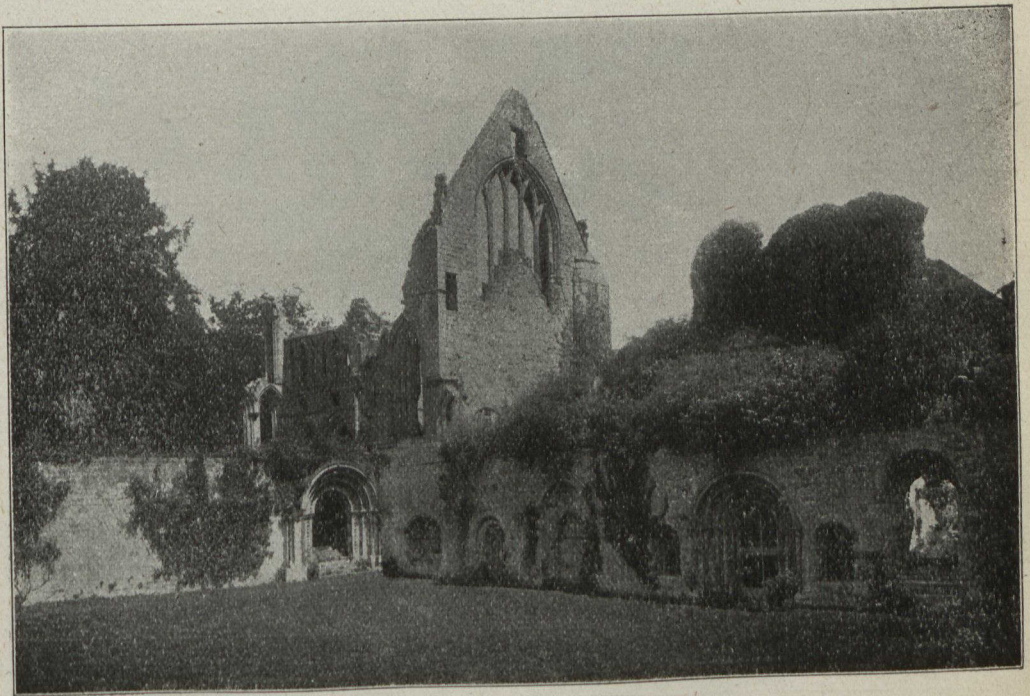
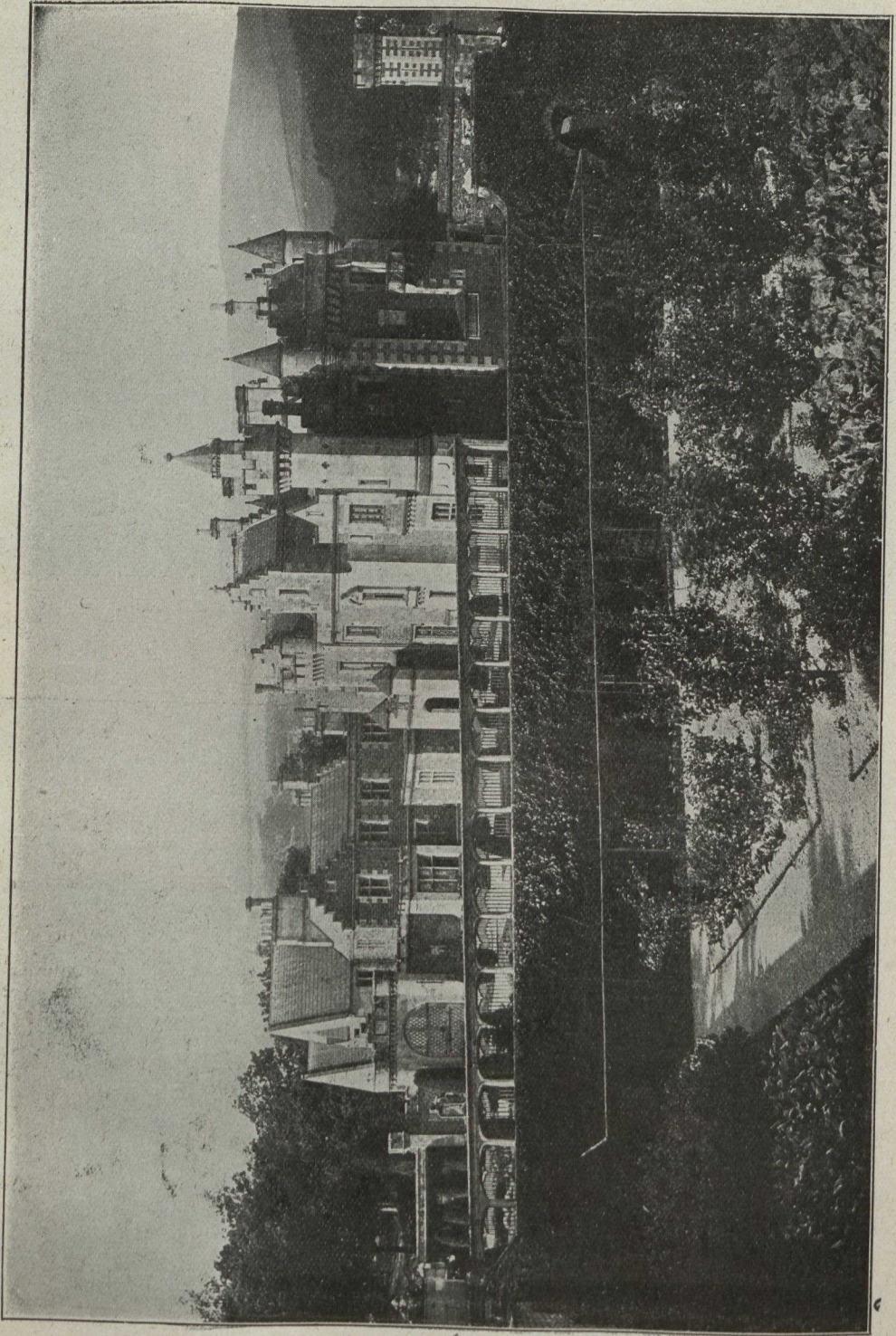




SCOTT'S MONUMENT, EDINBURGH—SHOWING PRINCE'S STREET AND
THE CASTLE IN THE REAR.



