



A CLUMP OF PINES BETWEEN CENTRE STREET AND ELLERBECK AVENUE, ON WHAT WAS ONCE A FARM NEAR KINGSTON.
THE SOUTH-WEST WIND HAS MADE ALL THE TREES BEND TOWARDS THE NORTH-EAST.



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Address to Young People.

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CLOTHING.

IS it worth while for me to spend any time in urging you to pay some attention to your clothing? I fear not. The desire to have fashionable clothing is so strong in young people that most of you are blind to certain defects in clothing which often do very great harm. I shall, however, venture to point out two defects which, in my opinion, are most serious, and which injure the health of many young people.

The first of these is tight clothing. But why waste time in talking to you about this defect. In all my life I never yet met man or woman who said that their clothing was too tight. They had often seen other people wearing tight clothes, but theirs fitted them exactly. Men never admit that they wear hats, collars or vests which are too tight. Sometimes they have been coaxed to buy footwear that was a little too tight for comfort, but the pains which they had to suffer kept them from making that mistake very often. But as regards the head, neck and waist, most men and women will claim that as they have suffered no pain when wearing hats, collars, and waist gear, therefore this kind of clothing was certainly doing them no harm, and could not be too tight. They are quite ready to assert that they have seen people who seemed to be wearing very tight clothes, but they themselves never did.

Perhaps, in a matter of dispute like this, the best way to see the effect of tight clothing, that is, of pressure upon human beings, is to see how pressure acts upon trees. But you will say that trees are not human beings. No, they are not; but if we see pressure acting upon young growing plants, and changing their shape, perhaps it will help us to understand how pressure slowly but surely acts upon young people, and, without their knowing it, alters the outer shape of the body which we can see, and alters also the shape of organs inside of us, which we can not see.

It is not necessary for you to think of tight clothing as causing pain. As a general rule it causes no pain. The pressure is so slight, and so gradual, and lasts so long—often for months and years,—that young people are not aware of its effects. It is the slow steady pressure that does the harm. If it were painful it would soon be noticed, and the tight vests, or boots, would soon be taken off. The effects are all the more serious, because they are not generally

painful, and because the wearer is not aware of the harm that is being done to his body.

When a child sucks its thumb, the pressure on the young teeth is very slight. But it is great enough to cause the teeth to stick out in front, and to spoil the beauty of the mouth. And in remedying this defect, the dentist uses gentle pressure and keeps it applied to the teeth for months. In this way, he presses the projecting teeth back into their place, and often without pain.

Now let us study the effect of pressure upon trees. Select one or two in a field, or on an exposed hill side. First walk round the clump, and notice the branches. If the trees are growing somewhat in the open, so as to catch the wind from every direction in which it blows, you will see that the branches are nearly all leaning in one direction. The uppermost part of the trunks also are leaning over in the same direction. Long, long ago, the Indians had noticed this strange fact about tall trees, and used it as a means of making their way in a straight course through the forest. The trees in any city park show the same bending to one side.

How has it come about that the branches and trunk are inclined to one side? The diagram given below will enable you to understand this. It shows the number of days during which the wind blew from the eight points of the compass for four weeks in July, 1907.

The wind blew from the north for one day, with an average velocity of five miles an hour; from the north-east for two days, with an average of six miles an hour; from the east, one day, with an average velocity of five miles; from the south-east for two days, with an average velocity of ten miles; from the south for one day, with an average velocity of fourteen miles; from the south-west for fourteen days, with an average of nine miles; from the west for two days, with an average of seven miles; and from the north-west for five days with an average of nine miles an hour. (See frontispiece.)

A somewhat similar record is found to be true for June, August and September, for most places in Ontario. This being the case, it is easy to understand how nearly all our trees lean over towards the north-east. The steady pressure of the wind is from the south-west for about half the time, during the summer months. The branches, and stems are young, soft and growing, during these months and are therefore easily bent by the pressure of the wind.

Now let us see how all this about wind helps us to understand the effects of tight clothing. Ill-fitting shoes worn by children for several years show the effect of slight steady pressure in changing the shape of the foot. As a rule, the pressure is never great enough to cause pain. The child does not say that the shoes are hurting its feet. But the gentle pressure applied day after day, for months and years, slowly presses the large toe over towards the outer side of the foot and away from the straight line in which it lies in the infant. Sometimes the small toe also is pressed towards the inner side of the foot. These two changes, one in the great toe and the other in the little toe, are always the result of wearing boots or shoes with pointed toes. So much have our feet been altered by the pressure of ill-fitting boots or shoes, that it is a rare thing to find a well-shaped foot in men or women.

What should be the correct shape of a shoe so as not to alter the shape of the foot? No doubt, different shoemakers would answer this question in different ways. But surely a common-sense way of fixing upon the right shape would be to say that the outline of the natural foot should fix the outline of the sole of the well-fitting shoe.

There is a second way of fixing upon the correct shape. If we should cover the whole of the sole of the foot with printer's ink, or some kind of soft paint, and then plant the foot upon a sheet of white paper, lying on the floor, we should get a shape, not of the outline of the whole foot but only a shape, of those parts of the foot which pressed upon the paper. In other words, the foot would print upon the paper an image of the correct shape for the sole of a shoe. If we use this means of fixing upon the shape, then the sole will differ somewhat from that given by most shoemakers. The outline will be curved much more on both the inner side, and the outer side of the foot. A shoe shaped upon this outline will take into account those parts of the sole of the foot upon which the weight of the body falls, as well as the arch of the foot, on its inner side, upon which no weight falls. But whether we shape the sole of the correct shoe upon the outline of the foot, or upon the outline which it prints upon a sheet of white paper, in both cases we certainly get a better shaped shoe than the shoemaker gives us in his sharp-pointed boots.

Coming back now to the subject of tight clothing, you will easily see that just as shoes press upon young, soft, growing feet, and alter their shape, so tight clothing, whether vests, belts, or waist-bands, will press upon the lower parts of the chest and alter its shape. The size of the chest is lessened, and the lungs and heart are kept from doing their work properly. The former cannot take in as much air as the body needs, and as a result they become more likely to grow the seeds of consumption. The heart has not enough room for its beating, and when a person with tight chest-covering runs or works hard, he soon loses his breath. But these are not the only bad effects of tight clothing round the waist. Tight vests, belts or bands press upon the stomach and bowels and slow down the blood flow. Excepting in very strong people, this leads to poor digestion of the food, and poor digestion means weakness of muscle and poor health.

The harm done by tight chest or waist garments is not so much in the change in the position of the ribs, as it is to the vital organs which lie inside of the chest. As I have already said, the lungs and heart suffer. But by far the worst effects are upon parts which you cannot see, and which often become so badly diseased from tight clothing as to cause life-long suffering.

Young people, by paying no attention to the rule that clothing should always be loose, sometimes bring horrible diseases upon themselves. Believing that you really wish to follow the laws of good health, let me give you this rule by which you may know whether the clothing for your chest and waist is loose enough. Draw in a long breath and then measure round your chest, and round your waist. Apply this measure to your clothing round your waist and chest, and if the chest and waist measurements are the larger, then your clothing is too tight.

So important is this matter of loose clothing thought to be in England, that in some boarding schools the boys are not allowed to wear vests and belts at all.

One other point about this subject. Clothing should be warm enough to keep us from catching cold. Many young people in winter expose their neck to cold winds, and as a result catch cold in the nose or throat. The redness, swelling and pain which come on indicate that these parts are weak and unable to throw off the effects of disease germs. In this way, a simple cold may be the means of bringing on that terrible disease, consumption. Not that a cold ever gives us this disease. But the cold alters the juices of the nose, throat and wind-pipe, so that they no longer kill disease germs, which they do when we are in good health. The great thing then in winter is to wear flannel clothing—dry, loose, and warm, and as light as possible; because it does not always happen that heavy clothing is warm clothing. Often it is not. Warm clothing is made of material which is full of fine pores or meshes, and which keeps in the heat of our bodies. Of course, in great cold, fur is the best clothing, because the wind cannot pass through the skin.

One further advice: never keep on damp clothes. They should be changed for dry ones as soon as possible, or if that can not be done, then we should not sit down in wet clothes, especially if a wind is blowing upon us: walk about.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BACTERIA.

Did you ever notice a gray or green covering on a piece of stale bread or old cheese. If you have, then you have seen a plant which belongs to the same class as the plants known as bacteria. You must have seen moulds growing on other things besides bread and cheese. You will find them growing on rotten fruit that has been kept in damp cellars. Often they may be seen growing on garbage in shady back yards, or on the manure heap in barnyards; but always in the shade. Sunshine and dry air kill them. Sometimes they may be found growing on boots and shoes, and on clothing in houses that have been closed up for some weeks in summer. When you go into such houses they smell musty, and if you look closely at the furniture, especially in the dining-room and kitchen, you will find a fine gray scum growing on almost everything—chairs, tables, floors, walls. No wonder the house smells musty and the air frouzy.

Where did all these tiny plants come from? Every door had been locked and every window fastened during the two months that the family had been away. Clearly they must have grown from seeds, but where did the seeds come from? Did some enemy, while the owner was away, scatter the seeds of the mould all over the house? No, that was not the way in which the seeds were spread and the mould grown. The seeds are very small indeed. Even when you look closely at mouldy bread, you cannot see any of the seeds. To see them, you must use a magnifying glass. With the aid of such a glass, they may be seen as small round bodies like little balls. They are usually called spores, not seeds, and they hang in clusters on the fine threadlike stalks of

the plant. When they are ripe they fall off, and, being very small, and very light, they float about in the air, like fine specks of dust in a sunbeam. The slightest draught of air carries them through the house from room to room. As a result, they are to be found all over a house, especially in those in which the air is damp, and where the houses stand in a shady place.

These facts about moulds will show you that you already know a good deal about bacteria. Because, as I said before, bacteria are plants which belong to the same class as moulds. They must therefore grow and spread and live somewhat like other plants. For example, they must grow from seeds, just as apples, or plums, or wheat, or barley do. Only we do not speak of the invisible seeds of bacteria and mould as seeds; we speak of them as spores. The spores serve the same purpose as seeds. They float about in the air, and when they fall upon a suitable soil, like an old piece of bread, or meat, or jam, they begin to grow and soon produce a big crop of fresh mould and plenty of new spores.

