



**MEDALLISTS.**

L. MALCOLM, M.A.,  
MATHEMATICS.

R. BRYDON,  
LATIN.

R. D. GUY, M.A.,  
MINERALOGY.

H. P. MAY, B.A.,  
HISTORY.

L. P. CHAMBERS, M.A.,  
MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

L. M. MCDUGALL, M.A.,  
MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

HELEN DADSON, B.A.,  
GERMAN.

W. W. SWANSON, M.A.,  
POLITICAL SCIENCE.

WILHELMINA GORDON, M.A.,  
ENGLISH.

N. F. BLACK, M.A.,  
FRENCH.



VOL. XXXII.

MAY 1st, 1905.

No. 12.

## THE COLLEGE MAN IN THE WORLD.

THE idea that is held by most students that a college course fits them for a place in the world is not entirely erroneous. It is well founded. If the course they pursue does not so fit them, it would be a failure. The mere fact that some college men are never able to adapt themselves to their surroundings, and get a grip, is no argument for or against college training. It simply means that a particular individual is lacking. Not the slightest discredit, but rather the reverse should attach to a college graduate, if he is less sordid, more careful of his ideals, and thus open to the charge of being less practical than other men. That is about the same thing as to say that he is not practical and actual to the exclusion of the theoretical and the ideal, and is really a compliment to what he can appreciate. If it were generally true that college life developed an artificial unworldliness in students, and made them to take a false view of the so called real world, the charge would be quite serious. Such a charge is not often made, but it is worth while to look at the situation of the student as the result of his training.

There is no doubt that the practical side of life has received consider-

able emphasis in Canadian Universities in recent years, and it is not without reason that on the part of some students there has been a tendency to resist the influences which they felt were destroying the old university idea. The coming in of a large body of practical science men, of many medical students with very limited education who take no course in Arts, and of many Arts students specializing in science, all tending to lower the average standard of culture among the student body, viewed from the standpoint of philosophy and literature, has quite changed the atmosphere of the universities. That atmosphere is no longer charged with currents that combine to produce preachers, but tends rather to destroy the other-worldliness which existed in colleges a generation ago. Notwithstanding that, however, there usually awaits the student a rude experience in the world after he graduates. Outside the circle of his women friends, who like to see him arrayed with gown and hood, he finds very little importance attached to the fact of his being a university man. And when he comes to rub up against men with keener wits, and sharper memories than his own, he wonders sometimes about that college course. The fact

is the world takes a man at what he is worth. If the college course has made him a better man he is worth so much more than he otherwise would have been, no doubt about that. He will hear remarks about the unpractical and theoretic college man, while all the time he is conscious of a wider range and a broader view than are possessed by his critics. He finds that he cannot sympathize with their dogmatic off-the-bat settlement of men and questions, and while he may not have just that ease of movement in ordinary things, nor the familiarity with what is to him to a large extent a new world, he somehow feels secure of himself and of his ability to make it go.

There is a type of preacher whose training has been onesided and incomplete, just a college man. He was taken from the cradle and sent to school, from there he went on to college, and right into the ministry. How could he know the lives of the men, to whom he preached every Sunday? His training should have included a course of three years in the rough hard world, where he would be called upon to test the moral ideas he had conjured up in the college classes, where he would have had to take a blow and return another, and where he would be taught that religion and moral ideas must not only not be divorced from the practical active world of men and things, but that they are essentially related to it. Consequently the divinity student that has had to rough it, goes into the ministry a much better educated man than even the fellow whose academic career has been more brilliant, but who lacks the practical training.

Walter Wyckoff, the economist,

wanted to study labor conditions in the United States, and he started out in Massachusetts, not as a Princeton professor seeking interviews, in which he would get loaded up with false information, but as an unskilled laborer, without even the backing of a good roll of bills. For a whole summer he plugged away at one job and another, all the time getting on the inside of things until he had covered the ground, for his purpose, clear from Massachusetts to California. Then he was in a position to apply his theories or if need be, to reconstruct them.

No one more than the minister needs the strength that comes from practical training. But he also needs to be a cultured man, in the narrowed use of that time. His life should be a combination of the theoretical and the practical, of culture and every day affairs, the ideal life of the saint and the actual life of the ordinary man. The ministry affords an opportunity on the one hand for the cultivation of an unworldly dilettante, useless, lazy existence, or on the other for the activities of a strong cultured life that flows out in service to its fellows. A college course that turns a man out on the world with a one-sided training is somewhat responsible for the man, if his education is incomplete and onesided.

I have spoken of the preacher because he is as ought to be the broadest and best trained man going out of a university. But it is an evident fact that there are many men going out into the medical and legal professions who are just mechanics for the reason that they lack the culture of an Arts course and the broadening effect that it gives. They have gone into

college with the definite idea of getting the training necessary to practice law or medicine and having got that they want no more. Such a man is the antithesis of the unworldly minister and a much less tolerable person. There are conspicuous instances in law and medicine of men that took no Arts course, but who are shining lights in their profession, and good citizens of the state. But there are numbers of men in our law and medical schools that would be made immeasurably better men were they compelled to take a good Arts course. Some of the big American law and medical schools will not now admit a man unless he is a college graduate. But I am not arguing so much for an Arts course, as for the point that a man going into the unworldly work of the ministry should have a practical training, and that other men going into law, medicine, journalism, engineering or business life should have a few years devoted to an effort after genuine wealth of culture, so that those of either class will have a more complete training.

More than anything else a college course ought to train a man to get underneath and all round the questions or situations with which he has to deal. It should deliver him from, and make him hate superficiality, narrowness and error, and set him free either from a false conservatism or a shallow liberalism. The high value of a good college training is being more generally recognized in Canada. Last fall John Morley told in his speech at the university of Toronto convocation that in the British Government as constituted a short time before that, every man,

save one, on the Government front row were university men. Over in the United States where the Federal Government spends \$10,000,000 a year on research work, college men are in constant demand to serve the state in the work of getting and collecting information. Not much has been done in Canada that has called for the work of university men, but a beginning has been made, notably in the case of the Ontario Railway Taxation Commission. It is incumbent upon university professors and students to get closer to the life of the Canadian people. There does not need to be a separate life of town and gown, but only a distinction between them. The university could fill a larger place in our country if it would make a more earnest effort to come into sympathetic touch with the people whom it is trying to serve. By doing so, its worth as a determining factor in society would be made more manifest. But where a student graduates from a college and from under teachers that he feels are out of touch with the wider life of the country, he will have to labor in order to overcome the loss. If his teachers had enthusiastic admiration only for ancient art, for the literature of generations and centuries ago, and who cannot see the force, the greatness or the wonders of this present time the graduate goes into life maimed. The cure, however, is in his own hands. It is for him to prove that he is a man among men, that for him nothing human is to be treated with slight regard, and that he acts in the living present, stronger and surer because of his college training.

Toronto.

J. A. AIKIN.

**LONDON TO PARIS.**

**I**T does not seem necessary to offer any apology for the appearance in this issue of an account of the experience of two Queen's students (the writer being one) while in France during the early part of July. If the article is of sufficient general interest to be read at all, the writer will feel that he is amply repaid for his trouble.

At the outset, I might say that the 27th of June found a fellow student who is well known about Queen's, and myself in the heart of London, the world's great metropolis. But as it is not my intention to give any description of this great Babylon, I shall pass on to outline a few sketches of our experiences for the next ten days; and as diary notes are the chief source of information, the reader need not look for any style or finish but merely a few "notes by the way."

At two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, June 27th, we left London (on our bicycles) and arrived at Newhaven at 10 o'clock in time to catch the boat crossing the channel to Dieppe. We did not have long to wait, as our boat left about 10:30, but we were glad to have that half hour to discuss the value of the francs and centimes which we got at the ticket office in exchange for English money. Soon we were on the boat and plying our way across the English channel. I dare not say anything about sea sickness for fear that it might cause a distaste for anything subsequent which I have to say. But we were not sick! We had hardly time for it for the first thing we knew we were in Dieppe, in France. Needless to say we lost no time in getting ashore to experience the sensation of standing upon French soil. But it didn't seem to be different from

any other soil and for a moment or two it seemed to us that we were still in England. But we did not long entertain this idea. Looking around us we saw unmistakable evidences that we were in France. (The town (of Dieppe) in itself had a French appearance, if you know what that is in French.) The quick and lively movements of the people with their dark complexions and eyes, the hustle and bustle in this direction and in that, together with the general confusion of tongues, although but one language, told us that we were in a typical French town, and a beautiful town of which the reader may get a fair impression from the accompanying illustration. But we did not stay long in this place as we were anxious to push on to Paris. Not to weary the reader with too many details I may say that we left Dieppe about 7 o'clock and arrived in Rouen in time for lunch. I need not have said in time for lunch, for had we arrived at midnight it would have been in time, so wondrously accommodating are the French people in the hotels and cafés. Well after having something to eat—we didn't know much French but one does not need a very large vocabulary to get something to satisfy his inner wants—we set about seeing something of this famous old town, of which we had read so much in history, and as we did so one could not help being reminded of the opening paragraph in Marie Corelli's, *Master Christian*, where she says: "The sun was sinking and from the many quaint and beautiful gray towers which crown the ancient city of Rouen the sacred chime pealed forth melodiously. . . . Market women returning to their cottage homes, after a long day's chaffer-