DRYBURGH ABBEY, FROM CLOISTER COURT.



ABBOTSFORD, GARDEN FRONT.



VOL. XXXVII.

FEBRUARY 23rd, 1910.

No. 16.

Sir Walter Scott.

IN all the splendid roll of great Scotsmen no name shines with a greater lustre than that of Walter Scott. Though nearly a hundred years have elapsed since he was laid to rest in "lone St. Mary's aisle" at Dryburgh, his work has remained and will remain. As the product of creative genius and sustained imaginative power, it will abide his best memorial. Passing years have but added proof of the extent to which it can affect the thought and feelings. Of recent years there has been, not a revival, but a remarkable increase of interest in Scott and all that was associated with him. The freshness of his work, the romance of his spirit, the naturalness of his genius are more appreciated than ever. He excels in the romantic as Burns does in the lyric and Carlyle in the didactic. He was master of the era between these two.

Scott was cradled and nurtured amid scenes that did not fail to make him, in spirit and talent, their child. Born in the romantic "grey metropolis of the North," he spent his early years in the heart of that Border land, the love of which became one of his dominant passions. He saw the last of the old Edinburgh of pre-Union days and gained his first knowledge of romance from the old folk who, at Sandyknowe, poured into his impressionable mind their unstinted store of Border legend and ballad. The predisposition thus created ruled his after life and its years were ranged around the two foci of Auld Reekie and the Vale of Tweed. With what affection does he speak of them when he describes how

"Dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town;"

or, telling of the hasty ride of Deloraine, outlines his midnight course through Teviotdale and Tweeddale, and finishes the beautiful lines

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray."

There is not a doubt that his own life and career were deeply influenced by scenes like these and the sentiments they inspired. All through, even in the darkest days with which his life so sadly closed, he exhibited a high courage and a noble chivalry. A close student of men and manners of other and especially an-

cient days, he himself was an embodiment of the best that they were. He was "one very parfit gentil knight." Think of the high courage with which he faced the crushing disaster of his later years, of the strenuous endeavour to meet and discharge every obligation, of the gentle courtesy that marked his whole demeanour at such a pass and see if it be not an epitome of the chivalrous and heroic. He was the demonstration of his own words

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

This element of the romantic and heroic, we think, predominates in all his work. Nor do we see it, under his hands, confined only to the high born and great. Scott never told a more romantic story, nor painted a more heroic character than when in "The Heart of Midlothian," he drew the portrait of Jeannie Deans. That gracious, gentle "æ-fauld" daughter of the Covenant how she holds our love and exacts the tribute of our sympathy!

Scott has been harshly criticised for his treatment of the Covenanters in "Old Mortality," but he has compensated for his error, if error it was, in his depiction of the cowfeeder's daughter. She will rank for all time in the creations of literature with Beatrice, Cordelia, and Margaret. One cannot but remark here how singularly fortunate Scott was in his portraiture of women. Whether they were queens or peasants he appears equally happy in his treatment of them in their many moods. We are touched by the practical godliness of Jeannie Deans and moved deeply by the horror of that scene where, in her sudden frenzy, the unhappy Queen Mary, a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle, and maddened by the unfortunate allusion of her attendant, breaks forth "with a shriek wild and loud—Traitor! thou wouldst slay thy Sovereign—Call my French guards—*à moi! à moi! mes Français!*—I am beset with traitors in mine own palace—They have murdered my husband—Rescue! Rescue! for the Queen of Scotland!" She started up from her chair—her features, late so exquisitely lovely, now inflamed with the fury of frenzy and resembling those of a Bellona: "We will take the field ourself—warn the city—warn Lothian and Fife—saddle our Spanish barb—Better to die at the head of our brave Scotsmen, like our grandfather at Flodden, than of a broken heart, like our ill-starred father." (The Abbott, chap. 31.)

The art that could compass such extremes is a rare gift and its fruits will not readily be permitted to perish.

Scott's art makes its appeal very directly to the reader. There is in it but little of the suggestive and impressionistic. It is descriptive and realistic to a degree. The subtle analysis of human motives and the secret workings of the mind he concerns himself but little with. But in depicting the play of the emotions, the man in decision, and the man in action he certainly excels. For this reason, more than any other, he has gripped the mind and heart of the masses of men and will continue to do so. For one that reads Nathanael Hawthorne or George Meredith there will be found a hundred who will read Scott and his followers in the romance school. For one that "The House of the Seven Gables" or "The Egoist" will appeal to, a hundred will feel the call of Scott's "Ivanhoe" or Reade's

"The Cloister and the Hearth." Scott will always have his great audience and therefore his great influence. And it is an influence that is wholly good. It has not waned in a century and may be reckoned as one of the permanent forces alike in literature and action.

The limits of so brief an essay have forbidden allusion to many aspects of Scott's character and work that are exceedingly attractive. His greatest successes were undoubtedly in narrative, both prose and poetic, but he showed himself possessed of a strong lyrical gift. Many of his songs are treasured still, though of course, in this school, Burns far and away excelled him. Yet we would not willingly leave in oblivion some of his songs. We quote but one, a favorite, the exquisite lines sung by the dying Madge Wildfire in "The Heart of Midlothian."

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Who makes the bridal bed
Birdie, say truly?"
"The grey headed sexton,
That delves the grave duly."

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
"Welcome, proud lady."