Most kinds of bacteria will grow only upon suitable soil. They will not grow upon glass, or pure sand, or in pure water. Like all plants, they will grow only when soil and other conditions are favorable. Every farmer knows that it would be of no use to sow wheat upon a rock, or upon sand. It would not grow on such places. Neither will the moulds or bacteria grow on anything but on suitable soil. The kind of soil on which bacteria grows varies much according to the kind of bacteria. Some kinds grow upon wood; some in soil; some upon rocks; some upon the teeth; some grow upon the scalp; some upon the skin of the body; some upon the skin of the inside of the nose, mouth, or throat; some upon the lining of the windpipe, or in the lungs; some in the food while it is in the stomach, or bowel; some upon the lining of the bowel; but wherever they grow, it is always on soil which is suitable for their growth, just as wheat, oats or peas grow upon soil that is suitable for their growth. Milk is one of the best of soils for bacteria.

Then again, other things must be suitable as well as soil. You know that farm crops must have rain and warmth before they will grow. And in the same way bacteria must have a certain amount of moisture and warmth to make them grow well. If the spores are kept perfectly dry, they will lie for years without growing. Then again, if bacteria are kept very cold for a long time, they will not grow, no matter how suitable the soil may be on which they are lying. For example, some kinds of bacteria cause the rotting of meat by growing on its surface. But this will take place only when there is warmth enough to suit these plants. If the meat is kept frozen, bacteria will not grow upon it any more than wheat will grow upon frozen soil. In fact, as you probably know very well, meat may be preserved long enough to be carried from Australia to England, by simply keeping it thoroughly frozen during the voyage. This is what is meant by carrying meat or fish in "cold storage." But, just as seeds begin to grow, in the spring when the weather turns warm, so, the moment frozen meat is thawed, the bacteria begin to grow on its surface and the meat begins to spoil.

A little while ago, I told you that moulds grew in the shade. So, most bacteria grow best in the shade. But there are other kinds which grow best in

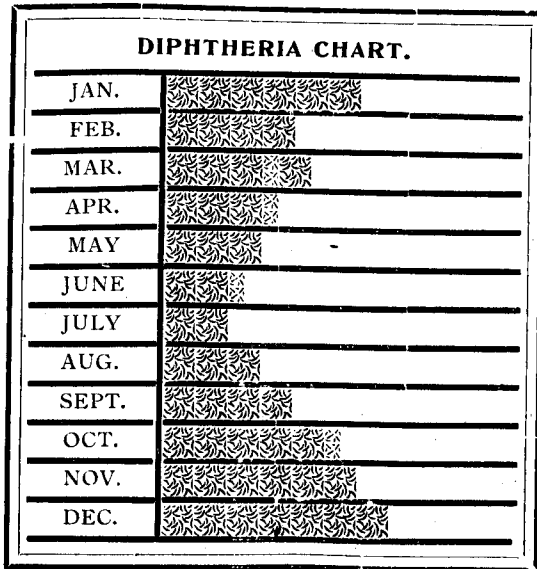
sunlight. You know that grass does not grow well on a lawn that is much shaded with trees. It sickens and dies. You have to plant grass seed afresh every year or two on such places. Grass grows best in bright sunshine. In the same way, some bacteria grow best in sunlight. This kind of bacteria is very useful in making pure water out of bad water. Even water that has been polluted with filth from drains, or barnyards, will, in the course of a few weeks, become pure through the effects of bacteria, fresh air, and sunlight. This is one way in which water is purified in some parts of South Africa. In that, and in other parts of the world, wells and springs are few in number. People, therefore, depend upon surface water derived from the rainfall. This is very liable to be polluted with filth. But, strange to say, this dirty water, when kept in open tanks and exposed to sun and air, slowly becomes pure through the growth of bacteria which flourish in sunlight. The bacteria that live upon the filth in the impure water are all killed off.

So you see, this kind of bacteria is very useful to us. In fact, there are many such kinds of bacteria in the world. For example, the best qualities of butter and cheese cannot be made without special kinds of bacteria. Those special kinds are grown by scientific men, and sold to butter-makers and cheese-makers, in order that they may be certain to make good butter and cheese in their factories. Other bacteria which are very useful in nature are those which quickly change dead wood and the dead bodies of animals into dust and ashes. You will be glad to know that there are more useful bacteria, or at least more harmless bacteria in the world than disease-producing ones. Of the six or seven hundred kinds of bacteria which are known, only about thirty-five of them set up disease in the human body. But as these thirty-five bacteria are often the cause of spreading disease and death over large parts of every country in the world, they must always hold a first place in the attention of every thoughtful person. They are often spoken of as microbes or germs; but, whether known as microbes, germs, or bacteria, it is most important to remember that they are plants, and as such, they require for their growth a suitable soil, suitable temperature, and suitable moisture. This suitable soil, temperature and moisture they find on various parts of the human body, or in parts inside of the body. In growing on the body, or in the body, they set up changes in the flesh and blood which we call disease, and often do so much damage that they destroy life. Moreover, in growing on the body, or in the body, they produce invisible seeds or spores which spread the disease from one person to another. These spores may spread through the air, in water and food; by clothes, or by means of living creatures, such as flies, mosquitoes, fleas, and domestic animals. Certain diseases, like scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, consumption, etc., could not spread over a country at all, if it were not for the fact that the bacteria which produce these diseases, or their spores, are wafted from place to place, just as are the seeds of the thistle and dandelion.

A very queer thing about these disease germs is that they flourish better at some seasons of the year than at others. Just as we find some plants like tulips or crocuses producing seed in the spring; strawberries and timothy pro-

ducing their seed in early summer; wheat and oats, in July and August; and pears and apples, in October; so we find some disease-producing bacteria, causing disease—some at one season, and some at another.

Diseases of the windpipe, bronchial tubes and lungs slowly increase in number from about 4 to 10 per hundred, in June, up to about 18 to 25 per hundred, in January. On the other hand, diarrhœa is most frequent in hot weather, the numbers, running up as high as 40 per hundred in July. The accompanying chart shows the seasonal variations in the disease diphtheria.



INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Over forty years ago, there lived in Renfrew Co., a farmer who had a family of eight healthy children. The mother was a large and very strong woman. The father was somewhat undersized, but nevertheless, a man of fair average health. But a time came when he caught a bad cold; in fact he seemed to suffer from a number of colds. Scarcely had he got well from one, until he caught another. He coughed a great deal and spit upon the floor without ever thinking that there was any harm in doing so. Then he slowly grew pale and weak, and being unable to work his farm, his wife insisted upon his seeing a doctor. The doctor gave him medicine for months, but some way or other it seemed to do him no good. He grew worse and worse, and in the course of a year or two, he died. Then the neighbors recalled to mind the fact that his father had died in almost exactly the same way.

At the time of the farmer's death, his eldest son was about 25 years of age. Strange to say, at least it seemed very strange in those days, this son caught cold in much the same way as his father did, and before three years had gone by, he too had coughed his life out. And in the course of a number of years, every child but one in that large family had sickened and died in almost exactly the same way. The mother nursed every one of them. Her love and care was unceasing, but it was all of no avail against the terrible disease, consumption. A similar story could be told of thousands and thousands of homes, not merely in Canada, but all over America and Europe; and a similar story will be repeated and repeated in the future, until you young people preach and practice proper methods of stopping the spread of this disease.

Forty years ago, the common opinion about this disease was that it was passed on from parent to child. It was believed that when one parent died of consumption, one or more of the children were likely to inherit the disease. We do not believe this nowadays. We know that a child may inherit delicate lungs, or a delicate heart, or delicate nerves from a parent; but we do not believe that any child ever inherits consumption.

Now let us try to understand how disease germs are spread. And first let me ask you how plant seeds are spread. You have often seen the downy seeds of the dandelion and of the thistle carried along in the wind. Or you may have noticed burs sticking to the fur of a dog, the wool of the sheep, or the tail and mane of the horse. The hard seeds of currants or berries are often seen in the droppings of birds. In all these cases, seeds may have been carried a long distance from the plant or shrub on which they grew. On one occasion Charles Darwin got no fewer than 80 seeds to sprout from a small piece of mud which he had removed from a bird's foot.

Keep these facts firmly in your mind, when you think of the spread of infectious diseases, like measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, mumps, diphtheria, chicken-pox, small-pox, and that most terrible scourge, consumption. Just as the seeds of many common plants are scattered by winds, waves, tides, streams, animals, ships, and railway cars, so the germs of infectious diseases are spread in the air, in water, in dust, in food, in clothing, and by means of animals, such as house-flies, fleas, mosquitoes, horses, dogs, cats, rats, cattle, and, of course, by man himself, and especially by those who have been in contact with infected persons.

You will now be able to understand how consumption spreads from one member of a family to another. The disease is caused by a plant so small that it can only be seen with a very powerful magnifying glass. The plant gets into the lungs, in the breath, and if the lungs turn out to be suitable soil, the plant starts to grow and increases in numbers. In its growth, it slowly kills small portions of the lungs, and these are coughed up, daily for months and months, until at last there is not enough of the lungs left to keep us alive. The stuff coughed up is called sputum. When those who have consumption are not careful to destroy the sputum with its thousands of tiny plants, but deposit it on the floor where it dries up, then the dried sputum may be the means of spread-

ing the germs of the disease all over the house. For you can easily see that the dried sputum will be walked upon, and broken into dust. When the floor is swept, this dust, crammed full of the tiny plants which cause the disease, is scattered through the air, and breathed by every member of the family. No wonder, then, that once consumption enters a house, it carries off more than one member of a family.

Some diseases of the skin, such as ringworm, and of the scalp, such as favus, are also caused by germs. These spread from one person to another by contact, that is, by the skin of one person touching that of another, or by both persons using the same articles, such as towels, combs, hair brushes, razors, rulers, drinking cups, knives, forks, spoons, table napkins, books, and many articles of clothing.