ing disposal of their fruit, vegetables, and flower-wares in the town, paused in their slow trudge along the dusty road and crossed themselves devoutly; a bargeman lazily gliding down the river on his flat, unwieldy craft, took his pipe from his mouth, lifted his cap mechanically, and muttered, more from habit than reflection — "Saint Marie, Mère de Dieu, priez pour nous!" . . . while from the silver windings of the Seine which, turning crimson in the light, looped and garlanded the time-honored old city as with festal knots of rosy ribbon, up to the trembling tops of the tall poplar trees fringing the river banks,—the warm radiance palpitated with a thousand ethereal hues of soft and changeful colour, transfiguring all visible things into the misty semblance of some divine dwelling of dreams. Through the beautiful rose-window of the Cathedral of Notre Dame the sun flashed his parting rays, weaving bright patterns of ruby, gold and amethyst on the worn pavement of the ancient pile which enshrines the tomb of Richard the Lion-Hearted." Just as the "Eglise" overshadows all else in a French village, so was the Notre Dame Cathedral the most conspicuous object in the far-famed historic old town of Rouen. But time was passing with us and we had to hurry on. Before leaving Rouen we went into a bookstore and were astounded to learn that we had to pay for stamps at the rate of twenty-five centimes each—the price of a litre of "vin rouge." So after that we concluded that we would invest more in the latter commodity than the former. However, we got our stamps and some other little necessities of travel and left Rouen in the hope of reaching

Paris the next day. It might be of interest to the reader to inform him that we travelled on our bicycles, preferring to do so, in order that we might enjoy the benefit of the country scenery, and at the same time have the liberty of disposing of our time as we pleased. And I can assure every reader of this article that this trip from Rouen to Paris, along the sparkling waters of the river Seine — then through the forest of Louviers, then between two rows of tall poplars that seem to converge in the distance was one of the pleasantest experiences of our lives. Having passed through Mantes, Yethenil, and several other small villages we caught sight of the Eiffel tower which told us that we were not far from Paris. Further perhaps than the reader may at first think for the Eiffel tower can be seen for many miles. At times we envied those who were comfortably seated in automobiles, rushing ahead at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. Whenever we met one of these we always gave it half the road, sometimes we met a few dozen of them. Well, almost before we were aware of it, we were in the suburbs of the capital of France—the most beautiful city in the world, and before long we were in the centre of the great city of art and fashion, the Paris of the twentieth century and the Paris of the stirring times of the Revolution. Most of us are, through pictures, more or less familiar with the Champ Elysees, the grand promenade of Paris,—the Louvre the great art gallery and museum of Paris and we might say of the world,—the gorgeous stair-case of the Grand opera house which covers an area of some three acres of ground,—the Pantheon, the Gardens of Luxemburg,—the Place

de la Concorde and the Triumphal Arch—these we have said are in a sense familiar to every one, and so we pass them by to make room for a few remarks regarding perhaps a more interesting theme—the people themselves. It has been said that when a German visits a strange town, the first thing he does is to find out where he can get the best beer; the Italian looks up to see whether the sky is blue; the American reads the sign boards and the advertisements, and the Englishman has only eyes for—the ladies. If this be true I am afraid that we were not true descendants of John Bull, but yet as my companion was more English than myself he generously lent me some of his ideas on the ladies, and so we venture to make some few remarks on that subject, and if we make comparisons we hope they will not be too odious. If they are, the editors for the Ladies column will have a theme to write about. In going from London to Paris one cannot fail to notice that the Parisienne's walk, gestures and dress are more agreeable to look at than the more serious and sober dress of her London sister. The Parisienne walks

with short steps, does not look before her, but rather to right and left, observing the shops and all the little curiosities of the streets. She is amused by all she sees in the course of her promenade. She passes from one shop window to another as a butterfly flits from flower to flower. She will cross the street, retrace her steps, be off again, stop short abruptly; she seems like a feather blown by the wind; but it is not so much the wind as her own caprice. The English girl, on the contrary, goes ahead with long steps. Her walk is a serious affair. She knows where she wants to go. Whatever she does she seems to be obeying some practical train of reasoning. If she goes into a shop to buy one thing she does not come home with something else. But in Paris, at least so we have been told, if a Parisienne goes out to purchase a clock you cannot be certain that she will not return with a chimpanzee. To complete this comparison would require volumes, so we come to a stop. The ladies may say why did you ever begin; why didn't you tell us something about the other sex?

### From "Unity."

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,  
The separate altars that we raise,  
The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!

Suffice it now. In time to be  
Shall one great temple rise to Thee,  
Thy church our broad humanity.

The hymn, long sought, shall then be heard,  
The music of the world's accord,  
Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,  
One faith, one love, one hope restore  
The seamless garb that Jesus wore!

—John Greenleaf Whittier, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

**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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 ASSOCIATE EDITOR - - A. M. Bothwell.  
 MANAGING EDITOR - - D. A. McKeracher, B.A.

**DEPARTMENTS :**

LADIES - - - } Miss K. Tesky, M.A.  
 - - - } Miss D. Cathro.  
 ARTS - - - W. W. Swanson.  
 MEDICINE - - - J. P. Quigley, M.A.  
 SCIENCE - - - O. M. Montgomery.  
 DIVINITY - - - H. T. Wallace, B.A.  
 ATHLETICS - - - J. Fairlie.  
 EXCHANGES - - - D. A. McGREGOR.

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 - - - { Geo. Richardson.  
 - - - { Dan. MacKinnon.

Subscriptions \$1.00 per year; single copies 15c.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor or to the Business Manager, Queen's College, Kingston.

**Editorials.**

THE JOURNAL has, this year, in its various columns called attention to many important features of college life, and has ventured, on a few notable occasions, to offer certain suggestions regarding matters where improvement seemed possible or necessary. In many cases the proposals made in our columns have met with ready approval and have been acted upon without delay. It has seemed to us that the JOURNAL had a high purpose to serve and that it must utter itself with decision and promptitude on all questions of importance. Accordingly, we have endeavored to follow out our conception of what a College Journal ought to be and have spoken out unhesitatingly, and fearlessly, according to the light we possessed, on all questions where principles were involved. If the time ever comes when the editors must restrain

their hands through fear of their fellows, so that he states in a timid, faltering fashion what should have been uttered with unrestrained vigor, from that time will date its downfall. As soon as it ceases to be vital, spontaneous and free, just so soon will it cease to be serviceable to the students or to the University. Errors may creep into College Journals as well as into every other publication, but any attempt at terrorizing those who gratuitously but conscientiously labor in behalf of the University would be absolutely ruinous to vigorous journalism. The primary principle and attitude of the staff for this session has been "absolute fearlessness of the constituency it served." We have not the slightest doubt that the new staff will assume the same attitude throughout the next volume. Strength lies in courageous freedom which sends forth nothing crippled with the palsy of fear.

We have borne, much criticism but, on the other hand we have received numerous expressions of the highest praise for our efforts to give to our readers a high class College Journal. We have received many letters from all parts, telling us in plain words that we have succeeded splendidly in this. This may seem like self-praise but our purpose in mentioning these facts, is far deeper than that. We may, in this way, point out to the next staff that college journalism is not entirely a thankless task, and that careful work is much appreciated, especially by those friends beyond our walls. This may also serve to show our friends that their kind encouraging words are much appreciated; and we may also add that they are not only appreciated but are very valuable.



As a staff, we also wish to express our thanks to the professors in the University, and our friends outside, who have so kindly contributed articles to the JOURNAL this year. The keen interest the professors have shown in the publication has been a great stimulus to every member of the staff. If they fully understood how much their interest is valued by the editors—they would not hesitate to manifest it on every possible occasion.

Our one regret is, that the students themselves do not patronize the JOURNAL better. Every student should be a subscriber. Every year several articles are published, which alone are worth the price of the year's subscription. We receive very few *Exchanges* that give anything like equal value for the subscription price. We should have just double the number of subscribers within the College itself. You are loyal to Queen's; be loyal to your own publication which serves Queen's in a capacity in which nothing else can serve her. We hope that next year will be a banner-year in the point of student subscribers to the Journal.