There are many spots associated with Walter Scott; Edinburgh, Lasswade, Ashiestiel, Melrose and Abbotsford are all shrines for the devotees of Scott. But were we limited to one choice we think our preference would be for Dryburgh where, in the beautiful Abbey, he sleeps. Far from the clamor of men and amid the scenes he loved best, the great Wizard rests. Close by may be heard "the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles." But a few ruinous fragments now remain of that once stately house of God. They lie embosomed among the trees, and the landscape round is as it was when the monks reared the walls. To the east lies Cheviot, on the north Bemersyde overhangs the valley, and in the west "Eildon lifts his triple crest and sentinels the scene." It is the heart of the Border land and on that heart Walter Scott was laid when, his work over and his struggle ended, he passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace."

R. ATKINSON, Chesley, Ont.



Queen's University Journal

Published weekly during the Academic Year by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, - - W. A. Kennedy, B.A.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, - - - { ARTS, - - - A. G. Dorland, MANAGING EDITOR, - - - R. S. STEVENS, B.A.
SCIENCE, - - - H. Bradley.

DEPARTMENTS

LADIES, - - - - -	{ Miss J. Elliott.	DIVINITY, - - - - -	J. W. Johnson, M.A.
	{ Miss W. Girdler.	ATHLETICS, - - - - -	G. A. Platt, M.A.
ARTS, - - - - -	C. S. McGaughey.	ALUMNI, - - - - -	W. F. Dyde.
SCIENCE, - - - - -	J. B. Stirling, B.A.	EXCHANGES, - - - - -	W. R. Leadbeater.
MEDICINE, - - - - -	G. B. Kendrick, B.A.	MUSIC AND DRAMA, W. M. Goodwin, B.A.	
EDUCATION, - - - - -	S. H. Henry, M.A.		

BUSINESS MANAGER, - - - M. R. Bow, B.A.

ASSISTANT, - - - H. W. McKiel, B.A.

Subscriptions, \$1.00 per year; single copies, 10c.

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

Editorials.

THERE is a great need of a Dining Hall at Queen's. Apart from the utility of it, we believe that one would exert in its social aspect a strong and wholesome educational influence upon student life. That it would make for unity among members of all faculties, is undoubted, and it would maintain that *esprit-de-corps* which Queen's can ill afford to lose. So much business is now rightly referred to standing committees of students about the University that we do not meet so often as we once did, in the warm discussions at the Alma Mater that made us all good friends and "members one of another." If we are to know each other we must get together when we have put our work aside for the time being, and are free to see something of the other fellow. No scheme for this purpose appeals to us so strongly as a Dining Hall, where meals or light refreshments could be tastefully served at a moderate cost. It ought to be possible to manage it at a profit. Could accommodation in the College be procured for a trial of such an undertaking for a year. If at the end of that time, it justified its existence steps might be taken to build a bungalow on the College grounds to be open at least during the College session. We spend thousands of dollars every year on refreshments at our various social functions, a considerable portion of which is being spent for the rental of table equipment, which could be more than purchased outright for the amount expended annually at all functions for rental alone. On a sound business basis, this scheme could afford to give good service, pay for competent management and yield a substantial profit. It is not a new idea, but is one that has met with splendid success elsewhere, and has given wholesome impulses to the general life of the students. We consider that this scheme is important enough to merit the consideration of the authorities of the University, of the Alma Mater Society, and of those friends who are interested enough to offer their advice or help.

"Queen's University, Toronto," is the rather questionable honor that the Montreal Herald pays us in referring recently to the connection which the Rev. Prof. Macnaughton has had with Queen's. "There are some things," wrote Principal Grant, "which really must be considered settled—the creation of the world, the union of thirteen American colonies, the confederation of Canada, and the position of Queen's at Kingston."

So anxious were some students to get their Journals—and letters, that in the crush this week, the door of the Post Office was broken. Of course it wasn't a very strong door, but it accepted the position on the understanding that it would be given fair treatment, and, no doubt, under the circumstances, it feels a bit broken up. We have a suggestion to offer. It would greatly facilitate the handing out of mail, during the busy times between classes, if a solid iron railing were placed in front of the door. This could be so arranged that the students would get their mail in order. "First come—first served" would be a good motto here, as it must be annoying to men with only a few minutes to spare, to lose their place at the wicket by being crowded away without getting their mail. Once a regular order is established, there will be no excuse for the present state of affairs. Any student who "butts in," or any rowdyism could then be looked after by the courts. We hope that the College authorities will take kindly to this suggestion.

The German Dramatic Club of Queen's University will hold its annual entertainment in Convocation Hall, on Thursday evening, February 24th, at 8 o'clock. Two interesting comedies "Ohne Pasz" and "Der Drithe" will be presented. A general interest is solicited.

THE OXFORD MAGAZINE.

Readers of the *Oxford Magazine* will have noted with mingled feeling the appointment of Mr. W. L. Grant to the new chair of Colonial History at Queen's University, Kingston. His genial and sympathetic nature has made for him in Oxford a host of friends, who will feel his disappearance, after next Summer Term, as a real personal loss. But these would be the last to wish to stand, even in thought, between a friend and his career, and they recognize the fitness of his removal to a University in the building up of which his father played so great a part. But Principal Grant was not only concerned with educational questions; he was also a protagonist in the struggle for a Greater Canada, and was not ashamed, where serious issues were at stake, to incur the charge of "the parson in politics." Mr. W. L. Grant was therefore reared in an atmosphere of sane Imperialism. A Scottish Highlander, born in Nova Scotia, educated in Ontario and at Balliol, and possessing (owing to his father's foresight) an intimate knowledge of the French-Canadian language and people, Mr. Grant has been able to show to the Rhodes Scholars an example of that double patriotism which is essential if the British Empire is not to break into fragments. His Imperial instincts were further fostered by working under Dr. G. R. Parkin, the most magnetic of men, at Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Appointed Beit Assistant Lecturer in 1906, Mr. Grant has proved an invaluable coadjutor to his colleague, Professor Egerton. His lectures, especially those on the Colonial policy of the elder Pitt, have admirably fulfilled the purposes of the Beit foundation. Sir Charles Lucas has recently told us that it is the characteristic of the men of the new nations to live in the future rather than in the past; and this attitude of hopefulness in Mr. Grant has been of no little benefit to his work in Oxford. Nor is it only in Oxford that he has found a field for his energies. He has lately taken a considerable part in re-organizing the Colonial

Institute on a more popular basis. Confuting the old prejudices that forbade a ready speaker and a popular lecturer to be a man of learning or addicted to research, Mr. Grant has done good work in editing Champlain and Lescarbot, and is now engaged, along with Mr. Munro, in the important task of editing the Colonial series of the Acts of the Privy Council.

