

Queen's University Journal



ARTS
 DIVINITY
 MEDICINE
 SCIENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Editorials - - -	65
University Sermon - - -	66
Contributions - - -	69
University News - - -	71
Divinity Hall - - -	72
Ladies' Column - - -	74
Verse and Rhyme - - -	74
Medical College - - -	75
Science Notes - - -	76
Arts Department - - -	77
Our Exchanges - - -	80
De Nobis - - -	82

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» QUEEN'S »

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AFTER the elections are past, and the strife between candidates and committees ended, we can look back over the week of "working" and ask of what kind it was. In the week of excitement there is no time for retrospection. To win is the candidate's aim, to get their man in, the committee's. Organization is the thing that counts. After that comes the question, what "cries" are to be used? What handle have we on our opponents? It is a pity that our election could not be run on some great issue of our country or our College. Then there would be room for real work. The electorate could get something definite to argue about and side with. At present, voters are compelled to make personal liking or disliking the test, or what is worse, some mistaken or utterly false cry which has been raised deftly and plausibly enough. Elections in past times have been contested openly upon "Sporting"

and "Y.M.C.A." principles, and though the opposition of these two ideas must have resulted to the detriment of both interests, yet it is not so bad as to use the same principles secretly. It is unfortunate that any of our contests should divide the students into two bodies, known as the "Sports" and the "Christians." But it is a hopeful sign that whereas a few years ago men did not scruple to use these terms, nowadays common sense forbids it. If our present condition is worse than the old one, we must remember that it is but a "passing" stage, and in the near future we may hope to see a campaign fought out over some great question of interest to our whole University.

In the Rectorial elections in the Scotch Universities the policy of the government is the platform, and the students are divided not by personal abuse or praise, but by the issue at stake. In our University it would not be impossible to inaugurate the system, but a much more satisfactory one would be to introduce College politics and issues. What prevented us making the question of our *future home* the issue this year? It would have been a practical way of getting at the real sentiment of the College.

There is no doubt that our present system is conducive to all kinds of *scheming* and *ward-heeling*. Where the claims of the candidates are personal there cannot but be abuse heaped up, and an amount of ill-feeling created, that only one man in a hundred can remain untouched by it. The Presidency of the Alma Mater is hardly reward enough for the strain and dissection which the candidates are compelled to undergo.

* * *

There is a sort of secret fear among the

boys, lest the overflowing of our pure animal spirits should cease. On every hand there is a feeling of dread as at an approaching death which manifests itself in spasmodic and hideous convulsions. Every day at noon there can be heard from the top-story noises of every description, from the crowing of a cock to an Indian war-whoop. This is one way of showing that there is still an exuberant life in our bodies, but it is most ungraceful. Such an irregular volume of sound is not inspiring to any person, it rather gives the impression that there is more lung-power than brains. It is all right to keep up the custom of singing between classes, but our relaxation should be harmonious in its effect, and not calculated to put our souls entirely out of tune with everything.

University Sermon.

*THE GAME OF LIFE.

Dan. ii. 20: "Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are his."

Dan. ii. 23: "I thank Thee and praise Thee, O thou God of my fathers."

THE book of Daniel was written, so some commentators now think, latest of all the books of the Bible. Alexander the Great, whose father had conquered Greece and imbibed in some degree Greek manners and learning, had an insatiable desire for conquest. He travelled eastwards through Asia, and, as an incident of his march, subjugated Palestine. Wherever he went he dropped seeds of Greek thought and civilization. Some of these seeds took root in Judæa in a set of thinkers, afterwards known as the Sadducees. Although they were Jews, they despised Jewish customs and law. The great national hope, which the Jews were then cherishing so warmly, the hope that a Messiah would come and redeem Israel, the Sadducees laughed and mocked at. They thought that salvation would come to the Jews, not by clinging to old and impossible prophecies, but by welcoming the new learning and morals of Greece.

On the other hand, another set of men held desperately to the law. "Thy word," they said, speaking of the law, "is a light to my feet and a lamp to my path." They believed in the Messiah, and looked forward to the glorious time when he would come as a prince and drive before him the foreign rulers and their train. The Messiah, so they thought, was to spring from the line of David and would restore to Israel its ancient glory. The followers of this

national and patriotic party lost in time some of their best ideas; but during the crisis, which called forth the book of Daniel, they stood up for Israel, fought for and saved their country. The prophecy of Daniel, it is thought, was written by one of this party. The author wished to show to his countrymen that it was in vain to look to the heathen for enlightenment, and that they should turn to their fathers and the God of their fathers. So he pictured to his fellow-Jews the young man Daniel, who remained true to his old-fashioned faith even at a foreign court. To resist temptation is not so hard when the tempted one is regarded as a hero; but this young man preserved his simplicity of life, eating pulse and drinking water, although laughed at by all the wits and ladies of the court. He was sustained by dreams and visions, and believed that, in spite of appearances, the kingdom founded on truth and righteousness could alone endure. So he said: "Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever, for wisdom and might are his; and he changeth the times and seasons: he removeth kings and setteth up kings.....I thank thee and praise thee, O thou God of my fathers." Daniel's faith was in the end justified, and Babylon with its impious and licentious king was overthrown.

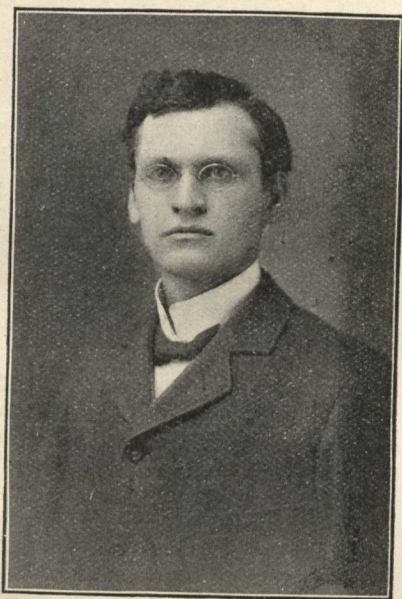
From Daniel's career some lessons may be drawn as to the wise conduct of life. One of the ways in which the game of life is played fairly and worthily is suggested by the words, "I thank thee and praise thee, O thou God of my fathers." Daniel, like every devout Jew, had a strong sense of the unity of his race, and of the value of the past. A past age comes to everyone through the writings, sayings or works of its greatest men, who give clear voice to the hopes and fears of the main body of the people. Hence the Jew who believed in his fathers, was moved by what his race could do at its best, and what he, too, ought to do, if he was not to be false to his heritage. The type of the Jew who had no sense of the unity and uniqueness of his race was Esau, who by selling his birth-right had, so the Jew would have said, severed himself from all his past, and in that way sacrificed his real manhood. Often a young man's best self comes home to him as the father's warning or the mother's prayer or hope. To some, as to Quentin Durward, the fame of their house and the bones of their ancestry may be their most solemn oath. Each of us should think of himself as compassed about by the mighty dead of his race. Henry V. when addressing his troops on the eve of battle, says—*Hen. V.* 3. 1.

Once more unto the breach, dear friend,
once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fed from fathers of war-
proof,
Fathers that like so many Alexanders
Have in these parts from morn till even
fought,
And sheath'd their swords from lack of
argument.

