



Calendar for the Week.

Wednesday, March 8th—4 p.m.—Levana Society. Social meeting with graduating class.

Friday, March 10th—4 p.m.—Y.W.C.A.


5 p.m.—Y.M.C.A.

8 p.m.—Final Year Science Dance in the Gym.

Saturday, March 11th—10.30 a.m.—Q.U.M.A. annual meeting.

7.30—A.M.S. Annual reports from the Athletic, Music and Drama, and Debate Committees.

If you are thinking of taking a last night off soon,—Don't. Wait for the Sheffield Choir, the greatest choral organization in the world, in Grant Hall, April 1st. This will be the most notable musical event in Kingston's history.





Our Eternal Question.



VOL. XXXVIII.

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No. 19.

Nationalism.

A Summary of the Address Given Before the Y.M.C.A. by Prof. Morison.

I shall not endeavor to take an impartial view of the question but content myself with stating the case as it presents itself to a British Liberal who holds to the Gladstonian tradition.

It is not easy to define in a sentence what constitutes a nation. It may be racial purity, or a continuous habitation of one country and subjection to the same external influences, or historic forces such as conquest, or the operation through centuries of the rule of a strong dynasty. Or again as natural or physical forces create a national unit, literature and the influence of commanding personalities or of great events, themselves the offspring of the movement, become essential elements in the further development of nationality. A nation is the most complex political and social unit which yet remains psychologically a unit. But as Lord Acton has pointed out in a pregnant essay, when we turn to government as a factor in nationality difficulties arise. On the one hand a true nation is obviously always one that has achieved some form of government appropriate to itself; on the other hand it is possible that the instinctive, impulsive, natural elements of nationality may find themselves in opposition to some higher conscious element of national unity, the state, which potentially includes within it all that the other elements stand for, and, in addition, "an authority governing by laws, imposing obligations and giving a moral sanction and character to the natural relations of society."

For historical reasons European movements towards nationality have exhibited features mainly impulsive and natural. For dynasties, not peoples, controlled Europe before the Revolution, and it was not until Napoleon, last of the older despots, but also first of modern political forces, struck Europe like a whirlwind, and ruined the ancient dynastic edifices, that nationalism appeared. Then, in spite of Austrian conservatism and the union of despotic Europe, the forces of nationalism became supreme; and Greece, Belgium, Italy and Germany, emerged as nations. Nor has the movement yet ceased. It operates still, but now in excess, in Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism; and the Armed Peace is, in a sense, the natural outcome of nationality reduced ad absurdum.

But Britain, almost the first of powers to reach the natural phase of nationality, found herself pushed on by circumstances into higher realms of nationality. By reckless adventure, honest conscientious colonization, and

deeds half heroic and half criminal, she became an Empire, and to make the fabric real, the Empire forced on her a higher state-unity. I mean, not simply the unwritten government known as the British Constitution, but the freedom for the individual, the tolerance in religion, the education in self-government and the instinct for justice which constitute the British State, the tersest phrase at our disposal for the Empire in its moral and conscious aspect. For Britain, nationality, or, as I prefer to call it, nationalism is a word of doubtful meaning—true or false according to the limits set to it.

Three obvious cases of nationalism within the Empire present themselves. As a minor instance there is French Canada. A nation, equal with Britain in genius and spirit, played the game and lost; bequeathing to the victors, in her loss, a section of her subjects, which bore within it all the elements of the more natural form of nationality. There are those who think Britain unfortunate in her concessions; but apart from the obvious policy of generosity in an indisputable winner towards the vanquished, the French-Canadians had such claims as the real elements of nationality must always carry with them, and as the French-Canadian element expands, so also, and in exact proportion, must these privileges expand. But there is a limit to such nationalism. For Quebec is part of the British State; its hopes of independence are, by every rule of the political game, preposterous; and, in politics, to struggle with the inevitable is not merely political folly—it is high treason against progress.

There is the nationalism of Ireland. A nation, with claims to nationality by her insular position, her racial and temperamental peculiarities and accidents of history, has had her nationality rendered pathologically extreme through mishaps, errors, and ignorance. It was natural that Irish nationalism should enter imperial politics, with its claims—natural also that these claims should receive satisfaction to the point of home rule. But the cry for separation marks the entrance of excess; and Britain, who has redeemed the past with imperial generosity, must plead the higher considerations of state when she refuses to separate what nature and policy have determined to bind together.

Lastly there is the imminent question of Canadian nationalism. And let me say, parenthetically, that whether reciprocity be right or wrong economically, it is absurd to talk of commercial relations as though they involved an element of nationality. Commerce will neither make Canada more independent than before, nor join her to the state with which she trades. Commerce may assist, as it did in Germany, to complete what the real national forces were slowly achieving; it can never make, of itself, a new national union.