In taking stock of the British Empire of his day, Adam Smith found that the best claim to gratitude, on the part of the mother country, lay in the fact that it had been *alma virum mater*. So the Oxford of to-day, and in a greater degree the Oxford of to-morrow, when the full promise of the Rhodes bequest has come to fulfilment, must always claim amongst her highest achievements, that her sons are upholding Oxford traditions and teaching in Universities scattered over every quarter of the globe. To those traditions and to that teaching few, we believe, will be found more loyal than the new Professor of Colonial History at Queen's University.—*The Oxford Magazine*.

Ladies.

SOMETHING THAT REALLY HAPPENED
TO A QUEEN'S STUDENT.

HELEN, I must tell you about my Thanksgiving trip; it was one of the most unexpected and unusual experiences you would wish for; it had its pathetic side, too, at least it seemed so to me, and I think it will interest you for it is partly the story of a Queen's graduate.

One day last autumn I was told there was some one waiting to see me in the cloak-room. I hurried down to find a girl I had never seen before. "You are Miss A——, are you not?" she asked. "Yes," I replied, wondering whatever she could want with me.

"Well," she went on, "I come from the district where your father had his first charge after leaving Queen's. He was such a splendid man, and everyone thought so much of him. My father was an elder in his church, and he never wearies in telling us about the Rev. A——. When it was heard that he was soon to be married, his congregation determined to build a manse for him, and as soon as it was finished he brought his young wife there. You were the first baby to be born in the house, and ever since the people of the district have called you the 'baby of the manse.' When I left home my father said I must not dream of coming back without seeing you. By the way," she added, evidently on the spur of the moment, "why should you not come right home with me now, and spend Thanksgiving with us?"

Although I was so surprised you may be sure I was only too glad to go, so we left on the afternoon train. When we reached B——, Miss B's sister met us,



and drove us to the farm. You may imagine the surprise of the dear old farmer and his wife when their daughter told them who I was. They took me right into their midst, and each tried to outdo the other in entertaining me.

The next day Miss B— drove me all over the countryside, introducing me everywhere as 'the baby of the manse.' It was something like a triumphal procession for everyone made so much of me, and yet it was pathetic too, for you know, I felt all the time that it was not to me, but to father, through me, to whom all this respect was being shown. And Helen, I don't think I ever ate so much in one afternoon before, at each farm they offered me something, and of course I could not refuse.

Last of all we visited the manse where we were received by the old Scotch minister and his wife who could not seem to do too much for me. They took me all over the manse, showing me every nook and corner of it, and everything was exactly as father has described it so many, many times—even to the hardwood wainscotting in the kitchen. Well, the minister decided they must do something 'to celebrate the event,' and planned a social for Monday evening. On Sunday he announced in church that the 'baby of the manse' was present, and that a social would be given in her honor the next night.

Sure enough on Monday at 6 o'clock, the people began to pour in from all over the countryside, and by eight every available shed was filled with sleighs and horses. I stood at the door and received the people as they came in, and it was amusing and yet sad in a way. I shook hands with everyone; some were so surprised that the 'baby of the manse' had grown so tall, some dear old women actually wept and sobbed over me, while everyone had some message for me to take to father.

The evening passed all too quickly, you may be sure. What do you suppose formed the programme? You know father is very musical, and while at B— he had organized a very successful singing class. What did these dear people do but get that class together to sing all the things father had taught them.

One farmer told me that they had always had practise during my father's time at 8 o'clock Friday evenings, and said he would still see the little tot in white who always came in to kiss her father good-night, and it seemed so strange to find the 'little tot' grown up into a tall young lady.

Well, at the end of the evening I stood at the door once more, and said good-bye to all as they went out. Sometimes it was really very hard to keep the tears out of sight. You know, I realized it was not to myself at all, for they knew nothing of me, but to my father that all this respect and affection was being shown, and through it all I could not help feeling how firm a hold he still had on the hearts of his former parishioners.

The next morning I left B. with the feeling that I was leaving some of the very best friends I have.

I hope I haven't wearied you with my little story, but I thought it would impress you, as it did me, with the fact that our Queen's students all have so much opportunity for lasting influence on the various communities to which they may go in one capacity or another. My little experience was certainly an example of that, and it seems all the more interesting as a picture of the abiding influence of a Queen's graduate revealed to his daughter, a Queen's student.

Arts.

NEXT Tuesday, at the adjourned annual meeting, the question of raising the Arts fee to \$1.00 will (we hope) be finally settled. There is a strong feeling both for and against the proposed measure.

It is urged against the motion that the Arts Dinner will be a success financially, in the future, that it can stand on its own feet, and that it is a reflection on the Arts man to thus insinuate that he will not loyally support the Arts function. Again, if its own virtue or supposed virtues cannot of themselves guarantee its success in the future, then the first dinner should become the last. If, however, it is a success, there is no need of forcing the payment of the extra dollar. To impose this fee is to infringe on the right of the individual to pay or not as he sees fit. Further, if one has no desire, or is not able to attend the dinner he should not be forced to pay anything toward it.

This motion was brought in on the advice of the Dinner Committee, whose opinion is well worth considering. As the result of their faithful work a comfortable balance is shown. They, however, had too much work placed upon them. The most of their time was spent locating those to whom they were to sell tickets. The tickets sold very slowly and till the last day they did not see much chance of a financial success before them. Undoubtedly their increased efforts and the rumor that the dinner would be a failure were strong factors in increasing the sale of tickets.

