

# » QUEEN'S »

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## Queen's University Journal.

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All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Business Manager.

**T**HE Mock Parliament is no more. For the last three weeks its place has been taken by something much more like a real parliament, so that many of the uninitiated lost themselves in its "labyrinth of intricacies." The attendance at these meetings has suggested some reflections on our responsibility as members of a student community.

It is a notorious fact that the ordinary meetings of the Alma Mater Society are attended by only a small percentage of the students, the majority taking little interest in its proceedings. Yet every student retains his right to vote, and on particular occasions the careless and uninterested ones may be brought out. Here the door is open to the influence of the demagogue. It may seem strange that such a character should have any place among college men. But the fact is patent to all. Large sections of the University can be rallied on a sectional cry and be brought out to vote on questions regarding which they are to a large extent, if not totally, ignorant. There can be little doubt that many members of the Society, from all faculties of the University, voted during the recent upheaval without having an adequate knowledge of what they were voting on. Such a state of affairs is dangerous to the life of any community. Naturally the unprincipled men can be most easily persuaded to vote without full knowledge of what they are doing. What is the result? When any question of principle comes up those who are determined to win at any

cost can easily persuade the least scrupulous of these non-attendants to come to their support. On the other hand, the more stable and thoughtful ones are not willing to vote in the dark, and do not easily accept the judgment of others. Hence there is constant danger of the regular supporters of the Society, the men who do its work from the beginning to the end of the year, being voted down on questions of importance by the unstable element of uninterested students; while it requires the greatest exertion of a most unpleasant kind to rally the more solid part of the University to the support of those who stand on principle.

It is exactly this state of affairs which renders corruption in politics so easy, and if we, the educated men of the land, are to be true to our citizenship, we must begin as students by being true to our duties as members of the college community. This means that we shall attend as regularly as possible the meetings of our one University Society, the A.M.S., and thus be prepared to vote intelligently on all questions that arise. The time will not be lost. The training in extempore speaking and in the conduct of public business will more than pay for such a use of Saturday evenings; while the habit thus formed of taking an interest in, and exercising an influence upon, the affairs of the community will be invaluable to ourselves and to our country for all time to come.

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The commonest things in life have rich stores of good for those who seek good. Letter-writing is a very common practice and one so full of benefits that the wonder is we are not all good writers. It must be because we do not seek to get out of it the good that is in it. Emerson, in grappling with the problem, how to make inspiration consecutive, refers to letter-writing as one of the modes of inspiration. "When we have ceased for a long time to have any of the fulness of thought that once made a diary a joy as well as a necessity, and have come to believe that an image or a happy turn of expression is no longer at our command, in writing a letter to a friend we may find that we rise to thought and to a cordial power of expression that costs no effort,

and it seems to us that this facility may be indefinitely applied and resumed." We have all experienced something of this and perhaps know too that such effusions as cost no effort might have to pass through the crucible of criticism before they would be fit for publication. It is what does cost effort that forms the basis of anything valuable in what costs no effort.

The moral is *write*. Whether you can write or not, write. The expression of thought is essential to the cultivation of thought. There must be mines and mines of thought in the minds of students that would quicken many a mind if they were more freely interchanged in the pages of our JOURNAL. If you are too modest to think your thoughts worth anything to your fellows, then express them in the best form you can, for your *own* sake, and hand your contribution to the editor, confiding in his judgment. The writer will thus be learning to write and mayhap thought may kindle itself "at the fire of living thought" through our effort. At anyrate, write.

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Recent events in connection with the business of the A.M.S. have revealed a weakness in our method of appointing officers for that important body. The system is perhaps the best that can be adopted under the circumstances, and it is in the manner in which it is carried out that we think the weakness lies. The custom of appointing certain officers from each of the classes in Arts, to be voted on by the whole student body, ensures a general interest in elections and makes the society thoroughly representative. But in the nomination of minor officers by the different years, other considerations than the fitness of a man for the office are taken into account, and thus the society is compelled to accept the services of men whose ability is not always of a very high order. The Alma Mater Society should be represented by the best and ablest men in the University, and we consider that the classes which present for election inexperienced or incapable men have made a mistake, have failed in their duty to their fellow students.

Of course the whole body of students has the privilege of voting in the elections, but in the case of the minor offices the candidates are often men who are little known outside the circle of their own class, and it is to the verdict of that class that the majority of the electors must look for guidance in marking their ballots. When a year presents two men from their number for election, it is generally understood among the electors that these are men who, by their services in connection with year meetings or class societies, have proved that they are worthy of the honour of holding office in the most important society in the University. Greater care

should, we think, be taken by the various bodies which have the privilege of nominating officers, to see that only those are nominated who, if elected, may be relied upon to do credit to the judgment of the body that presented them for election, and to perform their duties in a businesslike and conscientious manner. Surely among classes of well nigh one hundred members such men might easily be found.

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On March 4th Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States of America, retired from the fierce light of public life in the White House to the privacy of his new home at Princeton, N.J. It is impossible for his contemporaries to rightly judge the position which history will assign him among the public men of the American union, but most unprejudiced authorities agree in acknowledging him to be the strongest personality of any president since the time of Lincoln. We in Canada have watched his executive rule with very mixed feelings. In the closing days of his first administration he seemed to go out of his way to injure Canadian trade, and his defeat by Harrison in 1888 was looked upon as a just retribution.

In his second administration his attitude on the Venezuelan question alienated Canadian sympathy which had gone out to him in the heroic fight he made against the forces of anarchy during the Chicago strike and in his battle for sound democratic principles. But while the Venezuelan affair will always, we think, remain as a blot on Cleveland's otherwise high-minded and statesmanlike policy, his subsequent attitude did much to atone for his "moment of weakness," and his last gubernatorial veto, that of the alien labor law is in marked contrast with his attitude towards the inter-state commerce bill of his first administration. On the whole he has been methodical, firm and inflexible, a man of broad common sense, wonderfully patient and outwardly at least indifferent to the attacks of his political foes, and the even more bitter denunciations of the demagogues, spoilsmen and populists of what is, nominally at least, his own party. He has few of the arts or qualities of the successful political chieftain, but he is endowed with a will power and a moral courage which the better element in the Republic comes to regard in times of crisis as the real bulwark against the jingoism and senility of Congress, and the surest guarantee of national honor and probity. His greatness must be estimated by what he stood for in the national life of his country rather than in what he actually accomplished, and we shall not be surprised if the future accords him a place side by side with the few really great men who have been honored by elevation to the position of first citizen of the American republic.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Journal:

In the last issue of the JOURNAL appeared an item under the title "Students' At Home." Under this heading the writer described an evening's entertainment at the Hotel Frontenac. Doubtless he was right in saying the affair was a decided social success, and against such entertainment the writer of the present article has not a word to say, but it is surely time some protest was raised against a practice becoming too common among us, namely, that of carrying on private ventures in the name of Queen's University or of its students. The dance at the Hotel Frontenac was, as far as can be learned, provided by private individuals, acting without instructions or even permission from the A.M.S. or any body representative of the students, although styled in the report *students'* "At Home." It is against this using the name of the students instead of the name of the persons responsible, that we protest. A dance at the Hotel Frontenac may be a very laudable thing or it may be otherwise, but a large number of the students object to being represented as responsible for the actions of any student or number of students acting in a private capacity. And as the dance at the Hotel Frontenac was an undertaking of a limited number of students acting independently of the student body we should refuse to have them saddle us with the responsibility of this or future ventures. Recent developments in the A.M.S. make more evident the necessity of arousing the students against such actions. Is Queen's University to allow private individuals to conduct dances at the Hotel Frontenac or to run for their private gain excursions under the patronage of her name? It is high time for the students to assert that neither students nor college are to be held responsible for such actions, and that their names are not to be used as a cover for actions, good or bad, of private persons.