To the Gladstonian Liberal, the British Empire is based on local autonomy, and Canada is the perfect example of such local independence. Step by step, she has claimed as her rights the powers that are reserved for independent nations; and were the British State only one of the "natural" units, her connection with Canada would already have become more than doubtful.

But Britain is a State, in the sense in which Acton used the word; and therein lies the limit of Canadian independence. Even in the world of instinct and impulse, there is an indissoluble bond; for the very home-sickness of the immigrant, in which he summarizes, and idealizes his debt to the land he left, and which is an inheritance to the third and fourth generations, is a political force, ten times more valid than any tariff federation. Even in material matters there is another bond, for Canada, independent, has not the prestige of Canada, already no "daughter in her mother's house," but one of a family where all are of the same generation. And if it be argued that this prestige may be attained equally well through "annexation," the answer must be that Canada, one of a group of confederates, in the greatest state in the world, is surely happier in her ambitions, than a dislocated Canada, entering, piecemeal, into the American Union.

But the conclusive reason for some limit to an absolute independence, lies in the future. In the coming world-state, whose constitution neither jingo nor little-Englander can guess at, the final reason for its existence will be its importance in international morality. A commonwealth of sister-states, all of them holding to British justice, and British honour, each of them removed even from the possibility of strife with all the rest, suggests a nearer approach to the new Jerusalem, than gates of jewels and streets of gold. And the state which cherishes a lower taste for separate parochial existence, is not merely thwarting her own greatness, but stultifying the petition which Canadians still include in their prayer that "God's will may be done, on earth as it is in heaven."

IDYLLIC.

There are meters of accent
 And meters of tone
 But the best of all meters
 Is to meter alone.

Later Edition.

There's a metre iambic and a metre trochaic,
 And a metre that's tender in tone,
 But the metre that's neater, and sweeter, completer
 Is to meet her by moonlight alone.—McMaster Monthly.

disease, it is stated, is not hereditary, and is only slightly contagious. It is contracted mainly by breathing into the lungs the bacilli which have been shown to be its cause. The facts are emphasized that a condition of good health will prevent this bacillus from getting a foothold, that the bacilli are found in the sputum of tuberculosis patients, and are carried in droplets of a cough. The sputum or droplets find a lodging place in a room shut out from sunlight and dry air and finally float in the air as minute particles carrying death or illness to those who inhale them. As the first leaflet ends with the important fact of prevention, the second ends with the gospel of sunlight and fresh air and pure food, three of the great natural agencies against tuberculosis.

The campaign of the local association should enlist the sympathy and support of every person. It is made in the public interest, against public ignorance and is therefore a matter for the people. The facts that tuberculosis can be prevented, that sunlight kills the germ to which it is due, that good health sets the efforts of the germ at naught should be set up on enduring tablets that he who runs may read.

The Art of Living.

To touch the cup with eager lips and taste
 Not drain it;
 To woo and tempt, and court a bliss and
 Not attain it;
 To fondle and caress a joy, yet hold
 It lightly,
 Lest it become necessity and cling
 Too tightly;
 To smother care with joy, and grief
 With laughter;
 To hold the present close, not questioning the
 Hereafter;
 To see the sun in the west without
 Regretting;
 To hail his advent in the east, the night
 Forgetting;
 To have enough to spare, to know the joy
 Of giving;
 To thrill response to every sweet of life—
 That's living.

Ladies.

AS spring days approach the 'call of the West' grows stronger and stronger, and among the girls the constant query is:—"Have you a school yet?" In more ways than one the West is a good place in which to spend the summer, but do not forget that there is something better than the mere chance to travel, to earn a little money, to "have a good time." We are very fond of talking glibly of the "problem of the day"; do we realize that each one of us going West, comes into close contact with one of the hugest of Canada's problems, and does not merely come into contact with it, but has an opportunity to play at least a small part in solving it? The position of a teacher is a responsible one anywhere, but trebly so in a Western country district; the Queen's girl there is watched and criticized by every soul in the district, and may—or may not—be a lasting influence for better things; it depends solely on herself to use or to misuse or to utterly neglect the opportunities given her. At least, every girl going out, and especially those going for the first time, should make it a point to get all possible information as to Western conditions, and be prepared to play her part, inconspicuous though it may seem, in the solving of the Western problem. It is to be hoped it will be possible to make some definite organization among the girls going out this summer. At any rate, all the girls are urged to attend a meeting of the Q.U.M.A. to take place some Saturday morning very soon for the purpose of holding a conference on the opportunities of the Queen's students in the West. Watch for the notice.—W. G.

Prof. Kn—t:—"Class, alcohol and smoking shortens the life of a man—and, ahem! shortens the life of man."

