

Mrs. N.C. McK...

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

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The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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TERMS.

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ACADIA University has completed her subscription to her endowment fund and become entitled to the fifteen thousand promised by J. D. Rockefeller. Dr. Trotter is to be congratulated on the energy he displayed in urging the needs and value of his institution, and the enthusiasm awakened amongst the friends of Acadia will be of lasting benefit to that college. Acadia is distinctly the possession of the Baptists of our province and it was to the Baptists the appeal was made. Such things as this always make us painfully aware that Dalhousie is non-sectarian. Everyone from Catholic to Presbyterian is supposed to find an equal footing in her halls, and of course such a claim is something of which we may well be proud, but it shuts us off from the right to appeal distinctly to those of any religious body. Canada is divided into religious bodies; every country is.

Each little country school section in Nova Scotia has its Baptist pie-social and Presbyterian singing school or Methodist concert. The different churches may live in greater harmony than ever. We believe they do, but the time when this "earth shall be one great temple" is further off than ever. The Presbyterian church can afford a magnificent library building and we are glad to see it; and the prospects are that they will discover soon they need something else and get it and pay for it. The same is true of other churches.

Literary men were formerly completely dependent upon patrons until writers found that the world considered them a necessity and was willing to pay them for their work just as it pays any other labourer. Higher education has long been dependent upon patronage, and the time when those who directly benefit must directly support it seems yet a long way off. The University is a benefit to the nation, the nation must support it has been the cry, but that is not the way the other institutions, beneficial to a community, are kept up. We are not so bold as to propose how it can be done, but a University should no more have to flatter or cajole some wealthy man into a gift or bequest than Shakespeare should have *had* to appeal to Southampton, or Dryden to King Charles. Graduates have received that which is or ought to be worth so much hard cash: the majority of them balance accounts with their college course from that point of view, and in some manner or other a college should be able to look also from the same standpoint.

It is splendid to have high ideals but a little of solid earth is good. Do not half our men who begin to take post-graduate courses for Phd. stop altogether or branch off into other things? Why? Simply because it pays. The majority, the large majority, graduate at all because it is worth simply so much more.

THE editors of the Medical Department of the GAZETTE take this opportunity of wishing their co-workers a happy and prosperous New Year. They may be a little late in doing so, but of that more anon. To the Seniors—the class of '99—this wish has more significance than to any other classes. They are preparing for the final struggle—running the last lap as it were. And when they go forth "bearing their blushing honors thick upon them," a prosperous year means a great deal. The story of the doctor just graduated, filled with ideas of his own importance but lacking patients as whom to carry them out, has long become trite, and in the present overcrowded state of the profession, fortunate indeed are the members of the class of '99 who can truthfully say that the wish of the GAZETTE has been realized.

There is another class to which this wish has more than a little significance, and they are *naughty too*. The class of '02 are just beginning that long toilsome journey toward the goal of their desire. To them a prosperous year means a stimulus which will not desert them during the rest of their course. And in this connection it might not seem inappropriate to read the words of Conan Doyle, put into the mouth of the surgeon in one of his "Talks."

What is the matter with the Medical Society? No, it's all right. True, we have had some excellent lectures, but the Medical Society as such can take but small credit to themselves for that. There has not been a single representative meeting of the Medical Students yet. We dislike to "wash our linen in public"; but we know of no other way of calling the attention of the students to this matter than through these columns. The students cannot be made to join the Society, or, having joined cannot be induced to attend, until the importance of a Medical Society is made evident to them. It would take a whole volume to enumerate the benefits to be derived from such a Society properly conducted, but we may mention two or three,

in the hope that at the next meeting the matter may have been sufficiently talked over to merit a brisk and intelligent discussion. First, the Medical Society should bring the students together and foster a college spirit among them. Too many look upon the college as a sort of educational tread-mill, where a certain amount of work must be gone through. The two or three abortive attempts to call the Society together, when there was no attraction in the shape of a lecture, show that we need something to bring us more closely together and imbue us with the same ideas regarding our college.

Again, what is the matter with having weekly discussions on points of interest to Medical Students. The latest medical discovery, or an account of a successful difficult operation as recorded in current Medical Journals subscribed for by the Society; some interesting cases observed at the hospital, or abnormality observed in the Dissecting Room, furnish them for discussions which would be entertaining and instructive to the students in general. These are only a few of the thousand advantages to be derived from a well conducted Medical Society, and since such is the present attitude of the students towards it, it is not surprising that the medical editors of the GAZETTE should have been criticized in the last issue for failing to contribute anything to their department. We are not so sanguine as to imagine that these remarks will cause an immediate reformation, but we hope to have the pleasure of noting in our next issue a change for the better.

