

DR. DOUGLAS.



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## *Dr. Douglas' Address.*

*Gentlemen and Fellow Students:—*

We look back rather than forward after we have passed the sixtieth milestone of our lives, and still more when the seventieth lies behind, while the happy prerogative of youth is to look forward. I have enjoyed the privileges of both ages, and have found that both have their advantages like other conditions of life. When I was a student here (and this year is the jubilee year of my graduation at Queen's), I looked forward to the sedentary life of a clergyman. I look back upon a checkered life during which circumstances have invariably contradicted my plans and my wishes, and forced me into paths not of my own choosing.

I was born when the rebellion of 1837 was seething, and was a baby when Lord Durham was planning the design on which all future colonial constitutions were to be built. As we know, it took ten years to teach the Colonial Governors their submission to Parliament, and it required the courage and statesmanship of Lord Elgin to teach the people of Canada the actual meaning of responsible government, and to compel the English portion of the population to realize that they must submit to the law of the majority. It is one of the painful recollections of my boyhood that I took part with a gang of young ruffians in burning Lord Elgin in effigy, so high did English public feeling run, to which we foolish boys responded.

At that time every Canadian town during the winter was an isolated community barricaded by snow, and cut off by bad roads and slow communication with the world, for only one short line of railroad existed, between La Prairie and St. Johns, which there connected in summer with steamer for Burlington and Whitehall, and gave the only combined steam and railroad connection with the seaboard. This short line was built in 1836 with strap rails, and a small locomotive called "The Kittin," imported from England, to run which they had to import an engineer from the States. The first links of the Grand Trunk Railroad were the Atlantic & St. Lawrence, from Portland to Island Pond, and the St. Lawrence & Toronto, from Montreal to Island Pond. The Quebec branch of the Grand Trunk was not opened for traffic until 1855. But even when built as originally laid out the Grand Trunk did little to develop the mineral industry of the country, for the Canada of those days was a narrow strip lying principally to the north of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and the Grand Trunk from Montreal may be said, from Riviere du Lac in the Province

of Quebec westward, to have paralleled the river and lakes, avoiding, as far as possible, broken country; running, therefore, through districts barren of mineral, and laboring under the disadvantage of competition with low water freight rates; a drawback which the road must still keenly feel.

Canadian mining, therefore, did not derive the full advantage of railroad assistance until the Canadian Pacific was built. This railroad, like the first transcontinental railroad in the United States,—the Union and Central Pacific,—originated in a political necessity, and was not built primarily from commercial motives. The Union Pacific and Central Pacific followed the least favorable of the four lines suggested by the report made ten years previously when Jeff Davis was Secretary of War. The building of the line and the location were forced upon the government by the exigencies of the Civil War. They could not adopt the southern route because portions of it were in possession of the Confederacy. They were averse to the northern route because the Oregon Boundary question with Great Britain was still unsettled; and therefore the central route across the Rocky Mountains, where they attain their highest development, had to be almost of necessity adopted. In order to induce capital to undertake so heavy a risk, the government advanced very large sums of money to the two corporations, so much of which as has been due, strange to say, have been returned.

So likewise the Canadian Pacific was really originated in the necessity of linking together the newly-created states of the Dominion and in inducing British Columbia to enter the Confederacy, and securing an outlet to the Pacific at what at the time seemed a reckless price. Although the original idea of the confederation was conceived by Sir Alexander Galt, the real exponent and promoter of that magnificent conception was undoubtedly your townsman, Sir John A. Macdonald, and to him likewise, therefore, must be assigned the credit of recognizing the necessity, not only of the Intercolonial, but also of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Sir John and those who co-operated in creating the Dominion, certainly were a magnificent group of men. In nothing was their patriotism more emphatically evinced than in this, that when Canada was in the throes of violent political convulsion, they were willing and able to forget their political strifes, smother their personal animosities, and calmly frame such a constitution as that under which Canada is now being built up into a nation, which will rank as the principal partner next to the mother country in the future federation of the Great and Greater Britain. Above all, true patriotism was expressed in deed (it is easy to be patriotic in the hustings) when such bitter opponents as John A. and George Brown worked together in the same cabinet to start the confederacy on and steer it safely through its first voyage. Subsequently, when Canada was financially weak, Sir John cured her geographic debility by buying the great Northwest from the Hudson Bay Co., and, as we thought, swamping the country head and ears in debt by subsidizing the Canadian Pacific. His policy and its management bespeak not only his courage but the marvellous foresight and brilliant imagination with which he was endowed. He carried his mea-

asures, but most of us trembled at the result. The most sanguine, even he himself, could not have anticipated the outcome. The favorite argument then used against him was that if you bound a bundle of sticks end to end, the longer the rod the weaker the butt, and that tying Manitoba, the Northwest Provinces and British Columbia to the already attenuated strip along the St. Lawrence and lakes, of which Canada consisted, simply weakened a position fatally weak already. What it really did was to give to Canada the back country which she needed and endowing her with width as well as length.

As to the Canadian Pacific, I was not alone when I wrote in the Canadian Monthly in opposition to incurring a debt of a hundred millions to traverse 900 miles of bog and barrenness, and 1,000 miles of inhospitable prairie, whose climate was known to be rigorous, and its agricultural value doubtful, in order to reach an almost unscalable mountain range inhabited by 10,000 people, who insisted on this costly railroad being built as a bribe to induce them to enter the Dominion. None but a genius, a knave or a fool would have tried to do this. John A. was certainly no fool. His most bitter enemy never called him a knave, and therefore he was a genius. The policy since pursued by subsidizing the railroads, great and small, local and through, of the Dominion, is more questionable. Such aid, when so indiscriminately extended, is liable to become a disguised method of political bribery, and it certainly cramps the self-reliance of a people. As a Canadian, with some experience in railroad matters in the States, I feel I am not taking an undue liberty in expressing this opinion.

On our continent the railroad has proved the greatest nation-building instrument, provided there be a vigorous and honest human force to use it. This has been abundantly proven in the United States, and the history of the Canadian Pacific is a further confirmation of it. Without the railroad running from ocean to ocean, the Confederation would have been a hopeless failure, and the Northwest would have been still a great buffalo range.

When we look upon the railroad from a miner's point of view, it is one of the greatest forces for national unity that exists. Statistics express this. If you take the different classes of freight carried by the railroads of the United States you will find that while the volume of each differs slightly in different sections, the average is as follows:—

Products of Agriculture . . . . .	8.56%
"    "    Animals . . . . .	2.32%
"    "    Mines . . . . .	53.09%
"    "    Forests . . . . .	11.34%
Manufactures . . . . .	14.81%
Merchandise . . . . .	4.06%
Miscellaneous . . . . .	5.92%

This means that the products of the mines are necessary to support the railroads, and that on the other hand the mines could not possibly exist without the aid of the railroads. They are therefore mutually dependent one on the other: But when we look into the movement of the principal article carried, namely, coal, of which there were mined in the United States last

year 470 million tons, we recognize the political importance as much as the industrial importance of this branch of national industry. Before the war the country was divided into two bitterly hostile camps of protectionists and anti-protectionists. The South demanded free trade in order to feed and clothe her slaves cheaply. New England, being then the only manufacturing section, as vehemently demanded high protection. At that time the West consisted of the states, now composing the easternmost section of the middle West, devoted to farming alone. With the development of coal mining and the expansion of the railroad system, all this has changed. The South is manufacturing its own cotton, and turning cotton seed into oil and other by-products, as well as creating the second largest centre of the iron manufacture on the continent. And the West, with Chicago in the lead, is rapidly outstripping New England, and its manufacturing energy is almost exceeding its agricultural activity. New England is, in fact, making less progress than any other section of the country, and why? Because she has no coal. Transportation cost has been so reduced that she can supply herself from Pennsylvania—400 to 500 miles distant, with this indispensable commodity. But coal lies nearer to her hand than Pennsylvania and this fact is influencing her political position towards this country, and creating in New England alone a strong reciprocity sentiment. When we look at home we find that two provinces—Ontario and Quebec—the most populous and the richest members of the Confederation, suffer from the same complaint—lack of fuel; and yet across the lake in Pennsylvania and Ohio there is such abundance of this very life-blood of industry that in order to reach it 30,000,000 tons of iron ore are brought to their coal fields from mines to the west of distant Lake Superior. In fact, Ontario is nearer fuel than the seaboard of Pennsylvania itself; but is cut off from this indispensable agent to the full development of her industrial life by a political line drawn through the centre of the St. Lawrence and of Lakes Ontario and Erie. If more reasonable international trade policies were adopted, and the continent's resources as a whole were utilized by its people as a whole, certain industrial disabilities on both sides of the political line would immediately disappear. Nova Scotia coal would supply New England by cheap ocean navigation alone; and Pennsylvania and Ohio coal would be transported across the lakes to Ontario. Montana, Idaho and Dakota, especially Montana and Idaho, for their smelting operations, need coke, which the Crow's Nest coal fields of British Columbia can supply in full abundance; while the Pacific Coast States must draw their coke from coal fields 2,000 miles distant, either across the mountains, or by boat from Vancouver, unless they prefer to import it from New South Wales.

It seems almost incredible that two industrious people should set at defiance the first laws of economic science, and allow sectional political interests and prejudices to stand in the way of what is so conspicuously to the interest of both.

The Canadian Pacific and other railroads in Canada have not as yet conferred on her and her mining interests the same ample benefits that the facilities

of communication have conferred on the industries of the United States. But Canada has not lagged far behind her big neighbor, though the United States has 230,000 miles of railroad as against Canada's 22,000. If we go back to the year 1840, which is the starting point of active industrial life on this continent, aided by the railroad, we find that Canada had only a trifle over a million inhabitants, and the United States about 17,000,000. Multiplying these figures by five we reach approximately the present population of the two countries, and that despite the far greater advantages in climate and geographical position which the southern half of the continent has over the north.

We find that the value of the mineral mined annually in Canada to-day is about \$80,000,000, which is \$17.00 in value per head of the population, whereas the prodigious sum of \$3,000,000,000 worth—produced last year in the United States—is after all only \$25 per head of her population; but when we come to the value of mineral per mile of railroad, the Canadian railroads handled only \$2,740 worth per mile, whereas the railroads of the United States handled \$8,700 per mile of railroad.

From a statistical point of view, Canada in this respect is at a disadvantage, though from an economic point of view she possesses vast advantages over the United States. Her extensive-eastern coal fields in Cape Breton and Nova Scotia are actually on the seaboard, whereas none of the really good coals of the United States are upon tide-water; and therefore the great bulk of Canadian mineral is handled by ship instead of by car.

What progress has been made in the development of her minerals is due to the railroad. Sudbury supplies not only this continent, but also the world, with nickel, for even the New Caledonian mines produce an insignificant quantity compared with these deposits in that inhospitable region on the Height of Land between the lakes and Hudson Bay. And now the railroad is bringing within the commerce of the world at Cobalt another mineral which heretofore, owing to its rarity, could find no place in the great industrial arts, but may prove even more valuable than nickel for the purposes of peace as well as of war. I refer, of course, to cobalt. The copper resources of British Columbia would have been unapproachable, and therefore useless to the world, unless reached by the railroad. If this has been the result of one line of railroad alone, developing after all only the fringe of the country, what will be the result when the great heart of the Northwest has been reached by the new lines now being so actively built, and others which will without doubt rapidly pass from the stage of promotion to that of construction?