THE present staff, in this issue bids farewell to the readers of the JOURNAL. If our work has met your needs in any adequate way we shall feel ourselves amply repaid for our labor. That you should have agreed with everything that we have published would have been most deplorable as it would have been very clear proof that we had failed to touch any phase of our life with force or accuracy. What we presented in these columns may not have met with universal favor, but that was scarcely to be hoped for. Queen's would be a dead place if there were only one opin-

ion on any and every topic—that there have been different views is a sign of life and all free and open discussion of college topics is a strong evidence of healthy student life. It is to be regretted that there are ultra-Queensmen who find everything at Queen's just what it ought to be and everything at other universities much inferior. Some of our men here are, we fear, afflicted with this malady. We would raise our final protest against this bigotry and narrow prejudice. Let us be broad and liberal whatever we are. The really broad man is tolerant even to his fellow's narrowness. We are proud of Queen's, and we ought to be; but we must not imagine that she has a monopoly at everything that is noble and good. Our parting word, then to all our readers, is but the definite expression of our whole attitude throughout the year, and we believe that we express the prevailing, characteristic tone of the most loyal Queensman when we insist on taking our place side by side with the best in Canada or anywhere, while at the same time we recognize that we are only one among many and by no means unique in every feature of our life.

THE Convocation this year was a great success. The crowd was exceptionally large and except that the great mass of the students had gone home, Grant Hall would have again been taxed to its utmost capacity. As it was every one succeeded in finding a comfortable seat. The behavior of the students, as at the Medical Convocation, was exemplary. Their interruptions were humorous and opportune. The mean joker stayed at home and as a result the witty interpolations

from the gallery were exceedingly refreshing and also thoroughly enjoyed. We hope that the man of mean spirit and cruel tongue may never re-appear at any of our college functions. No man dislikes a real joke.

Many men of distinction received honorary degrees at the Convocation this spring, but of all those honored by the Senate, no one, in the opinion of the students, was more richly deserving of distinction than our fellow-student and teacher Rev. Eber Crummy. The prolonged ovation which greeted him as he rose to receive his D.D. degree showed with decided emphasis how completely Dr. Crummy has won his way into the hearts of the students and the citizens of Kingston. This shows the esteem in which a genuine preacher is held. Mr. Crummy is not one of your namby-pamby, milk-and-water pulpit demagogues, who, like the typical pharisee, are more anxious to be seen and praised, than they are to bring any genuine uplift to their people. Dr. Crummy is a sincere apostle of the truth, uttering fearlessly what is revealed to him and refusing to paralyze his reason and conscience by accepting holus-bolus the cut and dried theories and dogmas of the past, no matter by whom they may be dictated. Canada and the church needs a whole army of just such men and the tribute paid to Dr. Crummy by the University and the students was tendered to him not because of mere personal qualities, though these are most excellent, but because he is esteemed as a genuine prophet of righteousness in this land.

The JOURNAL hopes Dr. Crummy may be long spared to serve his country and his Master in the noble manner in which he is now serving both.

## STUDENTS' DAY.

WE must not overlook the splendid success that was made of Students' Day this year. That it was so decided a success was largely due to the labors of a committee, chief among whom was Mr. G. A. Platt. The response to their efforts to make something more of this day was very encouraging and should lead the students of future years to put forth even greater efforts to make Class Day one of the great events in Convocation week.

The program furnished was just about the right length. The singing of the "Year" parodies formed a very enjoyable feature of the entertainment and we would suggest that this be continued in future years. The idea of a "tea" after the program met with general approval and a very delightful hour was spent in pleasant social intercourse.

Regarding the valedictories we have nothing to say in particular, but in a general way it seems necessary to call attention to the fact that valedictories are intended to be farewells rather than openings to make unkind and bitter criticisms of professors. Wholesale criticism of a general nature is perfectly legitimate, but severe personalities that are of such a nature as to injure any individual, should not be indulged in on Students' Day. If such specific criticism seems necessary in any department in the University—give it by all means—but give it by a letter, signed by the class, (not \*unsigned for that is cowardly) that the deficient one may have an opportunity to correct his errors without being injured in the eyes of the public. We think the valedictories should be continued but are very decided in our

opinion that all aspersions should be "cut out." This is the feeling of the best friends of the University both among the students and the friends of Queen's outside. If nothing good can be said of a man, silence is as powerful as the bitterest criticism on an occasion where useful men are commended.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Fifty-four hours of examinations in an Honor course which constitutes merely the honor classes required for an M.A. degree is carrying the exam-fever a little too far. Students constitutions are not made of iron and there is no advantage gained to the student or the country, by breaking every ambitious man down before he has fitted himself to serve it. Honor courses should be comprehensive and sufficiently difficult to demand high scholarship, but the mere examination should not be made so severe as to ruin his physical strength.

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While we are speaking of exams—we would further raise a protest against long papers. Long papers have caused as many failures as hard ones. Nothing unnerves a student more effectively than the feeling, that to make seventy-five per cent., he must race from start to finish with might and main. Besides this, all questions on the paper should be of the same value or the students should know the difference. We think the better way to ask minor questions is to group them into one large question so that all the main divisions of the paper will be equal in value.

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The leading article in this issue is written by a recent graduate who is

successfully climbing to eminence on the ladder of journalism. The article is well worth a careful perusal for we think it is a very fair and straightforward treatment of one of the serious questions which our young men have to face and decide to-day, namely, the value of a University course in the business of the world. It cannot be measured in the coin of the realm but must be estimated according to some higher standard than that of glittering gold.

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That was a bright idea—requesting the ladies to remove their hats at Convocation. We feel pleased to note also that with the exception of a few stubborn ones of the *I'll-show-you* type, the ladies graciously acceded to the request. This is a good start and we hope that at all gatherings in Grant Hall in the future this same custom will be followed out. It is a little trouble, but a very great advantage to those who would like to see the platform. A flower show is very beautiful and enjoyable under certain circumstances but it is a horrible inconvenience when it comes between you and a pulpit or platform.

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One of the needs of Queen's to-day is an up-to-date list of addresses of graduates. In this respect Queen's is perhaps behind some other universities who make no louder professions of college *esprit de corps*. There is not as close a connection between Queen's and many of her graduates of a few years ago as might seem desirable. To remedy this state of affairs the Registrar is, we understand, undertaking to establish a card index. The success of this system will require that each

graduate be personally responsible for the information needed in order that the Registrar may have the correct addresses. We wish to impress on all the necessity of correcting addresses which are at present wrongly given in the calendar and also of notifying the Registrar whenever in the future, a change of address is made.

The Grant Hall committee is gratified at the response to the effort to complete the student's gift. The matter has appealed strongly to the students, many of whom have signed the subscription blanks, while many more have expressed a desire to do so within the next year or two. Graduates of the past three years have also been communicated with and may be expected to take quite as active an interest in the movement. Grant Hall will then be in its entirety a memorial, from the students, of him who was for twenty-five years the moving spirit of Queen's.

When a student misses getting his degree through an undoubted ambiguity in the Calendar we think the Senate should be willing to make some sort of compromise so that no one would be set back for a year in his work. On the other hand students should seek from the Registrar the explanation of any and all doubtful statements in the Calendar which concern their work.

Through the error of some one, we know not who, the JOURNAL has received nothing for the ladies' column. We regret this very much, but at the time of going to press no manuscript has been received.

### THE GRADUATES OF 1905.

Below is given a list of the successful candidates of the class of '05, together with the lists of medallists and prize winners. The university is to be congratulated on the largeness of this list, one feature of which we deem worthy of special notice, and that is the unusually large number of Masters of Arts' degrees granted this year. The Journal extends congratulations to every one whose name appears below :

#### BACHELORS OF ARTS.

S. Anglin, Battersea.  
 N. H. Anning, Oxmead.  
 C. F. Bell, Winnipeg.  
 R. W. Beveridge, Port Elmsley.  
 A. Bright, Montreal.  
 Isabel S. Bayson, Ottawa.  
 Elizabeth D. Cathro, Lindsay.  
 H. J. Clark, Belleville.  
 C. J. Curtin, Brockville.  
 Helena Dadson, Union.  
 G. W. Down, Erin.  
 H. Dunlop, Kingston.  
 J. Fairlie, Kingston.  
 J. P. Finn, Kingston.  
 W. S. Fleming, Franktown.  
 H. J. Foik, Kingston.  
 D. A. Gillies, Carleton Place.  
 C. W. Graham, Kingston.  
 W. G. Grove, Ringwood.  
 A. T. Hadden, Toronto.  
 W. McD. Hay, Kingston.  
 Reta W. Hiscock, Kingston.  
 F. A. Jones, Ottawa.  
 W. A. Kennedy, Stratford.  
 A. J. Kidd, Prospect.  
 W. Knight, Belleville.  
 G. C. Leitch, Dutton.  
 Muriel C. Lindsay, Portsmouth.  
 S. Couch, Melita, Man.  
 H. P. May, Little Current.

