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WE present our readers in this number with a clever review of Cameron's "Lyrics," by W. Harry Watts, of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. At times he gets very near to the young poet's heart, and in almost all cases seems to have that sensitive spirit without which there is no criticism worthy of the name. There are, however, a couple of places in which his remarks need special notice. Mr. Watts asks, "Can any Canadian—true to his birthright—deny his obligation, forget his country's welfare, cavil at the fact that England, as expressed in the word 'Throne,' has acted other than as an Alma Mater to her young charge?" The critic has confused here several ideas which are of themselves distinct. No Canadian, true to his birthright, can "forget his country's welfare." But Mr. Watts may find it difficult to prove that our country's "welfare" is "forgotten" by those who disclaim British connection. In the olden times such an opinion would have been considered conclusive. But we live in an age, unfortunately, when nothing is taken for granted. It rests with Mr.

Watts to show that the Throne is responsible for what little national prosperity Canada possesses. A great many people, we fancy, would be ignorant and thoughtless enough to say that she has attained to whatever good she has, not by virtue of our connection with the Throne, but in despite of such connection.

* * *

When he asks "if any Canadian—true to his birthright—can deny his obligation," we ask, What obligation? If he answers, To Great Britain,—we reply that we think the obligation entirely on the other side. This is, doubtless, a very shocking way of looking at the matter, but nevertheless it is our way—and the way of a great many very patriotic spirits, both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic. Supposing the worst possible alternative—that Great Britain had let us go our own way at the same time she let the United States go hers, shortly after 1776—what would have been the result? Judging from what has happened to our southern sister, we would at the present moment have had something like thirty or forty million of a population, and a corresponding amount of wealth. This is a very horrible alternative, but we fancy that most Canadians would be able to endure it.

But how would it be with the Mother Country. Without a naval station in the Western Atlantic north of the West Indies; without a supply centre in the Eastern Pacific north of the Equator; without the Canadian Pacific to transport troops and munitions to Asia in case of a Russo-Anglic war; without a benefit from fish and furs which is not equally open to every other nation; without five million of Celtic and Anglo-Saxon subjects in North America, etc., etc., etc., what sort of a position would she have and hold among the powers of Europe? We would like to ask Mr. Watts and the Imperial Federationists who would be the loser in the event of the dissolution of British connection? They are eternally telling us that the loss would be Canada's. Do they really think so? Because, if they do, we fear that their much learning hath made them mad, and yet more, that their fellow-Canadians will not take long to find it out. No. The obligation, like the profit, is mainly on England's side, so that it is possible, quite possible, that a Canadian should be true to his birthright and yet no admirer of British connection. His birthright includes no obligation to the Throne, but the reverse. Loyalty—to a Canadian—is not devotion to the interests of England, but devotion to the interests and welfare of Canada. Further,

the Canadian citizen who does not put her interests before those of any other nation or power whatever is no Canadian at all.

* * *

In the same way the critic is unfair to the poet's conception of liberty. Mr. Watts must surely have read little of Russian history, or he would know that a more brutal despotism has not existed than the autocracy of the czars. And yet, in all the poet's denunciation of this tyranny, he cannot find a thought on Freedom which is not a true one. He says that Cameron has "robbed liberty of its old chivalric value." Will he then tell us where, in the whole range of literature, he can find better definitions of it than these :

"Love is Freedom's strength,
And Peace her chief foundation stone."

"I am not of those fierce, wild wills,
Albeit from loins of warlike line,
To wreck laws human and divine
Alike, that on a million ills
I might erect one sacred shrine
To Freedom."

"It is in the extreme begins
And ends all danger."

"Ye need not fear the invader's arm :
His strength is but a boast :
But fear what most can work you harm,
Aye, fear *yourselves* the most."

"He who fain would rule a land
Must rule by *love*, or not at all."

"Be thou an Emperor, Sultan or Czar,
Priest or Patriarch, Queen or King,
Thou hast no right to the judgment ear--
Man is the noblest created thing."

"Each has a right each is bound to revere--
The right to be free, to be true ;
The right to be true, to be free ;
So whatever, my lord, is a right for you,
The same is a right to me."

* * *

If Mr. Watts means to say that these sentiments deprive Freedom of her old chivalric value, we fancy that most men will be inclined to ask him what he understands by the words. Here is a poet who tells France that she lost the true idea of Freedom when she gave herself up to *license* ; that Freedom means love and peace, not murder and anarchy. He tells the Czar that the only true kingship is that which is based upon the love of his people. He tells humanity that Freedom consists in the right to be true to the highest instincts of our nature, and that no sovereign, temporal or spiritual, possesses any right which interferes with the exercise of freedom and truth on the part of his people ; that every man has a right which every other man is bound to reverence.

And Mr. Watts says that in giving utterance to these sentiments the poet "destroys the old chivalric idea of Freedom." If, as the critic says, the belief in such conceptions makes men intellectual slaves, we venture to ask what sentiments will make them intellectual freemen ?

If Mr. Watts will develop somewhat out of his Canadian narrowness—and we have no doubt that he will—we shall hear of him before very long in Canadian letters.

* * *

At last the oracle has spoken. Vice-Chancellor Mulock, at the closing exercises of University College, undertook to answer the questions which the country has been asking on the subject of matriculation standards for the past few years. We congratulate the University that she did at last succeed in "screwing up her courage to the sticking point"—we wish that we could add also, on the success of her reply. But a due regard for truth compels us to draw the line at that. The "reply" was quite unique in its tone and character. It is an example of the old legal saw, "When you have no case, abuse the opposing counsel." In this one particular we believe it to be a success. The editorial of the *World* on the subject is modelled on the Vice-Chancellor's effort, and, like all imitations, contains an exaggeration of the faults, with a lamentable lack of the virtues, of the original. Surely neither the University authorities nor the press of Toronto needs to be told that to shower coarse abuse upon a gentleman of Dr. Grant's character and standing will only do their cause harm. We refrain from making any reply to the statements of Mr. Mulock, because we are anxious to give the Principal a fair field. Without any great desire for a place among the prophets, we venture to predict that when Dr. Grant finishes with Mr. Mulock the latter's feelings will find complete and adequate expression in the complaint of our old friend Aguecheek :

"An I had known he was so cunning of fence"—
The Vice-Chancellor can supply the rest

* * *

We beg to remind the *Canada Presbyterian* that, intentionally or unintentionally, it has treated us very shabbily this year. We did not receive a copy of this paper until after Christmas, and as soon as we received it we gave it an excellent notice. It has seen fit to send us just two copies from that day to this. We cannot believe that this was done otherwise than by accident, but we hope that the age of accidents is past.