The practice in some schools of having a lot of pens and lead pencils kept in a box, and passed round to pupils from day to day, is wrong. Because, some pupils have the habit of holding these articles in the mouth. The next time they are passed round the class, other pupils in turn place them in their mouths. The result is that disease is sometimes spread from pupil to pupil.

Knowing then that certain diseases are spread by means of germs, either getting into the body, or on the body, it will at once be clear to you that you should follow certain rules, if you wish to stop the spread of these diseases. Cleanliness of body, of clothing, of food, of water, of houses, of furniture, of everything we touch or handle is one of the main things to practice. You will tell me, however, that you cannot see the tiny seeds of these diseases and that you can never tell when to be on your guard. That is, of course, very true; but you should always be on your guard, especially when any disease is common in the village, town, or section in which you live. Day schools, Sunday schools, churches, street cars, railway cars, crowded places of any kind, are nests from which infectious diseases are widely spread.

Besides keeping away from people who have any of these diseases, and not touching or using any articles or clothing which they have used, the next most important thing to do is to take such good care of your health, that you are always strong and fit for your work. When you are in robust health, you will escape a disease like consumption, which you may catch, when you are run down in health. For, you must never forget that your bodies—either inside or outside—are the soil on which disease germs grow. If the juices of your body are in a healthy state, they will generally kill disease germs, and you will escape infectious diseases in this way. What are these juices, you may ask? They are the juices, or fluids, which form naturally on the lining of the nose, mouth, throat, windpipe, stomach and bowels. If the germs are not killed by these juices, and happen to get into the blood, then the blood may do the killing, if it is well-nourished and healthy. But, if you get run down in health, by being poorly fed, or by overwork, or worry, or lack of rest and sleep, then every part of your body—juices, blood, flesh and all, fall into a bad state, and lose their power of killing disease germs. People in this run-down state take certain diseases which other people who are in good health escape. The second great

rule then for avoiding disease is as simple as the first one: keep your health up to a high standard: keep strong. Stop working altogether when you are feeling a bit "under the weather" and unfit to do your daily work. Rest and good food will make you strong and robust in a few days or weeks, and you can soon return to your work again, feeling that, excepting in case of accident, you will escape all infectious diseases if you should happen to be exposed to them.

Before concluding this address, let us look at the facts about another disease: malarial fever. We read of this disease in the times of the ancient Romans. A few miles from the city of Rome, there is a large tract of marshy land. Many generations of people, living near this marshy plain, have suffered from fever and ague. At certain seasons of the year, the disease is very bad. The peasants think no more about the coming of this disease every year than they do about the coming of cold weather, or of hot weather. They think the disease is caused by the heat and dampness of the place. They claim that a white vapor oozes out of the soil, and that when this is breathed, people take the sickness.

But in 1900, a strange thing happened. Two scientific men built a cottage on one of the worst parts of the plain, lived in it all summer and autumn, but never caught the fever. They had gone to Italy solely in order to test the truth or falsity of an idea which they held about the cause of the disease. They felt sure that it was spread from one person to another by means of mosquitoes. They thought that the disease was caused by germs getting into the blood, and that when a mosquito sucked such blood from a person who had malarial fever, and afterwards sucked blood from a well person, the mosquito gave the disease to the well person. In short, they thought that the mosquito was the carrier of malaria. Hence, they screened their cottage windows and took care not to be bitten by mosquitoes, and so escaped the disease. But to make sure that they were right, they sent to England some mosquitoes which had bitten malarial patients in Italy. When these insects reached England, and were allowed to bite a healthy person, he caught the disease, just the same as if he had been in Italy. Ever since 1900, wise people everywhere have been filling up marshes and ponds and trying to stop malaria, by trying to kill off the special kind of mosquito which spreads this fever. The kind which spreads it is known as anopheles; whereas our mosquito is called culex, and does not spread malaria, so far as we know at present. The disease is not caused by bacteria, but by a very tiny animal, which passes part of its life in a mosquito, and part of its life in the blood of a human being.

An Old Music Lover.

THE evening performance at the Royal was over, the curtain had rung down on a triumphant hero and a trodden-underfoot villain, and the audience jostled each other noisily out. Down in the orchestra the three violins and the cornet quarrelled in undertones, glancing, as they spoke, over to the fourth violin, who stood with his back to them, tying a little moth-eaten blanket round

his instrument. The lights gradually went out, the slamming up of seats ceased, as the ushers departed, but still a few figures remained down in the front, where the manager, a fussy little man, was evidently haranguing the performers.

"There's got to be something done," he was saying testily. "Somebody was making the worst caterwauling in that there last scene."

"'Twas Tommy," said the first violin rather sullenly, unscrewing his bow as he spoke. The others agreed silently, and the manager glanced over to the player in question. He was an old man with a lean, long body and pinched features; his lips, too, had a curious way of trembling when he spoke, as if he were ready to cry.

"Look here, Tommy, you've got to play up to scratch or—get out." The manager's tone was impatient and he thrummed his fingers on the piano as he waited. The old man paused in his work and looked up drearily.

"I don't seem to be able to get it right," he said slowly, "I must practice up a bit at home; my sight's not as good as it used to be."

"You've said that all along," returned the other; "I've heard it once too often, so to-night's your last appearance, you can get your pay at the office." He turned, and scrambling up on the stage, disappeared into the wings. The remaining players packed their traps in silence.

"Hard luck, Tommy," said one consolingly, as the old man, half-dazed by his sudden discharge, drew on his shabby overcoat. "What'll you do?"

Tommy shook his head blankly, his weak mouth trembled more than ever, and he seemed conscious of this for he passed his hand nervously across it two or three times.

"I don't know," he muttered, "I can't see my way clear yet, he might 've waited a bit, I could 've learned it up some more, but—" and his voice cheered up, "I'll do something, I'll get on."

"Well, good-bye," and the cornet player nodded, "I'll try and look you up some day, you and your old four-legs." Tommy jerked his head by way of an answer, and shuffled out, his long trembling fingers clutching the silver that had been shoved under the wicket to him.

"Mustn't let 'em see," he whispered to himself as he felt his way along the dark passage to the stage door. "Stick it out, Tommy-boy."

Once outside, as the door banged behind him, the old man almost gave way, but only for a second,—a rough tongue was licking his hand and a shaggy little dog leapt joyfully up at him. He stooped down and fondled his friend with shaking fingers, then straightened suddenly, and tucking his fiddle under his arm, they trudged down the dark street together, a shabby, pathetic-looking pair.

There was nothing especially interesting about the old violinist's life; it was the same old story of hard times. From a player in a fairly good orchestra the man had sunk,—a month's illness, loss of position, failing eyesight, and that dread phantom, old age, had all combined to bring him down to a job in a fifth-rate theatre, a cheerless home in a cheap lodging-house, and hardly enough to

keep body and soul together. Now the job was gone, he had been kicked out, as the man at the wicket had observed, and where were the next mouthfuls to come from?

"I don't care," he thought despondently as he crept painfully up the creaking stairway leading to his room, "but—" and he glanced down, with that feeble trembling of his lips again, at the gaunt, shaggy little figure beside him.

They were good chums, these two, the queer old man, with his queer little mongrel dog. None would have guessed at the passionate affection lavished by the one on his dumb friend, but in the brown eyes and in the eager wag of that stub of a tail, a wealth of devotion was silently expressed by the other. Tommy loved two things, first he loved his dog, and secondly he loved music, with a pathetic, unattainable sort of love. He had never played particularly well, he was no genius, none but third or fourth-rate orchestras, even in his palmy days, had ever wanted him, but deep down in his heart there burned a passionate desire to hear good music. How he had hated those jigs and waltzes that he had ground out night after night, all the while longing for even a snatch of the great master, Wagner, whose music he reverently loved. Often had he, after his night's work was over, stood outside the Cosmopolitan Opera House, while the grand opera season was in full swing, listening vainly for the sound of the violins as they rose and fell through Tannhäuser or perhaps through the greatest of all, Parsifal. How he had longed through all these long years for even one evening of absolute unalloyed happiness—to listen and listen with closed eyes while the great orchestra swung grandly on through the overture, and then to open them as the curtain rose on the opera itself, in all its beauty. But it had not been for him, others might pass in with coveted tickets in their hands, but he and Toby must trudge onward—bread must be earned and the night's engagement be fulfilled, though heart and soul are yearning for something deeper, something grander than the milk and water of modern rag-time.

A bitter cold morning dawned, and the two friends, after a slim breakfast, started out in search of work. Work—the whole atmosphere seemed to teem with it, the busy men, the anxious women, all hurrying past with definite purpose in their eyes, the crowded crossings, the opening shops—surely there must be bread and plenty for all; at least so thought the old violinist as he picked his way through the jostling crowd, his violin in its shabby case tucked tightly under one arm, and followed by Toby, a few steps behind. Nobody heeded them,—in that great city where poverty is all too common; no one had time except for a passing glance at the pinched features and the pitifully anxious eyes, none guessed the story, each one was too busy with his own affairs to heed those of his neighbor. Down a side alley the old man turned, and up a little flight of steps that led to the stage door of the Gaiety. The dog stayed on the bottom step and gazed after his master's shabby figure with wistful eyes until the heavy door banged behind him; then settled himself with his eyes fixed on the entrance and never budged. Once inside, Tommy turned to the left and after a few steps in the dark came out on the great stage which looked so bare and uninviting, without the glare of the footlights. In the orchestra a

few players were tuning up for the morning rehearsal, but as yet it was early and none of the company had yet put in an appearance. The old man stated his errand somewhat timidly, his lips trembling as he spoke, but the first violin, who seemed to be the spokesman, only shrugged his shoulders and shook his head.

"Got too many already," he stated briefly, and turned his back on the questioner as if the interview was closed for him. Tommy waited for a few minutes and then, seeing that no further attention was paid, crept out.

