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QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

NEW SERIES,
VOL. I. No. II.

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OLD SERIES,
VOL. VI. No. II.

The Queen's College Journal

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AS we intimated in our last issue, we are now able to announce the date of the visit of His Excellency the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness Princess Louise. His Excellency and Her Royal Highness will arrive in Kingston on the afternoon of Thursday, the 29th May, and on Friday, the 30th May, will lay the corner stone of the new College buildings and visit Queen's College. We believe we have good grounds for saying that in all probability the University Council will arrange for a special Convocation to be then held. We are gratified to be able to state with certainty, that Her Royal Highness has graciously consented likewise to lay a stone, or in some other way as suggested by the Senate mark her visit to the University by some special act.

THE next issue of the JOURNAL will not appear until after Convocation Day. We will then be able to give a detailed re-

port of the formal closing of the session. In order to compensate in some measure for the delay, one of our pages will be adorned with a superior cut of the new buildings, which is now being prepared for us by a first-class firm. This will no doubt be gratifying to the curiosity of the graduates and friends of Queen's, who have so liberally given her a helping hand.

WE take this opportunity of thanking our friends who have so liberally supported us during the session, which is now all but past. We are able to trudge on with lighter hearts when we feel that our efforts have been appreciated. But while thanking these friends, we are sorry to state that there yet remain a number who have negligently omitted to send in their subscriptions. Our expenses have been heavy this year, and we are yet in our printer's debt, and since writing on this subject is distasteful to us, we hope those who have not as yet paid up will do so without any further reminder. We acknowledge all receipts.

WHAT has become of the Athletic Association? We hope *all* the students are not so busy but that some attention can be paid to this useful body, and arrangements made for the usual games and exhibition at the beginning of next session. For the last few years this matter has not been attended to until within a few days of University day, and, as might be expected, the interest in the games has for that reason been somewhat diminished. If any attempt were made this session to give a start to a gymnasium, of

course this subject would be brought up. But whether we have the gymnasium or not, let us not permit these games to die out, but see that all possible arrangements are made for their benefit before this session closes.

HERE is being discussed in some of our contemporaries the necessity for a third personal pronoun, singular, of a common gender. This lack in our language has often been felt by all, and still no attempt worth speaking of has ever been made to supply the deficiency. The most acceptable proposal we have yet heard is one suggested by the *Ohio Educational Monthly*. It is that we use "they, theirs, them" in the extended form in which the pronoun "you" with its compounds is used. This has been done by many writers of acknowledged correctness, and it is almost universally used in every-day conversation; and still any one of us would say that grammatically it is an incorrect expression. Why not drop this fiction and let this use of the pronoun be generally accepted? as it long has been in reality.

Some word is needed to fill the vacant place: to invent a new one would perhaps be easy, but to introduce such a new one into general use would be almost an impossibility. Instead then of being longer thus crippled in speech, let us overcome the qualms of our delicate grammatical conscience and hereafter not only use but openly avow the pronoun "they" to be virtually of either number.

THE library has received a valuable addition from a source and in a manner that enhances the value of the addition. The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury in answer to an application from the Senate and Trustees have made a grant to Queen's College of all the publications of the Scottish Record Society. These records have been published in folio volumes for a great

many years, and consist of the ancient charters, minutes of the Privy Council, and everything bearing on the antiquities, history and monuments of Scotland. The application was made on the ground that Queen's having been established by Scotchmen, it was fitting that all such records should be in the library of the University. Though the Lords Commissioners are very chary in granting such applications, and have no intention of relaxing their rule on the subject, they granted the request made to them, having "had regard," they say in their letter, "*inter alia* to the circumstances that this University is incorporated by Royal Charter, and bears the Queen's title." The thanks of every friend of the University and of all Scotchmen in Canada are due to the Lords of the Treasury and to the Colonial Office for their kindness in so promptly acceding to the request of the Senate and Trustees in this matter.

THE approaching final examinations in Arts reminds us of a proposal which we have often intended to make but which as often we have neglected. We have in Queen's a system of examinations for prizes, which has everything to be said in its favor for the tendency it has to promote thoroughness of work, and to correctly fix the standard of rank among the students. Before the change in classwork these examinations were held monthly, and though now the number of examinations depends on the number of hours a week a class is held, the old name is still retained by many, and the system is virtually equivalent to the old one.

This system of examination for class prizes is one the fairness of which has never been questioned. The frequency of the examinations causes even those whose whole study is cramming to have at least some knowledge of the subjects on which they are to pass, even a longer time before the ex-

aminations than a few short weeks. This being the case, why could not these results be incorporated with the results of the final? Every student, and every person who is accustomed to have his scholarship tested by written examinations most thoroughly knows the feeling of insecurity that possesses the mind when the work of several months is made to depend on one short examination of a few hours. In most colleges these examinations are in the spring. The hard work which every student goes through immediately before the examinations weakens him and makes him more than usually susceptible to the colds which our changeable spring weather is only too apt to generate. Too frequently a cause of this nature affects the student's standing. This, of course, cannot be helped in any spring examination, either oral or written, and consequently we think that our proposal should be the more readily accepted. If the sum of the results at the monthly examinations were made equal to the sum of the results at the final, the sum of both being made the maximum, it would not only give good students a fairer opportunity to obtain their correct standard, but would also cause better attendance at the monthlies among those who need it most, though we are glad to say that the monthlies always have been well attended, considering that they have only been competitive examinations.