Now, gentlemen, we as engineers in the various branches of our profession have two duties to perform: to make the most of the natural resources which we are responsible for finding and then handling, and looking to the future to provide substitutes for mineral resources which we know must in time be either exhausted or become costly from their increasing rarity. On this continent we are shamefully wasteful. Because nature has been prodigal, we are abusing her liberality. We are burning mineral oil instead of coal under our boilers, often because it is more convenient, as though we considered that it was inex-

haustible. We are not recovering over 60% of our coal, through defective mining, or through our greed, working out the thicker beds because they are more profitable than the thinner, which we may thereby lose. We are blowing away the by-products of 90% of the coal which we are cooking in beehive instead of by-product ovens. We are sweeping away our forests, not even sparing the saplings now that we make paper out of wood. We thus kill the trees before they are old enough to be fertile and reproduce themselves. This waste is going on everywhere. Your forests cover enormous areas, but when you consider that many acres are stripped of wood to print the Sunday editions of the New York papers you can begin to conceive how rapidly the whole continent will be denuded of its forests. Some of you, I suppose, are going to be foresters. If so, you should go to Sweden and learn what conservative forestry means. On rivers whose water power is moving many a sawmill you never see a particle of even sawdust. Everything that is of legal size to cut is utilized. The best lumber is converted into pulp; second-class into dimension lumber; third-class is used for metallurgical purposes. Waste large enough to make into charcoal is burnt in kilns, for making pig-iron, and sawdust, twigs and everything that will burn in generators is converted into gas for making that extraordinary Swedish steel which brings \$100 a ton when ordinary steel will fetch only \$20, because no breath of sulphur has ever been allowed to reach it in the process of manufacture. About 700 tons of sawdust and slabs, and waste of one kind and another, are burnt at a considerable expense on the Ottawa daily, which all might be used as fuel for making just such steel out of the great iron ores of Hull and other mines not far distant from the Ottawa.

You have a magnificent field of work before you in developing the great Northwest, but a higher duty still is incumbent on you to do it on conservative lines—I use the word “conservative” in its highest and literal sense. We may measure the probable area of arable land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and calculate the number of families it can support and the millions of bushels of wheat it may export, but we cannot imagine the mineral wealth that may lie hidden in the great Labrador peninsula, or in the millions of square miles of the Northwest Territories, even in the forbidding but not on that account worthless Arctic possessions of Canada. But, no matter how great these resources are, when they come to be utilized it is a crime to waste them, even supposing they were inexhaustible, which they certainly will not prove to be.

The aspiration of the farmer should be to produce more out of mother earth by carefully nursing her, and not robbing her of her fertility,—of the forester to raise a better tree every time than the one he has cut down, and of the electrical engineer to combine his ingenuity and knowledge with that of the mechanical engineer to make the winds and tides and all the forces of nature that now run waste, and sometimes run riot to our hurt, serve the needs of man—heat his houses, move his railroads, and perform other purposes we do not even dream of to-day. And the chemist and the mining engineer must move more rapidly than ever in the past along the lines now clearly pointed out to

them of conserving both the lumber and the metals proper which exist on the surface of the earth in comparatively small quantities, by replacing them in the arts and in architecture by material which can be mined more cheaply, and which can be everywhere furnished in boundless quantity. The growing employment of concrete, alone or reinforced, is a mere prophesy of what you will do during the next generations in helping people to build better houses, and live more cheaply and reach a higher standard.

We have been talking about material things, but the material and the moral and intellectual cannot be disassociated. Think of the influence which the better and cheaper illuminant, coal oil, has had on the intellectual life of the world in making reading possible to all classes during their leisure hours; and, if cleanliness is next to Godliness,—by building better, airier houses, and supplying them with brighter light and purer water, you become potent agents in dispelling darkness and dirt, and in banishing darkness and dirt you help to dispel vice.

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## *Bill and Others.*

*By Nix.*

**B**ILL sat on a pine tree stump outside the door of his "manor." He called it his "manor," not because its appearance would even remotely suggest such a name but because he had found the word in the *Family Herald*, and liked it. He had even in an idle moment carved over the door the proud title "Forest Manor," and he would oftentimes, with a quiet chuckle, address himself as its "lord."

To-day he was reflecting. He had excused himself from work because it was Christmas Day. The sun rejoiced, the snow sparkled and glittered in its light, the spruces seemed to lift their heads in solemn gladness, but Bill was sad. He felt lonely. He thought of the years he had spent in hewing his little farm out of the forest, each year marked by an acre or two of conquest. A flicker of pride passed over his face as he thought of what he had accomplished, but his hand went up to his brow and as he felt its broadening expanse his look again changed to one in which wilfulness and weariness were mingled. So he felt lonely, there was no denying the fact. After all, bachelor days are dreary and empty enough. There was his brother Tom, now. His house at the other side of the bush was a centre of life and merriment, and the little woman who held sway over Tom and the children seemed to Bill the embodiment of all that was good and gracious. Yes, keeping bachelor hall might be well enough, but Forest Manor sadly needed the touch of a feminine hand and the light of a gentle presence. There was Miss D——

"Good morning, Will."

"Merry Christmas, uncle!"

Bill's reverie was cut short by the clear voices behind him, and he sprang from his stump to greet the owners.



"Merry Christmas, Lizzie; same to you, Jean. Come on into the house, both of ye," and he bowed obsequiously as he opened the door of the manor and allowed them to pass in.

"Well, I declare, my fire's gone out. Just one moment though and ——" "Never mind, uncle," Jean interrupted, "Lizzie's come over to our house for Christmas and mother sent us both up to bring you down."

"Yes, Will, and we had strict orders not to be late, so we had better start right away," said Lizzie.

"Why, all right," replied Bill, "I'll go and hitch up old Nell," and off he went to the stable.

"I say, Jean, let's tidy up a little while he's gone," broke out Lizzie as soon as the door closed on Bill's stalwart form.

"Oh yes, Lizzie, let's straighten things around."

The two commenced and in a short time their deft and willing hands had worked wonders in the internal appearance of the manor. They pushed the table to one side and arranged Bill's three chairs in unobtrusive order. Boots and mocassins they placed neatly away. Lizzie administered a hasty polish to the stove, while Jean folded up Bill's *Family Herald*, hung up various articles of attire, and wiped the crumbs off the table. They swept the floor and smoothed down the bed, hung the gun up on its nails and dusted off the chairs and windowsills, arranged the articles on the little shelf over the window and bestowed the cooking utensils in convenient positions.

The jingle of the bells interrupted their labors, and Bill's cheerful "Come on, girls," made them hurry out. They climbed into the cutter, and with a cheerful chorus from the bells they were off through the wood.

Lizzie was a quiet girl, plain and grave in appearance, with eyes that gaxed at one with a steadiness that was sometimes disconcerting. She had left twenty some distance behind, and had none of the giddiness of youth. She was just a plain, honest, good-hearted girl, with an abundant supply of common sense. Bill had known her for years. They had always been excellent friends, for Bill had been for a few summers her father's hired man. But somehow to-day she was quieter even than usual, and Bill was left to carry on conversation chiefly with Jean.

"How are the music lessons, Jean?" he enquired.

"Oh, sometimes it's awful hard, uncle. My fingers are so stiff. Then, these sharps and flats! They tumble out of my head as soon as Miss Darrel puts them in. I try hard, too."

"Miss Darrel hard on ye, is she?" he asked.

"Oh, no, she's just lovely! Never gets out of patience with me like the last teacher did. Say, uncle, why don't you cut Nell's tail? It's so long."

"Humph! her tail's all right. Getting a lesson to-day?"

"Why, this is Christmas day, uncle! Preacher says we're all to be at the church to help decorate for the social. I guess Miss Darrel will be there."

"I heard you drove her over from the station, Will. Is she nice?" Lizzie asked.

"We—ll," Bill somewhat hesitatingly replied; "yes, I—I did happen to be at the station when she came. She—you know the stage is quite expensive."

"Is she nice?" Lizzie repeated.

"She's all right. Goin' down to the church this afternoon, Lizzie?"

"Sure, preacher's depending on us. Miss Darrel wants us to practice our pieces after the work's done, too. You're coming, Will?"

"I guess so," replied Bill.

With that they turned into the yard of Tom Graham's farm, and with a flourish of the whip and the music of bells drew up at the farm-house door.

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The white church was Presbyterian in its plainness. It stood on the section line about two miles from Bill's homestead. Small, oblong, straight-ridged and painted white, it differed from the usual type of country churches and schools in only one particular. Its windows were round on the top instead of square, a mark of architectural beauty of which the congregation was justly proud. On ordinary days a solemn silence reigned in and around the church, but to-day the place rang with bustle and laughter. A roaring fire filled the stove. Young men stood around it talking and laughing. A heap of cedar branches lay on the floor and a group of matrons busied themselves in binding the twigs together into wreaths for door and windows. Others were gathered about a table anxiously debating how to cut out the letters for the motto. Lizzie was there, busy with her scissors, manufacturing borders and frills of bewildering complexity out of colored paper. Two huge beams stretched across the church, and on one of these Bill sat, absorbed in the task of fastening up bunches of evergreens. It is difficult to say whether Bill's mind was altogether taken up with the work in hand. Certain it is that he completely ignored the remarks and jokes flung at him by the boys below, and once he dropped a handful of cedar on the head of the preacher, who was passing underneath.

"I—I beg pardon, Mr. Da—Mr. Hill," he exclaimed. "It slipped out of my hand."

"Don't apologize, Mr. Graham," laughed the preacher, "It is not every one that can get a laurel wreath so easily."

By and bye the matrons made preparations for going home.

"You'll wait and hear us sing, Mr. Graham," said the preacher approaching.

"I guess I will. There's nothing much to do down home," replied Bill.

"Quite so, quite so. But I wonder what is hindering Miss Darrel. She surely can't have forgotten about the practice."

"She is pretty late. The snow's rather deep, though, and it must be hard walking. Maybe it would be better if I—if you would send someone after her," suggested Bill.

"Perhaps that would be best. I'll ask Jim Lavoy. He—I beg your pardon."

"I was just saying that I've nothing particular to do myself."

"Thank you, Mr. Graham, I would be obliged if you would go." Bill waited for nothing more, but seized his hat and coat and set off for Nell.

Miss Darrel stayed with her uncle, whose house was only a short distance from the church, so that it did not take Bill more than a few minutes to reach there.

In answer to his knock, Miss Darrel herself appeared.

"Good evening, Mr. Graham," she said, holding the door open. "Won't you come in?"

"I guess not, miss. I—I thought that you might like to ride over to the practice to-night. The snow's pretty deep for walking."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Graham. That's so good of you. I would have been there earlier, but I had to remain with the children till auntie came back; I shan't keep you waiting long."