* * *

We see by the press that Dr. Grant has just been elected Moderator of the General Assembly. The Assembly honored itself in honoring the Principal, and the only regret that we have at his appointment is that it may prevent his voice being heard on the subject of Jesuitism, tithing in Ontario, the teaching of French in our Ontario schools, and kindred subjects.

We cannot conclude our labors as editor-in-chief of this journal without noticing that the time has come when the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon races in this country should make their sentiments and power felt. It is time—and more than time—that it was declared and understood that the English language, and it alone, shall be used as the national speech of this country. The French should be taken out of every court from Cape Breton to Alaska; we say from every court—including the Dominion House. A bi-lingual nation is no nation at all. It is time, and more than time, that Roman Catholicism in every form should be taught that, while it shall be entitled to every right which Protestants claim for themselves, it shall have no right which they have not. It is time, and more than time, that separate schools, except as private institutions, were swept out of existence, and that all classes and creeds of Canadian citizens received one system of education—a system controlled by the state, and influenced by no religious body whatsoever; that the pastors of every denomination shall have the power of giving whatever religious instruction they please to the children of their denomination; but that no sectarian teaching shall be done in school hours. It is time, and more than time, that the Bible—the Word of God, and not a mangled compilation of its books, no matter who does the compiling, should be read every day in the schools of our country, and that no one should be excused from hearing such reading. Upon the supremacy of these principles, and such as these, depends the future welfare of our country, and we believe that the time is near when Canadians from the Atlantic to the Pacific will insist upon their observance. It is not “liberality,” but the most contemptible poltroonery, to concede an iota on points like this to any body of men on earth; and the day is on the wing, if not, indeed, already dawning, when they will be advocated by pulpit, press and people, and obedience to them insisted upon by every class and creed of Canadian citizens.

* * *

“Now hear the end of all the play.”

To our readers each and all, we bid adieu. We are sorry to part from you, but we shall meet again in other and broader spheres of life. For those who predicted our failure we have a smile, for our friends a tear—and to each of our fellow-citizens throughout the Dominion we waft as our last words—

“To thine own self be true!

And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

* ASSOCIATE * EDITORIALS. *

IT is not all plain sailing as regards federation, at least so far as our sister university is concerned. The opponents of federation are fighting hard for independence and have at least invoked the aid of the courts of

law. There are points as to this course which we do not care to discuss, but we may express our regret that this has been deemed necessary by the parties interested. What the outcome will eventually be no one can conjecture.

We would have liked, however, to see historic Victoria maintain with us an independent position, believing as we do that in this character the church and country would be better served in the matter of higher education than by federation. She has certainly done a magnificent work for nearly half a century, struggling, it is true, against financial difficulties but nevertheless maintaining a high standard of collegiate education.

To us it seems that in entering federation Victoria goes to her death. However, there are those who think differently, who are urging with all haste this movement. Federation, *per se*, is not viewed by some of the advocates as the most desirable end to be attained; it is accepted only as an alternative—for if financial means were forthcoming they would infinitely prefer independence. Here is a point for the Antis., so called. Surely, they hold, there is wealth and spirit enough in the Methodist church to continue and maintain their own university; even now it may not be too late for the alumni and other friends to open their hearts and purses and prevent what many friends of education would deem a calamity. The church and country have derived immense benefit from Victoria university; why, then, should its usefulness be destroyed?

It is said of the late Hon. Mr. McMaster, who so liberally endowed McMaster university, that when asked why, in view of provision being made to federate with Toronto University, he was seeking a charter for an independent university, replied: “I have been an observer for many years of the great benefit conferred by Victoria college on the Methodist church and I am satisfied and hope that what Victoria has done for that church, McMaster can and will do for the Baptist church.” Weighty words from such a man! Surely there must be something wrong when *not one of the other universities in Ontario* can see its way clear to enter federation. Has there not been undue haste in forcing so rapidly a consummation dreaded by so many of Victoria’s warmest friends? Make haste slowly, for if once entered there can be no return to independence with honour.

In this discussion a great deal of bitterness, we regret to say, has been evoked and words used that had better not have been uttered. This should not be. For even though the friends of Victoria differ in their opinions, are they not all brethren? Let the spirit of conciliation be more munificent and order may yet emerge out of what now seems confusion.

Again we repeat, let the supporters of Victoria Independent pile up a sum of money to make her so. Imitate, in short, the example of the benefactors of Queen’s who *in one year* expressed their opinion of federation by giving \$250,000 with more to come. By doing this they will in the best possible way save Victoria. So may it be.

LITERATURE.

OUR FOOT-BALL TEAM.

WERE a set of foot-ballers as you can see,
Fresh from the midst of a fierce melee,
Tattered and battered all covered with mud,
Ready to use the all cleansing sud.

We've a rattling good team perhaps you don't know it,
But give us a chance and we're ready to show it;
Sometimes we lose but that's not our fault,
Tis' the stupid old referee, not worth his salt.

At half we have Pirie, Twittie and Eek,
And Parkyn with his long kicks plays our full back;
While Smellie and Farrell look after the quarter,
Though compared with the rest they're quite a bit shorter.

In the centre we've Marquis all muscle and bone,
But when in the scrimmage he's not quite alone;
For help he has Cameron, Copeland, Morgan and Chown
Who showed the McGill boys how to "do things up brown."

Then Gillie and Gus, two brothers, have we,
A fine pair of Gandiers, as you easily see;
And Shorty McCammon who by hook or by crook,
Settles disputes not by rules in the book.

And as for our wings they are pretty well feathered,
Six feet if one, when properly measured;
On the right we have Rankin, on the left we play White,
And to see them "get there" is an elegant sight.

THE CANADIAN POETS—CAMERON.

(From King's College Record.)

THE introductory portion of my task is comparatively easy, as the life of the late George Frederick Cameron prefaces his "Lyrics"; I give it as there given.

HIS LIFE.

"George Frederick Cameron, the author of the following poems, the eldest son of James Grant Cameron and Jessie Sutherland, was born in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, September 24th, 1854. He received his preliminary education at the High School of his native town, and had read the greater part of Virgil and Cicero in the original before his fourteenth year. Even at this age he employed the most of his spare time in poetry. Removing with his family to Boston in the spring of 1869, he entered the Boston University of Law, in 1872. After graduating he entered the law office of Dean, Butler and Abbot in the same city. From this period until 1882 his attention was mainly devoted to literature, and he was a frequent contributor to the *Commercial Bulletin*, *Traveller*, *Courier and Transcript* of the new Athens of America. In 1882 he entered Queen's University and was the prize poet in 1883.