This canvassing is, to say the least, uncongenial, and we are of the opinion that if the student is interested to the extent of \$1.00, not only will the success of the dinner be assured, but support as to numbers will also be guaranteed. This is proved by Science and Medicine who have had some experience in financing dinners.

If we recognize the educational value of the dinner and its importance as a uniting factor in Arts we will support the dinner and it will make no difference to the individual when the dollar is paid. If the dinner is a failure an extra fee will be levied on all and so some of us will pay more than \$2.00 in this case.

There is no coercion as we see it. This money will be voted by ourselves and for ourselves in order to better existing conditions.

Every Arts student should vote on the question next Tuesday.

ADDRESS OF MR. ACKLAND, DEPUTY MINISTER OF LABOR.

Last Thursday evening the students had the pleasure of hearing an address by Mr. Ackland, Deputy Minister of Labor, on the work of that department.

He emphasized the fact that the Labor Department was handicapped in the scope of its operations by the defective working of our Federal System. The jumble of contradictory laws on the same question in the different states of the American Union was cited as a good example of this difficulty. In Canada, with its nine provinces, the problem has not become so acute. Still, under the provisions of the British North America Act all labor legislation relating to contracts, agreements, etc., and the machinery for enforcing this legislation is under the jurisdiction of the provincial governments.

However, there is still a great field open for the Department of Labor. The Statistical Branch collects all industrial data. By personal investigation, by clippings from the press, by every available means pertinent matter on labor problems is collected and filed for future reference.

The Gazette, the official organ, is an important asset to the Department, setting forth as it does the results of investigations and reporting Canadian legislation on labor problems.

The Fair Wages Regulation Branch of the Department was dealt with at some length. The Government can only interfere when work is being done under its own supervision or when aided by Government funds. In these cases the Department sets a minimum wage. Since this Act has been in operation 320 fair wages schedules have been prepared.

Mr. Ackland dwelt more particularly with that branch of the Department which investigates industrial disputes. He cited the evil effects of strikes, lock-outs, etc., especially on the welfare of the general public when public utilities are tied up. These evils are bound to continue unless some machinery is adopted by the Government to compel redress of grievance. The question here, however, is just how far the liberty of the individual is to be affected.

The Bill passed in 1905 seems to have accomplished the maximum of service with the minimum of compulsion. As to its success 6 cases only out of 80 of the findings of the Boards of Conciliation have been followed by strikes.

By a hearty vote of thanks the students expressed their appreciation of the splendid address of Mr. Ackland.

Medicine.

THE hockey aspirations of the year '12 Medicine were "squelched" on Friday last, when the freshmen trounced them by a score of 4-2.

The game was a splendid exhibition of inter-year hockey, and judging by the showing made by some of the players we have some good material for next year's intercollegiate team. Blakesley for the winners was a star. He played the best game on the ice and his work was responsible for the majority of the goals scored by the freshmen. For the losers, Craig and Scott played good hockey.

Mr. John Houston, '10', Medicine, who was suddenly called to his home at Belleville, owing to the death of his brother, has the sincere sympathy of his fellow students.

The Journal is pleased to learn that Dr. Lew. Fraser, '08, Lincoln Hospital, New York, who underwent an operation for appendicitis, two weeks ago, is doing well and was able to be up for the first time the other day.

Dr. Knight's lecture was highly appreciated by the members of the Y.M.C.A.

Nursitis acute incubation—instantaneous—*Causes.*
Direct—Bacillus infatuations.

Predisposing—Chronic weakness, and, therefore, susceptibility of heart and head; previous and repeated attacks of “la grande passion” are factors.

The personal equation should always be considered.

Propinquity plays an important part in the study of the etiology.

Nurses are among the *presupposing* causes.

Symptoms—The outset is usually rapid. There will be a sudden, sharp pain of increasing severity in cardiac region; palpitation, dyspnoea, vertigo, dilated pupils, flushed face, stammering and confusion of mental faculties, trembling of limbs, and inability to concentrate the mind on matters ordinary. These symptoms are accompanied by anaemia, insomnia, rapid pulse, and morbid desire for absolute solitude; or, at most, the society of ONE.

“Jolly” is a prevailing symptom and difficult of treatment.

Treatment—Isolation—Beneficial in some cases.

Propinquity—being a cause is also a cure—“*Similia, Similibus Curantur.*”

Compulsory purchase of “books, flowers, music and bon-bons” in quantity. This treatment is never used. Too strenuous.

Vaccine—of another attachment has been found successful. Campbell’s hydrotherapeutic measures have been recommended.

The disease is almost unknown in the aged, and with them the Osler treatment is advocated, *medicinally*.

Hypodermic injections of the apomorphine of his too-manifest interest in himself. **R.**

Tr. meditation alonedrachm i
 Pulv. Jiltgrains xxx
 Fl. E. Stungdrachms ii
 Aqua adounces viii
 Sig.—z i every 2 hours until relieved. et C.C. Kisses (mother’s) ad lib

for pain.

Syr. Limmis, one wine glass P. R. W. for “Jolly.”

Time—However, in variable doses according to the idiosyncrasy of the patient, is the only general panacea for Nursitis.

Prognosis—One attack produces absolute immunity, at least, from the *author’s* observations. (Not G. B. K.).

The disease, though serious at the time, rarely has a fatal termination.

It is classified among the non-escapable diseases of infants and children, such as measles, etc.

Complications—Cardiac calcification; atrophy of the “tenderness” cords, from malnutrition. Occasionally there is great prostration with “idle tears.”

Synovitis may occur from bending of the knee. Bankruptcy, very rare.

N.B.—“House Doctors” are singularly immune to the disease. The Hospital environment and associations act as an oft-repeated antitoxin.