A STUDENT.

Sir John Lubbock advocates the teaching of some one modern language in primary schools in addition to the customary reading, writing and arithmetic. The knowledge of Spanish, he says, would vastly increase a young man's chances of securing remunerative employment, in view of England's keen desire to secure trade in South America.

Mr. Jas. Anthony, '98, left for home last Sunday night on account of the dangerous illness of his mother, but she died Monday morning before his arrival. The JOURNAL joins with the whole body of students in expressing sympathy with Mr. Anthony in his bereavement.

POETRY.

THE MUSES.

O, SWEET in the light are rocks and seas,  
The swell of the dark blue waves that foam,  
The skies and woodlands, lakes and leas,  
And heart outflowing melodies,  
For these are the Muses' home.

So sang the poets, and apt was I  
To cherish the charms of land and sea,  
I watched the rainbows fade from the sky,  
And woke with the birds and the dawning day,  
For beauty and melody.

And often I wandered to the lake,  
When clouds flew far and the aspens sighed,  
To hear what music the billows make,  
And watch the waste of waters break  
Into snow in the open wide.

I trod the leas, the flowers were fair,  
The bees hummed gaily on every side,  
The humming birds hovered here and there,  
Bright butterflies zig-zagged in an air  
As sweet as the breath of a bride.

Yet never a muse appeared to me,  
And common enough were woods and leas,  
And I wondered if the poets see  
Their glories in sheer reality,  
And hear the melodies.

And seeing a seer one day I told  
My doubt, and he answered: "Follow me,  
So splendid the visions you behold  
Outspread on the waters, woods and wold,  
You are dazed that you cannot see."

So we walked along in a winding way  
That led to a cavern dark and lone;  
We entered deep, and, where never a ray  
Of light can linger, he bade me stay;  
And my feet turned into stone.

But the Muses flocked from sea and land,  
And beautiful visions before me rose,  
And music I could not understand—  
When my seer returned with a magic wand,  
And I may not the rest disclose.

—A. D. MACNEILL.

SUNSET AND DARK.

Hark to the evening bell,  
Daylight is past,  
Solemn and sad, the knell,  
Sunset at last.

Slowly the shadows fall,  
Dim grows the light,  
Softly the breezes call,  
Hastens the night.

Deeply across the sky  
Mingles the gloom ;  
Fast fading glim'rings fly  
On to their doom.

Night now her vigil keeps,  
Darkness o'er all ;  
Earth cold in silence sleeps,  
Down drops the pall.

—H.R.

**THE FUTURE.**

Who would not look into the future  
To read what is written there,  
In the uncut leaves of the book of Fate,  
Of victory and despair ?

Yet, who does not shrink from the future ?  
For the dread of approaching ill  
Would draw the veil on the time to come,  
And leave it a secret still.

There is joy for some in the future,  
Who shall triumph in this wild strife,  
And guide their course with a steady hand  
O'er the dangerous frith of life.

And some shall be sad in the future,  
For the hopes of their youth are gone,  
All faded away, like the fragile dreams  
That flee the approach of dawn.

Who knows what is hid in the future  
Of knowledge as yet unknown ?  
What secrets may science's busy hands  
Uncover and claim as her own ?

At the rising dawn of the future  
The darkness of errors must fly,  
And these stubborn problems that puzzle us now  
Shall be solved in the bye and bye.

Yes, we'll know all that's hid in the future  
When we've passed that final exam.,  
And the veil shall fall from the face of Truth  
At the word of the great " I Am."

—ARTHUR T. BARNARD.

**THE BACK NUMBERS.**

The bald-headed man in his family pew  
Leaned back on the cushions and slumbered,  
And he dreamed that the preacher these words had pro-  
claimed :

"The hairs of your head are all numbered."

The bald-headed man awoke with a start  
From his weekly devotional slumbers,  
Then sunk on his knees and fervently prayed :  
"O Lord, send me down the back numbers."

—*Columbia Spectator.***LITERATURE.****RUDYARD KIPLING AS A POET.**

## I.

**N**EVER since critics began to blunder have they made wilder statements than the present race of American critics is doing on Kipling. No doubt the most surprised man is Mr. Kipling himself. He knows the value of his own work, and the critics would have done well to have tempered their words by a few of the phrases in the closing stanza of his introductory poem in his new volume, "The Seven Seas."\*

"Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—  
A song of little cunning ; of a singer nothing worth.

Through the naked words and mean

May ye see the truth between,

As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the earth!"

With this stanza before us we are able to accept and enjoy to the full much of Mr. Kipling's poetry, and would be loath to say a word in dispraise, but the utter lack of judgment on the part of such critics as Stedman, Howells, Lanier and Charles Eliot Norton demands attention from any one who would attempt to speak on Kipling's verse.

Edmund Clarence Stedman is a critic whose words should always have the most careful consideration, and when he says of "The Seven Seas," "How imaginative it is, how impassioned, how superbly rhythmic and sonorous. . . The ring and diction of this verse add new elements to our song. . . The true laureate of Greater Britain"—when he writes thus we are compelled to turn to Kipling, and, if we can, see for ourselves the truth of these words. But we meet with disappointment. "Superbly rhythmic and sonorous"—such are the phrases we would use in describing the music of Milton and Tennyson; and we very naturally, with these words before us, begin to read with the music of the masters in our brain, but instead of epic sonority we find ballad rapidity on every page, and that, too, not in the fine ballad manner, but in a vigorous "trip-hammer strain"—to use a phrase from "The Seven Seas."

W. D. Howells, who has written some wretched verse himself and some careful novels, speaks with even greater finality than Stedman. He has definitely located Mr. Kipling as the successor of Tennyson, and opens an article in the current number of *McClure's* with the words, "If Mr. Rudyard Kipling should remain the chief poet of his race in his time." "Should remain!" It would be amusing to read such an utterance were it not that such words only

\*"The Seven Seas." By Rudyard Kipling. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

do the poet reviewed infinite harm. Who made Mr. Howells a judge over the time and its singers? He uses no half measures; in another article he says: "I do not see why in reading this book we should not put ourselves in the presence of a great poet again and consent to put off our mourning for the high ones lately dead." Kipling take the place of Browning and Tennyson! Kipling's "trip-hammer strain" be substituted for the majestic line of Alfred Tennyson, or the subtle force of Robert Browning's terse, packed verse! Do we read aright?

