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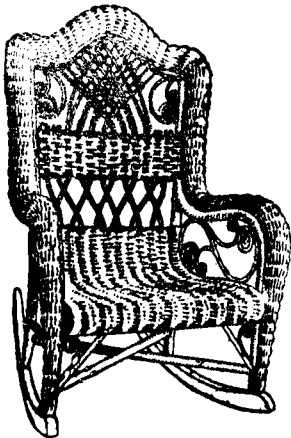
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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

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ROBT. BURTON, M.A.,	- - -	Editor-in-Chief.
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All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor,
Drawer 1100, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be ad-
dressed to the Business Manager.

AS the Christmastide draws near with its sacred-
ness and its mirth, our feelings towards our
Professors are naturally at their kindest.
We do not wish to enshrine them in a Pantheon,
nor even to embrace Geordiolatry—though there
be many less inspiring cults—but to express
in plain words the honest pride we have in the men
who make Queen's what she is. He is surely a sour
cynic who can sneer at the ardour with which a
freshman, in the holidays, dilates on the intellectual
prowess of his learned preceptors. When his new-
found love has stood the test of myriads of exams.,
when many a bubble has burst and many a tire is
deflated, his pride in his Alma Mater will remain,
chastened indeed but more real than ever.

And in this connection we would pray, "God save
the Principal." Little wot we what watch he keeps
to maintain the welfare of our University, but we do
know that he is a true king, to whom we owe affec-
tionate homage. Those who have the privilege of
his immediate instruction know that his vigour and
passion, his clearness and wisdom, his kindness
and care are constantly in their behalf. We cannot
express one half his greatness, and why shouldn't
we say so?

At the same time we remember that he whose
words are so living that "if cut they would bleed,"

detests mere wordiness, and that, if we wish to
thank Principal Grant it must be by lives of service,
reflecting the spirit which dominates his life.

Here is a toast, ladies and gentlemen of Queen's,
in which we all can join in the love of humanity; it
is—the health of our noble Principal. With such a
theme one can get "tipsy on water." Let us be
loyal and jovial, for as a patriot and a prophet, so far
as we are concerned, Canada knows not his equal.

* * *

One of the problems which confront our Uni-
versity is that of increased accommodation. We
are rapidly outgrowing the present main building
and notwithstanding that every square inch
of space is utilized, we are uncomfortably crowded.
This is especially the case in the corridors between
classes, when there is invariably a congestion at the
post office wicket and another where some seventy or
eighty lady students have to crowd into a space
sufficient for fifteen or twenty. The ultimate solu-
tion of the problem lies in the erection of another
building, but in the meantime there is a possibility
of securing some relief through a kind of redistribu-
tion which would not cost very much.

The moving of the post office to its present posi-
tion has only increased the evil it was intended to
overcome, and some steps should be taken to abate
this nuisance. The only possible plan seems to be
one that was mooted years ago in the A.M.S., but at
the time relegated to the limbo of "fool" motions.
This plan was to have slots for letters cut in the
doors of lockers and the mail of each student deliv-
ered at his own particular number. The initial cost
of such an arrangement would not be very great and
the work of the P.M. would not be increased to any
extent, for, once the distribution was made, he
would have no further work for the day. The pro-
position, if we remember rightly, was that each stu-
dent be assessed a small amount to pay for the cost
of arranging the lockers in this way. We hesitate
to suggest another fee to over-burdened students,
even though it be very small. But most of us would
be willing to have the 15 cent deposit that we have
made with the Registrar for a key, go to that pur-
pose instead of being returned in the spring. There
ought to be money in making those slots at 15 cents

apiece. They should be made only large enough for letters; newspapers and other such matter, most of which ought never to come to the college, should be left on top of the locker. This is a movement which the students could inaugurate and we would suggest a joint meeting of the Arts and Divinity students at an early date to discuss the question and take action upon it.

* * *

Another step which would do away with much of the crowding near the ladies' waiting room and which would be a great boon to them, is to convert the old divinity hall into a ladies' reading room under the control of the Levana Society. If the Senate want to be a real Santa Claus and bring joy to the hearts of a hundred "nice young maidens" let them have a doorway cut through from the erstwhile theological hall into the library, have the capacity of the hot-air flue doubled or trebled (Santa Claus is supposed to be interested in flues) and then pop the whole affair into the Levana's metaphorical stocking. At the present time one medium-sized room in the most remote part of the attic, and lighted by one small window, is supposed to serve for reading room, social room, and meeting place for all lady students' societies. If the above suggestion were acted upon they would have a bright, cheerful room with direct access to the library, and the Levana would have no further difficulty in securing the membership of all the ladies, for it would control a privilege sufficient to induce even those of least college spirit to join.

The only difficulty in carrying this scheme into effect is that of making provision for the classes which now meet in that room. Prof. Shortt was for a long time without fixed abode and we hesitate to suggest a removal now that he appears to have settled quarters, but he might be induced to suffer some inconvenience in a good cause. From 9 o'clock to 10 the mathematics and classics rooms are unoccupied, if the calendar speaks correctly, and from 10 o'clock to 11 the senior Philosophy room. The last two are adjoining rooms and would suit the needs of the Political Science classes which meet at those hours.

The plan seems to us workable and we commend it to the serious consideration of the Senate.

* * *

AMERICAN EXPANSION.

What is practically the last act in the war drama between Spain and the United States was enacted last week when the peace negotiations were brought to a successful conclusion. As a result our friends across the line are face to face with a problem that the wisest of her statesmen in the past scarcely considered as within the bounds of probability. Nations

have to make sharp turns sometimes and the logic of events occasionally proves too strong for all cherished traditions and theories of government. Geo. Washington and the late Mr. Monroe, of Monroe doctrine fame, were very estimable citizens but they didn't quite foresee the golden opportunities which this present year of grace was destined to bring within the reach of the American Union. The words to conjure with to-day are not those of even the recent past, they are rather "Cuba," "Philippines," and "expansion." No doubt a great many of those who favored the recent war on behalf of the Cuban reconcentrados were sincere in their protest that their object was humanitarian, and not territorial acquisition, and there is still a large and influential element among the citizens protesting against the doctrine of expansion. But despite all such protests and desires such a result seems inevitable. The position of our neighbors to-day as compared with their attitude on the Venezuelan question is not without a certain ludicrous element, but we have no desire to say spiteful things or to magnify inconsistencies. There are other features of the question which are vastly more important and which are not without instruction for us in Canada.

