



The Arts Football Team.
Winners of the Lavelle Inter-Faculty Championship Cup.



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No. 10

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

EVERY well organized department in a University may be said to have two objects, the extensive and the intensive development of its subject. The teaching staff must aim at increasing the number of those familiar with and interested in their special branch of knowledge, and must also prepare a chosen few for the task of widening the bounds of knowledge itself. To these two branches may be given the names of Popularisation and of Research, but it must not be forgotten that the two are not separate, much less antagonistic, but blend one into the other. In history at least, and so far as I know in other departments of work no man can make new discoveries until he knows how far the confines of knowledge already extend. This may sound a platitude, but for want of keeping it in mind some Canadian advocates of Research seem to me to have gone astray, and to wish to send forth the young student on his voyage to

"Seas unsailed and shores unhailed," before he has learnt the use of the Mariner's Compass, much less of the Sextant.

Prior to 1868, the historical department of the University of Paris confined itself almost entirely to Popularisation. Brilliant lecturers addressed

crowded audiences, and drew enthusiastic ovations from fashionable listeners who attended historical lectures for much the same reason that they took liqueur with their coffee. Help for the special student there was none. Research was not at a standstill. Few could sit at the feet of Michelet or of Quinet without having their ardour roused, and as Research is after all only a matter of trained common-sense, much valuable work was done. But how many false trails were explored, how much energy was expended in vain, how many efforts were faulty and incomplete for want of the trained guidance which should have been theirs! In 1868 a Research department was founded under the name of the *Ecole pratique des Hautes Etudes*, with literary, scientific, theological, and historical branches. Then came the war with Germany, and when the work of national reconstruction began, the University of Paris in common with other departments of the national life, sat down at the feet of its conquerors. The result is that one now finds at Paris a department of History, organized and systematized in all its branches equal to that of any German University. In my opinion, it is superior. While taking over all that is valuable of thoroughness and

of minute care in the German system, France has not wholly forgotten its old literary traditions, and in the best professors at Paris one finds German method and scientific caution mingled with a touch of the old French verse and esprit. The result is that foreign students are attracted in even increasing numbers.

Last year of the first eight of us who gave in our names at the *Seminaire* of M. Abel Lefranc on "French Literature during the sixteenth century" two only were French, two were American; the others, Austrian, Hungarian, Roumanian and Canadian.

The work of Popularisation begins in the Cours Publics, lectures given by the foremost professors in large amphitheatres.

When Aulard speaks on the French Revolution, or Lemonnier on Gothic Art, an audience of eight hundred or more gathers weekly half an hour before the lecturer begins. Admission is absolutely free and informal, and it is a case of first come, first served. A few of the front rows have desks on which notes may be taken and are invariably filled with a mob of lady-students, chiefly Germans and Americans, many of them with no further object than to get a little practice in French. Both in dress and in appearance they are much inferior to their Canadian sisters. Some come more than an hour in advance and bring their knitting to while away the time. Many of these Cours Publics are of very great value as may be seen by reading Luchairé's "Innocent III et la croisade des Albigeois," which was delivered to us last year in the form of lectures. All of them are delivered with great lucidity of thought and dignity of expression.

The matriculated student pays a fee of six dollars (thirty francs) a year. This entitles him to the lectures reserved for students alone, and to the use of the library and reading room, and is the only fee payable unless he goes up for an examination. The lectures (*Cours privées*) are intended to bring him up to the level of the latest information on any special subject. They are partly bibliographical, and partly embody the results of research on the part of the professor. I shall long remember my delight in hearing M. Emile Bourgeois unravel for us the tangled threads of the Napoleonic diplomacy. No professor lectures more than twice a week (one Cours Public and one Cours Privé) and he has thus time to make each lecture worth hearing.

Research and the study of Method are carried on in the *Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes*, which is absolutely free to all who can give proof of sufficient preliminary training. Here the Professor and his students form what is known as a *Seminaire*, and study together more as a group of friends than as teacher and taught. On his preliminary lectures the Professor outlines the subject, and gives bibliographical detail. Then it is divided into various sub-divisions, and each student is encouraged to take up one of them, and to attempt to push it further. Thus this year among others M. Luchairé is endeavouring with the help of his audience to reconstruct from the various manuscripts the original text of an early chronicle dealing with the Albigenian crusade. M. Charles Bemont is discussing the history of Guienne previous to the Hundred Years War, and devoted his last lecture to discussing whether or

no the River Adour had shifted its mouth since that date. The new knowledge gained is probably less valuable than the training acquired in method and in thoroughness.

In this brief article I have left out much which should perhaps have been said. In closing I must call attention to the munificence of the French Government which has put these advantages within the reach of all, and the invariable courtesy of the Professors to all students, their eagerness to help those who come with a view to doing serious work.

W. L. GRANT.

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London, W. C.*

THE LEGEND OF TEMISKAMING.

(By courtesy of the Temiskaming Herald.)

MANY, many years ago, long ere the field of Waterloo had been stained by the life blood of thousands of brave men; before the gallant Wolfe had scaled the heights to the Plains of Abraham and ended forever French dominion on this continent, and while Canada was yet a howling wilderness—there roamed, in the vast north region of what is now the province of Ontario, a band of Indians, of the Algonquin tribe, who, according to tradition, passed and repassed many times over the very ground now known as Temiskaming, and on the shores of this surpassingly beautiful lake, from which the district takes its name (an Indian name signifying "deep and shallow water") were enacted scenes tinged with simple romance—true romance—for Love was there, and ever will be where men and women live, and move, and have their being.

A beautiful autumn day is drawing to a peaceful close. It has been one of

those incomparable Indian Summer days, when the air is soft and hazy, and the mellow sunlight, glancing thro' the half-naked trees, brightens the shadows and neutral tints of the lingering leaves which Nature, paints on their fibrous sides.

Grouped on the shores of a long, tortuous lake is an Indian camp. Rough tepees, constructed of cedar poles and covered with bark, were picturesquely placed near the water's edge, and the lazily curling smoke of the camp fires indicated the preparation of the evening meal. Squaws were engrossed in primitive culinary occupations, moving quietly from one mess to another, steaming in the crude utensils suspended over the fires. Some younger Indians were indolently giving indifferent assistance; a few dusky-hued children engaged in their simple games, wading and splashing in the clear, limpid waters of the lake, and waking the echoes with playful cries, in the midst of almost supernatural stillness—a stillness as yet unbroken by that inevitable disturbing element—the "pale face."

Sitting, apart and silent, are two figures; at first hardly to be seen in the shade of the low hanging branches, are an aged man, bent with the burden of many years, and a bright eyed Indian maid. He, savage though he be, manifests by a subtle, natural dignity, his chiefship of the tribe; she is in full possession of all the dusky beauty of the aboriginal woman.

The old chief seems buried in profound reverie, and the mark, which humanity ever bears when the ties of affection wrap their clinging tendrils around the heart, was there—the shade of anxiety, stolid and fixed. From time to time his eye, turns

towards the long stretch of water, lined on either side with its evergreen fringe of spruce and cedar, only to relapse again into moody contemplation of the more animated scene in the foreground. Hopes, desires, ambition—the seed from which our disappointments spring—were at work beneath the stoical surface of this red man.

Well knows this patriarch of his tribe that his days are near the line of the "great divide," and, like yon golden setting sun, he, too, must dip behind the horizon into the invisible, and join his ancestors in the happy hunting grounds. Upon other shoulders must fall the mantle of his chieftainship. Many moons ago he had chosen him upon whom will rest this responsibility, but for the first time in his long career, he scents a spirit of opposition among his dusky vassals. His choice naturally falls upon a young brave, his nephew, an orphan, who has been to him even as a son, for the chief has no child but the maid by his side. But among the warriors is evident a desire to institute a new line of hereditary chiefs; and the keen rivalry between Wawano, the nephew and choice of Wabuno, and Wendigo, the tentative choice of the tribe, for the hand of Minnedosa, (Laughing-eyes) the chief's daughter, has gradually evolved a state of affairs which at this time is about to culminate in definite action. It is this conflicting combination of circumstances that stamps the anxious look on the features of Wabuno.

Some weeks before, at the first appearance of the new moon, whose graceful crescent presented its convex curve towards the earth, presaging success to their mission—a deputation of the stalwarts of the tribe held coun-

cil with the aged chief, and, while apparently concurring in his choice of a successor, yet to prove the fitness of the candidate for this great honor, proposed a test which could but appear reasonable to Wabuno, but which they, crafty and cunning, knew or believed would effectually settle this question of succession.

Some venturesome members of the band, more daring perhaps, in the pursuit of game, had wandered far to the south, and there heard faint rumors of pale faced intruders, voyageurs from far beyond the rising sun, bringing with them strange-shaped spears, which burst with fire and noise and kill big game, while remaining in the hands of the hunter.