ONE of the greatest desiderata in our new College buildings is a reading room, in which students may not only read newspapers and periodicals, but also consult books that are too heavy or too valuable to be taken home. In order that the room may be wholly devoted to such uses, it is necessary that there should be in addition a students' room for whistling, chaffing, and such-like laudable occupations sure to be indulged in when and where waiters on classes most

do congregate. Both rooms are provided for in the new buildings, and so all tastes have been consulted. This will be good news for those who have hitherto pursued their investigations into newspaper literature under disadvantages, and for whom anything like study in a room near a great library has been an impossibility. One of the chief charms of life in Ottawa is in the conveniences furnished to students in connection with the magnificent library, so magnificently housed in the most beautiful of the Parliament buildings. It is an unspeakable comfort to have quiet surroundings while studying, and to know that any book you are likely to need is within call. For every one has not the concentration and energy of Hugh Miller, who kept up a fond acquaintance with his favourite authors in his dismal barrack, filled with a rollicking, boisterous squad of masons. Think of him, amid all the discomfort and interruptions of such a place, lying on his back with the book spread out within a few inches of the fire, an odd volume probably picked up from a wandering peddler, and his greatest grief that he was sometimes forced to close the book, when through continued rain the peat became so soaked that it refused to give out any flame. Which of us has to drink of the Pierian Spring under such difficulties! And yet these very difficulties were an important part of Hugh Miller's education. Take comfort in the thought, ye who have sometimes grumbled at the occasional hilarity of fellow-students in the roomy and secluded reading room you now enjoy, and at the same time look forward to the good time coming. Some of us shall have passed away from college life before the session of 1880, when all good things are to be enjoyed. Let our consolation be that we throve on difficulties. After all, the great evil of the present day is that we read too much and think too little. Better one book digested

than a dozen skimmed. Master Tyndal on Heat as a Mode of Motion, or Kant's Critique, or Lyell's Principles of Geology, or Butler's Analogy, or the judicious Hooker, and you have effected more in the way of mental gain than by skimming a library. Coleridge tells of four kinds of readers: The first, like the hour-glass, their reading like the sand running in and then out and leaving not a vestige behind. The second, like the sponge, imbibing everything only to retain it in the same state, or perhaps dirtier. The third, like the jelly-bag, allowing the pure to pass away and keeping only the refuse and dregs. The fourth, like the slaves in the mines of Golconda, throwing away the rubbish and keeping only the gems and gold. It needs an education to know how to read. And the essential part of the education is to know that there is no way of success except through hard work. Gibbon said that he usually read an author three times: first, curiously, to take in the general design of the book and the leading of the argument; secondly, to fix the facts and principles in his mind; and thirdly, to criticise, to mark its beauties and blemishes. Editors take the third reading first. It is their profession. In making this confession, we offer ourselves as "the frightful example," and not at all as the worthy objects of imitation. To all students, we say, go and do otherwise, and don't wait till the new reading and consulting room has been provided.

COMMUNICATED.
ATHLETIC SPORTS.

To the Editor of the Journal.

ALTHOUGH most of the students are now on the *home stretch* in the intellectual race-course, perhaps it may not be out of their way to bestow some attention on matters relating to the *corpus sanum* as well as the *mens sana*.

I would like to call the attention of the students to the athletic sports. Would it

not be better, if the Athletic Association (to whom all the students belong) held its annual meeting, to appoint officers for the management of the sports, before the close of the session? For this reason, that as very few of the students arrive in the city, until two or three days before University Day, and as proper arrangements cannot be made in that short time, the few students who are resident in the city have all the burden and responsibility of making them by themselves; and as their views are not always the views of all, dissatisfaction is often occasioned. Besides, if it were known for certain that the sports would be held, the students could train for them during the summer, and this training would also be of service to them in the foot-ball field. And, sir, if we may judge by the physical excellence shown at last year's sports, when all the contestants were "raw," we may safely say that with training our students would turn out really first-class athletes. But it is ridiculous, as well as injurious, for any one to engage in such contests as the mile run and two mile walk without practice before hand.

A word about the prizes. I hope sincerely that the custom of asking aid from outsiders will be henceforward abolished. Let all subscriptions be voluntary. If the members of the Senate would give a champion medal instead of the large contributions they have heretofore given, I am sure every one would be well satisfied. But let all pecuniary aid be from the students themselves. Of course in that case the money value of the prizes would be less than usual; but a student does not care for the value, he only cares for the honour of the prize. Last year over \$70 were spent for prizes, half of this at the outside would be amply sufficient.

I am convinced that if the Association will use the "dumb-bells" I have suggested, it will jump beyond the "heel-marks" of previous years. Yours truly, *Αθλητής.*

ROYAL COLLEGE.