Charles D. Lanier says in the *Review of Reviews* that "the range of this poetical work is magnificent," and Charles Eliot Norton in the *Atlantic Monthly* declares that "it is enough now gratefully to recognize that he continues the great succession of royal English poets." This is to say, he is in the line thus: Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Kipling. Fortunately Kipling is a sensible fellow and will be the first to swear (and he knows how to swear) at the injury done his work by being cast into such lofty company.

The craze has reached Canada, and we find in the last issue of *The Canadian Magazine* that "No other poet of to-day has written such vigorous, manly, melodious verse. It would be hard to find throughout the range of English poetry a greater mastery of lyrical forms. . . . He is the new poet of the sea. . . . No other poet has sung the sea in notes so varied." In this he is compared without limitation, and yet read him candidly and it will be found that he has a vigor and manliness and melody of a kind, it is true, but that he absolutely lacks variety. Some critic has remarked that "The Seven Seas" might fitly be styled "Variations on the theme of Rule Britannia."

It seems to us that the sound of Mr. Kipling's big drum, the clash of his cymbals, and the blare of his trumpet have for the moment deafened the critics to the Pipes of Pan and the organ tones of a Dante or a Milton. Kipling has his place, a unique place, but it is sacrilege to name him with the few chosen ones who have snatched fire from the altars of the gods and cast a little light on the dark places of this earth.

However we note a tendency among some of the critical journals to judge Kipling's work soberly, and while the howling high priests of the idol from India are doing much to upset the taste that the ages have created, such magazines as the *Bookman* and *The Critic* have taken, what seems to us, a correct point of view.

The great poet, the poet on whom the mantle of Tennyson or Browning should fall, must have great reverence for the past, and knowledge of it, must know life from all sides, and must have the power of seeing nature truly, and expressing her in a rhythm caught from her own movement. Kipling

shows little or no knowledge of the masters. He borrows from Swinburne and other moderns, but the note that is in Shakespeare, in Milton, in Browning is entirely absent from his verse. He is sadly deficient in ideas, and after reading his verse one never feels as he does after reading the verse of a classic that he has found a new truth, or old truths that have long been hidden from mortal eyes. He works, too, with but one plane of life, and that a low one. The rough, rugged seaman, the rough, brutal, heroic soldier, the rough, uncultured engineer seems to be the only life he can depict in verse. The reason, doubtless, is that he requires the rough laugh, the loud curse, for his peculiar music. But we doubt if he is just to his soldiers and sailors. In his "Soldier and Sailor too," where he celebrates the heroic conduct of the Victoria's crew when that noble ship sank, he makes them say,

"We're most of us liars, we're 'arf of us thieves, an' the rest are as rank as can be."

Now sailors in the British navy do not talk in this way. The sailor on board of a man-of-war is a well-mannered gentleman with considerable polish caught from the noble officers, at whose glance he is ready to act. There are no doubt some who would in a rollicking moment call themselves the "Victorier's Jollies," but they are the exception not the rule. To see the difference between noble spiritual work and Kipling's vigorous realism read beside any of his sea verse Tennyson's "Revenge." Imagine "The Revenge" reeled off to the tune

"An' they done it, the Jollies—'er Majesty's Jollies—soldier an' sailor too!"

The English sailor has not changed. The way they spoke in Elizabeth's reign is the way they speak now—with, of course, slight allowances for differences through time,—a noble simplicity has ever marked their utterances. Again he is in no sense of the word a great interpreter of nature; and one such line as

"Over the tumbling leagues of sea"\*

is worth all his sea verse—his has force, but this has force and finish—a line that would serve as a fitting companion for

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."

But we have said our say, and we will take up our Kipling with renewed pleasure, enjoying his satire, his "incomparable sincerity and strength"—to borrow Swinburne's phrase on Byron, and the full tones of his military band; but neither Stedman nor Howells will delude us into thinking that we have in him a poet with power to play the Pipes of Pan or Milton's organ with its myriad stops.

T. G. M.

\*The Book of the Native. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### SPECIALIZATION.

TO attack the spirit and method of a great province in the matter of education is at once tempting and useless. Such an onslaught usually ignores the apparently obvious fact that alike in its merits and its defects our educational system has become what it is, because the needs and circumstances of the province did not permit of its being otherwise. Yet it can do no harm, though doubtless but little good, to point out that our present system seems artfully framed to foster one of the greatest evils in modern education, narrow and premature specialization.

To say that the true aim of education is not to impart knowledge, but to build up character, will seem to the scientist a paradox, to the man of culture a platitude. But after all, a platitude is only a great truth expressed intelligibly; a paradox, the same truth expressed philosophically. The three most valuable books ever written—in so far as books have any formative influence upon character—are the Bible, Plato and Shakespeare, of which all are accessible to the English reader, if not in the original, at least in excellent translations. Yet it is not only possible, but usual, for the student to pass through school and college and graduate with honours at the end without having read one of them. Perhaps the worst offender is the scientist. He emerges from the university, if he is fortunate, with the degree of M.A. He is supposed to be a man of culture and to bear the distinctive stamp of a great university. What claim has he to the title? He knows a little Latin, perfunctorily acquired, and forgotten with all speed; as much of modern languages, or perhaps an even smaller amount of Greek; with a certain amount of one of the many branches into which science is divided. To say that such a course can broaden the mind is absolute mockery; if the scientist gets any true education at the university, he does so by his own exertions in outside hours. The fault lies not so much with the universities as with the high schools and collegiate institutes. The university, in its attempt to undo the mischief which the schools have done, is compelled to add to the studies of the unhappy scientist a number of classes, such as Junior Latin or Junior English Literature, which in most cases simply represent a waste of time, which might have been more profitably employed. If our high schools, instead of wasting time in attempting to give a smattering of every subject from freehand drawing and calisthenics to experimental chemistry, would give a broad general training in classics and literature, then the young man who came up to the university

could at once specialise on any subject to which he felt attracted and could do thorough and valuable work therein. His early training would have given him a sense of proportion and methods of work. At present the student of science is utterly without any sense of proportion, any catholic ability to appreciate the work and ideals of others. Perhaps the most painful sight which a modern university can show is the clever young scientist, who, when the working of his own mind finally presents to him some of the great questions of thought and life, has no better means with which to solve them than the methods and results which he had used with success in the study of some petty branch of some petty science. The chemist or biologist turned metaphysician is surely a sight at which the Gods must weep—or laugh. He finds the explanation of our religion and our morality by investigating the love affairs of butterflies and the amours of protoplasm; the great principle upon which he usually works is that anything may be explained by showing that a million years ago it was something else, or possibly non-existent. To quote an author of whom the scientist may never have heard, he is in the position of a bald-headed little tinker, who, having washed his face and put on a new coat, aspires to marry his master's daughter, and thus to take rank among the philosophers.

