

» QUEEN'S »

UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

VOL. XXIV.

KINGSTON, CANADA, DEC. 19TH, 1896.

No. 4.

Queen's University Journal.

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University
in Twelve Fortnightly Numbers, during
the Academic Year.

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**The Business Manager is in the sanctum on Tuesdays
and Thursdays from 11 to 12 to receive subscriptions.**

All literary contributions should be addressed to the
Editor, Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

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dressed to the Business Manager.

CANADIANS as a rule are patriotic. None more
loyal can be found than the students of
Queen's. But surely the sentiment brought
into prominence at the decoration of the college
building for the promenade concert cannot be iden-
tified with patriotism. It is true, we are sorry to
say, that a few students talked of tearing down two
American flags used to drape one of the windows,
but such "jingoism" was not at all widespread.
Loyalty as found in a Queen's man and in every
true British subject does not involve disrespect to
other nations. The true Briton feels that he can
afford to be generous. Nay, more, he knows that
unless he is charitable he is not truly British. Such
patriotism can lift up its voice in the streets when
occasion requires, but it is never a mere display of
emotional fireworks.

* * *

A vigorous discussion has been carried on for
some time in New York and other eastern States
with regard to the teaching of English in schools
and colleges. Such discussions are not unknown to
us here in Canada. They seem to be periodic with us
as well as with our neighbours to the south. In these
controversies glaring solecisms are credited to college-
trained men, reforms are suggested, and the blame
is tossed to and fro like a shuttlecock between
those who espouse the cause of the preparatory

schools and those who champion the colleges. It is
not our purpose to join in the present controversy,
but simply to take advantage of the opportunity it
affords for a few words of practical advice to our
own men. That "Queen's English" and "the
Queen's English" are necessarily synonymous can-
not be maintained. In fact we are at present a long
way off that ideal. Many men come to college after
very defective preparatory courses, and others come
from homes or districts where certain provincialisms
seem to be bred in the bone. The student who is
handicapped by one or both of these difficulties has
to undergo a prolonged struggle before he can use
freely and naturally the idiomatic English which
our Alma Mater has the right to demand from those
who would seek her imprimatur. In this struggle
the burden and responsibility must fall principally
upon the student himself. The faults to which our
men are most addicted are not so much those of ig-
norance as of habit, and nothing but rigid self-
discipline will eradicate them.

These faults are chiefly incorrect pronunciation,
careless and slovenly enunciation, false syntax,
and the use of provincialisms. Not all our profes-
sors are safe guides in pronunciation, and the same
may be said of the divines to whom we listen on
Sundays. Students should note every word to
which an unfamiliar pronunciation is given and look
it up in a reliable dictionary. But incorrect
pronunciation is usually a sin of ignorance and
can be forgiven more readily than the slovenly
enunciation with which we are sometimes tor-
tured. This can admit of no justification. It
is especially marked in the abuse of the vowel *e*,
and some eloquent pleader should take out a
brief for that hapless letter. Nowhere is it safe.
As an initial, in the body of a word, and especially
in such final syllables as "ness," the most improper
liberties are taken with it. We recently heard a
lady vocalist (not a Queen's lady, however,) run
through the whole gamut with the word "rejoice,"
giving the short sound to *e* in the first syllable and
harrowing the souls of her long-suffering audience.
Nuss and *niss* for *ness* are very common, and the
list might be extended indefinitely, but we forbear.

As to syntax, we cannot undertake to enlarge upon the glaring solecisms that so frequently jar our nerves, "I *done* it," "I never *seen* that before," &c., &c. Should not college men who are guilty of such expressions be indicted by the grand jury and brought before the Concursus? Provincialisms we are usually unconscious of, and we ought to thank the friend who is kind enough to call our attention to them, for only thus are we likely to be placed on our guard and liberated in process of time from their bondage.

* * *

With this number of the JOURNAL we present to our readers a review, by a graduate of Queen's, of Conan Doyle's latest novel, "Rodney Stone." We are sure that the friends of our college organ will learn with pleasure that for the remainder of the session we hope to be in a position to make our "Literature" column one of the most interesting features of the JOURNAL. We shall include therein timely reviews of the latest additions to our literature, written in a style light and lively enough, and sufficiently removed from the conventional methods of the class-room to redeem us from the charge, so often deservedly cast upon the more ambitious literary efforts of college periodicals, of talking "shop," together with notes and comments upon the most important happenings in the world of letters.

* * *

We confess that the longer articles in this issue of the JOURNAL come very near to our ideal of what the literary portion of a college paper ought to contain, and that if we can maintain this standard throughout the year we shall be well content. At the same time we would remind our student friends that these articles have been written by graduates, who have, at considerable sacrifice of time and trouble, responded to our appeal for contributions. These gentlemen, who, during their college career, were faithful supporters of the JOURNAL, still retain a lively interest in the institutions of their Alma Mater. We cannot refrain from asking, How many of the present generation of students will, in days to come, do as much for our college paper? We fear that the number will be small. It is not pleasant to realize that we have now in our midst so many men who are selfish enough, after having helped to place the responsibility for the success or failure of the JOURNAL upon the shoulders of the staff, to leave that staff unsupported, or, worse still, to secretly oppose it. Such men are out of place in a university. They would be more in their element as students in one of those mills for the manufacture of money-making machines which are popularly and erroneously styled business "colleges."

Such conduct on the part of a considerable body of students, considerable at least in numbers, throws the work of keeping up the JOURNAL into the hands of a comparatively small number, and our gratitude is consequently all the greater toward those who (in many instances men really overburdened with work) have hitherto supported us loyally.

If the present staff could, before the conclusion of its journalistic labours, rouse in every class in the University the interest and pride in the JOURNAL, which is all that is wanting to make it an unqualified success, we should feel that our mission was accomplished.

* * *

Another tomb-stone has been given a place in the journalistic graveyard, and the occasion calls for at least a passing obituary notice. The *Week*, for many years our only distinctively literary periodical, has ceased publication. The cause assigned is, of course, lack of support—moral and literary, perhaps, as well as financial. Canada, we are often reminded, is still a new country, and it may be unreasonable to expect our national appreciation of and interest in things literary to be as lively as that displayed in the older lands across the seas. And yet we are well past the pioneer stage. We are no longer hewing out homes in a wilderness, and if most of us have the more immediate necessities of life as a spur to activity, that is no excuse for blindness to the higher interests of life. As a matter of fact these are not, by any means, entirely neglected among us. Universities like our own are centres of light in the land, and while we can hardly lay claim as yet to the possession of a national literature, it may be asserted that we have at least the first signs of its advent. These considerations would seem to have insured success for the *Week* if it had attained in any degree the purpose it had in view. To attempt to define the ultimate causes of its failure would be a large and perhaps also a profitless task. But we would take advantage of this opportunity to point out to the sons of Queen's the world over that our own *Queen's Quarterly* is doing, in its own way, something of the work that the *Week* set out to do, and that their loyal support is essential to its success as an epitome of the thought of their Alma Mater.

