. The animation of the group was marvellous to see, and some of them even seemed, at least to the cynical observer, to have taken leave of all their ordinary senses at one bound. "How did you find out?" "What name did she assume"; "What table did she sit at?" "Oh, if we had only known!" "Are you quite sure she's gone?" "I wonder if she is really pretty; what geese we were not to recognize her." "I saw her six times last winter in the Little Minister"; to all of which excited babble the young person in the straw hat who had brought the news, gave very arch replies, half hinting by her glances that she had herself been possessed of this precious information all along. When a gentleman, a little later, ventured to ask a member of the excited group what significance this person's presence would have had for them even if they had known all about her, "We would have worshipped her!" was the

enthusiastic reply; "we would have fallen at her feet; dear me, dear me, isn't it a shame she has really gone!"

No one should be cynical in such a place, and in the summer sunshine. The sound senses which seemed for a moment lost—though for our own part we could not say anything so severe—came back as quickly as they went; and the cynic was discomfited. The tennis was resumed and the idly busy life of a summer holiday went forward gathering store of health and good spirits against the winter days that were coming on.

Sometimes, we grant you, the tennis, the piazza, or the drawing room begin to lose their charms, and a wintry fireside seems a more welcome region, even for those who are least bewitched. Blazing coals in the fireplace and tremulous shadows on the walls, frosty footsteps and a winter wind outside; in such a place the gaiety of the piazza would be out of keeping, to say the least. In the drawing room a score of womankind, two score or three, with ripple of talk and laughter; by the fireside the number must be less, much less. By the fireside more confidence, more openness, more discovery, and by patient yet sure degrees the meshes which enwrap the deepest mystery in all the world will be removed. Charms and graces will be discovered which have been long ready for him who was able to search them out, and new ones will spring into life in the warm glow of the fireside, itself a companionship. What a piece of work is man; man forsooth, but indeed we are forced to admit that another race of beings have faculties no less infinite, in form and moving they are no less admirable, in action no less angelic.



GEORGE GILLIES, ESQ.

Queen's University Journal

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Editorials.

IT is not often that the writer of these editorial pages has the opportunity of listening to the proceedings of the Young Men's Christian Association, but in a more or less impersonal fashion the JOURNAL is able to ascertain the trend of the various discussions which are carried on at the Friday afternoon meetings. For a long time there has been some ground for the notion that these meetings kept a closed door against the application of philosophical and historical methods to the truths of religion. Of late, however, this restriction seems to have been breaking down and several addresses have been given by the older students which show much breadth and liberality of thought. If this tendency is persevered in and if the liberality at the same time is deepened by a healthy conservatism of temper, the Friday gatherings will attract a larger class of students and will fill a more important place in the life and activity of the college.

It is inevitable that along with such a development there must be considerable difference of opinion with regard to the various themes which are brought under discussion. The policy adopted by the society is one of ex-

treme freedom of speech, and an invitation is given to all members to express themselves, irrespective of their academic standing. It may be questioned by some whether this is a wise policy or not, but the leaders of the society are no doubt well advised in the matter. The result of this method, however, is that the remarks of students who have passed through a long course of reflection and discipline are sometimes challenged by men who are only at the outset of their careers and who are therefore unable to appreciate the ground of those who are more advanced. If a few years' residence at a university has any significance at all there must surely be some distinction between men who are just coming up and those who have been for some time in contact with the culture and the ideas which the university embodies. A true university stands on higher latitudes of thought than do the young men who are at high schools and elsewhere preparing to enter the university. When this distinction is appreciated by new comers it will generally result in the younger men waiting in silence for a few years until they have breathed something of the new atmosphere. If they feel compelled to speak they should do so in the full recognition of their own limitations and incompleteness, seeking for guidance from those who are in advance of them rather than claiming to speak with as much authority as they.

Several years ago a student who is now in a distant part of the world, and not likely to see his words quoted here, rose in the Y.M.C.A. meeting and said bluntly that in his opinion the majority of students were better men in every way when they entered college than when they left; the speaker was

himself in the first or second year of his course and had been quite untouched by the higher ideas in which the university lives and has its being. No such blunt animadversions have been made recently, but there have been at least some symptoms which point to the survival of the same conviction. There is an unwillingness on the part of some younger students to wait patiently until a few years reflection will have put them in contact with the methods upon which the public utterances of older students and professors are based. When that time comes it will be quite in order for them to criticize the conclusions arrived at. Freedom of speech allows any man to say what he pleases, but in a university, if nowhere else, such freedom should be tempered by a just appreciation of the fact that some have a better right to speak than others.

LITTLE comment has as yet been offered in these pages upon the subject of the Residence which has recently been established for the accommodation of lady students. It would be very ungallant, however, for any writer of editorials to allow the session to slip past without touching upon such an interesting theme; the more so as the opinion of the JOURNAL on the subject has been eagerly sought for by several of those who are most deeply concerned in the welfare of the Residence. Indeed if it were not for the restraint which is so vigorously exercised by the writer of these pages, one might be led to think that the whole future of the Residence project depended in some way upon the verdict set forth here. But this is a responsibility which a whole college of

editors would shrink from assuming even if it were thrust upon them.

It is stated on the highest authority that the Residence has been a great success. Those who have lived in it this year have not hesitated to assure their friends that their home on William street is the happiest, most comfortable and best appointed dwelling in Kingston town; and even after making some allowance for the exuberance of youth and novelty, the more serious public of the University can at least be satisfied that their friends of the Residence are not in want or squalor. On the contrary the household over which Miss Drummond presides is to be envied by many whose circumstances are less fortunate. There has been much diligent study as well as a little merriment now and then, while no unwholesome restraints have interfered with the freedom and spontaneity of undergraduate life.

It is understood that the ladies who have established the Residence are anxious to secure a larger house and provide accommodation for a greater number of guests next year. In this regard the only comment which the JOURNAL has to offer is that no attempt should ever be made to establish a home for all lady students, but that a comfortable, well equipped dwelling for twenty or thirty persons will, without doubt, become a valuable asset of the University. The majority of students both ladies and gentlemen will always prefer making their own arrangements when they come to live in Kingston, and no amount of persuasion is likely to make them revert to the older custom of living in a common home more or less strictly regulated by external discipline. At the

same time there may be some now and then who prefer to be in such a dwelling and under the guardianship of some one of culture and experience; and the ladies who have undertaken at the present time to provide such a house for the minority are helping to increase the usefulness and attractiveness of the University. The JOURNAL earnestly hopes that within certain limits their plans will be successful.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The JOURNAL warmly congratulates Mr John Watts and Mr. I. N. Beckstedt upon their victory in the McGill-Queen's debate. Their success brings the championship of the Inter University Debating Union to Queen's where we hope it will remain for some time to come.

The following amounts have been received by the Treasurer of the University to be applied to the G. M. Grant Hall fund.

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The attention of the JOURNAL has been called to an irregularity in connection with the recent annual supper of the Glee Club, which will no doubt be avoided next year if pointed out in these columns now. The Glee Club is under the supervision of the musical committee which again is respon-

sible to the Alma Mater Society. For a number of years this committee reported deficits in its cash book and these were made up from the general funds of the Alma Mater treasury. Recently, however, the fortunes of the musical committee have been more prosperous and their hearts have been gladdened by an ample surplus of cash at the end of the session's activities. Out of this surplus for a year or two back a considerable sum has been spent at the jovial board where high living and high thinking were for one evening at least united. No objection in the world can be offered to this custom so long as there is plenty of money in the purse, but it would be more provident if the matter were first formally endorsed by the Alma Mater Society. In case of any return of the former ill-fortune of the musical committee they could, with better countenance, ask to have their shortages supplied.