TWO weeks ago last Wednesday (19th March) the lectures at the Royal College were closed by a Valedictory from Prof. Lavell. A short season of quiet followed, of quiet that was hardly rest for primary and final students who were preparing for the last tug of the season—the closing examinations. A week ago to-day, however, these closed with the following result:

- Final—in order of merit.
 W. H. Henderson,
 J. C. C. Cleaver,
 G. C. T. Ward,
 P. C. Donovan,
 W. A. Lafferty, } Even.
 R. A. Leonard,
 R. N. Horton,
 G. W. Judson,
 W. F. Cleaver,
 Geo. Newlands,
 T. R. Hossie,
 R. K. Kilborn,
 R. H. Abbott.

All these gentlemen passed without an oral, and fully deserve all the congratulations, which we do not doubt they have already received from fellow-students and *others*, on the successful passing of this their final examination for the degree of M.D.

The primary examination resulted as follows:

Without an oral—order of merit.

- J. E. Galbraith,
 H. H. Chown, B.A.,
 John Odium,
 Chas. T. Empey,
 W. A. Lavell.

The following were submitted to an oral:

- Thos. Wilson, B.A.,
 H. H. Reeve,
 W. H. Waddell,
 L. E. Day,
 J. H. Knight,
 J. G. Clark,
 W. D. Reid,
 C. R. Dickson,
 M. McPhaden.

Besides the gentlemen above named W. Clark, M.D., a graduate from one of the American colleges, who has been attending classes at the Royal College in order to obtain a Canadian degree in medicine, was submitted to a searching, written and oral examination in both primary and final subjects, in which he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the examiners, and therefore his name must be added to the list of graduates in medicine for '79.

The primary examination was also a competitive one, but the results in this respect have not yet been announced by the College Faculty, the honors being the gift, not of the University, but of the Medical College as a separate body.

Although the University examinations have closed, the meds. are not yet free. Under our law the degree alone from any University is not sufficient. Those desiring to practice in Ontario have yet to pass the examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. These examinations are annual, and therefore all the students are immediately interested in them. They are held simultaneously at Toronto and Kingston, beginning on Tuesday, 8th April, at 8:30 o'clock a.m. The examinations here will be held in the City Hall on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 12th days of April. The first year students have only an oral examination, which will be held on Thursday morning, the 24th April. The orals on the written examination will be held here on Friday, 25th April, at 4 p.m. In our next issue we hope to be able to announce the success of all the candidates from the Royal.

What I Know About the Ottawa River.

ITS RAPIDS, RAFTS AND SLIDES.

READER, if you imagine that this is to be a statistical essay, stop. If you think that in it you will find an estimate of the number of rapids and falls in the Ottawa, and the amount of fall in each, be persuaded that if you read on, you will only be disappointed. Nor does the writer of this even know how much timber goes down the river every year, nor can he describe the exact construction of either rafts or slides. To find out these important items, you are referred to works specially bearing on the subject, of which I doubt not there are many. No, reader, I am only one of those four travellers mentioned in former numbers of this JOURNAL, and whose course was partially described under the head of "Summer Reminiscences." We bade good bye to you on the shores of Lake Nipissing; since then we have travelled many miles, through river, creek and swamp, through huge pine woods, over rocky portages, across beautiful island-dotted lakes, and last have rushed down the rapids of the Matawin, out upon the bosom of the swift flowing Ottawa. And aptly does this term describe it to one who is first introduced to it at the village of Mattawa. A powerful rapid, situated at the junction of the two rivers, has to be run before one is able to land in the quiet cove. Then a stretch of twenty-two miles, which the current, aided slightly by the wind, carried us over in about four hours. Then three large rapids, known as the Deux Rivieres (which name rightly belongs but to the lower one), which rapids cause a portage of about four miles. Then after another clear stretch of ten miles, still another large rapid, the Rocher Capitaine, with two miles of a portage. Then eighteen miles of a strong current brought us to the Des Joachims Rapid, also unrunnable by our canoes, causing another portage of two miles. Here we came to Deep River, and then and then only were we no longer reminded of the fact that the Ottawa is a swift-flowing river. Deep River is a stretch of the Ottawa, about twenty-five miles long, in which there is not a bend. It obtains its name from the fact of its great depth, which is such that though comparatively narrow, there is not in it a trace of a current. The northern shore consists of hills, which rise to an average height of eight hundred feet above the surface of the river. The southern shore is hilly, but not comparable to the northern. Toward the lower end of Deep River rises the Oiseaux Rock, which rises so perpendicularly from the river, that a stone let drop by one standing on the edge of its summit would, after a sheer fall of seven hundred and fifty feet, strike the water near the foot of the rock. This spot is quite famed throughout the surrounding district and the legend-loving treasure a sorrowful tale of an Indian maiden who—but surely everybody knows the rest.