* * *

Lord Rosebery's speech, which brought into general notice the Ostwold-Ramsay correspondence, has directed a good deal of attention to the remarkable development of Germany along industrial and scientific lines. In pure science, in the manufacture of chemicals and textiles, Germany has taken the foremost place. The German manufacturer is supplanting the English, not because he manufactures

as good an article (for that he cannot do), but because he is less conservative; he is supplanting the American because he is more conscientious.

But it is, perhaps, in science that the discrepancy between this continent and the old world is most marked. For the last generation, at least, the American scientist has had as good a training as any other. His laboratories have been the best equipped, assistance has been given more generously, his grounding has been more thorough, his field of research perhaps greater, yet how many scientists does America possess who are generally recognized as belonging to the first rank? On the whole continent, in chemistry there are, perhaps, two; in biology we might add a third; in physics, also, probably two or three; in geology it is to be confessed the number is much greater, but this is due to the unusual facilities offered for research in this country by the exploration and opening up of vast stretches of new country, a great proportion of which is mining land. It is true we constantly hear of great discoveries by American scientists, but the majority of these are such as have required no originality or deep discernment, but are merely the results of mechanical work, while many are not discoveries at all. Various causes are to be assigned for this unfortunate condition of affairs. One of the most potent is the fact that this is a new country. Everything must have an immediate practical and economic value. Our technical schools must be directly economic. Such a thing as allowing a man in a commercial laboratory four years for a purely scientific research, a proceeding not at all extraordinary in the old land, is here an unheard-of idea. Yet the encouragement of pure scientific research, which in America is almost totally lacking, is of great economic importance, for there is scarcely a scientific discovery which cannot be turned to a most valuable practical use. Then the European scientist is broader. He has travelled more, he has not confined himself to his Alma Mater, but has done work in all the great universities, and has studied under and become acquainted with all the leaders in his particular department.

The social conditions, too, are different in this country. The American is not content to settle down with a very slight remuneration and confine his energy to a research for truth, fired only by a love of his work and the laudable ambition of adding to the sum of human knowledge; he will aim, incidentally, for a bigger salary and a higher social position. In this country the temptation is certainly stronger to turn to a practical use scientific attainments to better one's own financial condition. In Europe the rewards of worth are more certain and more wisely awarded. A great scientist or a great

discovery is sure of recognition. It will necessarily be a matter of time; true greatness can only be known after the lapse of years. Americans are not so cautious in heralding discoveries. It is unnecessary to do anything great to become famous. Reputations, in fact, are much more easily made than earned. Raise a dust and the public will discover a cyclone. Barnum found that the American public preferred to be humbugged. The scientist is no less observant, and many, to their shame be it said, are no less eager to take advantage of it. Self-advertisement and sensationalism, which would not be tolerated elsewhere, are here rampant. From good motives, or otherwise, there is a craze for publishing papers, monographs, and text-books. Such literature has become so voluminous that it is almost impossible to discover the wheat in the chaff. As few are able to judge the real value of a scientific work, it is a pretty safe road to fame. How meritorious many of the works are, the great originality which must be credited them, may be estimated from the errors copied from one to another. Great reputations have been established in America by discoveries (?) with the X rays, though to this hour scarcely anything has been accomplished beyond repeating the published experiments of the original investigator. A new organic compound discovered, a merely mechanical operation, will cause a stir throughout America—abroad hundreds are being silently manufactured.

Americans have a rage for discovering and naming new things. Countless new minerals are being pointed out and named, but the number of species still must remain under one thousand. A wonderful outburst will herald the announcement of a discovery and a reputation gained, so it little matters if time proves it a false discovery: the public will never hear of it. Such work not only does not advance science, it hinders it.

At present there are too many engaged in science for the same reason as prompted Grant Allen to desert it—fame and the almighty dollar. Until American workers are universally actuated by the highest motives we cannot hope to take rank in the scientific world.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Journal:

There is a bitter drop in every cup. In this case the drop was fifty cents, and the gentlemen of the Banjo Club could not swallow it. But stay! Was it a matter of fifty cents or was it a matter of principle? We must believe it was the latter; and yet, no doubt because of our own stupidity, we are totally unable to comprehend the principle underlying their action. Our inability to grasp the situation is doubly ludi-

crous, as we also are *honour* students. We had a fixed idea (which turned out to be a delusion) that the students gave the concert in aid of the gymnasium fund, and we were foolish enough to believe that every student would be willing to use his talent for the benefit of his Alma Mater. This erroneous idea was shared even by the President of the Banjo Club and a couple of its members, who so far forgot their dignity as to pay for their own tickets. But we had not counted on the eccentricities of genius. The members of a club of such importance and in such demand, who habitually hold their expectant audiences in breathless suspense until it suits their convenience to appear, could not be expected to give their services on the same level with the common crowd who simply did their duty. Nor could they, their minds being so occupied with practices and honor classes, be reasonably expected to state their grievances at a day early enough to have excluded them from the programme. As soon as it was discovered that the *principles* of these gentlemen would be satisfied by a free admittance, the doors were eagerly flung open, and it is only to be regretted that the orchestra was not present to herald them in with the strains of "See the conquering heroes come."

During the promenade some ladies exerted themselves to entertain the only guests of the evening, and we rest happy in the assurance that they enjoyed themselves to the full. The moral is obvious: It pays to stick to principle.

C.

POETRY.

THERMOPYLAE.

THIS is the spot; the mountain bay
 Is wild, and stern, and grand,
 As when the Lion held the way
 That barred his mother-land;
 Long years and change and earthquake shock
 Have wrought upon the scene;
 Where once the sea-waves lapped the rock
 Are meadow lands grown green.
 But Æta still looms vast and gray,
 To hide the setting sun,
 And still the mountains bar the way,
 And every way but one
 The sulphur springs still fume and flow
 Along the rough hillside,
 And far-off Othrys, veiled in snow,
 Sees where the Spartan died.

There is a spirit haunts the place
 Where mighty deeds were dared,
 Though time and change have left no trace,
 And not a grave be spared.

And as I climbed the grassy hill
 Where Sparta's Lion stood,
 My heart still answered to the thrill
 That nerves the hero mood.
 And as I read the page again,
 That quickened from the dust
 The tale of those three hundred men,
 Who died to keep their trust,
 I knew the fire was not yet lost,
 That nerved my younger age;
 The shadow of an eagle crossed
 And fell along my page.

—R. RODD.

THE SAD-EYED MAN.

(A Psychological Anecdote.)

I met a sad-eyed man who walked
 And mused with bended head.
 I asked him why he was so sad,
 And this is what he said:

"I've read all of Leibnitz and Lotze,
 And Spencer, and Porter and Mill;
 I swallow complete every essay I meet,
 But my soul is unsatisfied still;
 For deep in my breast is a longing for rest,
 That nothing is able to fill.

"And this is the harrowing query
 That's making a corpse out of me:
 'If the Ego is not a self-conscious Somewhat,
 Then what in the deuce *can* it be?'
 For to say that the soul is a logical whole
 Is just, I am sure you'll agree.

"The Cosmos is matter *in toto*,
 Cognized by the sentient mind;
 But how do we know, if we grant this is so,
 Where the Essence of Being's confined?
 Does it have its true place in Time and in Space,
 Or in Matter and Law combined?

