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SANDYS ON WOMEN.

(With apologies to J. M. Barrie.)



AM not the real Sandys, of course, and not even the Canadian copyright of the real Sandys, who wrote such a lovely book and was fondled by all the lovely women. I am only an irresponsible person who has borrowed the name of Sandys for an hour or two, and who wishes to make some remarks upon a theme not yet copyrighted under any laws I know of. The chief difference between Sandys and myself is that Sandys never wrote about women at all but only poses in a novel as if he had; while I am as real a person as the baker who comes to your door in the morning, and here, under my own seal and hand, write down in black and white what I have to say about the subject. The subject is women in general or in particular, it matters little which, for what is true in general is not less true in particular; this, however, is a commonplace.

I have known a great many women and hope yet to know more, but the best one is a woman I never knew at all. She was only a thing of the fancy, like so many more of the best things we have, made of gossamer and moonbeams and other perishable fabrics of the same sort. I found her to wear very well, however, throughout a long acquaintance, and often, when I wear-

ed of others, I have consoled myself with this creature of the fancy, and boasted of her graces when the women of flesh and blood had lost all their charms for me. I can recall many a time coming home from balls and masks begun at mid-night, and counting my gains for all the hours that had been squandered. With these reflections there soon came tripping in this creature of my fancy, with finger uplifted in reproof or a shade of sternness on the brow. "Why did you not stay with me," it seemed to say, "instead of bowing and smiling where you were to-night?" Or, again, "I have been watching you this hour or two and listening to your sugared compliments, you did not mean one word you said."

At first I was piqued at these insinuations and at the espionage under which I lived. I tried to rebuff my airy mentor, and to set at naught both her own charms and her strictures upon the other women whom I knew. But she was patient and soon forced me to yield to her. "You know quite well," she said, once, "that I am the best woman in the world, and that all the others are only good so far as they are like me; you might as well admit it and be on terms with me." And I did admit her claim fully and without reserve, learning little by little the justice of it. To recite her virtues and

her graces, the naive charms of her wit, the droll railleries at my escapades, the merry logic she could use to convince me of my follies, would be a story long in the telling. Her gifts were as numerous as her substance was intangible.

Once I went to dine with a group of bachelors like myself, and at the third course—there were eight of them and something after—the talk drifted to the subject which stands at the head of my present writing. None of our bachelors were old in years, but some of them were aged and confirmed in the mysteries of their order. Bachelors they had always been, and bachelors they would remain till the crack of doom. One worthy stood up in his place and offered a toast to the confusion of anyone in the company who would forswear his present allegiance. Women, he shouted, were tolerable companions for an evening beneath the gas-lights or on the piazza at a summer watering-place, but to sit across the table from the same woman for a life-time was a bondage not to be endured. He had never yet met a woman whom he could trust; they were all schemers and triflers and for his part he would have none of them.

Others followed in the same vein, mocking and making light of women from Eve to Cleopatra, from Cleopatra to their latest acquaintance of the drawing-room. Some said women were ignorant, some averred that they were only useful as ornaments or playthings and could offer a man no lasting companionship; one or two distrusted them entirely. The turn of Sandys came at last, though, indeed, that name is a later acquisition, and as I rose in my place to speak, the woman of my fancy was before me with eyes on fire

and indignation in her posture. I think she must have seized the words as they issued from my lips and flung them in hot anger among my wincing comrades. I called them cowards and weaklings that they should talk thus of the women who bore them. It was their own false features which they saw reflected in the faces before which they offered their hollow flattery, it was their own ignorance and inconstancy which they imputed to woman-kind, their own vulgarity which saw nothing in women but perishable ornaments and toys. In my flood of talk the mistress of my fancy was still before me, supporting my arguments and convincing me more deeply of the truth of them. In woman, I went on, a man can find all that he looks for, and if his own instincts are high he will find some heart to respond to them and to further all the best efforts he can make. Just as human life itself is not something hemmed in and confined in narrow limits, so the association of one man with one woman from youth to age, is a redoubled protest against the limitations of time and space. In it all the faculties of manhood are enlarged and made more noble; the mind is stimulated to fresh efforts, and the heart opens a wider door to the cry of sufferers in whatever degree and place they suffer.

But just as my mentor in the thin air before me had beckoned me to her defence, so she waved me down before I had gone too far, and I took my place again behind the wine glasses amid the bravos of the company. I had made some impression at least, for the theme was changed forthwith and no more ribaldry passed among them concerning the women of our acquaintance. Whenever such an oc-

casation rises, and it often does occur, the woman of my fantasy is always before my eyes to command my my thoughts and direct my language. Since these days I have found many real women of flesh and blood who resemble in many ways the air-drawn fancy which my own imagination wove, and every man may do the same if he treats the matter with the seriousness it deserves.

Before I set aside the name which I have borrowed from a well-known novel, I must ask the editors of this paper if they will allow me a little space some other time to add a few remarks on the subject of "ready made wives." For my own part I prefer all my goods and chattels made to order.

SANDYS.

A BREACH OF CONFIDENCE.

To the Editor :

The unfortunate incidents connected with the "At Home" recently given by the senior year in Arts, have given rise to much discussion, and a good deal of sharp criticism has been directed against the Invitation Committee, especially by those who only partially know the facts or are interested in perverting them. The feelings of some city ladies have been hurt, and these ladies feel that they have been insulted. In view of all this it may be as well to state the facts.

An Invitation Committee was appointed in the usual way, and issued invitations on the distinct understanding that only students were to receive them. One member of the year ordered one hundred and fifty invitations on behalf of the year, and then so far lost his sense of honor as to order twenty-five more, which he paid for himself, and which were to be used by him and

his accomplices to invite some of their friends outside the college. The plan was carried out and some Kingston ladies were invited. They announced openly that they intended to accept, and when informed politely that there must have been a mistake, as the committee had invited only college girls, they replied that they would "risk it" and intended to come. To send out notices to these people that their invitations had no authority, was certainly a drastic measure, but it was only adopted in the extremity of the case and after due consultation with the patronesses and others competent to advise. Those city girls who knew that their invitations were bogus and still prepared to come deserve no sympathy. If any lady was about to accept the invitation in good faith, it is certainly most regrettable, but surely a properly-minded woman would rather be forwarned that her invitation was not genuine than partake of the hospitality of people who had not invited her.

As to the members of the year who perpetrated this outrage, too strong words can hardly be used. They have described the affair as a "joke", but such a term may be equally well applied to the action of a bank-clerk who pilfers money. The fact that some of the offenders hold offices of trust and responsibility makes matters worse. Admittedly, they have been useful at times to the college, but a man may be a good hockey player, an able singer or a clever humorist, without having the first instincts of a gentleman, and perhaps the sooner the Arts Society deposes some of its officers, the better.

The writer of this article is not a member of the year '02 and is simply trying to take an unbiassed view of the situation.

OBSERVER.



SENIOR YEAR IN ARTS, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Queen's University Journal

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Editorials.

AN article which was published recently in the *Varsity* with regard to the affairs of the Inter-University Debating Union has been read carefully here by those who are interested in this Union, and the JOURNAL has been asked to take up its parable and offer some comments upon the matter. The article in question first quotes the Kingston *Whig's* report of the recent Varsity-Queen's debate, and then proceeds to make the following statements:

1. That no reflection must be cast upon the decision made by the judges in the recent contest.

2. That a new method of appointing judges should be introduced; each of the three Universities naming one, the representative of the neutral College occupying the position of chairman of the board of judges.

3. That in stating the decision of the judges the chairman should sum up the arguments adduced and the reasons for the decision.

4. That the method employed by the judges in the last debate, by which Queen's was given seventy-five per cent for arguments and Varsity twenty-five per cent for style, was a

peculiar anomaly, since it implied that Queen's had no style and Varsity no arguments.

5. The remainder of the article is concerned with some details of the recent debate, the writer claiming that the debate was largely decided on an argument introduced in the reply made by the leader of the Queen's side, namely, that the negative had not suggested anything to take the place of Trusts. This argument, it is asserted, should not have had any weight with the judges, because it is based on a wrong conception of what the negative has to do in order to establish its case.