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those, whom you called fathers, did
beget you.

The mark which a preceding age has made
is a mark which we cannot afford to fall below.
Our fathers rule us from their urns. He who
feels the force of his connection with the past
of his people never thinks merely his own
thoughts, never strikes, if it comes to that,



PROF. S. W. DYDE.

PHOTO BY WEESE

single-handed. It may be that the cry is "St. George and merry England!" or perhaps it is "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" but in either case it comes from a heart filled with the deepest hopes of a whole people.

If we for a moment apply to student-life the principle that we must be true to our inheritance, there appears for one thing a splendid idea of sport. Most school boys in England believe that they should have some kind of exercise. To do the right thing, especially in the field of sport, where to do the right thing is sometimes hard, is with him a purpose. Not to win a bet, not to get a mean advantage, not to shirk hard work, not to disappoint at a critical moment, not to be conspicuous at the cost of the rest, but to play the game is his desire.

To play the game is for him to subordinate himself to the team, to be manly, straightforward, fair to the other side. Let me quote a short poem, in which the ideal, kept before the English boy in the cricket-field, stood him in good stead afterwards in the sterner field of battle.

There's a breathless hush in the Close
to-night,

Ten to make and the match to win—

A bumping pitch and a blinding light,

An hour to play and the last man in.

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,

Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,

But his Captain's hand on his shoulder
smote,

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—

Red with the wreck of a square that
broke;—

The gatlings jammed, and the colonel dead,

And the regiment blind with dust and
smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his banks,

And England's far, and Honour a name,

But the voice of a school-boy rallies the
ranks,

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,

While in her place the school is set,

Every one of her sons must hear,

And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind

Bear through life like a torch in flame,

And falling fling to the host behind,

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

If the lion's whelp is to be like the lion, if we are to be true to our heritage, we must keep before us a high standard of conduct in our sport.

Again, a university is not simply grounds and walls and societies and graduates and teachers. It is an ideal working in them; it is the spirit of devotion to truth and goodness, it is a mystic and invisible society of truth-seekers. The student in any university, if he is to be true to his heritage, must enter his name upon the books of that society and dedicate himself to its ideal.

Whatever be our vocation, we fail to be worthy links in the chain of the past and the future, if we separate ourselves from the spirit of our race. Uninfluenced by it we are in danger of abandoning ourselves to the passing fancy, or again, forgetting that the unseen hope or aim of a people is a possession of which nothing can deprive us, we may be led to complain that circumstances prevent us from sharing in the world's work. So the tyrant Eurystheus, when brought face to face with his mis-

deeds, said: "But, would I or would I not, it was the god Hera with this affliction burdened me." He proved himself to be a coward in not acknowledging that it was because of himself, and not because of the gods, that he was an underling. Though it would be wrong to think that outward circumstances count for nothing, it is still the main thing that every one may bear about in his mind the hopes and fears that make us men, and if he does not do this he is false to himself.

But there is another and higher lesson to be learned from the life of Daniel. Not only did he draw his life from his race, but he recognized that behind all times and seasons was the God of heaven. So he said: "Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are his." He knew that his fathers had acted worthily, only because they had betaken themselves to the source of all wisdom and strength; and we, too, must go to the same source, if we are rightly to play the game of life. If our fathers had not believed in God, we could not believe in them, and if we do not renew ourselves through real fellowship with the God of all righteousness and love, our sons will not believe in us. One tangible way of believing in God as long-suffering and good is to see that the record of history, as Daniel says, is the divine judgment. "God removeth kings and setteth up kings," says the wise writer of this prophecy. The will of God is being done on earth as it is done in heaven, and the standard to be applied to us as individuals is the extent to which we have understood the divine mind, and sought in some way to bring it to pass. Statesmen are sometimes kept from an unworthy course by their dread of the judgment of history; but to every man, as a reasonable soul, is given the power to know and do the divine will, and, just in so far as he refuses, he fails to play the game of life. Us also, as well as kings, God removeth or setteth up.

In this judgment of God upon ourselves, strange as it may seem, we take part. One of the most wonderful things about a human being is his power to stand apart from himself, as it were, go outside of himself and put a value on himself. This is not simply a good exercise; it is a high duty. When we thus mount above and look down upon ourselves, we are certainly tempted sometimes to smile at the figure we cut. We are disposed to say, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" and wonder why men build houses, till the soil, amass wealth and try their souls. We may think, as we thus watch, that we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep. But, although we thus look down upon ourselves, there is no reason for becoming

cynical. After all it is we who are up aloft on the hill, as well as down below in the valley, and therefore it is possible for us from the peaks to know that what is true and pure and of good report may be our possession in our earthly life. God, who is infinite in love, cannot despise anything, and if we share in His spirit we will not only not be satirical in regard to our daily work, but shall see that when rightly looked at nothing is common or unclean. While we prepare the evening meal we may be in the presence of the angel of the Lord, and Jesus may be revealed to us in the breaking of bread.

When we look at life in this way, we have the freedom and gladness, which belong to the religious mind. Open to our eyes is a wide prospect. We become one with the nature described by the Psalmist as joining in a chorus of praise to the Lord.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth;

Break forth and sing for joy, yea sing praises,
Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp,
With the harp and the voice of melody,
With trumpets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.
Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof,
The world and they that dwell therein,
Let the floods clap their hands:
Let the hills sing for joy together—
Before the Lord

For he cometh to judge the earth;
He shall judge the world with righteousness
And the peoples with equity. *Ps.* 98.

Our joy is not the frantic and evanescent joy of him who thinks that he has escaped from the necessary results of his own acts, but a joy in the righteous judgments of God. Nor is it the joy of one who sees some one else doing his work well, but rather a curious kind of active joy, without which, as we may venture to believe, God's work cannot be perfected. At first it would almost seem that the divine being, as He makes His presence known in nature and history, was bent on fulfilling His word alone, and our part seemed to consist merely in reverently watching His course. But

He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

is deeply concerned also about men; and His chief concern about us is that we should be concerned with Him. The growth of our spirit is the increasing closeness of union with the spirit of all things. It is as though the music, so finely put into words by the Psalmist, came to us first of all as from a distance. As we wait the sound of God's footstep comes nearer and swells into a march. Before its approach we bow with our faces to the ground, as did Moses

before Jehovah in the flaming bush, listening all the time not with our ears simply, but with our whole frames. We keep silence, waiting to see the salvation of God. But, as we reverently listen, there arises from our own spirits a faint sound, not quite concordant with the world's music, and we are tempted to rebuke ourselves; but finally we are caught up and swept away by the tempest of harmony, in which we are glad to distinguish our own diminutive note. To believe that in some measure one's work is needed, in order to accomplish the scheme of things, is to live; and to be convinced that one has not wholly failed to answer the need, is to have the fulness of joy forever.

So as we advance in life and settle down, we do not think of things as slipping out of our hands, but rather discern that settling down and accepting the terms offered us by the divine reason is a real part of the game, which it is ours sturdily and joyfully to play; and play it we must till we close our eyes in quiet rest. Whether the game has just begun, as it has with some of you, or whether we have reached half time, or whether we are well on in the second half, we are to play up and play the game, till the whistle rings.