To a superficial observer the United States seem poorly prepared to embark upon this wider scheme of national life. The jingo spirit is very rife at present and in some of the larger centres, notably Chicago, there are exhibitions of municipal corruption and misrule which seem to threaten the stability of existing institutions, and which give little promise of a just or beneficent administration of affairs in newly acquired regions. One feels like remarking that this great people has not yet learned the art of self-government and therefore is in no condition to govern others. But may this not be a heaven sent opportunity for the correction of abuses at home, through the very necessity of displaying wisdom and justice abroad? The United States have been too self-centred, they have required too little from other nations, and have come to think that they are the biggest thing in all creation. Their development has been one-sided and they have often been lacking in courtesy and diplomacy towards other nations. They have not had to face problems in which all the world powers are vital factors and as a result there has grown up a somewhat false standard of international conduct which has had a reflex influence on national life. If we may be allowed to illustrate great things by small we would say that the American nation is somewhat in the position of the youth who is the bright particular star in some rural high school. He is clever and ambitious and is so lauded for his superior attainments that, like the young Joseph, he dreams that all his brethren

Literary.

RECENT FICTION.

and his teachers and parents are making obeisance to him. He develops unlovely characteristics which mar his true worth, and these, if not corrected, become permanent blemishes on a character which has much innate nobility and strength. For such a youth the wholesome discipline of a college course is indispensable. He must leave the scenes of his many triumphs and abdicate his position of hero. He finds himself in a new and apparently unsympathetic world, and, tried by the new standards, he seems only an ordinary fallible mortal after all.

Such a corrective the American nation needs, and such it will likely find in the wider world to which it is called. It will learn that swagger and material wealth are not sufficient to overawe the effete governments of the old lands, and that not even the physical strength of a young giant is sufficient to offset centuries of training in diplomacy and international comity. It will learn to balance interest against interest, to give and take, to estimate more justly all the winds and tides and currents of influence which operate on the great sea of world politics. There will be a wider grasp of the true principles of government, and a deeper sense of responsibility on the part of those charged with the conduct of national and international affairs, and this will react upon the citizens at large, breaking down unreasonable prejudices and curing them of the narrow insular spirit which at present dominates such large sections of the people.

The young American has added a glorious page to the records of his country during the past year, and we cannot believe that he will prove false to the larger trust which is about to be committed to him. He will find that there is a more exacting service than even that of a Cuban campaign, that there are worse things than the ping of the bullet from a Mauser rifle, or even a defective commissariat; he will find, in short, that there is one thing harder than to die for one's country, and that is to live for it. May he have the grace to do the latter as wisely and courageously as he was ready, cheerfully and patiently to do the former.

On the evening of Dec. 6th, Rev. J. B. McKinnon's Manse at Dalhousie Mills was invaded by a crowd of the young people of the congregation, who took possession and stored it with all kinds of supplies that the thrifty householder provides at this season of the year. Then followed a programme of music, refreshments, etc., which closed with an address presented to Mrs. MacKinnon, expressive of the esteem in which she is held by the congregation, and accompanied by a purse of one hundred dollars. It is said that John, while looking on, was heard soliloquizing, "Marriage is profitable unto all things."

In "The Adventures of Francois" Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has produced a very strong book. The time of the story is the French Revolution, a time which no amount of writing seems to exhaust. But in this story it is not the Revolution that interests us; the entire interest of the story is in the skilful and consistent drawing of the character of the hero. The leaders in the greatest social upheaval the world has yet seen appear on the stage merely as incidental characters in the drama of the life of Francois.

The author had no easy task to keep his central figure artistic; a discordant note, a coarse situation, a vulgar bit of dialogue would have ruined the whole study; but the whole work is done with a finish and fineness that satisfies the mind of the most exacting reader. It has,

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

The sub-title of the book explains the hero's character, and suggests the author's difficulties. Francois began life as a foundling, and was consecutively a choir-boy, a juggler, a contortionist, a thief, and finally a fencing-master; but at every stage of his career he is Francois. The key-note to his character is given in the opening chapter, and it is the note here struck that at once gives consistency to the character, and makes it a fit subject for art:

"What amuses thee, my son?" said the father.

"I am laughing at the birds."

"And why do they make thee laugh, Francois?"

"I do not know."

"And I," said the priest, "do not know why the birds sing, nor why thou dost laugh. Thou hast a talent that way. The good God grant thee always cause."

It is this talent for laughter that makes Francois attractive, in sunshine, in adversity; in poverty, in prosperity; in success, in danger; in crime, in noble deeds,—the laugh is ever on his lips. Sunshine goes with him brightening every situation. Along with this laughter, which was good laughter, and not "the crackling of thorns under the pot," went an intense feeling for nature and a fine sympathy for every gentle living thing. "Simple things gave him pleasure. He could lie in the woods or on the highway half a day, only moving to keep in the sun. He liked to watch any living creature—to see the cows feed, to observe the birds. He had a charm for all animals. When the wagons went

"The Adventures of Francois," By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co. "Zoraida," By Wm. LeQueux, London: George Bell & Sons. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co. "Margery of Quether," By S. Baring-Gould. London. Methner & Co. Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

by, dogs deserted them, and came to him for a touch and a word. Best of all it was to sit beside some pleasant bee-hive, finding there no enmity, and smiling at the laborious lives he had no mind to imitate. . . . Children he fascinated; a glance of his long, odd face would make them leave nurse and toy and sidle up to him."

Of course he had shocking notions about *meum et tuum*, but then he had to live, and life was not easy in France at the time of the Revolution. The Saxon mind, if it stops to consider the ethical value of the book, will no doubt pronounce it dangerous. The reader will actually find himself sympathizing with the thief in his thefts. Its moral value is no doubt questionable, but then we are no more affected by the morals of Falstaff. Again the question has to be asked, "What is the end of Art? Is it to teach, or give pleasure?" If the former, "The Adventures of Francois" is lacking in Art; if the latter, it is a highly artistic book. At any rate it will be much read and much enjoyed; and, perchance, the soul of the reader may be made nobler by contact with "Francois and his black poodle, Toto."

"Loraida," by William Le Queux, is a very different book. It is "a romance of the harem and the Great Sahara." This is sufficient to deter the majority of serious readers. But those who turn from this story on account of the title will be the losers. The author evidently knows Africa thoroughly; the sands and the desert cities, the customs and the language of the nomadic tribes are familiar to him. He writes with a vigor and freedom that show first-hand study. The romance is placed on the Great Sahara, and with a rapid pen in his opening page he draws the background of his tragedy.

"A blazing moontide in the month of Moharram. Away across the barren desert to the distant horizon nothing met the aching eye but a dreary waste of burning red-brown sand under a cloudless sky shining like burnished copper; not an object relieved the wearing monotony of the waterless region, forsaken by nature, not a palm, not a rock, not a knoll, not a vestige of herbage; nothing but the boundless silent expanse of that wild and wonderful wilderness, the Great Sahara, across which the sand-laden wind swept ever and anon in short stifling gusts, hot as the breath from an oven."