"Do my sentient states have existence
Per se, or as modes of the brain?
 If I am a mass of Sensations, alas,
 That the Ego's not I is quite plain;
 For how can you be the thing that you see,
 And still have the Ego remain?

"And then"—I could not list to more;
 I turned me round and fled;
 But once again I heard him speak,
 And this is what he said:

"Yes, this is the harrowing query
 That's making a corpse out of me:
 'If the Ego is not a self-conscious Somewhat,
 Then—what—in—the—deuce—*can* it be?'"

—C. F. LESTER.

Rev. Neil McPherson has been tendered a unanimous call to St. Paul's church, Hamilton. Stipend \$2,000, with promise of an additional five hundred. Neil at present resides in Petrolia.

LITERATURE.

"RODNEY STONE."

NO book that Conan Doyle has so far written is likely to call forth such a difference of opinion among the critics as "Rodney Stone." In this novel he endeavours to do for the beginning of this century what he did in "Micah Clarke" for the time of the Monmouth Rebellion; and so far has he succeeded that every reader must feel as he closes the book that he has a fuller and more exact knowledge of the period between the Battle of the Nile and Trafalgar than he could obtain from many volumes of ordinary history. The reason of this is not hard to find. The author has, with that energy and carefulness that made "The White Company" and "Micah Clarke" such epitomes of history, exhausted the works on the years covered by his novel before taking up his pen. His characters are truthfully drawn, his knowledge of the turf is strikingly exact, his information about the prize-ring would put many a professional referee to shame, and his rapid, sturdy touches depicting the sea-dogs show that, although he may be a landsman, his heart, like every Englishman's heart, can sympathize to the full with the lives and deeds of the men who have made England the first nation in the world.

The book opens well. The simple country life of Sussex, the love of son for mother, of companion for companion, the home-coming of the sailor, the surroundings of the *ci-devant* prize-fighter—now an industrious blacksmith—all make most entertaining reading. In the midst of the rural simplicity Dr. Doyle has seen fit to introduce us to his most striking figure, Buck Tregellis. "He was a type and leader of a strange breed of men which has vanished away from England—the full-blooded, virile buck, exquisite in his dress, narrow in his thoughts, coarse in his amusements, and eccentric in his habits." Not an easy character to sustain, but the author has never drawn a more consistent and dramatic personage. At once a dandy and a hero, a sympathetic friend and a selfish egoist, it is difficult to forget him. He serves as a centre about which clusters the aristocratic life of his time, and his magnificent figure looms up on every occasion. The ridiculous prince—"the Hope of England"—Sheridan, Fox, and other notables, come and go, depicted with swift pen and true, while he, the beau, the observed of all observers, the leader of fashion and of manners, never quits the page.

In exquisite contrast with Tregellis is his sister Mary, mother of Rodney. She says but little, she

occupies but a small space in the narrative, yet we love her. Dr. Doyle can draw a mother and wife, and if Rodney's mother is merely a repetition of Micah Clarke's we can forgive him, for under all circumstances, and despite difference in times and manners, the mother's heart is the same towards the boy she sends into the world.

The drawing of the naval officers in time of peace is powerfully done. It is true that, with the exception of Rodney's father, we have mere outlines, but so vigorous are these outlines that the characters become living realities by these single touches. Among them all the man that promises most, when the author sees fit to place him in other scenes, is the strangely mixed personality of Nelson. He is portrayed under the worst possible circumstances—in the presence of his mistress, Lady Hamilton—and the author makes no attempt to glorify his hero; but so well has he caught the spirit of the man that, like him, and like the English nation as a whole, we forget the shame of the great sailor's life, the one weakness of his character, in his sterling honesty and exalted sense of duty.

But while these *dramatis persone* make their exits and their entrances, several others run through the entire book. Boy Jim, for whom Rodney has unbounded admiration, is a shadowy creation unworthy of the author. Rodney himself is in the book merely to tell the story. Polly Hinton is a grotesque figure, utterly lacking in reality; while Lord Avon and his valet are absurdly impossible. Champion Harrison is somewhat better, but even he is so little above the brute that we scarcely ever feel for him a glow of admiration.

It would seem that while Dr. Doyle is working^{ed} under the inspiration of the heroic in history he is great; but as soon as he turns aside and depends entirely on his own imagination and invention, or attempts to handle a theme that is lacking in the truly heroic, he at once shows a distinct loss of power. The study of the heroic in the age is, therefore, the best part of the book, and the plot can only be designated as impossible, disappointing. In the working out of the denouement the novelist seems to have had a revulsion into the days of his detective studies; but Sherlock Holmes must have turned in his grave at the wretched exhibition his creator has made of himself in disentangling the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Lord Avon and the murder of his brother.

But, to the greatest majority of critical readers, the gravest defect in the book will, no doubt, be the amount of space given to scenes in the prize ring. England at the beginning of this century was in a state of nervous tension. Napoleon was looking towards her shores, and every man was ready to resist

"Rodney Stone." By A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

him, indeed eager to go abroad to meet him. The book deals with a period of peace, but it shows in every page that England was essentially a fighting England; and those who will cavil at the prize-fighting portion of the book—and we have to confess ourselves among the number—must recognize the author's purpose. Britain's strength on the field of battle is, in his estimation, largely due to her manly pastimes at home; and the exponents of the noble art of self-defence and the patrons of the ring are of a piece with the heroes who fight her battles and the enthusiasts who applaud their deeds. The majority of cultivated readers will, doubtless, be of the opinion that Dr. Doyle has overdone this part of his theme, while the great mass of readers will follow with breathless interest the thirty odd rounds in the pelting rain between Champion Harrison and Crab Wilson.

But the author must not ask too many of us to see the spiritual side of the struggle. It is impossible to agree with him when he says: "Such a spectacle may brutalize those who are brutal, but I say that there is a spiritual side to it also, and that the sight of the utmost human limit of endurance and courage is one which bears a lesson of its own." It is only the brute in us that can delight in such contests; and the man who could see the spiritual side of a fight to a finish without gloves could convince himself of the ethics of a cock-fight or the spiritual meaning in the death grip of a pair of well-matched bull-dogs. That the author should plead with the reader to see the spiritual in this brutal scene is proof that there is doubt in his own mind as to its reality. When, at school, we read that wonderful glove contest in the fifth book of the *Æneid*, and gloated over the lines:—

"At non tardatus casu neque territus heros
Acrior ad pugnam redit, ac vim suscitatur ira,"

it was the little savage in our hearts that was uppermost, and not the hero. A fight for a purse can never be made noble, but since Virgil gave it epic treatment no writer has come so near exalting such a scene to regions of art as has Conan Doyle. He, doubtless, saw how impossible such a theme would be for artistic treatment, and elevates it by excluding the proper contestant at the last moment and bringing in Champion Harrison—an old Entellus—as a substitute.

It is impossible to admire this degradation of humanity, and although the exhibition of endurance is skilfully done, we are glad to get rid of the disgusting details. Far nobler, and told in a nobler manner, is that magnificent struggle between the four-in-hand of Sir John Lade and the tandem driven by Buck Tregellis.