There was a young lady named Breeze,
Who took many B.A.'s. and M.D.'s.
Collapsed with the strain,
Said the Dr. 'tis plain,
You're killing yourself by degrees.

A very interesting address was given by Professor McDonald at the Y.W.C.A. meeting on Friday. Although many of us will not quite agree with the speaker there was much food for thought in what we heard. In fact the girls are busily discussing many of the problems mentioned. As for those points on which we do not agree, as our president remarked, "Prof. McDonald is just a mere man and would not understand the working of our Y. W." The Professor suggested that a new field for the Y. W. would be to calm the feverish atmosphere around Queen's and help reduce not only the expenses but the amount of energy our college affairs demand. Our Y.W.C.A. sale is responsible for a certain dissipation of energy among the girls. Would it not be wise to find a less strenuous way of making money even

though the men would experience a serious lack of calendars, banners and cushions? The dances this year have cost over \$3,000 and the amount of time arranging for them, attending them and recuperating after them cannot be estimated. In college life we are apt to get a wrong perspective. Of the three phases of college life, the economic, the social and the educational, many are giving the second first place. Our primary object here is to acquire knowledge, half knowledge is worse than useless. The country is looking to her university graduates to be the centre of influence, expecting us to leave the university fitted and prepared to serve the church and state. To be prepared requires time and thought. The time spent in the social life might be more wisely invested in wider reading, deeper thinking and a more careful preparation for our life beyond Queen's. It is our Christian duty to be students.

Overheard at '13 dance:

He:—"You like the register?"

She (vainly endeavoring to extricate her heel):—"Yes we are almost inseparable."

AT the very outset of a recent widely-read editorial "The Varsity" quoted a few lines from one of our Arts columns, written shortly after Queen's debaters returned from Toronto. The lines were manipulated to read as follows:—"Although the decision of the judges was against us, it was not a defeat, but rather a victory for the spirit of Queen's." Reference to the Journal shows the article to read:—"The decision of the judges is not everything. The good fight our men put up in the face of well nigh insurmountable difficulties is really a victory for good sportsmanship and for the spirit of Queen's." In the dearth of provocation for such a spirited attack on Queen's "The Varsity," out of its abundance, has evidently sought to read into our lines a spirit which "The Journal" or any other institution at Queen's has no desire to foster. We would respectfully draw the attention of "The Varsity" to the misquotation.



The proceedings at the Arts Society meeting, on Tuesday last, were enlivened by a good programme furnished by the year '14. A unique feature of the programme was a bag-pipe skirl by Mr. MacKillop. At the next meeting of the Society the year '11 is to be called on to furnish entertainment.

Memorial schemes seem to be the order of the day. At the last meeting of the final year the hour was mainly given up to the discussion of this topic. In the end the matter was referred back to the committee in order that a more definite report might be brought in at a special meeting of the

year to be held in the near future. One of the most likely schemes is the proposal to raise funds for the furnishing of one of the rooms in the proposed students' union building. The numerals of the year and other distinctive designs which it has used in college could be used in the furnishings and decorations of the room so that the memorial would combine great practical value with all the other features desired. An important point in favor of the plan is that the year '12 also favors it.



The National Anthem of the Canadian Mining Institute.

SURE every morn at seven o'clock,
 There are twenty tarriers on the rock;
 All hard at work on the right of way
 On Section B of the big railway.
 Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.

Chorus—

Drill, ye tarriers, drill,
 For we work all day, without sugar in our tay
 While we work beyant on the big railway
 Then drill, ye tarriers, drill,
 And shtrike and shtrike and turn the drill,
 And drill, ye tarriers, drill.

English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch,
 French and Germans, Swedes and Dutch,
 Poles, Italians, Greeks, begob;
 Every country's on the job.
 Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.

We go to work in gangs of three
 Red-haired Mike and Bill and me;
 There's no mistake, we're husky lads
 That swing the sleds and hold the gads.
 Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.

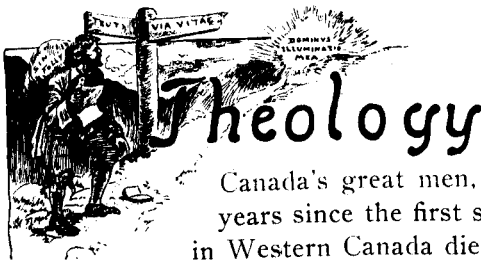
When the boss comes along, says Bill to Mike:
 Put all your power on the drill when you shtrike.
 Mike winks at me, I wink at Bill,
 While we gently shtrike and turn the drill.
 Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.

But when the foreman comes in sight
 We shtrike and shtrike with all our might.
 You can't fool him, because he knows
 The kind of shwing and shtrike that goes.
 Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.