It is proposed that Wawano go to the lodge of the pale face, far away on the shore of the great salt water, and bring back to Wabuno one of these "devil spears," that he may see, and take with him on his last and eternal hunting expedition, the new device, and Wawano may prove himself worthy of ruling, by doing what no man of their tribe had done before.

But they, in their crafty hearts, deem this exploit to be impossible; a foolhardy journey from which they hope he can never return. Thus will Wawano unconsciously aid their schemes and, himself, solve the problem—leaving his sweetheart and the chieftainship easy of acquisition by his rival.

But men propose and the mighty universal law of life disposes. Wawano departs; and his canoe soon becomes a mere speck far down the placid, sunlit lake. Fired with hopes, every nerve pulsating with lusty manhood, what cares he for distance or obstacles? Does the confidence of youth ever

pause to estimate the cost when love and a sweetheart are in the scales? Never.

* * *

Days pass. Wawano should ere now have returned; but though the two who love him strain their eyes down the narrow lake, no sign of the wanderer is visible, and day by day the look of anxiety grows more painfully evident.

Who can measure the intense yearning of this Indian maiden for her lover's return? This lithe, handsome youth has grown up by her side, and Minnedosa's silent admiration of his strength and beauty has ripened into love. No longer can she bear to look and hope so helplessly for his return, for she loves—loves Wawano with all the fierceness of an untutored child of nature—and rather than mate with Wendigo, the strong and crafty, but ill-featured suitor, she will go in quest of her lover, and failing, will die and so be with him still.

* * *

Night is come. The early moon, already dipped behind the hills, leaves but a faint incandescent glow in the western sky. Out from the deep shade of the silent forest steals a lithe figure—stealthily, with cautious cat-like tread, wending its way hastily to the water side. It is Minnedosa, the chieftain's daughter. With nervous haste, but softly, she shoves out a canoe. Stepping in, she kneels, and with a few deftly silent strokes of the paddle, glides over the motionless surface of the water, which mirror-like reflects the densely grown shore-line, accentuating the dignity of unbroken silence. Skirting the western arm of the crescent-shaped bay, she moves in the deep shadow of the wooded

banks and disappears from the vicinity of the camp as noiselessly as a shadow.

Once only did the brave girl look back—just for one brief moment the “laughing-eyes” turned towards the place where her father slept. No laughter gleams now from the erstwhile dancing eyes, but a look of unutterable sadness, and a sigh, fluttering up from the over-charged heart, trembles for an instant between the parted lips.

All the long night the regular stroke of the paddle is maintained, and the first faint flush of dawn finds her far away from the lodge of Wabuno. All the long, weary day she toils, till evening; then, worn out by her exertions, heavy hearted, her paddle moves slowly, with spasmodic uncertainty. She drowsily dozes and wakens by turns—all unaware of the terrible danger to which she momentarily draws nearer.

Suddenly a familiar cry falls on her ear!

Surprised and startled, the half-dazed maid springs to her knees and gazes wildly about her, and the sight which meets her anxious eyes for a moment holds her motionless. Well indeed, is it for Minnedosa that she is roused. Directly before her is the foaming sault, which marks the foot of the lake and the beginning of the long rapids, dashing through lines of cruel, jagged rocks on its restless course to the sea.

But a moment she pauses, irresolute, then suddenly aware of her terrible danger, with nervous haste and lusty vigor she plunges her paddle into the now rapid and quickening current. Skillfully guiding her canoe to the nearest bank, she leaps

ashore and turning, stands fascinated by the grandeur and the horror of the danger so narrowly escaped.

But the voice! Whence came that cry?

Its tones have vibrated upon her eager, listening ear many times in other days; its inflection cannot be mistaken—it is the voice of Wawano. Straining her eyes in the direction her instinct suggests she listens, with heaving bosom and bated breath.

Not long is the suspense. Again the cry rings out—this time blending into despairing cadence a note of entreaty and fear. From rock to rock her wandering gaze moves till it rests on one huge boulder, but a few yards from shore, and there upon the bare surface of the rock is a clinging figure—Wawano.

With one swift comprehensive glance she recognizes his awful peril.

How came he there? No time to solve that mystery now. His position of complete isolation; his precarious footing on the bare rock—a foaming torrent roaring around him, as tho' striving, with fierce strength and deafening noise, to tear his flinty shelter from its base, is sufficient to convince her that if Wawano is to be saved, it is she who must do it, for he is helpless.

Trained by the savage life she has always lived, to meet sudden and unexpected contingencies, the plucky girl casts about her for means to help her lover. Although the span from shore to rock is but short, the rushing torrent leaves no hope of his reaching land by swimming—to attempt it means to be instantly dashed to death against the relentless granite, standing like a sentinel guarding the first mad plunge of the sault.

One moment only she pauses and

thinks, eye and brain eagerly seeking a way of rescue. Her face loses its look of terror.

With a cry of encouragement to the despairing and exhausted brave, who only at this moment recognizes Minnedosa, she runs a short distance up the beach, and pushing adrift the half submerged trunk of a tree from a mass of driftwood lodged in a tiny bay, guides it as far as she dare, hoping it will reach the chasm at right angles with the current, and lodging but for a moment or two, give Wawano a temporary bridge over which his sinewy feet will carry him to shore and safety. Slowly the tree moves till the force of the current catches it; then more quickly, till with headlong speed it rushes at the chasm and the ends reaching the rock on either side, form a bridge. But only for an instant—the shock and force of the current snap the half-rotten trunk, and with a mutual cry of disappointment the lovers see it disappear into the swirling flood. But realizing somewhat the possibility of eventual success, the heroic girl tries again and again, till at last a great pine, which costs her almost superhuman strength to move, is floated.

Scarce breathing, and quivering with excitement she awaits, yet dreads, the shock of wood and rock. Half-fainting from her efforts, her straining eyes note through a mist the contact, and a cry of exultation goes up as the staunch trunk, stronger than the others, bears the strain—it surges, grinds, rolls, like a huge creature in agony, striving to escape from its torturer, but the bridge is there.

Now, Wawano, brave and fleet of foot; life, liberty and love are

the laurels of success; death in the raging flood is the measure of failure. Well might the stoutest heart quail before trusting life to such a heaving, swaying means of transit. Wawano realizes that the supreme moment of his life has come. His eye, brightening with hope, flashes as it sweeps over the whole scene, as tho' to impress it finally upon his memory; he casts one swift, longing look towards the brave girl, a look in which a world of love and a mute, possible farewell are blended—then steps upon the heaving pine, and for an instant poises himself to meet the unsteady motion. Then gathering all his remaining courage, his strength and steadiness of nerve, he dashes across the swaying, foam-lashed bridge and with one last mighty bound, leaps to the other rock and to the shore, and falls, spent and gasping, at the feet of Minnedosa; and the pine, its unwilling purpose served—as if impatient at further delay, with a final wrench, swings free and joins its predecessors in the mad race down the seething channel.

* * *

A few hours later the lovers turn their faces towards home. Seventy long miles lie before them, and the noiseless wake of their bark canoe leaves the primeval stillness yet unbroken—to remain in silence till the lapse of two centuries permits the invasion of the white man. Seventy miles! but but what care they?

As they paddle leisurely along, Wawano tells of his long journey; how he would have lost heart many, many times but for the thought of the maiden who awaited his return; how, after repeated failure, he at last struck the trail that led him to the camp of the pale-face, and saw there the

wonders of their wood and stone lodges, the gay uniforms of the white men, and most wonderful of all, the "devil spear," which kills man or beast at a distance; tells of the friendly reception accorded him, and that when he made his story known, the Commandant had generously given him a "devil spear" for his foster-father, and another for himself—had also instructed him in their use, and loading him with all the dried meat and meal cakes he could carry, sent him rejoicing on his homeward way.

When he reached the upper end of his last portage, where Minnedosa found him, anxious to try his new weapon, he had wounded a fine buck, which, dashing into the water, swam towards the opposite bank, and he removing everything from his canoe had recklessly pursued, and being caught by the current, was swept upon the rock and barely retained sufficient hold to clamber to the top, while the light bark vessel was swept in an instant into the relentless flood, leaving him helpless.

* * *

Once more we see the slowly curling smoke of Wabuno's camp fires. It is evening, and the aged chief sits bowed in somber silence. No word of Wawano yet, and Minnedosa has not been seen for two suns. Presently the leading men of the tribe will come before him; they will claim his consent to recognize Wendigo as his successor, for Wawano, they say, will never return. His cup of bitterness is full to the brim.