In March of the same year he became editor of the *Kingston News*, which position he held until a few weeks before his death. The latter event took place during a visit to the country, where, on the 17th of September, he expired of heart disease after a few hours sickness. For the last two years of his life he had been greatly troubled with insomnia, getting not more than from two to three hours sleep per night.

He married Ella, the eldest daughter of Billings Amey, Esq., of Millhaven, on the 22nd of August, 1883. His wife and an infant daughter survive him.

That the author did not bubble over in his verse with loyalty to the throne and all it represents was perhaps his infirmity. I tried to persuade him of the advantages such a course would offer to a poor poet like himself, but I regret to say to no purpose. Whether the reason of failure lay in the weakness of the cause or in his want of faith in my sincerity is a moot question with me to this day."

The "Lyrics" are edited by the poet's brother, Chas. J. Cameron, M.A., editor of Queen's College JOURNAL, whose ability and affection entitled him to the fullest sympathy of the now silent singer, and won for him commendation in lines that shew a kinship closer than that of blood.

The following is from the editor's Preface:

In accordance with the last wishes of the author, the first portion of his manuscript is here submitted to your judgment. This volume represents one-fourth of his life work. If it is well received, the rest will follow in due course. This is a Canadian contribution to our common literature, and I hope that it may be thought by the old world a worthy interpreter of our younger and broader national life.

Of the lyrics on Freedom, those on Cuba were written between the ages of fourteen and nineteen, on France about his eighteenth or nineteenth year, and on Russia between then and the time of his death. The verses prefixed to each are from an address written by the author while a student of Queen's University, and inserted as an introduction to that which follows.

In its issue of Friday, Sept. 18th, 1855, the *Montreal Witness* contained, as its first item of Canadian news, the following:

"On Thursday night, George F. Cameron, late editor of the *Kingston News*, died suddenly. He was a graceful writer and a prominent Canadian poet."

This was the sum of the story of his life, so far as the world could tell it. The high position which he took in Canadian literature he won almost in a day, on a few lyrics published in his own paper and in the columns of Queen's College JOURNAL. The preface to this conclusion you will find here.

Young, as the world counts time, at thirty years of age he had run the whole gamut of its pleasures and its pains. There was to him a terrible sameness about it all.

Golden prospects and ominous clouds :
 Impassable walks and level drives :
 Glittering silks and colorless shrouds :
 Flattering records and shattered lives.

These were the elements of its every change, and to his eternal *quid novi?* it had nothing further to answer. So that he who had begun life by being an enthusiast had almost finished it by becoming a cynic.

All heartsick and headsick and weary,
 Sore wounded, oft struck in the strife,
 I ask is there end of this dreary
 Dark pilgrimage called by us life ?

I ask, is there end of it—any ?
 If any, when comes it anigh ?
 I would die, not the one death, but many
 To know and be sure I should die.

To know that somewhere—in the distance,
 When Nature shall take back my breath,
 I shall add up the sum of existence
 And find that its total is—death ?

It was impossible, being what he was, that his poetry should be free from occasional pessimism. This was the natural product of the circumstances of his life. It was necessary from the character of the age in which he wrote ; it was inevitable from the quality of his own mind.

It is not without meaning that he sings in the last Springtime of his life,

We reach for *rest*, and the world wheels by us
 And leaves us each in our vale of tears ;
 Till the green sod covers and nought comes nigh us
 With hopes and fears.

Nor that in its last month we hear him say, as he looks out into the unknown,

For we shall rest. The brain that planned,
 That thought or wrought or well or ill,
 At gaze like Joshua's moon shall stand,
 Not working any work or will ;
 While eye, and lip, and heart, and hand
 Shall all be still—shall all be still.

The truest life of a poet is written in his songs. Why then, go further ? If they hear not Moses and the prophets,—You know the rest.

From the present he asked nothing ; and from the future—but, let him speak for himself :

We only ask it as our share
 That, when your day-star rises clear,
 A perfect splendor in the air,
 A glory ever far and near,
Ye write such words as these—of those who were !

In scanning this Preface a few thoughts suggest themselves. What a prolific pen our author had ! If the balance of his work has the merit contained in that be-

fore us, it is unjust to the writer to stipulate that it shall be given to the world only in the event of the "Lyrics" receiving a kind reception. Popular taste neither makes nor mars the poet ; it may and does the man, but the singer—never. Add to this that it is a contribution to a literature that is in its formative stage, and its detention becomes a crime. Produce it, it is the writer's due, though the writer himself said,

"And when these musings into verse will flow,
 I hold it right to keep them to myself,
 Nor lumber up my neighbor's groaning shelf !"

There need be little fear as yet that shelves are groaning with Canadian literature.

I hardly like the idea of considering the writer of "Adelphi," "Death," or the "Dedication" to his mother, *blase*. Pessimism may be natural, but when it is acquired by running the gamut of life's pleasures and pains in thirty years, it loses its truth. Such cynicism is questionable, for it is not the result of tired thought, but the outcome merely of overworked energies.

The writer's *quid novi?* The whole of God's creation, the impulse to honest action, the grandeur of making "impassable walks" flowery glades, "level drives" with new verdant beauties at each turn of the wheel ; this for answer silent songster ! But your own later utterances say more for your honor and are a better explanation than any pen can make for you. Listen to the believer in Nirvana of 1879,

"I would die, not the one death, but many
 To know and be sure I should die."

Compare this utterance of four years later,—

"Oh, I have sinned and I have strayed
 From Thee, the Shepherd of the flock,
 Have scorned Thy guidance, and have made
 Thy law divide a mock.

"But, like the prodigal, my heart—
 Too long undone and desolate—
 Seeks Thine, believing that Thou art
 As good as Thou art great !"

At the close of his "Life" already quoted we find,—
 "Did not bubble over in his verse with loyalty to the throne." Do I read aright ? Can any Canadian—true to his birthright—deny his obligation, forget his country's welfare, cavil at the fact that England, as expressed by the word throne, has acted other than as an Alma Mater to her young charge ; and now, when her pupil's judgment is called into operation, is there a sign of disaffection ? Let the times answer. Introduced discord there may be, but it is the necessary broil to shew the eternal peace.

"There have been kings ! There have been kings !
 Proclaim it while it is to-day :
 For, lo ! the ages pass away,—
 And men will doubt there were such things
 Ere many centuries decay."

Oh! sleeping songster, Australasia chides you, fellow blood kisses you and remembers your youth.

Would we could have Liberty and not License—Fraternity of Spirit and Equality of Thought. Till then can we hope to see that

“Love is Freedom's strength—
And Peace her chief foundation stone.”