The cook is a fine man all around,
 And his wife is a great big fat fardown.
 She bakes good bread, and she bakes it well;
 She bakes it harder than the hobs of Hell.
 Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.

The foreman's name is Dan McCann,
 And I tell you what, he's a damned mean man.
 One day a premature blast went off,
 And a mile in the air went big Jim Gough.
 Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.

Next month when pay-day came around,
 A dollar short in his pay he found.
 What for, says Jim; came Dan's reply:
 You were docked for the time you were up in the sky.
 Then drill, ye tarriers, drill.



Theology

AT the regular meeting of the Queen's Theological Society, on March 3rd, Prof. Robert Laird gave an address, entitled, "A Great Pioneer." It was a sketch of one of Canada's great men, Dr. James Robertson. It is now nine years since the first superintendent of Presbyterian missions in Western Canada died, and very few of the students now in the Hall knew him personally. Prof. Laird described him as a master among men—one who bound others to him by the strength of his personality; a man of real power, for he had achieved complete self-forgetfulness, in his devotion to his work. The story of his life eloquently testifies the complete sacrifice which he made in the interests of his church and country.

A brief, but clear, and interesting outline of the life of this great man was presented to the Society by Prof. Laird. The childhood days in Scot-

land, the boyhood spent among the pioneer conditions of Western Ontario, the struggle for an education, and finally the achievement of a university course, and theological training, were pictured in such a way as to make us understand something of the development of his personality.

In 1874 Dr. Robertson became minister of Knox Church, Winnipeg, at that time one of the three self-sustaining congregations of Western Canada. In 1881, in the Convocation Hall of Queen's, he was appointed Home Mission Superintendent of the West. Because of his thorough acquaintance with the country, and his strong executive ability, he was recognized as the only man fit for the work.

The broad lines of his missionary policy were summed up under four main headings: (1) The settlers in the West must be sought out, and gathered into missions and congregations by the church. Formerly, this had never been attempted.

(2) The cause of religion must be given permanence and visibility. To this end, he launched the Church and Manse Building Fund, which has given wonderful assistance in the extension of the church in the West. (3) The church as a whole should know the facts of the West, and should be awakened to her responsibility. By his strong personal appeals Dr. Robertson did much to make known to the East the possibilities of the West. (4) The quest for men for the missionary work of the West. To Canadian, American, and even British universities he went in search of men of the right stamp to fill his Western fields.

By his strong and sympathetic personality he bound men to him with lasting affection. The results of Robertson's devoted labours are becoming apparent to-day in the wonderful development of the church in the West. The great work to which he so unselfishly devoted his life—still calls for men to follow in his footsteps. The call will not go unheeded.



Medicine

THE city of Ottawa, during the past five weeks, has suffered a serious epidemic of typhoid fever. The matter has been the subject of consideration by municipal governing bodies. Provincial health officers have investigated the causes: charges of negligence have been made against aldermen: screaming, urgent editorials have been published with numerous demands in connection with the matter. The subject of water pollution has finally been made the theme of a poem, which will not be without interest to medical students:

WATER.

Out on the Gatineau Hills
 The waters are dripping and running
 Pure and sweet in the sun;
 And here in the crowded city,
 The huge, indifferent city,
 Of water that's pure, we have none.

Out in the far Laurentians,
 Like bucklers of God, in the sunlight,
 His lakes are mirrored and still;
 Made for His creatures' blessing,
 Pure, liquid, magical springs of His mercy
 And ever beneficent will.

And here in the herded city
 The children are pining and dying,
 Mothers reft of their babies,
 Fevered and moaning for drink;
 Poisoned and murdered because of the fetid
 Water you've given them,
 Scourings of sewer and cesspool, and garbage, offal and sink.

O, the shame and ruth of it all,
 With your splendor of buildings and drives,
 And never a cup of water that's pure
 To save the children's lives.
 O, the crime of acres of buildings,
 And the gaud of the great white way;
 While the health and strength of the people therein,
 Are withering day by day.

Water, magical water!
 Essence of sun and dew,
 God's glad gift from heaven to man
 Distilled his cloud-lakes through;
 Stored for years in His Mountain meres
 Sweet and limpid and pure;
 Yet, ye'd drink the dregs of a city sink
 And hope to achieve and endure.

Wilfred Campbell, in-Ottawa Journal.



Education.

THE meeting of the Faculty, last Thursday, was indeed unique: business was conspicuous for its absence, but deficiency in that respect was amply made up for by a most interesting and illuminating address by Prof. Morison on "Scottish Life and Manners in the 18th Century."