Kathleen M. Michell, Perth.  
 W. H. Montgomery, De Grasse, N.Y.  
 Maggie B. Munro, Sime.  
 J. M. McCutcheon, St. Thomas.  
 J. Macdonald, Deseronto.  
 Florence Macgillivray, Kingston.  
 Annie K. McGregor, Almonte.  
 D. A. McGregor, Tiverton.  
 Grace C. McGregor, Almonte.  
 J. M. McKay, Kintore, Ont.  
 K. C. McLeod, Golspie,  
 N. McLeod, Dunvegan.  
 Ethel L. Ostrom, Alexandria.  
 J. E. Parson, Toronto.  
 W. R. Pearce, Wallacetown.  
 J. F. Pringle, Cornwall.  
 Lulu Reid, Kingston.  
 J. B. Robertson, Toronto.  
 Jean McN. C. Scott, Kingston.  
 R. A. Scott, Walkerton.  
 Helena A. Sharp, Odessa.  
 Jessie W. Singleton, Kingston.  
 J. A. Speers, Alliston.  
 R. McK. Stevenson, Bridgetown.  
 W. J. Watt, Walderton.  
 Florence C. Williamson, Kingston.  
 H. S. Wood, Peterboro.  
 W. L. Uglow, Kingston.

## MASTERS OF ARTS.

E. B. Asselstine, B.A., Wilton.  
 Elizabeth C. Asselstine, B.A., Asselstine P.O.  
 S. E. Beckett, B.A., Kintail.  
 N. F. Black, Springfield.  
 W. A. Boland, Killaloe Station.  
 A. McP. Bothwell, Perth.  
 D. R. Cameron, Lancaster.  
 L. P. Chambers, Woodstock.  
 Grace L. Connor, Kingston.  
 Hosie Elder, Elder's Mills.  
 Wilhelmina Gordon, Kingston.  
 R. D. Guy, Camden East.  
 Ida E. Hawes, Pasadena, Cal.  
 E. Knapp, Battersea.  
 L. Malcolm, Stratford.

P. F. Munro, B.A., Aylmer.  
 J. M. Macdonnell, Kingston.  
 L. M. McDougall, Brockville.  
 S. McD. Polson, Kingston.  
 Elsie E. Saunders, Kingston.  
 W. W. Swanson, Oshawa.  
 N. B. Wormwith, Kingston.

## BACHELORS OF SCIENCE.

C. W. Baker, Electrical, Kingston.  
 G. C. Bateman, Mining, Kingston.  
 D. D. Cairns, Mining, Columbia, B.C.  
 C. T. Cartwright, Mining, Kingston.  
 E. A. Collins, Mining, Copper Cliff.  
 A. L. Cumming, Civil, Cornwall,  
 T. U. Fairlie, Civil, Kingston.  
 R. G. Gage, Electrical, Riverside, Cal.  
 J. R. Grant, Civil, Chesley.  
 E. W. Henderson, Electrical, Almonte.  
 W. A. Johnston, M.A., Civil, Athens.  
 O. M. Montgomery, Electrical, Lanark.  
 J. G. Macphail, Civil, Orwell, P.E.I.  
 H. H. Scott, Electrical, Perth.  
 J. Sears, Civil, Kingston.  
 D. Sloan, Mining, Perth.  
 B. O. Strachan, Mining, Kingston.  
 W. C. Way, Electrical-Mechanical,  
 Brockville.

## MINING ENGINEERING.

E. T. Corkill, B.Sc., Sydenham.

## THEOLOGY GRADUATES—TESTAMENTS

J. H. Miller, B.A., Avening.  
 L. Macdonnell, M.A., Toronto.  
 W. J. McQuarrie, B.A., West Bay,  
 C. B.  
 C. C. Strachan, Glencoe, Ont.

## BACHELORS OF DIVINITY.

Hugh Cowan, B.A., Shakespeare.  
 James C. McConachie, B.A., Cranston.  
 William H. McInnes, B.A., Vankleek Hill.

D. M. Solandt, B.A., Kingston.  
 Charles C. Whiting, M.A., Toledo.

UNIVERSITY MEDALS.

Latin—R. Bryden, Quebec.  
 Greek—P. F. Munro, Aylmer.  
 German—Helen Dadson, B.A., Union.  
 French—N. F. Black, M.A., Spring-  
 field.  
 English—Wilhelmina Gordon, M.A.,  
 Kingston.  
 History—H. May, B.A., Little Cur-  
 rent.  
 Moral Philosophy—L. P. Chambers,  
 M.A., Bardezag, Turkey in Asia.  
 Mental Philosophy—L. M. McDougall,  
 M.A., Brockville.  
 Chemistry—J. A. Speers, B.A., Al-  
 liston.  
 Political Science—W. W. Swanson,  
 M.A., Oshawa.  
 Mathematics—L. Malcolm, M.A.,  
 Stratford.  
 Animal Biology—E. Knapp, M.A.,  
 Battersea.  
 Minerology—R. D. Guy, M.A., Cam-  
 den East.

UNIVERSITY PRIZES & SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Sir John A. Macdonald prize in  
 political science, given by Hon.  
 Senator Gowan, C. M. G.—S. E.  
 Beckett, M.A., Kintail.  
 Roughton Prize in German—O. S.  
 Eby, Philipsburg.  
 Professor's Prize in French.—C. H.  
 Bland, Pembroke.  
 Rogers' Prize in English—N. M.  
 Omond, London.  
 Lewis—J. C. McConachie, B.A.,  
 Cranston.  
 Hiram Calvin Scholarship in Latin—  
 B. Louise Foster, Smith's Falls.  
 McLennan Scholarship in Greek—R.  
 G. McDonald, Golspie.

Graduate Scholarship in Chemistry—  
 W. G. Wallace, Metcalfe.  
 Chancellor's Scholarship in science—  
 C. R. McColl, Chatham, Ont.

SCHOLARSHIPS IN THEOLOGY.

Sarah McClelland Waddell, \$120—G.  
 A. Brown, B.A., Oak Grove.  
 Chancellor's \$70—C. E. Kidd, B.A.,  
 Prospect.  
 Spence, \$60 (tenable two years)—B. S.  
 Black, B.A., Kingston.  
 Anderson No. 1, First Year Divi-  
 nity, \$40—R. W. Beveridge, B.  
 A., Port Elmsley.  
 Anderson No. 2, Second Year Divi-  
 nity, \$35—M. A. Lindsay, B.A.,  
 London, England.  
 The Tawse, Third Year Divinity,  
 \$40—Logie Macdonnell, M. A.,  
 Fergus.  
 Toronto. Second Year Hebrew, \$60—  
 R. M. Stevenson, B.A., Ridge-  
 town.  
 St. Andrew's church, Toronto, \$50—  
 H. T. Wallace, B.A., Hamilton.  
 Rankine, \$55—J. H. Hutcheson,  
 Saskatoon.  
 Glass Memorial, \$30—W. H. MacIn-  
 ness, Vankleek Hill.  
 James Anderson, \$25—J. A. McKin-  
 non, East Lake Ainslie, C.B.  
 William Morris Bursary, \$50—S. E.  
 Beckett, M.A., Kintail.

DR. D. D. McBEAN.

Prof. Dupuis presented the name of  
 Mr. McBean for the degree of Doctor  
 of Laws and addressed the Convoca-  
 tion as follows :—

Mr. Chancellor,—My candidate is  
 unfortunately absent in body although  
 he is undoubtedly present in spirit.  
 He was taken seriously ill in Montreal  
 while on his way from New York to  
 Kingston. We are all very sorry, and

I am sure that his sorrow is not less than ours.

Mr. D. D. McBean was born in Canada in the county of Glengarry, and he is still a Canadian in spirit although domiciled in another country.

He began his career as a contractor upon great works, some of them being the La Salle St. Tunnel under the Chicago river, the Northern Pacific Railway, the Croton Aqueduct which supplies New York City with water, &c. But Mr. McBean is more than a contractor, he has become an eminent engineer. His most recent and distinguished work, to which he has brought the highest powers of his inventive and constructive skill, and which is at once the envy and the admiration of leading engineers from various countries, is a new tunnel under the Harlem river, built under most adverse conditions and on hitherto untried principles of engineering construction, and principles which are bound to revolutionize the practice of tunnel making.

Believing that one function of a University is to recognize noble achievement, and that there is as much expenditure of sound thought in engineering some great work as there is in writing a book, I present to you the name of Mr. D. D. McBean as a worthy recipient of the degree of Doctor of Laws at your hands.

MR. M'BEAN'S REPLY.

Mr. McBean sent the following letter which Prof. Dupuis read to the Convocation.

Mr. Chancellor, Ladies and Gentlemen :—

I t the Senate of this University, and all those who have united in conferring upon me this high honor. I feel very grateful to you all. I appreciate deeply the distinction which

this degree confers, and I realize the responsibility that it places upon me.

