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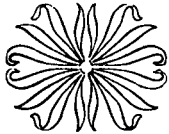
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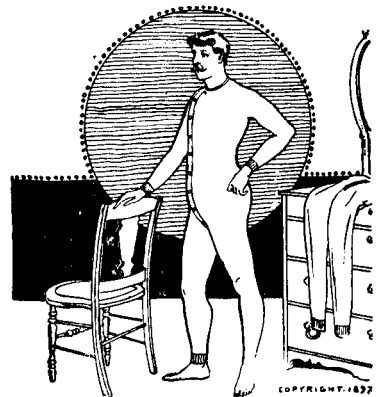
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» QUEEN'S «

UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXV.

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No. 3.

Queen's University Journal.

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

ARRANGEMENTS have been completed for
our annual conversazione, and that with a
total lack of the heated discussion that has
characterized previous years. For this we must
give credit to the wisdom of the committee appoint-
ed, and especially of its chairman. His former
presidency of the Alma Mater, and his thorough ac-
quaintance with the difficulties to be met, enabled
him to see his way clear to the best possible ar-
rangement.

Certainly it is time that these bickerings between
different factions over a college gathering should be
done away with. Far too much hostility has been
aroused in the past in the discussion of the dancing
question and other particulars in connection with
the conversat. It seems foolish in the extreme that
ill-feeling should be roused over such trifling ques-
tions that would continue until students left the
University. Now that a solution has been found
every student should join heartily with the commit-
tee in making the conversat a complete success, and
in drowning out of existence forever the bitterness
of bygone days.

* * *

Again after a bright prospect the inter-year series
of football matches has been only a partial success.
It seems as though, owing to the petty bickerings

which arise between the contending teams, we can
never bring the inter-year contests to a successful
issue. After the defeat of both our first and second
teams in the first round of the series we expected to
devote all our energy to the bringing out of new
material that would next year help our veterans to
bring back the championship to Queen's, and it was
thought that the best way to do this was by a series
of inter-year matches. At first it seemed that we
were about to accomplish what we had never ac-
complished before, a successful termination of the
series. The great difficulty which arose was the
one which has always arisen in the past, viz: that
there was a great difference of opinion as to the
teams with which certain men should play. This
immediately led to disputes between the contending
teams. A large percentage of the games were play-
ed under protest and thus the good spirit which
should characterize friendly contests upon the
campus was more or less marred and in some cases
bitter feelings were aroused. It is not right that
friendly rivalry between students of the same alma
mater should develop into ill-feeling, and that the
primary object of these contests should be lost sight
of in the desire to gain the trophy. As the matter
now stands no team can creditably claim the victo-
ry. The freshmen, though they have made a
good showing and have proved beyond a doubt that
they are a sporty year, have been defeated in every
match through inexperience. The juniors defeated
the seniors, the sophomores defeated the juniors
and the seniors defeated the sophomores, but under
a protest entered by the latter they were thrown
out on a technicality. The Athletic Committee has
decided that the sophomores and juniors shall play
off for the trophy; and here with regard to this de-
cision there is a great deal of dissatisfaction among
the sophomores who contend, and we think not
without reason. We cannot predict the issue of
the final struggle but we feel justified in saying that
the victorious team in this contest cannot really
feel that they are the champions of the college. It
is to be hoped that some definite rule may be
established so that in the future the inter-year
matches may be carried on without controversy.

Contributions and Addresses.

TWO NEW NOVELS.

WHAT a persistent story-maker F. Marion Crawford is! And the reader of fiction can always be sure of a well-worked story when his name is appended.

It was only the other day that "A Rose of Yesterday" was given to the public, and critics and sympathetic readers alike began to lament that he was worked out; that, having exhausted his Italian field and his New York field, he had to beat about for pastures new, and in a vain attempt to hold his public had begun to make "purpose novels"—things he cried down a year or two ago. A matrimonial problem, a somewhat threadbare one too, the divorce question, forms the theme of "A Rose of Yesterday." He is worked out, clamored the critics great and small.

But while the cry is still in the air "Corleone" comes from his pen. In it there is no diminution in power. Indeed it is in some ways his greatest novel. It has an artistic strength, sureness, and repose that only come with "the years that bring the philosophic mind." There is no crowding of incidents, no awkwardness in dialogue, no falling off in story interest. From the first page to the last it is a great story, and one that proves the author's vein as rich as ever.

Every artist has a field peculiarly fitted to his genius; Scott was at his best when dealing with the familiar life of his native land; Hawthorne, in his Puritan New England, and though "The Marble Faun" might serve as a "guide to Rome," for Hawthorne at his best, "The House of Seven Gables" and "The Scarlet Letter," must be opened; so Marion Crawford by "Corleone"—if he had not already done so in *Marzios' Crucifix*, in *Saracinesca*, and in *Don Orsino*—has proved that the rich field of Italian and Sicilian passion is peculiarly suited to his genius.

It is not surprising that this should be so. His boyhood days were spent in Italy, and it was there that his imagination was first roused. Indeed it is said that "the origin of the Saracinesca stories, probably the most popular of all his novels, was a walk he took with a tutor, when he was a boy, in the interior of Italy, the region in which he places the Saracinesca estates. The great field on which he works in "Corleone" then, it will be seen, has been with him since he was a lad; and the characters, the local color, the incidents, are a part of his daily life.

It is to be doubted if any modern author lives more with his characters than does Marion Crawford. In this novel he is dealing with old friends,

and they have changed in no way. The Saracinesca characters run through the entire book; Lizzie Slayback connects it with his New York studies, and Vittoria, the heroine, is casually mentioned as a cousin of "Takisara" of Guardia. As the book is read it is forgotten that these men and women are figments of the author's brain; they seem rather to be old friends whom we have known in the flesh.

The story moves between Rome and Sicily, and the men of Rome with their culture and polish stand out in striking contrast to the men of Sicily—brigands for the most part, even the nobles having souls with something of a treacherous, volcanic nature of their own Etna. Don Ippolito is one of the noblest men in fiction; a priest, but no milk-sop; a man capable of shriving a soul or striking a mighty blow in defence of the weak. Tebaldo stands out in bold contrast; an utter villain without a generous sentiment, thoroughly selfish, another Cain who strikes down his brother and never for a moment shows the slightest qualm of conscience.

One of the finest things in the book is the incident on which the entire story hinges. On what little things after all hang life and death; how closely tragedy runs at the heels of comedy! "The fate of everyone in this story might have been very different if Gesualda, old Basili's maid of all work, had not stopped to eat an orange surreptitiously while she was sweeping down the stairs early in the morning, before the notary was dressed." Out of the eating of that orange comes the tragedy of this most tragic book. With what strange instruments, in what strange ways Destiny works!