Of these five opinions the first is the only one which we can unhesitatingly endorse. In all contests, whether of muscle or wit, in which judges are appointed beforehand, and especially in such circumstances as the present, the word of the judges should be absolutely final and decisive. Neither in public nor in private is it graceful for the contestants to challenge the judgment which has been passed upon their efforts. It is a little strange, however, that after such a dignified statement the writer in the *Varsity* forgets the maxim which he has set forth, and in his fourth and fifth opinions openly questions the wisdom of the gentlemen whose judgment was to have been accepted without question. We must thus deprecate most emphatically the last two opinions of this writer. The method of awarding marks to the opposing sides was simply a device used by the judges to represent roughly the weight of the addresses given, and is capable of no such mechanical interpretation as that put upon it by our contemporary. The concrete numbers were employed

merely as an approximation to the superiority of the one side in point of style and of the other in the matter of argument.

With regard to the fifth opinion we are not concerned to discuss here the abstract question regarding the construction of a debate, but must protest against the fiction that the award of the judges was based upon an unfair hearing of the two sides. When three such gentlemen are asked to accept the position of judges each side must be prepared to submit to their decision, whether they agree with it or not. The writer of the article in question must surely admit the justice of this thesis, and we do not hesitate to hint that the next debaters who are commissioned to represent Toronto University should learn the same lesson before setting out on their journey.

The second and third opinions expressed in the *Varsity's* article are sound enough; but we cannot see any great necessity for adopting new plans until the old ones are found to be unsatisfactory. In any case we are sure that whether in Toronto, Montreal or Kingston the gentlemen appointed as judges will be persons in whom the utmost confidence can be placed. They will base their award on sound principles and be quite willing both to pass judgment and to explain their own views of the matter in question.

It is sometimes said by students who have been in College a very long time, that a few decades ago there was more and better singing in the class rooms than there is at present. It is also reported by students who have gone from Queen's to other colleges in pursuit of their studies, that at some such places they have heard

more tunable voices and more versatility in the use of them. One is always tempted to distrust the assertions, both of those who remember early days and those who have seen far away fields. Even when such reports are deemed exaggerated, however, by the mist of time or distance, there must remain half a suspicion that there may be some truth in them. At any rate it is a legitimate as-servation to make that a little more lively music could easily be cultivated among the students, and that hearty songs would enhance greatly the buoy-ancy of the busy days in College.

A successful and energetic Glee Club has been in existence for a number of years, and an annual concert is given in the City Hall. Similar concerts are given, moreover, in various towns and country places in Eastern Ontario; and towards the end of the session the JOURNAL sometimes has the privilege of publishing a fine array of shirt bosoms and handsome faces. All this, however, does not seem to have had the effect of introducing new songs into the mouths of the students at large; and this, if it is not the definite object of the Glee Club's existence, would be at least a happy incident in its career. Many of the classes or groups of men gathered in the corridors must include a few members of the Glee Club, and in such circumstances the initiated should lift their voices in song until the contagion spreads to those in their neighbourhood. Nearly all students can sing, and all can imitate a good example; the members of the Glee Club should take the lead in scattering their songs broadcast among the students until both the last decade and the far-away rivals shall be outdone.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have received the first report of the committee on the residence for women students, and are glad to note that they have begun with "the day of small things" as an experiment, and that the experiment has proved a success. Things with life in them are sure to grow. The Treasurer's statement shows that the only large subscriptions are from donors who, for many years, have given to everything—a proof, this, of the fallacy of the opinion that "everyone gets tired of giving." Still, as this is a new undertaking, it might be suggested that the energetic Treasurer, or some members of the committee, should try to break new ground.

First Student—"Hey, there! Mr. Whatever-your-name-is, I want you to sign this petition."

Second Student—"What is it about?"

First Student—"Read it for yourself. It is a petition asking that Professor _____ (you can see his name there on the second line), asking that he should make his lectures a little more intelligible; I would like to have your signature near the top."

Second Student—"Not on your life. If you have any grievance against a professor go to the JOURNAL instead of running around with petitions. The JOURNAL will straighten out your tangles in a twinkling; though for my part I think the Professor is all right. Have you ever heard him lecturing on Matthew Arnold?"

The eminent professor who refused to pay his small subscription to the *Conversazione* funds because of a little hilarity about the door of his classroom, is evidently prepared to forfeit

the good-will of his own classes and the students generally. It may be immaterial in some respects whether there is any such mutual good feeling between professors and students or not, but it has long been a tradition that such a relationship did exist. Indeed, there are many students in the University whose presence here is due to this very reputation which has gone abroad concerning the professors and students of Queen's, and it is unfortunate that such a good advertisement, if it is nothing more, should be defaced. We trust that the finance committee of the *Conversazione* has not been embarrassed by the loss of the small sum of money in question.

At a meeting of the Queen's Alumni Association of Toronto, held on Thursday, the 23rd inst., the following motion was passed:

"The Queen's Alumni Association of Toronto, having learned that it is proposed to erect a new Convocation Hall as a memorial of the work done by the esteemed Principal, to be known as the 'Grant Hall,' it is resolved very heartily to endorse this proposal, and the alumni present agree to do all in their power to accomplish what they consider a most fitting and worthy undertaking."

Subsequently a committee was appointed to set on foot and prosecute a canvass for the purpose of raising funds.

Messrs. I. N. Beckstedt and John Watts have been appointed to represent Queen's in the coming debate with McGill, and are expected to present a strong front to their opponents when they try conclusions next month in Montreal.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

WE have seen that the Prince of Wales, in his recent address while laying the corner-stone of the new Arts building, endorsed the views, regarding different university centres, expressed by the Imperial authorities, when, in 1797, they gave to the Legislature of the Province 500,000 acres of Crown lands for educational purposes. As the Governor, Sir John Colborne, said in 1829, the grant was "for the support of grammar schools and colleges." It has been given, instead, to University College and for secondary education. It is therefore apparent that, unless the Government recognizes the claim on it of another college long recognized by the people as required, there has been something like a malversation of trust. Now that the public domain has been vested in the Legislature and that there are ample means for the promotion of higher education all over the Province, there is no possible excuse for withholding a liberal measure of public aid to Queen's. Its standing is admitted by the Province and by every educational authority.

Various objections are urged against justice being done. "Others will apply," it has been said. The simple answer is that there are no others. When another institution, in some other centre of the Province, has attained to the standing of Queen's, it, also, should receive aid. The Province will be all the richer, and it will be found more economical to *co-operate* with private and municipal liberality in two or three cases than to be at the entire cost of a single institution, which is doing only part of the public work admitted to be needed.

A distinguished classical scholar has raised another objection which shows

his unwisdom in forgetting the warning, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" The point made is, that when universities were limited pretty much to classics and mathematics, with perhaps a little philosophy and history, it was easy to provide, as in Scotland, for a number of them, but, that it is impossible to do so now, because of the enormously expensive equipment demanded by modern science. The word "Science" conjures up to the vision of people who are not much acquainted with it as menacing a phenomenon as the term "hypothense," used by O'Connell, did to the woman who had been accustomed only to the language of Billingsgate. "It's a sweet word, is Mesopotamia," said the old lady, who slept peacefully in her pew, while her favorite preacher expounded the text. Science is one of those sweet or vaguely terrible words. It seems to be imagined that every university now must undertake to teach and provide laboratories for the innumerable departments of modern science, no matter what the general and special needs of its locality may demand or suggest as its distinctive field. No university in the world is so equipped. Each has its own *role*. Even when a university is constituted by the union of several colleges in different centres, as is the case with the Victoria University of England, which consists of Queen's College (Manchester), the rapidly expanding college in Liverpool and the Yorkshire College, federally united, each of the colleges develops in different directions and is led by local and other circumstances to cultivate special branches of science. This, in time, leads the authorities of the federated college, which has the most vigorous life but is distant from its University

centre, to demand recognition as a fully equipped university. This is the position at present of Liverpool College. It will undoubtedly before very long receive a charter as the eighth English University, for its demand is conceded to be reasonable and it is being urgently pressed. The suggestion is made, also, that the Victoria University need not suffer, even numerically, as it may invite the college at Sheffield to fill the vacancy which the retirement of Liverpool from the federation will create.