Miss Darrel had a wonderfully sweet voice that made Bill's heart thrill to listen to. But it was her eyes that held him bound. They were dark eyes, and they had a tender melting expression. To Bill, as the lamplight fell upon them, they shone with a sweetness unutterable. He knew in a vague sort of way that she was tall and slender, that her hair rose in a full wave over a broad forehead, and that her mouth was gentle but firm in expression, but it was those glorious eyes that held him in a thrall.

In a short time she was ready and they set off. Now, all would have been well but for the peculiarities of that old mare, Nell. She had been a preacher's horse for many a day, and, accustomed to men timid and unlearned in horsemanship, had imbibed certain definite ideas of her own. She brought Bill and Miss Darrel up to the door of the church in fine style, but seemed determined not to end her journey until she reached the shed. By pulling hard, Bill was able to reduce her motion to a kind of see-saw, forward and back. Miss Darrel essayed to step out of the cutter, but Nell made one of her forward springs at the same moment, and she tripped and fell.

Just then a figure stepped out of the darkness and seized the horse's bridle, and in the "Whoa, Nellie," Bill recognized the voice of Lizzie Munro. He sprang out to assist Miss Darrel, but she had at once picked herself up and was already at the church door.

Bill led Nell away to the shed. Then he hurried into the church and hastened to make his apologies to Miss Darrel.

"It was that horse of mine, miss! She's often cranky like that." She flashed upon him a glance that was merry and mischievous, but with pretended severity replied:

"I understand, Mr. Graham, but you should have somebody along to hold her head."

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By a gracious dispensation of fortune the night of the box social was the only one of all that week in which the weather smiled. So from far and near, from log cabin and frame house, from Methodist home and Presbyterian, and even from among the "sects," who frown upon amusement as of the devil, came

young and old, men and youths, matrons and maids, and children in troops. The eight oil lamps shed light on a most interesting and animated scene. The appearance of the church filled the hearts of its decorators with a pardonable pride, and the faces of the audience were suffused with a glow of satisfaction and expectancy as they gazed at these things displayed for their delectation and snare. The elders of the church rubbed their hands at the prospect of large money. The preacher, in the pauses of his bustling to and fro, softly chuckled to himself. Bill was all smiles and importance; he was in charge of the "boxes."

Now, to the dwellers in cities, familiar with art, and critical, the White Church entertainment would have been exceedingly tame. But upon the faces of that country audience could be read happiness, excitement, wonder and delight. Mothers listened, and gazed with trembling eagerness as their boys and girls appeared on the platform and their hearts thrilled at the delicious applause. The audience received everything enthusiastically, dialogues, however wooden, recitations gay and sad, speeches and ancient jokes.

But now the programme was over and the auctioneer took his stand on the stage. The boys nudged each other and whispered; the girls tried to look indifferent, but the heightened color of their cheeks betrayed the interest in the proceedings.

Bidding was brisk and prices high. From the start Bill had kept his eyes fixed upon Miss Darrel and when, at the same moment as a great be-ribboned, be-flowered basket made its appearance on the auctioneer's table he noticed the tell-tale blush creeping over her face, he promptly began to bid. A keen observer might have seen the suspicion of a wink in the eye of Miss Darrel's uncle at this juncture. But no matter. Perhaps it was only the tremor of an eye-lash. Anyhow, when the price of the basket had crept up to a dollar and a half only one remained to bid against Bill.

Bill took an occasional glance at Miss Darrel's face and kept bravely on. The preacher did not show any inclination to yield.

"A dollar fifty-five."

"Sixty."

"Sixty-five."

Miss Darrel's face had become quite unconcerned! Bill hesitated.

"Going at a dollar-sixty-five—going—"

"Seventy," from Bill.

"Seventy-five."

"Eighty."

The audience looked on and listened with supreme delight.

"Go it, Bill."

"Never say die."

"She's worth it all," came from the boys.

"Am I offered any more for this? One dollar and eighty cents," the auctioneer asked.

"Dollar eighty-five," said the preacher.

"Ninety."

"Ninety-five."

Bill looked again at Miss Darrel. She was actually leaning over the seat, her back at the proceedings, calmly talking with a neighbor.

"Keep your end up, Bill."

"You're never done, surely, Bill?"

Various shouts of encouragement arose from the spectators.

"Going at a dollar ninety-five—going—"

Miss Darrel's attention was still absorbed by the conversation. Bill, unversed in female wiles, hesitated—hesitated—hesitated and was lost.

Of course it was Miss Darrel's basket. Bill saw the preacher open it, read the name on the little slip of paper inside and go and sit down by her. He gave a long sigh of disappointment and resignation and turned away.

A few minutes later he secured a pink heart. It was simple in appearance, with a blotch of red for its only decoration, and it was transfixed with a white arrow.

Had Bill been watching Lizzie's face when that box fell to him, he might have seen her face give a little start of pleasure. As it was, it was with some indifference that Bill opened up his purchase, yet when he read the name "Lizzie Munro," his own heart gave a beat of satisfaction.

Neither Lizzie nor Bill had much to say as they ate supper together. Lizzie looked rather pale and tired, but she was happy. Bill felt happy, too. After all, his sense of disappointment was not so very deep, and Lizzie's pie was good. She herself ate only a mouthful. Suddenly she said:

"Please take me home, Will, I'm not very well."

"Why, Lizzie, can I get you anything? Will you drink some tea?"

"No, Will, thank you. I should just like to go home."

"All right. I'll get Nell out in a minute."

During the drive home Lizzie was silent. It seemed to be an effort for her to speak, but she was happy. Bill, too, had little to say, but he also felt wonderfully content.

They soon reached Tom Graham's, where Lizzie was still staying, and Bill helped her out.

"Hope you'll be all right to-morrow. Say, Lizzie, can I get keepin' that heart of yours. It'll decorate my sideboard finely."

"Yes, Will," Lizzie replied, in a voice that was queer and husky. Mrs. Graham came out (she had remained at home) and Lizzie went quickly into the house.

That night Bill was long in going to sleep. His mind seemed to be occupied thinking something out, and when at last slumber came to him one vision remained before his eyes. It was his horse Nell. Standing beside her with both hands on the bridle was Lizzie, and at his feet lay a heart of pink, pierced by a white arrow.

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"Uncle! Uncle!"

Bill hadn't been long asleep when a thunderous knocking came at his door. He jumped up and ran to open. A figure burst in. It was Tom's boy, Martin, breathless with running.

"Lizzie's sick—horse—lame—doctor!"

Bill rapidly dressed while Martin lighted the lantern. They hurried out to the stable, flung the harness hastily on to Nell, and in a few minutes had her hitched up to the cutter. The night had grown dark and snow was beginning to fall. Bill sprang to his seat, and Martin clamored on behind. With an imperative twitch of the lines which Nell understood, Bill drove rapidly away. The gloom among the trees was deep, but a few minutes brought them to the section line. Martin dropped off and Bill turned through the gate into the Craigmont road. Then Nell experienced a surprise. A couple of swift cuts descended on her flank. She gave a mighty bound and then stretched out into a gallop.

Bill's eyes were bent steadily and keenly on the road and his grasp on the lines was firm and strong, but his heart throbbed with a strange fear. Martin had said she was "Chokin' for breath." What if he should be too late! Another impatient stroke fell upon Nell.

The cutter sped swiftly down the trail. The great fire-blackened stumps that dotted the snow rushed swiftly by. The cutter swayed and bounded over the road. Nell raced on at angry speed. Little hills she despised: down the slopes she went headlong regardless of the swinging cutter behind. But Bill sat alert, his feet well planted; his body bending to keep the balance.

Now they swept into the forest. The gloom was deep, but Nell's pace never slackened. The trees slipped by like a black wall. Great clammy fingers stretched out and seemed to clutch at Bill flying along. Dead pines leaning over the road looming suddenly above him, made Bill duck his head involuntarily. The snow deadened Nell's hoof-beats, but clods from her flying feet rattled on the dashboard.

On, on, on! Through the swamp, over the bridge, round the lake. Now the dark walls opened out and they were on the brow of the long slope down to Craigmont.

Down the hill Nell threw herself, swiftly, madly, swept round the curve at the foot of the hill, Bill leaning far out of the cutter, dashed into the little village and drew up, foaming, at the doctor's door.

A few knocks sufficed to wake him. Bill unhitched Nell and harnessed the doctor's team while he dressed. In a few minutes more they were off on the race for home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lizzie was ill for many days. "Acute diphtheria, critical case," was the doctor's verdict. "Too many late choir practices," was his comment. Bill called to enquire about her every day, but was not permitted to see her for a long time.

At last she was able to receive him. She sat before the parlor stove, wrapped in shawls. Bill occupied the rocking chair. Both were silent for a long

time after the first greetings. At length: "Nell had a great race that night, Will," said Lizzie.

"Yes; didn't want anyone to hold her head that time," replied Bill.

"Oh, I think Nell's a good obedient horse and wouldn't do anything mean."

"I think I'd like to have somebody along in case, though." Bill trembled as he spoke.

Lizzie was silent.

"Lizzie."

"Yes, Will."

"Will you come?"

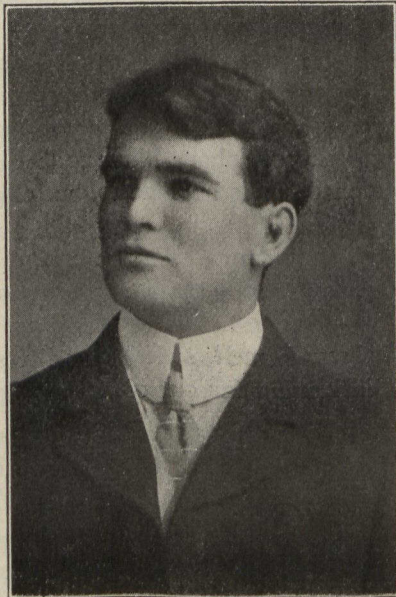
Bill had risen from his chair now.

"Yes, Will."

"For always?"

"Yes, Will."

—GEORGE TELFORD.



THE LATE G. L. MCKAY.

## Queen's University Journal

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## Editorials.

THE LATE D. L. M'KAY.

JUST as the Journal goes to press, the death of D. L. McKay, one of the most popular members of the student body and president of the Y.M.C.A., is announced. If college were in session the friends of the late Mr. McKay would not be slow to manifest the high esteem in which they held him. As a man amongst men he was most highly respected. His ready comradeship, his friendliness, his participation in various college activities had made him hosts of friends who will see in his demise the premature ending of a career that had given the highest promises. Too much cannot be said of his manliness and sterling qualities, and only Queen's men can know the place he filled in college life. To 900 fellow students the announcement of his death will bring the bitterest pang of sorrow. On behalf of the student body the Journal offers condolences and deepest sympathy to the parents and other relatives of the late Mr. McKay.

