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Staff of "Red and White"

The Red and White

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Editorial.

By the time this issue is off the press the end of the year will have come—a day that even the most studious long for—when work will be over, and books, companions of many a quiet hour, thrown irreverently into trunks. Then a new atmosphere will pervade everywhere, diffusing itself in the recently tranquil corridors, forcing its way into the very rooms of the most diligent; an atmosphere foreign and intoxicating, the inhalation of which manifests itself in the occasional whoop of the younger boys, but also in the thoughtful expression of the older. And so life goes on.

The graduates of this year are fourteen, the greatest class (at least numerically) for some time. We have often observed the precaution and deliberation that men of the world exercise in making any change, even slight, in their lives; and often pitied the graduate who seems to have the necessity of choosing a new line of endeavor devolve upon him more by evolution in an educational way, than by any free desire of his own. Hitherto he has been traveling in open country, on a firm and pleasant road, where the sunshine of life, unimpeded in its course fell upon him abundantly; but now he has reached, as it were, a frowning forest dark and ominous, into which many paths wind, but how they run or whither they lead he cannot see. We trust that the paths pursued by the graduates of this year will often cross and sometimes concentre, when as classmates they may have an opportunity of encouraging one another, and recalling with mutual pleasure the years spent in St. Dunstan's.



There are reasons why Mr. Wilson should believe that being President of the United States is not such a sinecure as many suppose. Perhaps after all the academic robe fitted just as comfortably as the presidential dress; perhaps the diminution in peace of mind is scarcely compensated by the increase in honour. The higher the position a man attains in the service of his country, the more difficult it is for him to stand on neutral ground, with regard to any particular question, between two factions. He must either be with the movement or against it; he must either gather or scatter.

Canada is intimately interested in the question of

tolls on the Panama Canal. The United States decided that American vessels engaged in coast-wise trade and these alone, should be exempt from toll. Then came protests. Now President Wilson proposes to repeal this decision which discriminated so materially against Canadian and British vessels. We trust he will succeed. Apart from the difficulty of handling such an exemption satisfactorily, and the uncontrollable abuses and legal quibbling that is bound to follow, thus endangering that universal peace which our neighbors desire so earnestly, the fact that there is no discrimination against American vessels passing through Canadian canals should of itself suggest what settlement would be just. There can be no doubt that if the present arrangement is allowed to remain it will place both Canadian vessels and Canadian products at a great disadvantage. Last year the American tonnage through Canadian canals was more than double that of Canadian vessels. It would be interesting to calculate what the consequences would be were Canada to discriminate against these American vessels—a step, we trust, she will not find it necessary to take. One thing seems clear: she would be handsomely reimbursed for any losses sustained at Panama.



The closing meeting of the Athletic Association seems to invite a retrospective glance. A review of the records of the past year will show that our association was eminently successful, if success can be gauged by the number of games won from other clubs. Under this head alone the Association is worthy of congratulation. But it is not of this we wish to speak; we wish rather to congratulate the officers on the success which attended their efforts to stir up and maintain an interest in athletics and outdoor life in the

student body in general,—the primary object of the club. That this end was attained seems evident from the many inter-class games of football, hockey and baseball and from the enthusiasm which each gave rise to. The year was not only very successful from what we might call an extra-mural standpoint, but was also particularly good in “local” sport. Every student had an opportunity to “play the game.”



Now that we are about to throw away the blue pencil, having had as much experience in college journalism as usually falls to any student, it is with difficulty we can overcome a temptation to add our name to the long list of those who give advice copiously and follow it indifferently. Conflicting feelings beset us as we vacate the chair; a burden and responsibility has been lifted at which we rejoice, a tie broken, and this we regret. But the work has been congenial, the staff zealous, the students as a rule willing contributors, and our publishers courteous and obliging. We have not however escaped criticism, nor would we wish it so; for as our work has been full of imperfections we feel that absence of invigorating criticism would indicate absence of interest. We know now that it is easier to be critical than correct, and in future will think twice before criticizing anyone engaged in journalism. While making our bow to our friends we desire to thank them for their patronage.

The holy passion of friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature, that it will last through a whole life-time, if not asked to lend money.