Patients are very susceptible, and with them the disease is sometimes very virulent.—*Apologies to the “London Gazette.”*

Science.

ONE of the greatest surprises of the hockey world happened last Thursday, when the '10 Electricals defeated the '10 Civils by the score of 5-4. The Civils had held sway ever since entering college, but in this game were sadly handicapped by the absence of their captain, Percy Johnston, who piloted them so successfully through the football season last fall. Of course the Electricals missed Streak Bertram, who was incapacitated by the previous evening's fussing, but that loss was more than made up for by the fact that Dutch Stanley refereed.

The game started out like a whirlwind and before the Civils were set-up properly their opponents had 3 goals to their credit. Very soon after they settled down Lovelight Neilson managed to slip past Judge Madden and score the first goal for the Civils. Incidentally we might mention that Judge Madden was most courteous in his treatment of the Civils, insisting nearly always on their sitting down for a time whenever they reached his domain. When the much-needed half-time bell rang the score was 4-2 for the Electricals.

The second half opened with some brilliant rushes by Alarm Clock Newlands *alias* Wire, and Maggie Ewart—the latter being quite accomplished in this gentle art. As the game drew to a close the simple harmonic motion of Lordhelpus Bell's knees knocking together caused much merriment among the host of spectators. The full time bell at last rang just in time to prevent a pugilistic encounter between Judge Madden and Lovelight Neilson, the latter being somewhat aggravated at persistent efforts on the part of the Judge to get near the Civils' goal. It would be an injustice not to mention that by far the fastest man on the ice was Fat Fletcher. The thanks of both teams is due to Baldy Goedike who tended the water (?) pail. The line-up of the teams:—

Civils:—Goal, Headlight Ellis; point, Alarm C. Newlands; cover, Pink-Tea Ewart; forwards, Lovelight Neilson, Lordhelpus Bell, Irish Stanley, Fat Fletcher.

Electricals:—Goal, Leseur Arthurs; point, Nigger Malloch; cover Suffragette Williams; forwards, Judge Madden, Gen. Booth Drewry, Rip. V. W. Ockley, Noisy Butler. Eliza Stanley, Referee.

An interesting and instructive lecture was delivered by Mr. Beaudette before the Engineering Society last Tuesday, on "Hydraulic Mining in the Yukon." Mr. Beaudette was a government engineer sent there at the time of the big rush in '98, and consequently had many interesting experiences to tell of. At the close of the lecture a number of samples were shown—nuggets and gold dust, one of the nuggets having the value of \$130.

It is not our intention to advertise "The Canadian Engineer" in this column, but we would advise civil engineering students especially to interview the representative of that paper in the final year where subscriptions may be had at practically half the regular price.

We are glad to see R. M. McKenzie, '10, around the halls again. "Mac" just missed four weeks college as a result of an injury sustained while playing point for Queen's I against Varsity in their game here.

Divinity.

THE "call" system of placing ministers in the Presbyterian Church is the subject of some consideration by the members of the graduating class these days. When a congregation "calls" a minister they are supposed to get the man they wish. But if they choose him alone according to his preaching ability they may find that he does not come up to expectations in other respects. Some men, too, are able to make a good impression on first appearance, but do not wear well. So that many churches before proceeding to call a minister appoint a committee to visit the present charge of the man in view, and report as to the general nature of his work. This, however, is not possible in the case of a student who must just hope to make the best of a first appearance, no matter how much he may feel like a biped on exhibition. Owing to the fewness of ministers at the present time to meet the existing vacancies, there is but little competition except for the larger charges, and as students we are not concerned about these. There are many fields in the West awaiting men who need but to offer their services to be accepted.

The Mission Study Class, under the supervision of a committee of the Q. U. M. A., and conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bates, has been well attended from the start. At its last meeting, Thursday 17th inst., owing to Mr. Bates' absence, a paper on "Buddhism in Japan," was read by Mr. Shimizu, a Japanese Buddhist, now a student at Queen's. There was an especially large attendance which necessitated the meeting of the class in Convocation Hall. Mr. Shimizu attempted a somewhat exhaustive treatment of the subject and hence was not able to finish when adjournment was found necessary.

A number of students from the Hall took advantage of the excursion to Toronto, on Friday last, to visit their families and friends in points west and in Toronto. Mr. C. C. Salisbury went on to Hamilton, where on the 20th inst., he was a candidate for a call in Calvin Presbyterian church.

Owing to the absence of Dr. Jordan in Toronto, Dr. Wallace took the B.D. class in Old Testament, Tuesday of last week.

Education.

THE frequent topic of conversation these days, especially among the graduates, is the alteration in the requirement for non-professional specialist standing. Since several of our number will be directly affected by the proposed changes, considerable interest is manifest,—although anything new in the curriculum seems always to attract the notice of a student, whether he be personally concerned in it or not. It appears that the aim of the authorities at the present time is to make it easier to become a specialist. One example from the old calendar is sufficient to show the need which existed for some action of this kind: after a student had completed his honor course in Science, another *full* year's work was necessary before he could qualify as a specialist.

The talk which Dr. Knight gave before the Y.M.C.A. last week, on "The Relation of Weak-mindedness to Poverty and Crime," was especially interesting to students in Education, because teachers must frequently be called upon to deal with this subject, in their treatment of certain kinds of backward pupils.

A letter has been received from Miss Minnie MacKay, B.A., of the Kemptville High School staff, a member of the class of '09, in Education. Miss MacKay says, "So far, my work is very interesting, and I thoroughly enjoy it."

We fear that even though spring is approaching, another consignment of alarm-clocks will have to be imported. It seems quite impossible to learn to connect with those early classes.

How Mark Hambourg Played To a Fellow who knows nothing of Music.

FIRST, as to the man, he has the striking personality of genius. His open and massive face, his genial smile, his broad, high forehead, bespeak superior qualities. It is his face that strikes me—not his general appearance.