Scottish character, he began, has manifested itself in history in ways quite remarkable—always definite, always clear-cut: we are struck with the extraordinary social equality—no sectarianism, no sharp class distinctions, no caste system. We are struck with the remarkably harmonious blending of town and country: both go hand in hand but the country rules. We are struck with the total absence of convention: a people close to nature: human nature with all its vices and virtues, with its rudeness, roughness and uncouthness, is free and unrestrained.

The union with England in 1707 brought certain mollifying influences: the rude, rough, barbarous element is gradually eliminated, but the strong undercurrent of Scottish character remained, and came into greater relief.

To the south lived the borderers: a rude, primitive people. Whiskey and border warfare were the glory of their life! A little story will illustrate: a young student preacher is holding prayer at the house of a borderer; during prayer the hoof beats of horses are heard outside; up jumps the old borderer and with, "By God! here's the casks!" rushes out, followed by all the rest, to do justice to the whiskey and let devotions care for themselves.

Central Scotland, in and around Edinburgh, presented nothing pleasing: a land of dirt and uncouth habits!

The Highlands, however, prove more fascinating. Superstitious the borderers might be, but the old Highlander was far more; he had a faith as old as the hills and the streams; each with its own divinity. His whole literature is steeped in this idea of a spirit world. Passionate devotion to his chief and unfailing loyalty were ever his virtues: and it has been these qualities which have at all times brought fame to the Highlanders and glory to England.

Let us now glance at Scottish civilization in Edinburgh at the end of the 18th century: Edinburgh itself, a rocky, wind-swept city—narrow, winding streets, obscure and filthy: here society was jumbled up indiscriminately with no regard in the least for any sanitary laws. In the cellars the poor—in the garrets the poor—all in between a sort of gradation from rich to well-to-do. But many things gave this same Edinburgh distinction at that time. 'Twas a nucleus for men of learning and brilliant intellect: 'twas a centre of wealth as well as squalor: old border feuds were healing and the borderers were flocking to this centre. The English, isolated from the continent through the French Revolution felt instinctively drawn to Scotland.

How about the social life in Edinburgh at the close of the 18th century? It was conventional—a mere veneer of stiffness for culture though underneath it all there still boiled and bubbled the true genuine primeval Scottish

character. Girls entered the social world with a prim decorum and stately independence. The men were less stiff: toasts and debauches dominated their social life: and it was into this unedifying social world Burns was swept, where

"Thoughtless follies laid him low
And stained his name."

Yes, sordid the life was but there were solid, potent elements which inevitably made for good. There was a wealth of intellect. The barristers with all their diverse interests, with all their indolence, with their brutality and blasphemy, were often men of extraordinary brilliancy and strong personality. To them we owe the founding of the Edinburgh Review. This same Edinburgh produced its Blair, its Hume and its Robertson.

But the whole trend of this century had been in a way, a getting away from nature: Scottish life and literature was becoming stiff, conventional, Anglified. Burns came with his simple rustic songs calling men back to nature and away from the conventional. Last and greatest of all came its Walter Scott, who above all these focussed the eyes of the whole world upon Scotland: he was a man of broad intellect, broad sympathies—eminent as a writer and portrayer of Scottish life, but pre-eminent as a man and as a Christian gentleman.



THE second concert of the Choral Society was held last Friday evening, in Grant Hall, and was a decided success in every respect but that of attendance. The concert truly merited a packed house, rather

than the slim audience that greeted the performers. There is really no excuse to be offered by the majority of students for not being present. The question of time is not an important one, for most students quite easily find time to attend things aside from their work provided it interests and attracts them. We feel that a great many students do not realize how much they are missing when they fail to attend such a musical treat as we had last Friday. If we could once get the people to realize that there is as much pleasure to be derived from a good musical concert as from almost any of the "shows" that come to Kingston, the hall would always be crowded for the concerts.

The music rendered by the Choral Society, last Friday, demonstrated the fact that the undergraduate is capable of rendering something more artistic than yells and such classics as "Ninety-nine Beer-bottles," etc. The University contains much good musical talent, and there is no reason why the Choral Society's annual concert should not become a feature in the musical life, not only of the university, but of the city.

But aside from the mere triumph of a successful concert a University Choral Society has a feature which is unique. It is the diffusion of a higher musical taste throughout the country. Each year graduates who have be-

longed to the Society will be scattered over the country from east to west. They will carry with them that high appreciation of choral music such as can be obtained only by participating under a leader of ability. These men and women are destined by their training to occupy a high place in the community. The extent of their influence on the musical standards of the country as a whole cannot be estimated. It is surely not too much to say that the main results of the Choral Society's work are to be expected in the future, and those results will be of no trifling character. For this broad purpose alone the Choral Society deserves as much of the time of its members as they can spare, and the generous support of the student body. The work is worth while.