"Corleone" has a serious defect for the poor reviewer. It wins his sympathy and holds it, and he forgets that he is a judicial critic with a keen eye for blemishes. But several days after the book has been read it dawns upon the critic that at times the author has his old fault of being too intensely sensational, too thrillingly melo-dramatic. The murder scene is a stirring one. But should we be stirred? Is it not all too improbable? Again it was beneath such an artist as Marion Crawford to keep Vittoria before the reader as a Pagliuca, and, because the Pagliuca were such a bad lot—the worst blood in Italy—to find her other parents in the end. Rare flowers have grown among weeds. It is not thus that the very greatest artist works, and a Shakespeare does not hesitate to make the sweetest among his women the daughter of Old Shylock.

* * * * *

At intervals of several years R. D. Blackmore gives us a new book. The lovers of "Lorna Doone," the masterpiece that appeared from his pen almost thirty years ago, open each new effort with fearful

hope; hope that the vigorous British life portrayed in that book may be presented with something of his old-time power, fear lest the disappointment that has been so often the lot of his readers should be repeated.

It is sometimes an evil for himself for an author to have accomplished a transcendently great book too early in life. He has created a standard of taste, and woe to him if he falls below his own standard!

Blackmore's latest book, "Dariel" is a somewhat voluminous tome. It is called "A Romance of Surrey," and this makes the reader anticipate a fine story. Unfortunately the author does not stick to Surrey and his English life and landscape. He wanders far afield and drags his hero into strange adventures among strange characters in the far east.

That Blackmore has power, that much of his old force and fire is still with him is seen in the very excellent chapter entitled "Kuban." If every chapter had been done in the same manner "Dariel" would have been another "Lorna Doone." A hero who can give utterance to such sentiment as the following is worth knowing: "To battle with the world, instead of battenning in luxury, is the joy of life, while there is any pluck and pith." And how Isaac Walton would have applauded such writing as this: "This was a swift bright stream as yet ungriddled by any railway works, and unblocked by any notice-boards menacing frightful penalties. For although the time was well-nigh come when the sporting rights over English land should exceed the rental in value, the wary trout was not yet made of gold and rubies; and in many places any one, with permission of the farmers, was welcome to wander by the babbling brook, and add to its music, if the skill were in him, the silvery tinkle of the leaping fish."

The chapter in true British style describes a dog fight—the death-grip of a bull-dog. With what gusto the author tells of the close of that fight, and how well he knows a dog! We laugh with him as he relates how by a pinch of snuff—or rather a whole box of it poured into Grab's nose, he made that brute, "made of iron and guttaperk," let go his hold on the noble wolfhound.

"Aha, what a change! His grim set visage puckered back to his very ears, as if he were scalped by lightning; the flukes of his teeth fell away from their grip, as an anchor sags out of a quicksand, he quivered all over, and rolled on his back, and his gnarled legs fell in on the drum of his chest, while he tried to scrub his squat nose in an agony of blisters. Then he rolled on his panting side, and sneezed till I thought he would have turned all his body inside out."

If Blackmore had given us more of "Grab," more of Farmer Ticknor, more of his English familiar life and his English landscape, the book would have been much finer. The orientals who figure in it are too shadowy—they have, indeed, no reality, and the plot, through the dual nature of the story, is hard to follow.

T. G. M.

Corleone. By F. Marion Crawford. London: MacMillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Dariel. By R. D. Blackmore. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

CASUAL COGITATIONS.

Henry George is dead! His departure does not seem to have startled the world into a eulogy either of his system or of himself. Yet after all there was something about the man that lifted him above the ordinary. Talk as the politicians and learned political economists will, his theory has some value or it would hardly have taken hold upon the world as it has done. Men of ordinary common sense generally give such a theory its severest criticism, and it is wonderful how many ordinary common-sense men have accepted the theory as of some practical advantage. But whatever the value of the system, Henry George showed his greatness in that he saw the need of some remedy for the unbalanced state of affairs, and that having found what, as he thought, was the popular remedy, he stood his ground with all the conviction of a great souled man, and spent his life in the promotion of that one idea.

* * * * *

Another name connected with New York life of late is that of Seth Low, President of Columbia University. Like our own Principal he is too large a man and has too clear an insight into the civic and national life of his people to take a silent part in the affairs of the country. He has already done much for the University and much for New York, and even his late failure may not be so complete as it seems. There may be another reason too for that failure apart from the "machine politics" that we hear so much about. When one party sets itself up as the party of reform, and proves to the people by all its movements the sincerity of its purpose, the mass of the people join in heartily with those who are so evidently working for their good. But when corruption and bribery, &c., are harped upon until it becomes an old song, they are apt to weary of its music, and especially so when the reform movement to be instituted is not so much spoken of as necessary for the good of the people as it is hurled at the opposite party. The reform will continue all the same, and if Tammany is no wiser than heretofore her lease of power is bound to be a short one.

The Klondyke craze that has turned the heads of so many people in the past six months is a subject nearer home, and perhaps of more immediate interest. The mines may be a source of enrichment to the public treasury and to the Dominion at large, but what of the men who go there? Probably about one-fourth of the population of our country would go to the Yukon to dig gold *if they only could*. Now, that signifies a condition of affairs that is not very flattering to our people. No man, if he has any manhood about him, would care to acquire money purely for its own sake, without some expression of personality in its acquirement, or the giving an equivalent in return. *E.g.*, few would like to perform the task that an old miser of Brockville once set a tramp who was inquiring for work, viz., to roll a large stone down a hill, then up, then down again, &c., for a whole day. Now even though good pay might be received for such work few would undertake it. And yet, that is what men are actually doing in this rush to the Klondyke. They are not men of a very high type of character, most of them, or they would try to earn a livelihood in some situation where their labors would be two-sided in their result, first, and less important, the providing a living for themselves, and second, the making their lives useful to their fellow-men. The gold-digger has but one object in view—self. The true citizen has a higher object—his home, his city, his country.

* * * * *

In the literary world, the book that seems to have most prominence of late is Hall Caine's "Christian." Whether the criticisms of the Christian he has presented to us amount to much or not will make little difference. The criticisms do not affect the reading public very much. The majority of people begin such a book for the story's sake. When they have begun they find a book beautifully and attractively written. The sparkling vivacity of Glory's letters and her actions, the pure, sweet girlish vitality that frees her thoughts from the low temptations of the city, are the chief delight of the story. John Storm, the stern ascetic Christian, in his towering strength stands out in strong contrast to this girl from the "little oilan," who is all brightness and laughter and innocence and love. It is a love-story after all, for in the end we are led to see religion cannot and should not trample upon this bond of home and society—human love. But to leave the book to its readers, it is worth thinking over, how much literature of this class is read to-day. If all the late novels were as good as Hall Caine's it would be a blessing to the public, for the consumption of light literature of a second-rate character is unparalleled. The reading of the great mass of the

people consists of the journals and magazines, *Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey*, *M'Clure's*, etc., the latest novels of Barrie, Hall Caine and a crowd of writers less worthy of mention, together with the daily newspaper. Now, that is all very well; we should know the news of the world; there are many excellent articles in the magazines and journals on popular subjects, and certainly books by men like Hall Caine, Barrie and McLaren should not remain unread. But while that is so, we should note also that the classics of English literature, Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Carlyle, Ruskin, etc., are comparatively unknown to the ordinary class of readers. Reading of this heavier sort is left pretty much to students and professors in the universities, just as Greek and Latin are given over to them. The education thus acquired will, I fear, bear a poor comparison to that of our grandfathers, who could quote Shakespeare and Milton by the hour. And the reason is not that what we read is not good, for there is much wholesome sound reading to be had (though indeed there is a correspondingly large amount of rubbish), but that we read so much, read so fast, and read only for pleasure and not for profit, that the result is *nothing*.