The following remarks are taken from the McGill Outlook's report of the recent debate in Montreal and will be of some interest to the friends of our representatives in that contest:

"The large number present in the Molson hall on Friday evening, Feb. 14, had the pleasure of listening to one of the most sharply contested debates on McGill's record. Two of our own most skilful disputants exchanged wit, wisdom and eloquence with the Titans of Queen's. How feeble must show printed praise when compared with the tumult of applause that must still be ringing in every speaker's ear! Yet we cannot refrain from offering our congratulations to all in heavy ink. Mr. J. R. Watts, B.A., the leader for Queen's, is in our opinion a most im-

pressive orator. He is energetic and strong in voice and gesture, and bases his language on deep conviction. One feels that he is very much in earnest. Mr. I. N. Beckstedt, B.A., the second speaker for Queen's is a man of tact, who understands perfectly just where and when to agree or to differ. We might in all sincerity, speak of him as an embryo statesman.

WELCOME TO GEORDIE.

To your own halls thrice welcome
back,

Glad to see you, Geordie!

Let walls and rafters shake and crack

With cheers for Geordie!

Have you not heard of G. M. Grant,

Who always can, and never can't,

Whose fist is soft as adamant?

Why that's our Geordie!

A smack of Cromwell, cautious, bold,

Our soldier Geordie;

Of Luther also in his mould,

Our prophet Geordie!

And 'neath this two-fold cover deep,

Like sentinels uncharmed by sleep,

A child's white thoughts their vigil
keep,

True-hearted Geordie!

And as he passes on his way,

All hail to Geordie!

To meet a larger, fuller day,

Sure and firm is Geordie!

We speak no open word, but pray

"Purge, O purge our dross away,

And in us put some of his clay,

Our master Geordie!"

One of the latest contributors to the Convocation Hall fund is Hong Lee, Kingston, late of Hong Kong. Our little friend from the Celestial Empire has subscribed the sum of one hundred dollars.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

The only remaining objection to the Province granting aid to Queen's is that which the Chancellor of Toronto University advanced last year, when speaking post-prandially, and which he reiterated last month at Guêlph when addressing the Wellington Alumni. "It ought," he said, "to be a fundamental principle that no institution outside of the Provincial University should be entitled to knock at the door of the State and demand assistance until all the needs of the Provincial institution should have been supplied."

This position is characterized by a delightful simplicity which is one of Sir William Meredith's charms. To him, the Province has only one child, and everything that the dear child asks must be granted, and not till then can the claims of any one "outside" be even considered. He says,—not for the purpose of drawing out latent faith, but sternly, as if he were proclaiming an addition to the decalogue, it is not meet to take the child's bread and cast it to the dogs. He does not indicate when the "needs of the Provincial institution" are likely to be supplied—probably at the Greek Kalends—or whether they will then stay supplied. Most people know that a healthy University has new needs every year; that Oxford and Cambridge are sighing for an English Carnegie to come to their help; that the Leland Stanford, jr., University, in California, has been endowed with twenty millions, and that it is just as likely as the daughter of the horse leech to be soon crying out, "Give, Give"; that President Harper, much nearer at hand, is continually demanding new millions from Rockefeller;

and yet that Universities, with infinitely smaller means, continue to do good work, never dreaming of closing their doors, in order to mass their students at Chicago or at the spot where Leland Stanford, jr., is to be blessed by future generations for dying in his early prime; and that the Province of Ontario, though ready to give reasonable aid for higher education, has no intention of voting twenty, or ten, or five millions, to any one child, especially when another child has proved that it is legitimate, by hard work, self-denial, economy, and that love of learning which is part of the inheritance it received from those Scottish children of the Province who placed it "outside," where it was most needed, because the insides were selfish and sectarian.

But, an assertion coming from a gentleman who for many years held the responsible position of leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, and who is now Chief Justice of the Province, must be heard, even though he offers assertion and not argument. A brief review of the case is sufficient to show that he is the last man from whom the objection should come, if there is to be any regard for consistency or the interests of the whole Province.

When the Government of the day took up the scheme of a confederation of Universities and Colleges in Toronto, and succeeded in securing the adhesion of Victoria, a general feeling arose that the Eastern counties would suffer by the scheme, unless something were done to make Kingston another educational centre. Fourteen counties accordingly petitioned the Government through their councils to establish a School of Practical Science in Kingston, affiliated to Queen's. The

city and town councils east and west of Kingston took similar action, and a large and representative deputation waited on the Government and urged the proposal. The outcome was the establishment of the School of Mining and Agriculture, after those interested had shown their determination to secure it by subscribing \$33,000, and the city of Kingston had given it property worth \$20,000. No objection was made by Mr. Meredith to the initiation of this policy. When, however, it was followed up subsequently by a vote to build a Mining Laboratory, he hinted that the vote had politics in it; but when challenged to take a stand on one side or the other, he resiled completely, and, at a large public meeting in Kingston, stated—to the delight of his followers—that if the School were doing good work it deserved public support, and that its not being in Toronto could not be an objection! That settled the question, for of course then was the time to object or for ever after to hold his peace. The School was, naturally, an experiment at the first. It was indeed doing good work then for prospectors, mining men in various centres who asked for brief periods of instruction, and for students taking partial courses, but it had only half a dozen students in engineering. Now, when it has more than a hundred regularly matriculated undergraduates in Mining and Electrical Engineering, when the Director has applications for four times as many graduates as he can supply, when its foundation is solid and its reputation secure, we are told by the same gentleman that it must not ask assistance "until all the needs of the Provincial institution have been supplied!" Last year, the Govern-

ment having taken up the question of increased aid to higher education, decided not only to give liberally to Toronto University and the School of Practical Science, but also to extend the scope of the Kingston School to cover the branches originally asked for by the Eastern municipalities. The only opposition to the latter part of this decision came from Sir William Meredith and some of his colleagues in the Toronto Senate, but the reply that if they wished to get the former they must take the latter as well, silenced opposition. In the House itself, there never was a breath of opposition, Mr. Whitney being as cordial as the leader of the Government. The fact that Queen's had taken steps to become completely un-denominational by statute, as it had long been in practice, cleared the way, because it removed all suspicion that this action might lead to denominational institutions being aided, directly or indirectly. The question was thus settled for the second time; but the Guelph speech shows that Sir William does not see it; and also shows—alas!—the insincerity, or at any rate the inconsistency, of the Kingston speech and his legislative action or inaction with his present attitude.

“Who but must laugh if such a man there be?”

Who would not weep if Atticus were he?”

G.

This number of the JOURNAL is the first to be printed on the new Linotype which the Whig Printing Company has lately added to its plant. Students interested in complicated machinery should look in and see it at work.

THE WOMANS' RESIDENCE.

To the Editor of the Journal.