Down into the hurry and bustle of life again, across the crowded streets to the Majestic, then to Terry's, then to the Star, the weary search went on, but no one seemed to want him, not once even had they asked him to play. A half-contemptuous, half-amused glance, and a shake of the head was all the answer that was ever vouchsafed to him. His lips had a pathetic droop to them, and the dim eyes looked out like those of a scared animal, as an angry "No," roared out by a more irate manager than usual, sent him stumbling down the steps to the street.

Night came at last, and the weary pair toiled up the steep lodging-house stairs that led to their only home. They seemed to have tramped miles that day. Tommy had paid up his board and a debt, which had been long overdue, but if he could get no engagement, a day or two would exhaust his last week's pay. His clothes were past the pawning stage, and no one wanted a violin that squeaked, or a mongrel dog, even if the thought had come to him to sell his two chief treasures for bread. He faced the situation blankly, as he shared a meagre bite with his hungry companion; only a day or so more—well, he would make another attempt to-morrow, surely among all the theatres a fourth violin would be needed; he felt he could not aspire higher than that, he knew his own shortcomings only too well. But the next day passed as drearily as the first, and chilled to the bone, weary and hungry, the friends came home. That night the old violinist's dreams were filled with music, scraps of the operas drifted through his bewildered brain, the beautiful tones seemed to be rising and swelling in grand intensity; but alas! he awoke to the cheerlessness of a dreary dawn. Summoning up fresh courage, he fed the gaunt little creature who shared his bed, and together they started out on a fresh venture. His lean bent figure in the threadbare coat brushed into shabby respectability, caused no little amusement at the great Cosmopolitan Opera House, where the company was engaged in its usual morning rehearsal.

"Clear off the stage—you," came an angry shout, as the queer-looking pair attempted to make their way across to the further side. Tommy stopped and was shoved roughly to one side, where he stood, a patient, pathetic figure, his shabby hat in his hand and his lips trembling unwontedly. He was playing his last card, and a desperately poor one at that. It was hardly possible that this great orchestra of over seventy would need another instrument, but the bewildered brain of the old man led him on to this, his last chance. He forgot that the best talent from Europe almost had gathered together here under a great orchestral leader; he forgot that he was old and that his violin squeaked

unmercifully; he forgot that he needed bread; he forgot all, but that here was his opportunity to hear the great operas. If they would only let him play, even the smallest part, he would practice, ah, how he would practice, he—but there was the conductor now, a little white-haired man coming out of the low door beneath the stage. Tommy proffered his request in a low voice, touching his violin with fingers shaking with cold and nervousness. His lips trembled and his eyes looked hungrily at the score of Parsifal, which the conductor was unfolding. The little man looked him over keenly, not one pitiful detail of the shabby figure escaping him, but he shook his head, just as the others had done.

"No, I'm afraid you wouldn't suit."

"But, sir," pleaded Tommy desperately, "I could practice up a bit, I—"

The conductor smiled but picked up his baton.

"No, I'm afraid not," he repeated, turning the leaves of his music. Tommy regarded it pathetically; the little black notes seemed to dance tantalizingly up and down before his eyes, and the other seeing his expression, looked at him again.

"Ever heard this," he inquired, tapping the music in front of him.

"No," answered Tommy with dawning hope in his dull eyes.

"Like to?" The old man nodded, unable to speak, while the conductor said a word or two to one of the scene-shifters, and in a few minutes Tommy was in possession of a precious pink ticket for the Parsifal performance on the following evening. Dazed with weariness, bewildered with joy, he stumbled homeward. All day he sat fingering the little slip, till at last mortal weariness overcame him and he slept, the faithful Toby, with the gleam of actual hunger in his eyes, lying watching beside him.

With his last cent he bought a little food for his companion; and then brushing his hat with nervous fingers, he sat patiently throughout another day, waiting the hour for the doors to open. It came at last, and he crept down the steep stairs for the last time and emerged in the bitter air. But prompt to the minute he was in his place in the orchestra chairs, a queer old figure among the fluttering fans and the swish of silken gown. He was faint with hunger, for he had eaten nothing all day; he hadn't a cent in the world; he was friendless but for his dumb companion, practically homeless; but despite all this he was radiantly happy. The idea of his life had been realized, and the old music-lover's joy was so deep that his breath came in short painful gasps and his eyes filled, as the great overture commenced. As in a dream, he heard the first whisper of the violins as they rose, swelling at last into the great Motif of Faith; he drew a long breath and sat forward, his hands on his knees and his blurred eager eyes fixed on the curtain. Slowly it rose, and the great opera, in all its solemn beauty of theme and music went on. More than one curious observer glanced at the old man, as the passionate eagerness in his face deepened, but none could realize the absolute joy of the listening that was vouchsafed to that pitifully bent old figure in the orchestra stalls. His body grew tense, he breathed in short sobbing gasps, as the voices of the unseen choir chanting above, swept over the hushed auditorium. It was too much, and in a

trance he picked up his hat and went down the aisle and out into the frosty air. For once in his life he failed to notice Toby, but stumbled on down the streets, through the drifting snow, where, he did not know, but to some place, where he could hear again in memory those swelling chords, listen again to the sobbing whisper of the violins, and the exquisite chanting.

He found a seat in a little square, and leaning against the trunk of a bare tree, drew the dog up beside him. The snow swept in hurrying eddies, blown hither and thither by the wind, it drifted on the huddled figure, the blast cut his pinched face, but he felt nothing, his brain was in a delirious ecstasy of music, a thousand happy fancies floated through his mind, till at last he felt drowsy. The dog whined anxiously.

"Listen, Toby, listen," he whispered brokenly, "you'll hear it, the music, you know," but his voice drifted off into silence; and still the snow fell, drifting up around the pair like a great white blanket.

In the morning they found him, one arm about his dead friend; his poor plain features sealed with such an unutterable calm, that even the rough Italian workmen raised their shabby caps, as they silently lifted the snow-covered figure.

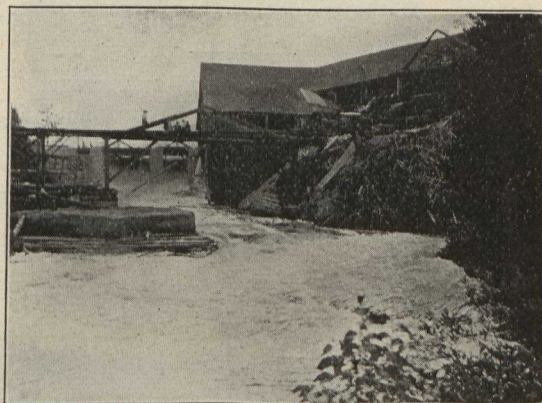
He had, in truth, heard the choir invisible.

HELEN W. DRUMMOND.

Scenes on the Madawaska and Bonnechere Rivers.

KNIGHT'S MILL.

THIS saw-mill is located at the "Fourth Chute" on the Bonnechere River, some six miles east of the village of Eganville. Until lately it has been



KNIGHT'S MILL.

the property of Mr. John Knight, a brother of Dr. A. P. Knight, of Queen's University.

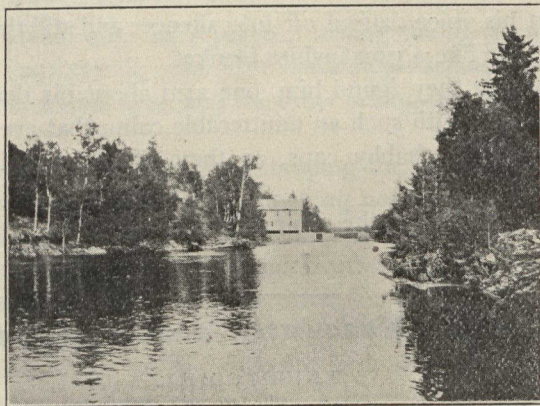
There is a total fall in the river here of some forty-five feet, and it is estimated that from one thousand to twelve hundred horse-power may be devel-

oped. A portion of a new concrete dam built during the winter of 1906-07 may be seen in the cut.

Behind the pile of "edgings," shown on the right of the view, is the entrance to a cave which once apparently formed the course of the river. The length of the cave, including its branches, will probably exceed 500 yards, and many fantastic grottoes and pillars have been formed in the sedimentary limestone by the action of the stream.

POWER PLANT, EGANVILLE, ONT.

This power plant is located on the Bonnechere River, about a mile and a quarter east of the village of Eganville. A new dam was constructed here dur-

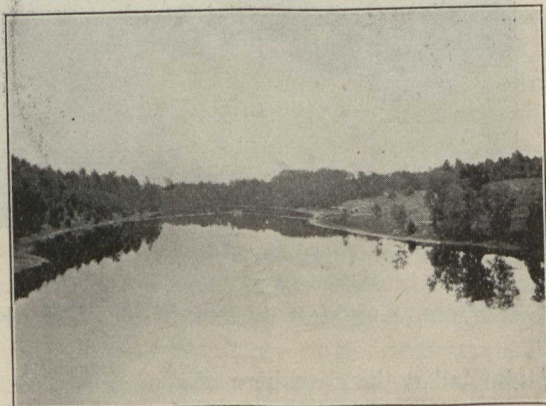


NEW POWER PLANT ON THE BONNECHERE RIVER.

ing the winter of 1907, and the plant was put in operation during the following summer. The power generated is used for lighting the village of Eganville.

SCENE ON THE MADAWASKA RIVER.

This view was taken from Wallace's Bridge, which spans the Madawaska some three or four miles above the town of Arnprior.



SCENE ON THE MADAWASKA RIVER.

Down stream may be seen booms stretched to hold up the "drives" which are annually brought down the river.

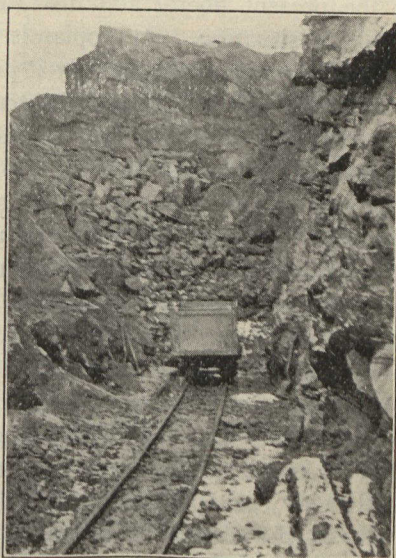
Some eighteen or twenty miles further up stream is Calabogie Lake (13 miles south of Renfrew), which is becoming quite a summer resort.