*Delivered by Prof. Dyde, in Convocation Hall.

Contributions.

IRVING AND TERRY IN ROBESPIERRE.

LOYAL, enthusiastic New York during the first month of autumn found itself so completely absorbed in welcoming home the hero of Manilla, and during the recent month the interested sporting element has been so impatient for the outcome of the cup-lifting contest, that the expected American tour of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry with the Lyceum Company, has received the most meagre comment. Now that they are here their appearance in Sardou's spectacular play, Robespierre, is received with ready applause as the leading dramatic event of the season.

On their departure some years ago from the old Star Theatre on Broadway, then the commodious resort of the cultured lovers of the drama, but now, with the city's enormous expansion left behind a full mile from the cluster of brilliant entertainment halls of the Tenderloin district and reduced to the inglorious condition of cheap house for amateur and baby stars, but unfailingly pointed out to visitors as the scene and centre of the great Irving-Terry rage, the two greatest living interpreters of human character on the English speaking stage, received the long-to-be-remembered farewells of enraptured audiences, and won for themselves

the adoration of thousands, after a season yet spoken of as undoubtedly the most successful America has seen this century. Since then their united vogue has been uninterrupted and unrivalled, both in this country and in London, and at each re-appearance here they have been received by still larger audiences and with more enthusiastic greetings.

Many who endeavored to forecast the reception of the veteran actor in the title role of Sardou's new play Robespierre were of the opinion that its success would not be great because of its newness and that Sir Henry Irving might be guilty, like many lesser lights, of catering somewhat to American taste by presenting a character with more of the sensational and less of the subtle in it than his old familiar roles, Henry VIII, Macbeth or Mathias—in "The Bells." On its first production however, at the Knickerbocker theatre on Oct. 30th, they were easily disillusioned and now the average theatre-goer readily concedes that Robespierre is one of the actor Knight's finest roles and that he acts it with undiminished life and vigor, and that the play is one of Sardou's most effective creations.

In the great interest which attached to the play as well as that created by an actor grown old at his life-work, in the rush of people eager to obtain even standing room, and in the expectant thrill that kept the great audience in a state of subdued excitement until the curtain was lifted, few first nights have equalled it in N.Y. From early in the evening until long after the first scene, a long line of men and women demanded entrance, and speculators on the curb with a few seats left, ranging in price from those in the Orchestra at \$12 to the cheapest in the Family Circle at \$3, did a business that will be chronicled in their annals.

The play consists of a series of vivid and picturesque pictures, a succession of striking episodes, interspersed with moments of weariness, excitement, splendor and pathos. The great actor is as well an unequalled manager, at times controlling under the dominance of his master mind a whole mob of supernumeraries in costumes so faultlessly representative of time and historic conditions, working so accurately amid the most real of scenes, that the staging of the melodrama is almost flawless.

Robespierre, as we learn from history, was that wicked tyrant, who along with Marat and Danton inaugurated the Reign of Terror after the final results of revolutionary spirit, the establishment of the Republic, and the execution of the French King in 1793. Divisions and intrigues soon disintegrated the Jacobin party, Marat mysteriously disappeared, Danton was accused and condemned by his remaining

rival, and Robespierre became virtual dictator. Immediately upon the realization of his ambitions he passed that notorious law which made possible the hideous massacres of the Terror, and to complete his power obtained the sanction of the convention to a religious festival at which he himself officiated as "High Priest of the Supreme Being"—the "Incorruptible." He is formally recognized as such and exults over his omnipotence, so cunningly enhanced by further delusion of his atheistic adherents. Here the play begins.

The opening scene consists of the beautiful old forest of Montmorency, in which a dialogue occurs between Clarisse de Molucon, a widow by the ravages of the guillotine, and Benjamin Vaughan of the British House of Commons, on his way to Paris seeking an interview with the tyrant Robespierre. Being an old friend of the widow's murdered husband, he learns that she has secluded herself there in a forsaken house in order to make her escape from France with her niece and her son, illegitimate offspring of Robespierre. As they stand talking under the oaks, the widow confiding her history to one anxious to lend her assistance, the "Incorruptible" himself appears, guarded by attendants armed to the teeth. Then comes a most wonderful conversation between the ambassador and the ambitious Frenchman, the latter egotistically emphasizing his own importance to the state, and finally refusing the Englishman's generous offers of peace since they seem to prefer the welfare of the suffering people to his own aggrandizement. In a remark Vaughan unwittingly informs Robespierre of the Royalist widow's seclusion, and he, immediately after the separation, orders her arrest, unconscious of her identity or of the existence of her son Ollivier.

In the first scene of the second act she is seen with her niece in the courtyard of the prison of Port Sibre where men, women and children of all ranks are spending their last few hours with cursing, others in prayer, all awaiting the jailor who each evening reads the long list of condemned and drags them away to the guillotine. Ollivier on his return to the home in the forest learns of the arrest, and by subtlety gains admittance to the prison where he plans with them their escape, vowing vengeance on the tyrant who has made them suffer.

The second scene shows Robespierre officiating at a festival of the Supreme Being in which he is interrupted by the vehement denunciation of a youthful spectator. The offender is at once put under arrest. The rumor reaches Clarisse and her niece in their prison and they guess at once the cause of it. Immediately the mother writes to Robespierre revealing her cir-

cumstances and imploring the pardon of her son and his. The letter is brought to Robespierre in Act II as he is making merry with his family at home, but the signature is not read by his secretary since the request is of such commonplace character to a man of bloody deeds. It has reminded him, however, of the preceding day's annoyance and he sends for the youthful fellow. Ollivier is brought into the drawing room and the family dismissed. The dictator then begins his ruthless examination considering the boy a conspirator, but on searching his pockets finds letters which reveal the truth of his birth. Pitiless tyrant as he has been, he is melted at once, since the boy's condemnation has already been signed and since he refuses with curses to make known his mother's whereabouts, thinking the motive is to hasten her death. From the secretary, who destroyed the missive from Clarisse, Robespierre discovers the truth and hastens to rescue his early betrothed. He succeeds in concealing both the prisoners in a room overlooking the Rue de Martrois, intending to effect their escape with Ollivier, but in the meantime his enemies have imagined treachery and have removed the boy to the conciergerie. A servant rushes in announcing the news and while they are speaking the angry howl of a mob is heard in the street below.

This is the wonderful tumbril scene of Act IV. Father and mother peep thro' the shutters as each cart is drawn by with its load of moaning victims. Both are frantic watching for their son in one of them. The suspense is dreadful, but the last tumbril rolls by and he is not seen. The succeeding scene shows Robespierre thundering at the gate of the conciergerie and screaming to the jailor for admission to the boy arrested at the celebration. While the guard shuffles away to locate the prisoner Robespierre notices the mementoes left by many who have died by his orders, chief of all, the cross over the cell occupied by Queen Marie Antoinette. Before the guard's lantern-light passes away in the corridor he reads in pencil marks on the walls the words "Robespierre the Murderer." In the darkness the thought burns into his brain. His evil deeds rise before him and his cowardly mind fails. He paces about agitated to a mania. Ghosts appear, clanking their chains as they come from the cells. They fill the space all pointing at their murderer, who raves about among them pulling frantically at the bars and shrieking in despair until from exhaustion he swoons.