Though every incident connected with our run along this piece of water is firmly fixed in my memory, I have not space to dilate on it. I cannot describe either that delightful paddle in the calm of the evening, the gorgeous sunset, a picture having for its frame work the ranges of hills between which we were travelling, the still clear night, the gusty morning, and many other items which would always be much dearer to our memory than interesting to any reader. Nor can Allumette Lake, into which the Ottawa widens after leaving Deep River, delay us. This lake is about twenty miles long and three or four wide. It has in it many beautiful islands, and we have heard it stated before now, that it is more beautiful than the Lake of the Thousand Isles. Individually the islands as to their foliage are undoubtedly picturesque, but they are low, and are neither so numerous nor so romantically situated as that far-famed stretch of the St. Lawrence.

At the foot of Allumette Lake, on the southern shore, is situated the thriving town of Pembroke. Here we received a most cordial welcome from friends, sons of Queen's and daughters of Kingston. We also here had an experience of what wind storms on the Ottawa can be being detained here two days. By the aid of a shanty boat and some friends we started off once more. Four miles below Pembroke are the Allumette Rapids, which we partially portaged and partially ran; then six or eight miles more brought us to the Parquette Rapids, which we ran bodily. I wish I could describe the running of a rapid. The rushing, boiling water. The straining of every muscle, the quickening of every sense, the knowledge that your life depends on successfully mounting every swell, overcoming every hostile eddy and dodging every rock. The grand excitement of travelling in a canoe at the speed of an express train, and feeling your inward strength and energy developing at the thought that for once, no human power but your own can aid you, that you are dependant on no muscle but your own. It is a time when nerves must be most completely in subjection, and when the slightest sensation of fear would be apt to capsize you. Owing to the fact that in running a large rapid, the canoe should travel slightly faster than the current, hard paddling is necessary, but I think I can safely say that one feels more inclined to paddle hard than at any other time. The Ottawa, between these rapids and the Calumette Rapids, presents much beautiful scenery, especially the stretch north of Calumette Island. This channel is rather narrow, and the current rather strong, and the scenery, though quiet, is very attractive. Of course now we were once more in civilized parts, substantial farm-houses were numerous, and every few miles a small village would be passed. The villages we rarely visited, and only stopped at the farm-houses to get an occasional supply of life's necessities. We reached Bryson, situated at the head of Calumette Rapids, early one morning. Here we saw our first slide. These timber slides are built over rapids, which a raft cannot run, are solidly formed of heavy timber, are made about twenty-six feet wide, and of various lengths. Every one has a particular steepness of its own, depending entirely on the fall in the rapid or fall over which it is built. The water rushes through these with terrific speed. In order to prevent the cribs (compartments of the rafts) from coming down these too quickly, there is rarely more than six or nine inches of water in them, consequently the bottom of the slide acts as a kind of a break. At the foot of many of these slides there is quite a plunge, and that was the case in this instance, and, as all the cribs for the season had passed through, we had a short portage in order to reach the foot. Here we found several cribs belonging to two different rafts, parts of which had already gone down the rapids and slides ahead. These cribs are about 25 feet wide, being 30 to 60 in length, made of solid squared timber, laid side by side and fastened together by four or five logs of the same size as those below, being crossed above them. These upper timbers are fastened to the outside timbers of the lower layer, and then wedges are tightly fastened in to prevent the loose logs in between from coming out. Sometimes these cribs get pretty hard knocks, and then the passengers have to look out for themselves, as the probability is it will come apart. Sometimes lives are lost. Usually, however, they are safe and solid enough. We did not stop this time, however, to find this out, but kept on down a small rapid, about a quarter of a mile below, and then came to another large fall and rapid, over which ran a large slide. This was the Mountain slide. Intending to portage over this, we stopped and carried our goods to the foot of the rapid. When there, we noticed that the fall at the foot of the slide was only about a foot and a half, and that in the slide itself, though at one

spot it was very steep, there was not a break. The suggestion of one of our number was all that was needed. We determined to run the slide in our canoes, and to the horror of some raftsmen near by we did it, one canoe at a time. How we did it is another question. We came down so fast that breathing was out of the question, the fall at the bottom and the speed of our fall sent us under water to our shoulders, but after going forward several feet, we shot out again, and sent enough water out of our canoes to enable us to paddle safely through the surrounding eddies to the shore. It was tobogganing on a large scale, and as long as one kept his wits about him, was perfectly safe, provided only there had been no saw logs at the bottom; these were there in our case, brought there by the eddies. That we did not strike them may be known by the fact that we all got safely home.