A brief *resumé* of the “Lyrics” will be expected of me. Following the division of the “Lyrics” I shall commence with those on Freedom. The incomparable diction of these “Lyrics,” their beauty of form, local coloring, and the verbal dressing oftentimes onomatopoeic in its vividness, cannot wipe out one very grave defect—a defect in the idea. All kings are not tyrants, and if

“Each has a right each is bound to revere,”—

why is not that man's opinion who believes in monarchical government respected by our writer? Losing his common sense in his ideality the writer becomes the tyrant, and they who (from his teaching) endorse his lines, intellectual slaves. The lines are those of a being fighting for Freedom, but what Freedom? Is it possible that the want of mastery over self, the lack of a monarchical principle of self-ruling, first struck the key note which, by the irony of fate, induced utterances so sweeping against logical institutions old as the world? The chivalric bravura of his attack on the Czar, coming from one who had drunk deep of the chalice of despotic misrule, would have been molten condemnation. If I pause a moment and remember they are the lines of our young friend, it is only that I may convince myself how much I enjoy his form, but not the idea it inculcates.

It is too late in the day to ask, What is the aim of poetry? Too often the rhythmic value, verbal melody, unique or beautiful construction, verbal imagery or wealth of illustration charm the taste, and the subject of the picture is forgotten in the admiration of the figures. We can admire any and all of the poetic material I have mentioned in these Lyrics of Freedom, but the subject “Freedom” ceases to bear its old chivalric value. As the age progresses the keen edge of wisdom shall give men a “Freedom” and rescue them from a thralldom more galling than ever inflicted by mortal—to wit, that of Intellectual Slavery.

Lyrics on Love.—These lines are daintily constructed as becomes the subject. The writer of lines so full of filial love as those to his mother which preface the work, so full of the fraternal affection depicted in his “Adelphi,” and lines to his brother and sister, could write at the same time the charming nonsense given us in many of the Lyrics on Love. One stanza from “By the Fountain” may be quoted:

“By the fountain whose pellucid waves within the delicate basin
Daintily tinkling, dropping dreamily, made a music in the ears
Like the echo of some high, some arch-angelic diapason

Drifting downward from the ever-swinging, never-silent spheres.”

Passionately he depicts Time's inability to heal his wound, in an eight-line lyric ending thus:

“I probe my thought and find the mystery lies
In deeming love a merely temporal thing:
Whilst like a beam of light it floats and flies
Upon a weariless wing.”

Sweetly pretty is the lyric, “Away from Me”; and its moral,—

“Judge not by looks, but by immortal merit:
Worth dwells forever in the hidden parts;
And oft the roughest-seeming ones inherit
The very noblest hearts,”—

breathes its spirit.

There is not that intensity of passion which *confreeres* of his have possessed, but there is a charming freshness and a happy treating of the subject in its lightest aspect that makes these lyrics as readable as any.

Lyrics in Pleasant Places and Other Places.—A very pleasant part of the book. “Downs and Ups,” from which “Golden Prospects” (given in the preface) is taken, is a strongly terse lyric, but the comparison is too biased in favor of the dark side of the picture. Hope hasn't a place, and he who could write “Fairer than any Future” was for the moment oblivious of Hope's springing eternal. How do I know this? Read “Anticipation,” which by singular good chance follows the gruesome lines,—yes, gruesome,—the clay mouldering beneath, the daisies forgotten overhead, the worms eating the house, but not a mention of the spirit in eternally blissful freedom. A beautiful metaphor in “On Life's Sea,”—

“And now the day goes out the western gate.”

A capital little Impromptu shows the spontaneity of the writer. It is on the national emblem of Nova Scotia, “The Mayflower.”

“You ask me, dear friends, a toast to propose?

Let me think for a moment—ah, yes! it shall be
The sweet-scented blossom that blooms 'neath the snows,
The sweet little Mayflower for me.

“You may drink to the thistle, the shamrock, the rose,—
May they each bloom on Liberty's shore:
But my toast is the Mayflower that blooms 'neath the snows,
The bonniest, best of the four!”

He betrays a sense of humor twice. I give the first occasion as it is another Impromptu.

“WHAT THEY MEANT.”

“There is a man—an Ishmaelite—
Who never (hardly) does a square thing,
Got drunk, alas! one Sunday night,
Which was—alas! again—no rare thing,
Whose friends all prophesied that he
(Of course they said it not in malice!)

Would break his neck upon a tree,
Or have it broken, so you see
'Twas just the same to you, and me,
And him,—they meant the gallows."

The other is "The Beacon Hill Coquette," which only needs reading to be heartily enjoyed. His opinion of a poet's mission is given negatively in the following lines :

"A singer, I admit : but hath his song
E'er eased the sad, sick soul, e'er dried the eye
Of secret sorrow, bruised the head of wrong,
Or woke the heart to listen to the cry
Of Right downtrodden by the despot-throng ?
No? Then, so please you, we will put him by.
He is a poet? Never! I deny
He hath a portion of the sacred rage.
All flowers of speech may bloom upon his page,—
His soft words on my senses idly fall :
Not having any utterance for his age,
He hath no power to stir my blood at all ;
So off with him to moulder on the shelf !—
He knows not man, nor any God save self."

If we judge Cameron from his positive standpoint we shall not let his Lyrics or other work "moulder on our shelves." His Sonnets to Nova Scotia might be more properly termed his Farewell to N. S. I only mention them to say that the reader in search of eulogium on Nova Scotia will be disappointed if he looks for it here. Faithfully he recounts the dangers of the seas and his sorrow at leaving his homestead and friends—his admiration and scenic description of his birthplace are doubtless treated of in the work yet to be seen. A lyric on the *Week's* attack on the dead orator, Wendell Phillips, shews his affection for and championship of his friend. His appreciation of a master spirit is manifested in his brilliant eulogium on Shelley thus,—

"Dust unto dust? No, spirit unto spirit."

This lyric is exquisite in form, strict in style, and avoids that exuberance of eulogy too often indulged in by songsters.

"The Way of the World" is one of the strongest numbers of this lyricist's work ; not pessimistic, like Bacon's lyric, "Life," but forcibly realistic, its truth induces thought and self-communing, and the highest aim of poetry is attained. A lyric on "Our Boys in the North-West Rebellion" will be a household treasure in any home that boasted a representative in that memorable campaign. "Ysolte" is the longest number in the work, containing perhaps five hundred lines. One stanza exquisitely depicts the enjoyment and loss of something which has given keenest pleasure,—

"He who hath sometime scanned
The stars that gem the sky,
The sea and lovely land—
All beauties that delight the eye,
All things that He hath planned

Or here below or there on high,
And then hath lost his sight,
Hath fuller cup of bitterness
To quaff than he would ever guess
Whose eye hath never seen the light."

Lyrics on Death.—The first of this series was written a few days before his death.