In the final act, which is really weakened by the great climax of the fourth, the National Convention is seen in session. There has been dissension in the party, and Robespierre's fall

is complete. In the midst of an angry mob he shoots himself and falls in Clarisse's arms, but Ollivier, pledged to the convention to assassinate him, is saved by the tyrant's own act.

The new play is not fundamentally a strong one in all its parts, but it is a marvel in the number of its climaxes. One is surprised, however, to find that Robespierre is not the poor sea-green atrabiliar of Carlyle's idea, but on the exterior a mild old man of the Vicar of Wakefield style. The character is no such wonderful combination of qualities as Rostan's Cyrano-de-Bergerac, but there is a skilful commingling of the bloodthirsty and the compassionate; the unfeeling creature who has sent thousands to their death in his struggle for power, has a great fondness for his home and family. The moment before he orders the arrest of the widow he is seen walking under the oaks in the forest, picking flowers and caressing them, and previous to his private examination of the innocent Ollivier he has been accompanying himself on the spinet in a love song of his own composition.

Despite his advanced age and the hoarseness of his voice, the revelation of the character by Sir Henry is, as in all his other favorite dramas, unrivalled. The role of Clarisse, taken by Ellen Terry, is not important, but is executed in a faultless manner. There are some great moments in the play, perilous for some and impossible for many, but tremendously effective by the two artists, whose every glance is studied, and whose every motion has a meaning. The play is substantially of the same nature as those on which their great reputation has been made—"Eugene Aram" and "The Bells." It is the extreme of the eerie, the weird, the uncanny, by no means of interest to an impressionable child. The scene in the conciergerie, where Robespierre goes to find his son, where the ghosts of the guillotined appear, pointing shining fingers at the terrified wretch, who dies as his condemnation is pronounced, is no pleasant subject for even a grown person's dream. It is blue, cold, horrid.

To have seen any one of the plays now executed by the two most versatile of living artists of the stage, is to understand the Irving-Terry vogue and their national reputation.

W. F. MARSHALL.

University News.

FOR another time the Alma Mater election contest is over. Never in recent years has so large a vote been polled. This is the best evidence of the interest aroused throughout the University. Both the candidates for the Presi-

dency were nominated by the senior year in Arts, each of them in that way making a bid for the Arts vote. In Medicine there was a very unusual division, while Science and Theology were almost unanimous in the support of their man. The Ladies' vote was larger than ever and more unequally divided. It may be said that the Ladies' vote won the election for Mr. McKinnon. His majority in that section was 37, and his total majority was 31.

The officers elect are: Hon. President, W. G. Anglin, M.A., M.D.; President, M. A. McKinnon, B.A.; 1st Vice President, D. D. McIntyre; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Russell; Critic, J. A. Petrie, (accl.); Secretary, J. A. Donnell; Asst. Secretary, S. McCallum; Treasurer, T. E. Macgillivray. Committee: J. L. McDowall, J. J. Harpell, Mellis Ferguson, H. A. Bleaker.

THE WILLIAMSON ENDOWMENT FUND.

Wallace A. McPherson, B.A., (1891) now head of a College in Denver, Col., in remitting his first installment of subscription of \$100.00 to this fund, writes as follows:

"I have always felt sorry that this fund should have crept slowly toward fulfillment.

Prof. Williamson was the embodiment of the highest ideals. I often thought of his breadth and his simplicity, of his strength and his purity. The great good of a University lies in the possibility of coming in contact with such realized ideals. I should have thought that the old pipes and cast-off clothes and household furniture of Dr. Williamson were worth more as souvenirs than the endowment wished to be raised."

The fund has not yet been closed. Every one who knew Dr. Williamson should send his mite at once. We should have at least three James Williamson Scholarships.

QUEEN'S II. vs. BELLEVILLE.

On Friday, the 17th ult., Queen's II., better known as "The Indians," played a friendly game of football with Belleville's senior team on the latter's Athletic Grounds.

The teams lined up, with Queen's kicking with a light wind, but it was soon seen that Belleville was entirely outclassed, Queen's scoring almost at will and finishing the game with the score 26 to 6.

Queen's was represented by the following— Full back, Dinsmore; half backs, Sheffield, Richardson, Merrill; quarter, Pannell; wings, Connell, Ferguson, Powell, McLennan, Stewart, McGreer, Fahey.

NOTES.

Eddie Sheffield says, that a "three spot" is better than a two any day and especially when it is a bank note.

Connell played a dashing game at inside wing. His sprints created much enthusiasm and when "Fatty" went over for a touch the grand-stand and particularly the feminine portion of it went wild with excitement.

Merrill evidently never played on a terraced field before.

Dinsmore says that it is easy enough to get off timidity on a football field.

Manager Ferguson's popularity was not diminished a little bit by the trip.

Fahy notes "Sister Hill" all right.

Eddie R—n, coming back to the hotel about 10.30 p.m.—"I tell you, boys, the best kicks in Belleville were not on that football team." Was it a case of—

The maiden's brow was sad and the maiden's speech was low

And darkly looked she at the clock and shyly at her beau:

"My dad will be upon you before the clock strikes ten,

And if his boot once makes you scoot we ne'er shall meet again"?

Divinity Hall.

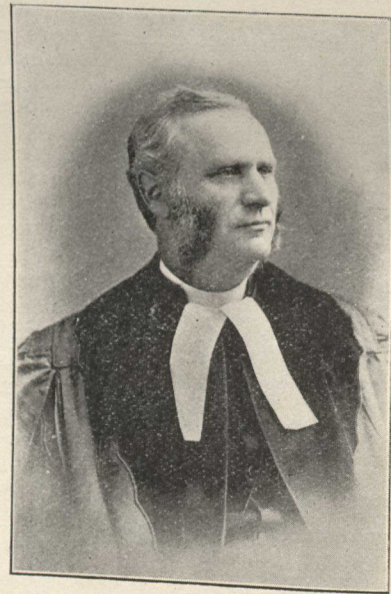
TN the removal by death of the late Dr. T. G. Smith the hall feels that it has lost a tried friend. Those of us who attended Dr. Smith's lectures last Spring learned a little of his rich treasure of experience and all who had the privilege of his personal acquaintance feel now that the world is so much the poorer and more cheerless because of his decease. Last Sunday afternoon, after the University Sermon, the Principal paid the following fitting tribute to Dr. Smith's memory:

"Last Tuesday we all lost a true friend; and true friends are so rare, that when they are taken from us, we may well pause for a while to think of their kindness and to pay to their memory the tribute of our sorrow.

No one could have known Dr. Smith without seeing that love for Queen's, her history, traditions and aims, the men of her staff and students was with him an overmastering passion. His zeal for her honour was pure and strong; and he counted toil in her service a pleasure and not a task.