IN our next issue we will print, by the courtesy of Prof. H. McInnes, a very entertaining article written by a well known barrister of London, Eng., entitled, "Eating a Dinner at the Temple." We hope, also, in the following numbers to be able to have a number of articles by well known members of the Nova Scotia Bar, of interest to not only the law students, but all our readers.

AMONG the questions, the correct decision of which is of vital importance to our Alma Mater, is the one whether it would be to the best interests of her work if Dalhousie should become a residential college. The direct significance of the question is evident to every one at all interested in our college. No change should be made without a thorough consideration of the effect on each department of the college activity, but, on the other hand, should such an investigation demonstrate that a change would be on the whole beneficial, then, indeed, no time should be lost in bringing it about. Every day of delay would mean a day of positive injury.

Yet, strange to say, notwithstanding the importance of this problem, it is a topic rarely heard discussed among the students. To be sure, occasionally, in football season, some one remarks that were Dalhousie a residential college there would be more college spirit: but it is usually the thought of a moment, forgotten as soon as it is uttered. A question touching the interests of Dalhousie should be a live question with every Dalhousian. The responsibility rests as much with the student body as with the Faculty. True, the college is judged largely according to its Faculty, but we must remember that the ability of each member of the Faculty, in his sphere as a college professor, is measured by the students he has trained.

Discussion on popular questions of the day is indeed of great value, but possibly it would be well not to allow it to crowd out altogether a careful consideration of such questions as this, which bear more directly on the usefulness of our Alma Mater. It is a question we would like to see discussed by other Canadian colleges for our benefit. Many of our colleges are residential and we would like to hear what advantages they think would be likely to accrue to us were we to build residences for our students.

WE publish in this issue an article which seeks to uphold modern journalism. As a whole the writer's views may merit some consideration, but he is often frequently far from logical. The modern press, as that term is generally understood, is filled with matter that does anything but tend to elevate humanity and the extensive sale of modern journals are by means an absolute proof of their value, no more than the widespread popularity of the modern theatre is a proof of its elevating influence on society. Considering the modern newspaper in no unprejudiced light we confess, without contending that a university course is wholly beneficial, that it counteracts largely the effects of such a course.

The tendency to continued and precise modes of thinking, which a college curriculum is supposed to have, is not furthered by the disjointed articles and thoughts of a modern newspaper, and the habits of inaccuracy which are certainly the inevitable attendants of pressure in writing.

Then the desire to hear or "see some new thing" which is strong enough naturally in humanity receives too great an assistance from sensational articles, now so common, and it is extremely doubtful after all if the holding up of every crime to public inspection may always be a desirable thing.

IN this issue it is our pleasure to present to our readers for their consideration, a very interesting article entitled, "Text Books," by Dr. Russell. We feel sure that it will interest not only the law students of "Dalhousie," but the whole "Bar" of Nova Scotia.

THE gymnasium class, under the superintendence of Sergeant-Major Long, is to be begun again. It is to be held on Tuesday and Friday afternoons at five o'clock. This is a move in the proper direction, and as many of the students as possible should avail themselves of the class.

TEXT-BOOKS.

It was a complaint of Mr. John Austen, years ago, that the books written to elucidate the science of law were usually prepared by youngsters without experience who wished to advertise themselves, or to keep the pot boiling while they were waiting for practice. Hence they were of comparatively little value. His own books were certainly not of that character, but when one looks at the enormous number of text-books of all kinds on all concernable subjects that come into the market and figure on the lists of the book agents the inquiry presents itself, how many of them really represent the results of careful, painstaking research, and can be relied upon as authoritative students of the law. The fact is that the really good and reliable text-books are few and far between. There are writers who produce text-books just as a cabinet maker produces tables and chairs. It makes no difference what the subject. They have no specialty. They are just as good on one subject as on another, which amounts to this that they are not much good on any subject whatever.