Despite the defects, and they are serious, the book

is a great one, and we are gratified to read in the closing paragraph that: "The day may come when I shall write down all that I remember of the greatest battle ever fought on salt water." Sequels are not often welcome, but a book by Dr. Doyle dealing with great heroes in great action cannot fail to be interesting. We prophesy a second "Micah Clarke," and to appreciate it to the full it will be necessary to know "Rodney Stone."

T.G.M.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE UNIVERSITY MAN IN NEWSPAPER WORK.

HALF a dozen years ago when, a young graduate, I was about to adventure myself upon an outside world, which seemed to me very big and anything but friendly, I confided to one of our professors the fact that I had some idea of trying journalism—newspaper work I have since learned to call it. The professor remarked that journalism is a vocation of such a nature that he who enters it should have his points of view attained and, to some extent, fixed before he enters it; for the hurry of the work is such that it is difficult after embarking on it to find time for the study and reflection necessary to the adoption of general points of view from which the facts of life can be approached. That remains the soundest remark upon the subject which I have heard, and it may be taken as the justification of the existence of the university-bred man in newspaper work; for I take it that to an audience of university men the most interesting phase of newspaper work is the extent to which graduates can find places in it. Some graduates do find places in it, and I may be permitted to give some of the results of my own experience, first premising that that experience consists of but four or five years of work upon three papers, all in one town. For other than Canadian papers, or for papers in other places than Toronto, I have no desire to speak.

At the outset let me comment upon a very widespread idea concerning newspaper work, an idea which may be seen to be implied in a remark already made: that life on a newspaper is made up of a perpetual hurry and bustle, and filled with startling contrasts and romantic experiences. The ordinary man who has paid to get into an entertainment, when he sees a newspaper man walk in without paying, is apt to think that the man who enjoys such a privilege is fortunate, and does not always recollect that the newspaper man pays for his admission by the notice he writes, and that constant attendance at such affairs robs them as a rule of all interest, and makes attendance on them a mere mat-

ter of duty. Young men are apt to feel attracted to a life which enables a man to visit in the same evening, say, a Sunday school concert, entertainment, a smoking concert, and the police station; forgetting that use and wont will speedily turn this incongruous-looking mixture of assignments to routine almost as dull as that in any business office. Finally, certain newspaper men seem to be continually endeavouring to spread the impression that life in their vocation is lived at high pressure, that there is always a desperate hurry when the paper goes to press, that, in short, there is a certain delirious whirl about it all. Nearly all stories of newspaper life give this impression; my own experience is that it is quite false. Of course, every now and then someone has to work in a hurry; such things happen in every calling in life. Excitement, however, is another matter. When the death of Sir John Thompson occurred, the paper with which I am connected appeared next morning with something like four pages of matter dealing with the career and death of the deceased statesman, and yet through the day on which this work was done not a voice was raised in the office, there was no haste, and a visitor coming into the office in the evening would have noticed nothing but that there were rather more men in than usual, and that all were very quiet.

Hurry in another sense there undoubtedly is, however. The paper goes to press at a certain hour, happen what may, and the matter must be provided for it. Great celerity in the preparation of copy is necessary, and the newspaper man must cultivate a certain facility with the pen, which may not be good writing, but which must be reasonably accurate and clear. The getting of facts must be done with rapidity, and the man who censures newspapers for their occasional inaccuracies would probably find it difficult to be as accurate as they on the whole manage to be, were he obliged to do the same work. Further, the hours, especially in morning newspaper work, are such as to make study difficult, and, moreover, the work is of such a quasi-intellectual character as to make real reading in one's leisure less of a change, and therefore, perhaps, less easy than is probably the case with other callings.

It is for these primary reasons that the university man should find a place in newspaper work. He is, if he has used his opportunities, a trained student, and, consequently, should have an advantage in the rapid mastery of unfamiliar subjects—an experience very frequent with the newspaper man, who may have to-day to summarize a report on the agricultural progress of the province, to-morrow to go out to the mining regions to

describe the developments there, and on coming home to collect opinions as to the advisability of prohibition, or the likelihood of the extension of the itinerancy in the Methodist Church. No man can be an expert on every subject which comes up, but a trained student should be able to seize the essential facts in the matter in so far as they concern the outside public for whom he is writing. Another advantage which a university man should have is the possession of a fund of general reading and information, which should prove of great service. It is an advantage which any well-read man, whether of university training or not, will, of course, possess; but the graduate has had especial opportunities, and has not profited to the full by his training if he does not possess it. In newspaper work general information is of the greatest value. Apart from countless mistakes which the having of it enables one to avoid, almost every bit of information, however out of the way, is certain sooner or later to prove useful. For instance, some time ago I was given the task of reviewing a book upon the history and present organization of the British navy—a subject apparently as far removed from the requirements of practical life in Ontario as can well be imagined. But a few weeks after that I had to interview an admiral of the British navy, who chanced to visit Toronto, and he was pleased and, I fancy, surprised, to find me familiar with the names and histories of the ships in which he had served, as well as with a number of the present day problems of the fleet. The result was that he became very friendly, and the interview was a success.

The question of the place of university men in newspaper work simply amounts to this, that men of ability, who already possess that faculty of adaptability for the work which is exceedingly hard to describe, but which, nevertheless, unquestionably exists, and who have prepared themselves by acquiring at a university training in study, definite points of view from which to approach the incidents of life, and the general information which is so valuable an asset, should make their way in it. They will have to begin at the foot of the ladder and learn the technique of the work, even before the period of apprenticeship is well over. Ability will assert itself, and the man whose talents are backed by the advantages which a university education should confer should find his training tell.

My reference to the period of apprenticeship suggests a feature of the case to which a good deal of prominence has been given. The dislike of the editor to the college man has been the subject of much humorous exaggeration; as a matter of fact, at present in Toronto there are fifteen or sixteen university men in active newspaper work, and there

certainly is no discrimination against them. There is, however, much to be learned in the business which only practice can teach, and the graduate stands in peculiar need of beginning at the foot of the ladder, of doing the round of assignments which are little better than drudgery, of learning the workmanlike way of doing everything, and of cultivating that sense of the news-value of things which comes from experience and experience alone. Many university men try newspaper work and fail in it; some of them fail because they would fail at anything; some simply have not the necessary ability; some lack the intangible newspaper adaptability to which I have referred already; and some fail because they wish to begin by writing editorials, and are foolish enough to refuse to accept the fact that they must begin at the bottom and learn the craft from the ground up. Curious as it may seem, it is often more difficult for such a beginner to write a paragraph recording an unimportant happening, than it is to write an editorial. One detail of practical work the graduate should find come to him easily; four years' practice in taking down lectures should make the reporting and condensing of speeches a comparatively easy matter. The recognition of that portion of the speech which contains the greatest news value is something which follows after that.

I have, so far, said nothing as to the general aspects of newspaper work. Nor do I feel disposed to say very much on them. If many people still look upon newspaper men as brands plunged very deep into the burning, it is in part because of the exaggerations to which a class of newspaper men to which I have alluded is addicted; in part it is due to the misbehaviour of the numerous hangers-on who style themselves, but are not, newspaper men, and who thrust themselves into notoriety, whereas the genuine newspaper man generally does his work so quietly as to be very little noticed; and, to some extent, it is due to the lack of knowledge of the conditions governing a very peculiar occupation, and the distrust which, in accordance with a general law, lack of knowledge entails.