His descriptions are always good, and in "Zoraida" the topography of Northern Africa is given with a fulness and fidelity that lacks nothing. Perhaps his best work is done in describing Algiers, that city "of glare and darkness, of mosques and marabouts, of Parisian politeness and Berber barbarity, of wide, modern-built boulevards, and narrow, crooked streets." We, who cannot travel to foreign lands, can in imagination vividly realise this

white "City of the Sun" from the pages of this book; and, indeed, can enter to some extent into the daily life of the citizens. Even the immortal (despite the academy) Daudet in his delicious "Tartarin of Tarasicon" has not given us as vivid a picture of the multifarious life of Algiers.

The earnest student of fiction will no doubt excuse himself for reading this extravagant romance on topographical and ethnological ground; but the ordinary reader will be fascinated by the incidents and adventures of the hero and heroine. There is a hardened old chief, a beautiful enchantress, a dashing hero, a treasure cavern, untold slaughter, and a happy marriage. But as one reads the book in the light of recent events it does not after all seem so impossible. Hadj Absalam is but another Khalifa Abdullah, and the slaughtered thousands have their counterpart at Khartoum, and if dame rumor does not lie another treasure cave may yet be discovered in the land of mystery and darkness.

Short stories by English authors are usually to be shunned; our writers seem to lack the artistic concentration that makes the French story-makers so successful in this field of literature. In "Margery of Quether" S. Baring-Gould has almost succeeded in giving us a volume of powerful studies. He knows his England in her rougher aspects, and the familiar life of Cornwall, of Devon, of Yorkshire, he can draw with sympathy and fidelity. But in "Margery of Quether" he has not always observed the dividing line between the sublime and the ridiculous; in "Major Cornelius" the pathos is over-done, and in "Wanted: A Reader" the farce lacks restraint; but why cavil thus at stories everyone of which is vigorous and entertaining.

—T.G.M.

A head-master's definition of a schoolboy may be welcomed by parents as helping them to solve a problem that puzzles them daily. And so we may quote the definition given by Dr. McClure, at the Old Millhillian's dinner, of the modern public schoolboy. "He is," said the head-master, "an irregular and imperfectly elastic solid of great but not uniform thickness and density; a non-homogeneous and discontinuous function of very many variables which requires constantly to be reduced to its lowest terms and equated to zero."—*Daily Press*.

R. B. Dargavel, who was our delegate to the Victoria Conversazione, is delighted with the reception tendered him by the Victoria students. He says that the students of Victoria are capital entertainers, and that Queen's might learn something from them in the matter of entertaining delegates from sister institutions.

University News.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the A.M.S. was held on Saturday, Dec. 10th. After the minutes of the previous annual meeting were read, the secretary and treasurer presented their reports. Before he left the chair the retiring President, J. S. Shortt, spoke a few words thanking the members of the Society for their support during his term of office.

The newly-elected President, R. Burton, then took the chair. He addressed the meeting saying that he had never seen an election more keenly and honorably conducted, and he hoped that all would work together for the good of the Society. The rest of the newly-elected officers were called on for speeches.

N. R. Carmichael moved, seconded by R. B. Dargavel, that the thanks of the Society be extended to the retiring Executive. Special mention was made of the retiring Secretary, T. Kennedy, who had proved himself a very capable and efficient officer.

The annual meeting then adjourned.

The first regular meeting under the new management was held immediately at the close of the annual meeting and the usual routine of business was followed.

The resignation of R. Burton as editor-in-chief of the JOURNAL was received and laid on the table for one week.

R. B. Dargavel's report on behalf of the Conversat. Committee, recommending that the annual conversat. be held in the college building on Jan. 20th, was received and adopted.

J. S. Shortt gave notice that at the next regular meeting he would move that a rebate be made on the fees paid by the ladies at the last annual election.

J. F. Miller gave notice that he would move that the society advance fifty dollars as a loan to the Athletic Committee.

N. R. Carmichael's complete report as secretary-treasurer of the Athletic Committee, audited and found correct, was received and adopted, and the secretary-treasurer's bonds were ordered to be returned to him.

The following executive of the Hockey Club was duly appointed:—Hon. president, Dr. Grant; president, W. Merrill; 1st vice-president, Dr. J. Harty; 2nd vice-president, J. Faulkner; captain, G. Curtis; secretary-treasurer, G. F. Dalton.

D. M. Robertson then criticised the general proceedings, and after a recitation by W. F. Montgomery, the meeting adjourned.

A fairly representative meeting was held on Saturday evening, December 17th, in Junior Philosophy room, the president in the chair.

A number of bills were presented, and on motion referred to the Society's auditor.

A communication from Varsity *re* intercollegiate debate was read. J. D. Cannon and W. R. Tandy were chosen to represent Queen's.

Mr. Poole reported that the treasurer's books had been audited and found correct.

Mr. Millar's motion, that \$50 be advanced as a loan to the Athletic Committee, was amended by increasing the amount to \$150, to enable that committee to furnish the Music Committee with funds for their tour.

J. S. Shortt's motion, that this Society rent a second piano for the use of the lady students, was carried.

A notice of motion was given by Mr. Laidlaw, that the Conversat Decoration Committee be empowered to purchase the necessary material, the cost of the same not to exceed \$25.

A number of new members were enrolled. The resignation of the editor-in-chief of the JOURNAL was then discussed. After considerable discussion it was accepted, Mr. Burton being asked to discharge the duties of editor-in-chief until a successor can be appointed.

Prof. Bruce was appointed to fill the office of Honorary President of the Hockey Club, which had been declined by the Principal. After the critic's report the meeting adjourned.

ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL.

It is to be regretted that the Inter-year football games were not completed. The schedule was drawn out by the Athletic Committee, but only one game was played, that being between '00 and '01, the latter winning by a score of 10 to 1. Unfavorable weather was the chief cause of the games not being played.

TENNIS.

The tennis fiends were not satisfied with the length of their season. They have adjourned to the gymnasium to play, a court having been marked out there by the Athletic Committee. The ladies are asking that hours be allotted them.

HOCKEY.

The senior hockey team is still talking of a holiday trip. The secretary is in correspondence with the rink management at Pittsburg, Pa., and is asking for a guarantee of \$400 to play several games there. Philadelphia may also be visited.

Queen's will put two good teams on the ice this winter. The College hockey ranks have been augmented by the presence of several good men, Tobin of football fame being the chief. Dr. Jock Harty may also appear in his old position at centre.

THE GYMNASIUM.

The Athletic Committee has fixed these hours:—The gymnasium to be open daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Tennis, from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.; Basket Ball, from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. These hours are subject to further change. If a sufficient number of students can be secured, special classes will be arranged in the gymnasium after the holidays. Attention is directed to the rules posted.

MUSICAL CLUB'S TOUR.