Our next few miles were travelled on a crib. On this we ran several rapids and one large slide, this was interesting, but not nearly so much so, as performing the same operation in a canoe. Once more in our canoes, we passed the village of Portage du Fort without a call, and after a run of a few miles down one more rapid, the Snows, we found ourselves on Chats' Lake. On this lake we had quite a travel on a raft, which we had overtaken. These rafts consist of about a hundred of the cribs we have described. In the centre is a large shed, with a hole in the roof; below the hole is the fire place, made of a large but low box, formed of heavy timber, and filled with sand, and on this a regular camp fire is built, and we can vouch for it that a pleasant evening can be spent, gathered round this fire with the lumbermen, on a summer's evening. That night we slept on the raft, and, when we woke next morning, found ourselves at the head of Chats' Rapids. These are five miles long, and in canoes make a very pleasant run, though in our case one of the canoes would have badly fared, had it not been for the coolness of its occupants in choosing to run on a rock rather than go over a fall, which they came across in dodging a crib, and patching up the canoe afterwards sufficiently to run the remainder of the rapid. At the foot of the rapids is a fall, and over this fall is the steepest slide on the Ottawa, having a fall, we believe, of 40 feet in 300. We ran this on a crib, and it did make a glorious run, which was so much enjoyed by us that some of our party repeated the experiment. This was the last slide or rapid until we came to the city of Ottawa. The river for this stretch, though not particularly striking in its beauty, well repaid the trouble of the trip along the river. At last a pile of buildings came in sight, which we did not need to be informed were the Parliament buildings, and soon we came to that network of booms which fill the river for two or three miles above the city. Safely threading our way through them, we ran a couple of small rapids, and overtaking a crib prepared to run the Chaudiere slide, but in this we were doomed to be disappointed, as there was a jam in the slide. Then we bade good bye to the Ottawa, and, after devoting a few hours to seeing our friends and the sights of the Capital, we found our way to Rideau River, and had started on our quiet trip across the country—home.

X. Y. Z.

DE NOBIS NOBILIRUS.

WE hear some anxious inquiries as to what provision has been made for a gymnasium in the new buildings.

A GRAD., who is studying law, being asked by a lady friend, what he intended doing when he got through? replied that he thought of settling down in some place where members of his profession were scarce, and where he would find himself a necessity. "Oh! don't do that," exclaimed the sweet girl, "for necessity knows no law!"

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—A to B (whose presence doesn't make reading any easier). "B, I see the door is open. Shut it, like a good fellow, on the outside. Come again, if you haven't time to stay, and whenever you find yourself in the neighbourhood of our boarding house, stay there!"

THIS burning of the midnight oil and contemplation of text books in the wee sma' hours of the morning is hardly conducive to early rising, and causes one to cherish with peculiar fondness the following version of "The early bird catches the worm" which first appeared, we believe, in a paper published at the Omaha High School:

"Poor foolish worm! if he had lain
Snug in his earthly bed,
That early fowl had never made
A breakfast of his head.

At noon, no doubt, the bird had sought
Some distant forest bough;
And if the worm had slept till then
He might have lived till now.

Take warning, early risers, all,
And heed the lesson taught;
The worm that lies in bed is safe,
The early worm is caught."

ONE of our law students proposes the following question: Being asked in an examination in the case of a farm owned by a widow during her widowhood to whom the emblements would go in case she married in midsummer, 1st, when she worked the farm herself; 2nd, when it was worked to a tenant renting from her, and answering that in the first case as the estate was determined by herself, the reversioners would have the crops, etc.; but in the second, the tenant would retain them, he says, "A nice question of law might arise if the tenant married the widow. We think it would go hard with the tenant, unless he could prove that from the aggressive habits of widows in general, he couldn't help himself, and of course in that case it would not be his fault that the estate was determined." We would like to hear the opinion of some of our legal friends on the subject?

THINKING that tournaments are all the fashion these days, two Divinity students and a law student determined to have a musical tournament the other evening. They had. It came off at one of the boarding houses (that house where the boarders call themselves howlers) last week. None but the judges permitted themselves to be present. Invitations were freely issued, but somehow all those invited had engagements elsewhere. We were not there. We thought we could spend a much more pleasant evening at the dentist's. We mentioned the affair with the names of the competitors to a legal friend, whereat he said, "They shouldn't have called it a tournament, but a turn-'em-out. It must have been pretty hard on all parties, for as they came out in several pieces, they must themselves have been badly damaged." This was sufficient. He had punished us so badly, that we almost thought we would sooner have been at the tournament. We tried afterwards to find out how the thing resulted. One of the parties said that the law student came out between the two, Divinities, a rose between two thorns as it were, but we could never get this corroborated by the judges: they did not seem to want to talk about it, and shivered a little, and when we pressed the matter, they told us if we did not stop they would corner us some day, and have those rivals repeat the entertainment before us, and then we could judge for ourselves. We immediately assured them that we had not meant to trouble them, and hastily said good afternoon. We've not dogged those men ever since.

Ignorantia legis non excusat, is what the Law Examiners say to the plucked ones, and it cuts them to the heart, for they thought they knew all about the application of that maxim before.

PROF.—"Mr. — you have confused the matter somewhat; you've put the horse before the cart, Sir." *Student*: "Well, that's where they usually put him, is it not?"

A STUDENT, who had been told that a fool could ask as many questions in an hour as a wise man could answer in a lifetime, exclaimed "ah! then it is easy to see how the Profs. managed to pluck me last exam."

OUR Divinity students have been holding secret and even public caucuses concerning the action of the Government in levying such heavy duties on the books which our divines must use. A deputation will be sent to Ottawa to wait on the Hon. Minister of Finance, who may expect to lose his seat at the next election if he does not accede to their request and suffer Divinity to exist.

EARLY to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise;
But early to ryes and tardy to bed,
Makes a man's nose turn cardinal red!—*Ex.*

WHEN the Freshies read the notice on the billet board the other day stating [by order of the Senate (?)] that those who were interested in the final exams, should read the announcement on the blackboard, in the Ethics classroom, there was a general stampede thither. Imagine the look of disappointment depicted on those intellectual (?) countenances when they beheld only the words "April Fool."