The scientist will very possibly retort that the so-called man of letters is often as ignorant of science as he himself is of metaphysics. This is unfortunately true. I have had the fact that Rossetti thought the sun went round the earth flung at me by people who would have been sorely put to it to distinguish between Rossetti and Rossini. The only defence which can be made is that the sphere in which the man of letters works at least includes a larger portion of reality than does that of the scientist. But I am not here concerned to defend the literary man. It is unfortunately true that many a graduate in the so-called school of *litteræ humaniores* is ignorant alike of letters and of humanity.

Have I a remedy to suggest? Not a very simple one. If a change could be made in the thoughts, aspirations and ideals of the men who come up to our universities, if their home life could be made less narrow and more beautiful, if a truly educated man could be appointed Minister of Education and editor of *The Toronto World* in one, then something might be done. The prospect is not a hopeful one, but even a child crying for the moon at least keeps alive the consciousness that there is a moon for which to cry.

I am fully aware that this article is one-sided. I could write a crushing reply to it myself. But there is in it at least a grain of truth, and if some angry

scientist will only publish an equally extreme defence of his side of the question, another grain may be obtained; and two grains of truth are quite valuable enough to justify the publication of any article whatsoever.

W.L.G.

#### DUCK SHOOTING AT DENNIS ISLAND.

The snow streak of dawn has broadened into pink and purple, brightened into red and gold, faded into the fulness of day. Dark, deep and beautiful with fairy shades of dusky firs, silvery birch and aspen clumps mirrored with the ethereal blue above the everlasting hills, lay the sleeping isles on the calm, broad bosom of the lake. From behind the sand and eel-grass walls of the shooting screens, dug out of the far-extending but narrow beach on the previous night, sound the sharp reports of the shot guns on all sides, and with a rush of whirling wings the lessened flock of ducks speeds on a winding course for some safe secluded retreat. The wounded and slain are quickly brought ashore; and the sportsmen crouch closely to their covers and eagerly await the approach of the next flock. Away far over the lake a long dark line moves across the sky—a flock of ducks coming from their nightly retreats in the lake. They will rest at our beach, the first halting place, and feed awhile.

Here they come with snowy breasts and tawny wings outspread like a kite. They are going to light. They wheel across the beach in a semicircle and with a gleeful "quack, quack," they take to water within the lines commanded by Dan's innocent-looking burrow. His long black musket shines a moment in the sun. They are covered but too scattered for a good shot. They swim toward shore and gather into a close group and seize on the shoals of pin-fish swimming along the bank. We hold our breath in anticipating suspense. A slight pause, a blaze of flame, a ringing report, and there is consternation and dismay and death-struggles on the calm waters. As the bewildered remnants sweep past us like lightning, we fire into the mass and three splashes on the waves tell us we have aimed well. A moment later the swift skiff sweeps over the tranquil sea and ere we have loaded the game is secured in bags. The wind is now arisen and the long dark-blue rollers break into white foam on the dun sand banks and the incoming flocks rest here no longer, but hurry to the serene ponds and peaceful estuaries of the inland waters for their morning meal. Our sails are spread and swiftly we glide over the heaving waters on the way home, well pleased with our morning's sport and fully resolved to come again.

A. D. M.

## UNIVERSITY NEWS.

### ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

A REGULAR meeting of this Society was held on the 27th ult., the president in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed and communications disposed of. The sympathy of the Society was conveyed to our fellow-students, Geo. E. Dyde, Chas. B. Dyde, and to Professor Dyde, in bereavement sustained in the death of their father. The report of the Athletic Committee, brought forward at the last meeting, continued to engage the attention of the Society. Finally the report as amended was adopted. A point of order was then raised as to whether or not a committee went out of office before the adoption of its report. The chair ruled, giving precedent, that a committee went out of office when their report was received. An appeal was then made to the Society against the decision of the chair, in which the chair was not sustained. N. R. Carmichael, M.A., reported on behalf of the committee appointed to enquire into the relations of the Athletic Committee to the different branches of college athletics.

Owing to the fact that Convocation Hall was occupied, the meeting of March 6th was held in Science Hall. The attendance was unusually large and enthusiasm ran high. When the minutes of the previous meeting were read the chair took exception to the secretary's interpretation of the point of order raised at last meeting. An appeal was made to the house in which the minutes as reconstructed were adopted. A communication from Professor Dyde was read *re* a concert to be given by Mrs. Dobbs in Convocation Hall, March 18th, in aid of the gymnasium fund; the students were asked to assist in making it a financial success. Mr. Ford, claiming that the Athletic Committee had been illegally elected, nominated a new committee, but was ruled out of order by the chair. An opportunity was then given to Mr. Ford to move the reconsideration of the election of the Athletic Committee, but in view of the fact that the election had been declared legal, Mr. Ford did not see fit to do so. The critic, as usual, gave a very exhaustive criticism of the manner in which the business of the meeting was conducted, calling special attention to the conduct of the secretary which necessitated a vote of the Society to decide whether or not his report of the minutes was correct.

At the next meeting of the Society, which will be an open one, the Musical Committee, assisted by the Levana Society, will furnish a programme. The President's annual address will probably be delivered at the meeting on March 20th.

**QUEEN'S ASSOCIATION OF THE ONTARIO  
NORMAL COLLEGE.**

The fame of the gymnasium is spreading abroad and Queen's students at every point of the compass are becoming interested. Not the least ardent of these are the graduates at Pedagogy. Last week a meeting was held to discuss ways and means to raise money for the gymnasium fund. For the office of chairman Mr. McEwen was the unanimous choice of the meeting. Miss E. Griffith performed the duties of secretary with her usual mathematical precision. After the business of the meeting was finished there followed a programme of such excellence that the success of this society is undoubted. Miss Mills recited in her own inimitable way, "Which shall it be?" Miss A. Griffith and Mr. McColl sang that ever popular duet, "When ye gang awa' Jamie," while Mr. Longmore followed with the soul-stirring sonnet, "Bells! bells!! bells!!!" Miss Beaton performed, with easy grace, the intricate movements of the "Spanish Drill." The audience was then favored with a solo, "The Lovely Adelaide," by Miss Rayside, accompanied on the guitar by Mr. Spooner. Miss Lohead surprised and delighted all with an exhaustive and comprehensive criticism of "Thelma." Not the least interesting item on the programme was a spirited debate, "Resolved that marriage is a failure." Mr. Day upheld the affirmative in fine style but was forced to acknowledge a superior in Mr. Moore, who, in speaking for the negative side of the debate, drew conclusive illustrations from life. The chairman then asked Mr. Lavell to chord while the audience sang "The Old Ontario Strand," a most appropriate ending for such a meeting.