About ten weeks ago, two months before the closing of the college, Mr. McKay was taken to the General Hospital suffering from what appeared to be an attack of grippe. The sickness prolonged itself, and it was only as the students were dispersing that he was able to leave the hospital. The improvement in his condition was only temporary, and after his departure for Berlin, where his parents reside, the decline became more rapid and the end was reached on Monday, 11th inst. The funeral took place Wednesday.

In Ottawa recently Professor John McNaughton delivered an admirable lecture on Christianity and Citizenship. The thought at the basis of Professor McNaughton's conception of the relation between those two facts was that through Christian living and Christian beliefs good citizenship might be fostered. He made several references to contemporary Canadian politics, stating that on the whole it could scarcely be contended that there was any quickening of the pulse of our political life. In the United States the people were arousing



themselves to a sense of the dangers ahead of the nation and were attempting to remove them. There were dangers arising on all sides of life in Canada and yet they appeared to create no response in the minds of our statesmen. On the people themselves, however, was to be laid great blame for shortcomings of Canadian politicians. Public life in Canada was not destitute of men animated by unselfish motives, by lofty purposes. Sir John Macdonald and Hon. G. W. Ross were cited as examples of men who had remained poor in spite of long political careers. The temptations, too, that beset our statesmen were unusually strong. Immense public works had to be constructed under their supervision, vast sums of money were expended at their dictation and the demands of the local politician were strong and insistent. The local politician fixed his eye not on the general good but on sectional advantage. He wanted newly constructed railways to touch his town or his land, he wanted public works for his constituency, he placed the general good of the country below personal or local gain.

Coming to an explanation of Christianity, Professor McNaughton stated that he did not conceive of it as a system of petty prohibitions forbidding this and that line of action. It referred to the principles of living. To the tone of life. The man who patterned his life on that of Jesus Christ, who was Christian in the broadest, deepest sense of the word, would take a keen interest in public affairs, would not stand for dishonesty or the predominance of sectional interests, would not put temptations in the way of public men.

The chairman who introduced Professor McNaughton to the audience spoke of the Professor's departure from Queen's, saying that it would occasion regret in the minds of many loyal graduates.

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The Journal is glad to be able to print the letter for J. M. Macdonnell, M. A., on Training in Oxford Athletics. It will be seen from a perusal of the letter that there is no complicated system of training in English universities such as exists in institutions across the line. At Oxford the men who participate in sports are impelled by sheer unselfish interest to keep in a physical condition that makes it possible to play to the end of the hardest contest. At Queen's it appears to be a matter of difficulty to get all the members of teams in different lines of sport to "keep in shape," and a man who falls behind his team-mates in physical condition handicaps them in their efforts through a season. To get men in condition, elaborate systems are being devised. In the larger American universities the teams eat at special tables where they are served with food that is supposed to be particularly nourishing. A man is employed to attend to the condition of the players. He sends them to bed early in the evening; he supervises their smallest movements. After every practice they are 'sent' several miles. In fact they are the objects of such unbounded and all-embracing solicitude that a barrier is set up between them and their fellow students. It is the same in all lines of sport. Of course it cannot be denied that men who consent to the deprivations of such a system are interested in athletics. Their interest must be very keen or they would rebel. In Oxford the same end of good phy-

sical condition is attained by far simpler means, by means of a system that does not involve interference with studies or the other important duties of student life. And, in so far as it does this, it is to be highly commended. It is beyond doubt that the basis of any system of training is interest on the part of those on whose behalf it is devised. At Queen's it is above all to be desired that no such elaborate and expensive system such as prevails in American universities should be established. Training is not to be deprecated. It is of advantage to athletes not only of temporary but permanent advantage. It is part of an interesting process, and as such is a commendable form of diversion. But it must spring from pure interest and must not interfere with ordinary student duties. Next fall the members of the football teams should be helped to get into condition. The gymnasium and all its equipment should be at their disposal. There should be someone with authority to pass judgment on their fitness. Every legitimate inducement to careful living that makes for condition should be held out, and if the members of teams are properly interested in the success of their organization a system of training free from evils can be arranged.

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#### QUEEN'S AND THE CHURCH.

The Journal would have preferred to have left the discussion of this important matter to the governing bodies who represent the university and the General Assembly that stands for the church. But the question has become public property and student opinion concerning its merits perhaps deserves expression. On the whole it may be said that the students in all discussions of the question look only to the welfare of Queen's of the future. The fact of facts for them is the desirability of building up Queen's to an assured position in the intellectual life of the country. Considerations of the prestige of the Presbyterian Church are put aside, and should be. It may be gratefully recognized that Queen's has been nourished by the church and brought to her present strength largely through its efforts. But this does not involve argument for a maintenance of the existing connection. The church will not suffer if Queen's is taken from its care and protection: and the university may stand to gain renewed strength and financial support. Why, then, is it necessary to consider the past relations of university and church as dictating the proper course of action in the present difficulty. On the basis of sentiment there may be some justification for a desire to preserve the present denominational sympathy, but if it has been proven that separation will strengthen the university, sentiment is discounted in value.

The opinion of the students is based on simple fear that the church will never adequately support Queen's. Promise after promise has been made, but for various reasons it has been impossible to fully carry them out. The present attempt to raise an endowment fund has proved a failure. And the reason for this is not far to seek. Upon the church as a great organization embracing wide purposes, countless demands for money are being made. Its ability to support Queen's is decreasing and will continue to decrease. It should simply

be recognized as a fact that the church cannot so control its membership as to force it to contribute to the support of Queen's. It appears that throughout the discussion of the proposal for separation there has been a strange hesitation to face the fact that the church has not been able to support the university in its process of expansion.

The history of Queen's gives assurance that the present discussion will end amicably. Nothing could be more calamitous to the future of our Alma Mater than that it should end otherwise. When the action of the governing bodies is taken before the General Assembly it is to be hoped that it will be debated calmly, with the welfare of Queen's in mind and not the prestige of the church, or sentimental concern for the beginning of things. It is matter for regret that the future of Queen's rests with the church and not exclusively with the authorities that guide her daily development and are in a position to impartially calculate the effect of any change. On one ground alone should the present connection be preserved, namely, that it will assure the financial position of the university. If it can be proved that the church can support Queen's, no student, even though he be not enthusiastic for denominational sympathy in any form, will be sorry if the proposal for separation is lost. It is for Queen's first, last and always, for Queen's as signifying for us more than can be told in a volume, that the Journal pleads.

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## Convocation.

THE spring convocation, concluding the sixty-seventh session of Queen's University, was held in Grant Hall on the afternoon of April 29th. The spacious hall, both on the ground floor and in the galleries, was well filled with the students and their many friends. Sir Sandford Fleming, the aged Chancellor, presided.

The proceedings opened at 2.30 o'clock with Scripture reading and prayer by Rev. James Wallace, M.A., B.D., of Lindsay. The presentation of scholarships, prizes, and medals took place first, and then followed the conferring of the degrees upon the graduating class by the Chancellor.

A most interesting part of the programme was the unveiling of a bust of Andrew Carnegie, a benefactor of Queen's, which was presented to the University by Sir Sandford Fleming. The bust was received by Chief Justice MacLennan, of Ottawa, chairman of the Board of Trustees, who spoke briefly in appreciation of the gift.

The Chancellor was then presented by Justice MacLennan for the honorary degree of LL.D., which he received at the hands of Principal Gordon. Justice MacLennan paid a high tribute to the work of the Chancellor, who, he said, had just completed twenty-eight years of noble service for the University. It was rather late to confer this degree, but he expressed the hope that the Chancellor would appreciate the honor none the less on that account. He thought that the Chancellor's own modesty had been the only cause for his not having received

the degree sooner. The speaker referred to the work accomplished by the Chancellor as an engineer on the great railways of Canada earlier in his career, and spoke of him as one of the builders of the nation to whom for the future of Canada we would be greatly indebted.

The Chancellor replied in a most fitting manner, thanking the University for the honor which had been conferred upon him.

Prof. Watson proposed the name of the Hon. John Charlton for the degree of LL.D., who on account of serious illness was unable to be present. Prof. Watson sketched the career of Mr. Charlton, and remarked that he would be quite safe in saying that no public man had done more to deserve and secure the confidence of his fellows.

Dean Connell presented the name of Dr. Barker, of John Hopkins University, for the honorary degree of LL.D. The recipient of this degree was unable to be present owing to business in connection with his own university. In a brief sketch of Dr. Barker's professional success, Dr. Connell referred to him as a Canadian who had won for himself a foremost place in the leading medical Schools in the United States.

Milton H. Hersey, M.A., Montreal, also received the degree of LL.D., his name being proposed by Prof. Nicol. Mr. Hersey extended his thanks for the honor conferred upon him, and said that he considered it a great honor to have the renowned University of Queen's confer upon him such a degree.

Just before the closing exercises, Dean Lavell delivered a most thoughtful and inspiring address to the graduating class. This address is given in full below:

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### ***Dean Lavell's Address to the Graduating Class.***

*Mr. Chancellor, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Graduating Class,—*

You have come together for your last formal meeting as students of Queen's, to receive from your University her recognition of your work and her final words of farewell and good speed.

Perhaps you have not realized during the lectures that you have been taking for the last four years that there comes occasionally to the professor the recognition of a disturbing fact—the fact that some nine-tenths of the things expounded so carefully and so laboriously learned, will be forgotten by all but the best of his students within a year or two. You know well yourselves how little you would care to stand now, at an hour's notice, an examination on the subjects of your first year. And the realization of this makes the effort a constant one on the part of every true teacher to minimize that which will be forgotten, to eliminate from his teaching that which is ineffective, to dwell with unceasing earnestness and clearness on things of permanent value. The problem of sifting is a never-ending one, and the old prayer—*Da mihi Domine, scire quod sciendum est*,—Grant, O Lord, that we may know that which is worth knowing—is one that every teacher utters, not consciously perhaps, but none the less actually, in every hour of his teaching and reading.

The responsibility for such sifting is now thrown on yourselves.

Much of the greatness of a great painter lies in his power of selection. A photograph and a painting may both be true, yet one is of infinitely more value than the other, for the artist has done that which the sun does not attempt,—he has penetrated through the material, through the phenomena facing him, to that which is universal. I see a willow by a river bank, a mother and child, a herd of cattle straying heavily homeward in the twilight, a million times, and think nothing of it; yet when Corot, Raphael, Troyon, paint these things of daily life they become immortally significant, so that even in crude copy they somehow give us a message of life and truth none the less fundamental because it may refuse to be formulated in words.

In every book, as in every landscape, in every problem of life as in every course in college, some things are significant and some are not, some things are worth while and some are not, *and the man who has the power of selection is the man who succeeds*. To select wisely the things that are worth doing, to work overtime in the doing of them,—these represent much of the task that lies ahead of you.