Our Glee and Banjo Clubs left on Monday last for a short tour. Concerts were given in Renfrew on Monday evening; Pembroke on Tuesday, and Almonte on Wednesday. The musical tourists consisted of these gentlemen: Glee Club—J. H. Edmison, B.A.; W. A. Guy, B. A.; R. D. Menzies, M.A.; F. Tandy, J. R. Watts, H. Hunter, J. H. Laidlaw, J. A. McIntosh, J. Smith. Banjo and Guitar Club—C. A. Porteous, G. E. Dalton, B.A., Dr. H. V. Malone, B.A., W. G. Tyner, B.A., J. D. Craig, B.A., D. A. Volume, M.A., J. Jones, F. Hastings, R. Squires, W. A. Lavell, N. T. Greenwood and Mons. L. Andrieux. Accompanist, H. Bleeker; Elocutionist, S. A. Woods, B.A.

MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY.

The regular meeting was held on Friday evening last. The programme was an interesting one and was entitled "An Evening with Schiller." It consisted of these items:—Schiller's place in History, Miss McDonald; Schiller as a Dramatist, E. J. Williamson, B.A.; Schiller as a Lyric Poet, Miss Molone; The Moral Value of Schiller's Work, W. Kemp, B.A.; Recitations from Schiller, M. McCormack. Song—"Der Tannenbaum," by the Society.

HOW IT STRIKES A BACK NUMBER.

To the Editor of the Journal,—

DEAR SIR:—Having received the first number of Vol. XXVI, and read every word thereof, I feel an irresistible temptation to offer a few remarks.

The chief objection is that the receipt of an unsolicited contribution from a graduate, being so strange a phenomenon, the confusion and nervousness caused in the sanctum might delay the next number.

As the chief function of an editor is to receive advice as to methods of editing, I wish to suggest one or two ways in which the JOURNAL may be improved, from the "has-been's" point of view.

While we rejoice to learn that the number of students is not decreasing, and that old customs are religiously observed and honored, we wish to find in the JOURNAL also news of friends not forgotten.

I do not ask that important matter of general interest be sacrificed to notes of recent graduates, but any space that can be spared might, without loss, be filled with such news.

Although my name never swelled the list of the staff, I used to write occasionally, and if editors told the truth, (and they always do, don't they?), the difficulty of finding room for unexpected "copy" was not always insuperable.

We are interested also in the societies that were formed a few years ago for independent work in the honour courses: the Literary and Scientific, and the Philological Societies, and would gladly hear of their development.

I know that editorial meekness will not resent this advice, however impracticable it may be, or how often offered.

With best wishes for JOURNAL and College,
New Westminster, B.C.

—R.J.C.

A LEGEND OF PROMETHEUS.

The legends of the ancients say,

That when the world began,
Prometheus took the primal clay
To mould it into man.

But the stiff clay his toil would mock,
Dry, hard, unworkable as rock

Long time he laboured, but for nought;

And then the Titan laughed,
"In vain, have thou and sinew wrought?"

The stuff shall yield to craft,"
And looked about until he found
A rill start babbling from the ground.

Therewith the stubborn clay he slaked,

And worked it once again,
Till in the mass a spirit waked—

It was the first of men.

Whence came the spirit none can say,
But all the rest of him was clay.

And yet, perchance, their tale is true,

And not an ideal dream,
Who tell us when Prometheus drew

The water from the stream;
He knew that from the rocky shelf
None other gushed than Lethe's self.

Still coursing through the veins of man

The stream of Lethe flows—
Most blest of gifts! it lets us scan

The past with all its woes,
And scarcely feel griefs fled away
Darken our sunshine of to-day.

And if there be who hold the sky
Is iron overhead,

And gods are glad, though men may sigh—

Believe not; take instead
The anodyne they give, and bless
The waters of Forgetfulness.

Arts Department.

Y. M. C. A.

CHFRE was the usual meeting of the Y.M.C.A. on Friday evening, Dec. 9th. In the absence of the appointed leader, A. F. Smith, A. Walker led the discussion on the observance of the Sabbath. The principal question discussed was the necessity to a man's best development of attending some regular place of worship on the Sabbath. Apart from the benefit derived from such attendance in the way of instruction there is a certain inspiration to be received from the mere sense of being in the presence of those who are seeking for what is best, that is in itself of infinite value.

On Friday, 16th inst, T. F. Heeney led the meeting on the subject of "Stability." He pointed out that in every line of work stability was one of the great essentials to the highest success. These and other points were developed still further by other members who took part, and on the whole the meeting was instructive and inspiring.

At the close of the meeting H. Feir, chairman of the programme committee, reported that the new programme cards for the latter half of the session were now on hand and could be had by any who wished to have them.

CLASS REPORTS.

'98.

A meeting of '98 was held on Wednesday, December 14th. On recommendation of the committee appointed to consider means of keeping the members in communication with each other, it was decided to keep the names and addresses of the members for four years, and at the end of that time publish a year book. A committee was appointed to consider the matter of holding some social function. Mr. N. A. Brisco and Miss G. Misener were appointed delegates to '01 "At Home."

'99.

The chief business which came before the Senior Year at its regular meeting held on Tuesday, Dec. 13th, was of such a nature as to give especial pleasure to some of the members, for no less than six invitations to dinners and "At Homes" were on hand, involving the sending of eight delegates. These were appointed as follows:—'Varsity dinner on Dec. 16th, J. A. McCallum; McMaster University, "Christmas Dinner," on Dec. 22nd, O. Skelton; Knox College, "At Home," Dec. 16th, H. S. Pringle; Medical dinner, Dec. 22, Jas. Faulkner; '01 "At Home," Dec. 16th, J. F. McDonald and Miss Bajus; '02 "At Home," Jan. 13th, Alex. Ferguson and Miss Kennedy. Satisfactory reports were received from the election and "At Home" committees. A motion

was also passed in which the Year approved of biographies of the different members being published in the JOURNAL. A resolution was adopted asking the Levana and Arts societies to take steps to check conversation in the halls between the lady and gentlemen students, in order that the Senate might not be forced to interfere.

While the balloting was going on a short programme was given, consisting of a piano solo by Miss Kennedy, a recitation by Mr. Loucks, and a reading by Miss Jamieson. The attendance at this meeting was over sixty.

'01.

The regular meeting of the Sophomore Year was held on Dec. 14th. Mr. Donnell was appointed critic for the ensuing term. Miss Storey and Mr. Hoppins were nominated as delegates to '02 "At Home." Mr. McCormack pronounced and explained the Gaelic motto for the Year, "*Gu feitheil fearail fialaidh.*" The following programme was then rendered:—Chorus, "There is a Tavern in our Town," by Year; Historian's Address, Mr. Caldwell; Reading, Miss Laird; Piano Duett, Misses Mundell and Shaw; Orator's Address, Mr. McCormack; Poem by Poet, Mr. Pound; Critic's Report, Mr. Donnell.

'00 YEAR SONG.

AIR—"MICHAEL ROY."

We came to Queen's three years ago, so very young and green,
We feared the court, the freshman's dread, would not with girls be seen,
And looking down from above the herald angels thundered,
They're young and green, oh very green, but still they're
1900

CHORUS.