The trouble about people of our day and generation is that they want to know something about everything—the latest novel, the latest play, the latest mechanical invention, the latest discovery of science—and, as a result, they know a little about everything, and nothing about anything. They are like a man standing on a tower looking over a large city. He can see the whole city, get glimpses of the outside of factories, churches and palaces; he can even see the movements of the men away below; but of the real inner workings of any of these places he remains in ignorance. The new literature is good in its way perhaps, but the result is a rather shallow, sickly sentimentalism after all.

* * * * *

But again, why should a mere novelist's conception of a Christian have such weight as to rouse the comment it has? He is no great theologian or religious teacher. Why then consider his ideas as valuable in this line of thought? It is a mark of the age, and a good one too, that it is completely democratic, even in religion. No theological aristocrat has the monopoly of saying what shall be the standard of a Christian and what shall not. The day was when theologians had a field reserved to themselves in which they could utter their views and their commands with a certain amount of authority. But that day is gone by. Neither Archbishop nor Pope can force his opinions on the public. And that is well. Every man is a theologian now. He thinks out his own doctrines, and recasts the religion

presented by preachers and religionists to suit himself. The layman, if he can write well or speak well, is listened to quite as readily as the cleric, the sceptic is given a hearing on equal ground with the pietist or the puritan.

This has some good and some bad results. It has the effect of making almost all men religious, for to be religious one needs little more than that he should think. The only trouble is that there is a great waste of time, and very many mistakes made. Time would be saved if we could only let the archbishops and theologians think out our problems for us and deliver them over to us already cut and dried, then say our prayers for us, and run the whole machinery of religion. But we can't do that any more now, and must accept the consequences. As a result we have theories, and doctrines, and religious views so numerous and so varied, and many of them so absurd, that we begin to wonder if reason is the best guide after all. However, there is no way out of the difficulty. The age of free thought has set in and we must abide by its consequences. Men will not accept nowadays the doctrines and teaching even of Paul himself without at least first passing them through the crucible of their own reason. Criticism stops at nothing and will have nothing but what is reasonable. And that would be alright if men were all wise, but they are not, and when the simpletons, as well as the wise, are determined to follow the dictates of their own reason, there must be many absurdities.

The Puritanism of the ages gone has vanished entirely, so completely indeed that people are inclined to jest now about the petty rules and restrictions that hampered our fathers, and to pride themselves in their liberality of view and their liberty of action. We are so democratic in our views that the religious man can afford to go and drink at the bar with the sport and the gambler, so liberal in our way of thinking that the theologian will almost condescend to agree with the sceptic. There will probably be a reaction against this extreme of freedom. Men usually swing first to one extreme, then to the other, and it is only with the return movement they get to a true position. Let us hope it will be so in religion at any rate.

* * * * *

But this complete democracy is to be noticed in every other line of thought as well as in religion. Books, periodicals, journals, the newspapers, all are so cheap that no one need lack knowledge of the chief topics of the day. It costs so little to get to the collegiate and the university that any poor man's son may work his way through. As a result the uncultured unlettered class is very small, and all men stand more on a level than formerly regarding

public questions. The mechanic can discuss any political question with his employer, the servant girl can talk of the latest news or the last novel with her mistress. It follows that we have on all social, political or religious questions a freedom of expression and of criticism such as the world has never seen. And we are all the better for it. There is such easy access to all nations, and countries, to all the seats of learning that the general knowledge of our people is wider and richer than ever before. As a consequence there is greater freedom, greater liberty in every sphere. There is greater room everywhere for developing character freely according to free principles, and therefore room for more perfect manhood. And there is just as great possibility of developing in the opposite direction. One is free to do very much as he please. External restraints are few. So the good are better, the bad are worse than in any other age. The question is whether the righteousness and goodness and truth that is in the heart of man has attained sufficient strength to stand alone, without any protecting bulwark, against all the forces of evil. The cold-hearted pessimistic religionist doubts such a possibility and thinks the world is going to wrack and ruin. The time has come at any rate when righteousness, and especially Christian righteousness, must stand for what it is worth, a time when the kernel is no more preserved by the husk. And for this every true-hearted man is glad, knowing as he does that the victory of truth is never so certain and so complete as when she stands in the open, face to face with falsehood. And though vice and corruption may seem to have the mastery in great centres like New York or Chicago, yet the robust, strong-hearted optimistic Christian will continue to believe with Tennyson,

"That somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

ALUMNUS.

THE WORLD'S STUDENT CONFERENCE.

Northfield, Mass., June 25—July 4, 1897.

The recent visit of D. L. Moody to this and other Canadian cities recalls to mind one important feature of the many sided work in which this eminent evangelist is the prime mover, viz., the summer conferences at Northfield. Nor alone at Northfield, but also at Pacific Grove, Cal., Lake Geneva, Wis., Knoxville, Tenn., and other places in

the United States are conferences, largely composed of students, annually held. In Great Britain the Northfield movement found an able ally in the Keswick movement, and, joining hands, they invaded the continent of Europe, and student conferences have been held in Denmark, as well as at several places in Germany. From these it has been extended its influence to India, Australia, China, Japan, in fact has girdled the world with its student unions and conferences for the deepening of spiritual life, and the strengthening of aggressive effort by mutual assistance and co-operation on the part of the many forces employed in Christian work.

But it is of one only of the many conferences held at various places during the past summer that I wish to speak, the world's student conference held at Northfield from June 25th till July 4th.

East Northfield is an ideal place for such a gathering. It is a beautiful spot on the Connecticut river, almost on the boundary between Massachusetts and New Hampshire. This is Mr. Moody's birth-place, and here he has his comfortable but exceedingly unpretentious home. Here too is his Girls' Seminary, at which young women, whose circumstances and means prevented their getting an education, are boarded and educated at a cost which in other places would not nearly cover the former item alone. The classes having ceased for the summer vacation, the roomy halls and dormitories are thrown open for the accommodation of the delegates to the conferences. The class-rooms are used for sectional meetings, while the general meetings are held in the large auditorium.