It gives me great pleasure to have you learned men decide that my work is a benefit to my fellowmen, and that it merits the degree of Doctor of Laws. It gives me all the more pleasure because I myself was born and and brought up, as my parents were before me, in this country in the township of Lancaster, County of Glengarry. It was in this country that I took part in my first works of construction—the building of the Grand Trunk Railway. My occupations have compelled me to pass much of my time in different localities and in other countries, but I shall always look to Canada as my home. When I come here I feel that I am coming among my family and friends, and to the place which I looked upon as home from my earliest boyhood.

I have never felt any lack of confidence in myself to grapple with any difficulty that I ever met with in building tunnels, which is my special work in life, but I do not feel the same confidence in addressing an audience ; and I will, therefore, only add that I always wish to be classed with the warmest supporters of the prosperity of Queen's University.

My best wishes to you all.

Besides Dr. McBean four other distinguished gentlemen received honorary degrees, namely, Rev. J. R. Battisty, Ph.D., of Chatham, Rev. James Fleck, B.A., of Montreal, and Rev. Eber Crummy, B.A., B.Sc., of Kingston, who were honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, while Dr. D. L. Bray, of Chatham, received the degree of Doctor of Laws, being presented to the Chancellor by Dean Connell.

### Arts.

THE sixty-fourth session of the University has just passed to its eclipse, leaving many student hearts in raptures, and a few, we are sorry to relate, amid disappointments. After a season of great anxiety and expectation, lasting at least for three or four weeks, the members of the different faculties are leaving the Limestone City, and the seat of their Alma Mater; some, indeed, to return no more, but to enter the world of practical life, and shoulder their share of its responsibility; others, to return after the customary vacation to resume the studies which they have temporarily set aside. We wish them all a pleasant holiday.

Great was the excitement in Divinity Hall, on Saturday and Monday afternoons, April the twenty-second and twenty-fourth respectively, when the long-awaited results were finally given forth. At 1.00 p.m. on the former day, the long list of degrees in Arts and Science was posted on the boards, much to the delight of the students, who expected to be in suspense until at least 4.00 o'clock. Mutual congratulations were the order of the day, and everyone seemed to be in the best of spirits.

Excitement was again at a high pitch on Monday when the results were made known, and every candidate could read his doom. There was considerable annoyance caused by the news that the local papers were not going to publish these results for some reason of their own. Many students, before leaving the city after writing their last examination, arranged to have newspapers sent to them contain-

ing the names of the successful candidates, and these would have been mortally disappointed, if the above news had been true. Arrangements, however, were soon made, and agreements reached between the University authorities and the local newspapers, by which the desired lists were reproduced in their columns on Tuesday, April the twenty-fifth.

If it would not be out of order here, the Arts Editor would like to make a suggestion or two concerning the posting of these lists. At present, the names of the successful candidates are written in order of merit, on separate slips of paper, by the respective professors, and posted anywhere on large boards provided for the purpose. The only method that can be perceived in this process of "posting" is in the fact that separate boards are provided for Arts, Science and Divinity results. On the Arts pass board, for instance, there are thirty or forty different lists written all in different handwriting, and placed almost anywhere on the whole board. There is always a considerable crowd of students gathered around these lists trying to find out in what classes they were successful. The first difficulty they experienced is in getting close enough to make out the writing, while the next is endeavoring to see where the lists are for which they are looking. This method of posting results is apparently very unsatisfactory. It would facilitate matters immensely, if the lists were typewritten, for instance, and arranged in some order,—a junior class on top, say, with the senior in the same subject immediately below. In such a case we would know exactly where to look to find what we want.



On Sunday afternoon the graduates, who were present, had the opportunity of hearing one of the finest Baccalaureate sermons ever preached at Queen's. The Rev. Dr. Crummy, of Brock St. Methodist Church, who is a great favorite with the students, conducted the service. The subject of his address was "The Permanent Element in the Resurrection," and he made it perform the double duty of an Easter, as well as a Baccalaureate sermon. It was only the spiritual idea in the Resurrection that was of value—self-sacrifice or work, as Dr. Crummy expressed it, was the secret of our Saviour's greatness on earth, and it was only through this that perfect manhood could be reached. To the graduates, therefore, he highly commended it as their future pathway.

The graduating class of this year will all join the editor of this column in extending very cordial thanks to Principal and Mrs. Gordon, for their kindness in entertaining the members of the final year, at a pleasant social gathering on Monday evening, April twenty-fourth. It was one of those social functions, the memories of which will remain long in the minds of those who met there in union, probably for the last time. Being on one of the last evenings in which the graduates would have the opportunity of meeting together with their beloved principal, their reminiscences of college life at Queen's will be all the happier and more pleasant on account of this circumstance.

Students' Day passed of quietly as usual, but with more success than in previous years. Three valedictories were delivered by representa-

tives of the graduating classes in Arts, Science, and Divinity. A programme was given, consisting of musical selections and parodies, which were greatly appreciated, and the ceremonies of the afternoon came to a pleasant conclusion in an "Aesthetic Tea," given in the Red Room for members of the final year.

Convocation has come and gone, and the ordeals for the afternoon were successfully gone through. Owing to the fact that Easter was past, there were very few students, outside of the graduates, in the city, to bring the excitement of the afternoon to the usual pitch. All was in comparative silence for some time, until a respected member of the graduating class in Theology, who was about to "Face the realities of life," as one of the speakers afterwards expressed it, was ushered into the hall, and taken to his seat in one of the front rows. Cheers greeted him on every side, and showers of rice poured forth on him from the gallery. Nevertheless he went through all his trials like a stoic, prepared to accept the inevitable.

The first order of the proceedings was the presentation of prizes and medals to the successful candidates, but it was unfortunate that so many of the recipients of the former were unable to be present. Immediately after this, the numerous graduates were laureated by the Senate. Several honorary degrees were conferred on well-deserving men of different professions. After a short address by the Rev. Dr. MacRae, the sixty-fourth session was closed by singing the national anthem.

We were glan to see the Rev. W. W. MacLaren, M.A, B.D., was with us on Wednesday, as chaplain of the day. He graduated in Arts in 1899, and in Divinity in 1902. He is now pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Picton.

Before closing the columns for the year, we wish to send our heartiest congratulations to all the graduates, prizemen, and medallists, whom we may not see personally, but who are by this time enjoying their well-merited success. Our best wishes for a pleasant vacation are extended to all our fellow-students, whom we hope to welcome, in good health, to the college halls, again next autumn.

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### Divinity.

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ALTHOUGH the Pope's flock has been scattered to the four winds of heaven long before this appears in print, it seems only proper that we should be represented in No. 12 of the JOURNAL, as in all the rest. We began our editorial duties before the Divinities had re-assembled from their various spheres of duty and abode during the summer, and now after a few short months they are scattered again. We are tempted to moralize on the rapidity with which our short term has passed, and upon what these months of work have added to our equipment for the battle of life, but space will not permit.

The examinations and the published results might also invite our attention, but words fail before those eloquent lists already well-known to all our readers. We may say, on behalf of the members of the hall, that our term's work has been a highly suc-

cessful one; our prophecies of last November have been amply fulfilled. Perhaps as Queen's men we are tempted to boast, but we verily believe that we have good reason to congratulate ourselves and our University on the work being done by her Divinity students. Queen's has always held a proud reputation, we hope and trust that we have not lessened, but rather increased, it during the session of 1904-5; if we have not done so, the fault seems to be all our own.

Though a little late in the day it seems proper to say a word or two about the visit of our recently laureated and distinguished alumnus, Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge. We were very fortunate in having several opportunities of hearing Dr. Kirkpatrick, and it goes without saying that they were all greatly appreciated. Our own private little lecture on the Psalter before the Hall was a very scholarly and able exposition of his position on this department of Old Testament study. From his books we already knew that Dr. Kirkpatrick's general position was rather more conservative than that which is represented in our class-work. But his theory and arguments relative to the great problems of the Psalter are very consistently and ably stated, and we are very grateful for having heard so distinguished a scholar from the old land and from one of the most famous of the great Universities of the world. It assuredly widens one's horizons to hear such a man on his own particular line of study and likewise deepens our interest in our work. From every point of view Dr. Kirkpatrick's visit was a great success and we are greatly

indebted to him and to those who arranged the programme for his short stay in Kingston.

And now nothing remains but to say *Adieu* to our readers and to lay down the editorial quill with a sigh half of sorrow, half of relief. We have to thank our readers for their kindness and consideration shown during the term. We have been pleased to know that our labors were appreciated to some extent at least. It has been a labor of love, but by no means without its reward.