'00! the best year in the lot,
The best in work, in every fun,
The best that Geordie's got.

Then we were Sophs, had safely steered our course thro'
Freshman year,
In football and in classes, too, had kept a record clear,
And now the guardian angel said without a touch of shame,
They're 1900, and I think they're worthy of the name.
Now we are Juniors, and we think we know just what to do,
We've found our place among the rest, and we can fill it too;
We court the Freshmen, men and girls, and tell them to their wonder,
That they can never come to much since they're not 1900.
And when we're Seniors, and must leave the friends we hold so dear,
When we must go from out these halls and scatter far and near,
The guardian angel still shall say as each from each we sunder,
Will ever there be year again so good as 1900.

'01 "AT HOME."

The year '01 held an "At Home" Friday evening, Dec. 16th, in the College building. Mesdames Watson, Goodwin, MacGillivray, and Carmichael acted as hostesses. The first of the evening was devoted to a literary hunt, prizes being given to the most successful competitors, and also to the least successful. Miss Bajus and Mr. Gibson took the two first prizes, and Mr. Connolly captured the "booby." The rest of the evening was taken up by dancing in the Mathematics room and promenading in the hall. Thornton's orchestra furnished the music. About half-past ten refreshments were served in the English room under the supervision of a committee of ladies, Miss L. Shaw being in charge. The gathering broke up about 1 a.m., with the singing of "On the Old Ontario Strand."

Ladies' Column.

WOULD the lady editors allow me on behalf of the girls of Queen's to comment on an editorial in the last JOURNAL *re* our activity in the recent elections and the reward due to such a manifestation of our interest in College affairs in general, and the Alma Mater in particular. In the first place I would thank the editor for the kindly appreciation of our power as a factor in Queen's, as evinced by the extensive space devoted to the subject, but in a few minor respects I must express my disagreement with him.

To begin with I object to the Alma Mater being called the "one strong central organization charged with the interests of the whole student body" while more than one quarter of the students in the leading faculty, though they have the honour of having their names inscribed on the roll of the society, are *sentimentally*, if not *logically*, debarred from exercising the ordinary privileges of any society—that of discussing the questions at issue and of casting their votes on the same at its regular meetings. Surely it cannot be that the subjects discussed by this august body are such as would do violence to the higher instincts of womanliness and to that innate, delicate modesty which, as the editor remarks, has always characterized the girls of Queen's. We would not have dreamed of this solution had not the cry of the intellectual inferiority of woman become so much a thing of the past that it could not for a moment explain the difference in the status of the sexes. If our true womanliness could be harmed by our taking an active part in the questions of the Alma Mater it must be because of the nature of the subjects discussed. This solution of the question is a surprise since, though in some maternal breasts fears may exist as to the improving nature of a ten

year campaign on the football field, yet the most over anxious mother has up to the present, never entertained a doubt as to the influence of the Alma Mater on her "dear son John." This is but a possible explanation of our exclusion, and whether or not it be the true one, let us have fair play, equal rights to all and special favors to none—let all distinctions be done away with in a society claiming to be the central organization of the whole student body. If this be impracticable, while we shall be pleased to have our names appear on your lists as honorary members (if your courtesy impel you to extend this favour), don't ask us to tamper with the business affairs of the society by taking any part in its electoral campaign.

As to the matter of the piano, the editor is evidently not very well acquainted with the workings of the Levana else he would have known that the senate through that society provides us with an instrument. His suggestions along this line if acted upon would be a mere "carrying of coals to Newcastle."

Again, the suggestion of the mutual pleasure and profit to be derived from a series of meetings during the *slack* season "in which all sections of the membership would contribute some part of the programme," strikes me as not being highly complimentary to the ladies. Though we do not usually enter the arena of Honour Philosophy, Hebrew or Sanscrit, such fields as Classics, English and Mathematics are sufficiently wide to prevent time hanging heavily on our hands; and when an insatiable longing for some lighter dissipation takes possession of us—why there is always the rink for January and February, where we are sure to meet some one whose conversation will relax the severer strain of mental activity.

But I hear the clip of the editor's shears so must reserve further comment for a future occasion.

ONE OF THE FIFTY-FIVE.

* * *

As the resignation of the present editor has been accepted by the A. M. S., and this will probably be the last issue for which he is responsible, he considers it fitting to reply to the above before retiring. There are three points to be noted, the question of sentimentality, the piano question, and the reference to the slack season.

As to the first. We hasten to assure our correspondent that she or any other lady student may attend any regular meeting of the society without finding anything in the nature of the subjects which are discussed or in the methods of procedure that will do violence to her "higher instincts of womanliness or her innate sense of modesty." Whatever violence these suffer will be of a subjective nature,

and if, as the writer would have us believe, she has banished sentiment in favor of cold logic, she at least can suffer no harm in this way. We have met the woman's rights advocate before, and know that argument is useless as she can usually pierce one with her merciless logic, but we will take the trouble to state a few facts, based on sentiment, yet facts nevertheless. A woman's true womanliness may not be harmed by her taking an active part, before all classes of students, in the discussion of questions which come before the A. M. S., but certainly the average man's estimation of her true womanliness will be affected. What most right thinking men cannot understand is why any woman should persist in this levelling process when it means for her, in his eyes at least, a levelling down instead of a levelling up. We believe most heartily in the higher education of woman; we believe her to be one of the most potent influences in the world today, but we are sentimental and illogical enough to believe that the woman who demands to be considered a man in every respect except her mode of dress, is abdicating a higher for a lower position and is weakening her influence rather than extending it. As to honorary membership we have only to say that honorary members of the A. M. S. are given practically all the privileges of ordinary members, including the right to vote at the annual elections, without the payment of any fee. We cannot afford to admit "more than one quarter of the students in the leading faculty" on that basis either as a matter of logic or of sentiment.

With regard to the piano we would advise "One of the Fifty-five" to be as sure of her facts as was the editor in this particular case. The rent of the piano used by the ladies comes at present from a fund which is administered by the athletic committee of the A. M. S., and is not a gift from the senate. One of the last acts of the committee that retired last month was to vote \$25 for that purpose. Our correspondent has failed to grasp the point we tried to make. It is this:—The A. M. S. ought not to establish the precedent of voting money to any section of the students to be spent as that section may determine. Further it has no right to vote money towards a reading room or similar object for one section or faculty unless it is prepared to deal with other sections in the same way. It does rent a piano for the use of its members, and if one piano is not sufficient it has a perfect right to rent two. The society took that view on Saturday night, and we would advise the ladies to use the one rented by the society and apply the money they have been in the habit of devoting to that purpose to some other object. We cannot see that this is "carrying coals to Newcastle.