At this first meeting of the World's Student Federation there were a little over six hundred delegates present, representing twenty-seven different nationalities. It needed but a glance at the front seats in the auditorium at any of the public meetings to reveal the cosmopolitan character of the assembly. On the extreme left of the front seats was a group of five or six North American Indians in the neat uniform of the Carlisle School, then a couple of Armenians, a big burly Norwegian, and a small lithe Hindoo. The Chinese delegate in his flowing robes had a Japanese delegate on either hand, quite unmindful of the late war, and next to them was a native of the hermit nation Korea. Delegates from Mexico, Chili and Venezuela sat side by side with those from Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland and Russia. Not far from a Persian, whose abundance of exceedingly black hair, eye-brows and moustache attracted attention wherever he went, was a graduate of Queen's, whose extreme whiteness caused him to be the object of as general observation. The British Empire was represented by delegates from Great Britain and Ireland, India and

Ceylon, Singapore, Australia and South Africa, and from nine colleges in Canada.

The two men who held the most prominent place at the conference were D. L. Moody and John R. Mott, the student leader who has travelled round the world organizing Christian and especially missionary work among students. Not the least remarkable feature of it all is the wonderful hold that Mr. Moody gets on those who come into intimate contact with him. A comparatively uneducated man, exceedingly pronounced and out-spoken in his advocacy of religious views, which are commonly termed old-fashioned and irrational, he nevertheless gains for himself and holds an ascendancy over the minds, and a warm place in the hearts of his audiences of university graduates and under-graduates, although numbers of them disagree with him in many particulars. The secret of it seems to lie in his absolute faith in, and devotion to, the cause which he advocates, and the fact that he is a "doer" and not merely a theorizer, a man who has done an illimitable good in meeting the everyday needs of the everyday people of his time.

Among the most prominent speakers were Dr. Van Dyke, of New York, on "A Christless Bible;" Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, Mass., on "Knowledge and Mystery;" Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago, and Rev. Dr. Scofield, of Northfield, on "The Holy Spirit," and Rev. W. J. McCaughan, of Toronto, on "Bringing a Comrade to Christ." The missionary institute Bible classes and association conferences were in charge of specialists in these lines. Perhaps the meetings which will live longest in memory were those held on the little hill known as Round Top. There on the beautiful summer evenings, after the extreme heat which had rendered the crowded class-rooms almost unbearable, the hundreds gathered beneath the whispering trees to listen to men from many lands, whose colors, and accents, and features, and dress betrayed their various nationalities, pleading with those who had such abundance of gospel advantages to share with their brethren who had not been similarly blessed.

The afternoons were given up to recreation and athletics. Baseball, tennis and track athletics were under the control of an athletic committee. Boating, swimming, wheeling and rambling around the many spots in the vicinity, to which is attached a melancholy interest, owing to the massacres committed there in the pioneer days by the Indians under the famous King Philip, were indulged in at will by all. The chairman of the athletic committee was Robert R. Gailey, the big half-back of the victorious Princeton footballers, soon to leave for China as a missionary. R. Garret, of the New York Athletic Club, was also present. He won fame at

the recently revived Olympian games at Athens, by dealing with the Greeks as Ulysses did with the Phaeacians, and hurling the cestus farther than those with whom it was a national game, although he had never seen it before. The Carlisle Indians had the sympathy of the audience in their plucky fight for the baseball championship. Although they had to put on some men who had never handled a bat before to make up an Indian team, they were only downed by Harvard in the finals, after having played their semi-final the same day.

One feature that struck a stranger to such a conference is the practical exposition of human brotherhood it displayed. After the first day it hardly seemed to cross one's mind whether the man at his side was a Canadian, a Crow Indian or a Korean, whether one's room-mate was an Englishman, a Mexican or a Persian. All racial distinctions were lost in the universal brotherhood in Christ. The thought in every mind seemed to be, "How may I learn to do the most to glorify God and do good to my fellow-men."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

Basing his remarks on Matt. 16: 1-4 the Principal chose the foregoing topic for the subject of his concluding Sunday afternoon address for this session.

What the Jews needed, it was pointed out, was not a change in the heavens or earth, but a change in their own hearts, for those who have honest hearts are also likely to have the seeing eye. It is the duty of students and all men who are leaders to carefully study the signs of the times, for, just as there are abundant signs, to those who will but see them of what the weather is going to be, so there are also plenty of evidences of what the times have in store.

What then do the signs of our times show? The social, and religious, and national unrest are very evident. Only the first feature of the prevailing unrest between capital and labour was pointed out to be the feeling that each of those great factors in modern life felt that it was being unjustly treated by the other. Between these, as a natural consequence, there existed a veiled enmity. The only solution of this problem was the settling of it on a basis of justice. Justice is not satisfied, in this case, when labour receives his wages. His labour must be reckoned upon as having a moral value, and the state was already beginning to move in this direction, and human labour was therefore recognized as being something more than a mere commodity.

A. J. MacNeil and J. R. Ingram are again around the halls. Better late than never.

Poetry.

FROM A FELLOW-SUFFERER.

O H, would that my classical friend were with me,
That with him I might seek that blest isle of the free
Where, far from the factors of $ab + c$

Or conical sections

With its awful projections,

We would fly from tangents, and angels and sines
And geometry's most inextricable lines.

No more to be haunted by shades of the "Pons"
Disentangling which, brings gray hairs to our dons,

For which see I. 5

If you still are alive

After heaving proportion's homologous sighs
From wrestling with x and boarding-house πx

No more would we strive to play desperate tricks
With Statics, Dynamics, and Hydrostatics,

Nor square $x + b$

Nor cube $\sqrt[3]{}$

But win over the fair sex to friendly relations
Not seeking the aid of quadratic equations.

I know our Professor oft states "It's no use"
To pound into the head of one so *obtuse*

The functions of curves

(A bane to one's nerves,)

But though in the lecture I fear I am mute,
He does not perceive that my pain is *acute*.

In that terra incognita there'd be no factor,

No ratio, density, pendulum, impact, or
problems of Trig

playing a jig

Through a maze of quaternions which you're aware,
E'en a college professor can scarcely call "square,"
And drives this poor student to rhyme and despair.

(Picked up in the Collegiate Institute.)

TARTARIN IN THE ALPS.