The work which in his official capacity he had to do for her was the most exhausting and depressing to a man of fine feeling that it is possible to conceive. To meet men socially as an equal and yet to be obliged to ask them for

money is to put yourself at their mercy; and there are not a few people coarse or selfish enough not to spare the man who as they say to themselves, 'would rob them.' He may be doing them a kindness; he may be showing them their duty; he may be co-operating with them in their own aims; he may be even smoothing their path, present or future, or doing work in which they should share at least in spirit; and yet they resent the appeal and show plainly, by sudden change of voice and manner, a resentment which chills to the bone and unnerves for action, until the buoyant spirit has had time to recover from the blight. Fortunately, Dr. Smith had an insight into character and a sense of humor, habitually restrained but ever with him, which gave him



THE LATE REV. T. G. SMITH, D.D.

relief and positive victory when most chillingly repulsed. He felt somehow that he had obtained a new and true point of view, from which to regard one whom he had been estimating too highly; and it was a satisfaction at any rate to know how much or how little could be expected from him in future.

When we came to Kingston 22 years ago, there were four or five men who did more than others to make us feel at home, and who did so at cost to themselves which they never counted. Four of them—Professor McKerras, Vice-Principal Williamson, Dr. Bell and Dr. Smith—have now joined the majority; but, as long as life lasts, I shall never forget their services, their truth and their loyal affection. The University which counts such men on its staff and

among its sons is secure; for their spirit is like seed sown on generous soil. The seed will bloom 'a hundred-fold in days to come,' while they themselves have entered upon their reward, resting from their labours in the peace of the eternal Father."

The Hall was glad the other day when Dr. Jordan announced that he would spend the hour in lecturing upon Calvinism. A great many hard things have been said against this time-honored doctrine, and all will be glad to have the following summary of the lecture, for which we are indebted to Dr. Jordan:

Part of the lecture was in outline as follows:

There is a certain relationship between the doctrine and polity of the Presbyterian branch of the Christian Church. The massive strength of the Calvinistic theology and the republican character of the Church institutions harmonized with each other, and it was acknowledged that they had both exerted a large influence on the political and intellectual life of the world. It had been felt that the standards were now in many details not quite in harmony with the modern evangelical spirit, and did not in all respects do justice to our fuller views of God's revelation. If this was so the Church, guided by the Holy Spirit, was as free as ever to make her confession. Revelation is a living force, and we are not completely in bondage to past ages. But historic documents ought not to be tinkered, but studied in their proper historical situation as monuments of the Church's past life, as appropriate products of the great epochs which gave them birth.

There were those in our own time, as in other ages, who thought that theology might well be dispensed with, that it was a human invention which did no good and very much harm. This view was held by devotees of culture, who regarded it as "a meaningless jangle about unintelligible chimeras," as well as those who pleaded for what they called the "simple gospel." It is, however, a shallow view, it fails to take just account of the constitution of the human mind, and to provide for the varied needs of our spiritual nature. Every great movement must have its intellectual expression, as well as its effect, in feeling and conduct. A movement may seem to be great, but if it is a mere flash of emotion its influence will soon die away. Broadly speaking, Calvinism was the theology of the Reformation, it was the intellectual weapon with which the battle for freedom of thought and life was fought. If it tended to beget another kind of bondage, that is the weakness of all systems when the spirit evaporates and the letter is worshipped. It is with the dominant idea that we are now con-

cerned, the lofty thought of God which regards him as Lord over all. In considering the effectiveness of a weapon one must take into account the work that has to be done. One's forefathers had to meet the tyranny of kings which enslaved their political life, the lordship of the priest who held the conscience in thrall, the fear of the devil which was an oppressive nightmare in the middle ages, and the lawlessness of the common people whose life had been crushed rather than disciplined. There was nothing that could meet those forces and lift men up to a higher life except a great thought of God. As to the charge that the idea of the supreme sovereignty of God leads to fatalism, that is only true when it is held in a cold, lifeless fashion. The great living men that held this view were great workers and fighters, the thought that all their life was ordered by God sustained them through a long life of unwearied service. If their thought of God was more of the Kingly than the Fatherly, that also grew out of and corresponded to the needs of their special circumstances. They must come to the gentler conceptions of the New Testament through the stern, strong teachings of the older covenant. And to day we need to have our faith quickened and our reverence deepened by the thought of a supreme God, a living ruler who is behind all nature, above all men and devils. This would make our worship simple and strong: this would make us reverent in all our work, knowing that all the world is God's world: it would nerve us to fight hard battles, and to be patient and persevering in lowly service.

"If Brother Moody is still in town we hope he will take note of the fact that Dr. Banks' book, 'Jonah in Fact and Fancy,' is floating about in orthodox circles. This most pernicious volume endeavors to prove that our old friend, Jonah, was a most stupendous fake, and, to add to this outrage, Dr. Lyman Abbott contributes a preface cheerfully confessing to this opinion. The one man fully competent to hammer this combination of Banks and Abbott and restore Jonah to the proud position he has occupied for so many centuries is Brother Moody, and if we know the temper of the Connecticut Valley between Windsor Locks and Northfield Farms, the indignity heaped upon a grand old prophet will be promptly avenged. Jonah, as a part of the old-time religion, was good enough for Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather and Parson Dewey, and he is good enough for us, and we ask Brother Moody to swipe these destroyers of our simple faith with the besom of his intellectual and spiritual wrath."

The above paragraph is copied from a Chicago paper, and is reprinted to forewarn and forearm the Hall against Brother Moody's intellectual and spiritual wrath.

The A.M.S. elections have come and passed, and as usual, the vote of the hall has been fairly distributed among the various candidates. The hall is proud that the students of the college have seen fit to elect their co-presbyter, Mr. Murdock McKinnon, B.A., to the presidency of the A.M.S., the highest gift within the power of their franchise. Let us hope that this is a prophecy of Murdock's early election to the Moderatorship of the General Assembly.

Ladies' Column.

THE Annual "At Home" of the Levana Society was held on Saturday, Nov. 25th, from half past three to half past six, and was pronounced by all who attended, to be one of the most successful ever held. As the guests toiled up two long flights of stairs, they wondered how the Levana and Latin rooms, situated in the most remote corner of the building, could have become such a favorite spot for all except the very largest functions of the College. But when they reached those two cozy rooms they discovered the secret. With an unlimited amount of bunting, patience, skill and tissue-paper the girls had worked marvels. They had so completely transformed these two rooms which usually resounded to the roars of the British Lion, that even the freshmen entering their familiar haunts looked around in amaze and wondered "Where are we at?"

The guests were received at the door of the Levana room by the President of the society, Miss Best, and the Hon. President, Miss Dyde. Happy was the young man who then had a friend among the young ladies in College gowns who could pilot him through the crowd, get him something to eat, and initiate him into the mysteries of the candy table.

Perhaps a little of the success of the affair was due to the fact that the members of the Levana had used true feminine foresight in selecting the date of their "At Home." The names of the officers of the A.M.S. were before the public and it was a capital opportunity to do a little canvassing in behalf of one's friends.

There was however one thing which was sadly wanting. Every student there missed the pleasant greeting and cordial interest which Mrs. Shortt always extended to us. We all trust that the rest and quiet which illness has enforced for this winter will soon cease to be necessary, for the Levana misses one of its

best friends when Mrs. Shortt cannot be with us as of old.

Some of the freshie girls are thinking of petitioning the Senate or Concurus or something or other to add another plank to the boardwalk leading out to Union St., for the benefit of the girls when there is an open meeting of the Alma Mater. A boardwalk just wide enough for one and a half persons is tantalizing even to the most enthusiastic of freshmen. Many of the older girls would gladly welcome the same improvement, feeling sure that it would be of great convenience not only for open meetings of the Alma Mater, but also for all occasions.