As to the last point, the "slack" season, we turn to the editorial in question and we find these words, "there is not much business before the society," referring to the first half of the second college term. Just how that can be interpreted to mean that there is then a slack time in studies we are too dense to comprehend. The meetings of the first term are always so fully taken up with athletics and other matters that no effort is made to secure programmes. But in the early part of the second term, as all except the freshettes should know, it has been customary to have several open meetings. If the gentlemen heretofore have found time to prepare the whole programme for these meetings, we fail to see just where we have been uncomplimentary to the ladies in suggesting that they assist in the work hereafter. Let us say in closing that while we invite criticism on any position taken by the JOURNAL we fear that criticism which is as captious as that of "One of the Fifty-five" is hardly likely to secure a better status for the lady members of the A. M. S., and that alone was the object of the editorial in question.

Divinity Hall.

NOTES.

DINNERS are the order of the day. The Medical College students anticipate the holiday repasts by holding "dinner" before Christmas. The Arts men refrain from dining just now in order to whet their appetites for the coming turkeys. We of the Hall, abstemious, self-contained, would fain learn the "secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want." The following is doubtless the *locus classicus* on the subject:—"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor rich neighbors; lest haply they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, bid the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; because they have not wherewith to recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just." Luke 14: 12-14. We see no reason why we should not have a Divinity Dinner on the lines indicated. By ministering publicly, as a corporation, to the poor, a good profession would be made of our aim to be ministers indeed; and such a banquet would not be lacking in the very best fun.

Mr. Jordan's exam. found most of us ill-prepared, as we have the impression that not enough time was given for the private reading of the Hebrew text. Indeed the lectures in the Divinity course are so numerous that it is hard to find place for quiet ru-

mination and the energetic assimilation of the pabulum administered in varying doses. Hence, in the exam. mentioned, the lesson which *froze* into a dogma was Dohm's principle, "untranslatable passages are probably corrupt." Besides, Convocation Hall caused several "colds."

Contributions toward the "Fresh Air Fund" will be gladly received at the JOURNAL office. It has been determined by careful analysis, that lack of receptivity and lack of originality alike, as also all heresies and all ultra-conservatism are due to dearth of fresh air. If there were only a sufficient fund, no difficulty should be found in giving the class rooms of Queen's a freshness in the stuff we breathe in keeping with the nature of the atmosphere of thought which pervades our Alma Mater. The fattest student of Divinity should then be able to rush down a flight of stairs—thus avoiding a bevy of girls—and up three flights to the Apologetics attic, without permanently injuring his wind, and without any appreciable diminution of that which is taking on economic value in these latter days by being liquified—liquid air, Mr. Moderator.

Notwithstanding the lucidity of Mr. Falconer's lectures it appears from the action taken by the members at Divinity Hall, at their meeting yesterday, that they are still firm believers in Apostolical succession. With due preparation the members convened to decide who should succeed to the various dignities, and after careful deliberation the following were appointed:—Pope, A. W. Walker; Bishop, Stuart A. Woods; Deacon, John Duncan Byrnes; Patriarchs, R. Burton, W. M. Fee, C. A. Ferguson and Mr. Brokenshire. The pope assumes the title of Andrew II., being the first to bear that name since the time of the illustrious Andrew MacMullin, whose genial and beneficent rule is still a happy memory. Let us hope that his successor and namesake will be equally gracious and tactful, and be held by the faithful in the same regard and esteem. After confirmation by the moderator, ably assisted by the other members, it was decided that the duties of the ancient *presbuteror*, for reasons of expediency, be divided between the bishop and the deacon—the bishop to have special care of the orphans, while the deacon is to give his undivided attention to the widows. We bespeak for these dignitaries the hearty and loyal obedience which their office, their wisdom and their charity command.

Mr. Colin L. Begg, B.A., a member of the class of '95, was in the city a few days ago, renewing old acquaintances; Colin is attending the Toronto Medical College, and was the Varsity delegate to McGill dinner last Thursday night.

Medical College.

ALMA Mater elections are over and the "Meds." candidates were, as usual, elected by handsome majorities. Mr. Fralick has many warm supporters among the followers of Aesculapius, and would have had more votes polled in his favour had it not been for the unwisdom of some of his followers who gave the impression they were more anxious for Mr. Burton's defeat than Mr. Fralick's election. I have heard of a young hound who was so keen that he got ahead of the fox.

Pre-election promises do not count for much—so say the defeated delegates for Varsity and Trinity dinners. Some men put their own interpretation upon a promise to "do what I can for you."

Say—Do you not think it would be a good thing to start a journal of our own in the Medical College? Yes, if you wish to make a — — — of yourself.

We are glad the faculty has taken the hint *re* anatomical material as several brilliant students were contemplating removal, an action very much to be regretted.

It is said that several freshmen have given notice that they will not need table board after the 16th—Mr. Crate, of the Frontenac, will please note.

From interim reports of committees this year's Medical dinner promises well to eclipse in every way those preceding and to go down to Medical posterity as the most brilliant function ever held under the auspices of the Aesculapian disciples.

The Medical editor takes this opportunity to thank his confreres for their kindness in "filling" his column. They evidently prefer quality of material to quantity.

The closest run of the season was between J. Hanly and J. Mitchell for McGill representative. As usual "the Policeman" got there. From latest reports he has not yet returned, and we have hopes that he will bring back some of the millions spoken of at the McGill Medical dinner.

Mr. Chapman was a good choice for Bishop's—a faithful student, a true friend and a good fellow.

Many of the Meds. would like it to be Mr. Mayor Ryan, M.D., next year, as in their opinion allopathic doses of brains are needed in municipal affairs. It must not be forgotten that the homeopaths are not without friends.

Homeopathist M.D., to patient—"How are you this morning?"

"No better, doctor."

"Did you take No. 13 last night?"

"No, doctor; I was just out of No. 13, but I took equal parts of 6 and 7!"

Science Hall.

NOTES.

WELL, Science Hall Court has made its *debut*. We append herewith the official report of the session :—

"On Monday, 12th December, at 5 p.m. the first meeting of the Science Hall vigilance committee was held. There was only one case to be dealt with. The *persona non grata* was a small plump freshman. The offense was a heinous one—it smelt to heaven. There were four counts in the indictment, but boiled down, they would be resolvable into 'general cheek.'

The prisoner elected to be tried before Judge Jackson. Fralick prosecuted, McCallum defended. After listening to a long argument the learned judge sentenced the prisoner to twenty strokes of the 'Spring-clapper,' an entirely original instrument of the judge's own invention. Constable Redmond administered the strokes with admirable precision; not a 'poundal' was lost. The prisoner was cheerful till the last, when his demeanor became more serious.

The session was characterized by the splendid courage and vigor of the vigilance constables. Thirty-two ejections were made. The judicious application of H₂S was of great efficiency as a preservative of peace."