SIR,—In the last issue of the Journal an account is given of the recent meeting of the Alumnae Society, and particular attention is paid to the discussion of the residence question. The writer was evidently misinformed as to what really took place, and I wish to rectify some of the mistakes made. The article says:—“No definite steps were taken concerning the Woman's Residence. Last year a committee was appointed by the Alumnae to consider this question. The convenor was Mrs. Macgillivray. This year they were to bring in their report, but in the meantime some graduates in the city undertook to hurry matters upon their own authority, and secured a house on William street, which is now furnished and occupied. Now they are anxious to shift the responsibility of the scheme to the Alumnae, who are loath to accept the gentle burden. They tried to bring in a motion to the effect that the Alumnae take over the residence and assume financial responsibility, but the Alumnae declined” It is difficult from this confused statement to gather what the writer does mean, but it must be inferred that the members of the Residence Committee appointed by the Alumnae Society, are referred to when it is said that “they tried to bring in a motion.”

It should first be explained that this Residence Committee and the committee who started the present residence on William street, are two distinct bodies. It is true that two members of the latter committee happened also to be members of the other, but in any notices sent out by the committee of

the present Residence, the Alumnae Society was never mentioned.

This committee, which consists not of graduates only, but of four professor's wives, two graduates, two Alumnae and two representatives of the Levana Society, certainly acted on its own authority, as it had a perfect right to do, with, however, the expressed approval of the Principal and Chancellor and also of Justice MacLennan, chairman of the Board of Trustees, letters from whom to the Secretary are printed below. The writer of this article is altogether mistaken in saying that this committee is anxious to shift the responsibility. In such a case, a young and fluctuating organization like the Alumnae Society would be a weak reed upon which to lean.

At the meeting referred to the members of the Residence Committee, appointed by the society, brought in their report and made a motion that the Alumnae Society endorse, or express their approval of the present residence, it being clearly stated that no financial responsibility was involved. This motion was carried.

As one of the objects of the Alumnae Society when formed, was to agitate for a residence, it was thought that it would be a suitable action on the part of the society to give the residence which is started its hearty support. The society would then have something definite to work for and would stand a better chance of living and flourishing than it will as a quasi-literary affair with a tea as a prominent feature.

Annie G. Macgillivray.
Kingston, Jan. 17th, 1902.

Dear Madam,—It was with much pleasure that I visited the temporary

Women's Residence to-day and learned that the committee has enlarged plans of such a Residence in connection with Queen's University. I am sure the movement must commend itself to parents who are desirous of having their daughters provided with the best opportunity of obtaining the advantages of a college course, while at the same time enjoying the benefits of home life. So soon as you can arrange to have a Residence on such a scale that it will give accommodation to twenty young women I shall be very glad to contribute one hundred dollars towards the expense. Wishing you every success, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Sandford Fleming.

Osgoode Hall, Toronto, 18th
Jan., 1902.

My Dear Madam:—I appreciate, and sympathise very strongly with your efforts to secure for the young women students of Queen's the advantages of common residence. We cannot expect to accomplish it fully at a bound, nor otherwise than gradually, but in that way I hope and believe it can be done. I am glad you have made a beginning, and hope your efforts may be attended by a large measure of success. I enclose a check for fifty dollars, which I authorize you to use in any way you think proper in connection with your effort.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

James MacLennan.

Queen's University, Kingston,
Nov. 14th, 1901.

My Dear Madam:—When you spoke to me last July of starting a residence for our lady students, and of beginning in a small way to test their desire, I quite approved both of the

object and of your method, and promised \$100.00 for initial expenses. You have managed the affair with such prudence and success that I would now like to see it expanded and made permanent. But we have no men of wealth in Kingston, and I am afraid that I have already exhausted the liberality of those with moderate means. If we could get \$20,000.00 for our steadily increasing number of girls, we should be thankful. Even if you could get subscriptions to the amount of \$5,000.00 I would bring the matter before the University Council next April, and ask it to establish the residence. Possibly you may meet outside of Kingston some men or women of means interested in the higher education of women, and who feel that something is owing to Queen's for being the pioneer of the cause in Canada. I am much obliged to you for undertaking this somewhat unpleasant task, and wish you all the success you deserve.

With kindest regards, yours sincerely,

G. M. Grant, Principal.

THEATRICALS AT OXFORD.

IN connection with the work of Queen's University Dramatic Club it is interesting to note the following extract from "The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett."

"Among the items in Jowett's agenda as Vice-Chancellor, was the 'Performance of Shakespeare or of Greek plays in the theatre at Oxford.' What he did and allowed to be done for the encouragement of the drama is best told in the following letter from Mr. W. L. Courtney:

'Jowett's connection with the lighter side of University life, the side repre-

sented by the drama and the amusements, is concerned especially with three points:

First, the recognition and regular establishment of the Undergraduates' Amateur Club in Oxford.

Second, the construction of a new theatre at Oxford.

Third, the lecture given by Sir Henry Irving at the new school.

1. For years before I had any acquaintance with the matter, there were one or two undergraduate clubs engaged in theatricals. Some of them had had a kind of social recognition—in other words, their performances were attended by the ladies of Oxford; but for the most part it would be true to say that they existed in spite of academic disapproval and censure. The performance of the Agamemnon at Balliol College was the beginning of a new order of things, and, still more, the performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in the Town Hall in December, 1883. On this occasion the Philothespian Club, afterwards altered into "The Oxford University Dramatic Society," gave a series of performances with the direct sanction and encouragement of Jowett, who was himself present at the opening night.

One of the official acts of Jowett's Vice-Chancellorship was to authorize the status of the Amateur Dramatic Club, which afterwards appeared on many well-known occasions, the two stipulations being, first, that the performance should be public and confined either to Shakespeare or the Greek drama; second, that the ladies' parts should be played by ladies, and that no undergraduate should disguise himself in woman's attire, as had been the practice in the smaller or more underground entertainments.

2. The formation of the new theatre had been for many years talked about both in the city and in the University. The only place of entertainment when I was an undergraduate was a wretched, dismal, tumble-down structure, called by courtesy the "Victoria" theatre! I had many talks with Jowett about this state of things and the absolute necessity of putting an end to this more or less disreputable place. At the same time a company was being formed in the city for the erection of a proper theatre. It was Jowett's happy idea (it was not wholly Jowett's, I fancy) that the Victoria theatre should be shut up, on the ground that it was unsafe in case of fire. It was easily shown that considerable risk was run by anyone who went into the building, and as at that particular time some attention had been drawn to the safety of music-halls and theatres, official prohibition was without difficulty secured. The new theatre company had by this time matured its plans, and on February 13, 1886, the theatre was opened with the performance of "Twelfth Night" by the University Dramatic Society. Jowett himself was one of the earliest to enter the building, and as he took his seat in the stalls he was greeted with tremendous cheers.

3. I need say but little concerning Irving's visit to Oxford, as it was fully commented on in the press, and the lecture which he delivered on Four English Actors was published in pamphlet form by the Clarendon Press. The whole ceremony, for it was nothing less, had been previously arranged when Irving came to Oxford on a previous occasion and met Jowett at dinner at my house. It was then that he formally invited him to lecture

before the University, and fixed the place at the new schools. The lecture was given at the end of the summer term of 1886, Irving on that occasion staying with Jowett at the Master's Lodge at Balliol. Of course, Jowett himself was present at the lecture, and at the conclusion he read an extremely characteristic speech. There is probably no record of this little address, which, to my mind, was one of the most graceful things which I ever heard from Jowett. There was one odd result of the meeting between Jowett and Irving, that each took away the same kind of impression of the other. I asked Jowett what he thought of Irving, and he said that what he particularly admired was his fine reserve; I asked Irving what he thought of Jowett, and the answer was almost identically the same. It was obviously too strong a contrast of personalities, each moving in a sphere with difficulty understood by the other.