In his first number he feels for his audience. It was a Toccata, very playful and pleasing. He ingratiates himself with his hearers by captivating them—they surrender to his ductile entreaty unconsciously, and then he proceeds to carry them away in a whirlwind of harmony, spell-bound and enraptured.

This brings us to the Sonata Appassionata by Beethoven. The music falls like rain drops on harp strings—something divine descending from the realms of blue and sunshine. But it is not for long—the trees and the birds and the flowers are silent and still in expectation of an Arphic call. The storm-king has heard it like a mocking challenge, and forth he rages to exert his power. Black clouds gather to the rolling of giant thunder drums, and a terrific flash of lightning shoots from the treble to the bass of the sky. Thor's hammer falls in crash on crash, and the whole earth trembles and vibrates in unison to the hammer-tones of divinity. Lo! before such power no foe dare show himself, and the mighty music rushes away in a deep, subdued roll, like the muffled anger of a tidal wave. But no—there is the note of a bell—a summons to another mighty power. Now, indeed, it is war such as the gods wage—the flash of mighty swords, the tramp of great war-horses, the noise of many chariots, the guttural shouts of strife and the strain of super-human energy. Soon a great blast of silver trumpets speaks out the victory, and the noisy din of battle ebbs away like the receding echoes of a storm. Out comes the sun, nymphs dance on its beams, and all nature smiles at the restored peace.

Nocturne reminds on of "Tears, Idle Tears." There is a depth to it one cannot fathom. It is like looking into the hidden gloom and vastness of the depths of the Rhine as the German story pictures the creation. There are great, gloomy, columns, that rise from abysmal foundations—long corridors, stately and grand, peopled with mournful ghost-like spirits, virtues that echo a sigh for the un-

attainable without ceasing. Chopin's music always exhibiting a dreary, mournful exhalation, lofty and sweet even in its sadness, was played with the realism of a master.

The keys sounded the plaintive cry of the waves—the sound of “water washing in the reeds and the wild waves lapping on the crags.” There were changes from sea-strength to rippling playfulness—an awakening of joy that one feels as a vision of sunlit waters bursts upon him.

Volskied was particularly pleasing. It expressed with a tender pathos the universal longing for the unknown—that curiosity akin to ambition, which always sees something yet to do, something still to be won. The Paraphrase on “Eugene Oneguine,” made one feel that he was listening to something great—not far off, but in which he felt an interest and of which he had understanding.

Mark Hambourg as a pianist is individualistic. He is altogether different from Paderewski, who impress some as a master of things most extremely difficult—as drawing harmony from his keys by the sweat of his brow, more than by skill or inspiration. Paderewski plays with power, Mark Hambourg plays with harmony. Jonas exhibits a stateliness and artistic finish peculiarly his own and characteristic of his race, which is wanting in Mark Hambourg. This man is simply a master of music. He plays wonderful compositions and they appeal to us, not as difficult classical pieces, but as soul inspiring strains. We listened to music in its beauty, not to something we tried to believe was music—and we were pleased.—*Student.*

Exchanges.

“WHAT IS A SLEEPER?”

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper, until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper by striking the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer a sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.—*The Student.*

Prof. :—“What is the rule of three?”

Student :—“That one should go home.”

In a recent copy of *The News Letter*, Johns Hopkins, appeared an article entitled, “Exams, As Seen By Others.” This subject is of peculiar interest to each of us, especially at this time of the year. No two of us will view this subject in quite the same light, so without further comment we will give it to you as it appeared in the *News Letter* :—

The usefulness of examinations has been discovered through many ages, and in many languages. Perhaps the most widely-differing views are those which claim, first, that examinations are an accurate test of knowledge, or, second, that

they reveal nothing whatever. Most of those who have taken many examinations have felt that, given a fair understanding of the subject, it is possible to absorb great quantities of knowledge immediately before the test, and reproduce it when required. Yet many feel that the information thus obtained evaporates in a few days, so much so indeed that very few would care to stand another examination on the same subject two weeks later. It is also known that the man who receives the highest mark on an examination paper may not be the member of the class who has best absorbed the subject. These ideas are so familiar that the necessity for examinations is often questioned. If knowledge may be acquired in a short time, to be mechanically reproduced, only to fade away again at once, wherein lies the advantage of the process? The answer has been perhaps best summed up in the idea that the value lies solely in the necessity of preparing for such a test. The trials of real life call into play the same qualities as those used in preparing for an examination. The general review of the subject brings with it perhaps a more systematic knowledge of its contents, but the lasting value grows out of the necessity of "rising to the occasion." To-day, however, the great majority of us are fidgeting in the midst of the reign of terror inspired by the presence of "Exams." It is now the time to obey orders, it is not to reason why.

Athletics.

HOCKEY.

THE LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.
Toronto	3	1
Queen's	3	2
McGill	3	2
Laval	0	5

A SEASON OF SURPRISES.

The present season has been one of surprises; and the climax has been reached at the present stage when the prospect of McGill, Queen's and Toronto hitting the tape together in the senior series race has become almost assured. The first game on local ice, when Queen's and Toronto clashed, did not indicate anything in regards to the merits of the two teams. Queen's defeat, however, led to the general assumption that McGill would win in Montreal. But just at this point the first big surprise of the season developed when the score of 9-4 for Queen's was hung out. The interest of the students in the league race went up again. It was considered a certainty that McGill would be disposed off on local ice. Then the next field for conquest would be Toronto—in their own rink. Here developed surprise number two. McGill won from Queen's in Kingston. Hope almost vanished; the task of defeating Toronto appeared almost too great to admit of much confidence as to the issue. But surprise number three came in due

order. Queen's won from Toronto by 14-13. May the season go on to its finish free from further surprises for Queen's—only a string of victories. To Bill Dobson, the optimist of the team, is attributed the remark, "Don't be down-hearted boys: Jonah was down in the mouth and he came out all right." This was the encouragement handed out after the St. Michael's game. Bill also predicted a victory in Toronto.