The following simple, loving lines were sent by one of our boys on the 14th February last. The reason we are so late in publishing it must be apparent to all:

MY DARLING.—By the relentless intervention of the invisible hand of fate, I have been prevented from precipitating myself at your feet for the entire absolution of the collectaneous calumny which has been so slanderously conglomerated upon the unblotted and ungnosticated face of my stainless reputation, and with which I have been so maliciously circumvallated, that I apprehend the most mountainous, colossal, herculeanean difficulties in perfectly disarcercrating myself from the criminous macination in which I have been so unmercifully immured, that I was fearfully apprehensive that I was most inextricably involved. But ah! most superhuman fair one, I have been so unutterably bedazzled by the luminous emanation and sunlike effulgence of your charms, that notwithstanding the acrimonious criminations which have been superinduced upon my character, I am again induced to obtrude myself into your presence. Do not for a moment doubt the moveless stability and fathomless profundity of my love; for the flammiferous monocular autocrat of day shall cease to irradiate the umbrageous recesses of the forest, the translucent queen of night shall cease to perambulate the diphinous and stelliferous concavity of the cerulean heavens, the horisonous boabion of heaven's horrific artillery shall cease to bellow forth its terrific peals, the forky-coruscation of heaven shall discontinue to blaze forth its sulphurous, igneous fulgor from the ignivomous clouds before my love shall be extinguished. Could the manifestation of the keenest remorse, or the exhibition of the most compunctious pangs of conscience elevate me one millionth of an inch in your favour, I would immediately commence

"Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire, they might drown
The wrath of heaven and quench the mighty ruin."

Ever your adoring,
G. P. SQUIGGS.

A HOPELESS CASE.—An important sophomore, who signs himself "———, M.L.," and who figured prominently before the Court of Iniquity this session, has been daily growing worse since. Day after day Cupid's arrows sink deeper into his loving heart. Tender in years and inexperienced in the ways of the world, hopes and disappointments are making fearful ravages on the poor youth. His meals often remain untouched. His rest is disturbed by wretched dreams. Still his medical adviser had faint hopes of his recovery until he began writing poetry, when his anxious friends were solemnly warned to prepare for the worst. That he cannot recover will be seen from his last effort addressed to the fair disturber of his happiness:

Would you and I were angels Sal!
Far hence we'd wing our flight;
Through realms of space we'd cleave the air
Among yon orbs of light.

Nor time nor space our progress stay,
We'd ever onward go;
Around the sun, among the stars
We'd sail through endless day.

Those "plodding loons" so far below
We'd evermore despise,
As earth and sky divided are
So far from us removed.

Nor converse more with them we hold
When thus we sail away,
My angel, Sal, your angel, I,
Together we shall roam.

THE following items have been going the rounds (in whispers) since the recent medical examinations: In one examination, a student being puzzled over a question, wrote it out and passed it on to one near by, whom he thought would know it. Number two, instead of answering it, wrote another question on the same slip and passed it on to a third. The third man answered both, writing the answers on opposite sides of the one piece of paper, he then handed it back to number two, who, looking only on one side, and seeing there the answer to number one's question, thought there was nothing there for him, and handed it to number one. But number one found there the answer to number two's question, and thinking that number three was mixed and had misunderstood his question, he put the paper in his pocket. When he came out after the exam. and was clearing his pocket, he looked again at this slip, and to his surprise found there the answer he wanted. He then investigated farther, and number two coming out at that minute, they compared notes and the mystery was revealed. Those two did not say much, but thought a good deal, and went away sadder, but wiser men.

EXAMINER in Botany—What is meant by a monoecious plant, and give an example? Student (who knows he is well up)—"A monoecious plant is one that has its pistils united by the medullary rays. A good example is the butterfly." And now that student thinks he was plucked because he said butterfly instead of buttercup.

A CERTAIN senior had a baby. Ask a young, aspiring M.D. as to the beauty of the little pappoose, and a certain noted classicist in the junior year, who gently and affectionately fondled it, as to the angel flesh of the wee thing, and a certain reverend widower as to whether the little visitor to his sanctum will bear christening. Tuesday was April Fool's Day.

ONE day last week a speculative junior was discussing, from an ethical standpoint, the injustice of making laws for the proper observance of the Sabbath. His learned harangue was suddenly brought to a close by an honest slip, suggesting—"The final is coming on; that accounts for it."

WE understand that some kind-hearted old lady, observing the budding genius of one of the "coming men," has expressed the desire that the following should be inserted in the College paper:

POETRY FOR SALE.

Oh! why should students waste their cash,—
Who have no cash to spare,
Why waste their cash on Shakespeare's trash—
Such trifles as are there.
When lo! the *freshie*-poet sells!
He's cheap we all must think!
A cent a-yard, is all his charge—
To pay for pens and ink!!

The following is offered as a sample:

POEM ON A MOSQUITO.