Some years ago there lived a man
Whose *nom de plume* was Tartarin,
He owned a pretty little manse
In a small town of Southern France,
And led a very happy life,
Tho' he had neither child nor wife,
One thing alone caused him annoy
And spoiled his almost perfect joy.
Sly Costecalde tried to supplant
Poor Tartarin as president
Of a large club, who, without fear,
Was wont to climb the hills quite near.
So he resolved, occur what might,
That he would climb an Alpine height,
And thus would to the world declare
That he was worthy of the chair.
Before he went to mount this hill
He thought it wise to make his will,
Which he would to his friend confide

To his safe keeping till he died.
 He practised walking round a wall
 To get accustomed to a fall ;
 He bought some shoes, he bought a pick,
 A coil of rope, an Alpine stick,
 A knitted coat, which him from frost
 Would shield when he the glaciers crossed,
 And round his waist he bore a lamp,
 A hunting knife, an iron clamp,
 And thus equipped his way he tried
 Along the road with swelling pride,
 And to famed Rigi Kulm he bent
 His sturdy steps with the intent
 Of marching to the highest peak,
 An Alpine climber's fame to seek.
 As he strode o'er the frozen ground
 His tackle made a clanking sound,
 So that the rustics in amaze
 Stood looking on with wondering gaze,
 And thought that he had just come there
 Their leaking kettles to repair.
 With stately step and haughty head
 He marches past with measured tread,
 Urged on by the undying fame
 Which he hopes will cling to his name,
 When he has Jungfra'us dangers passed,
 And reached his home and friends at last.
 Those whom at Rigi Kulm he met
 Were a most haughty, dismal set,
 But in the place of scornful strife
 Tartarin breathed some warmth and life.
 A band of minstrels came that way,
 And forthwith started up to play;
 In a large room he seized a dame
 And whirled her up and down the same,
 And soon they all begin to dance,
 Incited by this man from France.
 Among the guests was a fair maid
 Who hailed from Russia, so she said,
 Who, being sweet, and young, and smart,
 Soon stole our hero's fickle heart.
 Distress like his you may be sure,
 A Swiss soup-kitchen could not cure.
 One only fault this maiden had,
 But it was one which made him sad,
 For she belonged to a murderous crew,
 Who neither dread nor pity knew,
 But to the winds his fears he cast
 And vowed to love her to the last.
 'Twas thus he spoke " My Sonia, dear,
 I really feel so strange and queer,
 I'm sure I'll never from you part
 If you'll give me your little heart."
 Thus she replied, " Well, Tartarin,
 I think you are an honest man,
 But I intend to give my love
 To him who may most worthy prove,
 So if you wish to gain my hand
 You'll have to join our outcast band,
 And follow me where'er I go,

E'en thro' Siberia's ice and snow."
 Her look so stern, her terms so hard,
 His contemplated pleasure marred.
 In his concern he sought relief
 By pouring out a flood of grief,
 And down he sat the news to send
 To Bizuqult, his bosom friend.
 With tears he said, " Dear Sam, you'll know
 By this that I'm among the snow,
 But higher still I mean to rise
 Up Jungfrau's slopes towards the skies,
 Where golden eagles in their flight
 Sweep round the giddy mountain height.
 Though nature in these realms is dressed
 In her most gorgeous wintry vest,
 Yet mid these charms I feel forlorn,
 For I have of my peace been shorn
 By meeting here, oh! sad to tell!
 With a most lovely Russian belle.
 And now my storm-tossed barque I steer
 Through mists of doubt, and seas of fear,
 So if you could say a kind word
 To cheer me on life's lonesome road,
 I will remain, my dearest Sam,
 Yours, ever truly, Tartarin."

[The above we are given to understand is almost a direct rendering in verse of a German tale read in one of the classes.]

University News.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

SINCE the issue of our last number the attendance at A. M. S. has been very large. Two very interesting meetings have been held. At the first of these the resignation of Mr. W. R. Tandy as Business Manager of the JOURNAL was presented and accepted, and Mr. R. B. Dargavel was appointed Business Manager.

At this meeting the Conversat Committee also reported that after careful consideration they had come to the conclusion that it is perfectly possible to have a successful conversazione this year. They recommend that it be held on Friday, December 17th; they also submitted recommendations, re programme, sending invitations and appointing of sub-committees. Their report was received and its proposals adopted unanimously by the large and representative meeting of the Society.

Resolutions of sympathy, with the Messrs. R. F., H. A., and W. R. Hunter, in the loss they have sustained in the recent death of their sister, and with Mr. A. J. McNeill, Critic of the Society, in the loss of his brother, Mr. A. D. McNeill, a former member of this Society, were passed.

After the business of the meeting had been disposed of W. A. Douglas, B.A., of Toronto, addressed the Society on his subject: " Harmonies and

Antagonisms in the Social Forces." After his address many members of the Society accepted his invitation to follow in discussion or criticism.

On Nov. 20th an open meeting was held in Convocation Hall. Invitations were received from Osgoode Hall and Victoria University asking representatives from Queen's to attend their annual conversaciones.

The President of the Society, Mr. W. F. Nickle, B.A., and Mr. J. Parker were appointed delegates to the Inter-collegiate Union meeting to discuss football interests.

The following officers were elected for the Hockey Club for the ensuing year :

- President—J. W. Merrill.
- Captain—Guy Curtis.
- Secretary—G. F. Dalton.

A motion by A. S. Morrison was passed requesting the Athletic Committee to take action *re* making lawn tennis courts with a view to the formation of a University Tennis Club. Mr. R. Burton presented a report of progress on behalf of the Song Book Committee which was very favorable, and recommended that Messrs. H. Carmichael, M.A., and J. A. McIntosh, '01, be added to the committee, and also that any members who know of desirable songs give the names of these to Mr. A. J. Meiklejohn, Secretary of the committee.

A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of conducting our annual elections according to one of the modern scientific systems of voting and to report at next meeting.

The Society then resolved itself into a Mock Parliament, etc., etc.

STUDENTS' "AT HOME."

A number of the students of Queen's gave an "At Home" to their city friends at Hotel Frontenac on Friday night. From all points of view—except one, perhaps—it was a brilliant success. The orchestra, we are sorry to say, until after "half time," gave us very little idea of what music was. During the remainder of the time, however, their selections were fairly good. The improvement perhaps was the result of inspiration given by the very excellent refreshments served. It is a pity that there is not a good orchestra in the city to compete with these lords of the land. Otherwise the programme was beyond criticism. The decorations, which were the result of the good taste and efforts of the energetic "Newlie" and the critical "W. B.," were the admiration of all. The entire committee in charge merited the many congratulations of the guests.

The first of these "At Homes" was held last winter, and a continuation of this social function by the students is certainly a movement in the right direction. Successful as our Conversat is, it alone does

not at all repay the hospitalities we receive from our friends of the city. Let us give more "At Homes."

Sports.

FOOTBALL ARENA.

FROM the following list of games it may be easily seen that the football players believe in utilizing the fine weather. The Rugby inter-year matches are drawing to a close, and have brought out some new and promising material. The newly organized Association Club has in a quiet way carried on a series of inter-year and inter-faculty matches, and men seldom seen previously on the campus are now familiar figures in the Yellow, Red and Blue.

ASSOCIATION MATCHES.