Our esteemed and beloved demonstrator of Quantitative Analysis, W. C. Rogers, departed this life Thursday, 15th inst. He was called from among us suddenly, and while in the midst of his work, by a telegram and he left for Mexico to act as a chemist at a mine at Conchens. He has our heartiest congratulations.

Prof. De Kalb has left for Mexico on a business trip.

T. Hodgson is giving a most interesting series of lectures on Glacial Geology.

F. G. Stevens attended 'or "At Home" as our representative, and J. D. Craig will do the deed at the Medical Dinner.

Several improvements are being made in the Petrographical Laboratory. Some of the boys are putting in their workshop time making a new grinding table and improved machinery for grinding and polishing sections.

There is some talk of forming a Science Hall hockey team. The matter will probably be decided at the next meeting of the Engineering Society. There certainly is lots of good material round the Hall.

John Donnelly, E. M., of the Donnelly Wrecking and Salvage Co., paid the Hall a visit last week.

The Assaying Class boys are thinking seriously of getting some one to start a lunch counter in Science Hall. It would save them a lot of trouble and time on Saturdays.

Prof. Nicol had the class in Determinative Mineralogy at his residence on Monday evening, 12th inst., inspecting his reflecting goniometer. It is a beauty, and some of the boys think it would be a splendid thing for "original research."

Through the kindness of Messrs. Raney, Selby & Co., of the Kingston Foundry, the class in Metallurgy viewed a "pour-off" last week.

On Saturday, 10th December, at St. James' Church, Kingston, were united in holy wedlock, Mary Louise Georgina Lovick and Adolphe Ludwig Ferdinand Karl Von Lehmann, Ph. D., B.A., B.Sc., F.R.S.C. Miss Lovick, up till quite recently, was one of the most prominent kindergarten instructors in Canada. Dr. Lehmann, after attaining the highest possible honors at Leipsic, became for a time our demonstrator in quantitative analysis and assistant professor in organic chemistry. The bride was magnificently attired in a handsome white brocade with a veil of Chinese tulle, and was assisted by her four sisters as bridesmaids who were all becomingly arrayed for the ceremony. Dr. Lehmann was supported by a brother from Toronto.

Exchanges.

THE *Student*, University of Edinburgh, is always a welcome visitor in our sanctum. On the whole it is perhaps the best all-round college journal on our exchange list. The various college departments are written up in a bright, crisp fashion, and the contents are always sufficiently varied to prevent monotony. In illustration it ranks first. Besides the appropriate and suggestive designs that adorn the various college columns, there is always a full-page frontispiece, usually a photo-engraving of some eminent man of letters among the alumni of the university. The issue of Nov. 3rd presents a fine picture of Lord Rosebery and contains a character sketch of that great liberal statesman and also a verbatim report of his speech as President of the Associated Societies of the University, delivered on Oct. 25th.

MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.

Down in the grass, among the dew,
Mushrooms and toadstools together grew.
Two little children one summer's day
Went gathering mushrooms, sad to say.
Mushrooms and toadstools; much the same
Went into the basket as they came.
The basket filled, they homeward flew,

Mushrooms and toadstools they put in a stew.
 Two little corpses under the dew,
 Mushrooms and toadstools over them grew ;
 So, little children, now you see
 Why Botany's made compulsory.

--SELECTED.

We have always held that our authorities were culpable as regards the provision made for writing on examinations. We know that those moveable boards, precariously balanced across the backs of two seats in Convocation Hall, are conducive to mild profanity and curvature of the spine. But it seems that there are other effects more awful than one could conceive without actual demonstration. In one case, at least, abject imbecility has resulted from the mere contemplation of the subject. In the *McGill Outlook* of Oct. 20th there appears a most agonizing effort to treat the theme in verse. The article was, we understand, refused by the editor, and then paid for at advertising rates by the cheerful idiot himself, who prevailed upon the business management to accept it and insert it on the back page as advertising matter. If the late Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow could have foreseen this result of his nocturnal dissipation, he would never have taken the public into his confidence as regards that time when he "stood on the bridge at midnight." We print the poor fellow's maunderings in full, with apologies to the *Outlook*, and as an awful warning to our Senate, which cannot altogether evade the responsibility for the present mental condition of this poor lunatic.

THE COLLEGE.

I lounged by Queen's at mid-day,
 As the clock was striking the hour,
 And a crowd poured out spontaneous,
αὐτοὺς ἐβρεχεν sour.

I saw exams reflected
 In those faces passing me,
 As a crippled guerdon falling
 Cowed ignominiously.

And out of the dusty distance
 In that all-absorbing course,
 Gleamed poor manipulation
 In exam-controlling force.

Along the long wood benches
 In the draughty hall there lay
 The cramped, unhappy student,
 Doomed with a slab to stay :

Of lignum, warped and narrow,
 Thrice bent, and prone to fall,
 This slab of restless spirit
 Doth the nettled miscreant gall.

How often, oh, how often,
 In those exams gone by,
 Has he fought with a square inch note book,
 Queen's liberal supply.

How often, oh, how often,
 Had he wished the catch untied,
 To cast from the germ of reason
 The scratch empiric wide.

For his heart was hot and restless,
 And his life was full of care,
 And the burden laid upon him
 Seemed greater than he could bear.

For his slab and pad had fallen
 From his dislocated knee,
 While the sorrow of the others
 Throws its shadow restlessly.

Up whirls grand, gowned and knickered,
 Irate, a georgic don,
 To whisper lightning hisses
 At disseminating son.

The crisis has no question,
 The heated brow betrays,
 The open sin repugnant
 Before a roomful's gaze.

And I think how many dozens
 Of care-encumbered men,
 Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
 Have crossed the room since then.

I see the long procession
 Still passing to and fro,
 The young heart hot and restless,
 Uncertain where to go.

For a fickle, vaccillating,
 Confused, hotch-potched *mêlee*,
 Of dates and course confront them
 To guide them on their way.

And forever and forever,
 As, stumbling, the college goes,
 So sure as prigs have passions,
 As long as girls have woes,

Shall Queen's and its broken reflection,
 With its kecken dons appear,
 As an idol of refinement
 For our Canada so fair.

The school children of Napier, N.Z., on the occasion of a public reception, were solemnly assured by the Governor, that if they put their shoulder to wheel they would be sure to reach the top of the tree. Upon which a compatriot remarked, "Sure, it was an axle-tree he meant, bedad."—*London Spectator*.

De Nobis Nobilibus.

M-T-G-M-RY—"Not one girl in a hundred can make a decent loaf of bread if she were to be hanged for it."

Lady Aberdeen (to whom this striking fact has been communicated)—"Well, if making good bread is a criminal offence I'll never more advocate the establishment of a class in Domestic Economy in Queen's."

Open letter from the D. N. E. to L.—Sir, the proverb says "love is blind." You have a worse kind; it is both blind and deaf or you would tumble to the fact that other students object to public instruction in this important subject. Love is also said to be capable of many sacrifices, but the kind that sacrifices the young lady and makes her a by-word and a laughing stock is in the D. L. E's. opinion spurious. Drop it.