The JOURNAL must say farewell to those of the graduating class who will not be with us next year. We wish them every success and trust they will let us know where they are and what they are doing. We extend our congratulations to our successful graduates, B.D. men and winners of scholarships and to all the successful ones. And to all wherever they may be during the summer months we wish the best of success in every way. And so adieu.

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### Science.

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WE congratulate the long list of men who, this year, have secured their B.Sc degree. We will not repeat them here since they appear in another column of this journal. Twenty degrees from Science Hall shows how rapidly the mining and engineering department is growing. We hope that the prosperity of this department may continue to increase—that the classes may be larger each year and the work done by Faculty and students be equally good. The country needs good, well trained engi-

neers to do the pioneer work in developing the latent resources of this great land and to survey and construct on scientific principles the great land and waterways of our ever-growing commerce. The stability of the superstructure always depends on the solidity of the foundations. Science men have a national duty to perform as well as a personal duty to themselves, in earning a livelihood. Big wages are all right but men of strong national spirit, who are truly patriotic, will find a higher duty in serving this growing country in the noblest possible way. Because a man is a scientist does not in any sense mean that he is without ideals. He can be as loyal to his community and his country as any hero or statesman—indeed the highest heroic qualities are often demanded from him in his work in the wild areas of prairie and mountain.

We notice that the Faculty in Science have taken their cue from their brothers in Medicine and have instituted a summer session of indefinite length.

Some of the boys decided to remain over when it was discovered that ladies were to take the places of the regular staff, but the course has proved to be too strictly kindergarten in its nature and hence unpopular to the Science men.

We hope the atmosphere of the Engineering Building will not be detrimental to the health of the children and we also hope that they will be able to find a more convenient nursery before the next session opens.

The members of the final year held a very successful banquet at the Kes-

wick café on the evening of Good Friday.

The year was permanently organized with Mr. Montgomery as president and C. W. Baker secretary, and many happy re-unions are looked forward to in the future.

Mr. Lewis proved a most capable and hospitable host, and the event will long be remembered by those who shared in the festivities of the evening.

### Athletica.

FOR some time past signs have pointed towards the admission of Ottawa College into the Intermediate Rugby Football Union and on April 20th, in Montreal, that end was at last attained. From time to time unofficial representations have been made as to their admission on special terms but the Union has always held out for a strictly student basis of eligibility, and Ottawa College enters under the same conditions as bind the other three clubs. By the terms of the agreement she will drop out of the Quebec union and no team bearing her name will be entered in any league other than the Intercollegiate.

In the past the three clubs in the I.C.R.F.U. have been financially embarrassed through having only two home-games, but their position here will soon be greatly improved. The old disadvantage of one club having a bye each week has also been removed. The Intercollegiate League now bids fair to become one of the strongest football organizations in the country.

The following schedule was adopted by the meeting :

Oct. 14th—Queen's at Toronto.

Oct. 14th—McGill at Ottawa.  
 " 21st—Toronto at McGill.  
 " " —Ottawa at Queen's.  
 " 28th—Toronto at Queen's.  
 " " —Ottawa at McGill.  
 Nov. 4th—Queen's at Ottawa.  
 " " —McGill at Toronto.  
 " 11th—McGill at Queen's.  
 " " —Toronto at Ottawa.  
 " 18th—Queen's at McGill.  
 " " —Ottawa at Toronto.

Among the list of this year's graduates are the names of three, whose absence next session will prove a severe loss to Queen's sporting circles. D. A. Gillies, B O. Strachan, and J. M. Macdonnell have all three done yeoman service on the football field both in intermediate and senior ranks. On the ice as "point," "Jim." has also proved a hard proposition for opposing forwards to encounter for the past two seasons. So our congratulations on their success are tinged with regret at the blanks their departure will occasion. Our star outside wing, Russell Britton, has also decided to give up the strenuous life of the gridiron. His lightning swiftness and splendid tackling will be greatly missed next fall.

On Saturday, April 15th, a splendid contest in Basketball took place in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium between picked teams from the city Y.W.C.A. and Queen's Ladies' Gymnasium class. The game was fast and spirited throughout, rousing the crowded galleries to great excitement and applause. The college girls showed a closer acquaintance with the fine points of the game and played together well. There was an abundance of close and heavy checking, of which the Y.W.C.A. proved the chief

exponents. At half-time the score stood 7-6 for Queen's and the lead was maintained to the end, leaving the students winners by 13-8. It is to be hoped this is merely the first of many such interesting contests.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### THE CONCURSUS.

*Editor of "The Journal":*

THE senate last session, before the sitting of the Arts' court, made it known that if the Arts' court were raided, they would abolish the three courts. And when we give the matter a little calm deliberation, we must admit that unless the court system be reformed it would be better if they were abolished. For the court system at Queen's often degenerates from an instrument to vindicate justice into the means for a clique to vent their vengeance, or, on the other hand, into mere horse-play to create amusement for the audience at the expense of the prisoners.

The originator of the concursus had a good end in view—to curb incidental bumptiousness, and to promote decorum among the students. Self-government was morally supported as promoting independence among university men. The principle is a good one, if properly applied; but we are satisfied that if the senate knew the inner workings of the concursus at present, they would change their attitude concerning it. The students to-day are in a better position to detect erring ones than the governing body. In fact the students, (if they were bent on this alone) could find out violations and wrong doing that it would be impos-

sible for the senate to do. In early days, we understand, the concursus carried out the object of its inauguration, and was then a commendable institution. But, sad to say, instead of advancing, we have in this respect deteriorated. If is a reflection on university men, supposedly advanced in ideals, that this should be so, and that higher education has not advanced them to having at least chivalry enough to promote equality and justice among their fellow students. It is all very well to indulge in maudlin sentimentality about the courts being time-honored, and therefore just, but from the prisoners standpoint it is quite different.

The court system at present is inadequate, and fails to cope with the problem of self-government. Two years ago the faculty of science had to step in and fine the freshmen fifty cents each for breaking seats in the mathematics room. Last year the faculty in science had to fine some of the sophomores for spitting tobacco in the drafting room. Two years ago the drawers in the chemical laboratory were burglarized. There was no systematic attempt by the courts to find out the culprits. Moreover, the courts are in three faculties, and a man can hide behind one faculty from another. Last session the senior judge in Arts, who was the valedictorian, in his address, referred to the court system, and advised a change. Probably his conscience was pricking him for his decisions at the Arts courts.

At present each of the three courts generally has one sitting each session (supposedly oftener if necessary, but almost invariably never more

than one takes place) so offences after the sitting of the court pass unheeded. The court must sit, so if there are not legitimate cases, something must be concocted, and so someone suffers. The system is obviously faulty if all are not dealt with alike.

For example, the science court should not have sat last session. There were no legitimate cases. Thus, as already explained, persons were accused and cases invented. They said it would not do to miss the night's fun. So the junior prosecuting attorney visited some freshman classes, and such cases as "swelled head" were invented. Imagine the charge! To prove this case of the "graph" and the "slide rule" were used. The prosecuting attorney moreover, read a long paper of slurs on this student. This is an example of creating amusement for the audience at the expense of an innocent student. It is a recognized fact at this court at least, that freshmen alone are prosecuted. The judge, last session, had the amount of the fines calculated before he ever came to the court.

The medical court has long since been recognized as a matter of huge horse-play. At that court last session a prisoner barely escaped serious injury by being drawn through, and suspended at the top of a door, from which he had to be cut loose. But the medical court has sat this session. The crier's report, with all its obscene language, might well be improved as an "opening of the court." The so-called "medical experts" brought in reports of the prisoners subjected to them, which consisted of coarse ludicrousness and filthy

jokes. Two such experts are always elected for this purpose. The "junior judge's" superfluous fines throughout the court were five and ten cents. Yet when a man was proven guilty of an offence he was fined but ten cents.

In the arts court last session there were a number of cases of those against whom there was spite first, and after these were over the court was adjourned, ostensibly to meet again, but, of course it never did. In this manner (obvious to all) the favorites were shielded and allowed to go free. The case over the At Home ticket was evidently a case of spite, shown by the conviction without proof, and by the prevailing wrath of the prosecuting attorney. The other case—that of the disturbance in the consulting library, was clearly a case of "getting even" over an At Home squabble. Moreover the chief witness admitted making as much noise as the prisoner. Why was he not arraigned? At this court it wasn't a matter of finding out if the accused were innocent but of convicting them at any cost. The judge, evidently, had concluded what decisions he would give before he came to the court, and what the fines should be. Imagine the justice! The accused might as well put up no case,—simply ask how much is the spite, and what is the fine.

"O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason."

If the court is to remain at all, all cases should be held privately. Then the "junior judge fines"—that spurious auxiliary to justice—would be excluded. A man would not be summoned simply to fill in a night's fun for others. And all legitimate cases

would be dealt with, for an offender could be tried at any time. Let no one be present but those directly interested—judge, attorneys, witnesses, etc. Then there would be no desire to entertain, and a person would get a fair trial. There would be no reason for calling a case unless there were an offence, so justice could be dealt to all alike.