What sound is that? He starts. Is it the rustle of leaves, the overhanging branches stirred by the rising night wind? A small, brown hand falls lightly on his shoulder—he turns, and

his stolid face lights up with gladness, for there stands Wawano, and by his side is Minnedosa, radiant and triumphant. But a moment he gazes in silence at the happy pair, then as another sound falls on his ear, he motions them to step behind the blanket screen which serves as Minnedosa's sleeping room.

Scarcely had they disappeared when the representatives of the tribe advance into the presence of Wabuno, and Wendigo, with ill-concealed triumph, stalks majestically at their head. Already, he grasps in anticipation the reins of petty power.

Calmly Wabuno listens to their address, and a smile quivers for a moment at the corner of his mouth as they recite how greatly they would have been pleased to see Wawano, the choice of their old chief, at their head, but as that is now impossible, they demand his recognition of their choice, and pointing to Wendigo, await his answer.

Crafty are they indeed, but Wabuno, despite his age, meets them with even keener craft. Slowly he shifts his gaze from one to another of the dusky faces, showing now ruddy, now dark, in the fitful light of the flickering fire, and with deliberation he speaks.

"Would the braves of my tribe have accepted my nephew and foster-son, Wawano, as their chief, had he but returned?" And the braves answer "aye."

Turning slowly, Wabuno touches the blanket behind him, just as Wendigo steps forward, with his lips parted to hypocritically bemoan the loss of Wawano—but the words were never spoken. Out from behind the screen the astonished warriors behold Wawano and Minnedosa step to the

chief's side, and in each hand the young man holds a strange looking device, which they know to be the "devil spear" of the white man.

The triumph is complete. An hour later Wawano is exhibiting to the wondering Indians the marvels of the magic weapon, and Wendigo drops back to his place among the rank and file.

Wabuno sits quietly by. The anxious look is gone forever.

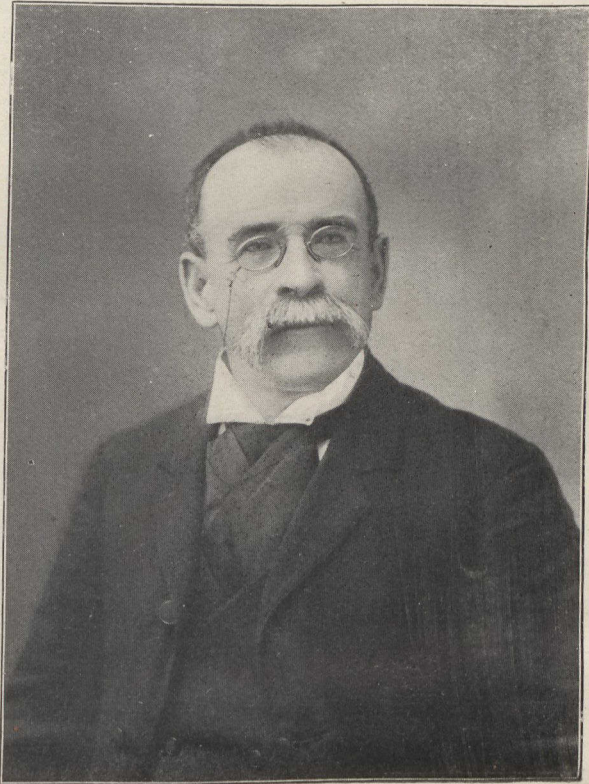
—E. Llewellyn.

PROF. A. B. NICHOLSON, B.A.

Ob. Prid. Kal. Mart, MDCCCXVI.

No more that loud-resounding voice
shall wake
The echoes of these classic halls, and
thrill
The souls of youth, inspiring them to
make
Parnassus' lofty peak their goal, and
fill
Their hung'ring spirit with the pre-
cious lore
Of Greece and Rome. A scholarship
profound
And accurate was his, and yet he bore
Himself with modesty; delight he
found
In helping such as needed most his
aid,
So winning lasting gratitude and love.
His Alma Mater grieves—lament is
made
By those who toiled with him and
strove
To foster truest Culture; far and near
Devoted pupils shed a tender tear.

Honor and shame from no conditions
rise,
Act well your part, there all the
honor lies.



The late Prof. A. B. Nicholson.

PROFESSOR NICHOLSON.

It is the Journal's sad duty to chronicle in this issue the death of one of its oldest and truest friends. Prof. Nicholson was the friend of every Queen's student, and was deeply interested in whatever interested them. One of his colleagues was known for long by the name "The Student's Friend" and a brass plate in Convocation Hall records this fact. With quite as much truth Professor Nicholson might have been called the "Freshman's Friend." He was one of the first professors with whom the freshman in Arts came into contact, and his lively interest, sympathy and kindness never failed to touch a chord in the heart of the lonely new student. The new student appreciates advances of this sort on the part of the Professor, as is shown by the fact that for years there has been almost no other Honorary President of the Arts Freshman year at Queen's, than Prof. Nicholson. This in itself is no slight token of the respect in which he was held as a man and a Professor.

Of his scholarship it is idle to speak. It was too well known to friends and students of Queen's to need comment. For the rest it seems scarcely possible to do better than quote the tribute paid by Dr. Watson to his departed colleague at the funeral last week.

EULOGY OF PROF. WATSON.

"Standing by the bier of our departed friend, my thoughts go back to three former colleagues, who like him have done much to generate the distinctive spirit of Queen's University. The four names associated in my mind are those of John H. Mackerras, professor of classics; James William-

son, for long professor of mathematics and physics; John B. Mowat, professor of Hebrew, and Alexander B. Nicholson, professor of comparative philology. To the young members of the University, three of these are, I suppose, little more than names; but they may form some idea of what they were from their experience of him who has just left us. While none of them was wanting in character, they were all distinguished by their unworldliness, their simple piety and their scholarly instincts. To a winning amiability of disposition, they added those parts of the spirit,—patience, kindness, goodness, faith, mildness, self-control," and in all of them there burned the pure flame of scholarship. That whole-hearted delight in knowledge for its own sake, which is not so common in these wide-awake days that we can afford to despise or undervalue it.

"The friend whom we have just lost was a scholar in every fibre of him. I well remember his first connection with Queen's. It was necessary towards the end of the session to get some one to fill the place of the professor of classics, and the name of the young minister of Lansdowne Presbyterian church, whose reputation for scholarship had lingered behind him in the university was suggested. At a moment's notice he was able to fill the gap in a satisfactory way. Like a great Canadian teacher of philosophy, George Paxton Young, who relaxed over the situation of quaint equations the assistant professor of classics in Queen's, when he wished to amuse himself, proceeded to acquire a new language. At one time he would be found looking over Don Quixote in Spanish, and at another time revelling in the delight of master-

ing Icelandic. I do not know that he was acquainted with Russian, but it is common knowledge that, in addition to Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German and the Romance's languages he had a good acquaintance with Syriac and Sanscrit, so that it was but an act of justice when he was raised to the rank of professor of comparative philology in his alma mater. His interests, however, extended far beyond the range of his professional work, and indeed he counted nothing human foreign to him.

"It is not for nothing that this rare spirit has been among us. His sweetness of temper, his unflinching kindness of heart a quaint humor all his own, and an old worldly simplicity of character, all combined to endear him to the students of Queen's. His condition they could partially appreciate, but the man himself they loved. We shall see his kindly face no more, but "though dead he yet speaketh;" his name is inscribed in the hearts of us all. When we think of his unselfishness and unshaken sincerity of faith, we shall feel rebuked for our worldliness and impatience, and we shall be grateful that, with the names of John H. Mackerras, James Williamson, and John B. Mowat, we can associate the name of Alexander B. Nicholson, as one who touched the spirit of the university to finer issues and left us richer than he found us."

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the Society on February 24th, Vice-president Gibson occupied the chair in the absence of the President. The annual meeting of the Lawn Tennis Club was held, and the following officers elected.

Hon. President, Prof. Matheson
 President, A. Kennedy
 Vice-president K. S. Twitchell
 Secretary-Treasurer, L. K. Seelly
 Committee — Miss Chown, Miss Ferguson, H. McKiel, W. Beggs, N. Macdonnell.

Prof. Nicol, Honorary President of the Hockey Club presented the members of the first hockey team with the Q's won by them.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Nicol for his interest in the team.

At the Society's meeting on March 3rd the attendance was very small, but considerable business was done. The annual meeting of the Basket Ball Club was held and the following officers elected.

Honorary President, L. L. Bolton
 President, J. A. S. King
 Vice-president, J. Hill
 Secretary-Treasurer, J. McFayden
 Captain, J. K. Sully

The usual grant of \$25.00 was made to the Musical Club. \$25.00 was voted the Hockey Club for the purchase of trophies for the first team.