"Draw the dread curtain and enter in !—
In o'er the threshold the millions have trod :
Lose but the dust of the balance, and win—
What a moment ago was the secret of God !"

In a lyric entitled "Rest" we read (he is speaking of a friend at rest),—

"And knew the all that we had need
To know—that God had need of him."

And later (on the death of a child),—

"And won thee from our lower land
To God's high eminence !"

"Death" is perhaps the most impressive lyric in the whole book, full of a sombre beauty,—a dark cloud with this translucent lining,—

"And hold to heaven and that high hope
That death is good in any guise."

Milton's mighty sonnet, "On the Late Massacre in Piemont," has been aptly named a "collect in verse." As justly may we name the lyric "Lord God Almighty" a confession, a self-abasement and heartfelt contrition, closing with this prayerful stanza :

"But like the prodigal, my heart—
Too long undone and desolate—
Seeks Thine, believing that Thou art
As good as Thou art great !"

A fitting prelude to the majestic Gloria of his Easter anthem, "He is Risen."

From his Last Lyrics let me quote the following lines :

"My spring is over, all my summer past :
The autumn closes,—winter now appears :
And I, a helpless leaf before the blast,
Am whirled along amid the eternal years
To realize my hopes—or end my fears."

And this solemn and reverential summing up of the whole matter :

"To God, the Auditor of all accounts,
We shall give up account of all our ill ;
And though in men's minds to a mountain it amounts,
Who knows but with His imitateless skill
As recompense
Adding and footing up sin's bill,
He will find pounds of good where man writes pence.
And when I see him I hope and pray
Lifting the hands
That framed all lands
He will say—Benedicite !"

"L'Envoi" (To the Poets of the Past and Future) has a mention in the editor's preface. It has life and speaks.

It is with regret I conclude my review of a work that has so much lyric fervor. Even the author's youthful utterances all but compel one, in admiration of their exquisite form and diction, to lose sight of the incomplete idea; his riper works lose this emotional exuberance and take, first, a more practical ideal, next, a higher form of expression, till at last we feel that when we

"Stood by his bed, and knew that one,
Unseen, beside us held a place,
And waited but for set of sun
To lay cold hand upon his face
And steal its grace,"

we felt further that we

"Knew the all that we had need
To know—that God had need of him."

Nova Scotia, you hold his ashes. Nay, more, you have that of him of which you can shew your appreciation. Honor one who reflects lasting honor on his province.

Canada, read Cameron, for his is no mean name on the scroll of famous men you are now unfurling.

Lovers of verse everywhere, here is one who drew in spiration from "out the secret altar." His hand is stilled, but breathe on his lyre and the sweetest music shall reward you. No great sonorous chords, whose deep vibrations shake the foundations of your being, but rather rippling *arpeggi* of the harp, still vibrating when the instrument is laid aside.

W. HARRY WATTS.

King's College, March 14th, 1889.

✻COLLEGE NEWS.✻

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S ADDRESS TO THE UNIVERSITY COUNCIL.

ON Monday evening, May 27th, a meeting of the University Council was held in the Senate room, when Dr. Grant delivered his second address on the standard of matriculation in Canada.

After referring to his first address, and stating that his aim was not to secure uniformity, but rather the union and harmony of all our educational forces, to secure the best possible results for the whole country, he dealt with the crude conceptions some people had of what is meant by an improved standard, and ridiculed their ideas of education. "Men," said the Principal, "who know what education means desire, not many subjects, but a reasonably accurate knowledge of a few; *non multa, sed multum.*"

The Doctor then, combatting the ideas that difficult examination papers are a proof of high standard, held that the fact that a fair percentage of candidates failed to pass the present matriculation did not prove that they would not be able to pass a less decent examination than

the boys of other countries which were further advanced in this matter than Canada. Since, however, we are so deplorably behind, it is time to seek a remedy, and at first we would be inclined to say that this would be found in common action by the Universities. This was the plan adopted in New England, but the result the Principal declared to be not very satisfactory, especially regarding science. But in the meantime it would be well for us to learn a little from the experience of our wideawake neighbors.

Reference was then made to the relation of Toronto with the other Universities regarding matriculation, and the speaker said that he had no hope of the former changing its attitude, and it would, under the circumstances, be a waste of time to make new overtures.

Dr. Grant then went on to say:

"Since concerted action on the part of our Universities cannot be had, what are we to do? I have come to the conclusion that the plan advocated by Professor Dupuis in his address on University Day, 1886, is the one that we should press, viz., that instead of the present July matriculation there should be a "leaving" or final examination for the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. This would mark the completion of the school life of our boys and girls who do not intend to take a college course. All who pass this examination would receive certificates equivalent in value to that now marked by matriculation, and they could become undergraduates of a university by complying with its special regulations. Each University might hold an examination for scholarships and honors in September, immediately before class work commences, or at any other time it thinks suitable. Let me add emphatically that I would not advocate this plan if the examining board were to consist only of the regular educational machine. I speak of it with all respect, but for his own sake, and the sake of the cause, the Minister of Education should avail himself of other forces. The board should consist principally of representatives of the High Schools and Universities, and include men in whom the whole country would have confidence. The members should receive no remuneration beyond their travelling expenses. Though appointed by the Minister of Education, they ought not to be dependent on him for salary or promotion. They would be responsible to the public and open to criticism, as a political department is not. Besides, anyone could criticize their action without exposing himself to the charge that he was attacking this or that institution. Such a board might somewhat resemble the old Council of Public Instruction, a body that discharged functions that have never been so well discharged since. To this board should be delegated the power of determining the character of the "leaving" examination, as well as of preparing the papers and reading the answers of candidates. It might discharge other functions, but I need not particularize. I confine myself at present to the importance of securing a uniform matriculation or its equivalent, and of creating a body that would adequately

represent the educational life of the Province; that would improve the relations between the various Universities and between them and the High Schools; that would co-operate with the best teachers in liberating the schools from a killing routine and bringing about improved methods of teaching; and that would assist the responsible Minister of Education in doing with the best light that the country could give the unspeakably important work committed to him by the Legislature. The present position is intolerable. I ask you and every friend of education to join in obtaining some such reform as I have indicated. I may add that there is scarcely a single branch of our school system that is not in need of vigorous criticism; but I shall reserve what is to be said on other departments to future occasions."

After the reading of the Principal's paper there was an interesting discussion, in which Messrs. Drummond, Macdonnell and Chown, Professors Williamson, Dupuis, Watson and Dr. Knight took part, and a committee, consisting of the Principal and Rev. Mr. Milligan, was appointed to bring the matter before the Minister of Education. It was also decided to print and circulate the address. The meeting then adjourned until October 16th, 1889.

THE SCIENCE HALL.