There are cases where one another has made a particular subject his own and has given, as in his text-book, the result of wide reading coupled with concentration of purpose. A book so produced is a treasure. Every new edition is welcomed with the assurance that it will be no mere reprint with footnotes, but that each edition will clear up some difficulty of which the author as well as his readers was conscious in the last, or the readjustment of statements that later cases have rendered obsolete. Such a book is Amore's on contract which has gone through nine or ten editions, each one of which is a distinct imprint of the one that went before, while that very latest yet embodies the same orderly spirit and emidity of statement that characterized the earliest edition of the work. Such also is Pollock's, although it has not gone through nearly so many editions, and has not been brought down to so recent a date. Such a book was Benjamin's on sale when first produced, but Benjamin was too busy a man to write books, and his volume, like the poor man from Jericho, "fell among thieves." It went into the hands of editors, who between their reverence for Benjamin's text and their desire to present the latest authorities, produced a book which is extremely embarrassing to the student, because their method of editing obliged them to present in the same volume, as if having the same authority and convictions on the same page, statements of law in almost diametrical contradiction of each other. The variant meetings of the courts as to the meaning of acceptance and actual receipt were an occasion of sad perplexity to Benjamin himself, but the difficulty was increased tenfold when his editors attempted to preserve his original text

and give along with it in the same breath as all having the same validity and authority the results of the later deviations. On other subjects as well Mr. Haydin's students were susceptible of imprint. If not actually misstatements of the law they were misleading to readers and have caused errors to creep into the codifying act which it will require an exercise of judicial ingenuity to correct. No doubt the ingenuity will not be found wanting.

Canadian text-books as a rule are not books to be proud of. Mr. McLaren's book on Bills and Notes is the only one on the law school course. It is not a model. The author has taken pains, too much pains one way and not enough pains in another way. He has been extremely industrious in collecting all the authorities; all the cases that have been decided in the Dominion on every point dealt with by the codifying act. But he has not carefully winnowed his grain. It is like the barley in *Kibble v. Gough*, "very spikey and a lot thin, and not dressed as well as machine could do it." Illustrations are given from decided cases for the purpose of elucidating the meaning of the sections of the act which contradict one another, and overruled cases are frequently found given as illustrations without any intimation that they are no longer law. This is bad work and ought not to appear in a text-book prescribed for students.

There are some good Canadian books but there is need of more and better ones.

BENJAMIN RUSSELL.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

A great newspaper is perhaps the most highly systematized, the most powerful, and the most elaborate organization we have in modern life. Wherever we hear the whirr of the printing press we may rest assured that about it are clustered intrepid, tireless, and indomitable men; men with tack and talent, ability and enthusiasm, energy and industry found in no other walk or profession in life. When the morning paper is read few, if any, ever stop to consider what its make-up must have cost in time, money and energy.

The increase in the circulation of newspapers within recent years has been something enormous. Last year, 4,681,113,530 copies were printed in the United States alone, a gain of 2,600,000,000 over the census of 1880. In Canada 74,319,976 were printed, almost twice as many as in 1880. While newspapers have thus been extending their circulation almost beyond measurable bounds, we find that their reputation, speaking generally, has become the object of much adverse criticism. The charge is made that they are becoming more inaccurate, more sensational, and more indecent.

INACCURACY. Newspapers of a century ago confined their comments to matters of national importance, the result of which was that they contained little real news. Note this fact. What is news? Largely gossip. The most newsy paper to-day is the one that is closest in touch with the man who is more interested in the private life of his neighbor than anything else. The aim of the enterprising newspaper is to gratify the desires of its readers: it alone is successful that does that successfully. They have not the time to prepare their copy that the lawyer has for his brief or the clergyman for his sermon. From a chaotic mass of information gathered from witnesses, excited and otherwise, they extract the essential verities necessary for their report. They give the central facts,—what more do we want? A reporter is never present when an accident occurs, and very seldom when an event transpires. He procures his information from the people: the press is as the public make it. Then, why censure the press for inaccuracy in news given it by ourselves?

SENSATIONALISM. That there are sensational papers cannot be denied. There are extremists in everything. Many people, however, consider a paper sensational when it devotes six or seven inches of space at the head of a column to a few disconnected nouns and adjectives. These "scare head-lines" promise the most startling revelations; but no one ever looks to them for the information he seeks. Murders, suicides, criminal and divorce trials, are a few of the sources from which newspapers derive their sensational reports; but in the majority of cases we find the reports written in a terse and intelligible manner divested of anything and everything that might be horrible or disgusting. It is, however, a fact that the paper which gives the most startling details commands the larger sales. Have we again in this an evidence of the press being as the people make it?