And what of the basis of selection? I do not wish to utter truisms,—nor do I wish to be too didactic. Yet without arrogance I may pass on to you the message which Queen's gave to me, her son, and which through my unworthy lips she gives to you, her sons and daughters. Live your own lives; see with your own eyes—trying, too, to see that your light be not darkness; face your problems boldly, cheerfully, and without compromise; put aside the deceit of conventions and the cobwebs that obscure your best purposes; decide manfully what you want and strive for it without fear. I know a man who for years talked of his love for the country and his desire to be a farmer; he was a city man; he is a city man still, and his office is in the heart of a population of a million and a half people. What was the matter? Was he insincere? Not at all. But he did not want the country life *enough* to give up the privileges of the city, and he refused to face the issue. Decide then what you want to be and do, and when you have decided let no obstacle deter you. Overcome them, go round them, or bide your time until they disappear, only do not give up your ideal until you see a better one. For we assume that it will be a healthy and noble one,—that as you attain it, it will point you to a higher one,—and that back of any lesser aim in life will be the remembrance of the words of our Lord when He said, "Be ye perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

This is our last word, then, and if I, who am but a little distance ahead of you on the road we are all travelling, say it so confidently, it is because the spirit of Queen's is in it. "Things of a day," sang Pindar,—“things of a day, —what are we, and what not? Man is a dream of shadows. Nevertheless when a glory from God hath shined on them, a clear light abideth upon men, and serene life.” You will remember how Tennyson expressed his life worship of the Gleam, the ideal that flitted before him ever ungrasped, yet shedding upon him a glory from God indeed:

"Not of the sunlight,  
 Not of the moonlight,  
 Not of the starlight.  
 O, young mariner,  
 Down to the haven  
 Call your companions,  
 Launch your vessel  
 And crowd your canvas,  
 And ere it vanishes over the margin,  
 After it, follow it,  
 Follow the Gleam!"

## *Degrees and Prizes.*

The degrees and prizes in the Faculties of Arts, Science and Education were as follows:

### UNIVERSITY MEDALS.

Latin—H. W. Macdonnell, Kingston. German—Ethel Code, Almonte, Ont. French—Ethel Alford, Brockville, Ont. English—Jessie J. MacKenzie, Bruce Mines. History—D. A. McArthur, Dutton, Ont. Political Science—C. D. Cornett, Kingston, Ont. Mathematics—D. Ellis, Kingston, Ont. Botany—J. W. Gibson, Kars, Ont. Animal Biology—John R. Tuck, Mosborough, Ont. Chemistry—Geo. B. Stillwell, Meaford, Ont. Geology—W. Malcolm, M.A., Woodstock.

### M. A. DEGREES.

Ethel Alford, Brockville; R. C. Easson, Stratford; D. S. Ellis, (B.A.), Kingston; W. P. Ferguson, Osnabruck Centre; J. W. Forrester, Westport; J. Froats (B.A.), Finch; J. W. Gibson, Kars; J. W. Hagan, Walsingham; H. R. Kingston, Picton; D. A. McArthur (B.A.), Dutton; A. D. MacDonell, Lancaster; Isabel S. MacInnes, Vankleek Hill; Jessie J. MacKenzie, Bruce Mines; G. A. Platt (B.A.), Portsmouth; G. B. Stillwell (B.A.), Meaford; B. W. Thompson, Hintonburgh; J. R. Tuck, Mosboro; A. V. Wilson (B.A.), Warkworth.

### B. A. DEGREES.

R. W. Anglin, Cork, Ireland; W. A. Beecroft, Woodville; M. R. Bow, Regina, Sask.; D. Brown, Belmont; C. J. Burns, Cannington; Pearl Chandler, Norwood; Ethel M. Code, Almonte; Edith M. Davidson, Kingston; Edna Davidson, Bowmanville; T. W. H. Ellicott, Montreal; H. E. Elliott, Forest; T. E. Fear, Brandon, Man.; T. A. Flynn, Morrisburg; E. L. Fuller, London; W. A. Gilchrist, Glamis; C. R. Graham, Arnprior; E. Hampson, Ottawa; W. E. Hanna, Toronto; Annie S. Hendry, Hamilton; Ada E. Hughes, Kingston; D. Jordan, Kingston; F. C. Kennedy, Winnipeg, Man.; R. H. Liggett, Garden Hill; T. A. Malloch, Hamilton; Maud Mattock, Almonte; Daisy W. Maxwell, Kingston; Edna A. Millar, Calgary, Alta.; R. M. Mills (M.D.), Kingston; W.

Moore, Pickering; W. D. McIntosh, North Bruce; Winewood Mackenzie, St. Thomas; H. W. McKiel, Guelph; D. I. McLeod, Owen Sound; Mary W. McMichael, Williamsville; A. R. McRae, Ayr; Margaret A. Nicol, Napanee; N. A. Osborne, Waterville, N.S.; H. R. Parker, Calgary, Alta.; Edna H. Pierce, Bongard's Corners; Pauline I. Pratt, Toronto; G. D. Ralston, Hamilton; Annie L. Rieve, Markham; A. Rintoul, Tatlock; Mabel G. Robinson, Kingston; S. D. Skene, Grand Coulee, Sask.; C. A. Shaver, Osnabruck Centre; R. S. Stevens, Delta; Eleanor Simpson, Regina, Sask.; G. C. Valens, Brandon, Man.; W. G. Wallace, Metcalfe; Anna Maud Weaver, Buchanan, Sask.; G. H. Wilson, Montreal; A. V. Wood, Peterboro; J. Whitehead, Rossmount.

## DEGREE OF B. PAED.

R. F. Downey (B.A.), Port Perry; S. J. Keys (B.A.), Cornwall; F. H. Lingwood (B.A.), Simcoe; J. A. Speers (M.A.), Alliston.

## DEGREE OF PH. D.

L. M. McDougall (M.A.), Brockville.

## DEGREE OF M. E.

G. G. Dobbs, G. R. McLaren.

## SCIENCE DIPLOMAS.

A. J. Arthur (Electrical Engineering), Carleton Place; T. Speirs (Electrical Engineering), Appleton, Ont.

## DEGREE OF B.SC.

Course A., Mining Engineering—E. W. Brown, Hawkesbury; J. P. Cordukes, Elginburg; W. M. Harding, Oshawa; W. Huber, Bracebridge; W. C. McGinnis, Belleville; B. R. McKay, Cornwall; C. Orford, Delamar, Idaho; D. B. Rockwell, Kingston; J. B. Trueman, St. John, N.B.; K. S. Twitchell, St. Albans, Vt. Course C., Mineralogy and Geology—A. A. Fleming, Craigeleith; J. Hill, (M.A.), Harrington West; S. J. Schofield (M.A.), Kingston; F. Sine (M.A.), Kingston. Course E., Civil Engineering—A. Cummings, Fernie, B.C.; H. O. Dempster, Gananoque; A. Findlay, Winnipeg, Man.; A. J. Milden, Cornwall; J. B. Milliken, Stráthroy; C. R. McColl, Chatham; M. McKenzie, Lake Megantic, Que.; J. N. Stanley (M.A.), Port Colborne; F. Stidwell, Dutton; R. O. Sweezy, Quebec, Que. Course F., Mechanical Engineering—Marshall, J. H. G., Stella, Ont. Course G., Electrical Engineering—D. B. Fleming, Craigeleith; A. M. Grant, West Merigomish, N.S.; J. J. Jeffrey, Elder's Mills; R. T. Jeffery, Elder's Mills; B. E. Norrish, Walkerton; D. W. Richmond, Brighton; J. Stott, Sapperton, B.C.

## M. D. AND C. M.

J. C. Baker, Newington; W. Beggs, Hallville; H. E. Bond, Kingston, Jamaica; R. M. Bradley (B.A.), Boston, Mass.; J. C. Byers, Eganville; S. V. Carmichael, Spencerville; F. A. Cays, Kingston; J. A. Charlebois, Hull, Que.; J. P. I. Clancy, Lumsden, Sask.; W. H. Cole, Ottawa; T. J. Collinson, Piercefield, N.Y.; H. A. Connolly (B.A.), Vancouver, B.C.; N. W. Connolly, Van-

couver, B.C.; W. F. Cornett (B.A.), Kingston; M. C. Costello, Calgary, Alta.; I. D. Cotnam, Pembroke; T. V. Daley, Kingston; H. Dunlop (B.A.), Kingston; L. H. Fraser, Truro, N.S.; R. A. Hughes, Kingston; G. H. V. Hunter, Kingston; J. R. Hurtubise, St. Anne de Prescott; J. M. Kelly, Addison; W. D. Kennedy, Ottawa; A. V. Laing, Dundas; A. L. Magill, Kingston, Jamaica; H. H. Milburn, Peterboro; W. Morrison (B.A.), Ashgrove; E. T. Myers, Portland; A. MacDonald, Regina, Sask.; F. B. McIntosh, Edmonton, Alta.; J. F. McDermott, Kingston; N. J. McKinley, Seeley's Bay; C. T. C. Nurse, Georgetown, B.G.; C. A. Patterson, Athens; G. H. Patterson, Stella; P. J. Quinn, Oswego, N.Y.; J. E. R. Ramdeholl, New Amsterdam, B.G.; T. R. Ross, Abernethy, Sask.; F. R. Sargent (B.A.), Kingston; B. Harty Thompson, Kingston; F. S. Young, Forfar; W. L. Yule, Gananoque Junction.

SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Chancellor's Scholarship, First Year in Practical Science—H. Earle, Central Park, B.C. J. McDonald Mowat's Scholarship, Second Year in Practical Science—K. S. Clarke, Woodstock, Ont. Bruce Carruthers' Scholarship, Third Year in Mining—F. Ransom, Kingston, and W. E. Lawson, London.

Engineering Society Prizes—1st, Twitchell, K. S. (B.Sc.), St. Albans, Vt.

MEDICAL PRIZES.

Faculty Prize in Anatomy—W. E. Anderson and S. M. Polson, M.A., Kingston. Faculty Prize, \$25, for highest mark on second year examinations in Anatomy, Physiology, Histology and Chemistry—W. E. Anderson, Kingston. The New York Alumni Association Scholarship, \$50, for highest mark in Honor Physiology and Histology, papers open to Arts and Medical students—S. M. Polson, Kingston. Faculty prize for highest percentage of marks on second year examination in Materia Medica—S. M. Polson and W. E. Anderson, Kingston. The Dean Fowler Scholarship, for highest percentage of marks on work of the Third Year—J. J. McCann, Perth. Faculty Prize for best written and practical examination in Third Year Pathology—D. Robb, B.A., Annaheim, Sask. The Chancellor's Scholarship, value \$70, for highest percentage on four years' course, tenable only by those who take the examinations of the Ontario Medical Council—H. Dunlop, B.A., Kingston. Prize of \$25, given by Dr. W. C. Barber, for best examination in Mental Diseases—F. R. Sargent, B.A., Kingston. Medal in Medicine—C. T. C. Nurse, Georgetown, B.G. Medal in Surgery—I. D. Cotnam, Pembroke. House Surgeons in Kingston General Hospital—The following are recommended in order of merit; T. D. Cotnam, A. McDonald, R. M. Bradley; next in order—J. O. Baker, F. R. Sargent, B.A., and S. V. Carmichael.

UNIVERSITY PRIZES.