- Nov. 6th—'98 vs. '99—Score 0-1 favor '99.
—Referee, A. S. Morrison.
- Nov. 7th—Queen's vs. City Y.M.C.A.—Score 2-0 favor Queen's.
—Referee, A. Kennedy.
- Nov. 15th—'99 vs. Divinity Hall—Score 2-0 favor '99.
—Referee, Geo. Edmison.
- Nov. 17th—Post Graduates vs '98—Score 0-0.
—Referee, J. F. Miller.
- Nov. 22nd—'98 vs. '01—Score 1-0 favor '98.
—Referee, J. F. Miller.

RUGBY.

- Nov. 12th—'98 vs. '01—Score 6-0 favor '98, with game called on account of darkness, with 16 minutes to play.
—Referee, W. C. Baker.
—Umpire, L. Newlands.
- Nov. 13th—'99 vs. '00—Score 2-4 favor '00.
—Referee, W. Hamilton.
—Umpire, C. E. Smith.
- Nov. 18th—'98 vs. '00—Score 6-3 favor '98.
—Referee, L. Newlands.
—Umpire, G. Edmison.
- Nov. 20th—'99 vs. '01—Score 8-5 favor '99.
—Referee, Geo. Gates.
—Umpire, C. Johns.

"Woe and woe, and lamentation." I felt so proud of our boys after we played the first game. I thought that "noughty-one" was just about all right, but ever since then we have had nothing but defeats. Adversity is a hard school for freshies. Perhaps these great trials will do us good, although I don't quite believe all that one of the divinity boys told me about such things being the perfecting of the saints. It seems to me that playing football does not make angels of all the boys, perhaps because they have not all been defeated as often as we have been. But I must not get gloomy.

We played '98 on Nov. 12th and darkness came on almost before we got started to play. But our fellows played well. In a short time we had the ball right at our opponents' line. My blood boiled in expectation of a touch. But that little fellow they call "Bunty" picked the ball out of scrimmage

and ran away up the field. I asked the referee to call him back but he did not obey me. Mr. Bunty passed the ball to Scott and he made a touch. They did not convert it. Score 4-0. It was so dark now that the referee called the game with 16 minutes still to play.

On Nov. 20th we played with the Juniors and were licked again. This was the hottest game of the season for me. I was fighting mad all through the game, and many a time I wished I was a big man instead of a little fellow. At half time the score was 5-0 in our favor. But when we changed sides they rolled up eight points in about as many minutes, and when time was called the score stood 8-5 against us. I am lost in my own gloomy sorrows and can write no more for we are "out of it."

DIVINITY HALL VS. '99.

Monday afternoon, Nov. 15th, was a red letter day in the "History" of Divinity Hall. Our classes in the afternoon were either stopped or changed to suit the football arrangements. When I came down to Church History in the afternoon I saw a number of our boys come to college in knickerbockers and variegated sweaters, and I asked "Bob" Herbison what was trump, and he told me that we were going to play football with '99. After the Church History class we adjourned to the upper campus, there to do battle for Divinity Hall. The players of the Theological class were: (Goal) Feir; (backs) Turnbull, Patterson; (half-backs) McIlroy, Herbison, Hunter; (forwards) Gordon, Prittie, Leckie, Burton, Best.

These found themselves opposed by the following team from '99: (Goal) Purvis; (backs) Solandt, Henderson; (half-backs) Faulkner, Shaw, Rawlins; (forwards) T. Kennedy, W. R. Hunter, Miller, Black, J. F. McDonald.

Thinking it was contrary to the doctrines contained in the Confession of Faith none of our boys were willing to "toss up" for choice of goals, '99 men were not so scrupulous and decided to kick with the wind.

The game began and the ball immediately travelled to Divinity's goal, but not more than two minutes' play had elapsed before the referee was compelled to stop the game and warn our boys against the use of—of—of— bad words. I felt sorry that our boys had to be "called down" for that but I just had "to grin and bear it." After this was duly impressed by the referee the game was recommenced, and in a few minutes Dave Gordon got the ball and tore down to about the middle of the field, when suddenly he found he was minus the ball. Whenever Dave would get it, immediately he was surrounded by many obstacles which seemed hard to remove, and often looked, as a spectator on

the line put it, like chasing a chip-monk through a brush-pile.

Nearly all the time the ball was in Divinity's territory and it looked as if our boys were afraid to go past the centre of the field. At last I told Burton and Prittie that they were allowed to go up the field over half way if they wished, but they said that it wasn't any use, that the ball was never there. One of the spectators near our goal asked Harry Feir who were playing with Divinity Hall, and he told him that there were Turnbull and ten spare men on the team. In the first half '99 drove the ball into the net. Changing ends play was resumed almost immediately, and this half was simply a repetition of the first, '99 again driving the sphere under the bar, making the final score 2-0 in favor of the junior year. During this half a slight accident occurred to A. O. Patterson, and the first blood of the game appeared. Referring to it "Andy" said, "I am the only man that shed his righteous blood for Divinity Hall."

Looking at the game as a whole it was a good example of muffs, fumbles, tumbles and misses. I enquired of Dave Best how our boys came to be beaten, and he replied, "Oh simply because we are not used to FAST company."

KICKS.

Capt. of Divinity Hall to referee—"You should stick to your decision, Mr. Referee, whether it is right or wrong."

When "Andy" was "tossed" it was commonly reported that he was guilty of breaking the third Commandment.

"We could have scored if things had not been as they were."—Leckie.

POST GRADUATES VS. '98.

On Nov. 17 the men of over 4 years standing determined to show that their intellectual growth had not been at the expense of the physical, and turned out eleven men to meet the senior year in an Association match. The following teams lined up:

GRADUATES.		'98.
Nimmo.....goal.....		Harvey
Turnbull }.....back.....		Marshall
Patterson }.....		G. Edmison
Alexander }.....		Orser
R. Hunter }.....half-backs.....		Scott
Menzies }.....		McPherson
A. S. Morrison }.....		Elliott
H. Hunter }.....		Collier
Grange }.....forwards.....		Dowsley
Gordon }.....		McDonnell
Huffman }.....		Dunkley

The playing throughout was real and clean. The rushes of the "Posts" were strong and fast—at least they were fast when once they were started. Both lines of forwards were slow in breaking away with the ball. The score, 0-0, fairly indicates the respective merits of the different teams.

Arts College.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

OUR meeting of Nov. 12th was led by Mr. R. Burton, who gave us an excellent talk on "Citizenship." He emphasized the necessity of carrying our religion into our everyday life. Moreover, he said, as college men it is our duty to enter into the politics of our country and stand up for all that is highest and noblest in the land, and not leave the government in the hands of the office-seekers.

On Nov. 19th a special union meeting of the Q.U.M.A., Y.W. and Y.M.C.A. was held in Convocation Hall for the purpose of considering our missionary situation. Mr. Turnbull, who was the first speaker, laid before us the circumstances under which Dr. Smith was chosen as our representative in the foreign field, and outlined the doctor's work in Honan, China.

Mr. Feir spoke next, giving us an idea of the work that our missionary is now doing in India. He also explained the direct dependence of Dr. Smith upon us for his support.