But to revert to the concert. All the vocal music was of a high order, but especially noteworthy were the selections rendered by the Choral Society, the climax being reached in their last numbers "O Hush Thee My Baby" and "Excelsior," which were splendid, and were well received by the audience.

Mr. Arthur Craig sang a couple of selections in splendid style, while Mr. A. W. Beecroft's voice showed up to advantage in his solo parts in "The Longshoreman."

We are indebted to Miss Christine Cochrane who very kindly consented to assist. Her selections were well received and the second time she was recalled for an encore. She certainly excelled herself, and we will look forward with great pleasure to hearing her again.

Mr. Sinclair Hamilton gave several readings in his usual style.

Coming—The Sheffield Choir.

Undoubtedly the most notable musical event of the year is still to come, for the Music and Drama Committee has secured the Sheffield Choir, of England, for a concert in Grant Hall, on April 1st. This is an extraordinary treat for Kingston. It is only possible because the object of the Choir on their present tour is not box-office receipts but to promote "musical reciprocity" within the British Empire. The Choir is acknowledged everywhere to be the best trained body of singers in the world. As a choir they have no peer, and no one who wishes to know to what heights of perfection choral music may attain will miss this concert. Excursions will be run to the city from all the neighboring towns. Ask at the Post Office for a copy of the programme and a photo of the Choir.

Matriculation Scholarship.

Still another scholarship has been presented to the University. It is to be known as "The E. F. Wiser Scholarship for Grenville Co." and is to be awarded to the candidate from the schools of Grenville County making the highest marks on the July Departmental Honour Matriculation examination. It is of the annual value of \$100 and to this the University adds free tuition in Arts. Mr. E. F. Wiser, of Prescott, is the one who has thus shown his interest in Queen's.

Exchanges.

“YOUNG Mr. Platitude did not go to college a gentleman; but neither did he return one; he went to college an ass, and returned a prig.” These words begin an excellent article on “The Value of a College Education” in the last number of the *Acta Victoriana*. There is nothing particularly new in the article but several things which are well worth repeating—lest we forget. The writer points out that the value one gets from a college education depends upon three things:—

First,—The master-passion of the student, the dominating motive with which he lives his college life. It may be simply a desire for bread and butter, fine clothes, a station in life, or to shine above others. On the other hand it ought to be the search for truth and knowledge for their own sakes.

Second,—The student's conception of what education is. Education is not the mere gaining of facts, nor the qualifying for a degree. It is the development of mind and heart, or the development of all the powers and capacities which we possess. It is the training of the faculties, the sharpening of the mental powers, and the enriching of the spirit. We leave college anxious to become humble searchers after truth, and “mentally equipped for exploring that world of knowledge opened to our vision, and whose horizon ever stretched beyond our grasp.”

Third,—Its continuation. Education, according to Plato, is a life-long process. In college we have only touched upon the fringe of knowledge, and a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Moreover, the very value of our equipment depends upon our use of it, for if we do not use it we cannot retain it. In the world of literature, for instance, we but get a glimpse of its beauties here. The same is true of each branch of knowledge. Having seen this world, been born into it, how can we possess its riches unless we go on exploring it for ourselves?

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell,
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,
 But vaster.

Lung power is not eloquence. Behold the donkey.—Ex.

“Say, ‘lad,’ have you heard my last song?”
 Constable—“I hope so.”—The Dial.

Fresh.:—“I see that the exiled King of Portugal has become a great student.”

Soph.:—“Yes, now that he can't reign, he pores.”—McGil. Martlet.

Athletics.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS AT MCGILL.

QUEEN'S TAKES EVERY EVENT.

“**V**ENI, Vidi, Vici.” Such might well have been the chant in solo and chorus of the Queen's boxers, fencers and wrestlers as they left the McGill Union, Saturday night. The fact that nearly every man had been pushed to the limit to win but added to our joy, while no bitterness was mingled with it by reason of ill-feeling among the losers. The McGill team fought like men, and lost like men, and were the first to offer their services if our fellows were a little used up after their bouts. The Varsity team was conspicuous by its absence. We had hoped to be able to prove the quality of our men to Varsity even under competent and impartial officials. Varsity, however, was not disposed to give us the chance.

A Well-trained Team.

Never has a better trained team left Queen's. Indeed no Queen's team has ever exercised so much self control and abstinence. The men had been practically starving themselves for two days. When we sat down to a delightful dinner at the hotel, we were all arranged in a small room quite en famille around one table. Then while Harry Wallace and the sporting scribe regaled themselves with various gastronomic delights, the others sat still feasting in imagination on a dinner still three meals removed. It was a hard test, and one which most teams would not like to bear.

Every Man Over Weight!