The charge of undue sensationalism is made particularly against the American press. Dr. Robertson Nicholl of England, the great newspaper critic, says in speaking of it that the charge has no material foundation whatever. He was shown a copy of a New York paper that has always been considered an extremist, but he only said it was an admirable example of zeal and enterprise. What we term "sensational," this able critic calls "an admirable example of zeal and enterprise."

INDECENCY. To the charge of indecency many of the newspapers on either side of the Atlantic plead equally guilty. The American press gave us recently the very essence of indecency in its reports of the notorious Seeley Dinner in New York, the Breckinridge-Pollard case, and the Parkhurst Crusade against vice and crime in the foregoing city. The English waded through indecency and immorality during the Coim-Campbell case, the Dilke scandal, the Russel suit and the "Babylonian exposures" of W. T. Stead. The reports in all

these cases were not only disgusting and nauseating, but poisonous to the minds of their readers. Let the moral tone of the people be elevated and such reports will cease to appear, or the papers giving them to exist.

But even when newspapers are unduly sensational and inaccurate, have they no virtues at all to recommend them to the criticizing public? No one while censuring the press for what it prints, ever think of giving it credit for what it does not; and yet we know full well that the most interesting things of life are never published. The story of Thackeray's death has never been told, or why George Cross wanted to commit suicide after his marriage to George Elliot. The circumstances surrounding the death bed of Daniel Webster, the American orator; of John B. O'Rilley, the gifted Irish-American poet; and of, at least, one Canadian statesman, have never appeared in print and never will. Hundreds of such incidents are taking place every day of which the world will always remain in ignorance. A man's public career is attacked or praised; but his private or family life is never touched. When we fully understand the import of this principle we shall not, perhaps, be so severe and unrelenting in our criticisms of the newspapers.

The press is the mirror in which are reflected the needs and demands of the people, the weaknesses and failings of the national character and the potency of empires and states. It has a mission which it performs without a muzzle. That it presents defects no one can deny; but they do not consist wholly of sensationalism, inaccuracy, and indecency. The greatest defect, by far, is that our newspapers are not broadly national after the manner of those of a century ago. There is too much of a concentration on matters of local and minor importance. Gossip, pure and simple, is magnified too much for the best interests of society. In our newspapers being too local sight is lost of the great events that are moulding the status of nations and shaping the destiny of future generations. JULIUS VERDE, '00.

E LIBRO RUBICUNDO.

*On
A Raft.* "Stream-driving" is a term used by lumbermen to describe the operation of putting lumber into a river and floating it downstream to the mills, or, in the case of sawn

lumber, to where are moored the vessels into which it is to be loaded.

It was on one of these "drives" or rafts of sawn lumber that I once had an unpleasant experience. The stream of which I write flows quite rapidly, but by no means in a straight line. As a consequence, when the floating plank came to a bend they were often thrown high upon the bank

or piled in a confused mass at the water's edge. For several hours I had been watching the men pulling and pushing and gathering up the straggling planks in the wake of the drive, and getting tired of the scene, I strolled away to see what was going on farther down the stream.

At some little distance below where the men were working, there was a boulder in the middle of the river-bed. On this obstruction the planks had caught and were piled up tier on tier, forming a "jam." "Now," thought I, "if I could loosen that plank over there by the rock the whole mass would go sweeping down the river. This I tried to do; but in stepping out on the raft I chanced to put my foot on a yielding plank which sank a little and tipped edgewise enough to let my foot pass between it and another which was braced against the rock. Then the loose plank floated up to the surface of the water, and at the same instant the whole jam settled against it, causing it to crush against my leg which was now held as in the jaws of a huge trap.

For a moment I was dazed with fright and pain, and stared helplessly around; but when I saw that the whole jam was heaving and surging as if about to force its way past the rock and rush towards the sea, I began to realize the danger of my position. Then I suddenly remembered that I had a pole in my hand when I started to go across; and, sure enough, there it was lying just out of my reach. I was getting desperate, expecting every moment that my leg would be crushed. I called lustily for help, but no one was near. Then I noticed that by the swaying of the raft the pole had been moved slightly toward me. With a great effort I managed to reach it, and by thrusting it between the imprisoning planks I was able to pry them far enough apart to liberate my foot. The suspense was over, and I was surprised to find that the time which had elapsed while I was in that perilous position was not hours, I had almost said ages, as it seemed, but only a few minutes. But it was long enough to imprint a vivid memory picture, and one which will not soon be effaced. VOLMAR.