PROFESSOR DUPUIS has kindly written for us the following description of the Carruthers Science Hall:

Owing to the present crowded state of the Science Department in Queen's, the Board of Trustees has concluded to proceed at once with the erection of the new Science Hall, for a part of which special provisions were made in the Jubilee Endowment Fund.

The new building will be of stone, 60x124, and will, as far as circumstances allow, be of much the same style as the present college building. It will be divided by a permanent stone wall into two sections, one 60 by 64 and the other 60 square. The larger section will be in the main the chemical section, and the other the physical section, except that the second flat of the physical section and the whole of the attics will be devoted to natural science and biology.

The building will face towards Gordon Street, and will have back entrances for students to all the departments, the entrances being along the north college road. The north end will form the chemical department. The building will be heated with hot water, each section having its own heating apparatus.

Although the architects' plans will be completed for all the departments, it is the intention to finish at present the chemical portion only, the remainder being left until circumstances or some kind friend supplies sufficient funds.

Beginning with the chemical part, there will be in the basement, which will be high and airy, besides the heating apparatus, a store room, an assaying room, a room for special metallurgical operations, and a room in which

will be located a gas engine, a dynamo, an electrolytic apparatus, with reservoirs for oxygen and hydrogen, a condensing pump and an exhaustion pump, and some other pieces of apparatus. This room, in the completed building, will be common in its use to both the chemical and physical departments.

On the first flat are situated an assistant's room, with adjacent store room, a quantitative laboratory, a large lecture room, seated for 150 students, the professors' preparation and private rooms, balance room, etc.

From the main hall of the building we can enter directly into any of the rooms on the first flat except the class room. To enter it we ascend a stairway to a height of seven feet to an elevated hall, from which we enter directly into the class room, at the level of the highest platform. Or from this same elevated hall we go to the second flat of the chemical section, or by an opposite stairway to the second flat of the physical section, which, as has already been said, is given to natural science and biology.

By descending four steps from the main hall, and under the elevated hall, we enter the students' cloak room, which is about 40 feet long by 15 wide. The back entrance opens directly into this. From the cloak room we descend to the basement.

Ascending to the second flat, we have a quantitative laboratory, a medical analytical laboratory, special laboratories for gas and water analysis, assistants' room, store rooms, a ladies' private room, and a library.

The tables in the laboratories will be fitted up in the most modern and improved method. A ventilating shaft and hood upon the table will be common to every four experimenters, and each table will be supplied with water, gas, air pressure, suction and electricity. The ventilation of the laboratories will be solely by means of the ventilating shafts upon the work tables, and the air will be put in motion by a fan driven by the gas engine. We believe that the chemical section, when finished, will be one of the most complete chemical departments in this country.

In the physical department will be found a class room to seat about 80 or 90, an apparatus room divided into sections, a physical laboratory, with work tables and appliances, special rooms for experimentation in optics, acoustics, electricity, etc. But as this section will probably not be completed for a few years it is not necessary at present to say any more about it.

PERSONALS.

PROF. and MRS. MARSHALL have left for England, where they will spend the summer. They were accompanied by Prof. Cappon.

Principal Grant has been unanimously elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Rev. George Lang, B.A., was married last Wednesday to Miss Belle Renton, of Kingston.

Neil McPherson, '90, is stationed at Portsmouth and Collinsby for the summer months.

Rev. John Hay, B.A., of Campbellford, has received a call to Cobourg Presbyterian church.

In our last number we accidentally omitted the name of Mr. Frank King from the list of B.As.

E. H. Britton, B.A., has closed his law office in Toronto and will shortly take up his residence in Chicago, Ill.

We are glad to report that Dr. W. Downing, who was taken very ill while in England, is now at home improving very quickly.

Rev. F. Johnston, B.A., of Chaumont, N.Y., has received a call to Norwood, N.Y., and it is likely that he will accept it.

Dr. Ada Funnell, '87, of Hamilton, is in Kingston looking after the practice of Dr. Alice McGillivray, '84, who has left for England.

Principal Grant has just announced that he will reply to Vice-Chancellor Mulock next Friday evening before the University Council.

We hear that Fred. Pope, '90, is instructing the youths of Elginburg in the mysteries of football. This is a new departure for our friend Fred.

We congratulate Messrs. J. F. Carmichael, B.A., '87, V. Bain, B.A., '88, and J. Hales, B.A., '88, who have successfully passed their first intermediate examination in law.

We regret to record the death of one of Queen's young and talented graduates, Dr. Thomas B. Scales, B.A., who since graduating has practiced at Gananoque. He graduated from the Royal in 1886, having previously taken an Arts course here.

Gil. Gandier, '91, is preaching at Mattawachan. He reports that the mosquitoes are thicker than cold porridge and as blood thirsty as the average bull dog. Nothing but several charges of buck shot will kill them.

Our elocutionizing friend, J. B. Cochrane, '90, has left Kingston to join a surveying party which will spend some months in the North-West Territories this summer, travelling over the "banks and braes" in that region by the great shoe line.

E. S. Griffin, B.A., '89, has entered the law office of Meredith, Clark & Bowes, of Toronto; J. Madden, B.A., '89, is with Beatty, Cassells, Hamilton & Standish of the same city; P. Mahood, B.A., '89, is in J. Machar's office in Kingston, and F. King, B.A., '89, is in the office of Macdonnell & Mudie.

In the recent first intermediate examination of the Law Society at Toronto, the candidate who headed the list and carried off the \$100 scholarship was W. Stewart, B.A., '79, who is a graduate of Queen's and completely blind. In the examination he was given a separate room where a child read him the questions, to which he replied on a type writer. Queen's is proud of such sons.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Rev. G. C. Patterson, M.A., in the recent loss of his beloved wife.

Rev. J. Cormack, B.A., '92, was recently inducted to the Presbyterian church at Maxville.

J. Sharp, '90, has been appointed to the charge of the mission field of Chalk River and Point Alexander.

A. G. Farrell, B.A., '86, is getting ready for a bold venture. Look out for squalls.

LATER—The squall has arrived just as we go to press. To-day he has taken for his better half Miss Belle Dick, of Kingston, who is well known among the students as an exceptionally attractive and accomplished young lady. Mr. Farrell must be congratulated on his wise choice. J. Miller, B.A., '86, officiated as groomsman.

E. H. Russell, B.A., took part in the opera "Bells of Corneville," recently presented by amateurs in Kingston. His acting and singing was greatly admired. Didn't we tell you so. Gumdrops!

S. Chown, B.A., has been preaching about 20 miles from Kingston—out Division street somewhere. He leaves for Japan next August.