**THE KINEMATOGRAPH.**

The ladies who have undertaken to raise the money for our gymnasium and workshops, deserve the gratitude of Kingston for bringing to it the wonderful triumph of mechanism known as the Kinematograph, but the financial results go very largely to the astute owners of the machine, who knew how to bargain. But let us see the wonders of science, and who so base as talk of money!

**MRS. DOBBS' CONCERT.**

This concert promises to be by far the best of the season. The programme includes novelties, such as the first appearance of Sergeant-Major Morgans and his student gymnasts, and the first rendering of a new college song that may supersede Litoria. Let Mrs. Dobbs be supported by one and all, for she has given an immense amount of pains to make a first-class programme. Convocation Hall should be crowded on the evening of Thursday the 25th.

**THE DR. WILLIAMSON SCHOLARSHIP.**

We are glad to see this new matriculation scholarship announced. The MacKerras Memorial disappears from the Calendar for a time, as, according to the terms of the endowment, it is to be held by the late Professor's son, whose appearance at Queen's next session will be welcomed by all who revere the memory of one to whom Queen's may be said to owe her continued existence. In our next number we shall give the list of all paid subscriptions to the Dr. Williamson Scholarship fund.

**HOCKEY.**

**QUEEN'S-VARSITY.**

Queen's has for the third time in succession won the hockey championship of Ontario. That our team has, during the season, played a swift and scientific game cannot be denied. But had our players indulged throughout in the style of hockey exhibited at the Kingston rink on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 24th, they would have laid aside their sticks with very little to their credit in the way of matches won. Their magnificent rally in the last few minutes of play only served to show to their disappointed supporters what the team could do when playing as they ought. No team can afford to indulge in over-confidence. That an aggregation whose real strength had not been fully tested was not in trim for a hard struggle, is an evidence that Queen's representatives are not yet proof against the demoralizing effects of success. "At Homes" at the Frontenac afford but poor training for hockeyists and should not be indulged in on the eve of a championship match.

'Varsity's team, on the contrary, was in excellent condition, and from start to finish played a fast and desperate game. Very little combination play was shown in the first half, but in this respect 'Varsity had the advantage. Queen's forwards seemed sleepy and when the puck came in their direction lost it among their feet, or groped for it as if uncertain what to do with it. Brock and Dalton from time to time showed considerable animation, and the former made some fine rushes towards 'Varsity's goal.

Harty was the first to score. Then the tide turned and 'Varsity scored three games in rapid succession. Before half-time Dalton put through another for Queen's, making the score 3-2.

The second half was marked by better play on the part of both teams, but at the outset 'Varsity exhibited much better team play than their opponents. Queen's seemed to be waking up gradually and an occasional combined rush recalled the work of former days. But 'Varsity had found their strength and were playing to win. Until within a



few minutes of the end they were still in the lead. An accident to Brock's nose necessitated a cessation of hostilities for a few minutes. When play was resumed it was apparent that a change had come over the spirit of the dream of the Queen's forwards. Again and again they swept down the rink in their old-time style and 'Varsity's defence was kept busy warding off the shots which were rained in swift succession upon their goal. But the awakening came too late for victory, and when the bell rang at the end of the match the score stood 6-6.

NOTES.

Jack McMurrich, goalkeeper of the T.A.C. team, was an ideal referee.

Brock and Dalton showed better form than the other Queen's forwards.

Our defence played well. Merrill, though cool and a master of the art of "lifting" the puck, is not the equal of "Randy" at coverpoint.

'Varsity's forwards are fast and cool and their team play has improved much since the match in Toronto.

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**ARTS COLLEGE.**

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Y. M. C. A.

**O**N Feb. 26th the subject of "Social Purity" was discussed. The leader, J. S. Watson, gave a thoughtful, manly paper on the subject, and was followed in the discussion by several other members.

March 5th our annual meeting was held. The subject of the "Claims of Heathendom" was taken by T. R. Wilson. After the devotional part of the meeting the President, J. Wallace, took the chair and the business of the meeting was proceeded with. The President's report was hopeful. The Society is making firm and steady progress. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Thur. Fraser; Vice-Pres., J. W. Marshall; Rec.-Sec., J. D. Byrnes; Cor.-Sec., F. Millar; Treas., D. M. Solandt; Librarian, T. C. Brown. After the business had been transacted the newly elected President was called to the chair and addressed us in a few words, asking the hearty co-operation and support of all members in our common work. The meeting closed with the singing of the doxology.

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**YEAR MEETINGS.**

'98.

The regular meeting of the Junior year held on March 1st, notwithstanding the disagreeable weather and the attraction of the rink, was fairly well attended. The chair was occupied by Mr. Dowsley,

the president. The special attraction was the debate on "Women's Suffrage," whether or not it would be beneficial to society. Affirmative speakers, J. Bernstein and M. A. Griffith; negative, W. F. Marshall and C. L. Durie. The speeches of all four gentlemen were good, the points being carefully brought forward and just as skilfully refuted. That oratory has a great power in influencing judges was evidently realized by the debaters whose gestures were those of men who knew that actions often speak louder than words. The affirmative laid great stress on the questions of justice and expediency emphasizing the fact that "in the name of all fairness and in the face of an intelligent civilization" women were entitled to have a voice in the government of their country. Their education and position in life demanded it while at the same time if accomplished it would not only tend to afford discussion by the family hearth but also enable them "to temper their qualities of gentleness and kindness." Instances too, were quoted where women exercised their franchise and exercised it well, and full justice should be done "though the heavens fall." The negative, however, denied that it was women's natural right. If they had originally this privilege, had not the right of property changed since and with it the right of franchise. They believed that it was but a scheme, "the stamp of it being not genuine!" and while they claimed that it was entirely unnecessary, endeavored to show that women were unfitted for it, their physical temperament making them "susceptible to undue influence," while if it were granted it would remove her from her natural sphere thus destroying her refining and elevating influence. The debate was won by the affirmative. Mr. P. M. Thompson acted in the capacity of critic.

'94.

A meeting of the members of the class of '94, who are still in connection with the various departments of the University, was held in the classics room on the evening of Wednesday, March 10th, with the President, J. C. Brown, M.A., in the chair. Of one of the largest classes in the history of the University there still remain in the city twenty-six members, the others being scattered far and wide. Some of those now in Kingston are among the leading lights of Divinity Hall, others among the most noted disciples of Æsculapius, while others busy themselves in researches in the field of science. About twenty responded to the call for a meeting on Wednesday, at which matters of interest to all members of the year were discussed. A resolution was carried requesting every member of the year to report as to his whereabouts and employment to J. C. Brown, M.A., Williamstown, Ont., on or about Dec. 25th of

each and every year. The members of the year will thus be kept within reach of each other, and if one member wishes to know of the residence, employment or domestic happiness of an old friend of his college days, he can by communicating with the above-mentioned "central office" obtain all required information. One object in keeping such a record of our members is to have some material on hand and a ready means of acquiring more for the compiling of a biographical history of the year, to be published in 1904 for circulation among members of the year. If all members make a point of reporting regularly and fully on the prescribed date of each year, it would greatly facilitate the preparation of this "Doomsday Book," which would assuredly be a memento prized by every member of the year. It is hoped that this notice will meet the eye of every member of '94, all of whom without doubt are subscribers to the JOURNAL, since to take the JOURNAL is an imperative duty, and '94 was never known to shirk her duty.