There was an unusually large number of ladies' votes polled in this election. It speaks for the increasing interest of girls in all the affairs of the College, and shows that our "vote and influence" is becoming altogether too important a factor to be neglected with impunity by any candidate.

Verse and Rhyme.

QUEEN'S FOOTBALL SONG.

O sing the praise of the jolly foot-ball,
And the foot-ball jerseys too;
And the quarter and the halves, and the big full back
And the scrimmagers who rush her thro'.
And the forwards fleet who follow up,
Or keep the other team on side;
And the medical men who use their skill
When two of the boys collide.

CHORUS—

Queen's forever! Rush 'er up!
Tackle 'em low or anywhere at all,
Pass 'er back or kick 'er ahead,
And follow the old foot-ball.

O, great is the sight on the foot-ball field,
And great is the cheering too,
When across the campus the team lines up,
In the yellow, red and blue.
Then the referee gives the word of command,
And off goes the ball with a cheer;
And the Queen's boys follow up with might and main,
As they "the slogan" hear.

Chorus—

Oil-thigh na Banrighinn gu brath!
Our team may defeated be,
But never but by honest means
Do they gain the victoree.
Right noble teams have they met afield,
Others noble shall they meet,
But wherever they play to lose or win,
They get there with both feet.

Medical College.

THE Editor for this department invites contributions from students and graduates. All articles intended for publication must be received the Saturday before the date of issue.

ARE YOU ELIGIBLE FOR THE PRESIDENCY?

ALMA MATER CONSTITUTION.

Article (6). Subsection (b).—"A President who must be a graduate in ARTS of Queen's University."

Proposed Change.—"A President who must be a graduate of some faculty or faculties of Queen's University."

It seems strange indeed, that for years past our Alma Mater Society, which has been held up as the great bond of union among the various faculties of our University—as the society in which each faculty was on an equal footing and each member had the same privileges, has contained in its Constitution a law restricting the eligibility for the highest office in the gift of the students to graduates in Arts. What motive urged "the Fathers of Confederation" who drew up the Constitution" to insert such a clause is known only to themselves but if the reason were that they deemed an Arts course an essential qualification for a candidate for the Presidency they surely entertained an extraordinarily high opinion of the average Arts graduate, and an equally low opinion of those who, (not having had a training in Arts) were successful in their finals in the other faculties. Perhaps their judgment was based on the graduating classes of the year of the inauguration of the Constitution. If so, some changes are necessary. Amongst others Subsection (b) of Article (6) is perhaps the most important.

According to this regulation only some 54 out of 633 registered students, or about 9 per cent., were capable last year of running for the Presidency. Divided according to faculties the percentage is as follows.—Medicine, 7 per cent., Arts, 8 per cent.; Science, 10 per cent.; Theology, 60 per cent. Few students, I think, will be found who would admit that only these small proportions of the members of the various faculties possessed the Presidential qualifications. In fact, few will refuse to admit that often there are and have been undergraduates who could have done honour to the University, to the society and to themselves in this important office, and to refuse to allow the body of students to decide by their votes who is the better 'man', graduate or undergraduate, seems to me to cast a reflection an all concerned. If a student is capable of being a member, in all fairness, no office should be beyond his reach,

and to set aside amongst the members a privileged class irrespective of their fitness is a principle seldom proposed or acted upon in the independent atmosphere of Queen's.

At the meeting of the Alma Mater Society to-night (Saturday), a motion comes up having as its object the partial remedying of this unfair discrimination, partial, because to remedy this wholly might be at present a too radical change. This will be a step towards the realization of the ideal and although it may not greatly increase the number of those who will be (according to the Constitution) eligible it will remove a feeling prevalent amongst a large section of the students that the faculty of Arts has been granted an unfair advantage.

It was a matter of much conjecture this year why Medicine did not bring out a candidate. From the large percentage of Medicals who turned out to vote (105 out of a total 116) no one could possibly say that it was on account of the lack of interest shown by them in the affairs of this society. The real reason was that those few who could run—wouldn't, and those who would run—couldn't. And that this should not happen again was the motive for the proposed change.

This motion, however, ought not to be looked upon as aimed against any faculty, but as a step towards the giving of every member of every faculty equal privileges. The bringing out of good men always results in a hotly contested election, an overflowing treasury, and the filling of the offices with capable men. And if this be true why allow laws, which create undesirable enmity between faculties and disqualify worthy students to remain any longer in the Constitution of our University Society?

QUEEN'S HOSPITAL CORPS.

A movement is under consideration to form a Hospital Corps among the students and graduates of our Medical College. The details of the scheme are not yet available but the JOURNAL has been promised an interesting article on this subject for the next issue.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

We regret to learn that owing to continued ill health Dr. V. Sullivan, who has for some years past performed the duties of Demonstrator of Anatomy, has been forced to resign. At a meeting of the Faculty A. E. Ross, B.A., M.D., and G. W. Mylks, M.D., C.M., were appointed to succeed Dr. Sullivan. The JOURNAL extends congratulations to the Faculty in their wise selection and in stating that few graduates could be found who possess more fully than the gentlemen appointed the qualifications neces-

sary for this position, expresses the unanimous opinion of all the Medicals.

—
SCRAPS.

Friday, 10.30 a.m., outside Chemistry Room, chorus '02 Meds. (escaped from exam.):

"Hail! hail! the gang's all here—
What the Chem. do we care?
What the Chem. do we know?
Hail! hail! the gang's all here—
What the — do we care,
Goodie?"

McIntyre—"I thank the Fates that I am not the Woman's Vice-President."

Bleecker—(monologue)—"My speech at the Medical Meeting won the election. Every word was straight and to the point."

Mary Haycock—(to ticket-seller at K. & P. dance.) "What is the charge for a ticket, sir?"

Ticket-seller—"Ladies, 25c. each."

Mary—"I'll have one, please."

Fahey—(on hearing of McKinnon election) "?!?!?! ? xx — —!"

A. M. S. Annual Meeting to night. All Medicals are needed. Come one, come all.

—
Science Notes.

THERE has been some talk lately of moving our beloved University to the Capital of the Dominion.

Ottawa is a very nice place. For Sunday school festivities it is unrivalled; but in comparison with the advantages which would be derived by emigrating to Umboba it pales into insignificance. In the words of the poet, it is like comparing a donkey's tail to a cinder.

For the benefit of the verdant members of the Freshman year, a few facts about this charming spot are herewith given. Umboba, the "Land of the Peanut and Banana," is a fertile island situate in the South Pacific Ocean—Lat. 6042, Long. 0.0001711. (See Dupuis' Graph.)

The population of the island is not exactly known. It is sufficient that there is a population, though the Old Ladies' Cannibal Relief Society's Handbook informs us that, in A.D. 1832, the Rev. Spidway Spunk started to take the census. Spidway has not been heard from up to date. Doubtless his supply of tracts ran out and he died of a broken heart.

However, this is a digression.

From the aforementioned valuable book we

also learn that a dusky gentleman of much adipose tissue, named Tapioca, is at present in power. Tapioca is every inch a King—his chief characteristic being his fondness for a certain concentrated beverage, known as "Imperial."