About ten in the evening the boys repaired to a room down stairs to find their weights. Their consternation may be well imagined when it was found that every man was from two to four pounds too heavy. It was all very well to blame the scales, but we had an uneasy feeling that they might be right. Then every man put on four or five sweaters and under Mr. Bews' able direction set to work to take off those extra pounds. The room was small and hot, and presently looked like the steaming room in a Turkish bath establishment. The fencers got busy in one corner, the wrestlers tugged and pulled, while the boxers made punching bags of one another. The boys finished with a gym. class, and went to bed.

After another breakfast off a tooth pick (the glass of water was debarred), we headed for the official scales in the McGill gymnasium. Then there was as much delight as there had been fear the night before, for every man was safely under weight. After a rest in the morning they weighed in officially at one, and then went back to the hotel for a Gargantuan feed. They were all agreed that it was well worth while fasting to have such an appetite for dinner.

Carmichael Best Fencer.

The bouts started at eight in the McGill Union. A platform had been erected in the middle of the hall, so that all might see the contestants. The lighting was first-class, and in fact we felt that no man could have a chance to object to anything. Jack Carmichael met Dalton in the preliminaries in fencing. It was McGill's first and last win, for though Dalton was returned victor by five points to two, he met Archie Carmichael later in the evening. Archie had beaten Smith of McGill by five straight points, and was in rare fettle. Dalton and he had a first-class bout, and for a few minutes our hearts were certainly out of the cardiac region for fear that Dalton would get in another poke before Archie did. Archie, however, came back strong, and won by five points to four.

Improved Boxing. Two Hard Bouts.

The boxing events were a great improvement on last year. Our men were better, while the McGill men, too, showed better form. Two of them, the feather and heavyweights were so close that no Queen's man would have objected if another round had been demanded. The light, middle and welterweights were ours by a good margin.

In the featherweights Hazy was up against a man larger, older and with more experience. Gougeon of McGill fought here last year in the light-weight class, but this year trained down. Neither was strong enough to give the other the quietus, but each had a good stiff punch for all that. Gougeon made the mistake of leading altogether for Hazy's face. Hazy's weak point is his body defence, so that he was rather lucky.

The officials gave an extra round and then decided in Hazy's favor because of his greater ability in hitting and getting out of the way of the return. Both boys put up a splendid exhibition.

Dewar's Good Work.

Dewar is perhaps our most skilful boxer, so that he gave his man a merry time. Smith, the McGill man, had lots of nerve, and took his punishment well, but Dewar saved him in the last round when he could have knocked him out had he wished. Dewar's boxing delighted the spectators.

Anderson's man proved a little inexperienced. Anderson, too, believed in the quality of mercy, for he abstained from following up advantages which might have put his man into the ropes. He had the reach, and knew far more about the game than his opponent.

A big husky fellow came against Moxley with dire purpose in his gaze, but he lacked Moxley's skill and condition. The first round was fairly even, but in the second Mox. found his opponent's weak point, and brought him to the floor for a count of six with a left to the jaw. In the third round Mox. floored him again, and when he put him into the ropes the officials gave Queen's the bout.

Heavies' Slugging Match.

The heavies put on a burlesque. Ed. Elliott stepped into the ring amid a storm of applause, and was followed by Donelly, a strongly built fellow with a cheerful countenance, but shorter reach. Donelly rushed at Ed. like a bull, but was met by a stiff counter. Then ensued a slugging match interspersed with clinches. As the gong sounded at the end of the round they were just breaking from a clinch, and each imprinted a chaste salute upon the other's cheek. The spectators enjoyed it immensely. In the second round Ed. began well, but started ducking so that his man got in some heavy uppercuts. In the final round Ed's superior reach and condition told, and though his fan was still going well, his mouth was open, and another round would probably have finished him. Ed. has the makings of a first class boxer, and should keep at the game.

Good Wrestling.

The wrestling was all fairly close. Garvock and Audette, the feathers, gave as pretty an exhibition as a man could want to see. Bill was the aggressor throughout, but Audette played a wonderful defensive game. Two or three times Bill seemed sure of his fall, when Audette would bridge, and spin himself free. Garvock finally got a fall, and was given the decision at the end of the third round.

Alyea did not get a fall, but was given the decision as the aggressor in the first and second rounds. Twice he almost had a fall, but his man was off the mat. The third round was even, but Alyea deserved his win from the first two.

Duncan Foster went into his man very hard: in the first minute or so he threw him to the mat with a flying mare that must have shaken him up a good deal. Best was very game, though, and kept his shoulders off the mat until the second round. Foster got his one fall from a body hold.

John Angus Takes Two to Finish Up.

John Angus MacDonald wrestled both middle and heavyweights. We have come to believe around here that Frank Gotch or Dr. Roller would have a merry time in throwing John. MacBeath threw him once, but it was a fluke throw when John was waiting to take hold after getting off the mat.