T. H. Farrell, B.A., '89, and A. E. Lavell, '91, left two weeks ago on a cruise down the Rideau. They were well armed with mosquito nets and cooking utensils. Poor beggars!

Miss Minnie Chambers, '91, is spending this month in Ottawa, after which she will go to St. Catharines, where she will remain till college re-opens.

W. S. Morden, B.A., '88, is in the law office of Clute and Williams, Belleville, and says he enjoys his work.

A. M. Fenwick, '90, was seen not long ago going along with a tin box, an umbrella (This is of the orthodox style. It is a great big white one lined with green and had a cross-eyed handle.) and a girl. He told us afterwards he had been out botanizing and did a lot of pressing in the evening. No doubt!!!!

Dan Strachan, B.A., '89, is grinding away at Hebrew at his home in Rockwood. He says it's funny if you feel that way.

J. G. Potter was duly inducted pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Merrickville a few weeks ago. His father, mother, brother and sister came all the way from Halifax, N.S., to see their son and brother settled in his first charge.

Rev. Alf. Gandier, M.A., B.D., who for the past two years has been studying at Edinburg, has accepted the call tendered by the Presbyterian church at Brampton. He expects to take charge in September.

Dan. R. Drummond, '89, is in charge of the spiritual and intellectual welfare of the inhabitants of Kalestino, N.W.T.

Rev. Orr Bennett, B.A., was ordained as a minister of the Gospel in St. Paul's, Peterboro, on May 22nd. Mr. Bennett's field of labor for the present is the mission station of Minden.

G. E. Hartwell, '88, has successfully passed the examinations of the first year in the Drew theological seminary, New Jersey. Mr. Hartwell is at present engaged in mission work in New York.

Rev. Roderick McKay, B.D., '86, was inducted pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Bromley a short time ago. The induction services were participated in by Revs. W. J. Drummond, '85; R. G. Lang, '85; A. Patterson, '84, and D. J. McLean, '55.

We have received from Rev. J. P. McNaughton, B.A., '84, of Smyrna, Turkey-in-Asia, a letter enclosing his subscription fee for the JOURNAL, and as it may prove interesting to many of our readers we publish a part of it. After referring to the enclosure and his delay in remitting it he writes: "Please do not think I had any idea of beating you out of the amount, although I suppose I could do that, and as that is the principle generally in vogue in this country it would be the most natural way of *showing my gratitude*. The reason I have delayed so long was that I was not in possession of anything that might serve as a medium of exchange in America unless I expressed a part of my wardrobe or a box of figs. In looking about among the many money changers of this city, what do you think I found? A real, live, Yankee one dollar note. I can hardly tell you with what avidity I seized it and clasped it to my bosom as an old familiar friend. With a good deal of *heart ache* I part with it, not, of course, on account of its intrinsic value, that is a little thing, but on account of the associations." This interesting letter closes as follows: "Distance has not in the least abated my love for good old Queen's, nor my respect for the *dear JOURNAL*, nor my esteem for the editors and treasurer. Though I have little time for reading I always manage to take an hour when the JOURNAL presents its dear old face. Let me in closing send you all the salaams of the sultan and sublime porte." We are greatly indebted to Jim for the salaams, the dollar, and especially for his encouraging letter, which is worth a number of dollars and comes to us as a refreshing drop of dew after a long drought. We would be glad to receive more drops of dew flavored, of course, with "a real live note."

COLLEGE WORLD.

YALE has sent out thirteen thousand four hundred and forty-four students.

Princeton is to have a chemical hall to cost \$50,000.

The University of Oxford has appliances for printing 150 different languages.

Four hundred colored teachers have lately been examined at Atlanta, Ga., for license to teach.

The Argentine Republic has two Government Universities which rank with Yale and Harvard in curriculums and standards of education.

The University of Mexico is the oldest university in America. It was founded fifty years before Harvard.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have the largest dormitory in the United States. It will cost \$125,000.

An industrial college for women has been founded at Wayne, Pa., at a cost of \$1,500,000, by A. J. Drexel, the New York banker.

A feature of the gymnasium exhibition at Bates College will be a fencing match between a gentleman and a young lady of '91.

The Methodists are about to invade the Mormon territory and establish a University at Ogden, Utah, where large grants of land have been made to them.

The highest prizes, at the examination held by the Irish Royal College of Surgeons, in descriptive and practical anatomy, have been awarded to two lady students.

In England there is only one undergraduate college paper published, the *Review of Oxford University*. In the United States there are nearly 200, and in Canada 22.

Efforts are being made to raise \$100,000 for the endowment of a chair of protection to be inaugurated at Yale University. The iron men of Pittsburg are said to be subscribing to the fund.

The department of biology in the University of Pennsylvania is hereafter to be a separate school, with four years instead of a two years' course. Its graduates will receive an appropriate degree.

Colby is to have a new observatory and physical laboratory to cost about \$15,000. It is the gift of Colonel R. C. Shannon, of New York, an alumnus of the college, and member of the class of '62.

Fisk University, at Nashville, Tenn., has just completed a new gymnasium, the only one for colored people in the world. A fireproof library building with a capacity for 130,000 volumes, is now being erected. The Freshman class numbers nearly 200.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The members of the JOURNAL staff are requested to return their sanctum keys to the Secy.-Treas. as soon as possible.

The cinder track has been completed, and altogether looks very well indeed. Hereafter the sports are to be held on the University grounds, instead of in the park, as formerly.

We regret that we were unable to publish in our last issue the valedictory of Dr. Norman Grant. It was unusually interesting, and contained many useful and timely suggestions.

The will of the late Dr. Day, of Fullerton, bequeaths the whole of his estate, valued at \$10,000, to his sister during her lifetime, after which it goes absolutely to Queen's University.

It would greatly help the management of the JOURNAL if the fifty subscribers who have not as yet sent us the necessary dollar would do so without further delay, so as to make it possible to close the business connected with this session's publication at once.

The University authorities have been considering the advisability of building a number of houses for the Professors upon college property. If their intention is carried out, in all probability the buildings will be placed in a row east of the drill shed, facing Gordon Street. This, of course, will not take place till the shed is removed.

We understand that a concert was given at Iroquois recently by some fellows calling themselves the Queen's University Glee Club. We do not know the names of any of the performers, but we do know that the above named club did *not* sing anywhere this year since College closed. We hope no more towns will be imposed upon in this way.

Mr. Lane received from I. Kohler, publisher, No. 911 Arch street, Philadelphia, an interesting work entitled "German for Americans." It is written by Dr. Jacob Mayer, a scholar of undoubted ability and a recognized authority in his especial department of Modern Languages. In his preface the author explains that his object is not to produce a new German grammar, but rather to present the language in such a manner as to render it possible for students to acquire a general knowledge of it in as short a time as possible. This we believe he has succeeded in doing, and we cordially recommend the work to those of our readers who are interested in this study. Price, in cloth, \$1.