I may add that there were a good many caricatures—as far as I can remember, produced by Messrs. Shrimpton & Sons—in connection with this whole movement; one especially represented Jowett as a clown jumping over the back of the traditional policeman, who was on this occasion represented by the senior proctorial bull-dog. The likeness of Jowett was a capital one, the harlequin was Frank Benson, and I regret to add that the pantaloons was

Yours very truly,

W. L. COURTNEY."

One of the prizes awarded to the best Gaelic scholar of the University has just been earned by Mr. A. D. McKinnon. Every one who knows the College yell has a little Gaelic, but few of us make any money out of it.

Ladies' Department.

STUDENTS AND THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS.

THIS is the season that shows forth the photograph fiend in all his hideousness, when photo-gatherers and photo-dispensers (combined with society fee collectors), make life scarcely worth living. It is expected of you when you get on to the executive of any college society, or distinguish yourself in any way whatever, that you immediately and forthwith betake yourself to the photographer and have him forever stamp your lineaments as you looked at this particular juncture of your career. Indeed the photograph taking is beginning to become the grand mission of these societies. Hear this from the ladies' sanctum: "Now, girls, don't elect me prophetess, please. I'll simply withdraw." "Oh, no you won't. Why, just think of being in the group picture!"—an argument that proves telling even in the case of the most time-worn, blase post mortem.

When you come to college the fever seizes you. You who heretofore revelled in tintypes and "chics" and such cheap luxuries, must needs have a snap taken in your new academic costume to astound the folks at home with the scholastic effect, and to show the girls that you are a real bona fide college student. Several dozens of these are sent abroad throughout the land. Then you look so fetching in your new evening gown that first night of the dance, that you can't refrain from rising early next day and hieing down town "to be taken" in it. It's well to have the girls at home see the effect of that gown before it gets

frumpy. That means another dozen. Then some one appoints you curator or some thing, and your chief official act is to "sit" two or three times, and be exquisitely miserable, when the group in which you look a fright, is selected for finishing. By the time you are a Junior you have the walls covered with yourself and your remotest relative supplied with several copies of your personal appearance. One of the saddest phases of college life is to wake up some morning and find you have a dozen to dispose of and no one to give them to! "May I have your photo?" ventures a Freshie on the strength of a slight acquaintance. "Dear me, yes. Have one of each. Do you know any one else who would like one—that is, any one who knows me?" eagerly, almost wistfully, from the Senior. Can anything be more touching! It's a sad thing to exhaust one's resources so, and the harrowing part of it is that our friends only say at every new picture, "My, how abominably conceited that girl is!"

And now we are in the throes of the photograph question. On all sides, at all hours, worried youths go rushing round with rolls of parchment under their arms, buttonholing everybody indiscriminately and inquiring eagerly, "Have you seen the proofs yet?"; or missing numerous classes to go round to all their friends and ask which pose they look best in or if the light or dark finish is the correct thing.

We have known friendships of old standing to be forever severed by these group pictures. Mary looks nice in one proof, Alice in another, and Mary's proof is the one chosen for finishing and there Alice hangs for all

eternity, where all the girls can look at her between classes, looking "perfectly hideous." A coldness ensues, and Alice removes her gown from Mary's locker and gives her the key of their joint skate-box. Sad thing that. But girls will be girls.

It takes a girl every time to make a girl superlatively unhappy. "Who's this?" demands Alice, with the cold, critical look of an English professor, as she turns over Mary's "latest" which that young woman has just handed to her with no small degree of pride. "It's me!" moans Mary, reduced to bad English and tears. (But no, I forgot. Mary's the girl who thinks it's pedantic and snobbish to say "It's I" just because you happen to go to college. She says it accentuates distinctions of caste and makes the other people feel hopelessly inferior and that's a shame, for we all can only go back to Adam. Mary is very democratic and kind-hearted, so she says "It's me," to help along the cause of "equality and fraternity"). "You!" screams the merciless Alice, "I'm glad you don't look like that every day. Why, it's a regular valentine! Not that I'd expect much from you, Mary, but really you're better than that—that—that advertisement!" And poor delapidated Mary never raises her eyes all through the next lecture. "Oh, it's nice to be a boy—sometimes." But wait. This from the reading-room: "What a popular man you are. President of two societies, secretary of another, policeman in the court, and on I don't know how many committees!"

"Am I?" said the illustrious one, sadly, with a far-off, wistful look, "Well, I'll have to go to gaol for it when the photographer's bill comes in,

or leave the country. The governor would never believe me if I wrote for a tenner for *pictures*... *Pictures*, forsooth! *poker* more like it. Can't bluff me, my boy!" Father gets his perspicacity from me." So glory has its drawbacks.

But the grandest triumph of all, the triumph of your college career, is, beyond a doubt, sitting for the year group. Grimly, determinedly, with the light of a great resolve shining in your eyes, you start for Princess street, and the most unobservant small boy blocks behind, knows that you are a student, bound for the photographers. With a look that challenges the artist to mortal combat and threatens mutely all sorts of horrors, you let him adjust your head into the iron noose, and while he counts off the seconds you sit there looking as you never did before, with "Do your worst, I defy you, sir!" written all over you. And he does. Then you wonder why you look so abjectly miserable, and go back and make him take you again, till you finally emerge with a half-foolish, half-defiant wholly impossible expression on your face and you cry, "Eureka! what an ornament to the year group!" not knowing that there is nothing that looks so supremely ridiculous as the picture of a sane man sitting in his Sunday best trying for one of those picture-smiles, where you always see the effort behind the simpler. Better to look like a thundercloud—you're sure you look something.

Just observe a year group and note the characteristic attitudes—see if the men don't look either as if they had just been told that they had gotten off Senior Math., or as if they had been handed a telegram "Score 11--0, favor

of the other college"—supremely, obtrusively benign, or trying to cover a great sorrow with a half-hearted smile.

As for the girls, a few of them look normal, some rather-bored-at-this-sort-of-thing-don't-you-know, an odd one pretentiously intellectual, one or two "I'm sitting for my year group—the most illustrious year in college," but the vast majority wear a countenance that plainly says "I wonder if my pompadour is all right." But as long as we each try to look something definite we have done our duty by our year. It's a mean man who tries to shirk his duty by trying to look a little of everything or nothing at all. The picture would be tame and commonplace if we all looked natural. As it is, a year group is generally a work of art.

And then the exchanging of photos! We go round with weary feet and heavy eyes, and a listless, worried expression, and the sympathizing uninitiated say "Poor things! The exams. you know." It's not the exams., it's photographs; Exams. are child's play compared with remembering just whom you promised a picture to, who is likely to give one back, and who will put you off till the next sitting and then forget all about it; who has already three of you, and who said you looked a fright and sha'n't have one. Lectures? Who thinks of such paltry things as lectures with a bundle of photographs to dispose of and another to collect;

From all of which it would appear that we have troubles of our own at college that the outside world little dreams of; troubles which are real and troubles which are counterfeit, perhaps more especially the latter.

ON THE GENTLE ART OF BEING
PLEASANT.

Oh, it's easy to be dreary,
To be melancholy, weary,
When your work is slowly pressing
you to earth;
But let me put the query
If it's harder to be cheery
Isn't cheerfulness by far the better
worth?