Smith, of McGill, wrestled last year at somewhere around 175, but this year got into the 158 pound class. John threw him twice in the first six minutes. Smith is a first-class wrestler, and has improved since last year.

MacBeath looked very big with his twenty-five or thirty pounds advantage. He lacked experience, however, and once John got his half Nelson on him, he had to go. MacBeath came back with his fall, but John got him again before the end of the first round. Of all our wrestlers John had the hardest task to make his weight. He is a large man to go on little food, but for about three weeks he had only a single raw egg. Verily are the paths of the boxers and wrestlers hard.

McGill Men True Sports.

The officials were most satisfactory. Dr. Jack gave his decision promptly in boxing, and no man would have dared dispute it. Mr. Egan in wrestling and Signor Chairmonte in fencing were equally satisfactory. The McGill men were most kind and courteous to us in every way. We could hope for no better treatment anywhere.

The light diet played havoc with the minds of our men. Dunc. Dewar was talking lightly in Latin about 'fugiting tempus' while Alyea babbled like a brook of Egyptian hieroglyphs. We are assured, however, that all the men have again become their natural selves.

It is a pity that we cannot call this an Intercollegiate championship in the proper sense of the word. Varsity's absence, of course, makes that impossible. Still there is another year coming. The victory should give a great stimulus to the sport in Queen's, and a race of great boxers, fencers and wrestlers should ensue. They are indeed manly sports, and well worth cultivating.

Athletic Committee's Report.

The second Saturday in March is one of the most important dates in the Alma Mater Society's year. On that date the annual reports of the Debate, Music and Drama, and Athletic Committees are presented and the committees for the following year are elected. The report of the Athletic Committee alone would make the meeting important, for this committee handles several thousand dollars each year, controls property valued at more than eighty thousand dollars, and governs every athletic sport at the University. There is also a special report from a sub-committee in regard to a policy for athletics in the future. Every student should be present next Saturday night.

De Nobis.

E. W. Boak's favorite swear word: O! Rats.

Amers Bertram's brain food—CELERY. (The market is cornered).

Scene—Pink Tea.

Mrs. M—"I once had a man propose to me on an ice-boat."

Queen's Student (sewing):—"That's going some!!"

An optimist is a man that can make lemonade out of the lemons handed to him.

Prof. McG—, translating Faust:—"The last drunk which I prepared, and which I now choose, may it be pledged to the morning!!!"

When Cupid hits his mark he usually Mrs. it.—Ex.

T. J. M. (Arts '13) studying Anatomy:—"Gee! I'm glad I have a little heart all to my lonesome, down home."

Prof. McPhail, lecturing on "Retaining Walls." In describing a diagram on the board:—"Notice also, gentlemen, at the foot of the back of the wall, a drain indicated by a little round circle."

It Looked Like Rain.

"Tea or coffee?" asked the bustling waitress. "Don't tell me, let me guess," said he of the melancholy air.

What "Pen" Found.

Penfound, appearing at the Residence:—"Does Mr. Chris Wilson live here?"

Timid voice:—"I don't think so."

"Pen":—"Well G. Y. said he was."

He—"Pardon me, Miss, but your hair is coming down."

She—"Mine."

He—"Well, I thought it was yours."—Ex.

'13 Dance—Entrance New Arts Building.

Miss W--l-s-n:—"Who are those soldiers collecting the tickets?"

Mr. Smith (W.):—"Batterymen."

Miss W--l-s-n:—"I thought they were Cadets."

City Minister (referring to a rather poorly attended meeting):—"Although there were eleven ministers present there were only, to be exact, four and a half other persons for each minister."

Query:—"How many were there present?"

If you don't laugh at the jokes of the age, then just snicker at the age of the jokes.

Gymnasium Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged, \$970.55. \$10, S. G. McCormick, M.A.; \$5, Mattie B. Robertson, Miss Edna Henderson, Prof. J. K. Robertson, G. N. Urie, J. C. Hooper, M.A.; \$3, R. M. Cram; \$2, B. C. Taggart, Miss Walks, H. D. Rogers, T. M. Melrose, C. H. Donnelly, T. L. D. Kinton; \$1, Gordon Hughes, J. F. Twigg, J. S. Stinson, H. N. Macdonald, C. B. Kidd, J. D. Matheson, S. A. Wilkinson, G. A. Petrie, G. E. Anderson, C. F. Walbridge, J. A. Blizzard, J. D. O'Connor, B. W. Oxford, J. H. Barry, M. B. MacLachlan, Miss Ruth Stewart, Miss Winona Stewart, Miss C. Wilson, W. B. Denyes and D. A. Sutherland. Total, \$1,040.55.