Even the State of Michigan, by its action, has shown that this objection is pointless. It has committed itself to the theory of one State University, but though Ann Arbor instituted a mining course as part of its scientific work, experts had no difficulty in proving that a practical training could not be given apart from the mining industry of the State. A school of mining was therefore established at Houghton, which has already a reputation that Ann Arbor could never expect to reach. Now, if a State finds it expedient to establish a second scientific institution at its sole cost, how much more reasonable is it to accept the principle of co-operation, as Great Britain always does, true in this case, as she is in general, to the principles of liberty; accepting the action of the people as the expression of the popular will instead of imposing on them an abstract theory, which, however plausible it may sound, is completely out of relation to the life and history of the people who are concerned, and who have to pay the piper!

G.

The subject for the debate in Montreal is, "Resolved: That Latin and Greek should be optional in the Universities." Queen's has the affirmative.

A LOSS TO QUEEN'S.

MR. W. G. Fraser, M. A., who in September last was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics for this session, has been "called up higher." He has been appointed by the head of the Scottish Education Department to be one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools and will leave at the end of the session to begin work in his native country. During his brief stay with us, Mr. Fraser has made a host of friends among the students and professors, and, he would certainly have been appointed permanently to his present position at the annual meeting of the Trustees on May 1st, had he elected to remain in Canada. We are glad to say that he, on his part, has been so attracted by the life at Queen's that he goes from us with great reluctance, although the position to which he has been appointed is one which is coveted by scholars of the highest rank. One of his remarks in connection with the subject was, "I feel that had I been three years in Queen's instead of three months, I should not have accepted Sir Henry Craik's offer."

The kind of men appointed in Great Britain as Inspectors of Schools may be seen from the selection made in this case. None but University men have any chance, because it is understood that the highest qualifications are needed to properly inspect and criticize the methods of common schools, and to inspire teachers and pupils with right ideals of study. In Canada, on the contrary, anyone is thought competent to be an Inspector, and it is sometimes even said that a man who has had experience only in elementary schools is the right man to appoint. Objections are made to applicants be-

cause they are High School teachers, and a University man would have little or no chance. This too is only one phase of a common educational fallacy in Ontario. We are apt to pin our faith to training schools and colleges as the best places for preparing teachers for their high calling, instead of recognizing the far greater advantages provided by Universities. Prof. S. S. Laurie of Edinburgh, the highest Scottish authority on Education, has recently published a volume of his selected papers on "The Training of Teachers and Methods of Instruction," in which he points out very clearly his view. "We prefer," he says, "university institutions for the training of every grade of teacher to specialised training colleges, simply because they are not specialised. There is, in truth, a radical error in the conception of an exclusive seminary for the education of members of a profession. Teachers, least of all, should be set apart from their fellow-citizens prematurely. They should breathe the invigorating air of an institution where all manner of men meet."

This does not mean that a man who has taken a University course is necessarily fit to teach; but it does mean that the proper place to train teachers is in a University which provides a course in pedagogy, and at the same time allows the candidates for license to repair at stated intervals to the public schools of the city or the Collegiate Institute, where they would receive a reasonable amount of clinical instruction, and where their practical ability would be tested. Dr. Laurie is well aware that the practising schools connected with training colleges are as a rule inadequate for training the large number of candidates who use them.

We have been led to touch the hem of an important subject, when we had only intended to congratulate Mr. Fraser on his deserved good fortune, and what we have to say on it must be reserved for a future number of the JOURNAL.

MR. GILBERT PARKER'S GIFT TO QUEEN'S.

THE set of engravings lately presented to Queen's University by Mr. Gilbert Parker is of far more than local interest. To all who are interested in Canadian history this collection will be of great importance. It consists of eighty-seven portraits, including a large number of the early explorers, viceroys and governors of Canada (the new France of the French regime), the governors of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, Quebec, Newfoundland and Hudson's Bay Territory. Though as yet there are some gaps in the list, it touches the life of our country at every point, and an intelligent appreciation of these portraits would imply a fairly accurate acquaintance with the past history of Canada, and with the successive changes in her government. Even a casual glance at the collection is sufficient to prove this. Beginning with Christopher Columbus, Jacques Cartier, and Amerigo Vespucci, we pass to the French rule in Canada, which is illustrated by a long line of viceroys, most of whom filled their office without quitting France, the burden of the work of conquest and colonization falling on the resident governors, conspicuous among whom is the powerful face of the explorer and first governor, Champlain. Here, too, are Colbert, the Minister of Finance of Louis XIV, always intensely interested in the affairs of New

France; Richelieu, the founder of the Order of the Hundred Associates, and Marie de l'Incarnation (the only woman's face in the collection), who, in 1672, was the Superior of the Convent of Ursuline nuns at Quebec. Many of these portraits have the family coat of arms and the autograph, the laboured handwriting of the latter suggesting that these early governors were more at ease with the sword than with the pen, and, in fact, it is probable that some of them never used the latter except to form in crabbed characters the letters of their own names. Many of these autographs have been secured from public documents, and the names are still familiar to many of us in the streets of Quebec, such as Buade St. Haldimand street and others. With Duquesne, the last of the French governors, French dominion ceased, and British rule began under General Murray, the first English governor of Canada. But British power had early been represented in the government of Newfoundland, which was formally ceded to England by the Treaty of Utrecht. It had, however, always been claimed by England, and for many years had been the subject of repeated efforts of colonization, from Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Lord Baltimore. Though not actually a governor, his portrait is here, in virtue of his patent obtained from James I in 1829, and an uneasy sojourn of two seasons in Newfoundland before his departure for Maryland. Among the naval commanders of Newfoundland are many famous and well-known names, as Admirals Rodney, Graves and Palliser. A true, debateable country this rocky island, as was also the Hudson's Bay Territory, whose first governor was Prince

Rupert of royalist fame. Right of possession was an uncertain thing in the early days of the colonies, and French and English in turn held the upper hand, according to "the good old rule—the simple plan, That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can."

A further section is devoted to the governors of Upper and Lower Canada, each with its separate governor, till the union of the provinces in 1841 brought them together under Lord Sydenham with the title of the Province of Canada. The series closes with the portraits of the eight Governors-General who have held office since the Confederation of 1867 led to the union of the whole vast territory of British America as the Dominion of Canada.

Viewed as a record of history, it is evident that the collection is of undoubted importance, while many of the engravings, especially the early ones are also valuable as works of art, and the Canadian Government has recognized the educational value of such a collection to the country, by admitting Mr. Parker's gift free of duty. It is probable that the series will be completed and supplemented from the same source, as Mr. Gilbert Parker during his late visit expressed his intention of adding to the collection at a future date. We are certain that the gratitude which the University of Queen's has expressed to Mr. Parker, will be shared by many outside her walls, as the value of his gift becomes more generally known.

Lois Saunders.

The Gilbert Parker portraits are on exhibition in the University library.

THE PROPOSED G. M. GRANT HALL.

A WORD TO THE GRADUATES AND
BENEFACTORS OF QUEEN'S.

THE circular appended has been sent to the Trustees and elected members of the Council, who, together with the Trustees, form the whole Court. It will be responded to as similar appeals have been in the past; and inasmuch as the circular, with the exception of one or two lines, applies to the whole body of graduates as well as to the men they elect, and to the benefactors of Queen's generally, we publish it with the hope that all who read will take voluntary action on it as soon as possible. They know that the students' committee can have little time to make a personal canvass, and that if such had to be made it would spoil the moral effect of the proposed memorial.