On March 10th the report of the Musical Committee showing liabilities amounting to \$74.57 was received and adopted. The new Musical Committee was appointed, also the executives for the various Musical Clubs.

The resignation of D. L. McKay as captain of the Association Football Club was received.

The following Debate Committee was elected for next year.

R. Brydon, G. Pringle, B. W. Thompson, D. C. Ramsay, M. Matheson, S. M. Polson, C. Laidlaw, Stidwell W. J. Woolsey, Secretary-Treasurer, D. A. McArthur.

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ARTS - - - - -	{ Miss M. Lindsay, B.A.
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SCIENCE - - - - -	J. P. McNamara.
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Editorials.

STUDENTS' DAY.

IT is not too early in the session to suggest that steps should be taken to make Students' Day a success. The burden of course must rest on the Senior year in Arts, Science and Divinity. They are the ones most interested and should take the matter up. In the past the great trouble has been that neither students, nor senate seem to take an interest in the day. By the time it arrives most of the students have gone home, and the members of the senate fail to make an appearance. The students, of course, cannot be detained. It would not be wise to attempt it. But the professors might be induced to turn out if assurance were given that there would be no abuse heaped upon them in the valedictories. One can scarcely blame a professor for absenting himself when he knows not what sarcasms may be flung at him in the presence of his fellow professors and students. The valedictories were never intended to be used as methods of "getting back"

at professors, and wherever they are so used, they defeat their own ends. Sometimes they consist merely of eulogy and words of appreciation. This is good in so far as it is sincere, but too often it is empty and void of any result. The valedictory should praise where praise is merited, and should not fail to criticise where criticism is needed. But any criticism should be given in a sympathetic and friendly spirit. Nothing is gained by invective and bitter sarcasm. Students who have taken classes in a college for four years ought surely to have some suggestions to offer as to the conduct of the classes. The professor is not omniscient; no one expects him to be; and he should not be above accepting suggestions from those who have been closely associated with his work for a number of years. If the professors fail to hear the valedictories—and for several years they *have* failed to hear them—half the value of these is lost.

Perhaps it might be worth while making an attempt to have the valedictories read at convocation instead of on Students' Day. This might lengthen the convocation proceedings already long enough, but it would also tend to raise the tone of some of the valedictories, and would insure their being heard by many who should be interested in them. But if Students' Day is to remain some attempt ought to be made to provide a good programme. Last year's attempt was an improvement on the past, but it might still be improved on.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It has become almost habitual in Canada and United States to sneer at the average Englishman's ignorance

of the geography of this continent. Sometimes, however, the tables are turned. A short time ago the English postal authorities were troubled as to how to deliver a letter addressed to "A. B. Newman, Esq., Oxford University, Cambridge, Eng." As required by law the letter was sent to Cambridge, where a diligent search was made for Oxford University, but without success. Bearing the direction "Try Oxford" it was started on its travels again, and was finally delivered to an American Rhodes scholar from one of the Western States. It proved to be an official circular from the Alumni Association of one of the American universities.

We would ask our readers to pardon the rather long delay which will occur before the issue of the next number of the *JOURNAL*. It has been thought best to hold it over until April 15th, that it may contain a report of the Medical Convocation. This, we feel, will be more satisfactory than crowding the reports of two convocations into one number, and besides, will give the various editors an opportunity to do a little studying, for like most students they are slightly behind with their work.

Now that the Engineering Society has finally resolved that there shall be no more smoking in the Science buildings, it might be well for the faculty societies to come to some agreement by which they could enforce this and other rules in all the buildings. If Arts men or Medicals may smoke in the Science buildings, or if Science men and Medicals may smoke in the Arts buildings the rule against smoking is in a measure rendered

a dead letter. At present, by their indifference, the students of one faculty practically encourage the breaking of the laws of the other faculties, and one is reminded forcibly of the old line houses which used to be built on the Canadian-American boundary. They defied the customs laws of both countries, yet were protected by both countries until the ridiculousness of the situation became too apparent. At Queen's the first step in the right direction was taken by the Science court last fall. It is not too soon to think of taking another step.

Students as a class are fairly familiar with what is known popularly as "the perverseness of things." They may get up their work for months and never be asked a question in class. Yet, let their zeal and care lapse for a single night and the unaccommodating "sisters three" will almost certainly direct the professor to call for the translation of a passage, or the explanation of a problem next morning. Now it is not our intention to explain the occult connection between the professor and the untoward fates. We leave that to Mrs. Fay, and simply record a new example of the perverseness of things as a sort of curiosity. The story comes from Harvard, where a short time ago 10,600 of what seemed to be obsolete and useless books were removed from the library to a store room in another building. The librarian made his selection carefully, and considered the books to be as "dead" as any group of books of that size could possibly be. Yet no sooner was the change made than a demand for "dead" books developed and within two months the long-suffering librarian was compelled to

make seventy-one searches in his store-room for books that he had considered useless.

At a recent conference of representatives from the Scotch Universities the three term session, in force at some American colleges was discussed at length, and a motion to adopt the system lost by a very small majority. The principal argument against the new system was that a very large number of the students are self supporting, and the short vacation would make it impossible for these to procure the funds necessary for the next year's work. Another, and peculiar argument advanced was that those students who are not forced to work all summer for their winters keep, were given an excellent opportunity by the long vacation for meditation and reading. Truly, the Scottish student must be a peculiar creature, and far different from his Canadian brother. How many students of Queen's, we wonder,—speaking only of those who are not compelled to spend the days and nights of summer in a feverish chase after the "almighty dollar,"—how many pass their holiday time in weighing weighty problems, or in thinking so deeply upon any subject that their thoughts could be dignified with the name of meditation.

We are laboring under the double difficulty this week of having nothing to write about, and no time in which to write it. Still we are consoled by the fact that some of our readers, at any rate, will have no time to read it. The Journal is supposed to give a full expression of the life about the university. Whether or not it has succeeded this session is not for us to

say. Of the success of this number, however, we have not the slightest doubt. The small space occupied by most of the editors is surely an evidence of the interest that is being taken in matters of a more important nature, and of the time that is being spent upon them.

Principal Gordon's dinner to the Alma Mater Executive, the Championship Hockey Team, the Championship Debaters, and the Journal Staff, on the evening of March 9th, was a pleasant and jolly affair. Needless to say all present enjoyed themselves immensely, and went home deeply grateful to the Principal for his kind entertainment.

We are glad in a way that no Sunday afternoon addresses have been provided for March. The students appreciate these services very much as is shown by the large numbers who attend them. But during the last two months of the session when every one is working under high pressure, it is more important that students should be given a chance to rest on Sunday than a chance to hear a learned sermon.

All who intend to write on honor exams this spring, are of course looking forward to taking a medal. We hope they have all had their photos taken and are holding them in readiness for the Journal, so that there may be no delay in getting out the last number. If you have not attended to this, *see to it now*.

Have you paid your subscription yet? It is important.

Ladies.

LEVANA POEM.

The year poem of the Levana—'Tis
no easy matter to start it,
And harder, still harder the struggle,
before we have come to its ending.
Tiny bards, lofty themes, is the moan
of a poet renowned in the classics.
Tiny bards, lofty themes, still the
moan of a poet unknown to the
moderns.
In the Canadian land, on the shores of
the river St. Lawrence,
Quiet, secluded, still, the quaint little
city of Kingston,
Lies through the summer deserted,
until at a stated season,
Open its portals are flung; and the
halls of our dear Alma Mater
Ring with the greetings of friends,
and welcoming words to the
strangers.
Of all whom the goddess Levana in-
vited to seek her protection
Few of these strangers responded;
ignored by the others her greeting.
Only the veterans came; and all
through the meetings that fol-
lowed,
More than for many years, the
strangers are marked by their
absence.
This was not true of all—a few of the
strangers were faithful,
Which rendered more glaring the fact
that most of their number were
absent.
Yet we rejoice in the knowledge that
still years are left for the freshette,
Three years, in which to learn of the
joys which the goddess Levana
Grants to those of her daughters who
labor to follow her pleasure.
(And speaking of work be it known
that the task of the poet's no light
one.