Speaking to men of open minds and intellectual independence, I am not concerned to defend the work from the aspersions which are sometimes cast upon it. But if matters were as bad as they are sometimes alleged to be, would not that be an inducement to young men of ability and enthusiasm for the bettering of the world to enter the service of the Press, the agency upon which most men depend for their information upon the events of the day, and for their opinions upon a vast variety of subjects touching their daily life? There is genuine service to be done for the world by ensuring that

the news which men read shall be accurate, and the opinions which they are encouraged to form correct; and if university discipline and training equips men for the bettering of the world, this important means of influence should not be neglected nor allowed to fall into unworthy hands.

C. F. HAMILTON.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

ON Dec. 5th the annual meeting of the society was held in the gymnasium at the close of the A.M.S. elections, Vice-President A. W. Playfair, M.A., in the chair. The following candidates were declared elected:

Hon. Pres., Rev. Dr. Bell; President, W. F. Nickle, B.A.; 1st Vice-Pres., T. A. Grange, B.A.; 2nd Vice-Pres., C. E. Smith; Critic, A. J. McNeill; Secretary, M. A. Griffith; Ass. Sec'y, A. S. Williams; Treas., A. W. Poole; Committee, W. A. Grange '97, A. Scott '98, H. Black '99, Rev. A. W. Richardson (Med.)

Owing to the lateness of the hour the annual meeting adjourned to meet on the following Saturday.

On Dec. 12th the adjourned annual meeting was held in Convocation Hall. Reports were received from the retiring Secretary, A. J. Meiklejohn, and the Treasurer, W. C. Dowsley. The constitution of the A.M.S. was altered by two amendments. (1) The fee for membership is raised to fifty cents. (2) The Committee shall henceforth consist of two members from Arts, one from Divinity Hall, one from Medicine, and one from the School of Mining and Agriculture.

After a brief address by the retiring President, J. M. Farrell, B.A., President-elect W. F. Nickle, B.A., was installed. The thanks of the Society was tendered unanimously to the retiring officers, making special mention of the retiring Secretary.

On adjournment of the annual meeting the regular meeting was held.

Communications from Osgoode Hall and McMaster University were read, asking for delegates to certain social functions in connection with these colleges. The communications were referred to the senior year in Arts.

The Conversat Committee recommended (1) that the conversat be held on Friday, Jan. 22nd, in the College building; (2) if feasible, that the dancing be held in the English, mathematics and classics class rooms.

This report was amended to read that the proposed conversat be held in the Kingston city building.

After much heated argument the amendment was carried, and this year the conversat will be held outside the College walls.

The sympathy of the Society was tendered to Mr. Petrie in his bereavement by the death of his mother.

A communication was ordered to be sent to the University Senate, asking for an extension of Christmas vacation until Jan. 11th, 1897.

A committee consisting of G. E. Dyde, B.A., chairman, W. Moffatt, M.A., J. S. Shortt, B.A., J. W. McIntosh, M.A., N. M. Leckie, W. C. Dowsley and W. R. Tandy was drafted to organize the mock parliament.

A conversat committee was appointed from the A.M.S. to meet forthwith and report on financial matters at the first meeting after Christmas.

ALMA MATER ELECTIONS.

"The king is dead, long live the king." Exit President Farrell with a record for punctuality and fidelity to duty unequalled in the memory of the present generation, and enter President Nickle, who has already been proclaimed (yes, and 'twas the MacNeill herself who said so), a worthy successor to him who has in the past year piloted the ship of state through so many tempests and dangers.

The election of Dec. 5th was in many respects a contrast to those of former years. In consequence of the election by acclamation of Mr. Nickle the excitement incident to a contest for the presidency was lacking. This fact accounts too for a marked decrease in the number of votes polled. The total vote falls about two hundred short of last year's count. The vote in the College building was thirty-five as against seventy-two last year. The election was held in the new gymnasium building, instead of the City Hall, the usual polling place. Had the contest been as keenly waged as that of last year the building would probably have been found too small. As it was, the scrutineers were, on more than one occasion, rudely jostled by the waves of yelling humanity that surged from end to end of the smoke-filled room.

The medical students were, as usual, well organized, and found little difficulty in securing the election of their representatives. Their strength may be seen from the fact that the medical candidate for Vice-President, Mr. Grange, distanced his opponents in Arts by a large majority, and that Mr. Richardson missed heading the list of Committeemen by only a few votes.

A marked feature of the campaign was the number and variety of the cards got out by the various candidates. Two of the more ambitious productions bore the College crest above the candidate's name. It is a remarkable fact that both the gentlemen re-

presented by those artistic gems are among the mourners. We feel it our duty to state that we have been informed that the "dead game sport" pasteboards, circulated by the medicals, as belonging to Mr. Richardson, have been repudiated by that gentleman.

The greatest excitement centred about the contest for the Committee. Never has there been seen such wire-pulling, never has "plumping" been so prevalent. It was no lack of popularity, but simply inexperience on the part of his supporters, that caused the defeat of 1900's candidate.

While the scrutineers were counting the vote of the last two hours, the usual proceedings were carried on. Flying wedges and many other kinds of mass play were tried with marked success. Many a luckless wight, who ventured heedlessly into the open, was charged, hustled, mauled and buried by the famous Tudhopean phalanx. If he escaped this, it was only to be taken in flank by the division of McConville or that of Woods, who fully sustained, on this occasion, his reputation as the greatest strategist of his time. On several occasions, however, the engineer was "hoist with his own petard," when the leader of the attacking column was borne down and ignominiously buried beneath a howling mass of his too impetuous followers.

About 10.30, when the conflict was at its height, the scrutineers finished their labours, and the retiring Vice-President proclaimed the following as the result of the election:

Hon. President—Dr. Bell.

President—W. F. Nickle, B.A. (accl.)

Vice-President—T. A. Grange (Med.), 225; C. E. Smith, 180; N. M. Leckie, 154.

Critic—A. J. McNeill, 202; W. J. Bain, 170.

Secretary—M. A. Griffith, 183; J. W. Marshall, 180.

Treasurer—A. W. Poole, 181; A. Wright, 160.

Asst. Secretary—A. S. Williams, 187; J. P. Anghn, 154.

Committee—A. Scott ('98), 215; Rev. A. J. Richardson (Med.), 204; W. A. Grange ('97), 200; Harvey Black ('99), 186; G. A. McGaughey (1900), 172.

ELECTION ECHOES.

R. H-nt-r—"Divinity Hall's motto is: Discretion is the better part of valour and election for every office is necessary. Last year we accepted both propositions, but this year the first forced us to reject the second."

A. E. R-ss, (soliloquizing on night of election)—"It's I that have a great pull among the ladies. I enticed one from an 'at home' to vote for my candidate."

"EXTINCT MONSTERS."