Subscriptions should be intimated to the committee and remittances made to the Treasurer, J. B. McIver, Kingston.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY,
KINGSTON, ONT.,

Jan. 23rd, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—

When the ratepayers of Frontenac voted down the by-law to give \$20,000 for the erection of a Queen's Examination and Convocation Hall, the students at once discussed among themselves the possibility of raising the required amount. They decided to make the attempt, and their offer was submitted to a meeting of the University Council specially called for the purpose. The Council unanimously decided to accept the offer of the students and promised to do all in their power to assist the movement. A canvass for subscriptions was accordingly started. Already the sum of \$13,000 is subscribed; over two-thirds of this amount being from

students and the rest almost entirely from professors. The subscriptions from the students (with a few exceptions) are to be paid in instalments extending over two, five or ten years, and thus the cash value is considerably less than the amount stated. When the students undertook to raise the amount they understood that \$20,000 would be the amount required; they now find, however, that \$24,000 will be needed to equip the Hall with proper galleries and \$6,000 additional to complete the new Arts Building, and thus the total sum now aimed at is \$30,000.

One-third of the members of the University Council consisting of the staff, having been canvassed, we now take the liberty of sending this statement to the elected members of the Council and to the Trustees, and of enclosing a blank form of subscription. We intend next, to appeal to the graduates and benefactors generally. Please fill in the blank form enclosed as seems good to you, and kindly send it, with any remarks you desire to make, not later than the 31st of this month.

In November of this year Principal Grant will have completed his twenty-fifth year as Principal of Queen's. We are sure that you will agree with us that something should be done to commemorate his work; and surely there is no more appropriate time for us to do it than this present year. We propose, therefore, to associate his name with the Hall, believing that in no other way more pleasing to him could his services be recognized. As you have been so intimately associated with him in administering the affairs of the University, the students confidently rely upon your assistance. The help they have already received from the

professors has given them great encouragement. Their own means are very limited or they would gladly be at the entire cost of erecting a building which will not only complete the imposing group of structures now almost covering the campus, but be at the same time a worthy and permanent memorial of the twenty-five years' service which our esteemed Principal has so gladly and unsparingly given to our beloved Alma Mater.

Please reply not later than the above mentioned date, as we wish, at that date, to make an estimate of the amount subscribed.

With much respect, we remain,

Yours sincerely,

On behalf of Stu-) JAMES WALLACE,
dents' Committee. } J. J. HARPELL,

The Treasurer, J. B. McIver, has already received payments of some subscriptions, towards the new Convocation Hall. We propose to publish in the next JOURNAL, and in succeeding numbers, his acknowledgements of receipts, whether in full or in instalments. The sooner subscribers pay, in whole or part, of course, the sooner will the contracts for the new building be entered into. The trustees are not likely to begin until at least half the amount needed is in the Treasurer's hands. We understand that the Chancellor suggested that the foundation stone might be laid on next University Day. It is scarcely possible that a commencement could be made so soon, but we ought to be able to announce then that the \$30,000—with a margin to allow for deferred payments—has been subscribed.

The Theological Alumni Conference opens on Monday, the 3rd of February.

Ladies' Department.

THE QUEEN'S GIRL OUT OF COLLEGE.

"Oh this learning, what a thing it is!"

TO atone for the levelling process which is said to go on constantly in College life,

"Whereby piled-up honors perish,
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,"

and the student is forced to the unpleasant conviction of her own littleness and ignorance in view of what has been done and can be done by other people,—to atone for the corner-rubbing which she undergoes, comes at times a wave of esteem and admiration which well-nigh lifts her off her feet. It is when the term is over and for a short or a long holiday she has left behind her those master-minds, the companions of her College life, to go among those lesser lights who know not Plato.

Then it is that the corners grow sharp again—for can the only College student in a loreless community forever keep the smoothness she has acquired? Why does she toil through Latin Authors while her sisters are making Christmas gifts at home, if she is to fall back at once from the atmosphere of learning, as soon as she comes home again? She would think herself cruel could she forget her "Horace" so quickly, were she to give Adam Smith and his doctrines the go-by all at once. So into the pleasant home life she comes, learning and all, the College girl, a being from another world, a foreign element. And how is she received? With respect surely—at least with curiosity. This of course quite apart from the place she holds in the family circle, that is to say she earns this reception purely in so far as she is a College

girl. She is loved and cherished by the home people for herself, without doubt. But the fact of her University life, her dip into the well of knowledge, puts her on a different footing from those about her and their conception of her is formed accordingly.

Her father puts her through her paces. Tremble now Collegian and be wise! for though you may be par excellence in English and Languages, yet if you fail to rapidly compute a sum in interest, simple or compound, your store of learning will not be rated very high by your worthy sire! Why should fathers demand such very extensive knowledge from their Collegiate daughters? Nay, we know not. But we say with conviction, that these same fathers who are so proud of these same daughters and their successes at the University, feel even a keener satisfaction at a joke well turned, or a pertinent remark on "the war," from the would-be medallist. Such is life! The wisest of us must not go so deep but we may be able to speak understandingly of things at the surface—that is if we would have our wisdom appreciated.

But oh the satisfaction when you can answer a question which your sister cannot and they say, half teasingly, half seriously, "See now what it is to be a student!" You tell them the quotation is from "The Tempest," and they think you really do know something. Suppose it had been a Greek god to place correctly, and you had failed to rise to the occasion, what a blow your reputation would have received! It is hard to prepare oneself for these onslaughts. The wise girl is she who occasionally gives gratuitous information on indifferent topics, and thereby makes her reputation so

firm that slight attacks do not affect it. The first evening at home let her give the Queen's yell and translate it for the family's benefit. This is sure to produce an impression. If she follows it up the next evening by a few well-chosen, indefinite phrases about society, and the individual's relations to the rest of society, and is careful to bring in nicely the terms "Altruism" and "Egoism," she will decidedly heighten the effect; the more so if she can sing all the verses of "The Old Ontario Strand" and repeat the opening lines of a French fable. Now let her fail in an interest and discount problem at her father's hands, and the blow will scarcely be felt. A girl that can translate Gaelic—Well!—"She goes to College you know—this is—my Queen's girl,"—Oh proud parent! Oh wise daughter! The doctrine of "bluffing it" is worth consideration.

It is sometimes almost amusing to see the way college girls out of college are regarded by the "uninitiated." They are treated like ordinary mortals generally till the dread secret is disclosed that they are in attendance at a university during the winter months. Then what a change! Sometimes it takes the form of reverence in the conduct of the uninitiated, and the unhappy collegian is shewn a series of books "Lives of Famous Women," as a sure source of interest. Or, "This is in your line, I fancy," someone will say, and bring up a Latin epitaph for translation. They ask your sister to play croquet, but they think you are never happy unless you are imbibing wisdom in some form or other—Latin epitaphs or "Literary Digests," it matters not. "Oh, she goes to college, she must be very clever; do you think she would

mind if I asked her to play cards with us? I wouldn't bother her if it wasn't that our number is one short."

Poor college girl! Do they think you dwell with Sophocles all the day? Or that association with Carlyle or Goethe has made the society of ordinary mortals distasteful?

By which ruminations and preambles we make it clear to ourselves that the college girl out of college is certainly a fish out of water unless she makes up her mind to be practical. Her wisdom is valuable but it must be handled discreetly. She must appear absolutely ignorant at times, if she would win respect. At other times she must be quick to "speak up", like the little girl who had some knowledge of anatomy and was prepared at any instant to show off before visitors. "Come, Mary, tell your bones!" her mother would say, and good little Mary was always responsive. But had Mary "told her bones" unasked, her mother would very likely have said "children should be seen and not heard." 'Twas ever thus!

The Principal (at his fireside)—Good morning. You want my subscription for the *Conversazione*, I suppose.

Student of Divinity—Yes, Principal, if you please.

The Principal—Certainly, I always pay my share; but, dear me, there have been a great many social events this year. I thought people came here to study and not merely to go in for one round of enjoyment after another.

Student—Yes, Principal, I quite agree with you. Thank you. Good morning; . . . (and I've been at every dance all winter. That makes the third prevarication this week).

Divinity.

A STUDENT of divinity who has spent some time in the North-West Territories sends the following brief sketches which the *JOURNAL* thinks are worth publishing. The first is a greeting at a prairie threshold and is from the mouth of one not long out from the land o' cakes.