It may interest readers of this sketch to look at the view in an inverted position.

RADNOR MINE, EGANVILLE, ONT.

The Radnor Mine is an iron property belonging to the Canada Iron Furnace Co., of Montreal. It is located some nine miles from the village of Eganville.

The mine was operated on a small scale for some six or seven years, the output being shipped to Radnor forges, Quebec. Only ore readily accessible from the surface was extracted.



RADNOR MINE, EGANVILLE, ONT.

The rock cut shown above was one put in during the summer of 1907, with a view to testing if the ore could be economically extracted from any considerable depth. The face shown is about thirty feet in height.

The ore, which is a granular magnetite, occurs in lenses varying in thickness from 0-8 or 10 feet which occupy a well-defined zone dipping at an angle of about 25 degrees and showing a horizontal extension of some 1,200 feet. The country-rock is a reddish granite-gneiss.

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Editorials.

SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

SOCIALISM through its recent alliance with the labor interests and its coquetting with the present liberal administration, has become a great force in the English political situation. So utopian is the society that Socialists would set up, so doubtful the value of the remedy it proposes for present social ills, so small the number who embrace it in all its tenets, that practical politicians have never expected to be brought face to face with it. By insidious degrees, however, Socialism has lost its doubtful and disagreeable features by merging itself with the propaganda for more practical social reform. By the same slow process the labor party and the mass of restless malcontents have been drawn into the Socialistic net. In England there appears to be amongst a certain class a failure to distinguish between some measures for the benefit of the workingman and the fundamental Socialistic proposal that would convert all private property and goods into a common possession of the community.

Lord Rosebery, from his lonely furrow, has discerned the gathering of the hosts of Socialism. He predicts that Socialism will grow so urgent in its demands for the adoption of its utopian schemes that it will have to be resisted. The House of Lords, Rosebery says, will act as a bulwark against tendencies that would disrupt the basis of society. Moreover, the ex-Premier is not alone in his belief that a wave of Socialism is about to sweep over England. Many men of foresight have demanded a union of moderate parties to oppose a barrier to the dangerous propaganda that is being carried on against society in its present form.

An interesting feature of Lord Rosebery's appeal for the "heading off" of the Socialistic movement is his contention that the majority should not sink into complacent assurance because it is a majority. "Resolutions," he says, "are made not by the majority, but by the minority—an earnest and violent minority, but still a minority."

The relations of the Campbell-Bannerman administration with the labor party will probably undergo a modification if that wing swings into line with

the Socialists. Hon. Mr. Asquith will not compromise with Socialism, despite the influence of party alliances. The sympathies of Mr. Burns, president of the Municipal Government Board, are undoubtedly with the labor party. In case of a campaign against Socialism it would be interesting to watch his movements. He has, however, never been extreme in his demands; and it is not unlikely that he would stand firm by a programme of practical measures of the betterment of the conditions of the laboring classes.

Lord Rosebery has at least done no harm by calling attention to the growing strength of the Socialist propaganda.

A WORD IN PARTING.

Number 11 is the last issue of the Journal that will be published while college is in session. It becomes our sad duty therefore to bid our readers farewell and end our task as we began it—with certain reflections.

The Journal, during the fall term, broached the question of its conversion into a weekly. It was dissatisfied at that time; and the grounds of its dissatisfaction have not been entirely removed. It is beyond doubt that the Journal can, as a fortnightly, be made into a periodical of some interest and value to the students. The constituency from which a staff may expect assistance, is sufficiently large to meet all ambitions of the editorial mind, if properly canvassed. In a fortnightly journal, however, the news items will inevitably be stale and uninteresting. At a university, too, the march of events is especially rapid.

There is this further difficulty about the present status of the Journal. Owing to the fact that our leading articles and other features that give a publication dignity of tone, must be supplied by students, it is impossible to attain any degree of literary merit. Students cannot publish a literary magazine. Their work may be creditable and afford great promise, but it will leave a tinge of amateurism. To make up the deficiency in this respect, appeal may be made to members of the university staff or graduates. But as soon as this is done, the Journal trespasses on the field of the *Quarterly*. In view of these considerations, therefore, it is unquestionably true that important advantages would inhere in the substitution of a weekly for a fortnightly publication. The news items and general information disseminated by a weekly can be made of infinitely greater interest than those of a fortnightly. A weekly can keep in closer touch with events.

During the present session the Journal has found it impossible to report one-tenth of the interesting lectures or addresses made to the students by prominent men from other institutions. And many events that were of interest to the students were not reported because they had become stale before publication. Queen's can support a brisk, lively weekly; and such a paper would be eagerly looked for by all students who take any interest in general college affairs. The attempt to publish a journal that combines a literary or scientific side with a news section is not likely to meet with success.

Of course, a publication of a weekly by the Alma Mater may not be feasible. The cost involved may be too great: the inducements to advertisers may not be strong enough: the support of the students may not be forthcoming: it may be impossible to enlist a staff that will undertake the work involved. All these things must be taken into consideration.

Moreover, the conversion of the Journal into a weekly would necessitate a change in its character. There would be no space for lengthy articles in a weekly. Such a periodical would have to be light and readable, filled with well-written reports of lectures, concerts, and similar events.

Queen's will soon demand a good weekly. The Journal staff for the ensuing session should consider the matter.

Editorial Notes.

The *Whig* intimates that the university is in some respects a suitable place for the preparation of the prospective journalist; but it maintains that the newspaperman must develop characteristics. The Journal has on its staff several men who intend to follow journalism as a profession. It is not to be doubted that they would welcome at the hands of the *Whig* a serious explanation of the import of the somewhat ambiguous advice it tendered.

It is unfortunate that the Mulloy fund could not have been brought to the attention of the students earlier in the session. At the present time the most unselfish being has thoughts about his own peace of mind.

The Science students are pondering offers of summer jobs. To the men in Arts it is incomprehensible that employers of labor should show a preference for men from the School of Mines! The Science men may justly pose as the aristocrats of the University. The humblest of them has ample opportunity to secure lucrative employment.

An Address on Socialism.

ON Friday afternoon, March 27th, the students and those interested in economic and social problems were privileged to listen to a very able and comprehensive address on Socialism, given by D. J. B. Bonar, Master of the Mint, Ottawa. The following is a summary of the address:

"It is one of the penalties of modern civilization that civilized countries sooner or later share each other's problems. This one of Socialism will be duly shared. Canada, by hastening the development of her manufactures, is hastening the coming of the difficulties associated with manufacture in the old countries, this being one of them. It may be useful for a new country to see how this problem has been dealt with in two old ones, Germany and England.

Socialism of the distinctly modern type is that policy or theory which aims at the securing, by the action of the central democratic authority, of a better distribution and, in due subordination thereunto, a better production of wealth than now prevails.

We must distinguish (1) ancient or early Socialism from modern, the latter being (a) 'scientific,' (b) 'democratic.'

We must distinguish (2) the socialism of socialistic leaders from their opinions on marriage, metaphysics, or religion, that have logically nothing to do with their socialism.

Modern Socialism is 'scientific' in relying on serious economic study. Its best known theories were formed by German writers on principles professedly drawn from English economists, together with principles of evolution professedly drawn from German philosophers. The evolution of society has, according to those Socialists, been due to the contention of classes. At present the contention is between capitalists and workmen. The latter's position, they said, will become progressively worse, till the position becomes intolerable, and the workmen, through the state, have the upper hand.

Even in Germany such principles were not pressed to the uttermost; and with the very success of the Socialist party they have become modified. Socialism, however, does not stand or fall with Marx or Lassalle. There was even in their days a Socialism in the church and in the universities, the latter looking to the present state without wish for revolution. Possibly in Germany there may be a compromise.

In England there was never a likelihood of anything else than a compromise. "We are all Socialists," only in a loose sense. There is (since about 1880) a greater readiness for intervention of the state and regulation by it. But all interference and regulation are not Socialism. The English people will not be kept back from a reform because it is called Socialistic, but its progress in Socialism has been almost entirely in Municipal Socialism. We have had Anarchism as a rival of Socialism. Anarchism would, as such, dispense with all central government, perhaps, all government, though there are three sorts of anarchists, very unlike one another and all teaching us something. The modern anarchists have been useful critics of Socialism, showing for example the risk of bureaucracy and tyranny under it. But Socialism is nearer the truth in some ways. As men now are, government is necessary; national defence is necessary. But the Socialists exaggerate the mischiefs in the present order of things and do not enough recognize the need of training for a new order.

Municipal and not State Socialism seems to have a future before it. Regulation increases in the state, but little creation, whereas the smaller bodies with their delegated authority seem to have no assignable limit to their creative powers except the willingness of the representative parliament to delegate authority to them. We must see to it that our representative system represents us *at our best*. Councils, small or great, become none the cleaner for having larger powers. But, if they are clean, the coming Socialism (of which none can surely say the precise complexion) will itself represent us at our best and have no terrors for us.

Arts.

PROFESSOR Morison is going to start an Historical Society. Recognizing that the debating field is pretty well covered by the Political Science Club, it is not his desire to encroach upon its territory. Instead of holding regular meetings, outside speakers on historical subjects will be brought to Queen's at irregular intervals. Professor Morison has already secured the promise of several men of distinction to speak next year. One of the chief objects of the new society will be to keep in touch with graduates and to stimulate post-graduate reading. This is a commendable departure from the policy of the existing college clubs and it is hoped that the efforts of Professor Morison will meet with a hearty response at the hands of the students.