Professor's Prize in Latin—H. J. Black, Fergus, Ont., and May L. Macdonnel, Kingston. Greek Prose Composition—C. R. Graham, Arnprior. Roughton Prize in German—A. G. Harris, Kingston. Professor's Prize in French—Bessie H. Wilson, St. John's, N.B. Roger's Prize in English—N.



Miller, Aylmer, Ont. Lewis Prize—H. T. Wallace. McLennan Prize in Hebrew—J. R. Gray, London, Ont. Gordon Foundation in Botany—A. B. Klugh, Kingston. Gowan Foundation in Political Science—D. C. Caverly, Perley, Sask. Calvin, in Latin—W. A. Clark, Markham, Ont. MacLennan, in Greek—H. J. Black, Fergus, Ont. Gowan Foundation No. III—Geo. Telford.

## DEGREE OF B. D.

D. H. Marshall, B.A., Campden; A. S. Tod, B.A., Maguire, Ont.

## TESTAMURS IN THEOLOGY.

A. T. Barnard, M.A.; W. M. Hay, B.A.; J. McDonald, B.A.; A. S. Tod, B.A.; F. Miller, B.A.; R. Brydon, B.A.

## SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES IN THEOLOGY.

Sarah McClelland Waddell, \$120—W. W. McIntosh, B.A., North Bruce, Ont. Chancellor's, \$70—R. J. McDonald, M.A., Golspie. Spence, \$60 (tenable 2 years)—J. L. Nicol, M.A., Jarvis. Anderson No. 1, \$40—W. Stott, B.A., Sapperton, B.C. Anderson No. 2, \$35—D. C. Ramsay, M.A., Grand Valley. The Tawse, \$40—W. M. Hay, B.A., Paisley. Toronto, \$60—J. M. McGillivray, Picton. St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, \$45—A. T. Barnard, M.A., Hamilton. Rankine No. 1, \$45—R. H. Liggett, Garden Hill, Ont. Rankine No. 2, \$45—J. McDonald, B.A., Deseronto. Glass Memorial, \$30—R. H. Somerville, Morton. Mackie, \$25—R. J. McDonald, M.A., Golspie. Lewis Prize, \$25—H. T. Wallace, B.D., Oakville. McTavish Prize, \$20—R. H. Liggett, Garden Hill. Prize in Books for Essay on "The place of Music in Church Worship"—J. M. McGillivray, Picton. James Anderson, Bursary (Gaelic)—H. D. McQuaig, B.A., Wolfe Island. William Morris Bursary, \$50—S. B. Manoukian, Armenia.

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*Gold Medal in German.*

As another evidence of the warm interest taken by Queen's graduates in their Alma Mater, we are pleased to announce that a gold medal has been donated by Mr. M. McCormick, of Guelph, a graduate in Honour Moderns of 1901. This medal will be awarded to the male student in Final Honour German who shows the greatest proficiency in German speech.

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*The Class of '08.*

As I mused, 'mid the falling shadows  
Of the softly dying day,  
Came a throng of sweet dream faces,  
And passed in dim array.  
There were strong men and gentle maidens—  
Some seventy souls, or more,  
All girded and armed for the battle

That on earth is fought evermore.  
 There were faces that bore the impress  
 Of high resolve and strong,  
 And some where the laughter of childhood  
 Still lingered the dimples among.  
 As I gazed and wondered dimly:  
 "Are these the foes of Fate?"  
 Came a soft, harmonious sighing,  
 "We're the class of Naughty-Eight."  
 Then, o'er head of man and maiden  
 Flashed bright a brazen shield,  
 Where in blazing, burning legend,  
 Stood each inmost thought revealed;  
 So swiftly they passed before me  
 That all I cannot recall,  
 But some, with resistless charming,  
 Held my raptured soul in thrall.

Inscribed on the first, in crimson dye,  
 This glorious legend caught my eye:  
 '08, with her usual perspicacity,  
 Wisdom, keen insight, and sagacity,  
 The honorary president's place to fill,  
 Chose the Prof., who can make "your pulses thrill,"  
 Likewise your wrists, as you struggle to write  
 All that he volubly can indite.  
 Fresh from old Scotia he came to our College,  
 Quickly he won the respect of us all;  
 To-night we gladly triple in measure  
 The hearty greeting we gave him last fall.

Sang D. I.: "I lead this valiant throng—  
 They're bold and bonny, brave and strong,  
 And tho' error may cloud or dim their sight  
 In times of peril, they're for the right;  
 May I lead the world, as I led my mates,  
 And be on top and defy the Fates."

A dark-haired maid, with a laughing eye,  
 Sang, "Jokes will make all woes slip by,  
 For the woe of the world is lessened by half,  
 If when cares perplex, one will only laugh;  
 No lofty aims, no suffragette's plea  
 Will be worked in the world by aid of me,  
 But as Stewart of glee, thro' this world of woe,  
 And dispenser of sunshine, I'll gaily go."

One read: "I cannot joust or wrestle,  
 But oh! I've got the grandest whistle!  
 Tho' skies may lower, and Profs. look grim,  
 I'll whistle a gay, blithe song or hymn,  
 Or a bar or two from the ragtime muse  
 Will cure the most malignant blues.  
 The lark and nightingale hold their song  
 When I, T. A. Malloch, come whistling along."

Then o'er the head of a trim, wee maid,  
 Shone out like the flash of steely blades:  
 "True to my name, I formed a Code,  
 And talk thro' the wall in wonderful mode,  
 With a 'Fellow' grave, and a Theologue grim—  
 And thro' the long night I dream of him;  
 Three knocks, dash, and knock, means  
 "What's the right time?"  
 Four knocks—"I long for thy presence sublime,  
 My room-mate's chatter a-wearies me,  
 And I, oh! I am a-longing for thee."  
 Now which of them, think you, holds me in thrall,  
 The sunny-haired 'Fellow' or Theologue tall?"

O'erhead of one clad like a knight,  
 I read this rhyme in letters bright:  
 "When Mr J. W. Gibson  
 Goes forth the world to rule,  
 He'll have for lovely woman  
 A domestic science school.  
 Philosophy and Polycon  
 Shall not her brain perplex,  
 When Gib., the mighty son of Gib.,  
 Shall rule supreme. Hail, Rex!!"

An auburn-haired lassie, with bright, clear eye,  
 Carolled sweetly a song as she passed me by—  
 And that same old song will the heart-strings thrill  
 As when Scotchmen of old heard the bonny trill.  
 And modern Scots feel just that way,  
 To the 'Annie Lauries' of the present day.

"Teddy bears and Greek are my chief delight,"  
 Said the shield of the man who Graham is dight.  
 "Watch carefully cards got out for election,"  
 Was clearly displayed in the very next section.

"Skill in debates, journalistic ability—  
 Likewise noted for great garrurility."  
 So ran the motto, the initials D. C.,  
 To affix them rightly I leave to thee.  
 A beau-ideal and an ideal beau  
 Are identical and the same,  
 Provided, of course, the letters M. R.  
 Are also prefixed to the name.  
 Such was the next inscription writ large in letters of flames,  
 The next three shields were all the same,  
 And I wondered much at the 'graving there,  
 For the difference was only in the name,  
 And these were the words inscribed with care:  
 "If you mean in this world to dance or skate,  
 Don't wait till the year you graduate  
 To frequent rink and hall,  
 For childhood is the learning time,  
 So don't wait until you're in your prime  
 To attend a college ball."  
 If you don't know those that this may mean,  
 The reference is to one you deem  
 The singer of '08.  
 R. A. Summerville and H. McKiel  
 Were caught in the turn of the social wheel  
 And are learning to dance—too late.

Another group of three appeared,  
 And I looked the lines to see;  
 "To the Macs of '08," the verse began,  
 And below, "Slim, Tother and Wee."  
 To Mac the Slim is given fame,  
 Journalistic renown and money,  
 His personal tastes will be gratified,  
 Especially his taste for honey.  
 The Tother Mac in the Y.M.C.A.,  
 Must toil to preserve it from decay,  
 But in Y.W. matters and snow-shoe trips  
 He is equally able to give some tips.  
 He sings in choirs and helps in debate,  
 But a secretary's lot is now his fate.  
 Instead of as might be expected,  
 A solemn historical theme,  
 On the shield of Wee Mac was graven.  
 A totally different scene.  
 A coal-oil stove in the foreground

That refused to burn as it ought,  
 And the aforesaid student  
 Peering into a coffee-pot.

Was Locke a Hebrew? Did he write  
 Of 'meteing out measure to all the rest?'  
 Alas! I know naught of such things—  
 Go, ask the monopolist.

Calm and serene he moves along  
 (I'll tell you who and where),  
 The Arts Society president,  
 And he treads as if on air.  
 For Friday night is study night,  
 And sure 'tis no great offence  
 If W. A. Dobson prefer to work  
 That night at the Residence.

Then shone with dazzling brightness  
 The shields o'er two good men—  
 I read in their glowing whiteness,  
 And laughed, and read again:  
 "A rime we sing of the raiding days,  
 We can show them how to do it.  
 Cape Vincent lies from Kingston a-ways,  
 And Watertown, Morrisburg, likewise lays—  
 We went, and did not rue it."  
 O! the Science Court this quartette bust:  
 The Urie-McCammon-Skene-Pilkey Trust;  
 The two from '08 who planned the race  
 In Westminster Abbey deserve a place;  
 For those who blocked the plans of Science,  
 And to that Faculty gave defiance,  
 Deserve in truth a greater ovation  
 Than the gift of a three-dollar invitation.

So they drifted off in the gloaming,  
 To enter the world's great school,  
 Where all is not laughter and singing,  
 And keen is the master's tool.  
 And I prayed that the ancient courage  
 That guided the knights of old,  
 Would be theirs when the burden was heavy,  
 And to gray had turned their gold.  
 That when the 'graving was ended

Might be seen in each maid and man  
The Master-Builder's image,  
And perfect each broken plan ;  
And that when the great St. Peter  
Shall unlock Heaven's gate,  
The first phalanx to enter  
Shall be from Queen's—'08.

—A. B. SHAW.

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## Arts.

WHEN for the last time during the session we have passed through the door of the examination room, with its ominous inscription, "*Spem Deponite Inituri*" written overhead, when the last post-mortem over our frantic guesses at unfamiliar examination questions has been despairingly concluded and when books have been flung aside for another vacation, the soothing consciousness that "things are as they are and will be as they will be" quiets the troubled mind, and in the tranquil aloofness which such a feeling of resignation alone can give, we are constrained, as if by nature, to look back over the year that is past, recalling its aspirations, lingering over its accomplishments and complacently explaining even its failures. So also is it with us. At the beginning of the college year a certain definite policy was resolved upon with regard to the conduct of this department of the Journal, and now that the final issue is upon us, a retrospective glance may be pardoned.

The purpose kept in view from the beginning was to make this department essentially a news section for the Arts Faculty, and except in two or three instances no deviation has been made from the plan laid down. The Journal has its division of labour; there is the editorial columns for the expression of opinion, the literary department for the treatment of literary topics, and the "*De Nobis*" for those who wish to laugh. It, therefore, falls to the lot of the department editors to see that the newspaper function, if such it may be called, of the college magazine is not neglected. Consequently the duties of the editor for Arts have been those of a reporter rather than those of an editor.