"Come in, come awa' in, sir, come awa' in. You'll be the new minister I'm thinkin'; we've been lookin' for you this twa three days. Guid wife, come ben and shake han's wi' the minister. We're rale glad to see you, sir, could ye take a bite to eat? Ye maun be just a wee thing hungry comin' off the train. Gie me yer coat and yer bag, sir, and sit doon here till the wife gets ye a bit o' dinner. That's right, sir, an' ye maun make yersel' at yer ease an' be like one o' oursel's. The best in the hoose is yours—tho' that's no so much after a'. I like the look o' ye, an' I'm glad to notice that yer no very fat. Ye see the hoose is sma' an' when the minister comes me an' him whiles has to sleep in the same bed. An' dod man, the last minister was a wee, roon, fat man; I'll have mair room in the bed wi' you than I had wi' him. But here's the wife wi' a sneck o' dinner for you, fa' tae and eat o't like a man."

Another may be called "A question of Casuistry" and judging by the accent it seems to be from the same mouth as the first one. But indeed the manuscript is quite explicit in the matter, since it begins as follows: "Loquitur John McPherson, a Scotsman, who serves the Canadian Pacific Railway in the capacity of pumpman at a place between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains."

"Guid night sir, I'll be wi' ye in a minute. I'm just busy makin' up my time-sheet as they ca' it. A new fangled notion the superintendent has got into his noddle. Would ye like to hae a look at it? I telt him at first that I would na fill out anything o' the kind, for losh, man, some days when the wind-mill's turnin' briskly I've hardly half an oor's work all day. 'Put doon nine or ten hours a day anyway,' says he, 'it's only a matter of form.' 'Oh, I divna ken aboot that,' says I, 'it may be a matter of form as you say, an' for my part I can manage to telt a lee as well as my neebor when it's needed, but I can assure ye I hate like the deil to write doon a lee.' That's what I said to him; but the long an' the short o't is that I'm daein' as he telt me, so here goes, 'Monday, 10 hours; Tuesday, 12 hours; Wednesday, 9 hours; that'll please him. Overtime, for the month, 25 hours.'"

The next one is quite evidently of different origin although in this case the reporter has not prefixed any definite information on that score. No doubt he is depending upon the misspelt words as affording a sufficient clue to the nationality of the speaker, and although this JOURNAL as a rule takes a pride in spelling words correctly we do not presume to make any alterations in this manuscript.

"A foine country it is, sorr, as you say sorr, but only for thim that likes it. I've bin in the country now close on twenty years and all I've got sorr is a pair of ouveralls and a jumper, barring a cow that's generallly dry and a small litter of pigs. No sorr, whin I was in the ould country I was the gamekeeper on the istate and could have a rabbit or a hare for my dinner

now and thin; but out here it's nothing but pork I git from the beginnin' of the year to the ind of it, and salt pork at that, sorr. Some of thim seem to prosper will enough that's shure, but not me, sorr, if you'd have the truth. I'm a sight poorer than whin I left home twenty years gone. My wife sorr, it makes me wape to think on her, she up and lift me and took all my savin's with her and I've no heart now for any work at all at all. You're a clergyman sorr by the coat of you, and you must come out to my little place and pay me a visit, though it's naither foine fare nor soft bed ye'll git. You'll be wilcome sorr to what I have and though I'm a good Catholic sorr and you're a Protestant we'll not be after quarrellin' about that."

We are tempted to add one more sketch or monologue or whatever these fragments may be called; our contributor should have given them an appropriate title. In this case the speaker is evidently from the midland counties of England though the writer seems to have found some difficulty in representing the peculiarities of the accent by means of the spelling.

"Oh yes, sir, I've byne in Hingland. I coom from Hingland and though I'm gettin' on quite finely in this coontry, I 'ave not yet given up the idear that Hingland is the grytest coontry that the sun ever shone upon. You should gow to London, sir; that's the plaice to see the world. Many a time 'ave I sat in the 'ouse of Commins and listened to the big pots a-debatin' about 'ome Rule and the Heastern Question and such like. I sat once in the very seat which the Prince of Wailes usually hoccupies when he cooms down to the 'ouse. I felt as if every eye in the plaice was a-lookin'

at me. Another time I followed the Right Honourable Harthur J. Balfour a mile and a 'alf across London, walkin' close be'ind him; but so as not to attract attention of course.

Gow to London sir the first chance you get. I'm savin' up all my pye 'ere in this cuntry so as to take a trip 'ome next summer. I must see London again and the buildin's and the carriages and the big Lord Tom-noddies in the West End. It's lonely 'ere on the prairie you know for one who has seen so much of laife in London as I 'ave."

An imaginary guest sat recently at an imaginary Sunday dinner and heard the following imaginary conversation about the sermon of the morning:

First imaginary diner—Will you have some sirloin or a part of this fowl, William? Sirloin, is it? And what did you think of the sermon this morning?

Second diner, or William—A poor enough affair if you want my opinion, though, to tell the truth, I did not listen to very much of it. A fine piece of beef this, however.

Third diner, female—Did you notice how beautifully the minister's hair was parted. I don't like those clergymen who part their hair in the middle and simper as if they were at an afternoon tea. And the sermon was lovely, too.

Second diner—Lovely, forsooth! Will you pass me the mustard? Lovely, do you call it? I have not heard such a heterogeous lot of nonsense for a long time.

First diner, apparently the father of the familias—Come, come, sir, I never knew of a sermon yet which pleased

you. If the angel Gabriel came into the pulpit some Sunday you would be finding fault with him.

Second diner—Indeed I would, if he had nothing better to say than what we heard this morning. I don't say the minister is narrow-minded and bigoted; he is not so bad as the ones who preach that God is some large, able-bodied party who can do things which we poor creatures cannot do. He doesn't exactly preach that the Bible was chucked down ready made out of heaven—

Third diner, female—Dear me, dear me, what language about the Bible. How can you dare.

Second diner—What I objected to in the sermon was the confusion of it, and the inartistic way he brought large things and small things into juxtaposition, and used commonplace illustrations for lofty ideas. When he tried to paint word pictures, as they are called, they were more like the caricatures that you see in *Puck* or *Judge* than respectable works of art. The whole effect was confusing and distressing.

First diner—Well, well, I think you are too severe; his matter was good at any rate, you'll admit that surely.

Second diner—Oh, in a sense it was, if it had not been so confused, and if there had been fewer blunders in the way it was expressed. However, I must have something to eat, that is more important than discussing the sermon at the present moment.

The Principal's door bell rang merrily and often on the afternoon of Saturday, the twenty-fifth inst. The occasion for this formidable attack on the quietness of the Principal's house was a social gathering of the second

and third year divinity men, to which they had been invited by the head of the faculty. A half hour or more was spent over a cup of tea and in talk with the host, the hostess and a number of lady students who had also come in to add some brightness to the company of gentlemen in sombre black. The little function was very much appreciated by the members of the two classes.

The JOURNAL has already mentioned the German classes in the Divinity curriculum but it is not out of place to repeat the matter here and suggest that a larger number of students should take advantage of these classes. Men in Arts especially who are looking forward to entering Theology should make a little preparation in view of them, so that the interesting work which has been inaugurated this session may be continued and may become more useful and prosperous each year.

THE CHANCELLOR'S LECTURESHIP.

Dr. Watson gives the last of his course upon this foundation at the Alumni Conference next week. The committee, consisting of the Chancellor, the Principal and the Vice-Principal, has appointed Professor Dupuis as the next lecturer, and he has accepted the position. His lectures will probably be on astronomy, and will be given in the evening in Convocation Hall next session. Arrangements will be made for publication in book form when completed. We hope that Dr. Watson will collect and arrange for publication those given by him during his term of holding the Lectureship.

Medical Notes.

AESCULAPIUS.

“AND so ye’ve niver heerd tell of old Aesculapius” remarked Tom Coffee, as he took his seat in the Den, “niver heerd of the founder of the Medical Undergraduates’ Society of Queen’s College, holy wather! but oi am surprisoid; hasn’t Doctor Sullivan iver mentioned in passing some-thing about him? No! Will! I’ll tell yez all what the Dean told me, for Foife knew him whin he was a young lad. He was in his foinal year here, just about the toime that me and my colonel was doin’ the cake-walk through the Crimea. ‘Tom,’ says the colonel after the war was over, ‘Tom,’ says he, ‘how can I reward you for all your sarvices?’ ‘Ah Colonel,’ says I, wishin’ to be poetical, ‘my hopes, my ambitions rest with the honored dead.’ ‘Good,’ says he, misunderstandin’ me, ‘I’ll make you janitor of the Royal Medical College, Kingston, Ontario.’ ‘But take care,’ says he, ‘that you don’t graduate to the Kingston Penitentiary for stealin’ subs.’ So that’s how I got my job here.