All other toil is but play when com-
pared with composing a poem.)
Yet to go back once again—soon after
the opening of college,
In the good reign of Queen Flo, the
maidens assembled together.
Seniors were their in their midst,
wondering to find themselves
seniors,
Juniors and sophmores too, and even
a number of freshettes
Talking over the teacups, delighted to
gaze on each other.
A fortnight later, once more did the
maidens assemble together
To find out whether 'tis true that
artistic, good sense and hygiene
Are shown in the manner of dress,
which the modern woman ap-
proves of,
As opposed to that worn, long ago, by
her sisters of earlier decades.
Sharp and fierce was the struggle from
which '08 came victorious,
Proving that we of to-day have some-
thing to learn from past ages.
Two more weeks slip away—we are
back in the land of Dickens,
Back to the Squeers and the Kenwigs,
to Nicholas, Fannie and Tilda.
Oh joy, oh rapture, to see Mrs. Nick,
leby nodding and smiling,
And talking. Ye gods! and talking,
resembling our friend the brooklet,
Which goes on forever and ever, re-
gardless of comings and goings.
Some little while after this, the final
year wishing to welcome
The freshettes and show that they
really belonged to Levana, invited
Them all to appear at a meeting, for
which was provided a programme.
Patiently and with toil the seniors
worked at this programme;
Worked with efforts unceasing, work-
ed to bring joy to the freshettes.

At last the appointed time came, with all preparations completed.

But when the seniors appeared, where then were the guests they expected?

"Conspicuous by their absense," are the only words to describe them.

Sophmores, Juniors, 'tis true, accepted most gladly the bidding.

But what o'er the freshettes had come? the question's a hard one to answer.

The rink may have had many charms—but why on this day more than others?

Great was the disappointment in which they went on with the programme, And never since then has the mystery been cleared with entire satisfaction.

After the 'Xmas vacation, our guide in Political Science,

Taking as theme "Conversation," spoke to Levana assembled.

Great was the pleasure of all in listening to those words of wisdom,

And hearty the thanks which were tendered by all to the learned professor.

Grateful indeed were the members to her, who with kindness and clearness,

Gave the Italian poet's conception of heaven and hades.

What would become of Levana were it not for her friends and their interest.

And now we have come to the end, with a greater struggle before us.

If it shall prove the last, intermingled with joy and with sadness

Will be our departure from Queen's, and yet it is no idle fiction.

Joy intermingled with sadness would mark the return in the autumn

Of those of the seniors who cherish the hope of withdrawing from action.

But here's good luck to them all, and good luck to every fair member.

Good luck, all kinds of joy too to those who come back in September.

MARION MACLEAN.

HISTORY OF LEVANA.

Well hath the wise man said, "To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven." Again comes round the day when the devoted subjects of our patron saint have once more assembled within the sacred precincts of our beloved den, from the midst of heavy mental strains and struggles from wrestling with the ancient sayings of time revered, from battles with our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in crooked idiom and phrase, from the midst of German synonymys, and the mysterious uses of French particles, once more we come, as we have often done to "Thee, Levana whom four realms obey to sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea."

Into the midst of this breathing space there creeps the saddening thought that ere long, another milestone in our happy life of Queen's will be reached, another term with all its pleasures, profits and delights will be over and gone forever, and yet not entirely gone, for who can measure its results to-day or in the future, truly may we say

"Large streams from little fountains flow!

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow!

* * * *

Soon again were we called together in council. this time to be taken

wholly and unawares not into "the days that are to be" but "backward still backward" to the days of crinoline and befrizzled hair, when Nicholas Nickleby having failed to learn the act of love from Fanny Squeers, turned his head to more youthful maidens. No greater interest was taken by the Juniors and Sophmores during the term than on the afternoon of the twentieth of December, when the subjects of our mother land, never more loyal to Levana than now when about to embark for kingdoms yet unexplored, provided for us such wholesome entertainment. Truly in this case it would be untrue to say that "Anticipation was better than realization."

But Levana not wishing to bring us up on lighter entertainment only, provided for us whole fountains of information, deep wells of stored-up culture, springs of intellectual enjoyment, giving us time to digest assimilate and make it all our own. That is why Levana prevailed upon one of our guides in the path of knowledge, to speak to us. Logically and convincingly he set before us the great need there is, especially in our own day of cultivating the art of good conversation, once so highly developed by the ancients and now so sadly negelected by the great majority.

Then, it was that one of the Seniors realm took us with her to the blissful retreats of sublime melodies where Schumann guided by the divine hand interpreted life for us, through the medium of tone.

Dante's interpretation of the secrets of the hereafter both for the happy and unhappy was clearly given to us by her, whose intellectual attainments graciousness of manner, and painstaking efforts to benefit our society,

have won the admiration and respect of us all.

There has too been strife among the different kingdoms in the line of debate. Each sent up its valiant braves, some to return *crestfallen* but not *convinced*, while the two well-trying warriors of the junior realm have once more carried off the trophy."

We regret that space will not permit us to give in full Miss MacFarlane's interesting history. In the prophecy, Miss MacFarlane, taking as her motto, "The best of prophets of the future is the past" outlined the careers of the members of '06, but—Levana hath her secrets.

Andrew D. White tells this story of Robert Browning: The poet one morning hearing a noise in the street before his house, went to the window and saw a great crowd gazing at some Chinamen in gorgeous costumes, who were just leaving their carriages to mount his steps. Presently they were announced as the Chinese minister at the court of St. James and his suite. A solemn presentation having taken place, Browning said to the interpreter:

"May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of His Excellency's visit?"

The interpreter replied: "His Excellency is a poet in his own country."

Thereupon the two poets shook hands heartily.

Browning then said: "May I ask to what branch of poetry His Excellency devotes himself?"

To which the interpreter replied: "His Excellency devotes himself to poetical enigmas."

At this Browning recognizing fully

the comic element in the situation extended his hand most cordially, saying:

"His Excellency is thrice welcome; he is a brother indeed."

Medicine.

A VERY interesting hockey match in which some medicals took part was played on the Royal Rink on March 6th. between the "Avenites" and the "Canaanites" teams chosen from two rival boarding houses. The play at no time dragged and was here and there lit up by some very spectacular work which would almost entitle the teams to send in a challenge to Ottawa to play for the Stanley Cup. Any tendency to rough it was promptly checked by the referee, Queen's far-famed goal-keeper and holder of the Ottawa ladies trophy. Mr. J. R. L—s—, is deserving of special mention for his brilliant play at critical times. Unfortunalely "Spike" who did heroic work in stopping hot shots on goal was struck in the face with the puck and sustained a nasty gash, which however is now healing. The play was closer than the score would indicate which is often said to be the case. Score 6-1 in favor of the Canaanites.

We learn that a prominent member of '08 Medicine has become engaged to a young lady of this city and will shortly join the matrimonial ranks.

Prof.—"Would you prescribe eggs for this patient?"

Student—"No, I don't think so."

Prof.—"Why! what's the objection?"

Student—"They're forty cents a dozen."

The class of '08 held its final meeting for the year at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the 7th inst. After the usual business had been transacted and the secretary had made an encouraging report of the year's financial standing, a "scratch" programme was given, which was very much enjoyed by all. Songs by Vincent Daly and Hurtubise, piano solos by Beggs and MacKinley, a speech from Hambly ('08's contribution to Science this year) and a very brief discourse on Paediatrics by the blushing Jefferies gave all an enjoyable time. The meeting was brought to a close by '08's yell led by the renowned "Big Bill."

Science.

A MEETING of the Eastern Ontario section of the Mining Institute was held in the Geology lecture room Friday evening, March 2nd, Dr. Goodwin in the chair. The following papers were delivered and discussed:

Coal and Coal Mining in Southern Alberta, by P. M. Shorey.

Cyanide Tests on Temiscaming Silver Ores, by J. J. Robertson.

Asbestos, Notes and Statistics, by W. J. Woolsey.

The meeting of '07 Science, in the Physics lecture room Thursday March 1st was unusually large and interesting, '07 Arts had been invited to attend, and was out in force. After business matters were attended to an excellent programme was provided. J. L. King recited from *Le Vieux Temps* in his own winning way, and Mr. Lavoie sang a patriotic French Canadian air in fine style. The annual address from the historian was

given by A. G. Fleming, and was illustrated by lantern views attended to by W. R. Rogers and C. W. Murray. The address was one succession of hits, few escaping Heidinger's playful wit.

Our representative to the S. P. S. Dinner reports that he had a very good time, and that the dinner was a great success.

THE GAME

The hopes of the theologians ran high, and many were their expressions of confidence, when their seven took the ice on Friday Feb. 23rd. Dauntless and brave the seven stood, awaiting the onslaught of the enemy, about to be delivered into their hands. Upon the sphinx-like countenance of the moderator, even now showing the scars of former strifes, determination was writ clear and unmistakable.

And the men of Science, our own gallant band, what of them? Cheerily and joyously they gave battle, little recking of failure. Forward rushed Montmorency and Hooligan, onward came Temperance and Thirsty. Firm and unshaken were Husky, Romeo and Rameses guarding our nets.

Veterans all were they, grown invincible from many a contest, and victory must once more perch upon the banners of old Science.