Dr. Ami, of the Geological Survey, is to give us a lecture on monsters of other days, in which the latest discoveries in vertebrate palæontology will be illustrated by sixty science lantern slides thrown on a screen by Dr. Knight's lantern. Those early inhabitants of Canada, of which the lecture treats, are blessed with names so long that a Spanish Don might envy them, and so impressive that one has only to utter them to get a reputation for learning. One—the Stegosaur—was blessed, it appears, with two sets of brains, one in the skull and the other in the tail. The latter, in directing the movements of the huge hind limbs and tail, did a large share of brain work. Who would not be a Stegosaur?

Dr. Ami has already given his lecture before the Haddo Club at Government House, before the Literary and Scientific Society of Ottawa, and before other institutes, and he has kindly consented to give it in Queen's after the Christmas holidays. He is also preparing, as a scientific memento of Dr. Williamson, an accurate determination of the fossil organic remains collected by our late beloved Vice-Principal in the neighbourhood of Kingston. Dr. Ami will receive a warm greeting from the students.

Y. M. C. A.

The meeting on Friday, Dec. 4th, was particularly well attended to hear Prof. Glover's address. The Prof.'s words were thoroughly practical and timely in the advice which they contained. He took as the key note of his remarks the lines of Wordsworth's sonnet, "The world is too much with us." He impressed the truth that all great spirits have felt the need of separating themselves at periods from the ordinary stream of life to purify their souls by intercourse with God alone and to solve in solitude the weighty problems of human life. Such was Amos, who by the simple purity of his shepherd life could read with unsullied eye the divine will for man. But our Lord and St. Paul are better examples of this truth, for they mingled closely in the interests of men, while reserving for themselves these periods of seclusion. The Prof. said it was this example we as Christian men needed to follow. God's revelations are for men that think and our lives, if they are to have a fresh and savoury influence, must have communion with Him.

The Prof.'s address was listened to with interest and cordially received.

Owing to the preparations for the concert being made Friday evening, the Y.M.C.A. met Thursday evening, Dec. 10th, at the usual hour. Mr. James Anthony led the meeting, the subject being "Our Relation to Christ." The words on which his remarks were based were found in John xv., 9, where it

speaks of the Father's love to Christ and Christ's love to us, making thus a union in love. The leader emphasized our need of keeping near the fount of our spiritual life, even Christ.

MEDICAL COLLEGE.

AESCULAPIAN SOCIETY.

AT the last regular meeting Mr. V. Barber was chosen to represent Queen's medical students at the annual dinner given by the faculty of medicine of McGill University. Mr. W. G. Kelly was elected to convey our greetings to a similar social function in connection with Bishop's College. A motion was introduced opening up afresh an old sore that has existed in the Society for some time, but after about an hour's discussion the chairman ruled the motion out of order and so the matter was for the present set aside.

KINGSTON MEDICAL QUARTERLY.

To the already long list of medical periodicals has been added the *Kingston Medical Quarterly*, which made its debut before the public in October of this year. The *Quarterly* is published under the auspices of the Kingston Medical and Surgical Society, the announcement of whose awakening from the dormant slumber into which it had fallen has been received with a feeling of unqualified joy.

Evidence of careful preparation and publication is abundant, there being remarkably few typographical and other errors.

The subject matter is divisible into three portions—editorials, articles on medical subjects, illustrated by reports of cases which have come under the actual observation of the different writers, and general notes. The opening salutatory editorial explains the *raison d'être* of its existence and offers a modest apology for the appearance of another medical periodical. In the words of the editor the object the Society has is "to make this publication a worthy exponent of the opinions and observations of our confreres." The other editorial defends the action of the Ontario Medical Council in upholding the regulation inaugurated by them which requires a five years' course of six months each, in preference to introducing a course of four years, in each of which eight months would be spent in actual study. We have been persuaded already of the wisdom of this action of the Council, and our conviction receives no additional strength from the arguments set forth in this editorial, of which there is only one independent reason—that a course of eight months would have the inevitable tendency to exclude the poorer class of students, who depend on the sweat of their brow for the wherewithal to obtain a medical education.

The second part of the paper opens with an article by Dr. Mundell on "Some Diseases of Bone." His remarks are illustrated by notes from a case which came under his observation and also by two skiographs, which unfortunately are rather indistinct.

In reporting a successful tracheotomy for removal of a silver coin from the left bronchus, Dr. Anglin tells an amusing incident, in which, after a futile attempt to remove a foreign body from the trachea by inversion of the patient, tracheotomy was resorted to, but the forceps failed to grasp the offending body. Inversion was again tried, when the coin, passing in silent contempt by the artificial opening made in the trachea, rolled out of the patient's mouth and fell on the floor.

Dr. Ryan contributes an article on that dread disease which has for so long baffled the utmost skill of the best physicians—puerperal eclampsia. Dr. Ryan has collected and arranged his material from the current literature on the subject, and reports three cases of his own, but fails to elicit any new information. He gives the opinion of eminent authorities, but does not properly apply them, no doubt because the field is too broad to permit of a full discussion within such narrow limits. A discussion on the same topic is appended, and after reading all that is said we are forced to the conclusion that very little definite information is to be had on this difficult subject.

Numerous other interesting and instructive articles are presented, but space forbids our even mentioning them.

The general notes embrace reports of the meetings of the Society which fosters the *Quarterly*, hospital and other notes, and the first number closes with a touching reference to the irreparable losses recently suffered by the University and the profession by the deaths of some of its most honored members.

Dr. Herald is editor-in-chief. He is ably assisted by an editorial staff of eight, to each of whom is assigned that special department of medical science for which his experience pre-eminently qualifies him.

To the medical students of Queen's a perusal of the contents of the *Kingston Medical Quarterly* cannot fail to be of the greatest benefit, as they have been brought into more or less close contact with the cases reported in it, but we hope to see it embrace a broader sphere of usefulness and be encouraged by the medical profession at large as a deserving co-worker with kindred journals in the common cause of suffering humanity.

NOTES.

Tom is having a difficult task in keeping, or rather in trying to keep, the boys in order. The eager an-

ticipation with which they meditate on the approaching vacation has no doubt aroused the fervor of their spirits.

The last regular meeting of the A.M.S. was attended by a large body of meds. It has been said that the only time they put in an appearance at the deliberations of the Society is when the matter of holding a *conversazione* and the form of programme which will characterize it is to be discussed. This is a slight exaggeration of the truth, but even were it a correct statement, the *conversazione* is a University affair and the voice of all elements connected with the college should be heard in the deliberation and settlement of a question of such vital importance.

We appreciate the generous sympathy displayed by those of our Arts brothers who aided us in carrying the motion requesting the senate to postpone the resumption of work after the holidays, rather than cut them short at the beginning, a proceeding which might have ruined the success of our annual dinner. Such consideration is indeed commendable.

DIVINITY HALL.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

A FEW weeks ago we were all pleased to receive a visit from Rev. J. F. Smith, M.D., the missionary of the Association for the past eight years. For some months he has been on furlough in Canada, and has lately been appointed to India by the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Church. When he visited us he was passing through on his way to this new field of labour. In India he is to act as treasurer of the Central India Mission and chaplain to the British troops stationed at Mhow. At the close of the mass meeting of students which he addressed, it was unanimously and heartily resolved to recommend that the Alumni and students still continue his support. This recommendation has since been ratified by the Association, and during the past week circulars have been sent to the Alumni and friends setting the matter before them and asking for their support. In his new field of labour Dr. Smith's salary will be \$1,200 per annum; whereas during the past year, while on furlough, it was only \$700. A considerable increase is thus required in the amount of the subscriptions.