A debate has been arranged between Bates' College, Lewiston, Me., and Queen's, to take place early in May at Lewiston. The subject for debate is Resolved "that England should make a substantial departure in her free trade policy with regard to imports," of which Queen's will support the negative. Bates' College has an enviable reputation for debating, it having won fifteen debates in the last eleven years and only lost two in that period. Queen's has reposed its hopes in the persons of Messrs. D. A. McArthur and D. Ramsay, and we feel that such tried and able speakers will be equal to the occasion.

This is a movement which will be fruitful of much good and testifies to the enterprise of our Debating Committee.

At a meeting of the final year, held March 17th, the permanent executive was elected. The following are the results: Hon. Pres., Prof. Morison; Pres., M. N. Omond; Vice-Pres., Miss Shaw; Sec.-Treas., R. S. Stevens; Asst. Sec., Miss Lambert; Historian, G. H. Wilson; Prophet, H. W. McKiel; Orator, R. H. Somerville; Poetess, Miss Code; Marshall, G. C. Valens.

The appointment of a valedictorian was left over until a later date.

Professor Shortt returned home last Monday from the East. For the past three weeks he has been acting as chairman on an arbitration board appointed to enquire into the dispute between the Dominion Coal Co. and its employees. It is believed that this long standing disagreement has been satisfactorily settled.

The picture recently purchased by the Arts Society has been placed in position in the consulting library, old Arts building. Yeun King is the artist, and the subject, "A Welsh Harvest." This is a good beginning for a Queen's Art collection.

D. L. Mackay, '09, who has been sick in the hospital for the last three weeks, with low fever, expects to be around in a few days. Messrs. McKnight and Waterson, '10, have also been ill for some time.

Classes in honour history closed on March 20th.

Divinity.

NUMERICALLY, the year 1908 in Divinity is not very large. We started with nine men, we end with five. But what we lack in numbers we make up in —, well, it would not do to say what. The West called loudly and clearly, Mr. Fred Miller, B.A., heard and responded. In a few months, or weeks, from now we will doubtless hear that Fred, and somebody else has taken up their abode in the manse. It is likely that Mr. W. M. Hay, B.A., and Mr. R. Brydon, B.A., will return to college to take up post-graduate work. We fear there will be no chance of a manse in that direction for some time to come. Mr. A. T. Ford, B.A., will remain at home for two or three months and then—well, Alex. knows what then, but will not tell. The Pope heard the call of the wilds of New Ontario, and at Latchford the latch will always be on the string, and a welcome extended to the men of Queen's. Of course the Pope is not allowed to have a manse and what a manse implies, but he will do his best to make the fellows feel at home when they call. And, by the way, how is this for Queen's and New Ontario: At New Liskeard, Rev. Mr. Pitts, B.A., at Haileybury, Rev. Mr. Donnel, M.A., at Cobalt, Rev. Mr. Byrnes, B.A., B.D., and at Latchford the Pope. And all graduates of Queen's. There is a rumor that a new presbytery is to be formed, composed of the Temiskaming district. If this is carried out, it will certainly be a Queen's presbytery. All "heretics" welcome.

The final year has in its possession a group photograph which it would be a pleasure to present to the Hall. The group is composed of the professors, Dr. Milligan, of Toronto, and the members of the final year. There is no reason why the final year Divinity group should go to decorate the Arts reading-room. Why not make our own walls things of beauty and a joy forever. The photograph referred to would help very much in this. All that the Hall has to do is to ask and it shall be given.

Ladies.

IT is really spring! The seventeenth of old Ireland has passed with its sprays of green, suggestive of all the warm-hearted sentiment of the inhabitants of the Emerald Isle; the robins are chirping cheerfully from the leafless branches, their plumage brightening the brown twigs as they flit hither and thither; the skies are taking on deeper tints, which you probably know if you have taken a walk with any of the Art class in Education. Yea, more, if you still doubt it, behold the small boy and his sublime indifference to your progress as you step over or around him, as you choose, while he crouches in an attitude of intense absorption, watching the course of certain spheres which are more fascinating to his boyish heart than the latest discovery in the astronomic world to the most advanced student of the starry vault. Now will you believe it! It's spring.

What's spring? "Maple syrup," says the country boy; "Fishin'" says the village urchin; and the busy housewife as she sweeps down another cobweb,

says, "we must begin house-cleaning next week." And we of the editorial staff begin to-night. For the accumulated surplus of material so kindly contributed during the year by the wise and otherwise must either be sent in for publication in this number or consigned to eternal oblivion.

Here's a learned essay on 'The Higher Education of Women' on which our girls, having already decided the question, need not waste time. Here are articles, short and long, grave and gay, prosy and fascinating, solving beyond a shadow of doubt—at least to the mind of the writer—all the problems that bear on the life of a girl in college. But, alas! they do not reach the high standard of literary art which would justify their presentation to the cultured and critical readers of the "Ladies' Column," and so with ruthless hand they are given to "the goat," if we may borrow him for the occasion from his corner in the Globe office. Much of the poetry must follow down the throat of that long-suffering, much-swallowing creature. But lest we seem to fail in the expression of the heart experience of some of our number, we publish one selection from many such which we hope will meet the need and express the feeling of the neglected class. The following was sent in by C. E. L.:

A SUMMER TRAGEDY.

A tale of woe, I'd tell to you
 Of a fair mamselle and a dark m'sieur,
 Who met by the river-side.
 His velvety eyes were of ebony hue,
 And a tender smile had this dark m'sieur—
 She hoped to be his bride.
 They stood beside the campfire's glare;
 She loved him, but he left her there,
 By the darkly flowing tide.
 A simple hand-clasp and they part,
 But ah! within the maiden's heart
 A gash both deep and wide.

Thus endeth the spring house-cleaning, and thus, O gentle reader, endeth this laborious and long drawn-out fabrication. Don't you at least admire the self-control that has refrained from mentioning among the harbingers of spring those much discussed —, but they shan't be mentioned even now.

The annual meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Friday, March 20th, 1908, and the reports from the various committees show that the year's work has been, as far as figures can tell, a very successful one. The convener of the missionary committee reported that \$30 had been sent to Miss MacDonald in the fall, and that \$41.85 had been collected for the S.U.M.A. As the Silver Bay committee had a surplus of \$60, after putting aside \$80 for the expenses of the two delegates, it was agreed to take enough from that fund to bring the missionary contribution up to \$100. After the other reports were given, the

results of the election were read and the new officers installed. The following are the newly elected: Hon. Pres., Mrs. Ross; President, Miss Jessie Muir; Vice-Pres., Miss Dorothy Robertson; Rec.-Sec., Miss Helen Denne, Cor.-Sec., Miss Irene Dunlop; Treas., Miss Ethel Jordan. Before the adjournment of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks was given the retiring president, Miss Mac-Innes, who has made the welfare of the society her constant aim throughout the year.

Miss Muir, the new president, and Miss Shortt, the convener of the Silver Bay committee, are the delegates from the Y.W.C.A. to the convention to be held there in June.

What a variety of forms criticism may take! "Learned, by Jupiter, and industrious," "Somewhat irreverent form of expression," "A correct statement, dear" (clear), "I defy anyone to find meaning in this phrase," are some of the comments seen on recent essays. Which is yours?

The Dean and Mrs Lavell entertained the students in Education on Tuesday, March 17. St. Patrick was duly remembered in both decoration and music.

It is with very deep regret Queen's students learned of the death of Miss Muriel Lindsay, a member of the year '04. Miss Lindsay was known by many of the girls now in college, for, although she got her degree in '05, she came back to college during the year '06-'07, taking the work in final English, and the preliminary work in History and German. She took an active interest in the Levana and Y. W. Societies, and in any undertaking of the girls her assistance was freely given. She was very bright and optimistic and had a kindly word always. Miss Lindsay's death is very sudden and unexpected, for she has been ill only a short time. The college girls wish to extend their sympathy to those bereaved by her death.

Science.

WE note with satisfaction that the college Y.M.C.A. has been reorganized, and judging by the personnel of the present executive we feel confident that great things may be expected of them.

There is one point, however, which we hope the new executive will take up and deal with properly, and not in the evasive manner which has marked the action of former executives. We refer to the "color" question, as it affects the annual freshmen's reception. A little close consideration will settle this matter satisfactorily to all. A society which calls itself a Christian association must deal more consistently than it has in the past with a subject of this nature.

Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin's annual dinner to the final year in Science was enjoyed by some thirty-three '08 men, on the evening of March 18th, and it was

indeed a pleasant evening for every single one present entered into the enjoyment with an enthusiasm which kept up until a late hour.

After a toast by Dr. Goodwin to '08 Science, and one to Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin by a member responding for the year, there followed several very amusing speeches. A toast to "The Carlsbad Twins," proposed by Colin Orford and responded to by the Jeffery brothers (twins), kept the boys in fits of laughter. Another toast to the ladies, by Frank Stidwell, brought out some very clever hits and ready responses by J. B. Milliken, and Allen Findlay, who gave expression to his feelings by a couple of inspiring violin solos. Among other toasts there were those to "The Rink," by A. M. Grant, "The Pipe," by James Hill, and "Simple Life" by Alfred Cummings.

T. A. McGinnis, in responding to "The Pipe," held the crowd in merriment for about fifteen minutes, and himself took great pleasure in several personal hits at Swezey in particular, and every one else in general.

Professor Nicol and Professor Macphail, with Dr. Goodwin, gave some very good advice to the graduating class, at the same time entering into the happy spirit of the evening.

Dr. Goodwin, quoting one of the boys as having said that "we shall soon hear from the graduating class," ventured to interpret that such hearing probably means in the form of a one hundred thousand dollar cheque for a new chemistry building. Sad, but true to relate, McGinnis, in responding for "The Pipe," referred to this as a "pipe dream."

The members of the year '08 Science have spent many pleasant evenings during their four years at Queen's, but they all affirm that had they failed to be present on this occasion when Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin so kindly and thoughtfully extended their generous hospitality, they would truly have missed one of the very pleasantest entertainments of their happy college days.

Mr. G. J. McKay will shortly issue a publication in connection with the extension scheme, which shall be in the form of a directory of the graduates and their doings. A more complete publication will follow in the course of a few weeks. Mr. McKay is giving a great deal of his time to this work, and his efforts indicate success. We doubt not that by next winter the success of the undertaking will be so far assured that a number of graduates will meet in Kingston for the first annual dinner of the Science Club of Queen's.