Then followed Mr. Carmichael, who gave special prominence to the financial side of the question, and asked for the continued support of the students to this branch of our college work, after which the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, we believe the support of a distinctively college representative in the foreign field has done much to awaken and keep alive the interest of the students of Queen's in this important part of the work of the church, and

"Whereas, Dr. Smith both formerly in Honan and now in India has done and is doing faithful and efficient work as our representative, resolved,

"That we the students of Queen's here assembled acknowledge as ours the responsibility that former students assumed in the name of our Alma Mater in sending Dr. Smith to the foreign field; that we reaffirm our interest in and our loyalty to the foreign branch of the work of our College Missionary Association, and that by our practical efforts we will do all that we can to further the work of our missionary and to foster the true missionary spirit among our college men and women."

CONCURSUS INIQUITATUS ET VIRTUTIS.

A new life! A spirit of full pure, true British fair play! Can it be possible that our hoary-headed Concursus has been born again and that to better things! That such is true there is little room for doubt. Anxiously did all lovers of equity wait to see if the seed of honesty sown last year, not lavish-

ly but with manly intent, would this year spring into full and free life. And it has done so. The first session of the court of '98 has given us proof of growth. The seed was good, the harvest is assured. Comparisons are odious but, at times, necessary. From time immemorial until last year the main idea underlying a trial in our courts was that of convicting a man if possible—of finding him guilty at almost any cost. Fines and penalties were required. Last year a small advance was made. Much sympathy was extended to the wayward freshman. The law of equal rights to all was dimly desecrated. No case savoring of persecution was entered. This year the advance is clearly discernible. We see it in the whole tone of the proceedings. It is not, as in the days gone by, prove your man guilty if possible, but on the contrary give him every chance to establish his innocence. But one more step remains to be taken in the interest of the accused—take cognizance only of specific charges. Let this be done and the cry for constitutional reform will be hushed. Now is the time to take that all-important step. As you value the usefulness of the court delay not to do so. Two cases only were tried at the first sitting which was held on 23rd inst. A freshman pleaded guilty to three indictments and was fined accordingly. A sophomore was found guiltless of the charges brought against him and was discharged with a slight reprimand for careless speech. The spirit of good feeling and open justice was manifest to all present. McIntyre and McCallum for the prosecution, and Fralick and Fraser for the defence, handled the cases most admirably. An earnest attempt to get at the facts of the case and to dispense justice to all characterized every action of the chief justice.

YEAR MEETINGS.

'97.

I am the possessor of Gyges' ring. I am here, there, anywhere; always seeing, but never seen. Closed doors bar me not and secret councils are no longer secret. My knowledge is dangerous, but rarely is it given to the public.

The other evening I found my way to Queen's College, and immediately upon entering the hall I found myself repeating a line from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"—"What loud uproar bursts from that door,"—I suppose because my ears were filled with the sound of shouts of laughter coming from a room at the top of the first flight of stairs. I entered the room, sliding underneath the closed door, and found myself in the company of some twenty-five merry, rollicking fellows. Some students having a re-union, I decided. How they laughed and joked! One fine-looking boy, with auburn hair

and a forehead like that of a king, was just taking his place in the chair. His face was aglow with good feeling. He was proud to be appointed permanent president, and would for ever and aye keep an open house to those comrades of his. And they all seemed to believe him and to take him at his word. Then they chose a shy, intelligent-looking boy, with blue eyes and light moustache, as their permanent secretary. A little fellow with black curly hair and a very thin neck made me wish I could take off my ring and enjoy a laugh, for he was constantly making the most original jokes I ever heard. Then they decided that the fellow with the long nose and the face like a woman's would be their football captain. "There never before was a class of such jolly good fellows as these" I found myself saying when all at once the laughing ceased. They were going to talk about an article which appeared in their paper some time ago. In a few minutes they decided that the matter was unworthy of notice, and so the talk ended. More jokes and more laughter followed, and they decided to meet and spend a social evening together some time soon. Business was finished and as they rose to leave they sang, "Here's to '97, drink her down." I slipped away in the same manner as I had entered, saying to myself that I had to-night seen a class of boys who will take the world on its bright side and will most likely leave it better than they have found it.

'98.

The regular meeting of the senior year was held on Monday, Nov. 15th. The offer of K. W. Snyder to do the year photograph was accepted. In order to get over all difficulty the pictures will be arranged in alphabetical order. The committee, appointed to make a complete list of the members of the year, reported the number to be 119. '98 has a larger membership than any of its predecessors or the other years in existence at the College at the present time. Owing to the large amount of business to be transacted this session, it was decided that programmes be not given at every regular meeting, but that a number of inter-year meetings be held for that purpose. The candidates chosen to contest the Alma Mater elections were: For President, James S. Shortt, M.A., (acclamation); Vice-President, W. C. Dowsley and James S. Macdonnell; Critic, J. Ferguson and W. F. Marshall; Committeeman, J. W. Merrill (acclamation).

'99.

There was a large attendance of the junior year at its regular meeting on Nov. 16th. The names of Mr. A. M. Harper and Mr. G. Barker were laid before the executive. A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of procuring a class pin. The nomination of officers for the Alma Mater was

then proceeded with, and Messrs. Kennedy and Hunter were chosen as the year's nominees for the office of secretary. For the office of committeeman Mr. F. Mohr was elected by acclamation. A committee was then appointed to further the interests of the year's nominee for committeeman. The following programme was then presented: Piano solo by Miss Minnes, and a debate, "Resolved that we wear the regulation academic cap." Mr. W. Kemp, assisted by Miss Wilkie and Mr. W. R. Saunders, championed the affirmative side, while Mr. Dempster and Miss Britton took the negative. The year decided in favor of the affirmative by a very narrow majority.

'00.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the members of this year was held in the junior philosophy room on Monday, Nov. 22nd, at which Mr. J. Sparks was chosen as the candidate for the Alma Mater election. Messrs. T. C. Brown and W. H. Gould were submitted as candidates for the office of treasurer of the Alma Mater. It was unanimously agreed that we have an "at home," the place and date to be agreed upon later. The meeting being entirely taken up by business, there was no programme rendered.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The monthly missionary meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held Thursday afternoon, Oct. 28th. Miss McLennan was leader of the meeting, and Mrs. Dunlop gave an address on "Japanese Women." Having had some experience in missionary work in Japan, Mrs. Dunlop was all the more able to make her talk interesting and to excite her unselfish sisters in the east. The ten minutes usually given for discussion was taken up by the girls in asking questions about Japanese women, and when the meeting closed we all felt that we had spent a most profitable hour.

Miss Drennan took charge of the meeting Friday afternoon, Nov. 5th, and read a very interesting paper on "Humility." Miss Jamieson read a poem bearing on the subject and a short discussion followed. The attendance was unusually large, there being fifty members present.