1900.

On February 25th, a meeting of 1900 was held in the Junior Philosophy Room. The main feature of the meeting was a debate, "resolved, that the franchise be extended to women." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Anglin and Crawford, and the negative by Messrs. Scott and Laidlaw. A spirited discussion took place; the judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The musical programme was then rendered and the critic gave his report.

On March 4th the year again met. On the conclusion of the business an excellent programme was rendered. Miss Bennett gave a recitation, Miss Johnston a piano solo, and Mr. Arthur a recitation. The president then called on four members of the year to take part in an impromptu debate, "resolved, 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." It was decided in favor of the negative. The meeting was closed by the critic's report.

NOTES.—The large attendance at the meeting. The willingness with which the ladies took part in the programme. The statesman-like way in which the debaters conducted themselves.

Before this number of the JOURNAL appears the Arts Society's annual meeting for receiving the accounts of the past year will be over. This society is in a kind of transition state at present, and each year it becomes necessary to further perfect its organization and differentiate its functions. Unfortunately there appears to be a tendency to push to the furthest extreme any latitude that may be allowed by the present constitution. No other society performs more useful functions among the students,

but because of its almost purely executive functions, it requires more than any other organization the moral support of the students. Destroy that and we go back to the old system of personal collection for whatever purposes money is required. The tendency was strongly manifested during the past year to squeeze the treasury dry, and there is a scarcely concealed itching of the palm on the part of some to handle the surplus which the curators are likely to report to the society. When it becomes necessary to send a second delegate to the same institution as far distant as Toronto, and when those who send the delegate are so wanting in respect to the Arts Society that they select as their representative the chairman of the committee in charge of our Arts dinner, and send him to Toronto the night before our dinner is being held, we may well fear for the future of the Arts Society. We are perilously near the spoils system, in fact it is openly advocated by some members already. Can we count on the coming senior year to stem this tide and place the Arts Society on a sure footing for all time to come?

Last week we were forcibly reminded of the flight of time by being called upon to choose a new executive for the Y.M.C.A. The new executive is a strong one and the interests of the Association are quite safe with it, but the time is opportune for pointing out a few factors, attention to which may be beneficial to the work. Organization is pretty well perfected now and details of this nature require but a small amount of attention, so that executive and members are free to devote a large share of attention to what is after all the chief function of such an association. The Y. M. C. A. stands for Christian manhood in college, and the great problem is how to make this prevail. It requires steadfast adherence to the principles of righteousness and truth, but it demands also broad sympathy and the frankness and candor of true friendship. Two tendencies are at work, perhaps more strongly than usual just now, and both of them must be combated. One is the tendency to attribute to the Y.M.C.A. a kind of canting or self-righteous spirit, and whenever questions arise in student polity we are sure to hear sneers of this kind. In most cases this is due to ignorance, if not to a spirit more intolerant than that which it professes to decry. But in so far as it is due to ignorance it can be combated successfully, we think, by the Y.M.C.A. itself. This raises the question of the other tendency above referred to, namely, the tendency to resent this unjust criticism, either by attacking it or by holding aloof from those who entertain such sentiments; "yet show I unto you a more excellent way." We want

an atmosphere that is pure and bracing, but it need not be too cold nor too rare for men of flesh and blood. Let us rally round our executive then, and give those whom we have chosen for this work the support which can come from the personal and individual adoption of these suggestions.

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## DIVINITY HALL.

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### Q. U. M. A.

**T**HE Missionary Association held its regular meeting on Saturday, Feb. 27th. The treasurer reported a deficit still of \$274.67. J. L. Millar, B.A., reported that \$66.80 had been collected among the students for the India famine fund. J. H. Turnbull, M.A., presented the recommendations of the executive. At present the executive can see its way clear to recommend the employment of only five missionaries for the coming summer. Of the fields to be taken up it is suggested that two be taken in Ontario or Quebec and the remaining three in the West, and that Arrow River, Man., and Welwyn, N.W.T., be two of these. The report was received and adopted. Last year six missionaries were employed and it is to be regretted that the same number at least cannot be sent out this year. The present state of the treasury, however, does not warrant it. J. H. Turnbull, missionary of the Association during the past summer at Arrow River, Man., presented a report of his work.

At the next meeting a discussion of practical difficulties connected with opening up new fields or organizing semi-organized territories, will be led by M. H. Wilson, B.A. This meeting will be specially helpful to those entering the work for the first time.

The annual meeting will be held about the end of March.

### NOTES.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Geo. E. Dyde in the bereavement he has suffered by the death of his father.

Dr. Thompson left for Sarnia on the 26th ult., carrying with him the best wishes of all who made his acquaintance as a lecturer during his brief stay in our midst.

The students are unanimous in their verdict as to who furnished our Toronto weeklies with such a glowing description of the course in elocution.

His Holiness recently visited the Capital and soon after his arrival was seized with a severe attack of grip. After considerable effort he broke free from the toils of the tyrant and is with us once again. His absence caused great anxiety, though many feel that it received more attention in some quarters than it really merited.

There is a look of hopeful expectancy on the countenance of every member of the M.M.P.A. Evidently there has been an application for immediate admittance into the mystic circle. We stolidly await developments and promise to enlighten our readers in next issue.

It was with deep regret the brethren learned last week that M. H. Wilson was compelled, owing to ill health, to resign the position of valedictorian for which he had been unanimously chosen. Investigation disclosed the fact that a worthy substitute was available in the person of A. D. McKinnon. His nomination was heartily applauded and the Bishop instructed him to prepare an address which will eclipse all former efforts and so be worthy of the class of '97. This he consented to do and was declared duly elected. The usual ceremony of investiture into office was dispensed with, for the obvious reason that no one dare lay hands on the hero of the Cariboo.

One of the fathers of the Hall supplied a vacant pulpit in a western town not long since. Next day as he returned by an early train he found that one of the townsmen was to be his fellow-passenger—bound for a sojourn in Rockwood. Of course his eloquence had nothing to do with it.

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## MEDICAL COLLEGE.

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### NOTES.

**W**E are pleased to see Mr. W. J. Simpson able to be around the halls again after his recovery from a very severe form of grip, which threatened to be attended with more serious consequences than fortunately have resulted. We also congratulate Messrs. Burger and McCambridge on their return to health and college.