The battle waged fast and furious, and mighty were the efforts of the champions on both sides. Time and again our Lightning Four were checked in their advance, only to come on anew until they pierced repeatedly through the ranks of the defenders of the theologian stronghold, and carried off the palm of victory. In vain did the supporters of Divinity, at first exhort, then implore their men, to

carry the fight into the enemy's territory. In vain did their chosen septette respond and push toward the Science goal, where sat Rameses upon the coveted trophy whereupon the moderator "his visage a very title page of tribulation" seeing his men overwhelmed and exhausted withdrew with his forces from the arena, while the shouts of the victors rang through the building.

NOTES ON THE GAME

There was but one man injured, a divinity player. Our medical attendant Dr. P-tt-r being hurriedly brought to the scene, refused assistance averring that the man was a Christian Scientist, and that there was nothing whatever ailing him.

Prof. M. B. Baker as referee was kept busy. Rameses hung on to the cup as he would an old friend.

Husky and Temperance had a mix-up and were ruled off, and deserved all they got. Such an exhibition from two players on one side is deplorable, not only because it is objectionable from a spectator's standpoint, but in that it destroys the unity there should obtain in a team, and in that it establishes a dangerous precedent—vide the Pulford-Moore incident in Ottawa.

At a recent hour in 3rd. year mineralogy the color of a certain mineral species came under discussion. Many guesses were made by this bumper class, but none proved satisfactory until the "man from Bruce" ventured an opinion, that it was a delicate hair brown. Such a peculiar distinction at once attracted attention and it appears, as brought out by inquiries made as to further particulars by the professor

and others, that our friend is an authority on the subject especially in the various shades of hair red and hair brown.

FOR SALE

One brand new pair of shoe-shoes at a sacrifice. All particulars and exceptionally good reasons for selling cheerfully supplied by the owner.

H. V. F—nn—e.

Diversity.

ON WRITING HOME.

SINCE we entered this University eight years ago we have met a number of students who have considered that now since they have passed through the High School and entered the University, it is incumbent on them to drop all connection with the friends of their childhood, and in some extreme cases, even with their own homes and their parents. If they ever mention their parents at all, it was in a disparaging or apologetic tone, and as for writing home once in a while, that was entirely beneath their dignity, unless they were in need of something. And the same boys were not at all backward in asking for money to help them along, and they were quite willing to spend that money, earned by the toil of an aged parent, most likely on some foolish amusement, or even for some treat for a chance friend.

Such men are not worthy of any sort of respect. The cases where one should drop all connection with home and parents are very rare indeed, and the cases where one finds friends in the University or anywhere else who will do as much for him, if in need, as his parents will do, are also very rare.

We think of the heartaches caused by the prodigals who go off to a far country, and getting into evil ways are ashamed to write home until they get on their feet again, and we are not sure but that a deeper sorrow is felt over the ingratitude of the boy who prospers in the world and forgets his parents in their old age.

We think of the picture Ian MacLaren has given us, of the old Scotch couple sitting by the roadside for hours before "Posty" comes in sight, waiting for news of the boy who is ill in the distant land. Such a picture is not overdrawn; perhaps all do not show their sorrow or anxiety as plainly, but it is felt, nevertheless.

Many of us come from country homes, and most of us are proud of that fact. Perhaps in most cases the home farm has been hewn out of the forest by our fathers, or grandfathers, and even for that reason alone every foot of it should be dear to us. And then there are all the associations of childhood, and of course if our parents are still living, the old home is doubly dear. But just think of the base ingratitude of one coming from such a home, who looks back with contempt on all the friends and associations of childhood days, and even tries to forget the existence of his parents, who are now getting old, and whose interests are now almost wholly bound up in their absent ones. Life is often rather sad for these old people, whose children have grown up and gone off to do for themselves, but it is not at all so sad if those children remember their parents and write cheery letters to them once in a while.

As to the boy in College, it is the most natural thing in the world that his parents should like to know all

about his life there. It is a poor excuse to say that the life is so different here that it will not interest them at all—it does—everything that concerns him interests them. The boy forgets that his letters are eagerly expected, and that it is one of the joys of his parents' life to get out his letters once in a while and read them over until they can almost see the places and people of whom he speaks. And then they look back over the days that are past, and rejoice that the early training they gave him is now steadying him out in the world of men. Then they think of the days to come, when he will be great and honored, and they will be so proud of him. And then of an afternoon when a neighbor drops in, what a pleasure it is to the mother to tell of her boy in College, and this of course is expected, because in most country districts here in Canada the whole of the community has a personal interest in any of their number who goes out in the world, particularly to college, and here again we are reminded of Drumtochty. The mother proudly shows his letters and photo in foot-ball togs, or in College gown, or as a member of an Executive, and then they talk of his account of a hockey match, or a Debate, or an At Home, or of the people he meets. In short all his doings are sympathetically discussed.

Think of all this, and then think of the sorrow and humiliation of that mother if she is forced to tell a sympathizing neighbor that they never hear from the boy in College, and he has almost forgotten his parents in his new life. And then in an apologetic tone she will tell of all the work he has to do, and of how severe his Professors are, and how he really

has not time to write. Anything at all rather than have the neighbors think that he is the mean, selfish creature that he has shown himself to be.

This is not a sermon—but when we hear boys calmly stating they have not written home for two or three months, as they never have time, then we feel that there is something wrong somewhere, and very wrong too. Just think of the meanness of it, and yet we can waste plenty of time, on all sorts of nonsense, and at the same time utterly neglect sending a cheery letter home once in a while. Sometimes of course it is just carelessness, or thoughtlessness, but there are times when it is selfishness, pure and simple. And then again there are cases in which it is rank ingratitude, and the meanest sort of ingratitude on earth.

If Historical Criticism gives men an insight into the word of God that will enable them to preach that word as Prof. McFadyen did at our University Service on February 11th, or as Dr. Jordan did at the same service, February 25th, then we want plenty of it.

Dr. Jordan's sermon was in Acts VIII, 30, 31, "Understandest thou what thou readest; How can I, except some man should guide me?" It was a strong, earnest, and tender setting forth of the real value and essence of the word of God. One could see the speaker's earnest spirit and strong faith shining through every sentence. Such sermons steady us, they lead us to think with more reverence of the word of God, and they lead us to think of the relation in which we must ourselves stand towards Him who quickeneth, before we can at all set forth His word as we should.

Rev. J. C. Robertson, the Secretary of the General Assembly's Committee on Sunday School work, stopped off here lately that he might address the Divinity students on the work of his Committee. He is a strong, earnest and capable man, one whom we were glad to meet, and we feel sure that this work will prosper in his hands. In his address he spoke of the importance of this branch of the work of the Church, and he outlined the plans of the Committee for the furtherance of the same. A very wide range of excellent literature is now available for all schools, the Committee being willing to supply free of charge any schools that are not able to pay for their own literature. This makes it much easier to carry on Sunday School work in remote districts. The Teachers' Training Course is another important branch of the work of this Committee.

At the regular meeting of the Q. U. M. A. on March 3rd, Rev. Dr. McTavish, the Convener of the General Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies, was present, and gave an address on the work of his Committee. In the Presbyterian Church of Canada there are 1800 congregations, and only 800 Young People's Societies, so although much has been done, there is still much to do in the way of organization. Such Societies are of great benefit to the minister or student in charge, in relieving him of a part of his burden, to the young people themselves in the development of their gifts and graces, and to the congregation or guild of work, because of the much greater interest that is taken in the work. Perhaps one of the greatest benefits of these societies is seen in the case of

mission fields that are left vacant during the winter months. If there is a good working Young People's Society holding regular meetings during the winter, it is very much easier to get the Field organized again when another student arrives in the Spring.

It seems a pity that more of the Divinity Students do not turn out to hear these men who come to address us. We are going out to our work, and none of us know any too much about ways and means of working. And Mr. Robertson and Mr. McTavish both came to tell of the interest of their Committees in our work, and the ways in which they are willing to help us. Surely it is important that we should hear of these things. A few come out to the meetings, some grudging the few minutes that are "lost," and some more of our number show no interest whatever in what these men have to say. It is not as if they came here to ask a favor of us, they come here to give us something for our good, something that will help us in our work. The Sunday School and Young People's Society are very important branches of our work, so surely it is to our best interests to learn all we can from those who come here to give us expert counsel.

We wish to add our tribute of sorrow and respect for the memory of that excellent Christian gentleman, Prof. A. B. Nicholson. He was a cheerful, patient, kindly teacher and friend, loved of all. He has passed away, but it will be long ere he be forgotten.