“Mr. and Mrs. Aesculapius lived somewhars in Grace. Little Aesculapius appared on the scane somewhars about 350 B. C. and safely passed through masles, hoopin’ cough, chicken-pox, teethin’ and all thim childern’s disases that Dr. Wood tells yez about. At an early age the lad began to show soigns of that wonderful talent for resarch that afterwards made him prominent. He performed ‘punctiform explarations’ on the family cat with a rid-hot poker, he cut pistulas in the abdomens of any strange dogs he found and got his old man into a hill of a mess in the Gra-

cian law courts in consequence. He deloighted his father's gardener by trying to cross the egg-plant and the milk-weed in the hopes of makin' an omelet. There is a little story I've heerd which I'll just tell yez to show you how he exercoised his ingenuity in physiological study and resarch, sparin' himself nayther trouble nor pain in his indivors. Aesculapius—the boy, I mean—was invistigating the toime of a reflex action and de-soired to find out if toired tissues would respond to a stimulus as quickly as those of a frish subject. One avening old Aesculapius, his father, had returned from a most fatiguing chase. Aesculapius junior stood nare the foire-place and as his old man sank back exhausted into his favorite chair, a tack, which the young divil had placed there supploied the necessary stimulus. Strange noises proceedin' from the wood-shed shortly afterwards pointed to the fact that the father was takin' a keen interest in the son's experiments and was proving that a sandal applied vigorously to the gluteal region has a marked effect on the amplitude of vibration of the vocal chords.

"His subsequint history is more or less dimmed but oi have heerd that he graduated with a gold medal and a red nose. He returned to Athens in 301 B. C., and dispinsed calomel and a saline for many years. He had charge of the 14th Princess of Grace's Own Stone-Slingers Ambulance Corps during the Trojan War whare he received amonst other honors a javelin in the solar plexus. This was his death blow.

"Now there's the bell ringin' for Doc. Mundill and I've got to go and show the new janitor how to moind his foires."

AN URGENT NEED.

The Editor Queen's University Journal.

DEAR SIR,—It is exceptional for the students of Queen's to have recourse to the columns of the JOURNAL for the purpose of venting a grievance, and, as a rule, the troubles of the medical student here are not of sufficient consequence to demand redress. The zeal of the professors and their kindly attitude towards us leave little to be desired. Only this past year we have had ample evidence of their thoughtfulness and self-sacrifice when, unaided by outsiders, they donated thousands of dollars to practically rebuild the medical building. There is, however, a subject which has been agitating the medical students of Queen's for some time, and we ask leave to mention it in these columns.

Whatever the circumstances may have been in the past, we cannot but feel that at present the clinical course in the hospitals is inadequate to our needs. Even the kindness and willingness of the professors—however much appreciated—cannot compensate for a loss so irreparable. Year after year we have been promised clinics in the Hotel Dieu, and each succeeding session only brought disappointment. If there were no clinical work available, apart from that at the General Hospital, we should not be so importunate, but when we have another large hospital at our very door, it seems deplorable that it should remain closed to us.

True, some few have to a limited extent attended clinics in that institution, but the majority have never been inside the building. I understand there are many patients in the Hotel Dieu, and the physicians in attend-

ance are seemingly willing to cooperate with the College authorities in the interest of humanity by lending their patients to the professors for clinical work, yet in the face of this we allow opportunities to drift past without even stretching forth a hand to seize them.

I do not mean to disparage the work at the General Hospital—it is exceedingly good and, as far it goes, highly instructive; but it is insufficient. Why can we not have clinics at both institutions, when both are accessible? If it be a mere question of finances with the Hotel Dieu, most of the students are ready to pay a small additional fee for work so essential—and it may be remarked, in passing, that there is a growing feeling among the students that if a portion of the hospital fee (say one quarter) were deducted and placed to our credit at the other institution, it might be conducive to very good results. As students and lovers of Queen's it would be humiliating to see other medical schools forging ahead of us, and yet, if we do not keep pace with the times, this must be the inevitable result. Surely and steadily we have been advancing; our numbers increasing year by year. Our professors realized the incapacity for growth with our old accommodations and remedied the defect before it was too late by enlarging and improving the building. Just as our greater numbers needed larger buildings, so they demand a larger hospital practice.

We feel confident that the same good judgment which has never failed in the past is still extant, and the Faculty will see the immediate necessity for a radical change.

STUDENT OPINION.

On Wednesday, Jan 22nd, the final year had the honor and the very great pleasure of being entertained by the Secretary of the Medical Faculty at his home on King Street. From eight o'clock until a late hour the members of the graduating class of '02 enjoyed themselves as they never had before. Dr. Herald has the happy knack of making everybody feel at home and the decidedly informal character of the gathering was one of its most pleasing features. After an excellent supper had been disposed of cigars made their appearance and under their cheering influence speech, song and anecdote followed each other in quick succession. Students and Professor vied with each other in true after-dinner style to make the wittiest speech or tell the most side-splitting story. In the wee sma' hours the final year wandered home to dream of the jolliest of dinners and the best of hosts and to hope that the good fellowship, so characteristic of Queen's, that exists between the students and the Faculty may never, never wane in the slightest degree; so long as Doctor Herald holds his position upon the Medical Faculty there is not much danger of such a calamity.

SCRAPS.

Latest Books.—“The Water Babies or Two Men in a Boat” by J. V. Br-n-on and J. V. C-n-el. This is not a parody on Kingsley's celebrated work but a thrilling tale of lake-navigation.

“How to Vote?” A treatise on electioneering by the same authors.

If a goat swallowed a rabbit what would the X-rays disclose?

A hare in the butter.

Science.

AT the request of Professor Carr-Harris a special meeting of the Engineering Society was called last Thursday evening, and a subject of the most vital interest to every engineering student of any Canadian University was discussed. The Professor represented the Dominion Institute of Amalgamated Engineers, a society formed for the preservation of the privileges of those entering that profession, and strongly recommended every student to become a member. A few years ago a number of engineers who foresaw the great possibilities in their profession in Canada, conceived a plan whereby they should reap the benefit of these chances of the future, when old age should have deprived them of their abilities. Their idea was to make Engineering a monopoly, and themselves the monopolists. With this in view they tried to get the Canadian Government to pass a bill which should make a University degree valueless or a practical training of no financial benefit. The bill would prevent any engineer practising who had not previously served an apprenticeship, for which he should pay fees to them, and when his apprenticeship was completed an examination set and examined by these same fossils in their profession would be his final qualification.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of Prof. Carr-Harris and other gentlemen, who realized the injustice of such an act, the bill did not pass, but each year attempts are made in the Commons or some Provincial Legislature to rush through this piratical law. To prevent such great injustice to those who had received a Univer-

sity or practical training the Dominion Institute of Amalgamated Engineers has been formed, and no one who wishes to become an engineer or enjoy the privileges of his degree should underestimate the importance of the work this Society is undertaking. Any thanks that could be tendered Professor Carr-Harris for his kindness in calling a meeting of the students to explain the danger threatening young engineers would be hopelessly inadequate, for he himself would not be materially affected by the Bill. But his love of justice and his interest in the young men of his profession would not permit him to remain inactive while Canadian privileges were being so mutilated.

While puzzling on the intricacies of the pericline law last week I fell asleep, and my dreams were visited by a great magician, who undertook to show me my fellow-students in the year 1910. With a wave of his wand I was transported to the Bowery of New York, where the Czar, who had made a noble fortune in an imaginary gold mine, was boss of that political stronghold, and exercised his power in the same sweet, diplomatic manner he practised so thoroughly in Science Hall. Then we visited a great manufacturing town and found Grover, surnamed the Silent, manufacturing phonographs. I then asked my guide to show me Lazarus P. Silver, but to my great sorrow he avowed that poor Lazarus had been eaten by a crowd of hungry cannibal girls, in whose land he had been trying to introduce the anti-ice-cream habit. On noticing the depressing effect this sad piece of information had on my spirits, my good magician took me to a lecture hall,

where I found Stillwell and Reid, who were touring the country as temperance lecturers, and were fast bringing to a consummation the much needed Prohibitory Law.