The faculty of the Royal Medical College has made arrangements for putting the college buildings into first-class order during the vacation. The large apartment heretofore used for gymnasium purposes is to be refitted as a pathological museum and lecture room, and as soon as the Science Hall is built the present practical chemistry class room will be at the disposal of the medical authorities, rendering the college complete in all branches and up to every modern requirement. The various class rooms will be entirely refitted and refurnished and made both convenient and comfortable. These improvements augur well for the success of the old Royal, and will be heard of with delight by her sons.

*DE*NOBIS*NOBILIBUS.*

HERE is something which the writer has the cheek to call a poem. We acknowledge that it is slightly out of season. But the fact is we were scared to publish it until the parties interested had got out. As they are now enjoying their vacation, here goes :

A SCENE ON THE CAMPUS.

The high winds blow,
And whirl the snow
Across the campus wide,
Drifts fill the path ;
We nurse our wrath,
And wade the frozen tide.

The wind blows high.
Alas, the tie,
That held a maiden's hat,
Has proven false ;
And for a waltz,
The coiffure goes like "scat."

Slowly at first,
In craft well versed,
It moved, to tempt a chase ;
But soon with bound,
And rushing sound,
Alone it ran apace.

With tears bedewed,
Helpless she stood,
Watching its mad career.
She little thought,
Her plight had brought,
A willing helper near.

Ho ! now the fun
Has just begun :
A race 'twixt hat and man.
O, which shall win ?
To miss were sin ;
At headlong pace he ran.

Ah ! maidens' smiles
Can make short miles ;
The hat he soon o'ertook,
And panting back
He came. Alack !
Crushed hat, but joyous look.

Bright face did meet,
And kind words greet,
The gallant's glad return.
Such double pay,
Not every day,
His deeds of kindness earn.

His willing aid,
Ten times o'erpaid
With hearty word and look.
The hat in place,
With beaming face,
His homeward way he took.

Shortly before college closed a very exemplary sophomore one evening was entertaining his fellow boarders by endeavoring to imitate, to an exaggerated degree, the conduct of a highly excited "drunk." In the midst of the

performance one of the audience slipped from the room and gravely informed the landlady that "A—— was away off." The astonished woman, after convincing herself by a glance through the key-hole that such was the case, rushed forth in a search after a "peeler," leaving the heartless informant in convulsions in the hall. After a vain search, however, the landlady returned and received the assurance from the sympathetic student that his unfortunate friend would be watched all night. Next morning at the breakfast table the irate woman charged A—— with having been intoxicated, and asked him what he was going to do about it. Denials were of no avail, protestations of innocence fell to the ground unheeded and the audience of the previous evening now shook their heads gravely and heaved long drawn sighs much to the successful actor's astonishment. After the interview, however, the perplexed landlady suspecting a joke set out to find the Principal to ascertain something definite about A——'s character, and when she found out that he was a Y. M. C. A. young man studying for the ministry she decided to try him a little while longer.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

- Who struck Billy Patterson.
- At what date a freshman becomes a sophomore.
- If Victoria will stay injuncted.
- If the federationists ever got left.
- How many Queen's men belong to the Collegiate Institute foot-ball team.
- What's going to be done with the drill shed.
- How many lady freshmen we will have next session.
- A sure cure for toothache.
- Who will run this periodical next session.
- If new window curtains will soon turn up.
- Who can provide the Sec'y-Treas. with copies of No. 12 of Vol. XIII and No. 1 of Vol. XV.
- When John is going to get his degree.
- Why the dickens———

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

- Wha—at are the diveesions of the Bible? D. STR—N.
- It *greaved* me so to leave Division street. T—LLM—N.
- Who got that joke off about South Wales? A. G. HAV.
- I wonder what is the botanical name for burdocks. Is it *rhubarbum vulgus*? A. M. F—NW—K.
- Oh say, did you ever hear Queen St. church choir? Talk about your Pattis and Albanis. Huh! W. N—K—LE.

Before retiring, the De Nobis man wishes to congratulate himself and his readers on account of being still extant. Notwithstanding the fact that during the session he was continually stepping on A's soft corns, or rubbing B's fur the wrong way, or trifling with C's tender passion, or putting his foot into D's pie and making himself generally obnoxious; notwithstanding the fact that private detectives, lady students, the janitor and bull dogs have been put on his track in the vain endeavour to apprehend and pulverize him; notwithstanding the fact that he has had to chain up his conscience and smother all sentimental ideas of sympathy and charity; notwithstanding all these facts he is still on this terrestrial planet alive and kicking. He really expected to be assassinated several times before reaching this eventful moment. He is indeed rather disappointed in not having been so used, but is bearing the disappointment with heroic fortitude and patience, in the hope that greater deference will be shown his successor.

With all his faults he is assured that many readers of this influential journal still regard him with affectionate and fraternal interest. He assures them that their sentiments are reciprocated, although he is quite aware that this is not the universal opinion which would make him a modern Ishmael. They are on the wrong track who think so. The De Nobis man of next session will be second edition of the present one, who, however, by virtue of his experience now gives the former the following directions:

Be outwardly all love, good humor and sympathy, but inwardly—adamant.

Publish everything you sincerely believe the parties interested would rather keep private.

If you cannot get a practical joke of actual occurrence in which to implicate a victim, manufacture one.

Stick to the truth rigidly when you can't help it.

Make as many people as possible uncomfortable and endeavour to keep them so.

On the whole the prospects for a successful De Nobis column next year are very good indeed, and the present responsible party hands over the sceptre and things with very little regret. Before climbing down from his high roost, he wants to say that after all he has rather enjoyed his regime, for the narrow escapes incident thereto made things rather exciting at times. He would also like to say that the forty-nine students who have been unfortunate enough to be suspected are entirely innocent and have had nothing at all to do with this column. The guilty one has not yet been discovered. He is ubiquitous but there is no use in hunting for him, for he has positive proof that will certainly exonerate himself and convict several others among whom is a professor. *Au revoir.*

The executive committee of the Canadian Press Association has decided to accept an invitation from St. John, N.B., to attend the summer carnival at that place. The annual meeting will be held in Toronto on Thursday, July 18th, and the excursionists will leave Toronto that night.

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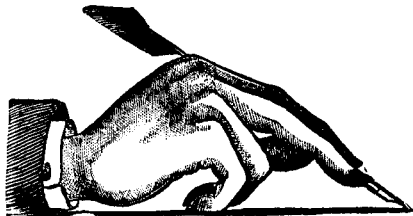
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