The Engineering Society Executive have among other matters considered the advisability of establishing a technical supply department to be controlled by the Society and shall probably recommend same in annual report to the society.

A critic is a man who could not have done it himself.

Patience is often mere laziness.

The Engineering Society was most fortunate in having as a speaker, on March 26th, Dr. James Douglas, of New York, widely known in technical and industrial circles throughout the United States and Canada.

Although Dr. Douglas has lived in the United States for many years, he is still a Canadian and moreover a graduate of Queen's, having graduated from this institution fifty years ago.

His address before the Engineering Society, dealing so widely and with such experience on the technical and political economics of this continent, held the closest attention of his large audience. This address will be published in full in the next number of the Journal.

In the evening the Board of Governors of the School of Mining entertained Dr. Douglas at dinner.

In responding to a toast to his health, he modestly outlined his career since going to the United States, but urged the inadvisability of young Canadians emigrating across the line at the present day when so much energy and industrial ability is required to develop the resources of Canada, where numerous facilities are offered.

Alumni.

THE annual meeting of Queen's Alumni Association of Saskatchewan was held early in March, and the following officers were elected for the year: Hon. Pres., Prof. John Watson, Vice-Principal of Queen's; Pres., N. F. Black, M.A., Regina; First Vice-Pres., J. A. Aiken, M.A., Saskatoon; Second Vice-Pres., R. A. Wilson, M.A., Ph.D., Regina; Sec.-Treas, John S. Huff, B.A., Regina. Committee—Mrs. E. Simpson, Regina; Miss E. D. Cathro, B.A., Regina; A. Kennedy, M.A., Prince Albert; W. W. Boland, M.A., Yorkton; F. J. Ellis, M.D., Regina; S. W. Arthur, B.A., M.D., Redvers; A. H. Singleton, B.A., M.D., Rouleau; and the president of any local association in Saskatchewan.

Any Queen's student going to Saskatchewan during the summer would do well to send his address to the secretary of the Association, in order to come into closer touch with the Queen's graduates in that province. This is one of the real live Queen's Alumni Associations, and the Journal wishes it all success.

The Queen's Alumni Association of Hamilton recently held its annual meeting, and elected the following officers:—Hon. Pres., Principal Gordon; Pres., Dr. Malloch; Sec.-Treas., Dr. Hugh Laidlaw. Committee—Lieut.-Col. Logie, Rev. D. R. Drummond, Miss McKerracher, J. B. Turner, Rev. J. Anthony, Rev. S. H. Gray.

A 1907 graduate in Arts of Queen's, Mr. A. M. Burchill, B.A., (extramural) died on Feb. 3rd, '08, after a few days illness at Weston, where he was assistant in the High school. A man of splendid character and fine attainments, enthusiastic in his work, with great regard for the professors of Queen's with whom he came in touch; his was a pleasing personality, and his early demise is much deplored by all who knew him.

It is with sincere regret that we note the death of Miss Muriel C. Lindsay, B.A., '05, which recently occurred in Peterboro. Miss Lindsay was well-known to many students now at Queen's and her early death is sincerely regretted by her many friends.

The marriage took place at Fernie, B.C., on March 19th, of Miss Lottie Ethel Frizzel, of that place, to Robert Potter, B.Sc., a '07 graduate of Queen's, city engineer of Fernie, and son of James Potter, Kingston. The Journal extends congratulations.

W. Perry Wilgar, B.Sc., C.E., a '03 graduate of Queen's, has been appointed a divisional engineer on the Transcontinental railway, with headquarters at Nipigon. We are pleased to note this well-deserved promotion.

The engagement is announced of Mr. G. R. Randall, '05 Medicine, a Queen's graduate, who is practising in South Milwaukee, Madison, U.S., to Miss Emma Julia Krueck, a graduate of '05 of Wisconsin. (By request.)

Medicine.

ON the afternoon of March 16th, the final year held its last year meeting. Several business items were transacted and a committee composed of Messrs. Byers, Byrne, Hughes, Hunter and Myers was appointed to look after Medicine's interests in the final year dance, which is to be held immediately after examinations.

At the close of the meeting a short programme was given and those who did not contribute either musical or instrumental selections, were called upon for speeches. The several speakers all acknowledged that although for the last four years they had looked forward to the spring of '08, yet when that time came they would much regret to bid farewell to the old Medical halls where they had spent so many enjoyable as well as profitable hours. And then for the last time the '08 Medical yell, which had become so familiar to the corridors, was given in such a rousing manner that they trembled from attic to basement.

Dr. H. D. L. Spence, a '07 graduate, who has been house surgeon in Erie Hospital, Erie, Penn., for the last year, has returned to the city and will write on his council examinations in May.

J. C. Shillabeer, '09, and J. D. Neville, '10, who were lately confined in the General Hospital, are again attending lectures.

R. M. Ferguson, '10, has had to give up lectures and will be unable to write on his examinations on account of severe illness. He is at present in the General Hospital, but will leave for his home at Smith's Falls as soon as strength permits.

Those of the final year who were successful in passing the recent examinations on mental diseases have received their diplomas.

In a competitive examination, held on March 21st at the Norwegian Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y., out of a large number of candidates G. H. V. Hunter was successful in obtaining third place. He will join the staff of house surgeons on Jan. 1st, 1909, which position he will be entitled to hold for two years.

Exchanges.

IN the *St. John's College Magazine* from Winnipeg is an editorial dealing with the difficulty of financing the various college organizations and societies. This difficulty has raised the question as to whether or not a compulsory fee should be paid by every student for the support of these organizations. The college is not an institution merely for the acquirement of knowledge from textbooks, with the help of a learned staff; it is also for the development of character and body. For this purpose the lecture-room must be supplemented by the campus and rostrum, in fact, by a number of organizations and societies among the students. That this is a fact seems to be acknowledged by the fact that these college organizations are often advertised in the calendars as inducements to students in pursuit of an all-round education. But while the fees for tuition are stated very clearly in the calendars, those for the support of the supplementary parts of education are not mentioned at all; and they are collected with great difficulty. The result is that probably two-thirds of the students pay for the support of organizations from which the whole body of students receive benefit. "There can be no doubt that every student should support financially and otherwise every side of college life, and the only question is, 'How may he do so with the least inconvenience to himself and his institution—by a voluntary contribution taken from him in various small amounts or by a compulsory lump sum required from him by his college to be paid with his tuition fees?'" The latter method is strongly favored by the writer as being more satisfactory to both parties.

This plan is already followed at Queen's as regards Athletics and the Faculty societies, and might well be extended so as to apply to other interests, such as Debating, Music, and to the Journal.

We do not quite understand why *Vox Wesleyana* should include the following story in her Alumni column:

LATHER AND EVOLUTION.

An Irishman one day went into a barber shop to get shaved. After he was seated and the lather about half applied, the barber was called to an adjoining room where he was detained for some time. The barber had in the shop a pet monkey, which was continually imitating its master. As soon as the latter left the room the monkey grabbed the brush and proceeded to finish lathering the customer's face. After doing this he took a razor from its case

and stropped it and then turned to the Irishman to shave him. "Shtop that," said the latter firmly. "Ye can tuck the towel on me neck and put the soap on me face, but sure yer father's got to shave me."—*The Argonaut.*

DO YOU KNOW HER?

The brightness of her eyes o'ercomes me,
Her smile is brilliant, it is true,
Her tresses are her shining glory,
Alas! She is light-headed too.

—*Collegiate Echoes.*

I caddot sigg the ode soggs
I sagg so logg ago,
Because I have a bad code,
By dose is stopped up so.
The icy widds are blowigg dow,
By dose is blowigg too,
I caddot sigg the ode soggs
As odce I used to do.
I caddot sigg the ode soggs,
Oh! Dab this code. A-atchoo!

—*Hya Yaka.*

Y. M. C. A.

"Graft" was the subject of a talk given by Professor Nicol at the Y.M.C.A. March 7th. The speaker interpreted the term to mean "the acceptance of anything, especially money, to which we are not legitimately entitled." He referred to the prevalence of graft in our modern business life and he showed how easily the public conscience becomes dulled so that it looks upon graft as inevitable in our social life. Education and culture will not render us safe against such an insidious enemy: the only way to deal with it is to put it away from us altogether and abhor it.

At the conclusion of Professor Nicol's paper a motion was passed "that the membership fee be abolished and that the expenses of the Y.M.C.A. be henceforth paid by subscription.

The final year will furnish a programme for the next meeting.

The Y.M.C.A. has sent out an announcement, outlining their change in policy and their aim in appointing a permanent general secretary. The Medical and Science and Arts' Y.M.C.A.'s have joined forces to form a Queen's University Y.M.C.A. With their energies thus concentrated, it is believed that Y.M.C.A. work can be more systematically and effectively carried on and the intention of the society is to expand and embrace a large sphere of interests. By the appointment of a permanent secretary, they hope to overcome the diffi-

culty which they have experienced in the past, viz., lack of continuity in their policy caused by a yearly change of executive. The society appeals to the student body for their "financial and moral support," which will be necessary if success is to crown their efforts.

The financial success of the movement in expansion in Y.M.C.A. work will be due in large measure to the interest shown by friends outside the college. The Association desires to specially acknowledge the generosity of Mr. John Penman, of Paris, and of Mr. John M. Gill, of Brockville, both of whom made very substantial subscriptions towards the expenses of the Association.

The annual international conference of student Y.M.C.A.'s will be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake, June 19th to 28th. It is hoped that Queen's will be represented by a strong delegation.

Book Review.

The Philosophical Basis of Religion. A series of lectures by John Watson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. (Glasgow: Jas. Maclehose and Sons, 1907.)