He is also fond of learning, especially Higher Mathematics. His "Valuable Hints on the Problems of Draw Poker" and "How to make a Bob-Tail Flush stand up for the Real Article," are widely read throughout the civilized world.

King Tapioca, having heard that our University was desirous of a change of location, has written and offered us a tract of land of some eight thousand square decametres.

In addition to this munificent gift the illustrious monarch is willing to grant us superadded concessions.

Not only will he supply the Medicals with choice subjects for dissecting amusements, but he will build them a spacious brewery in the left wing of their establishment.

The Divinities will be allowed to convert anything upon the island, except the Royal Elephant and the Imperial Bottle Opener.

The Science men and their efficient staff are to have carte blanche, and will be employed in the most important work of surveying His Majesty's Harem.

The celebrated Umboba Donkey Raising Establishment will be presided over by their brethren, the Arts men.

Already Divinity and Science have fallen in with the scheme and will strongly recommend the Senate to consider favorably King Tapioca's most munificent and gracious offer.

MID.

—
On Saturday, 25th ult., the senior years of Science, under the escort of several professors, journeyed to Deseronto. A special train was very considerably provided by Mr. Rathbun. The dinner at the Deseronto was one of the salient features of the day. Never in the history of man has a better dinner been enjoyed at such a nominal price. When we assure our readers that the two Freshmen who accompanied the expedition required medical attendance after that meal some idea of its excellence may be gained.

—
Upon the field of battle
Stood the Legion of the Lost:
Opposed to them, the Rabbi's
Puissant, powerful host.
They were not there for Doctrine,
Nor for Dogma, nor the Lord;
But to smite accursed Science

With a double-edged sword.
 There was the High Priest P-mp-y,
 Leader of the Sanhedrim ;
 And in array against him
 A warrior wee, but grim.
 "You'll bite the dust," said P-mp-y,
 "Higher Critics! hear my vow!"
 Said Sutherland "Your vaunted dust
 Is mud, but, anyhow,
 There's not enough, I fear me,
 To perform the trick on you."
 He said, and, of a sudden,
 With a sacrilegious smack,
 Laid Peerless P-mp-y prostrate,
 Horizontal, on his back.
 We are not too suspicious,
 Still, we cannot but declare
 Some expletives by P-mp-y
 Sounded awfully like a swear.

O Hugo! how it blew!

Arts Department.

THE CONVERSAT.

NOW that the Alma Mater Elections are over we almost instinctively turn our attention to the *Conversazione*, and the first question we ask is "*when?*" and the second "*where?*" All students who have attended one or more *Conversats* in the college buildings must know how inadequate those buildings are for the carrying on of such a function. True, there are many reasons why we should endeavor to hold it in the college buildings, but there are at the same time other, and we think more potent reasons, why we should hold it in buildings more suited for it. Dancing, promenades and a concert have generally been its chief features. The endeavor to mingle these three harmoniously has, at least at the last two *Conversats*, failed completely. And little wonder, for it is almost absurd to think of introducing a high-class concert in the middle of a lively dance, when everybody is in a flutter of excitement. For proof, we may refer to the futile attempt of a clever artist from Montreal two years ago to get a hearing, and last year a local artist was not less discomfited by his untamable audience. Had we a hall where we might sit while the

concert was going on, we might then be blamable for inattention and disorder. But when forced to stand in the middle of a dancing hall, it is impossible, especially with the beautiful and chatty surroundings of such a time, that we should give the attention which a good concert deserves. We therefore hope that the *Conversat* Committee will see the force of our argument and refrain from imposing on us at our next *Conversat* a concert which at another time and under different conditions would be most welcome and truly enjoyable.

Another drawback to the enjoyment and consequent success of our *Conversat* was plainly manifested last year and the year before by the uncomfortable crowding both in *Convocation Hall* and in the corridors. It was clear that we could not entertain our guests in such a way as to give much enjoyment either to them or to ourselves. Only a small part of those who wished to dance were able to do so because of the smallness of the hall, and to promenade was almost equally impossible. At the door of *Convocation Hall* and at the head of the staircase there was continually an uncomfortable jam. Efforts have been made to reduce the crowding, but all to no purpose. The building is wholly inadequate and unsuited for such an entertainment. What objection there can be to holding our *Conversat* this session in *Ontario Hall* we cannot see, considering the impossibility of holding it comfortably in the College buildings. The *Ontario Hall* is far better suited for such an affair, and the Committee should be very careful in their selection of a place—for on it depends, more perhaps than on anything else, the success of their work and of the *Conversat*.

It is scarcely possible for us to have the *Conversat* before Christmas, yet if possible we should. For after Christmas it is most difficult to get students to give their time to the work necessary in that connection. They have just returned from their homes, and are generally tired of the social round and eager for other employment. We should then, if it is impossible to hold it before Christmas, have as much as possible of the labor done before then, and hold the *Conversat* immediately after our return in the New Year.

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THE COURT.

There has been for some time an impression in the minds of some students that the Court is a tyrannical institution—a sort of refined method for the humiliation of Freshmen. Some think that it exists merely because of the fun that can be got out of it by tyrannizing over Freshmen. The action of this body some few days ago in arraigning and convicting a third year Arts student proves that impression untrue. It proves that the Court's function is not limited to punishing the Freshmen, but that all students are under its domination.

All who attended that meeting of the Court must have been impressed with the genuine endeavor to mete out justice to the prisoner in the box. Whether justice was done or not it is not the intention here to discuss, but the significance of the Court is none the less important. Almost the first lesson which the Freshman learns on entering College is that he is free from the restraints of masters and becomes a free self-controlling individual. The Court is to the student-body that self-controlling influence which in the well-behaved individual is common sense. When an individual has not that common sense which enables him to control himself, then, as a member of the student-body, he must hold himself liable to the Court. This is the significance of the Court, and every student should do his best to support it, as every student will when he knows its significance.

It is pleasing to note the increased University spirit and not less ardent faculty spirit in the student-body, as illustrated on the evening of the Arts Court meeting. A few students from the Medical College came over and tried with some success to disturb the proceedings of the Court. After an hour's struggle with an equal force of Arts opponents, they lined up, both Arts and Meds., at the foot of the staircase, and the Meds. gave three cheers for the Arts, and the Artsmen three cheers for the Meds., and all gave a tiger for the fight. Then the Meds. went home and the Court settled down.

This same University spirit has been more recently and better illustrated in the Alma Mater elections. The Artsmen offered to run a medical candidate for the office of President,

and when the Meds. refused they returned the compliment by turning out at the polls as they never did before and dividing almost equally their vote between the two Arts candidates that were finally brought out. We hope that this growing University feeling will continue to increase, and while we do not wish for much diminution of faculty feeling, we hope that it will remain distinctly subordinate.

The greatest compliment that the Committee could have received was the large numbers of the students and their friends, who came out in a most inclement night to enjoy the Dance. Memories of the fun at a similar function last year filled every heart with expectation, and though the genial master of ceremonies Merritt was absent still the affair passed off pleasantly. Mesdames Cappon, Garrett, Goodwin, Watson and Herald welcomed the one hundred and fifty guests, and the dancing continued until 2 o'clock. The Committee, Messrs. O'Hagan, Powell, Richardson, Sparks, Scott and Craig (Chairman), had their reward in the expressions of their guests' pleasure during the evening.