And shouldn't we be striving,
Be constantly contriving
To have the very costliest we may?
In melancholy thriving
An inner impulse, driving,
Compels us to forswear it and be gay!

And once we've fairly started,
We, the erstwhile chicken-hearted,
Love the sunshine so much better than
the shade,

That the wound has scarcely smarted
Which the loss of dear-departed
Melancholy, cherished melancholy,
made.

Divinity.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM J. J.
WRIGHT, M. A. (1885).

THE difference between the methods of saving men from sin in Ontario and in the wild-and-woolly-West is striking, but the spirit is the same; a determination to subordinate means to the one great end; after the manner of the Apostle Paul, who became "all things to all men, to save some," very much to the horror of pious Jews and Jewish Christians. A private letter from J. J. Wright, M.A., who is now doing his best to fight, not merely painted devils, but real ones, who can inflict on those who decline to go in with them pains and penalties hard to bear,

gives such a vivid illustration of some of his methods, that we take the liberty, without waiting to write for permission, of making the following extracts:

"In my study is a small billiard table. Every night a lot of fellows come in—French and English, Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian—there is no difference. The room is filled with smoke, and over in a corner I am studying for a sermon, not always from the text 'all things to all men,' but always in that spirit. Some few of these fellows come to church and declare that the Presbyterian church is the only one that knows how to do mission work in the North. Sometimes there are encouragements. For instance there is an organization called the North Star Athletic Club, providing for football and tennis in the summer, and in the winter giving weekly dances or card parties. Of that club I am chaplain. At the last assembly, to provide funds to pay the pipers, a bottle of wine was raffled at two bits a chance. Well, this was more than I could stand. In the old days in Ontario, I would have prepared a sermon on the subject and delivered it from the pulpit and none of the parties concerned would have had a chance to talk back. But it is different here. At the meeting of the club, following the dance and raffle, I was present. Fourteen representative men were there and I made my 'roar' as a young Nova Scotian inelegantly, but forcibly, expressed it. There was a full and free discussion, each one taking and giving without bitterness, with the result of having incorporated in the constitution of the club this resolution: 'that in all future functions arranged for or permitted by the

North Star Club, the spirit of this regulation must be fulfilled—that no games of chance for gain be allowed, nor intoxicating liquors sold nor consumed upon the Club premises.'

To gain a point and leave smouldering elements of discontent and anger would be no real gain, but to have a representative crowd of Western men see the dangers of allowing gambling and the drink habit to get possession of the club, was a pleasure I shall not forget.

I like the free manners and bearing of the people here. Talk of fishing for men. These are a gamey lot. What need of knowledge when and how to strike, and of the finest tackle that gives them run yet never loses touch.

A young bank clerk has just left me. He was through the fire baptism that a season in Dawson gives, but he would not be a grafter nor stand for pilferings made necessary to others by the extravagant lives they were living. He took no bribes. What is the result? Unseen but effective influence against his advancement! He does not profess to be better than others as a reason for refusing bribes, for to use his own explanation: 'it is a losing game anyway; once these people know your price they have you in their power. If you stand with them they cover up, if not, they humiliate.' Of course a Christian should be prepared to see the wicked prosper for a season, but in this case it is hard to save the man from a reckless plunge. It is no painted devil we fight here.

I send you some samples of the way the church advertises here. You must add a new department to Pastoral Theology—that of pictorial advertising."

Arts.

To the Editor:

IN the days when the world was not as young as it once was, when the olive tree still flourished and men stole and lied in the cheerful way peculiar to them, in a little corner of the globe that need not be named, corruption waxed great. The world and the ways of men were not as they should have been. Fools sat in high places and wise men were as their slaves and menials. The men of brawn were subject to wolves in the garb of sheep, or of goats, and thereby defeat came frequent to their banners having no heart to serve such masters. Moreover the rule of the entire kingdom was administered by bags of wind and fools who stood in the places of assembly and harangued the people through the nose of eloquence. Brass in the pocket availed more than gold in the heart, and brass in the forehead was an inexhaustible mine out of which gold-bricks of untold value could be coined which appeared even as gold refined in the furnace to the *οἱ πολλοί*. Graft governed all and the great god grew fat with the secret worship of thousands. For it was the custom of men to weave a cloak of righteousness over their evil deeds and to fill their wallets from their neighbor's pockets with the singing of psalms.

Feasts and gatherings were held in honour of the great god and here the vaporous bags held sway supreme over their adoring crowds of worshippers of men and women. Woe betide the luckless wight who would try to introduce outsiders to these conclaves; on his devoted head were poured forth the vials of the rulers' wrath, for well

knew they that the eye of the sophisticated would pierce their fair exteriors and lay bare the dry bones and corruption beneath. Then there arose a generation of men who, versed in the lore of the ages, saw with the clear eye of truth through the delusive husk that covered all things upon earth. Goodly exteriors and clean linen were to them but goodly exteriors and clean linen. Nay, Nestor himself without wisdom could find no favor in their eyes, though he boasted a beard as luxuriant as that of Jove. Fierce war they waged with the corruption that surrounded them, nor did they shrink from combining the wit of the serpent with their own native dove-like harmlessness. One deep wile of theirs, discovered of the foe, wrought them much distress, but Phoenix-like they rose from out their ashes, hoping ever against hope. But they wrought singly and so their labours came to nothing from the multitude of their foes, until at length one surnamed Mowgli from his wisdom, bethought him of the lore of Adam which teaches men that unity is power. So he called to him the most virtuous of the young men, few indeed, but the best, whose morals were pure as the water they drank, and they became as brothers, drinking from the same cup and smoking from the same pipe. And they communed together and laid bare the secret workings of their hearts, and were comforted, and it pleased them to be known among men as the "brotherhood of the Cactus"; and the name arose in this wise. For to the ears of childhood, nurses tell how once of old the Wild Ass of the desert roaming abroad over the barren waste of sand, spied afar off a lofty Cactus, pleasant to behold for

its tempting verdure; but, approaching too near to pluck the dainty morsel, the wild ass drew a blank. Whence all the asinine race, even from Balaam's downward, hold the Cactus their foe, and pass by on the other side.

Then they set a task before them, either to seek the waters of Lethe and drown thereby the recollection of the evil about them, or some potent charm that might blot out the children of bale from the land their greed had made untenable. And before they got them forth on their quest they made merry, inviting to a set feast a goodly company, all save those of the following of the great god Graft. And they delighted their souls with music and the dance, tall men and fair women, while ever and anon from afar, oft-times drowning the music of the minstrels came the sound of the gnashing of teeth. And with the rosy-fingered dawn they parted to their homes, and the fame of the Cacti went abroad over the land, for it was a goodly feast.

SPIKE.

Medical Notes.

THE CANADIAN MEDICAL GRADUATE IN LONDON.

(Continued from December 20th.)

ST. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield, is one of the oldest, largest and by far the wealthiest hospital in London, and considered to be the best school of surgical instruction there. Walsham is one of the surgeons, and Lauder-Brunton is on the medical staff. Its pathological museum is one of the best in Great Britain, and from the standpoint of human pathology it is superior to that of the Royal College of Surgeons, which is a museum of gen-

eral pathology. A perpetual ticket is issued by St. Bartholomew's at a cost of fifteen guineas, and is good for the lifetime of its holder.