Poor mosquito, if thee I could catch
For thee I would be a match;
Nor would I think it wrong
To stay the singing of thy song.
When spring comes, you will be there,
And give us a scare.
With mosquito to the right, mosquito to the left,
And of blood we are bereft;
When from thy bill I am once more free,
I think of thee.
Roll on, thou ugly, black mosquito,
For out of a hundred I can hit—two.
When the mosquito hummed round like a wolf in my ear,
And it gave me fear,
Then I thought, that a man who has no music in his soul
is not fit
To be or not to be even a mosquito—
O, but to rise,
Become excelsior and win the prize.

L. L. D. FRESHMAN.

"THE most brilliant student that ever went through Queen's College" was seen the other day on a prancing charger. He thought he would celebrate the announcement of his "impeccability," and at the same time exhibit his fair proportions to her whom his soul adores, as a "bold dragoon," if by chance she would be out for an airing. It was the first time he rode a steed. He backed the "animile" against a wood-horse, and with dexterous wriggling crawled on; then pointed for Princess street, smiling, spite of fear. But the small boy was abroad. "Mister, yer legs will fall off." The steed, disgusted at the small boy, started at a smart pace. But the "impeccable" was not prepared for trotting. His legs spread out more than ever. He lost his hat. He grasped his Bucephalus by the neck, his coat-tails wildly flapping round his ears. We saw him vanishing in a cloud of dust and—snow-balls carrying the brilliancy and impeccability of the College with him. When shall we see his like again! The College bard is writing an appropriate monody.

ONLY another JOURNAL.

ON the evening of Saturday, the 12th inst., the editors of the JOURNAL give in their report. On the same night the Board of Management for the ensuing year is appointed. Every student who has the interest of Queen's and its organ at heart should be present.

CONVOCATION on the 30th.

Is the Alma Mater Society to have a Banquet? If not we go in for a Students' Supper.

We are indebted to Mr. A. R. Linton, Secretary of the Elocution Association, for an account of the public meeting held lately, which is crowded out. Mr. Linton kindly furnishes us with any information concerning the Association. Secretaries of other societies do not appear ambitious to have the doings of their Societies made known.

DURING the next two weeks you'll see feathers fly. Some stand an awful chance of getting plucked, especially those chaps that always come out at the tail end. They won't crow much either.

STUDENTS, do not forget your friends, our advertisers.

THOSE who want the next JOURNAL, which is to contain a cut of the new buildings, should let us have their summer address.

WE heard a Freshie inquiring "what those benches were doing in front of the College?" He'll know too soon perhaps.

EXAMINATIONS begin on Thursday, the 10th April, and end on the 24th.

CLASS work closed on Thursday.

THE Montreal Meds. will be up next week to the Council Examinations. Our boys will no doubt give them a cordial greeting.

OH, ye poor Methodists! We extend our heartfelt sympathies to that poor soph. who, when arraigned before the "Court of Iniquity," said he was persecuted because he was a "Methodist." Surely he will receive his reward. But let him cheer up, for though he is persecuted yet he is not forsaken, he is not alone. Behold the number of "persecuted Methodists! We'll pass over the scholarships, &c., with which they've been burdened, over the offices thrust upon them, over the chief magistracy of the "Concursus Iniquitatis" and come home to our own dear JOURNAL. Just look for a moment at the staff; first, a Methodist is persecuted, with the awful duties of a managing editor's post; then, they follow another out of College and even his B.A. does not protect him from being placed first on the role of editors; worst of all the iron gate of the "Royal" is no protection, but they snatch another poor follower of John Wesley from within its precincts and place his name second on the annals of ———. Oh! where shall we flee?

A FRESHMAN, reviving "fond recollections to memory dear," thus quotes Pope: "As the pants are beat, the twig's inclined."

EXCHANGES.

WE have been intently gazing for several minutes past on a contributed article in *Randolph Macon Monthly*, entitled "Easy writing is very hard reading." We agree with what it says, but dare not uphold the principle here, for fear some one that knows us will retort "Practice what you preach." At the same time, no one could be a confirmed reader of college papers without having that thought absorbed into his very marrow. We have often wished that *others* would take the advice of Sidney Smith when he said, "After you have written an article, take your pen and scratch out half of the words in it, and you will see how much stronger it is." It may, however, be easier to give advice than take it. We like this (March) issue of the *Monthly* very much, and think its editors are to be congratulated that it has so many good contributions from students.

Our attention is now attracted by a blushing face among the lot of exchanges given to us to crucify. We scan its pages, and our face grows redder and redder as we read on and the sun strikes its leaves. It is the *Seminary Times*, and were it not for the color of the paper on which it is printed, it would be an exceedingly readable journal. The contents are fair in quality, though rather chary of college news and anecdote. We looked for some information concerning the time when next we might expect to see it, but whether weekly, monthly or quarterly, is a subject on which its columns are profoundly silent.

And still another new face, *The Hobart Herald*, a monthly journal of twelve pages of reading matter, published by the students of Hobart College. We like its tone. It is thoroughly collegiate, and by no means bashful in saying what it means. Print and paper both are good, and we hope it will receive the support it deserves.