If this change in the manner of the court is not affected, we think it would be well if the senate would abolish the courts altogether. Yours truly,

JUSTICE.

*Editor Queen's University Journal:*

Dear Sir:—The missionary addresses some of us have had occasion to hear of late, have reminded us that in foreign missions at least interest is sadly lacking at Queen's. This lack of interest may perhaps be attributed, in some degree, to the fact that foreign missionary work is looked upon as an effort to force upon people with types of mind and life differing from ours, a stereotyped religion that once suited our civilization, but which we are now beginning to outgrow. This conception is altogether wrong. Neither is missionary work a forcing of our religion upon other peoples, the proselytizing spirit is quickly dying out; nor is the religion the missionary takes with him a stereotyped religion. Of course it was not Jesus' desire to have His name sounded with a flourish of trumpets throughout the world. Such tawdry vainglory is not consistent with His character. He wanted to do good, to give people something that would lighten their burdens, and this he found in sympathy. But even if this was His message, he surely did not mean that His followers are to go

out and servilely preach the very doctrines He preaches and tag His name on to them. Imitation is not the highest praise. Christ wanted His disciples to go about doing good and to carry to others, messages vital with their own experiences, and missionaries on foreign fields as well as preachers at home are becoming more imbued with that spirit. They are less and less engaged in repeating parrot-like certain phrases that have been taught and repeated until the spirit in them is nearly dead. On the contrary they are as a whole sincere, earnest men who think they have found a message that will help mankind and who wish to spread it abroad. Should any think that those now in the work have not the right message, they should not therefore deny the value of all missionary effort, rather should they go and carry their own messages abroad. The reason why most preachers preach Christianity is that they sincerely believe Christ's message to be the most helpful, give it any name you please, and not because they are bound down by tradition to glorify a mere name. But surely we at Queen's should not find fault with the associating of a name with a movement. A bare abstract ideal does not appeal to the average man. It is when that ideal is found pulsating in a man like the late Principal Grant that it fills us with thrills of enthusiasm. There is a chance that the name *Grant* and the phrase *Queen's spirit* may degenerate, as the name *Christian* has unfortunately to some extent degenerated, into mere fetishes, God forbid! The very name of George Grant should be sufficient to save it from such a fate. And the name of Christ should also mean for

us so much that is noble, admirable and lovable, that we could not bear to have it become a password on thoughtless, soulless lips.

But should any one be sceptical of the great part played by Christianity in the development of those nations who stand at the fore-front of civilization; should he also be sceptical of the potency of the spirit for which the name of Christ stands, in elevating man to higher places; no one who has studied the history of Christian missions in the past century can deny that this movement has been the greatest factor in redeeming heathen nations from their bondage of vice, ignorance and superstition, in so far as that work has been carried on. Indeed modern missionary effort is being directed more and more to educating the people and to teaching them to appreciate what is good in their own civilization as well as in ours. And to really convince a man that a certain thing is good, is to make him strive to attain to it. It is not until a man has by his own powers of reasoning, or perhaps through intuition, become sincerely convinced that the ideals held up to him by the missionary are the best, that he is asked to associate himself with that world-wide organization which, with all its mistakes, with its haste to jump at conclusions and its slowness to change these when once formed, has ever stood for what is noble, true and beautiful. Christianity has often proved its vitality by adapting itself to varied ages and varied peoples. But it can continue to live and to be a potent factor for good in the world only as its members recognize in a vital and active missionary spirit the brotherhood of man which does away with all differences

of creed and theory, and unites us all in love and emulation of Him whose spirit still inspires us, Jesus the Christ, the embodiment of manhood, sympathy and love.

Can we at Queen's afford to be indifferent to such a movement? We should, in all fairness, at least consider the advisability of associating ourselves more definitely with it, perhaps by taking a greater interest in student volunteer missionary movements. It may not be advisable to make the Q.U.M.A. a committee of the Y.M.C.A., but it would be very advisable at least, that the work being done by the Q.U.M.A. and by the Y.M.C.A. committees should be brought more frequently before our attention, for nothing creates so great an interest in any work as to engage in it, or hear those who are in it. One might also suggest the resuming of a mission-study class, though there is of course a danger of overcrowding the week. Thanking you for this space

I am yours truly,

L. P. CHAMBERS.

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### Exchanges.

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IN this issue we make our last bow to the world of college editors. On the whole we have found our year with the fraternity a pleasant one. Most of our confreres have been kind indeed; some have been indifferent and a few caustic and severe. Their criticism, however, so far as it applies to us we accept as given with good intent. And now as a parting shot it may be well to say as briefly as possible just what we think of some of the publications that have come to our table during the year. To touch upon all is impossible.



Every month exchanges reach us from Canadian, American and British colleges. These exchanges like the institutions they represent are of very varied types, and to classify and judge them is no easy task. However, after a careful perusal of all, our opinion is that for general excellence our Canadian college journals need yield the palm to none. And among these *Acta Victoriana* carries off the prize, with *McMaster University Journal* a close second. *Acta* excels in her articles of literary character, sketches, essays, stories, verse. The *McMaster Journal's* stories and sketches are also good and its local and exchange columns about the most readable we have seen. Next in order we would place the *Varsity*, the *McGill Outlook* and the *Ottawa University Review*. Both the *Outlook* and the *Varsity* keep a close watch upon college affairs, and give the news of hall and campus in fresh and breezy paragraphs. The *Outlook* scarcely goes beyond this, but the *Varsity* is more ambitious, and during the year has published some excellent sketches and short pieces of verse. The *Ottawa Review* takes itself more seriously. It is somewhat inclined to be heavy and staid. Its strong point is the firm hold it keeps on the alumni of the university. From the west we receive the *Manitoba Journal* and *Vox Wesleyana*, both published in Winnipeg and showing in form and material the vigor and rush of the prairie capital. From the eastern colleges several papers visit us. We mention especially the *Mitre* and the *Acadia Athenaeum*, both noteworthy for the excellence of their editorial departments. Nor must we forget *Allisonia* the historically inclined magazine from Mount Allison

which insists upon addressing us as Queen's College Journal "Toronto." From the technical and denominational colleges we receive the *O. A. C. Review* with its articles on live stock, fruit and butter, *Hya Yaka*, learnedly discussing root-canals and amalgam fillings, the *Normal College Monthly* with its psychology and nature study, and the *Presbyterian College Journal* breathing exegesis and dogma. Last but by no means least of our Canadian journals we mention *Vox College*, daintiest of college papers, which discusses in a fresh and crisp way weighty matters of art, music, poetry and domestic science.

Of our United States exchanges we value most highly the *Columbia Monthly* and *Notre Dame Scholastic*, the former for its poetry and short stories, the latter for its editorial articles and essays. Then there is the *Athenaeum* well known to all ex-men for the news it gives of the college world. The *Lantern*, too, has furnished us with many a clipping during the year. *The Niagara Index* is worthy of note for its historical sketches, also perhaps for the insufferable humbug and nonsense of its local column. Then we must mention *Buff and Blue*, with its careful conscientious ex-man, the *Victorian*, sarcastic and critical, and *Tech* the suggestive newsy tri-weekly from Boston.

From across the Atlantic we receive only four papers, the *Oxford Magazine*, ponderous, ugly, for the most part unreadable, but with the best editorial notes we have seen in any college paper; *T. C. D.* from Dublin, newsy and sometimes poetical, always Irish; the *Student*, from Edinburgh, containing excellent articles, and verse but much given to parody and dry

jokes ; and lastly Glasgow University Magazine, less prentious than the Student, and more addicted to fiction and rondeaus.

SHAKESPEARE ON COLLEGE LIFE.

The college world's a stage  
 And all the simple students merely players;  
 They have their pensums and conditionals,  
 And one man in his course works many  
 bluffs,  
 His chief roles being seven. The prep.  
 boy first,  
 Mouthing, and mocking at the masters'  
 backs ;  
 The Freshman next, with weary, ashen  
 face,  
 Creeping by back lanes to the eating club ;  
 Then the Sophomore, smoking like a fur-  
 nace,  
 Sad sight ! But one year ago he was a  
 Freshman.  
 Then the Junior, staid and dignified,  
 The college wan ! Yet, groomed in all  
 his glory,  
 Seeking to lose a Freshman year condition,  
 Even at the Dean's back door. The Senior  
 next :  
 Capacious head with varied knowledge  
 lined.  
 Full of old customs which are out of date.  
 And so they graduate. The next age slips  
 Into the goggled, stooping, thin P G.  
 His youthful joys forgot, a world too gay  
 For his dull grind. Last, saddest of all—  
 The poor old grad, out in the wide, wide  
 world,  
 Dreaming of happy days that come no  
 more,  
 Sans pipe, sans bowl, sans song sans every-  
 thing.—*Ex.*

Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister at Washington, has a new story which he tells with great glee. He says he heard two women discussing his nation.