University College Hospital attracts more Canadians than any other hospital in London at the present time. It is situated on Gower street a few blocks northwest of Russell Square, and the most scientific medical work in London is done here. Its staff of physicians includes Sir Thomas Barlow, physician to the King; Roberts, Sidney Martin who has done special research work on the kidney; Risien Russel the nerve specialist; and Crocker, one of the best known authorities on skin diseases. On its surgical staff are Victor Horsley the brain surgeon, Godlee, and Barker who at one time devised an operation for inguinal hernia. Herbert Spencer is one of the gynæcologists.

Middlesex hospital, situated five or six blocks north of Russell Square, is another favorite with Canadians. It has a strong surgical staff including such men as Henry Morris, the anatomist and surgeon, Pearce Gould, who is one of the best surgical teachers to be found anywhere, and Bland Sutton, the gynæcologist and surgeon whose work on "Tumors innocent and malignant" is a standard in London.

If a student intends to try examinations I think he would do well to limit himself to a study of these above mentioned schools and choose one of them, not that they are so vastly superior to other hospitals, but rather on account of their location, the high standard of work done in them, and the fact that other Canadians are almost sure to be found at them. This, of course, should not prevent his attendance on any of the special hos-

pitals whose work he requires.

Another of the general hospitals is Charing Cross, situated in the Strand, not far from Trafalgar Square. On its medical staff is Mitchell Bruce, whose clinical lectures are thorough, not only from a medical but also from a literary point of view.

St. Thomas hospital is built on the modern pavilion plan. It is situated on the south side of the Thames, just opposite the British Parliament buildings. It is one of the finest hospital buildings in Europe and the work done there is of a good quality.

Guy's hospital is also on the south side of the Thames, just a short distance from the famous London bridge. It has a strong staff in all departments, but is seldom attended by Canadians as it is situated in a part of the city not often frequented by them.

King's College hospital, one block south of Lincoln's Inn Fields, is one of the smaller teaching hospitals, having accommodation for about 250 indoor patients. On its staff are several men whose names have become familiar to Canadians. On its surgical staff and Lord Lister (consultant), Rose, Carless and Watson-Cheyne. Burney Yeo is on the medical staff, Playfair is its obstetrician and Hali-burton is professor of physiology here.

A hospital that is of peculiar interest to medical graduates is the Post Graduate hospital in Chenies street, about two blocks north of Russell Square. It was founded by Jonathan Hutchinson and is simply a teaching hospital. Patients suitable for the purpose are brought here from all parts of the city and their diseases are discussed by the members of the clinic. Only medical graduates are allowed to attend.

The above list includes all the more important general hospitals. Besides these there are numerous special hospitals. I will briefly mention a few of them.

In diseases of the eye the best work is done at the Royal London Ophthalmic, commonly known as Moorfield's hospital. It has a very large outdoor clinic conducted by the best men in London, and many who have studied in various places on the continent have told me that Moorfield's is unexcelled by any institution in Europe.

In ear, throat and nose work the hospitals that do the best work are the Central London on Gray's Inn Road, and Golden Square hospital, founded by the late Sir Morrel Mackenzie.

To be continued.

The following extract from Eugene Field's Primer contains a few diagnostic points which Walsham and DeCosta omit to mention:

THE BOIL.

This is a boil. It is on the man's neck. Would you like to feel it? If you feel it the man will feel it too. The boil is a mean thing and it is a coward. If you strike it it will run. But the man will not run, he will dance and make remarks. Boils may start way down near a little boy's waist-band, but they always come to a head at last.

There was a young man from Laconia,
Whose mother-in-law had pneumonia,
He hoped for the worst,
And on May twenty-first

He buried her 'neath the Begonia.
(Harvard Lampoon)

Dr. F. F. Carr-Harris, '01, is now House-surgeon at the Ottawa General Hospital.

Science.

A GIFT TO THE MINING SCHOOL
LIBRARY.

DR. T. L. Walker, late assistant superintendent of the Geological Survey Department of India, and now Professor of Mineralogy in Toronto University, has recently made a very valuable contribution to the library of the School of Mining.

It consists of the first twenty-two volumes of the memoirs of the Geological survey of India. These memoirs are very rare and it is doubtful whether there is another set in Canada except at the Geological Survey Department at Ottawa.

Through Dr. Walker's intervention the School of Mining has received from the Geological Survey Department of India the remaining volumes of the memoirs and will receive those published in future. The school has been very fortunate in having one of its graduates in a position where he could use his influence so advantageously in its behalf. Other important additions have been made to the geological section of the library. Reports have been obtained from the geological survey departments of Britain and the Australian Colonies, as well as from many of the United States. Through the courtesy of Sir Wilfred Laurier and the Consul General of France in Montreal the School of Mining has received from the Minister of Public Works in France, nearly thirty volumes of memoirs of geological surveys and special reports and descriptions of mineral deposits in France together with charts and maps. These are a valuable addition to the library.

The fifth annual dinner of the Engineering Society easily surpassed any that preceded it. The dining room of the British was filled to its utmost capacity by the banqueters, professors, guests and members, and each was loud in his praises of the success of this annual Science function. The menu card, designed by W. H. Gordanier, was admired by every one. It was headed by a perspective of the Mining buildings, beneath which was a miner, surrounded by his pans and picks, supporting a scroll bearing the usual inscription. Mr. Gordanier's design of last year's card was excellent but his work this year was simply incomparable. The toast list was short enough to prevent its growing tiresome, and the speeches were of the variety required by an after-dinner audience. Mr. Scott, of McGill, and Mr. Reed, of S. P. S., Toronto, made rattling speeches, and left the very best impression. S. S. Rose sang the faculty song, and Smythe and Livingston also contributed to the musical part of the entertainment. One of the pleasantest features of the evening was the impromptu toasts, in which John Reid said things about Canadian girls that would have done credit to a Chesterfield, and easily won for him the oratorical laurels of the banquet.

Mr. Doolittle has returned from a short visit to New York State. Much regret was expressed that business necessitated his absence from the dinner.

It is to be regretted that some of the freshmen took so little interest in the only Science function that is given each year.

In most colleges and even in other

faculties of this college, the option of withholding a subscription of this kind is denied, and every student should make it part of his moral code to support this annual dinner with his purse and his presence. Thirteen from a class so large as '02 boasts, is a very poor representation, but the quality of the thirteen who came quite made up for any deficiencies in number.

Athletics.

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY, M'GILL VERSUS QUEEN'S.

LONG ago, in the days when half a lemon was ever in the mouth of Curtis, whose name was in the mouths of all, Queen's defeated Yale three to nothing and won the Intercollegiate Championship of America.

Since that time the McGillites have thrice endeavored to wrest the title from us, and as many times have our steel-shod warriors glided off the smooth glary battlefield with a wreath of victory encircling each head and a wealth of pride filling each heart.

Proud they were of themselves and proud of a stubborn foe. Each time the Red, Blue and Yellow has scored five goals. It is now known as the fatal five.

Some are positive that the magic lies in the five-lettered word "Jordy," while others claim with equal assurance that the word "Grant" is at the bottom of the mystery.

Either may be right, but at all events five it has ever been—five to four—five to four—and now five to three.

In the last game cheer after cheer from the largest crowd of spectators of the season, greeted the appearance

of the boys who were to uphold the honor of Queen's. As they skilfully went through their warming up practice, even the Knockers forgot that a grave dissension had been replaced by a more serious dropping out. It was enough that they were there—a mighty seven to meet a dangerous rival.