Wondering much at the things I saw, I enquired after Fairlie, and was delighted with the scene which immediately appeared. The familiar grounds of Queen's were spread before me, and I found the campus covered with new buildings. Mat was director of the flourishing School of Domestic Science, built, endowed and presented to Queen's by J. V. Gleeson, Esq., Engineer-in-Chief of the K. & P. Railway.

I enquired of the magician if there were no benedicts among my former acquaintances, and a broad smile spread over his sober features as he showed me Noble surrounded by his happy family and enjoying the prosperity which he so richly merited.

I was about to ask for McNab, but my companion, discerning my thoughts, gave me a glimpse of a mining town in a strange country, where great men stood uncovered before the "sporty" of old.

The next scene was sad in the extreme. McRae, gaunt, emaciated and alone, was making a frugal meal from a pack strap and a celluloid collar in the far North, where he had gone in search of the North pole.

Fearing that the fate of Workman and some of the Junior year might be still worse, I asked my guide to show me no more that night, and I awakened with a start to find the pericline law still a mystery.

"Why, Raumsay, old chap, what a fine head of hair you have! almost the very same color as that of Miss —,

Miss —, I forget her name. Nice girl, though."

"Yes, so they say, but when they're close together you can see the difference."

Arts.

THE Museum is getting to be a very popular study-room this session and is a place of refuge for diligent students who have an hour to wait for classes and do not wish to waste it. So popular has it come to be that there is great need of a few more chairs and tables. Students of Classics and Philosophy are often seen with no choice, in the face of the forbidding notices about taking books from the room, but to sit on the steps or find a soft and comfortable seat on the floor. If these notices are to be as literally interpreted as some people insist, more accommodation will have to be provided. In the meantime we keep thinking of the good time coming when a well-equipped study-room is to be among our blessings.

The senior year in Arts decidedly showed the white feather in allowing their debate with the juniors to go by default. They must have exhausted all their strength over the recent At Home.

Y. M. C. A.

That it might not clash with preparations for the *Conversazione*, the Y. M. C. A. meeting last week was held on Thursday instead of Friday. This was a wise step on the part of the executive, but a change of date nearly always results in a small meeting and it was therefore a compliment to Professor Pike that a fairly large gathering was present to hear his ad-

dress. When a professor addresses a public meeting of students he gives to others besides those attending his own classes an opportunity of appreciating his worth. Moreover we all like to know a professor's position on religious questions and in no better way can we do this than by listening to an address given before the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Pike took as his subject the story of the capture of the ark in I Samuel IV, 1-12, and the application he made to everyday life was practical and interesting. One could not have asked for a more attentive audience and all present felt amply repaid for coming. The address was not controversial, but if science and religion are two distinct spheres, as the words of the speaker indicated, many of the students will have to remodel the conceptions they have acquired at Queen's. Some of the listeners failed to understand exactly what the speaker meant by miracles happening to-day just as of old, and when he added that to talk of moral or spiritual miracles was only begging the question. Did he refer to medical science?

The exhortations given were such as all might profit by and were presented in a pithy and interesting manner. All benefited by the address and those who were disturbed by the paper given two weeks before will feel that they have a friend and sympathizer in Mr. Pike.

The first of the inter-year debates was held on January 18th, the subject being, "Resolved that Chinese immigration to Canada should be prohibited." The debaters were representatives of the years '04 and '05, W. L. Bennett and A. Bright supporting the former year, and Messrs. Hay and

Polson championing the cause for the Freshmen. As J. A. Donnell, one of the judges, said in giving the decision, the debate was of a high order and showed careful preparation. The hearing given to the '05 debaters was much better than is generally accorded to freshmen. This was due, however, to the debaters themselves, who, as they had their subject well enough in hand to present their arguments in a clear and logical manner, deserved good attention. Both of the speakers for the affirmative handled their side of the subject in a very creditable manner. The leader in particular shewed that he was no novice at debating, while the second speaker although somewhat more modest in tone was none the less effective. The arguments for the negative were given in a somewhat more vigorous and forcible style, and while both speakers are to be congratulated on their fluency of speech, they might perhaps be warned a little against the attempt to persuade by oratory rather than by reason. Terse, pointed sentences are generally more effective in debating than long, stately periods. On the whole, however, the debate was the best that has been given in the Alma Mater for some time.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

FOR the past ten days multitudinous meetings have been held at the most unearthly hours, Princess street dealers interviewed, peaceful households raided, armies of students engaged in unrolling bunting, hammering up flags, tumbling from ladders and swallowing quantities of tacks—all the prosy but necessary prelude to the brilliant scene of last Friday night. Perhaps there was not so much excite-

ment as in former years when the Conversat was the student's only chance "to spread himself." Now, indeed, Decoration and Finance Committees seem to be an integral and inevitable part of a college education, and one gets so used to inquiring the prices of caterers and orchestras, that the glory of it all has ceased to thrill. So it is that we went about our preparations quietly and composedly—until the day before the great event there were no external evidences of all the subtle machinations at work. The decorations were elaborate and very tasteful. Those who were on the Decoration Committee, knowing the leniency of the professors on this great gala day, let the bell that called to lectures ring on unheeded, and those who were not on the Committee and had never seen the like of this before (principally freshmen) were so impressed with beautiful effects and the progress of intricate designs, that they never heard the bell at all, but stood round in admiring groups, envious of the honor of even holding a tack or supplying a pin.

In our gayest attire we trooped up the steps on the eventful evening, and the hands of the hall clock were somewhere between eight and nine; and soon—very soon—it seemed as if we had been in a dream and just awakened to find ourselves dragging weary feet down stairs again, and, lifting tired eyes to the wall, we saw that the hands stood between two and three. And a few of the more philosophic of us questioned, "Is it worth it all? What is the object of University Conversats—to enhance our dignity as a centre of learning, or simply to give a pleasant evening to our city friends? Anyway, is it worth while?" But

more passed out into the night unthinking. For what matter causes and effects when one has had a real good time?

A good time everyone seemed to have. It would be difficult to say which orchestra was the best, both were so good, and both were so kind with encores. The dancers seemed to be inspired by the sweet strains, but they were not more enthusiastic than the promenaders. The college building, looking so splendid in its evening clothes of red, yellow and blue, was voted an ideal place for such a function, in spite of the fact that there were four times as many dancers as there was space for. What struck one was the superlative good nature of the dancers. Looking from the gallery one could see the most awful catastrophes, but there was nothing in the smiling faces of the revellers to show that their feet were bruised and aching, that yards and yards of lovely, flouncy, white stuff was ruined, and shoe-heels and flowers gone forever. They were as serene and happy as footballers in the scrimmage. Now, if ones little brother should take such liberties with ones feet, or ride round the room on ones velvet train, I don't like to think of the consequences—to the little brother. But when it is somebody, else's big brother, and when you know that everyone else is suffering just as much as you, you can turn to the offender with your brightest smile and tell him "Not at all! Pray don't mention it," in a tone that indicates that above all things you like being trampled on. Truly "this world's a stage, and we the players," and a good place to see star acting is at a crowded dance. We cannot hope to have this evil remedied till we have our new Grant Hall.

The Invitation Committee came in for considerable criticism because of the proportion of the sexes. There were so many ladies that the students found some difficulty in giving the out-of-town guests a good time. All evening the gallery was full of ladies, interested spectators, not, let us hope, unclaimed partners. There were frequent comments, too, on the unique flavour of the lemonade and the avoirdupois of some of the cakes. Certainly, though the refreshments were served nicely, they were not quite up to the standard. Another thing that struck one was the prevalence of a process known as "sloping." On every side you could see groups of excited men and girls in earnest conversation, in which ever and anon that word "slope" occurred. Everybody seemed to be "sloping" or being "sloped"—and nobody seemed to mind very much. Everyone was sane enough to recognize the fact that in such a crowd accidents were bound to happen. On the whole it was a most enjoyable evening, that came to an end about three o'clock, when the last stray hackman whirled off in the moonlight. And all that remained to show that old Queen's had for one night thrown off her scholastic severity and given herself up to revelry were the drooping flags, the piled up benches, and here and there a crushed flower or a lost glove.