J. A-th-y (relating his experience to Y. M. C. A.)—"I have often met over-worked messengers and parcel boys going home at 3 o'clock Sunday morning."

A further explanation seems to be in order or there will be a *her-i-see* hunt by the deacon and patriarchs of Divinity Hall.

J. McC-l-m (listening to the Principal's address Sunday afternoon)—"That's the very argument I used to floor Goldwin Smith at the Varsity Dinner."

Freshman—"Gentlemen, I have never lost my equilibrium."

Sophomore—"It is hard to lose what one never had."

SANTA CLAUS IN THE COLLEGE KINDERGARTEN.

The editor sat in his cheerless sanctum. He was wrapped in deep gloom, for he was reflecting on the weakness of human nature and the way in which a cold, unfeeling public resented his humble but well intentioned efforts to run the universe. In the bitterness of his soul he sighed for his boyhood days again, and with the sigh a gentle feeling seemed to steal over him and something of the spirit of the angel carol took possession of him. He thought of the happy Christmas-tide, and peace and good-will toward men seemed to brood over him. Santa Claus came up out of the dim distant past with his jolly face and flowing beard, and he longed again for those halcyon days when Pro Bono Publico, Constant Reader, Rex and others of that ilk had not yet taken dread and substantial form in his dream of life. Suddenly, like the poor little match girl of the nursery story, he found himself amid new surroundings. Before him was a spacious old kitchen with a yawning fire-place and a great square chimney flue, just such as the Santa Claus of his early

boyhood days loved most dearly. Above the fire-place hung a motley array of children's wearing apparel, stockings and other receptacles, yawning expectantly for the store of Christmas cheer that should gladden the little hearts of their owners. Just then with a thud that made the dying embers wink and sputter, old Santa landed plump in the centre of the capacious fireplace and at once proceeded with many a chuckle to fill up the receptacles before him.

Scarcely had he disappeared when the patter of little feet was heard, and the editor saw a chubby boy, with a face like a cherub and eyes dancing with glee, make his way to a stout home-spun sock. The first prize he drew forth was a square silver-colored packet marked "Old Chum," but his beaming face was indeed a study when he drew out a card with a white-robed angel pointing upward with one hand and holding in the other a scroll marked "There'll be no Apologetics there." He went off prattling to himself "That's ta place for ta McNil, there'll be no *slopes* there."

Then just as the gray dawn was looking in at the low, broad window an excitable little fair-complexioned lad came skipping across to where two stockings hung side by side, one marked Oscar, the other Johnnie. For a moment he seemed greatly disappointed, then he slipped something out of the stocking marked Oscar, and dropped it into Johnnie's. The Editor found out afterwards that it was a card marked "delegate to 'Varsity Dinner!'" Little Johnny was greatly tickled and muttered something about that being a greater scheme than lightning rods. Little Oscar was sorely disappointed, but his brothers and sisters gave him another card of the same kind and almost as valuable, and so he was comforted.

Then two little babes toddled in, arm in arm, one dark and swarthy, the other with fair hair and rosy cheeks. These optimistic prattlers believing that two little socks would not hold all the good things that Santa intended for them, had formed a partnership and had tightly tied the neck and wristbands of their little night-dress, and had hung it up like a sack. Their faith was rewarded. It was full of tennis rackets, little girl dolls, all-day suckers and other toys and sweetmeats. Then down in one of the sleeves was a card marked "Secretary A.M.S., for J. S." The rosy-cheeked boy seemed a bit sorry for his little playmate, but soon a bright idea struck him and he said "never mind, Georgie, I'll share with you; you may do part of the work."

After these came a serious-minded boy with the brow of a philosopher. He walked soberly with his head tipped back as though he were gazing into the mysteries of the heavens. This youthful sage had

written to Santa the week before and in his stocking found his letter returned with a note appended in a running hand by Santa himself. The letter read:—"Dear Santa (if there be a Santa Claus), I have a problem, in fact there are two problems just here. Are you a mere subjective creation of man's mind or have you what in Kantian philosophy is termed objective validity; and if this latter, how do you, a corporeal essence, overcome the law of gravitation, as you are credited with doing."—Jimmy A-th-y.

P. S.—"Please bring me some new categories."

The appended note ran:—"Dear Jimmie: I haven't any new categories. I am leaving you some I gave to a little boy named Aristotle some few years ago. They have worn well but may need overhauling a little. In answer to your second question I can only say that my heart is so light that gravitation hasn't any power over me. You'll understand it when you grow up and have children of your own. Your first question floors me as I only took a pass course in philosophy, but I venture to subscribe myself, yours objectively, S.C."

Then came a handsome boy rather tall for his age, who went over to a pair of brown hose in the top of which were worked the letters T. C. From one he drew out some 4-inch collars, a hand mirror and other toilet articles, while from the other there tumbled out a bulletin board, invitations to 17 "At Homes," and several photographs of pretty little girls. Seldom has the editor seen a happier boy than Tommy.

But here comes an infant Falstaff. Already he has undergone great expansion, and his well fed body and broad beaming face mark him as a future bishop who will always do his duty—at refectory time. And now a mystery is explained: that wide-spreading bifurcated garment with red, yellow and blue ribbons tied round the bottoms, is his pantaloons, and on the band is pinned a card marked, "Dear Santa Claus, please give me mine in bulko.—S.A.W." And Santa Claus had evidently complied. In one leg was a monster plum pudding, and in the other a bushel of peanuts, while in the broader part above the bifurcation was a barrel of apples, a bag of pop-corn, raisins and candies, besides numerous books and toys. There was still some space at the top and Santa in despair had scrawled on the bottom of the little boy's note these words:—"Dear St-w-t, I have nothing left but the reindeers and my fur coat. Please take a reef in those before another Christmas, or else get a dry goods case.—S."

After this came a little chrysanthemum-headed boy, capering like a goat, while his long black locks flew about in disarray. He had borrowed a pair of gigantic stockings, with red, yellow and blue rings,

from a little curly-headed friend of his who was much addicted to dressing himself up in grotesque apparel and chasing an inflated pig-skin up and down the kindergarten lawn. Little Duncan found some pretty pink hair ribbons, a pair of curling tongs, and a kind of music box called a gramophone.

While this little lad was grinding out the strains "arrah go on, ye're only foolin'!" a solid, thick-set boy came over to a pair of short(t) hose and tumbled out a kodak and a book of jokes. He took a snap-shot of the bifurcated garment above referred to and laughed gaily thereat, but when he opened the joke book he suddenly grew uproarious and laughed so long and so loudly that the editor awoke with a start, and found himself alone once more in the dingy old sanctum, but he still consoles himself with the wonderful vision that came to him that night.

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