At the first regular meeting of the Association the treasurer's report showed receipts so far, \$374.86; expenses, \$317.28; balance on hand, \$57.58. At this meeting Messrs. McIntosh and Ferguson, delegates to the meeting of the Inter-collegiate Missionary Alliance in Montreal, gave their reports. The next meeting of the Alliance will be held in Kingston two years from the present time. At the

second regular meeting held Nov. 28th, a committee, consisting of the Vice-President and Messrs. Ferguson and Fraser, was appointed to arrange for the supply of mission fields under the care of the Association. J. S. Watson, B.A., missionary of the Association for the past two years at Hargrave, Man., gave an encouraging report of his work. The President also read a highly satisfactory report from A. McMillan, missionary at Trail, B.C., and the Secretary was instructed to write Mr. McMillan, conveying the greetings of the Association. During the past summer six fields have been occupied by the Association and in every case the reports are most encouraging.

NOTES.

The Principal conducted anniversary services in St. Gabriel Church, Montreal, on the 13th inst.

The Prof. in O. T. Exegesis—"The reading 'oxen and young men' is evidently incorrect. Young men and maidens go together naturally, but not young men and oxen. Instead of 'young men' it should be 'asses,' for there is very little difference between the two."

The Principal—"The preacher should live in thorough sympathy and association with the best spirits of his congregation. This does not mean, however, that he is to go philandering with all the pretty girls." R. H-b-n swoons and the heresy-hunters decide to investigate.

Success in one sphere of life leads to fortune in another. Our worthy Archbishop of a year ago, Mr. E. C. Currie, after turning a deaf ear to a long succession of importunate calls, has at last been induced to hear and is to locate at Delhi, Ont. We commend to the good people of that classic town our burly brother and his Kingston bride. E. C. is elocutionist, orator, bass soloist, preacher, pastor, and M.M.P.A. advocate all combined and must surely succeed. He has our benediction.

Mr. D. A. Hamilton, an old-time student, came upon us last week and announced his intention of remaining for a fortnight in our immediate vicinity. A suspicious-looking carpet-bag made us fear that he wished to encroach on the rights, privileges and exclusive territory of a member of our own guild, but on presenting satisfactory credentials and assuring us that he was sorry he had deserted us a few years since, the toe was bared and the blessing bestowed. He represents our new Church organ, *The Westminster*, and we are pleased to hear that it is receiving the cordial support it deserves.

At the call of the Patriarch, the brethren assembled last week to assist at the election of a Papal representative to be delegated to uphold our dignity

at the Annual Session of the Diet of Aesculapius. Many were the aspirants for the coveted position, but, on the recommendation of the prelates, His Holiness appointed D. W. Best as being in every way qualified to fill the bill. The selection met with pronounced approval, and the Bishop, in the course of the installation, addressed many fitting remarks to the honored legate. He reminded him that moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues, and that they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. His Holiness ordered that letters should be forwarded to the conveners of the Diet confirming the appointment of the Legate, and emphasizing the command that none but the official ambassador be considered a representative of the Holy See. Any attempt at false representation will be severely dealt with; the offender need expect nothing short of excommunication.

SCIENCE HALL.

A STUDENT of the School of Mining spent Thanksgiving in the wilds of an adjoining county examining a valuable claim he has there, one in which he became interested while in the employ of a northern company. Like most rich finds, it has been kept a profound secret. He informs us that the ore is not a mis-pickle, but hesitates to name it definitely, as may be the nomenclature will be changed. The ore, which is of modern formation, is light in colour, the associations are principally gneiss, entirely devoid of trap, which is usually prevalent under such circumstances. It is undoubtedly a high grade ore, and his numerous assays have convinced him of its exceptionally fine character. The vein is rich, free-milling and absolutely non-refractory, forming, in his opinion, the most desirable property in the district, though the superintendent thinks the sister veins very attractive, bearing, as they do, a marked resemblance to the mother-lode. The surface shewing is good, and the ore in sight should last for forty years. No description of such a deposit is to be found in the usual text-books.

The plant necessary will be inexpensive, and the transportation facilities are all that could be desired. R-thw-ll, the chlorination expert, thinks this ore should not be roasted, as he has found by his experience in New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and other western States, that that process is not suitable for such ores. He will, therefore, try to win the ore by amalgamation, which ought to prove successful, as the precious metal shows no affinity for any other element. As a result of his recent conference with the director he has taken his claim off the market

and at present holds it in fee simple; in the spring he intends paying the government fee of two dollars, when he will secure a clear title to the estate.

While visiting the place he secured excellent photos of his ore body, related properties and the genial superintendent.

While his opinion of his claim may be a little rosy coloured, still judging from the photos he must really have struck a good thing, and is to be congratulated on the bright prospects for a golden future.

The success of their fellow-student seems to have caused a mining epidemic in the school.

M-r-r-tt thinks the old county of Simcoe affords him the most likely field.

W-l-ls has an option on several properties and will decide during the holidays whether to close on one here or farther west.

Sm-t-n advises K-r-k-p-tr-ck to explore in the far west, but he hesitates about abandoning his prospects in this locality.

D-n-n-l-y and M-m-m have recovered from this fever. Sm-l-l-w-d and N-w-l-n-ds are proving themselves precocious "minors." JIMMY.

A PRESENT.

Mr. Barnard, of the Hart Emery-Wheel Co., Hamilton, has presented to the Mechanical Department of Queen's a beautiful and complete set of emery grinders. The set consists of seven emery wheels of different forms, mounted upon a common arbor and all beautifully finished. With this also comes an overhead motion with fixed and loose pulleys, making the whole arrangement very complete. We are sure that the authorities of the Mechanical Department must appreciate the gift very much, and must feel very grateful to Mr. Barnard for his kindness.

Any further presents from such friends of the institution as feel like giving it assistance, will be thankfully received.

S. Harper Gray, B.A., '94, is studying theology at Knox.

A meeting of the Queen's graduates and alumni, resident in Toronto, was held recently at the Rossin House. It was decided to organize a Queen's Association in the city for social and fraternal purposes. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution for the new organization, and a social gathering will be held at Webb's on January 5th, when it is expected that Principal Grant will be present. Among those present at the meeting was Alexander Muir, author of "The Maple Leaf," and a graduate of '53. It is expected that there will be a great gathering of the sons of Queen's at the banquet in January.

LADIES' COLUMN.

QUI NON PROFICIT, DEFICIT.

MY LADY LEVANA,—The grand concert and promenade has come and gone. Every thing considered, the evening was an undoubted success, and agreeably disappointed all those who had prophesied a failure. All morning and afternoon the halls resounded with the strokes of the hammer; wonderful ornamentations of snowshoes, hockey sticks and bayonets filled up available spaces; and huge flags falling from ceiling to floor in soft folds gave an air of comfort and elegance to the grim old halls. A couple of the rooms upstairs were converted into refreshment rooms, enshrouded by flags and dotted here and there with inviting little tables.