"The Japanese," said one of them, "ought to be excluded from the country. Their young men come here to school, and no sooner do they arrive than they begin a systematic course of cheating."

"How is that?" asked the other.

"They only pay tuition for one," said the complainant, "and they learn enough for two or three."

CONCORDIENSIS.

A movement is on foot at Princeton to raise a fund of \$2,500,000 in order to make it possible to instal a system of tutors and preceptors has been started by the university corporation.

"There didn't seem to be much warmth to her voice."

"No ; they said it had such a good range, too."—*Ex.*

Mrs. Joggins—My ! They make car wheels out of paper ! The idea ! Paper car wheels !

Joggins—That's nothing. They have stationary engines, too.—*Ex.*

Tyrrell (the wit) : There was a terrible accident on La Salle street this morning.

Tuohy (the inquisitive man from Joliet) : What was it ?

Tyrrell : The cable car ran into the tunnel.

The class of 1880 at Harvard, of which President Roosevelt is a member, will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its graduation by making an unrestricted gift of \$1,000,000 to the university.

The Michigan speakers for the Michigan-Wisconsin debate are under training similar to that of the football players. They are prohibited from smoking, drinking and all other intemperate habits, and are required to keep their bodies and brains in good health, and they have an early bedtime. It is thought that such training has much to do with the success of debaters as well as athletes.

The authorities at Leland-Stanford

have suspended sixty-two students on account of poor work, and have warned seventy-eight others that they must improve the quality of their work if they wish to sustain their relationship with the University.

Purdue has received \$15,000 from the Big Four Railroad to start a fund for a gymnasium to be erected in honor of the football men killed in the wreck near Indianapolis last year.

Recently the presidents and deans of Ohio Universities and colleges had a meeting to consider the professionalism that exists in their athletics. They suggested two remedies for the evil, namely: (1) that no freshman be allowed to play in any intercollegiate athletic contest; and (2) that a student who leaves one institution and enters another must spend a year in the latter before engaging in intercollegiate athletic contests.—Athenaeum.

#### A PAGAN SHRINE.

I know a spot in the far, far East,  
 A hallowed, sacred spot,  
 Where the wearing cares of the working world,  
 Faint-echoing, are forgot.  
 Stone steps lead up to the Shinto shrine,  
 The shrine of heathen joss,  
 And the coolies come when the day is done  
 As Christians to the cross.  
 They dip worn hands in the rude, stone fount,  
 And entering, all unshod,  
 In the silent temple, silently  
 Bow down before their God.

Black merchant ships in the busy bay  
 Are coaling far below  
 Great warships swinging with the tide,  
 Small craft scud to and fro.

But here is peace 'neath the fragrant pine,

Pure balsam to the soul,  
 And the incense, rising 'mid the flowers

To heaven's gate doth roll.

And here in the green aisles of the woods,

Life hath not aught of ill,  
 For the peace of the Great-All-Father lies

About the shrined hill.

—Oregon Monthly.

#### TO A JOHNNY-JUMP-UP.

Hail, johnny-jump-up,

First of the year,

How my heart leaps

Beholding you here!

Fair little flower

Delicate, sweet,

I shall not trample you

Fear not my feet.

Fear not my fingers,

No, indeed, no;

Though I bend over you

Still shall you grow.

But should I covet

Would it be harm

Since I so love it—

A share of your charm.

Something of nature

Beautiful, free,

Therewith adorning

My poetry.

You'd not refuse it,

A tithe of your bloom,

Could I but use it

And the perfume.

Sapphire sweet violet  
 Tender and true,  
 Tell me your origin  
 Where you first grew ;  
 Was it the children  
 In heaven at play  
 Scattered the seed  
 Was wafted this way ?  
 Was it the blue  
 Of their innocent eyes  
 Glorified you  
 In paradise !  
 Hail johnny-jump-up,  
 First of the year,  
 How my heart leaps  
 Beholding you here !

—M. H. S. in *Jeffersonian*.

With this issue we bid farewell, not only to the various colleges whose publications have been welcome visitors to our desk, but also to our many readers who perused our clippings of news and wit and verse from the numerous *exchanges* with which the Colleges, Great Britain, United States and Canada favored us.

### De Nobis.

DIVINITY FACULTY SONG, '95

Tune—"Litoria."

(These songs were sung on Students' Day.)

From blue nose coast McQuarrie came  
 To win for himself a lasting fame;  
 At Queen's he never learned to dance  
 But now he's fitting up a manse.

CHORUS.

Divinity, Divinity,  
 Swee de la wee to hir a sal.  
 Divinity, Divinity,  
 Swee de la wee dum bum.

The biggest task we have had on  
 Was training down old Campbell  
 Strachan.  
 From Western wilds he tumbled in  
 Chuck full of pure original sin.

O Billy he has won great fame  
 Squeezing coppers is his game  
 His whisker is the girl's delight  
 And truly he enjoys a fight.

McConachie now gets his B.D.  
 His forte is at the curling tee.  
 The JOURNAL is his special shine  
 And won't he make a hot divine.

Now here's a man you cannot touch,  
 He's known to one and all as Hutch  
 And when he preaches for a "call"  
 He uses legs and arms and all.

The happiest man in all the hall,  
 In whist he has quite vanquished all.  
 Johnny Miller is his name,  
 And we are sure he'll rise to fame.

O Charlie Whiting came to Queen's  
 To find out just what Watty means.  
 To wed a wife he did not want,  
 He only wished to study Kant.

O Logie, he is known to all,  
 The biggest kicker in the hall.  
 But soon he'll be a happy man,  
 So let us holler all we can.

ARTS FACULTY SONG, '05.

Tune—"On the road to Mandalay."

To the halls of old Queen's college,  
 like a swarm to a beehive,  
 Came the noble bunch of members of  
 the year of naughty-five  
 And the sayings and the doings of  
 this now notorious class  
 Must be set forth and related, for the  
 time has come to pass.

CHORUS.

From the halls of Queen's, away; oh  
 the sadness of this day,  
 When we have to chuck our college  
 life with all its work and play;  
 Oh the halls of Queen's for me, where  
 we live a life so free

And we have our little pleasures,  
aided by the faculty.

There was Penman small of stature,  
but of voice exceeding loud,  
Who would scare us into silence and  
win out against the crowd,  
'Till the Penman Party chose him as  
our Rep. to old McGill,  
And his great oration lingers in the  
class's memory still.

There was D. R. C. made famous by  
the great Dundonald cause,  
A kicker at year meetings and a  
holder up of laws ;  
And Gillies, the football giant, who  
alone obtained a place  
On the first team and so saved '05  
from athleteless disgrace.

Next McGregor, stern and silent,  
dark-browed homer of his clan,  
(And N. F. B., the ancient, who must  
sing this if he can).  
Thoughtful silence was his motto, a  
most deep observant man.  
Chubby May, the ladies' darling, with  
all things satisfied,  
Now president forever, medal too, to  
swell his pride.

Now that noted combination, mastiff  
great and terrier small,  
Our Jonathan and David, to each  
other all in all.  
Platt, the keenness of whose humor  
dazzled Morden's puzzled eyes,  
Little Uglow, short of stature, but a  
terror for his size.

Polson vowed he'd leave us helpless,  
when he thought we had turned  
him down,  
But the thought of good things com-  
ing smoothed away his cynics  
frown,  
And we really loved him dearly, sent  
him up to 'Varsity,

And his gratitude to all the class was  
wonderful to see.

Lo! the President, most worthy, with  
the sad pathetic smile,  
Of humor elephantine, and entirely  
without guile,  
S. E. H. L. X. Y. Z. Law, who with  
patriarchal air.  
Leads his flock to western wilderness  
to teach or perish there.

Of Swanson, keen and canny, always  
laughing in his sleeve,  
Of the fair "lyric Opollo," driving all  
the girls to grieve,  
Hay and Bothwell, critics down on  
"superficialities,"  
And many other famous ones; we  
could go on with ease.

Re. the girls of '05 it is really hard to  
say  
Much, except that they behaved  
themselves in an exemplary way.  
They scrapped among themselves, 'tis  
true, about debates and sich,  
But the way they ran the Levana  
Court was really very rich.

They "got soaked" hard by our  
Prophet, so I won't repeat it  
here.

Though lacking many parlor tricks  
they haven't much to fear,  
For their courage it is mighty, and  
their brains are not a few.  
And if you would know more of them  
get them to talk to you.

But all these motley members had so  
pugnacious grown  
That a '05 meet without a scrap was  
something never known.  
And they'll likely so continue, until  
alott they soar,  
When the wicked cease from troubling  
and the scrappers scrap no more.