A letter received a day or two ago from an old friend, Rev. J. D. Byrnes, B.D., now of Gore Bay, Ont., assures

us that he is alive and well, and prosperous. We note however that age has not improved his handwriting in the least. We hope that he may not hear the score of the last Science-Divinity Hockey match, or he will surely tear his hair in anguish, mindful of the days when he himself was one of the shooting stars of the Divinity seven.

Musical News.

THE annual meeting of the Glee Club was held on Monday, March 5th. The following are the officers elected for the coming session: Hon.-President, Prof N. R. Carmichael; President, C. J. Burns; Vice-President, Ross M. Bradley; Sec.-Treas., W. E. Hanna; Committee, H. Swinburne, Arts; Mr. Barnum, Science; J. P. Clancy, Med;

The appointment of a conductor for next session was referred to the Musical Committee.

Much is to be expected of the new Executive, as it comes into office thoroughly organized, and in better working order than it has been for some years past. The retiring officers

Mr. Telgmann,

teacher of the Violin and all

String Instruments.

Mrs. Telgmann,

teacher of Elocution.

Address 222 Johnston St.,

Kingston.

leave their successors a good example of what faithful hard work can accomplish and we feel sure that the new management will live up to, or even surpass this standard.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club held its annual meeting on Monday, March 5th, and elected the following officers: Hon.-President, F. R. Nicholle, B.A.; President, N. J. McKinley; Vice-President, D. J. McLeod; Sec.-Treas., W. F. Lockett.

Athletics.

STANLEY CUP GAMES.

QUEEN'S Hockey Team played her two games at Ottawa for the Stanley Cup on February 27th and 28th, while the cup, as was to be expected, remains in Ottawa, we have no reason to be sorry that the games were played nor ashamed of the team Queen's placed on the ice. The first game resulted in a score of 16-7 for the home team. The play throughout was aggressive but clean. Queen's worked hard from start to finish showing no tendency to quit. The length of the rink and the round corners seemed to confuse the team a little at first. Ottawa won on systematic team play and on the ability of the individual members to nurse the puck. On the ice they were probably no faster than Queen's but followed up the shots on goal much better. A large number of Ottawa's scores were from inside point.

The Queen's team was:—goal, Mills; point, Macdonnell; cover point, Sutherland; rover, Walsh; centre, Crawford; right wing, Dobson; left wing, Richardson.

In the second game, which resulted in a score of 12-7, the only change in the line up was the substitution of Sutherland for Crawford. The game was even closer and more aggressive than that of the night before. Richardson was in considerably better shape and the whole line played a strong game. Except in shooting the two teams were very even, but Ottawa was more effective near the goal, here their long experience told as it also did on the defence. Time and again Queen's passes were intercepted by Ottawa's defence when they looked safe.

The experience gained in these games should make itself felt in Queen's hockey. The short passes of the Ottawa team were a feature of their play, as was their habit of holding the puck close to the skate in individual runs. Ottawa too had the advantage in following up after shooting on goal. Three or four of their goals in the last game were scored on following up shots that had been stopped. Queen's have nothing to learn from their opponents in speed and snap.

The arrangements for the games on the part of the Ottawa executive were satisfactory in every particular. Mel-drum of Montreal proved a satisfactory referee, and Patrick of McGill was equally satisfactory as judge of play. To some it probably seemed that Queen's got a trifle the worse of it in off-side decisions, but if this were the case, the blame did not rest at all with the referee. The Ottawas knew better when it was safe to play off-side and occasionally obtained a slight advantage in this way.

Aside from the disadvantage of loss of time at this season of the year, the

games mean a great advantage to hockey here. It is true that scant justice was given the Queen's team by some of the daily papers of other cities. This was practically the case with the Toronto papers, with the exception of "The News." In judging anything like first-class hockey, Toronto has the obvious advantage of viewing from the impartial standpoint of an entire out-sider. Notwithstanding these adverse criticisms however, we are more than ever convinced that Queen's had a team of sufficient merit to make even Stanley Cup games interesting.

BASKETBALL.

The Meadow's Cup series has resulted in a three cornered tie between the Preachers, Ramblers and Crescents. Two of these will play off and the third play the winners of the first game. The Preachers have a very good chance to win the trophy.

In the Inter-year games '09 again defeated '07, 22 to 20 after a hard game.

'07—King, Rintoul, Aiken, Woolsey, Merritt.

'09—Collins, Lawson, Saint, Bruce, Nielson.

The annual meeting of the Club was held on Friday, March 2nd, and the attendance was the largest there has ever been. This shows the growing popularity of the game.

FRENZIED INSURANCE PROVERBS.

A death in time saves many premiums.

Seest thou a man diligent in the insurance graft, he shall stand before the investigators.

Wilful waste makes a woeful investigation.

Our Alumni.

FROM a private letter received from a Queen's graduate, who is at present studying at the University of Leipzig, we are permitted to quote the following extracts. No doubt this interesting information regarding the famous city and university will be appreciated by both students and graduates :

"Leipzig has many points of interest to the visitor. There is the old Rathaus (town-hall) on the Markt, built in 1556, which the Leipzigers are at present converting into small shops. The new Rathaus, which was finished recently and dedicated last October by the king, is also an impressive piece of architecture. Not far from the latter is the Reichsgericht, or law courts for the empire, perhaps the most serious piece of building in Leipzig, of which there are not many.

"Of course on many of the public squares are monuments. A very striking and impressive one is the Seigesdenkmal in the Markt, erected in memory of the struggle of 1870-71, and the Mendebrunnen, a gloriously-executed fountain on Augustus Platz. Just outside of Leipzig is the monument being erected to commemorate the Battle of Leipzig in 1813, Die Völkerschlacht bei Leipzig, or Battle of the Nations, as the Germans proudly call it. This monument has already cost several million marks, and the end is not yet.

"Then the hero-worshipper can visit the houses in which famous men were born, lived, or died. Bruhl 3 is Richard Wagner's birthplace. Schiller's dwelling is on Hain Strasse. The house in which Goethe lived when a student in Leipzig is distinguished by

a brass tablet. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's house is a Mecca for music devotees. In fact there are a dozen or so places of this kind.

"To one who likes music Leipzig gives ample opportunities of hearing the very best, and hearing it cheaply too. Concerts are given here that are famous throughout Europe. As regards theatres, Leipzig has four or five first-rate ones, and any number of music halls. The price of admission is, in the estimation of an Englishman, an American, or a Canadian always very low. For instance, in the Neves Stadt Theatre the most expensive seat costs 6 marks (\$1.43), and the cheapest about 12 cents. These four or five theatres are owned by the city, and the performances are given by a permanent company of actors. The opera one hears here is, of course, excellent, but their drama, although good as to material, is not presented by first-rate actors.

"And now as regards the University. The year 1409 witnessed its opening, so that it can now boast a long existence. The number of students this last semester was 5,000, quite a respectable attendance. The university buildings can be divided into two sections, those on Augustus Platz, the original home of the university proper, and those on Liebig and Linne Strassen. In the former we have the Belles Lettres, in the latter medicine, mathematics, and the sciences. Each department has an institute or two. Thus in chemistry there is the old chemical laboratory with Hautz at its head, the laboratory for applied chemistry with Beckmann as chief, and the Physical-Chemistry Institute which Ostwald looks after.

"Methods and customs here are very peculiar to a Canadian. Any person who wishes to study for a doctor's degree in chemistry must pass an examination (practical) in Qualitative, Volumetric and Gravimetric Analysis, and an oral examination afterwards. He is then given an "Arbeit" or theme.

"There are several Canadians here. Birchard, from Toronto, is working on physiological chemistry; Farmer, from Toronto, and Armstrong, from Vancouver, are studying music. There is quite an English-speaking colony in the city, and we have an English-American Episcopal Church and an American-British Interdenominational one. In our laboratory are Rutler, an Englishman, and Fink, an American from Columbia. In Hautzch's laboratory are several Englishmen. A number of Americans are to be found studying literature, etc. An institution that I find very agreeable is the American-British Students' Club. It meets fortnightly in the Fürstenhof.

"By the way, in turning over the leaves of the membership book of the Students' Club I came across the name of E. J. Williamson, and was of course immediately transported back in thought to the Old Ontario Strand."

The appointment of an insurance commission by the Dominion Government has directed the eyes of Canada, and of Queen's graduates in particular, to Judge MacTavish, of Ottawa, Senior Judge of the County of Carleton. He will be chairman of the commission. Judge Duncan Byron MacTavish was born in Osgoode, Carleton Co., Ont., April 21, 1852. He was educated in the High Schools of Metcalfe and Ottawa, and at Queen's University,

from which he graduated in 1873 with the degree of M.A. He studied law under Sir Oliver Mowat, and was called to the Bar in 1877. From 1888 to 1897 he practised his profession in Ottawa, being appointed solicitor of that city in 1892. In 1890 he was created a Q.C., and in 1896 was elected President of the Carleton Law Association. In 1897 he argued important cases for the Government before the Privy Council in England, and at the close of that year was elevated to the Bench. He may be counted on to capably fill his new position.