No trouble was spared; the committees seemed to work by magic, so rapidly did the transformation take place. The magic words, "Under the auspices of the Levana and Alma Mater Societies," seemed to have inspired every heart with lofty ambition, and we all felt our social reputation was at stake. To us, therefore, the sight of the well-filled hall in the evening was most refreshing and welcome.

And were there then no drawbacks? Alas, yes. The omission of three numbers on the programme, although unavoidable, could not fail to be a disappointment; and it was the lack of these items that compelled us to accept services with which, under the circumstances, we should have gladly dispensed. It has been a matter of deep conjecture to us, ever since the night of the concert, on what grounds the members of the Banjo Club, with a few exceptions, based their demand for a free admission, when every other student who attended paid as a matter of course. That they accepted, as we all did, when called upon, the offer to help at our common concert, and at the eleventh hour refused, when the absence of others on the programme made their services necessary, was not only a breach of honour, but an act of flagrant injustice. Any enjoyment or satisfaction in the latter part of the evening, under the peculiar circumstances, might certainly have been thought an impossibility.

One circumstance of the promenade concert filled the minds of even the staid Seniors with delight. This was the super-abundance of ice-cream.

On Saturday the third flat was verily a land of milk and honey, and the distracted refreshment committee, finding no means of disposing of this plenty, peremptorily ordered every student, man or woman, to appear at a certain hour in the venerable Levana room and "tuck in." Nor was the order disobeyed. For over an hour that sacred spot was given over to the sound of feasting and merriment.

A programme of music, &c., was eagerly proposed and accepted, and we all declared that the impromptu Saturday reception was by no means the least delightful we had attended.

Y. W. C. A.

The subject of the meeting on Friday, Dec. 4th, was the "Loneliness of Christ." Miss E. C. Murray, the leader, gave a very beautiful paper. This was one of the most interesting meetings of the session.

The next regular meeting was held on the following Thursday. Miss J. Kennedy read a paper by Mr. F. W. Robertson on the "Glory of the Virgin Mother." An interesting discussion followed.

Miss Lydia Lochhead, of '96, is among the students of Queen's registered at Pedagogy.

Miss Cloney, one of the brightest students of last year's class, is now teaching moderns in the collegiate at St. Catharines.

THE CHARGE AT QUEEN'S.

"Forward the b--jo club!"
The inaudible rub-a-dub
Of each proud-throbbing heart
Beat a triumphal march
On through the city streets,
Up to the door of Queen's!
What caused the halt they made?
All the wild words they said?
Here 'twas the "charge" was made!
"Tickets!" the door-keeper said.
This, then, is what the long,
Sad halting means.

"Forward!" again was said,
Was there a man dismayed?
Not, though the students knew
Some one had grumbled.
Stormed at by hoot and yell,
And many a laugh as well,
Bravely they stand and tell
How 'twas on principle,
Not dollars and cents they stumbled.

Sound the proud dead-beats, march!
Raise high the triumph arch!
On through the hall's wide doors
See them advancing!
My, how each face does shine!
Don't the dress suits look fine!
Simply entrancing.
Look, those who fought so well,
Of whom historians tell
How homeward (from principle)
Not dollars and cents they tell
They almost went prancing.

Were they not Honour men?
Why should they charge them then?
Did not the time they gave
Prove their devotion?
What shall then be said of those,
Who to the occasion rose,
And, to their principle true,
Gave time and money too?
They were the HONOUR men
And women, to my notion!

PERSONALS.

We have to thank W. B. Munro, M.A., '96, who is now in Scotland, for a copy of the Edinburgh University Students' Hand-book. This little volume which, as the introduction states, is the University's first venture in this direction, "is published by the Students' Representative Council with the object of providing for all students a compendium of useful information regarding the work of our University societies." It contains a short prefatory note written by the Principal, Sir William Muir.

H. S. Berlangnet, B.A., '96, has been heard from at last. He is not dead as was supposed, but threatens to bury himself next spring—in the states.

John Rowlands, '93, is in the mining broker business with the Northern Belle Co. of Toronto. John expects, ere many moons have passed, to be a millionaire.

G. F. Macdonnell, '93, has given up teaching and gone back to the study of law.

A. H. Beaton, B.A., '93, is now Secretary of the Ontario Hockey Association.

J. C. Rogers, B.A., '94, has lately become principal of Bradford High School and has already secured some extra-mural students for Queen's.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

HARRY B-K-R having a little spare time on hand after completing his work in Hon. Math., Hon. Physics, Hon. Natural Science and a few pass classes, instead of shaving, as he should have done, made an "X rays" camera out of some old boots, Billy's scrimmage cap and some live wire, and gives us the following results of snap shots taken in the halls with reference to 'Xmas wishes:

Ne-sh, yclept "Hungry"—"Countless plum puddings to feed his face."

J. W-ll-ce—"A barrel of rheumatism on tap as a last resort to stop that bad, bold dance."

McGaughey—"That the mills of the gods might grind a little less slowly and not so exceedingly small."

Johnnie J-st-n—"Four aces."

Mat W-ls-n—"A chance—just one chance before he dies of re-writing the Westminster Confession."

S. A. W-ds—But here the machine sputtered, kicked and a rope broke, all of which shows that even the "X rays" draw the line somewhere.

R. W. Br-ck—"I find myself more inclined to discuss the problem of the inter-stellar ether when I find the possibility of its being a jelly."

Church street boarding house, Toronto, 10.15 a.m. Jno. T-yl-r (entering parlor)—“Hello, R-s, what are you doing here?”

Ro-s—“I—well, I am here waiting till Caldwell and Elliott come in to dinner to get their votes for Ford.”

McC-ll (soliloquy in the hall)—“How these Queen's students do love one another!”

Palmer House, 12.30. The boys—“Say, McC-ll, have you seen that man Ross. He came in on the 7 o'clock train and we have not seen him since.”

“But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send, Save, oh, save me from the candid friend.”—J. D. Doyle.

Prof. (in Latin class)—“There was an attempt to unseat Murena for bribery. By the way, is there a Kingstonian in the class?”

Small boy holds up his hand.

Prof.—“Well, Mr. Smy-e, have you ever heard of a man's being unseated?”

Mr. Smy-e—“Well, I guess.”

Prof.—“In what instance?”

Mr. Smy-e—“Well, my pa——”

Prof. faints amid loud applause from the “Chamber of Horrors.”

Prof. (to class in Latin composition)—“Three of them were killed *dead*. The rest——”

It is said that Harry N-m-o learned sprinting in running away from sundry spiritual advisers.

H-g-r, 1900—“It is not through fear of my seniors that I am so humble.”

A TOUCHING TALE.

They sat 'neath the light of the dying lamp, the senior free and bold,

And the freshman maid, with the guileless face and the wavy crown of gold.

'Twas only a week since they first had met, but after that blissful day

That senior bold had found that his heart had been stol'n by that maid away,

And she blushed and sighed as he swore that his love could never, never die,

And strove to read that damsel's thought in her bashful, downcast eye.

“Do my pleadings rouse in your tender heart no feeling?” His heart beat fast.

“Yes, that tired feeling, sir,” she said, and into the darkness passed.

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