On the following Friday Miss Grenfell read a suggestive paper on "Habits."

All lovers of the Gaelic will be pleased to know that the standard for the M. C. Cameron Gaelic scholarship has been raised by the addition of the following: Ossian, Fingal, Duncan Ban MacIntyre's Poems, Blackie's Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands. The examination for this scholarship was held on Nov. 13th, and was awarded to W. A. Fraser, Big Harbor, C.B.

Medical College.

AESCULAPIAN SOCIETY.

THE regular meeting of this Society was held on Friday, 12th inst. The rules of the Concurus were given their final form, since when they have been posted in a prominent place, so that none need err. Invitations were received requesting the presence of delegates at the annual dinners of Trinity and Toronto medical colleges, and were referred to the senior year. At the meeting held on the 19th inst. Mr. F. Birkett was appointed to represent us at Varsity's dinner, and Mr. Mather will perform a similar duty at Trinity. The subject of our own dinner then came up and it was unanimously resolved that such a function be held. The several committees were appointed and they are enthusiastic. The place has not yet been decided upon, but there seems to be a strong feeling in favor of returning to the former order of things and going to an hotel. From present indications the dinner will be a success no matter where it is held.

NOTES.

Dr. Knight has not lectured this week on account of the death of his mother-in-law, the late Mrs. Workman. Dr. Knight has the sympathy of the students in his bereavement.

Freshmen were "At Home" to their fellow-students on Friday evening, 12th inst., and proved jolly hosts. A good attendance was present, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves, and we are promised that other "At Homes" will follow. It's the Sophomores' turn now.

The rumored prosecution by the Concurus of a freshman for bringing strangers into the dissecting room, recalls to our minds how often this rule has been violated. The Concurus is making a right move in this matter, and can depend on the support of the students in enforcing this regulation.

Divinity Hall.

NOTES.

HOW are the mighty (voices) fallen! No more yellocution, no more shouting of bells! bells! no tragic appeals to the ocean to roll on; all this is changed. Our proposed pamphlet on "The Evidences of Elocution at Queen's" will have to be revised. Instead of those blood-curdling yells that used to make the freshmen's hair stand on end, the only "signs" of the "noble art" are the mysterious entrance and exit of pairs of students to and from Convocation Hall. As we have now been through the ordeal ourselves we can confidently recommend

it as a splendid tonic for anyone suffering from overweening conceit of his oratorical powers. It makes us all the more fervently express the wish of the poet (revised edition)

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To *hear* ourselves as ithers *hear* us.

Divinity Hall met on Monday to select candidates for the A.M.S. Two names were put in nomination for committeeman, H. Feir and D. L. Gordon. It was decided to hold another meeting later in the week to make further nominations for other offices, if it were deemed advisable.

Mr. Finlayson of the class of '92 has returned to Queen's after an absence of five years and is taking the divinity class. He has in the meantime been pursuing his studies at Manitoba College.

Among the latest arrivals to swell our ranks are A. J. McNeil, A. D. McIntyre and V. M. Purdy. We give these belated gentlemen a hearty welcome, and to Mr. McNeil we extend our deepest sympathy upon the recent death of his brother, a former student of Queen's.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

J. H. Laidlaw, '00; W. A. Fraser, '98; C. A. Ferguson, Div.; K. P. R. Neville, M.A.; N. R. Carmichael, M.A.; Miss A. M. Turnbull; A. F. Grant, Med.; M. A. McKinnon, Div.; A. C. McPhail, '99; A. McMillan, '98; J. A. Donnell, '01; F. C. Pitts, Div.; G. H. Williamson, '98; C. P. Merritt, '99; J. D. Craig, B.A.; J. S. Watson, Div.; A. Kennedy, '01; J. S. Macdonnell, '98; Jas. C. Brown, M.A.; A. C. Ruttan, '99; Rev. G. R. Lang, B.A.; Rev. J. Caruthers; Prof. Mowat; Miss Drennan; H. H. Moore, '01; C. V. Lindsay, '00; Rev. A. Gandier, M.A.; A. M. Harper, '99; Miss Storey; Miss Russell, B.A.; F. G. Stevens, '00; J. A. Campbell, '00; M. Gillies, Toronto; T. Langford, '98; Jas. Anthony, '98; G. S. Sadler, Med.; R. W. Brock, M.A.; S. Hoppins, '01; T. F. Heeney, Div.; M. C. Branscombe, '01; C. Rogers' '00; T. W. Goodwill, '98; Miss V. B. Smith; T. Kennedy, '99; N. A. Brisco, '98; J. A. M. Bell, '99; Prof. Shortt; Miss Minnes; R. J. Maclellan, Toronto; Dr. J. M. Shaw, Lansdowne; R. Young, Div.; Dr. Smith; G. F. Macdonnell, Toronto.

Prof. (in Jr. Hebrew)—"Which part has the accent, the cat (kat) or the tail (tal)?"

Student from back seat—"The tail."

T. S. Shortt (to Managing Editor of JOURNAL)—"Say, Mc., will you kindly have my name changed in the list of the staff?"

Mc.—"Why, what's wrong with it?"

Shortt—"Wrong, why it's to-Shortt."

De Robis Robilibus.

WE came across a circular sent out to subscribers to the JOURNAL in '81 which ends up with the following interrogation, quite worthy of Hibernian authorship: "If we do not hear from you, may we retain your name on our subscribers' list?"

We have not yet had the speech from the throne in the mock parliament, but we have had a couple of vigorous speeches from the *overthrown*.

Anxious student (who expects a letter at the P.O. and gets only a paper) to P.M.G.—"Is this all, for me?" P.M.G.—"Yes, it's all for you."

Professor in Latin class (after explaining about rigging of ancient ships) asks: "Is there a *mariner* in this class?"

Student (who has made two trips, washing dishes, on steamer "Corsican") holds up his hand.

Prof.—"Well, Mr. —, can a ship sail against the wind?"

Student mariner (?)—"Why, no sir, under no conditions; certainly not!"

D. L. Gordon, although in Divinity, is taking his bitters (Porter) again.

Student (presumably Irish) speaks thus of his misfortune in exams: "If I had written *less* on each question, and more on the whole, I would have been all right."

Prof. in Latin class, describing ancient manuscripts: "I have several photographs which it is quite impossible for me to show the class."

Commotion among the ladies.

Freshman in Jenkins' store—"Do you keep gowns here?"

Old man, in a hoarse whisper—"Night or day gowns?"

W. A. Grange at A.M.S.—"I have much pleasure in seconding the motion, because in this way we will not only be enabled to get at the athletic side of the ladies, but it may assist the *court*."

D. M. Solahdt, after football match—"I don't know whether those scrimmage men seek for a sign or not, but they certainly belong to a stiff-necked generation."

A. R-n-n-e (lover of street music)—"When I get married I think I'll buy a street piano."

J. S. Watson—"I suppose to drown down the other sounds."

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