But just for this very reason difficulties have been encountered. First of all, we found it impossible to be in two places at once. Everyone is well aware of the multiplicity of meetings of the various societies and organizations connected with the Faculty of Arts. Not only does attendance at all these take a great deal of time, but it frequently happens that more meetings than one occur at the same time, so that to cover the field with first-hand reports is quite impossible.

But undoubtedly the most insurmountable difficulty in making any department a news medium, is to be found in the semi-monthly issue. There is a good deal of truth in the saying that news is not news if it is old news. When a period of two weeks intervenes between issues, much which in a weekly publication would be interesting reading becomes dry and stale.

In converting the Journal into a weekly, various problems with regard to both finance and organization would have to be met, but whether during the coming year it be made a weekly, or whether it continue as it is, there is a possible change which would do much in making for greater efficiency. Much that is of interest to Arts students centres around the different years and their year meetings, but under the present one-man system this sphere must, of necessity, be more or less neglected. Obviously the best means of covering the field is to select a carefully chosen member from each year, whose duty it would be to submit reports of whatever of interest occurred in connection with his year. We would, therefore, suggest that each year in electing its officers next year, should appoint a Press Secretary to undertake this duty, and if this plan be adopted it is not too much to hope that the Arts section will gain in brightness, interest and up-to-dateness.

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On March 23, Prof. Morison gave an illustrated lecture on William Blake, the eccentric and ecstatic poet and artist of the 18th century. The occasion of the lecture was seized as an opportunity for organizing the new Historical Society. A constitution was adopted, and the following officers were elected:—President, Prof. Shortt; Secretary-Treasurer, Prof. Morison; Advisory Council, D. A. McArthur (convener); H. P. May, M.A.; A. W. Baird, M.A.; M. J. Patton, R. J. McLaughlin, Miss Girdler, Miss Hall.

According to the constitution the membership fee shall be 50 cents for students and \$1 for residents of the city. A course of public lectures is being arranged, and Prof. Wrong, of Toronto University, and Prof. Shortt have already promised to assist in these. An historical reading-room will be opened in Prof. Morison's private room in the college, where his library, books from the University Library on the subjects discussed in class, and current historical literature, will be accessible to history students. A notable feature is the inauguration of a reading course for post-graduates who have left college. A course of study will be selected, a bibliography will be published, and possibly an historical publication dealing with the topic under consideration will be published from time to time.

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### *Ladies.*

**M**ANY interesting meetings, many animated talks, and not a few festive parties have taken place in the cheerful surroundings of the Levana room, but seldom has it seen a brighter gathering than on Wednesday evening, April 22nd, when the class of '05 Arts and Science held an informal re-union. It was no large and formal assembly, long pre-arranged and widely attended,—such an event '05 may look forward to at another time,—but rather a casual fore-gathering of such '05 veterans as were at college or within call, fourteen all told, summoned by the indefatigable secretary and a few enthusiastic members. The natural leader of the meeting was missing, and greatly missed, kept in Toronto by the inconvenient length of meetings and accuracy of trains. Mrs.

Shortt, an old friend of the class, chaperoned the party. '05 was never known as a silent class, in year meeting or out of it, and the three years of separation but added zest to the talk. The "glad hand" was given all around, incidents of ancient history were recalled, members of the class were discussed, their history and prospects, and the merits and characteristics of '05 were quaintly treated in limericks composed on the spot. Miss Knight and Mr. Beggs supplied most happily the indispensable musical element, and the parody sung of the '05 Class Day, resuscitated for the occasion, was feelingly sung by Miss Knight, and gleefully heard even by the smitten. To commemorate the evening, the camera was brought into play, not in the uncomfortable "group picture" of the professional photographer, but in casual and merry "flashlights." After coffee and ices, to which the '05ers gave their attention with old-time under-graduate appetites, the party broke up with "The Old Ontario Strand" and "Auld Lang Syne." The little re-union was over, but the genial feeling of the old class *esprit de corps* remained, a feeling deep in the hearts of '05, and not to be dissipated by three years, no, nor by twenty.

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A MESSAGE FROM INDIA.

Below we publish a letter from Miss Margaret O'Hara, who graduated from Queen's in its pioneer days, when women students at the college were few in number. Miss O'Hara is a medical missionary in Central India, where she has worked untiringly for many years. Many of the girls now in college remember Miss O'Hara's visit to her Alma Mater three years ago: "Girls of '09, it was on the eve of your never-to-be-forgotten initiation into college. Very meek and timid you passed into a room where the dim light of a grinning pumpkin lantern showed you certain weird shapes, who commanded you in austere voice to pass through the hoops, swear fealty to the Bear of Queen's, and, oh, horrors! to give a handshake to the skeleton who stood gowned and capped in academic costume. You remember, I am sure, how glad you were to forget the skeleton and look upon the kindly face of Miss O'Hara, who addressed you later, saying that that very night was the anniversary of her own freshette reception in Queen's. Then she told of her work in India among the natives, which consisted mainly in giving medical aid, overcoming their superstitious customs, and educating the women and children to sanitary modes of living. How very real and vivid it all seemed when, in concluding, Miss O'Hara sang a song in the native Hindoo tongue. We are more than pleased to receive Miss O'Hara's letter, reminding us of the work being done by Queen's graduates in lands distant and far.

Dhar, Central India, Feb. 27th, 1908.

My Dear Sir,—I am so glad that the enclosed slip arrived this morning, and gives me the privilege of voting for two new trustees. It is very difficult for a Queen's woman to choose which are the best Queen's men for the position, but she does know that the best interests of Queen's will be served to the best of the ability of any of her sons.



How the graduates love the old university and rejoice in her prosperity and advancement. We have not an alumni in our mission, but we five graduates never meet without feeling the fellowship and good comradeship which goes with being a graduate of Queen's. God bless her, and make her yet a greater blessing in Canada and the regions beyond, is the prayer of

Yours faithfully,

MARGARET O'HARA.

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JOKES OR OTHERWISE.

Post-Mortem—I can tell you of a splendid thing to keep you awake. You can get it in capsules, and it isn't the least harmful.

Senior—I'll go down this very afternoon and get some.

When you overheard this conversation in the cloak room one morning, you looked indignant reproach at the Post-Mortem, for she knew as well as you that the Senior must now aim at a whole night's vigil.

The Senior, however, made the purchase, and after doing several brilliant nights' work by its aid, saw the error of her ways, as she confessed later, saying: "Look there, what I was taking! Wasn't I a fool!" "Yes!" you assented, for you had been informed that two of her wise friends had bought some empty capsules and filled them with flour and put them in place of the Senior's purchase.

Were you the Senior? Just make a little search and you'll find those capsules you bought, all quite untouched, and you may keep those your friend got you until you wish to do another "brilliant night's work."

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One of the questions on the Economics exam. paper was concerning a "boycott." At noon, after the paper, comparing notes at boarding house, Mr. Sincerity asked, "Did you get your *boy caught*, Miss F——?"

The mirth that accompanied the question justifies the translation.

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Now, according to time-honored custom, it would be fitting to say that we of the Ladies' department of the Journal, for the year '07-'08, lay down our editorial pen. But as we are sure that each of the several editors wish to use that very phrase, we shall refrain. We have enjoyed and profited by any effort made in the Ladies's column, and contrary to now putting aside our interest, we intend to be always interested and to show our interest occasionally in practical ways. We have realized how much an item would help the editor as she puzzles herself in busy hours to find something original and interesting. We think there could be no more pleasing way of showing loyalty to the Alma Mater than by occasionally letting the girls know of your doings in *die maite welt*—or by giving an account of any experience that would interest college girls. We regret that we did not reach our ideal concerning the column, and hope our successors will make it famous.

"And what is writ is writ—

Would that it were worthier."

## Science.

### THE ENGINEER IN POLITICS.

“LAW and Politics” is a common phrase; the two are often associated as offering a field of work, perhaps a career. The doctor is not unknown in political life; the business man, representing a constituency backed by his own interests, is a notable figure. But, although “political engineering” is little short of a by-word, we seldom hear of the engineer in politics.

There are reasons for this peculiar lack, reasons superficial rather than satisfying. Three explanations especially might be urged; the engineer, civil or mechanical, is a man of action rather than of words, oratory in the campaign and eloquent defence or sharp invective on the floor of the House are not along his line; he is rarely a man of a limited and fixed constituency and no district would elect a nomad as its representative; he is too much engrossed in his profession to give time to the alien pursuit of politics.

These obstacles, however, are not insurmountable; the orator is seldom a power in the House as compared with the capable worker on committees, the able leader of men; the engineer is not always a shifting element in the life of the country, and in any case the practice of representing a distant constituency is not infrequent. As for the engineer's being engrossed in his own business, the problem of detachment from his immediate interests is not harder for him than for other men in the professions or business, many phases of which are to a great extent combined in the businesslike profession of engineering.

As a matter of fact, the similarity of engineering to professional and business life in its status and value to the community has hardly been fully recognized. The engineer is no longer “the man of the engine,” rather, as was pointed out in an article on engineering—*Cornhill Magazine*, January, 1903—“the origin of that word—ingénieur—indicates one who contrives by thought the means of succeeding in his task. The engineer is, in the first place, a designer . . . he must be both a scientific and a practical man. It is on this account that engineering has come to be regarded in the light of a profession.” The status of the engineer is even higher on this side of the water. Professor Marx, of Leland Stanford, pleading for the broader education of engineers, writes—*Popular Science Monthly*, April, 1905: “The extent to which engineering enters into some of the most vexing problems of our national life is perhaps fully realized only by men who have an engineering training. The correct solution of these problems can in many cases be given only by engineers, but these must be men trained on broad lines. The work which the engineer is called upon to do is . . . in its nature broadening . . . In a democracy it is of the highest importance that every man realize that the noble duties of citizenship devolve upon him. Public service is what engineering stands for; . . . that such engineers have contributed to the mental and moral uplifting of the nation, no one who thinks deeply will deny.”

In two ways, then, the need for the engineer in politics is evident. In the first place he is one of a number of educated men to whom above all the country

makes its appeal. It is for them to take part in its service, not aloof and critical, but active and alert; for, never more than at a time of public scandals and political corruption, the country demands the best efforts of men who should stand for high ideals in political life.

In the second place, the engineer may be of peculiar service in politics in his professional capacity. Few men have such an intimate acquaintance with the character and resources of the country as the engineer, whether his specialty be railroad construction, mining, or development of power for mechanical purposes. It is the eye trained in engineering work throughout Canada that can, as in the case of Sir Sandford Fleming, see with the view-point of a statesman the relation of the Pacific cable to Imperial problems, and detect the possibilities of the All-Red Route. It is the engineer who must be referred to by the Government; if his opinion is of weight as a consulting specialist, why should he not be heard on the floor of the House, not as an outsider, but as an interested member?