MOST of those who have had the privilege of listening to Professor Watson's lectures in person will prefer to buy the book at once and do their own reviewing. And needless to say there are many others for whom the title page and the author's name will be sufficient to ensure their prompt reading of this latest contribution of philosophical thought towards the solution of one of the greatest problems of life. But for the honor which it does our column, even though it means a temporary (and temerarious) reversal of rôle, we could not let the opportunity pass, of indicating briefly the nature and scope of the work.

The author deals first with the helps and hindrances to the development of the religious consciousness which have arisen from its inevitable dependence on authority. Nowadays this authority is quite discredited, and if we are to satisfy in any degree the longings we all have for some form of religious faith, it must be through the medium of reason.

A sketch of the development of thought is given, including an analysis of Kant's philosophy, of Herbert Spencer's, of Green and of Bradley's. Many will be interested in the close analysis of Professor James' Pragmatism, of which we read so much in the magazines lately. The examination shows it to be resting on two untenable assumptions: (1) that nothing is verifiable except "scientific" fact; (2) that there is an absolute opposition of faith and knowledge.

Taking up then another conception of religion, namely, that it is not a creed but a life, Professor Harnack, the exponent of the historical view, is examined, and the one-sidedness of his view exposed.

The eight succeeding lectures form a critical study of the evolution of religious thought from the time of Philo down to that of Leibnitz, and cover the

vast field in such a way as to show the "process by which the religious consciousness has through the ages been gradually purified and enriched."

The Gnostic theology in its three forms, Judaic, Hellenic, and Syriac, is fully analyzed. Augustine's gradual upbuilding of a theology from the elements at his disposal presents a picture not unlike that of the modern sceptic and philosopher seeking his way through the alternate sunshine and mists of faith and doubt, while in Thomas Aquinas we have a summing up of medieval Christianity, and a revelation of how far we have travelled from the medieval conception of religion as based on the mysterious efficacy of the sacraments, and the external authority of the articles of faith. Luther and Descartes are studied as representatives of the modern spirit, Spinoza as one who tried to substitute philosophy for religion, and Leibnitz as one who tried to reconcile them.

The central idea of the lectures, held throughout, and confirmed by these historical studies, is that—"Philosophy is a systematic formulation of the rational principles underlying all experience, and the philosophy of religion a systematic formulation of the single rational principle which differentiates itself in all experience, and makes it a coherent whole, not a thing of shreds and patches." This idea is more fully and expressly brought out in the last two lectures, where Agnosticism, Mysticism and Pantheism are each dealt with. Mysticism, by its separation of the Finite from the Infinite, leads to false conceptions, and to the insuperable conflict of morality and religion. Pantheism, in its denial of the existence of evil, takes a self-contradictory and untenable position.

In dealing with the world-old mystery and tragedy of evil, the author has arrived at conclusions which will commend themselves to what is deepest and best in us. We take the liberty of quoting two or three of these:

"There is no evil except for a rational being, who is capable of willing a good which he identifies with the absolute good, but which is in reality in antagonism to it."

"We must hold that evil exists in order to be overcome, and that in some sense it is inseparable from good."

"Evil is never willed simply as evil; it appears at the time as the good of which a man is ever in search."

Again, in speaking of the relation between morality and religion, "Nor can the moral consciousness in its highest form subsist apart from the religious consciousness, for the basis of morality ultimately is an ineradicable faith in the rationality of the universe."

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the author's dealing with the question of the complexity of modern life, and of how it tends to make it difficult for men to "see life steadily and see it whole"; a difficulty which he endeavors to remove by indicating where the unity must be sought.

Every age has its own interpretation to make of the facts and problems of life, and that of the Victorian age is already insufficient to-day. There will be many, therefore, who will read eagerly a book which embodies as this does the best modern thought and leads them along the path of reason to a rational religious faith.

M. D. H.

Dry Rot.

CHRISTMAS has gone but I shall long remember the ripping time we had at Marshall Hall, Lord Osis' beautiful country mansion.

As Billy Verdin, the earl's favorite nephew, had just become engaged to Ethel Chloride, the reigning beauty, the entertainment was more than usually sumptuous to celebrate this event.

The fun began after lunch when Iris, the earl's youngest daughter, brought in the rods and cones and suggested a game of diabolo. We all tried it with more or less success, Dick Crotic and his sister Anna being by far the most proficient of us. The diabolo things were, however, consigned to the cupboard, and the furniture cleared away to make room for an impromptu dance when the organ of Corti was heard playing outside.

Thus we wiled away the hours until it was time to dress for dinner. I was soon ready, and was in time to see the guests arrive. Lady Sally Vary-Gland, with her cousin, Sarah Bellum, was among the first. Then came Billy Rubin, Allan Tois, and Archie Nephros. Almost immediately after these Polly Peptide came in, wearing a gorgeous buffy coat with a lining of epithelium. I think she's rather keen on Billy Rubin, so I was glad her Auntie Toxin was with her to depress her. Just then Arthur Itis came in with Anne Aemia. I don't know whether they're related or not. I remember Professor Greenfield saying something to me about them, but I've forgotten what it was. Never mind.

When we came into the dining-room we found that Silly Kate, the maid, had decorated the table by the simple expedient of emptying upon it a saccharoses.

The Dean said a fearfully long grace. We were all longing foramen before it was half done. I don't remember much about what we had to eat, but I know there was plenty of "Phys," and Luke O. Cytosis, that awfully nice American millionaire, made himself very agreeable to me. I asked him how he made his money. He assured me in his cynical way that fortunes could only be made nowadays by selling every one one came in contact with. "I myself," he said, "am a mass of little sells."

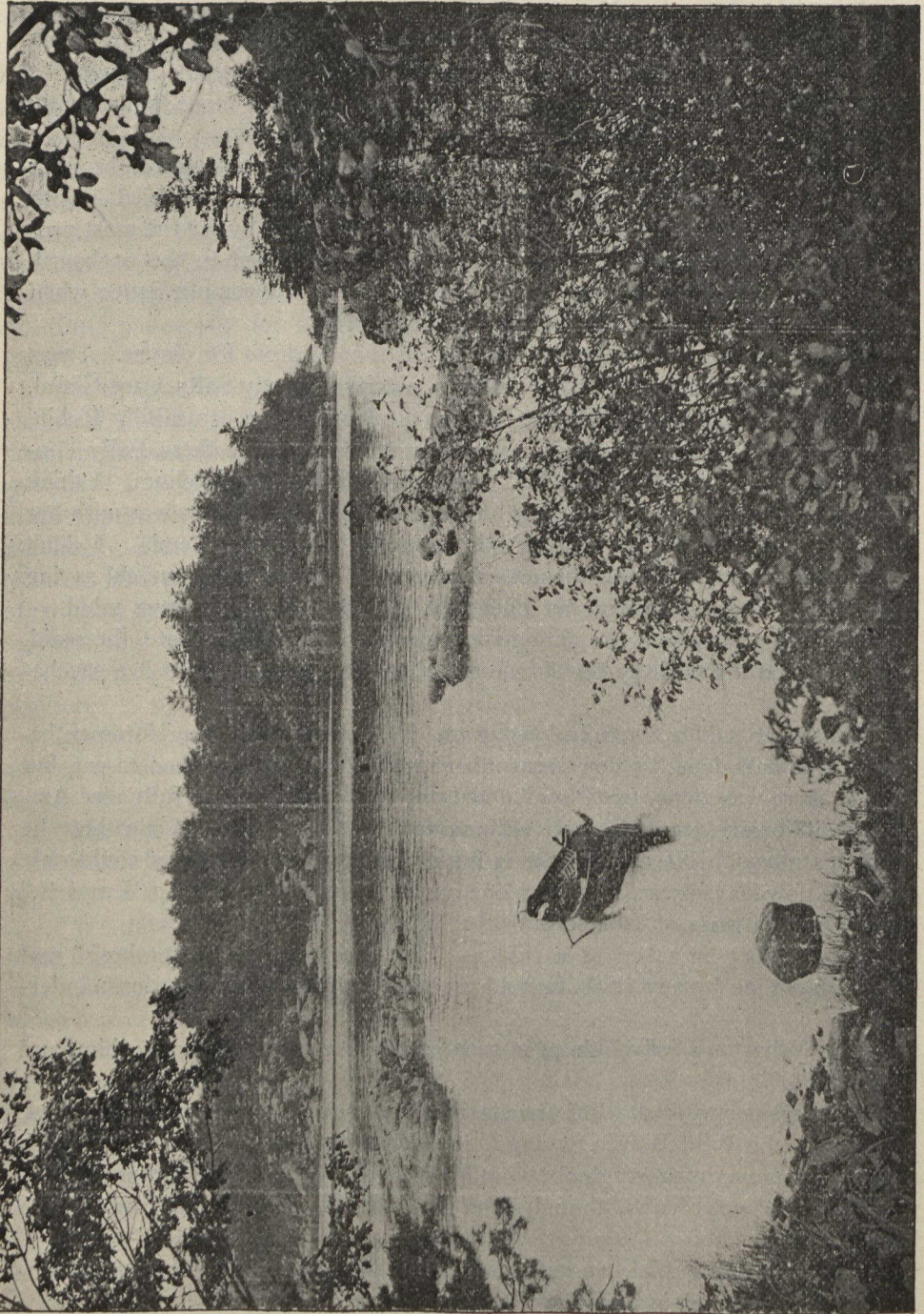
I remember he asked us a riddle—"Why did they Cheyne-Stokes?" and Fehling solution by any of us he told us, "For fear he would Burdon-Sander-son."

The Wharton's jelly I thought beastly, but I recommended it to him, and the ciliated.

After dinner we had a little music. Dick and Anna Crotic sang as a duet, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" in their sympathetic voices, after which Billy Rubin gave us an original recitation which he called "The Simple Liver." It was really very funny, though in places a trifle—well, I felt I wanted to hydatid.

Then the Ilio-Tibial band struck up, and we finished the night and commenced the morning in a ripping St. Vitus' Dance.

I don't know whether I was particularly frivolous or not, but the Dean, just as he was stepping into his beautiful "Vosa" motor, handed me two Pyramidal Tracts.—*Edinburgh Student.*



CEDAR ISLAND AND DEAD MAN'S BAY.