In our next issue the usual reference to the senior year in medicine will be made. Whether it will take the form of short biographies, or whether Tom can again be prevailed upon to favor us with his opinion of the boys he is about to lose, we cannot at present say.

Before the next number of the JOURNAL is issued some of us will be in the midst of that trying ordeal through which we all must pass and which comes, thank fortune, but once a year. Those who have paid steady and continuous attention to their work, studying it daily as it was given them, will feel no anxiety as to the results of the coming examinations; they have their work in proper shape, and need not dread the examiners' keen and penetrating gaze; rather should they regard examinations as the acme of pleasure, for it is then that their honest labors will be rewarded. Far different will be the feelings

of those who have squandered time in idleness, who have neglected their work for the pleasures of social life or for other reasons. They have been storing up a peck of trouble, and as a consequence they regard with dismal forebodings the result of the approaching tests. A few words as to how to study may perhaps reclaim some from the number of the disgraced and disappointed. The course of study pursued in the Medical Faculty is so exhaustive that only a very few can hope to remember even the greater part of what they learn in the course of a session's work. But one great aid to successful study we consider to be synopsis. If our work is synopsized and arranged under headings, the thread of it can be more easily followed and remembered. This is the plan that our professors adopt and we certainly could benefit greatly by following their example in the consciousness that their experience counts for a great deal.

The other point we would like to emphasize is that repetition is required. In a study in which memory is taxed to a considerable extent it is only by frequent and continued repetition that we can master details. We are too apt to fall into the habit of learning one part of a subject and then leaving it for a long time before returning to it again. If instead of doing that we would frequently review the work we would have a tendency to clinch the knowledge we gain and make it part of ourselves. By acquiring the habit of synopsizing and repeating, we think, study might be made easier and more profitable.

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## SCIENCE HALL.

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### CLASS IN PROSPECTING.

**L**AST week the special course for prospectors and mining men was brought to a close, and already many members of the class are en route to the gold fields, eager to put to a practical test their newly acquired equipment. The class was the largest and best that has yet been in attendance at the school. Although at the commencement of the term the majority lacked a knowledge of even the rudiments of science, this was more than offset by the avidity with which they attacked the work, accomplishing in a short time an overwhelming amount of work. At the close of the course the following address was presented:

*To Dr. Goodwin, D.Sc., Principal School of Mining, Kingston:*

Dear Sir,—At the termination of this special course at the Kingston School of Mining for 1897, the members comprising the class cannot leave the school without expressing, at least in some small measure, their appreciation of the kindness shown

them, and their sense of the great benefit derived from the instruction imparted. That so much ground could have been covered in the time, and the work accomplished with the degree of thoroughness that has characterized every part of the course, is for us all a matter of wonder. It is true we have had to work, and to work hard, but our labors have been lightened by the ready assistance of yourself and every member of the faculty, and the training which we have received we consider invaluable, not alone for the knowledge imparted, but also for the methods of study shown us which will enable us henceforth to add to that store by private study and actual work.

Kindly convey to your associate members of the faculty our appreciation of their efforts in our behalf, our sense of the uniform kindness received at the hands of you all and our entire satisfaction with the course, for we present the unique spectacle of students without a grievance. We wish the Kingston School of Mining continued success, and still larger opportunities to prove its wide sphere of usefulness in the country's advancement.

Signed on behalf of the class.

A. MCGAW, Camp McKinney, B.C.,  
A. PERRY, Napanee,  
J. WILBUT ROGERS, Toronto,  
JAMES MACKENZIE, Rat Portage.

Test lots of gold ores from all parts of the country keep the stamp mill pounding night and day. The work already in hand will keep the mill crowded for some time.

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*To the Editor of the Journal:*

Dear Sir,—I overheard the students discussing the calendar. D-n-ly and Sp-t-w-d thought there was too much mathematics. M-r-itt said mathematics were all right, provided there were no languages added. I think if any language were added it should be Indian, as the men expect to go amongst the Indians and it would be useful. One of the lecturers, who by the way is an Indian chief *ex-officio*, offers to hold forth on the subject. When with his followers he goes by the name of O-nim-ikie, which being translated is "A *British* subject I was born and a *British* subject I shall die."

JIMMIE.

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The assistant librarian, one day last week, overcome by the solemn hush that pervaded the library after the freshmen had assembled in the Junior Latin room, fell into a doze. While he nodded with closed eyes he was heard to murmur ecstatically: "I've a secret in my heart, sweet Mu—e," but the vision was dispelled by a harsh voice that said, "Is that Morris and Skeat in yet?"

LADIES' COLUMN.

QUI NON PROFICIT DEFICIT.

**M**Y LADY LEVANA,—The last few meetings in your most respected name have been of a nature altogether foreign to our peace-loving dispositions, and not such, perhaps, as you yourself might advise had you left us any of your ideas on the subject. Yet you must remember, most venerable of women, that this age is essentially practical, and try as we may to loftily disregard questions of the lower order at our intellectual feasts, it has been for the past few weeks quite an impossible task.

"'Tis money, money, money everywhere!"

Hands have been clenched, brows bent and brains racked over the awful question of debt, a problem which our own generosity has made a hard one to solve. However, we trust to your name and credit, and in the meantime we are exercising our own ingenuity on the subject.

We had a very pleasant diversion from the business assemblies in the reading of a paper on the "Women of English Literature," by Miss Hens-tridge of '97, at our last meeting. She had been given the whole field of English Literature from which to pluck a nosegay for us, and we could not but admire her taste in the selection of poetical blossoms. Heading her list with the striking names of Mrs. Browning, Charlotte Bronte, and George Eliot, she passed down the long line of songstresses and authoresses with a short but pointed criticism of each. It was natural enough that the writer should feel proud to be able to gather such a galaxy from the women of Britain, and indeed the thought of what this meant for us all as regards influence was very prominent in the paper. It is not so very long ago that Dr. Johnson likened a clever woman who writes to a dog who walks on his hind legs; the wonder being not that he does it so well, but that he does it at all. The succeeding years might have shown the un gallant old dogmatist that his ideas on the theory of matter were not his only erroneous ones. Mrs. Browning has well said:

"Deal with us nobly, women though we be,  
And honor us with truth, if not with praise."

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

At the meeting of Feb. 19th, Miss Cryan read a very helpful paper on "Hope." Several of the girls took part in the discussion which followed. On the following Friday, Miss G. Misener read a description of the Holy Land, by W. N. Dixon. Our next meeting was the annual song service, led by Miss Stewart. Miss Knight sang a solo, Mascagni's "Prayer," and Miss Brock sang "The Man of Galilee." Miss C. McPherson also contributed a violin solo.

EXCHANGES.

**I**T is an interesting and by no means uninteresting pastime to study the spirit and ideals of the students of various seats of learning as reflected in their college journals. A college paper, unconsciously it may be, always mirrors with considerable accuracy the tone of the thought that pervades the institution that it represents. The intolerance of the sectarian school, the worship of brawn and muscle as exhibited in a craze for college athletics, the preponderance of one course of study over others in the curriculum, everything in short which tends to give to a college a provincial character is apt to be betrayed in an organ managed by the students.