The Y. M. C. A. held its regular meeting Friday, Nov. 17th, when Mr. J. Mathieson gave an excellent paper on the character and life of Jonathan. He dwelt specially on the bravery, fearlessness, broad sympathy and love of the man. Faith in his country and his country's God was ever uppermost in his life's work.

On Nov. 24th a joint-meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s was held in Convocation Hall to discuss the missionary interest of the University. The Treasurer of Queen's Missionary Association reported a deficit of about six hundred dollars for the current year. The students concurred with the Executive of the Association in the matter of circulating subscription lists.

'02.

At the last regular meeting of the year, W. R. Bloor gave notice of motion for the appointment of an Executive Committee. It was left to the Programme Committee to arrange for debating in the year.

The President delivered his address which was followed by a piano solo by Miss Chown.

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Our Exchanges.

THE *Edinburgh Student* is for the most part a mystery to us. The very cover of it suggests an air altogether different from our own. What would our good supporters think of this sentence as part of the decoration on the cover; "May my last breath be drawn through a pipe." We are hopelessly "provincial." Throughout it is easy to see the marks of a different atmosphere than ours. The Union, for which we have no parallel, is a Students' Club destined to be the meeting place of men of all Faculties. There is nothing so common in a University, as to see men of one Faculty entirely ignorant of and quite out of sympathy with the work of the others. Such a Union, if it does not belie its name, would enable men of all courses to keep in touch with each other, to know something of the relation in which each special branch of learning stands to the others and to the whole field. The Union, is not only in its reading rooms and library, but by its debates and lectures a harmonising influence. Such a Club or Society would serve to satisfy a very pressing want in our own University. Each man in his hurry and independence is apt to ignore the point of view of every Faculty but his own.

The Rectorial Election is another event in name at least unknown to us. But we think in reality it is not so much of a foreigner. The advice to wear old clothes is suggestive of much. It gives away the whole thing. Though our elections are quiet enough to warrant ordinary "suits," the reports from sister Universities are often "muddy" and sometimes "bloody."

We cannot leave the *Student* without referring to an editorial which deals with the question of a University church. To a superficial and unsympathetic reader of the *Student* such an editorial would be a surprise, but to any one

who appreciates in the slightest the position of the *Student*; it will be evident that this demand for specifically University preaching is quite natural. In no better way could we give our readers an idea of the spirit of Edinburgh men than by quoting from this editorial. "If the service we have suggested is to be of much avail, it must avoid an excessive or an exact ritual, it must equally avoid the disorder of an evangelical meeting. The preaching must be the very best that can be found. The preacher must be eloquent without being rhetorical, passionate without being excitable, and must add to spiritual force a wide culture, depth of thought and freedom from all sectarian or ecclesiastical bias. He must not be afraid of heterodoxy, or of what passes for such. He must be willing and able to tackle difficult moral and intellectual problems. He must carefully avoid the preaching of 'young men' sermons—of all pulpit tirades the most irritating and most ineffective. In other words he must address himself suitably to a class who care nothing for orthodoxy as such, who have the most magnificent contempt for churches and creeds, who from their very environment are precluded from mingling with other religious bodies, and who almost without exception—except in the case of the thoughtless, the flippant, and the uneducated—are in the depths of their being continually striving with all the strenuousness of university intellectuality to master the difficult questions of belief and practice which inevitably suggest themselves to every thinking man."

Get the Xmas JOURNAL. Dr. Watson's University sermon will naturally be the backbone of the number. In the Science column will be found the conclusion of Nunquam Sudor's article and an interesting despatch from our own correspondent in the Transvaal. The Medical, Arts and Ladies' columns will contain matter suited for holiday reflection.

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De Nobis.

FRESHMAN Kennedy (at the students' dance)—"Can I have this waltz?"

Lady—"Oh, I suppose"

Kennedy (mentally)—"I knew she could not resist me." (As he writes his name) "My hand is large, but, remember, I have never worked. I do not come from the country, you know!"

Lady—"Do you summer on the boats or at Alexandria Bay?"

Kennedy (aghast)—"Who told you that!"

Kennedy (still at the students' dance) to second lady—"Mr. ——— dances like a squirrel running up a tree. But excuse that rustic illustration, for I really never saw a squirrel running up a tree. I do not live in the country. I come from Bath. My father is the leading physician there, a specialist in everything."

Lady—"I am surprised; your general appearance belies you so!"

First Small Boy—"Why don't you play football?"

Second Small Boy—"Oh! when I get to be a big man like 'Bunty' Dalton I will."

Robertson—"Mr. Chairman, the Critic has very little to say to-night." (Loud applause.) "Mr Chairman, I think that the members of Alma Mater ought to leave their feet at home the next time they come." (Confusion.) "Mr. Chairman, the candidates appeared to me like a lot of wandering Jews seeking whom they might devour." (Wild applause and Robertson subsides.)

The "Good Youth" has fallen, Lindsay has come back to town and brought his whiskers with him.

Whiting (at his bedside late Saturday night)—"O! Ye Eternal Verities, Ye Immensities and Silences, Ye do not know half the wickedness that there is in this University, nor about the election!"

If there's mud on the street

Miss Coquette goes a-walking,

For her ankles are neat;

If there's mud on the street,

She can show off her feet,

But that's why—truth I'm talking—

When there's mud on the street,

Miss Coquette goes a-walking.

Ex.

There once was a student called S-l-dt,
Who said "I am quite superhuman;
I'm the cock of the walk;
I can speak, phrase or talk
With remarkable mental acumen."

Ex.

"Oh, I am a student called By-n-s,
I'm a peach at election returns;
I can turn an election
In any direction—
I can; and my name is Dunc. By-ns."

Canvasser to L-dl-w—"May I count in your vote for Fraleck?"

L-dl-w—"Just wait a minute till I see Jack!"

Prof. in Jr. Latin—"The Levana have left our room very untidy."

Member of '03—"Perhaps the Janitor is to be blamed."

Prof. in Jr. Latin—"Oh, no. It's the Levana. You must be a freshman, Mr. Fl-m-ing."

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,
"You must set this matter right:
What time did the sophomore leave
Who sent up his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear,
And his love for it was great:
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eyes
And her dimples deeper grew:
"Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

SEL.

ELECTION ECHOES.

M. A. McKinnon—"The Ladies, Oh! the dear Ladies. I wish they could speak Gaelic. I can't thank them enough in English."

McIntyre—"The Girls and the Meds are both all right."

Russell—"Hear, Hear."

Macgillivray—"It's all because I'm Pa's boy."

Mellis Ferguson—"Say, boys, I feel good; just as I did after the Divinity-Science football match. Hurroo!"

Jack McDowall—"I made the first touch-down for 'oo."

Sam McCallum—"My brother John is not the only white-headed boy in our family."

D. M. Solandt—"Some of the girls were not at home on election day."

K. R. McLennan—"If Solandt had gone down with Byrnes' grip, the result might have been different."

The candidates were all "well known," and "needed no introduction to the electorate."

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