In a supplement to the Oxford Magazine of February 21st, are given the names and weights of the boat crews of the various colleges of the University. On Balliol I. crew we note the name of J. M. Macdonnell. Evidently Jim is continuing as at Queen's to win glory for himself in the realm of athletics.

H. M. Nimmo, B.A., '98, is at Toronto, as special representative of the Detroit, Mich., News, studying the methods of the Ontario legislature, consisting of but a single chamber, in contrast to the Michigan legislature, which has an upper chamber. An agitation is being started in that State to abolish the second chamber, and Mr. Nimmo is arraying himself with material and information to show that a State legislature has no need of such a second house.

Dr. W. H. Lavell has opened up an eye and ear surgery in the capital of Alberta, Edmonton, and reports everything flourishing.

A TRAVELLER.

Into the dusk and snow
 One fared on yesterday ;
 No man of us may know
 By what mysterious way.
 He had been comrade long ;
 We fain would hold him still ;
 But, though our will be strong,
 There is a stronger Will.
 Beyond the solemn night
 He will find morning-dream—
 The summer's kindling light
 Beyond the snow's chill gleam.
 The clear, unfaltering eye,
 The inalienable soul,
 The calm, high energy,—
 They will not fail the goal !
 Large will be our content
 If it be ours to go
 One day the path he went
 Into the dusk and snow !

—C. SCOLLARD.

CALENDAR.

- ALMA MATER SOCIETY
 Every Saturday evening at 7.30.
- ARTS SOCIETY
 Tuesday, Mar. 27.
- LEVANA SOCIETY
 Every alternate Wednesday at 4 p.m.
 Mar. 22—Business Meeting.
- ÆSCULAPIAN SOCIETY
 Meets Friday at 4 p.m. weekly.
- ENGINEERING SOCIETY
 Friday, Mar. 2, and every alternate
 Friday thereafter.
- Y. M. C. A.
 Every Friday at 4 p.m.
 Mar. 17—Address—Prof. Matheson.
 Mar. 23—Graduating Class.
- Y. W. C. A.
 Every Friday at 4 p.m.
- MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION
 Every Saturday morning at 11.
 Mar. 17—Home Missions.
 Mar. 24—Foreign Missions.
- GENERAL
 Mar. 23—Examinations in Medicine
 begin.
 Mar. 28—Class Work in Arts, Applied
 Science and Mining closes.
 Apr. 7—Class Work in Theology closes
 Apr. 12—Medical Convocation.

Exchanges.

THE February Xaverian comes late,
 but is none the less heartily wel-
 come to our Canadian College Ex-
 change list. This issue offers no ar-
 ticles of special merit, though the
 sketches are interesting especially
 "The Land of Penu." The Editorial
 and local columns are bright and up-
 to-date, the former devoted perhaps
 too exclusively to college affairs. The
 "Suggestions" from a well-balanced
 presentation of the Nova Scotia School
 needs, and shows that St. Francis
 Xavier College is appreciative of the
 vital connection between secondary
 and higher education. The account
 of a February 8th hockey game reach-
 ing us on March 6th, rather discounts
 the Xaverian as a news medium.

AN ANALOGY.

by L. Owen.

When the dawn's broke with her low
 young beam,
 And furzy shadows from the grove
 Across the frost-laid stubble stream,
 With my endless shade I love to rove.

When Hesper sets his evening lamp
 And carmined burns the hectic west,
 When earth suspires all chill and damp,
 With a fainting pulse I sink to rest

The dawn brought hope, and a heart
 full o'er
 Rushed out to meet the streaming
 moon ;
 By eve a slow tide lapped the shore,
 Where moaned the gale along the
 dune ;

And as the sunset melted in the sky
 My pale life soothed its soul to die.
 And as the sun stole round the spheral
 world
 My soul its sails on other seas un-
 furled.—*The Varsity.*

EDITING COLLEGE PAPERS.

Editing a college paper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes people say we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens. If we do, we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes, they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes, they say we have a pull. Now what are we to do. Just as likely as not some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did.

—*The Athenaeum.*

The article "*At Panama,*" in a recent number of *The Concordiensis*, gives an interesting first-hand impression of the magnitude of the work our neighbors to the south have undertaken in the isthmus. It is humorously written, very much on the surface, but intended to glance merely at the conditions that exist in "climate, people and manners." As a sample of the raciness of his style and general keenness we select the following:

It was my privilege to watch, for a short time, a so-called bull fight. A self-respecting muley cow would hang her head in shame at the sight. Amid the plaudits of the yelling Panamanians and the blare of the Garde Republicaine band, the picadors, the matador—and the bull—appear. A couple of lion-hearted picadors plunge a couple of darts into the back of the bull's neck—when he isn't looking. Taurus looks around meekly and the "main squeeze" — the matador —

shakes the proverbial red rag in his view—the bull makes a wild plunge at him—and then starts off at a lope to look for the way home—I am very sorry that I cannot give the sequel; I felt that the excitement was too great and I came away. But I would separate myself from quite a sum to see some picadors, the matador, et al, strewn over the landscape.

STUDENT, soliciting advertisement from a local undertaker—"We would like you to renew your advertisement."

UNDERTAKER,—“Well you college men do not seem to be doing much in my line.”

STUDENT,—“O but they are just dying to,—*McMaster Monthly.*

He started out one pleasant eve
To call upon a Miss.
And when he reached her residence,
this.

like
stairs
up
went
He
Her papa met him at the door.
He did not see the Miss.
He'll not go there again, tho, for
He

went
down
stairs
like
this—*Ex.*

A PARADOX.

Lecturer in First Year History—
“What is the seat of war?”
Freshette, in a stage whisper—“A
standing army, sitting down.”

A FIGURATIVE LOVE LYRIC.

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
 And 1 m-2 the other said,
 "How 14,8 that you be 9,
 Have smiled upon this suit of mine!"

"If 5 a heart it palps for you—
 Thy voice is mus 6 melody—
 'Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2,—
 Say O! my nymph, wil'st marry me?
 Then lisped she soft, "Why 13ly."

There is a horrible suspicion gaining
 ground that the 2 take mathematics.

De Notis.

What is the difference between a
 nurse and a pianist?

The nurse practices upon her own
 patients and the pianist upon other
 people's (patience.)

Senior chemistry class—Prof. G—
 lecturing,—“Here comes in the sub-
 ject of dissociation.”

The doors opens and C. W. D—
 ck—n walks in.

Great applause.

On Bathurst St. car in Ottawa, J. A.
 McG—n “Please, Mr. Conductor,
 how much are your transfers?”

Honour English Class. Professor
 has written on the board.

Browning—Novelty of His Form.

A. H. G—bs—n, “Novelty of
 Browning's form? Why, it was
 Byron that had a novel form. He
 had a club-foot.”

Notice on Bulletin Board—“'06
 ARTS—The material for the year-
 book is nearly ready for the printers
 and several biographies have not yet
 been received. Almost anything
 would look better than a blank space
 opposite your name. So hurry up.”

'07 Wit, after reading the notice,
 “Humph! Almost anything would
 look better than a lot of their pictures
 opposite their biographies.”

Why aren't there any Chinamen
 attending Queen's?

Because the Alma Mater's Society
 won't let them wear Q's.

Queen St. Boarding House at Din-
 ner. Science and Medical students are
 discussing prospects for exams. in
 Chemistry and flourishing formulae
 wildly. Young lady, whose food re-
 quires a little more seasoning and who
 doesn't want to disturb the chemical
 tone of the conversation, “Mr.—, will
 you please pass the P₃, E₂, R?”

We wish to draw particular at-
 tention to the advertisement in this issue
 of C. Livingston & Bro., 75-77-79
 Brock St.; the largest and oldest
 Clothing and Mens' Furnishing Estab-
 lishment in Kingston. They are direct
 importers of fine British Woolens,
 having exclusive control in Kingston
 of several of the largest woollen houses
 in great Britain. Their Cutters keep
 closely in touch with all New York
 Frshions. They keep constantly em-
 ployed a large staff of hands, making
 their facilities for the prompt fulfilment
 of orders unsurpassed.

Their showing of Mens' Furnishings
 are very extensive and exclusive;
 everything a man requires, except his
 hat and boots, can be obtained in this
 establishment. They are always
 pleased to shew their goods, and give
 you the benefit of their knowledge re
 styles. You are kindly invited to
 call, and will find their prices reason-
 able.