QUEEN'S 14; TORONTO 13.

By the remarkable score of 14-13 Queen's won from Toronto University team in Toronto, last Saturday evening, thus putting a nail in the Allan Cup that appeared shaking in its position. This victory means that if Toronto lose to McGill on the coming Friday, and Queen's win from Laval, a three-cornered tie will develop.

The game in Toronto was one of the fastest and closest ever played in an Intercollegiate series, and afforded unusual excitement for the spectators. At full time the score was 11-11. The struggle was prolonged by several five minute periods, Queen's finally getting the lead. Queen's team was the same, with one exception, as that which met Toronto here early in the season. Basil George and Trimble held down the defence positions. The forward line was kept intact. The game was won through the splendid checking-back of Queen's forwards. Every man appeared to realize that Toronto forwards should not be allowed to get started. So the white and blue attacking division found itself up against a position that was not of heavy ice calibre.

The half-time score was 8-8. In the second period Vic. Gilbert more than earned his position, stopping shots from every side. When the whistle ended the game saw each team with 11 goals to its credit. Excitement became intense. Five minute periods of over-time play were agreed to, and the game re-started. The first period saw one score for each team. In the second, Toronto tallied. Time flew along and Queen's were one count short. Minutes dwindled to seconds. With 55 of these small units remaining, Basil George found Toronto nets for the goal that evened up the score. Queen's got the deciding goal on a shot by Campbell in the next period. The work of the entire team was creditable in the extreme.

RUGBY.

Mr. W. F. Nickle, K.C., M.P.P., recently wrote the following to The Ottawa Journal, in regard to a modification of rules of rugby here and in United States:

"That my opportunity for the study of American football in actual play has been very little, but from what I have seen and read the underlying principle is the development of skill and muscle with the prime object of winning matches by a trained team, rather than the Canadian idea, the development of a game that will permit of its being adopted for general exercise, for a sport for young men.

Following this idea, the brainiest of their coaches have developed a series of strategic plays for advancing the ball without regard to consequences to players. If in fusion of the two games our idea had to be given up I would greatly prefer that things should go on as they have been. Of course, I speak to a very great

extent from the point of view of university clubs and those in smaller places, where the play of a team is simply a part of college or daily life, and not the main issue; a recreation, not a business. One must appreciate the great impetus that would be given to the game if fusion could be brought about, but if the spirit of winning at any cost, no matter what the tactics, might be developed, I would prefer the maintenance of present conditions.

"Interference ahead of the ball has never been tolerated in our game, and the rules have been carefully drawn to prevent any encroachment on this principle. The American game has been worked out on just opposite lines, with the result that mass plays, etc., etc., have become the rule rather than the exception, and to this many of the terrible accidents are due.

"From what I have said earlier in this letter, you will see that I would oppose anything that would tend to increase the chances of serious injury, and in this, I believe, I express the general views of the Canadian football enthusiasts; it follows, therefore, that offside interference is one of the things that the Americans would have to forego if fusion is to be brought about. On the other hand, the Canadian game is growing somewhat tame through the mere repetition of plays in the various series of downs. Occasionally a brilliant team working as a unit develops something new, but as a rule similarity exists throughout the game. Forward passing under definite restrictions would make the game more spectacular, would require courage and accuracy, and I should like to see it given a try.

"What we all desire, I think, is a game in which skill, courage and muscle may have an opportunity; where routine in playing may be relieved by brilliant and daring departure from the expected; a game, however, in which the ball will be in view both to the spectators and the player, a game that will be a sport in the true sense of the word, and not merely a game developed toward perfection for the winning of matches."

THE GYMNASIUM FUND.

Where the \$1,300 subscribed this year, to date, has come from.

From outsiders	\$160 25
'09 At Home and Conversat Com. A.M.S.	20 15
Members of the staff	200 00
Recent graduates	384 00
Students in attendance	435 60
Alma Mater Society	100 00
	\$1,300 00

The \$435 contributed by intra-mural students has been subscribed by about 200 students. What about the other 900? Don't wait to be canvassed personally.

De Nobis.

The following advertisement appeared recently in a Montreal paper:

IS HE SLOW PROPOSING? My Parrot sings: "Coax me, go on and coax me," also begs, "Give me kiss," and does it, besides many other things; he is a real matchmaker. My daughters are all married now, will sell him.—Apply to ———, Montreal.

AN ACADEMIC FUNERAL.

A student whose zeal not a one will condemn,
 After some years in Science received his E.M.
 Then to chasten his soul this engineer gay
 Spent four years in Arts and was dubbed a B.A.
 Saved like his soul, his clay mansion must be;
 He juggled with bones and became an M.D.
 "By such training," you say, "a man would be damned."
 Perhaps true; but our savant at least was E.M., B.A., M.D.

University Monthly.

JUST BLUE—THAT'S ALL.

I have no friends,
 And when I walk along the street
 No friendly nods or looks
 My glances meet. I'm tired
 Of life.
 I hate my very self.
 I live in strife.
 With love.—Love?
 Ah, when
 Shall I welcome love
 Again?
 I hate the very town,
 The street,
 The house in which I live.
 And I repeat,
 I have no friends.
 True, I have my work,
 But even that, I think

I'll shirk.
 What use is study—
 Or anything?
 I think I'll slope,
 And, in the spring,
 Take spiteful pride in losing
 Classes.
 I don't care to talk
 To anybody, and,
 If I walk,
 I take a road that leads
 To no where.
 Now go away, I say,
 I can't talk to you;
 For can't you see
 I'm blue?

*The Blue Room, Science Hall,
 Jan. 31st, 1910.*

It has been reported that M. A. McK-ch-ie got up at 6 o'clock last Thursday morning.

Gymnasium Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,287.45. \$10, Helen Mackintosh; \$5, J. E. Caughey. Total, \$1,302.45. The financial year ends on March 5th. *Don't forget your subscription.*