The short tenure of office enjoyed (?) by the editors of the majority of our exchanges renders it inevitable that their work should show signs of immaturity and lack of method. As in the nature of things this arrangement is not likely to be altered, it is not to be expected that college journalism will ever reach a very high stage of achievement. But the college sheet has its uses, and though it may not rank in literary worth with more pretentious magazines, it is important that the custom of publishing such papers should not be allowed to die out.

Until we reach the much-to-be-desired point where we can "see oorsels as ithers see us," it would be useless for anyone to attempt to lay down a standard to which college editors might aspire. The conditions are so varied in different institutions that a line of policy which would find favour in one would be impracticable in another. At the same time we believe that the time-honoured custom of criticizing exchanges is a most salutary method of preventing an editor from going to great extremes in any particular direction, while it tends to elevate the standard of college journalism.

For the benefit of those students who maintain that the articles in a college paper should be without exception of a light and humorous nature, we quote an extract from an editorial in 'Varsity of March 3rd: "The tone of the university spirit will be judged by the tone of its accredited organ, particularly among the sister institutions to which it is a weekly visitor. If it be immature in thought or frivolous in expression the faults will be attributed to its environment, and very properly so. For this reason the best thought of the university should be at the service of the paper."

'Varsity shows evidence of able management and is always interesting. Unlike the average American journal, it indulges very little in articles of the essay character, but has generally a store of short and racy sketches which are well worth reading. Its

original poetry too, which would seem to indicate an abundance of poetic talent in 'Varsity, is generally above the average of academic productions. Upon the whole 'Varsity, as a students' organ, will compare favorably with any of our exchanges.

Our old friend, *The Dial*, of St. Mary's College, Kansas, is, as usual, rich in stories and sketches, which show a good deal of literary merit. A childish little poem, "Solved," is worthy of Eugene Field:

The sun is slowly sinking down,  
And, arching o'er the sky,  
Sail clouds of gray and gold and brown—  
Whence came they—how, and why?

They came from far-off fairyland,  
The fairies make them there,  
And Mother Goose, white reins in hand,  
Drives with them high in air.

She drops the tiniest feather white,  
And more she throws, and more;  
And if you soft peep out to-night,  
You'll find her at your door.

The *Argosy* has again reached the haven of our sanctum laden with freight of various degrees of excellence. An article on "Roberts' Poetry of the Tantramar," gives an estimate of the work of that poet, which is unspoiled by that indiscriminate praise which too often characterises Canadian criticisms of the writers of our own country. The *Argosy* is a bright little magazine, and its well edited "Sackvilliana" and "Personals" columns must give to it considerable local interest.

*The Owl* sustains well its reputation for solemnity and learning. Some of the utterances of the oracular bird, however, are couched in language which is more spiteful than forcible, and which detracts considerably from the dignity of the journal of Ottawa College. The phenomenal success of the O.C. football team has led the editors to devote a considerable amount of space to the football history of the institution, a history which cannot fail to be interesting to many Queen's men.

The *Hesperian*, from the University of Nebraska, is a sheet which will admit of much improvement. Some of its articles are in very questionable tastes, some appear to be introduced merely to show the writer's skill in profanity, while the effusions of the Nebraska bards are confined to subjects of purely local interests.

The *Edinburg Student* still continues to devote the greater part of its space to medical concerns. Its literary work, however, is always first-class, and many of its poems are gems. A series of biographies, accompanied by cuts of the persons described, have made the *Student* of this year specially interesting. Among others thus noticed are Prof. Butcher, the

translator of the *Odyssey*, and R. L. Stevenson. For the delectation of our medical readers we quote from its pages:

A CLINIQUE.

Half an ounce,  
Half an ounce,  
Half an ounce daily,  
Into the patient's jaws  
Rolled the drug rarely;  
Was there a drop remained,  
Nurse said "It must be drained,"  
What though the man complained,  
"Finish it fairly."

Students to right of him,  
Students to left of him,  
Students upon him;  
Banged on his hollow chest,  
Thumped on his slender breast,  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Breathless with anxious ear,  
Listening in front and rear,  
Hear what they cannot hear  
Sounds gently murmured.

Shocked by the battery,  
Burnt by the cautery,  
Pulled at Death's lottery,  
Patient sank under;  
P.M. at one o'clock,  
Bottled and sent to Jock,  
Add to Museum stock,  
Valueless plunder.

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE next issue of the *Hogan's Alley Gazette* will contain the following orders from headquarters: "To be promoted to the forward line of the Hot Tomolies, for being 'wid us,' M-lv-le R-k-tt T-dh-pe, *vice* Jufakus F-lk-r, fired for insubordination in not voting 'wid de gang,' see!"

Prof. in English (to young man)—"How would you punctuate the following: The beautiful girl, for such she was, was passing down the street?"

Student—"I think, Professor, I would make a dash after the beautiful girl."

The following story is told of a veteran member of the M.M.P.A. The infant of the household was in the cradle. The head of the house was at home, and as he was preparing a homily to be read next day before the Divinity class, was peevish and fault-finding. "You've done nothing but make mistakes to-night," he growled. "Yes," she answered meekly, "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."

J. K. C.—"What time is it, Billy?"

Billy K-n-n—"Its five minutes av a quarter to ten, aggszactly."

"I saw a scientific note the other day," observed the professor, "to the effect that the oak furnishes a home for 309 species of insects."

"That's very kind of the oak," said P-tts dryly, "but it can't compete with a Muskoka mission boarding house."

A. W-k-r—"What is the surest sign of spring weather?"

A. D. McK—"That delightful feeling that makes you want to sit down and watch somebody else work."

School of Pedagogy. C-c-l Lav-l—"Well, but Dr. McL-n, don't you think — —?"

Dr. McL-n—"Nonsense, sir, perfect nonsense. Where in the world did you study philosophy?"

Overheard at the Queen's-'Varsity match when Hartly was scoring a goal: "I'm just in love with that man Curtis. He knows his place so well and never stirs out of it."

W-nd-l to McC-n-l—"If a man were to marry his step-mother's half-sister's second cousin, what relation would she be to him?"

McC-n-l—"Give it up."

W-nd-l—"His wife, sure."

H-g-r at A.M.S. "But to return to the point I started from—I'm lost in an amazing labyrinth of intricacies."

Prof. in Botany class—"Here is a plant with a pod much resembling the shepherd's purse."

Tud—"Because its empty, sir?"

Prof. K—, (picking up a lead pencil)—"What do you do, Mr. S-t, with anything you find here?"

Irving S—"Put 'em in your pocket, sir."

T-dh-e (at kinematograph exhibition, when some small boys were making themselves obnoxious behind)—"Reach back, Henry, and help yourself to one of those kids."

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