It was the Old Boys of Queen's against the Boys of Old McGill. On the new faces one could read eagerness with a shade of anxiety.

Spider the Captain, the Helmsman who stuck to the ship that was sinking; John, the man and a quarter, the peerless point of the city; Wonderful Wilson, the Wizard, recalling the memory of Harty; Hisser, the greatest of Hunk-boys, pride of the Redmen and Cacti. On the old faces shone a light that seemed to say, "The old Guard never surrender—what we have we'll hold." Ward the wobbling will-'o-the-wisp, king of all hockey zig-zaggers; Evergreen Bunty, the strategist link placing past over present; Skelly, the rubber-legged wing man, the speedy Stanley Cup stepper. All were there at the start, and all but THE ONE at the finish. Excitement ran at fever heat from the beginning until all was over.

At the outset McGill pressed hard while Queen's rushes were never dangerous.

Queen's wings allowed themselves to be drawn in so that McGill got away at the sides while Queen's efforts were confined to the centre where friend and foe were so numerous that effective work was next to impossible. For ten minutes McGill's cover-point remained unmolested, and this player made telling lifts on Mills and McDowall with the Easterners swooping

in on all directions. The stone wall defence responded gamely, but on two occasions were unable to clear. The score was McGill 2, Queen's 0. After the whistle sounded Queen's awakened to the fact that with the American College championship at stake "a little bit of scoring goes a long way," and only Lockerby's brilliant work in goal saved three rushes from representing three scores.

Walkem tried a shot from the side but was checked. The puck flew high and apparently had mysteriously disappeared when Dalton, who had been doing the hardest and most effective playing on the line, darted in behind the net, performed a serpentine through the bewildered McGillites and then the Gaelic Slogan—silent all too long—thundered joyously from the sides, for Queen's had scored her first goal.

It is no "Li" to add that this incident has since become known as the "Rhoda Pagoda" play.

Bunty! Bunty! he did a stunty, a stunty,
 While McGill for the puck they did hunty, did hunty;
 The rubber Bunt did get and he bang-ed it in the net,
 The crowd cried: "Bunt's all right!
 Oh yes! You bet!"

Another fierce attack of the McGill citadel followed, but Lockerby succeeded in batting the rubber out in front where Molson attempted to complete the relief.

Walkem intercepted and the umpire's flag went up. Referee Sutherland however had blown his whistle for the point's off-side play so the goal did not count.

From the face Knight slipped the

puck to Wilson, who side-stepped and sent in a waist-high shot that passed through the entire group of McGillites and nestled safely in the meshes.

The score was tied, but not so some hundred tongues. Cha Gheil! Cha Gheil! Cha Gheil!

"What does K. L. mean, anyway?" asked a small boy.

McGill then brought out all its reserve force, and despite the brilliant work of Mills, McDowall and Merrill another goal was added to their credit.

At half-time it remained 3—2 in favor of McGill, but the reserve force had shot its bolt.

The second half was a chapter of accidents.

The play was fast and furious but always clean, hard systematic hockey.

Shortly after play was resumed Knight intercepted a McGill pass, turned, passed to Wilson who made one of his sensational dashes, skirted McGill's defence, passed to Walkem who flashed it into the McGill net. Three to three—and how the lions of the side line roared. Then came the battle royal and cheeks were flushed like crimson or white like death, and jaws were set like steel.

With lightning-like rapidity the puck was carried now to one end, now to the other with all the known varieties of up-to-date hockey situations following each rush, and in it all and through it all loomed a central figure—Merrill.

Time and again he stopped dangerous rushes and changed the action to a more dangerous attack.

Dodging, running, eluding bodies and jumping sticks, he treated the spectators to the finest exhibition of hockey that has ever been seen in the Kingston rink.

The clock-like work of Knight, Dalton, Wilson and Walkem, and the feeling that McDowall and Mills were at their best made it possible for Merrill to leave his position and join in the offensive work.

This had a telling effect. McGill defence, steady and strong as it had proved, was not able to cope with such desperate rushes. Wilson and Merrill rained hot ones in on Lockerby but the danger was warded off till Dalton succeeded in getting a carron from Knight's shot, which he placed between the iron poles.

Dalton retired with an injured foe. For the next few minutes Queen's seemed to go to pieces and three almost sure scores were only saved by individual brilliancy.

Mills had to leave his goal to meet a solitary flying Easterner. To hesitate was to lose, but 'Dick' went out and at him. How he checked him will ever remain a mystery, but certainly it was a fine piece of head work splendidly carried out.

Once another Red Shirt wound his way through the very heart of the tri-colored warriors and just as he appeared on the threshold, Jack McDowall greeted him enthusiastically—"How do you do! Oh, no you don't!!!" The Red Shirt did not. Time was called till he recovered. Again a trio of Quebecers had all but reached the point position when Walkem outskated and so overtook them snipping the rubber just as a hundred knees were caving in and a hundred hearts had journeyed mouthwards.

At last Captain Knight, remembering all that had been, and stimulated by the thoughts of the black, black season, resolved that one bright spot must remain. With a dodging run from

centre alone, unaided, he eluded forwards, cover-point and point and the flag waved in recognition of this shot. The fatal five—victory was clinched.

Until time expired McGill made desperate efforts to score. Their defence was thrown fiercely into the attack, but it availed nothing save that Molson and Merrill met in a head-on collision each at full speed.

The symbolism of colors had it that red means fairness so let us herald the losers as sportsmen worthy of every praise and foemen worthy of any steel—that Blue means hope, so let us hope that the future years will bring us many such opponents and not a few such splendid victories;—that Yellow means glory, so let us bid 'Hail! all Hail!' to the men who won so much glory for themselves and their University on Saturday evening, the fifteenth, nineteen hundred and two.

Not to know these men argues oneself unknown: Goal, Dick Mills; point, Jack McDowall; cover-point, Ward Merrill; right wing, Bunty Dalton; centre, Captain Knight; rover, Dick Wilson; left wing, K. Walkem.

CLASSICS VERSUS PHILOSOPHY.

A very interesting and exciting hockey match was played at the rink on Thursday, February 20th. The Honor Philosophy hockey team had sent a challenge to the Honor Classics aggregation, and the above mentioned date was agreed on for a final settlement of the dispute. Accordingly at 1.15 the game started. Albert Scott presided over the whistle, and the teams lined up as follows:

Classics—Goal, Caesar Agrippa Malloch; point, Publius Claudius Kennedy; cover-point, Scipio Africanus McInnes; centres, Titus Sem-

pronius Calhoun, Caius Gracchus Ramsay; wings, Pompeius Magnus Macdonnell, Marcus Tullius Cameron.

Philosophy — Goal, Parmenides MacEachren; point, Anaxagoras Byrnes; cover-point, Heraclitus Solandt; centres, Socrates Miller, Protagoras Wilson; wings, Aristotle Philp, Plato McLeod.