"I'm glad I belong to '02," she mused as she settled herself in the cab. "For the Conversat. of 1902 is a thing to be proud of."

The delegates to the *Conversazione* from Toronto and Montreal were welcome guests and made themselves very agreeable.

REFLECTIONS OF A HOCKEY PLAYER.

'Tis pity that 'tis now beneath our
pride
And dignity to take once more the
stick
To chase the elusive puck along the
ice.
We will not play, we Seniors, Oh no!
The captain is an Arts man, and are
we
To cringe and bow before him? No,
not one.
The Frontenacs grow bold and bid us
play
The Goo-goos and be beaten out of
hand;
They clamor for the game, or say
"Default
And learn to curl. A proper game
for you
Who still can stand erect upon the ice."
Well, what of them? Dubs we have
learned to scorn
As foes unworthy of our Juniors'
steel!
More potent in the camp those voices
sound,
Erst wont to root our line to victory;
"Where are the Heroes great of old?"
They ask.
"Would they were gone; for then dis-
honour rank
Had stood aloof from us. The season
ages
And no mighty man comes forth to
glide
Or wheel in circle light and call from
high
The thunder of the galleries, while
bold
Goes up the strong 'cha gheill' from
either side.
Have they all died at Fort Duquesne,
or where?
Or are they, of such modern date,
forgot?
They needs must lurk within the
camp and smoke
The pipe of peace and sweet content
at rest."
What need have we to play? I dare
to ask.
They called us dead ones when we
failed

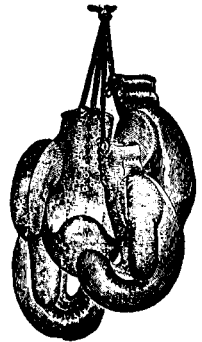
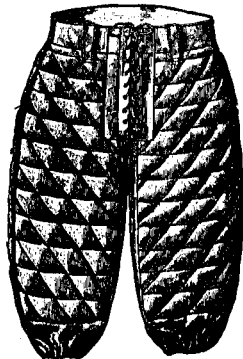
In noughty-one to win what once we
lost.
We will be dead ones now and let
those play
Who hitherto but howled to cheer us
on;
Let us forget the days of old,—the
nights!
Who wants the old mug, treasured
now too long
In archives dusty, with the books and
slates?
Let those who want or need it have it
now.
We care not if the Principal attend
With ever ready shekel at the gate,
Or if he stay at home bowed down
with weight
Of sickness and the sense of honour
lost
By careless ones who guard not well
his land.
No further wish have we. Give us
our fill
Of ice cream pink and of those lovely
smiles,
Which flash at Conversat and year At
Home's,
Far brighter than when seen along
the edge
Of Mike's domain, when, stick in
hand and fit,
We failed not once to win and keep
the cup.
But now they say "How is it, Mr.
Blank,
You do not play the game this year at
all?
Too bad to let the Frontenacs win
out."
Oh mournful stab! How this brings
back once more
My ancient resolution not to lose.
I'll hear again shout "Played" and
rafters ring
As puck and net come joyfully to-
gether.
I'll to my brothers now asleep, and
wake,—
"Up sleepers all and come with me
along,
The ice is hard and sweaters striped
await,

The crowd howls 'Where are they,
the late and slow!
Down with the Iron Dukes, so fast of
old,
Surely ere now they've rusty grown
and stiff,
And can they stand before the men of
Queen's,
They, too, have taken to the road to
win
A fame more broad in other lands
where glides
The skater and where slide the puck
and stick."
Alas, 'tis but a dream, and night
alone
Reigns o'er the scene. The reverend
Guy has passed,
And passed too soon his favorite sport
of all.
Do all they can to ward off the hard
knocks
Of fortune or to bunt with shoulders
squared
And stick athwart the keeper of the
hunks,
Our boys do lack and suffer from the
frosty chill
In absence of the stars, while now
anon
Is heard the cry, "This is not hockey.
Pshaw?
We held our place for ten years, more
or less,
Until men thought there was no need
for them
To play the game or even chance at
all.
The heroes bold can stand forever
first
And keep afar defeat and downfall
drear."
Now with one year to play upon the
team
We weakly stand aside and watch the
game
Played at and by th' unskillful marred
withal
But I forget, I must away to class,
Nor stay to tell the children how to
shoot.
Farewell, fond dream, I play the game
no more.



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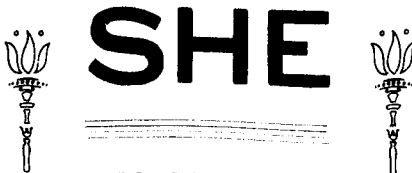
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Educational Department Calendar

November, 1901:

- 30. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. S. S. Act, sec. 28 (5). (*On or before 1st December*).
- Municipal Clerk to transmit to County Inspector statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's roll against any Separate School supporter.

December, 1901:

- 10. County Model Schools Examination begin.
Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board.
Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.
- 13. County Model Schools close.
- 14. Local assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.
Municipal Council to pay Secretary-Treasurer of Public School Boards all sums levied and collected in township.
County Councils to pay Treasurer of High Schools begin.
- 18. Written Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools.
Practical Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools.
- 19. Last day of notice of formation of new school sections to be posted by Township Clerk.
- 20. High Schools first term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
Provincial Normal Schools close (second session).
- 25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Wednesday).
High School Treasurer to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.
New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect.
By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.
- 26. Annual meetings of Public and Separate Schools.
- 30. Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department due.
Reports of Boards of Examiners on Third Class Professional Examinations, to Department, due.
- 31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspector names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer due.
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

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



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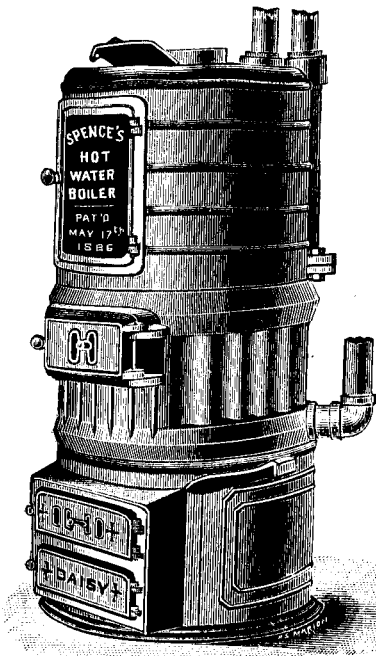
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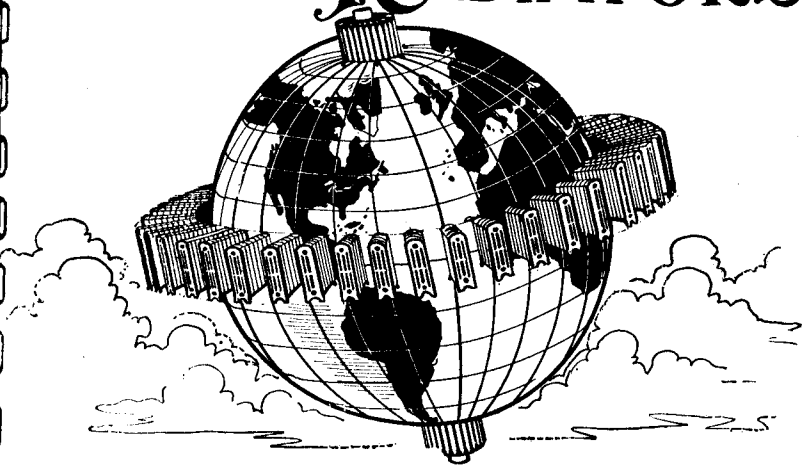
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