In questions involving railway and mining interests the Government is often criticized in rather unintelligent a fashion from within and without the House, and the engineers who are negotiating the business or giving advice are looked upon with a certain uncritical suspicion as possible or probable beneficiaries of graft. Were there more engineers in the Cabinet, to command public confidence by their grasp of the situation, or in the House, to offer the Government support or criticism backed by adequate knowledge of the subject, there would be less hysterical denunciation or ill-timed applause from the press and the "man in the street," and more sane criticism or intelligent appreciation of the action and problems of Government.

Politics has a place for the engineer; the engineer should make a place for politics.

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## *Athletics.*

### TRAINING IN OXFORD ATHLETICS.

ONE'S first expression of Oxford's athletic arrangements is that they are rather slack and casual. The American or Colonial is apt to complain of the absence of trainers and dressing-room accommodation. He is surprised to find that the 'Varsity 'rugger' team has no coach, not even a private dressing-room, and that in consequence the men change in their own rooms and walk or bicycle to the grounds changed even before the matches.

The English undergraduate, however, thinks it quite natural. He rather resents the idea of too much systematic organization. He prefers to keep his sport as an amusement and not to make a business of it. On the whole, one is bound to admit, the results are in every way excellent and his attitude is justified; the standard is kept high, and that without subordinating recreation to the desire to win or to make it pay.

Certainly, with the exception of rowing, to which I shall return, there is very little approach to systematic training. The 'rugger' team and the track

team go to the sea for a week or ten days before meeting Cambridge, but that is the only thing that approaches an organized attempt to put men in shape. And yet they show extraordinarily good form. The football team goes through a season of five months and plays about twenty matches which is a severer test than our short league series.

The reason for this seems to me to be two-fold. In the first place the English public school boy, who makes up five-sixths of the personnel of every 'Varsity team, has been brought up to athletics. He commences at home or at his private school. At his public school, games are compulsory, and if he is at all keen the chances are that he will come up to Oxford proficient in several games. Even if this is not so, he will have developed a desire for a healthy all-round life and a hatred of a 'stuffy' way of boxing, which drives him to take exercise at all times, so that he is never in really bad condition. No doubt it is this which enables him to smoke (as in almost every case he does) without suffering any ill effects.

The second, and even more important reason, is that he is keen. Apart from his natural love of games, any man who has a chance for a blue spares no effort to get it. In all the foremost sports he finds plenty of competition and he knows that a good deal depends in keeping in good condition. One really bad game may lose him his place in the Cambridge match and with it his blue! Hence, it is not much wonder that he keeps in shape. Though there is no organized training the members of the team are content to keep good hours, to avoid good living, theatres and other vanities which do not consist with hard condition.

I have spoken so far only of 'Varsity athletics, because at Queen's we have nothing else. In Oxford, of course, there is unlimited inter-college sport, but that is not taken seriously with the single exception of rowing, to which I now turn.

For several reasons, rowing stands apart from all other sports. It is supposed to be 'the' sport par excellence, the characteristic thing to do. Consequently, a rowing blue is prized above all other athletic distinctions, and the members of the 'Varsity eight give almost their whole time and attention to it. Again, it requires infinitely more trouble than anything else. It is the one thing that is taught in the way of athletics, and college 'tutors' complain that their admonitions receive not half so much attention as those of the rowing coaches. The necessity for coaching is, of course, that most men have to begin at Oxford, as there are only one or two public schools so situated as to be able to row. Then, again, rowing absolutely respects the unfit. You cannot row a race unless you are not only sound to begin with but also take pains to get in good condition. There are 'breathers' in the hardest fought hockey or football match. There are none in a rowing race, and in the bumping races at Oxford the whole course is a succession of spurts. There is no saving oneself to make a good finish.

There is another point in connection with college rowing that I think of importance, and that is that a good many men are rowing, at least in the earlier

races, who see in it nothing but the laborious element and would gladly give it up. However, they go on with it largely 'for the college.' My point is that if these men take the trouble to go through severe training for a sport they care little about, it ought to be easy enough in those cases where one is fond of the game and there are athletic distinctions to be won.

The training for rowing in college races (I pass over the 'Varsity training because men give their whole time to it) continues between three and four weeks including a week's racing. The day's routine is as follows:

7.30—Walk of a mile, with a short run in the middle.

8.15—Breakfast (together), fish and eggs, toast, and the inevitable marmalade.

1.00—Lunch (privately, something plain and light.

2.00—4.00.—Boating practice.

4.30—Tea (privately), a cup of tea and bread and butter.

7.00—Dinner (together), plain substantial meal, with beer if desired.

10.30—Bed.

That is a day which gives one time for work and still puts one in remarkably good form. I never knew what being really fit felt like till I had gone into training. Too monotonous, you will say, 'too short an evening.' To this my only answer is, 'try it, and it will pay you not only for sport but for your work as well.'

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## Book Review.

*Der Schimmelreiter*, a novel by Theodor Storm. Edited for the use of Schools by John Macgillivray, Professor of German in Queen's University, and Edward J. Williamson, Assistant Professor of German in Hobart College, Geneva, N.Y. Ginn & Co.

“If the making of many books there is no end.” So wrote the ecclesiast ages ago. And we busy moderns echo him with a sigh as we glance at the long columns of book reviews. But when, as here, we find a book, the work of one of our professors and one of our recent graduates, we feel something more than a passing interest and turn to scan more closely.

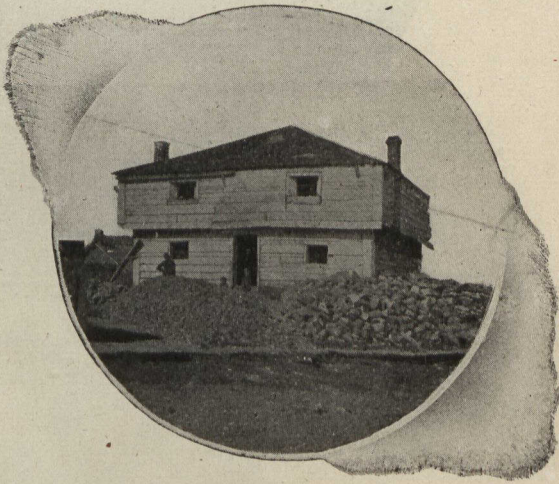
All readers of German literature know Storm's masterpiece, *Der Schimmelreiter*. Its merits as a story and its suitability for school reading need no further comment; our critical interest will concern itself more with the manner in which the editors have prepared it for school use.

Here we find much to commend. A full—but not too full—biography of Storm together with a brief account of his literary work serves as an introduction. Immediately preceding the text is a “conjectural map” of the scene of the story—a device which will add much to the interest of younger readers. We must make especial reference to the excellence of the printer's work, as shown in the text paper. The clear, large German type is a strong contrast to the average close-set, eye-straining German page—and this is an especially commendable feature.

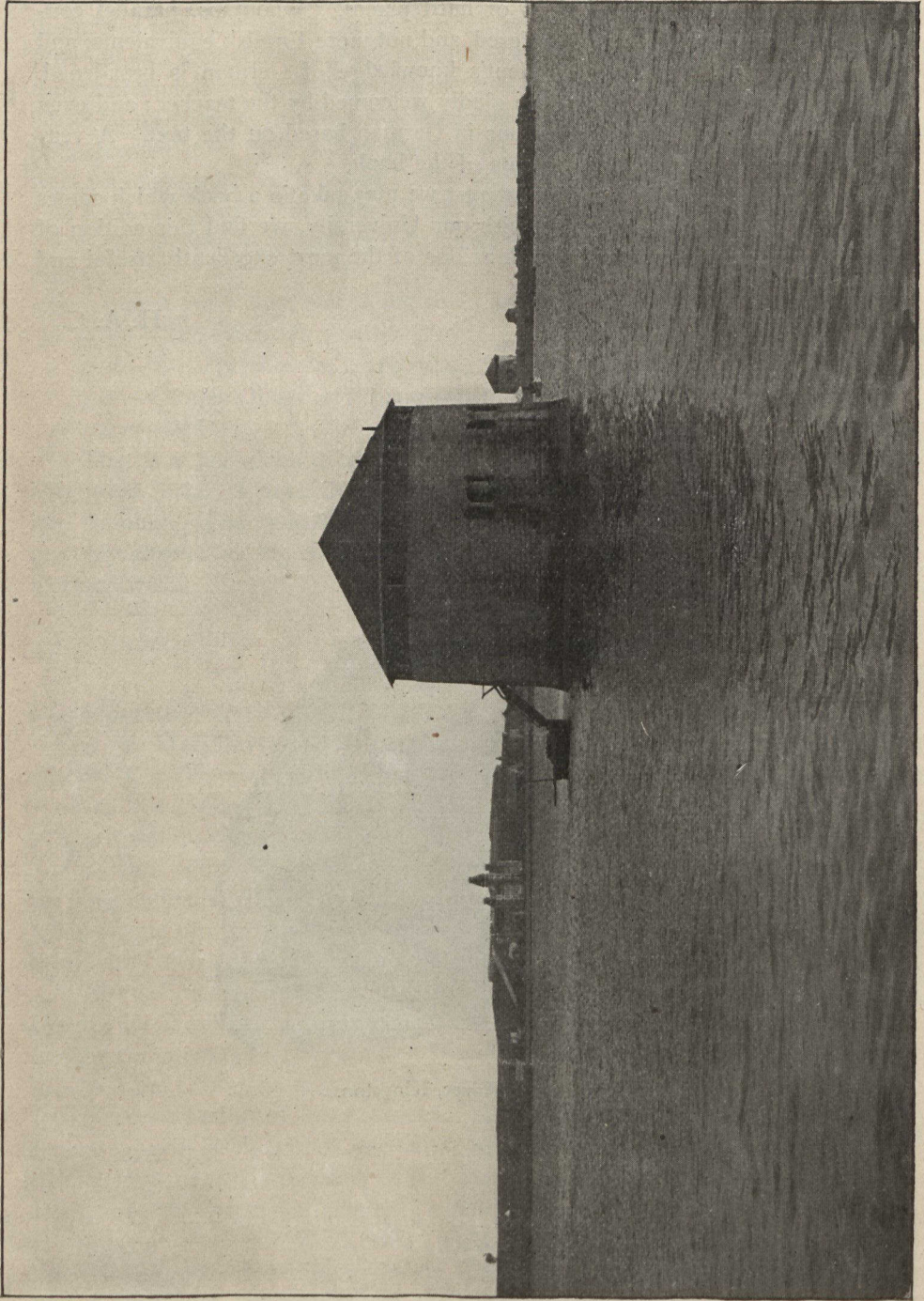
The notes subjoined to the text are fairly full, but are rather helps and suggestions than mere translations of hard places. Synonyms, parallel constructions, transpositions, are all offered, and not mere English equivalents, and thus with every difficulty the student's knowledge of German is broadened. The exercises for translation will be gladly welcomed by the teacher; and even more especially the series of questions in German based on the text. A very complete vocabulary ends the contents of the book.

Quite aside from the personal interest we may take in a book which comes from the hands of men connected with our University, we find this edition of the "Schimmelreiter" worthy to rank as one of the most excellently useful and efficient of school texts.

H. A. C.



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