The struggle was sharp from the beginning and it was soon evident that it was a case of Greek meeting Roman and yielding to destiny. The bold Roman forwards were soon besieging the Philosophical citadel, and Dr. Watson began to look very anxious. His fears were well grounded for Scipio Africanus McInnes, surnamed Barbatus, ended a brilliant rush by planting the puck squarely between the legs of Parmenides McEachren, the Philosophic goal tender, whose ideas upon the fixity of things were thereby considerably modified. The whistle blew and Miller and McLeod by considerable effort managed to get back to centre in time for the face-off. After some contemplation on the part of Socrates, play was again resumed. The lightning work of the Philosophy defence kept the puck out for a while, but effective combination work between Ramsay and Macdonnell ended in another tally for classics. This woke up the Philosophers and a determined rush by the wise forwards scored a tally. Soon after this the referee took a hand in the game and ordered the players to change ends. His decision was protested by the two teams, who had now got into the habit of skating towards one goal and thought any such change undesirable and unfair to themselves. The game then went on under protest, and in the second half Classics scored

two more, making it four to one. (This is of course the official score and therefore open to dispute). In the second half the play was considerably faster and rougher, and as a consequence Logie was sent to the side amid cries of "Shame" from the spectators. Philp's playing was decidedly dirty, and he seemed more determined to stop the man than the puck. Ramsay was the fastest and most offensive of the Classics' team, except Malloch, whose zeal to get at the puck led him into dangerous rushes far up the ice. Kennedy played a very cautious game, being careful never to lift the puck too high or too far. Byrnes plays the game as well as he did in his freshman days and added experience has made him an effective and heady player. He resembles Curtis very much both in appearance and style of play. Wilson and Solandt played hard, but in a rather speculative fashion, that is, they contemplated rushing the puck down the ice, but seemed to lose connection with it and had to go back in order to get a fresh start. Calhoun loafed off-side most of the time, but was very effective when he got the puck. Cameron's headlong dives over the puck were greatly appreciated by the spectators. There is a report that the game is protested on the ground that the Philosophers played two men of doubtful standing, namely, Byrnes and McEachren, but there is little likelihood of the case being referred to the O.H.A., so Classics are the proud winners of the Philosophy-Classics Hockey Union championship for 1902. Any other teams from respectable departments of the University will be gladly encountered by the present champions and easily beaten, at least so it is claimed.

INTER-UNIVERSITY DEBATING.

M'GILL VERSUS QUEEN'S.

WE are pleased to be able to announce through the columns of the JOURNAL, that through two successive victories the inter-university debating championship has come to Queen's. On December 14th the Queen's representatives, Messrs. Donnell and Calhoun, won the decision against Varsity; on February 14th Queen's men were again successful at Montreal. It would thus seem that Queen's is not the least among the universities in the debating line; and if the atmosphere in which our men are nurtured does not grow rarer, we should be able to hold the championship for some time to come. It is a pleasant reflection, that following upon the recent McGill-Queen's debate there are no unpleasant suggestions as to a change in the method of appointing judges, or any comments hinting unfairness. The McGill representatives showed themselves capable and manly men both during the contest and in the distribution of honours at its close. Messrs. Watts and Beckstedt, who championed the Queen's side of the resolution, have only words of hearty appreciation of their reception by McGill and of fine courtesy of all connected with the McGill literary society. Queen's hopes to have the pleasure of according to McGill representatives a like reception when the debating championship is to be decided next year. It should always be taken into consideration that debaters representing their university before a strange audience usually feel that they are placed in a false position, inasmuch as they are regarded as the bright particular stars of their alma mater, while

they on their side, are likely to have the uneasy consciousness that they are not the bright particular stars, that there are better men at home. They long to tell the audience this, but dare not do so, seeing it is not on the programme. Our men, therefore, report that under the circumstances they knew how to appreciate the considerate treatment accorded them by both the McGill literary officials and the audience in Molson Hall.

A SONNET.

As when our masters spurred us on
to toil,
From Caesar with his victories and his
wars,
To Vergil with his tiresome hero's
moil,
Or Tacitus's beastly Roman bores;
Scarce were one author's catches rendered void,
Than others took their place with fresh-
sprung wile,
Until our brains would reel and we'd
have joyed,
Had Paris ne'er been fired by Helen's
smile:
So, from our childish faith, its joys
and pain,
We're told in later life, that we must
pass,
To learn to lift our hands, without a
pang,
To some dull principle of righteousness.
Why not like Omar drown our cares
in wine
Or mutter *que sais-je* with old
Montaigne.

BRUIN '03.

Dr. A. D. McIntyre, '01, has been appointed House-surgeon at the General hospital, Kingston.

Dr. W. A. Jaquith, '98, joined the benedicts last week. Dr. Jaquith is now practising in Chicago.



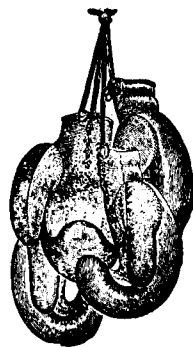
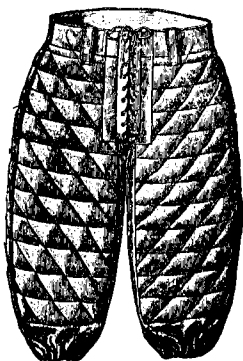
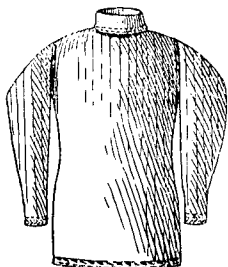
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Educational Department Calendar

December, 1901:

25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Wednesday).
High School Treasurer to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.
New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect.
By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.
26. Annual meetings of Public and Separate Schools.
30. Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department due.
Reports of Boards of Examiners on Third Class Professional Examinations, to Department, due.
31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspector names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer due.
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

January, 1902:

21. Provincial Normal Schools open (First Session). (3rd Tuesday in January.)
28. Appointment of High School Trustees by County Councils. (4th Tuesday in January.)

February.

5. First meeting of High School Boards and Boards of Education. (1st Wednesday in February.)

March.

1. Inspectors' Annual Report to Department, due. (On or before 1st March.)
Annual Reports from High School Boards to Department, due. This includes the Financial Statement. (On or before 1st March.)
Financial Statement of Teachers' Associations to Department, due. (On or before 1st March.)
Separate School Supporters to notify Municipal Clerk. (On or before March 1st.)
27. High Schools, second term, and Public and Separate Schools close. (Thursday before Easter Sunday.)
28. GOOD FRIDAY.
31. EASTER MONDAY.
Night Schools close (session 1901-1902.) (Close 31st March.)

April.

1. Annual meeting of the Ontario Educational Association at Toronto. (During Easter Vacation.)
Returns by Clerks of Counties, Cities, etc., of population to Department, due. (On or before 1st April.)

N.B.—Departmental Examination Papers for past years may be obtained from the Carswell Publishing Company, No. 30, Adelaide Street E., Toronto.



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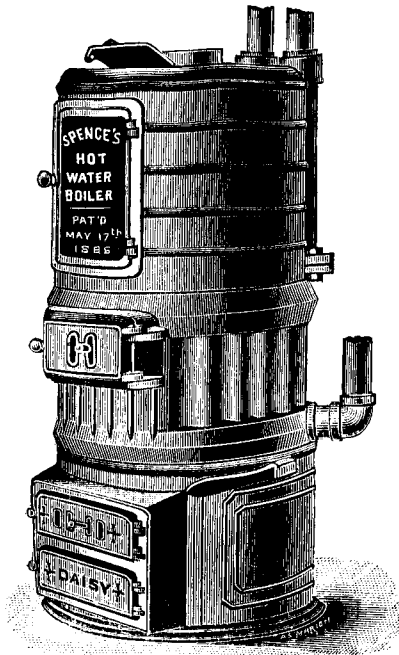
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