We would like the *Tyro* better, had it more original matter in it. It purports to represent the inner life of the *Canadian Literary Institute*, and still in its monthly quota of twelve pages, seven and three-quarters are occupied by selected matter, most of which the majority of its readers have in all probability seen before. While not quite four pages are devoted to editorials and college news, and even in this the printer's leads occupy so much space that it is doubtful whether they intended to leave the page entirely blank or not. Brace up, *Tyro*, and have some style about you. Your selections are good, but they are not what is wanted.

We notice that the last number of the *University Herald* accounts for the delay in its publication, by saying that one of the members of the board had been sick. We look up a few inches and see that the *Herald* is published by a board of seven editors. Only seven. If one would delay it so long, what a fearful calamity it would be if two were sick! Would the paper be ever published? We wondered which one it was, and read over the names of the editors, and came to the conclusion that there must have been three of them sick. And this is how we did it. There are nine names given. But the *Herald* says expressly that these nine are not nine, only seven. Therefore there must be a reserve of two. Now if only one of these nine were sick, there would still be eight left; if there were two sick, there would still be seven left. But the *Herald* says that there are only seven, and one of these was sick, so there could only be six left, therefore there must have been three sick. But no! It says editorially there was only one sick. How can this be? Ah! we have it. It is a fiction when it says there are only seven. A pious fraud intended to detract attention from the fact that there are nine on the board, and these nine are like those of nursery tale fame, of whom it needed the lot to make a man, whom the *Herald* means when it says his sickness delayed its publication. Verily "*Perseverentia omnia vincit.*"

Laurence Sterne, Addison and Keats, are all sketched in the April number of Rose Belford's *Canadian Monthly*. The sketches and criticisms, by different hands and of varied fullness, are extremely entertaining and instructive. An article on "Halifax," and one on the "Duration of the Legislative Assembly," refer more particularly to the Canadian history and constitution, while the article by *Fidelis* on "A Pressing Problem" is of wider import, and should be carefully read by every one.

In this number, "The Monks of Thelema" hold their farewell chapter. The two other continued stories, "Fallen Leaves" and "Under one Roof," show no signs of diminished strength.

A few poems, one especially on "Niagara" by Nicholas Flood Davin, offer welcome variety.

COMIC CLIPPINGS.

A T chapel exercises the other morning, the professor was reading the passage: "And behold a greater than Jonah is here." At that instant the chapel door opened, and in stalked a tardy six-foot freshman of massive bulk. The students straightway acknowledged the truth of the passage.

SHE sang soprano sweetly—
Her voice was like a lyre;
But on Sunday she ate onions,
And busted up the choir.

THE Danbury *News* has ascertained that Paris Green did not exactly kill the potatoe bugs, but it so impaired their intellect that they have gone to eating Canada thistles.

THAT was a good though rather severe pun which was made by an Edinburgh student (and he was not the brightest of his class either), when he asked: "Why is Prof. — the greatest revivalist of the age?" and, on all "giving it up," said: "Because at the end of every sermon there is a great awakening."

EVERY one must have heard of Lord Ellenborough (Erskine). One day in passing an empty tea-box he wrote upon it *tu doces* which piece of Latinity being translated means *thou teachest* (tea-chest).

AT Ann Arbor one of the students bet the crowd that one of the professors in the law department would treat them. After the money was put up, some one asked, "What will the professor treat us on?" "Treatise on international law," was the reply. After which there was an awful silence.

"There's a metre dactylic, there's a metre spondaic,
There's a metre for a laugh and a groan;
There's still yet a metre by no means prosaic,
'Tis to meet her—by moonlight alone!"—*Ex.*

"NATURE abhors a vacuum," remarked the philosophic prep., as he quietly stuffed his inner man from the professor's back fruit orchard. "Force is an agent that causes motion," murmured the prof. as he rose up out of the weeds and gently caressed the prep. over the ten-foot fence on his pedal tip.

AN AWFUL MYSTERY.—

"What made the ark to move along?"
I've pondered o'er and o'er;
At last I have the riddle solved—
'Twas paddled by a *Noah*.

WHEN a long-limbed fielder was told that he looked like a spider, he replied: "Yes. I can catch a fly every time."—*Ex.*

Two sophomores enter a horse-car; the first takes the only vacant seat, and the second sits in his lap. Presently a young lady enters, and the second soph., rising, says, "Take my seat madam." Fact.

A student in an Eastern Academy is reported to have patented a remedy to cure the singing of such melodies (?) as "Whoa, Emma?" "Sweet By-and-By," "Nancy Lee," and "Grandfather's Clock." It consists of one part Arsenic, two parts Paris Green, one part Strychnine, &c., until a compound has been made that would kill a horse, or a man with a hoarse voice.

A Sophomore, on being asked for an excuse from chapel on Sunday, said he was out walking, and was so far from college when the church bell rang that he could not reach the chapel in season, and so attended the village church. "Who preached there?" asked the Professor. "I don't know," said the student, "some stranger." "Indeed," was the reverend gentleman's response, "I am surprised you did not recognize me."

A—KISSED his girl the other night, and asked her if she felt his moustache. "Oh, no!" she said, "I felt a little *down* in the mouth."—

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