Something of a Bore.

The scene of this adventure is in the Petitcodiac River, near Moncton. It was late in September of the year 1890, that I, with a few other daring friends tried to cross the stream at low tide. Perhaps you think it impossible. But I hope this opinion will disappear, when I tell you of its nature. The tides rise on an average of thirty or thirty-five feet. At low tide the river is empty

of water except for a small insignificant stream in the centre, called the channel. In the other parts the brick-red mud is exposed and forms a firm surface for running and playing. Everyone has heard of its mass of foaming water, which makes up the river at terrific speed, and is called the bore.

We pulled off our boots and stockings and set out. We took our time and kept playing about on the flats, as if we were in our own homes, till one chanced to see the sea-gull flying aloft, and up the river. Too well we knew that the gulls were the forerunners of the bore. Almost at this moment we heard the deep dull roar of the foaming mass, and we ran for the shore, some half mile distant. Before half the distance had been traversed most of us felt like sitting down and crying, but the stronger minds among us prevailed, and all tried to stagger out the remaining distance. Nearer and nearer the bore approached, till we could see its boiling height, with the gulls playing upon its surface. Fifteen yards more and safety, and our remaining strength was equal to the effort. As our feet touched the bank, the bore rushed by with the dull roar drowned in our minds by our joy. But we watched it till the foaming mass was no longer discernible, then putting on our boots and stockings we turned our faces homeward.

L. S. O.

DALHOUSIANS ABROAD.

AT OXFORD.

All mankind, for the typical Oxonian is of two kinds, the Elect People and the Philistines. And while we, of the uttermost parts of Philistia are disposed to resent the classification, yet it needs but a breath or two of the air of Oxford to subdue the resisting spirit to passive submission. And if there be found one who will still contend that the *St. Lawrence* and the *Mississippi* are better than all the waters of the *Isis* and the *Cherwell*—well! it were better to let the contention cease: for that man is little to be envied in his wilful ignorance, and there is more hope of a fool!

It does not take long for the teachable spirit to become acclimatized to that rarer atmosphere. "Here, I can take my two weeks unmolested," says the gentle Elia, speaking of the vacation time, "and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel bell and dream that it rings for *me*,"—and so on in his fertile imaginings of himself as a Sizar or Servitor; a Gentleman Commoner or Master of Arts, or even a Seraphic Doctor!

It is some of the vivid impressions a wandering "Canuck"

retains of the towers and groves and halls of Oxford in the idle-busy work time that are now to be recalled.

Oxford is not a *modern* town, and so is not laid off like a checker-board. It rambles in the good old way at its own sweet will. Short cuts are not to be looked for, unless one can "run through a wall," for the inevitable wall will meet the hurried traveller; and its provoking antiquity must ever be counted more precious than his convenience. The street-cars will not be of much service to him either, drawn as they are by meditative horses, who seem to realize that Oxford was not built in a day. The lesson of the whole life there at every point would seem to be this:—Let one take time to see and learn and think for himself!

My Sunday was a busy day. In the morning at 10.30 I found myself in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, partly to hear the Bampton lecture for the morning, but not unmindful of the voices that would be speaking out low and clear from the rich dead past. Here, the martyr Cranmer was subjected to his last mockery of a trial. In the choir rests the dust of poor Amy Robsart, martyr to her husband's fear or ambition, or both. These walls had echoed to the eloquence of Wesley, and for a dozen years to the gentle voice of that wandering star, the high-souled Newman.

The next scene opens an hour later disclosing the brilliant pageantry of a church parade, that of the Oxfordshire yeomanry to Christ Church Cathedral, and then at 12 I am at Mansfield College Chapel (Principal Fairbairn's), to hear a Presbyterian sermon from the Rev. Halliday Douglas, of Cambridge—or rather a sermon from a Presbyterian. At 3 I attend a P. S. A. service, *i. e.*, "a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon," in a Congregationalist Church. It is mostly musical, with Scripture lesson and address; the aim being directed at those who are not accustomed to attend regular service. In the evening at 9 o'clock I went to a Sabbath Concert in the Dining Hall of Balliol College. About the only *sacred* feature of the concert was the *evening* on which it was held—and perhaps the object of its director and patrons whose wish it was to provide an attractive resort for the students who thus might be kept from the worse extreme by a compromise between the two. The Director of these concerts is Mr. John Farmer, a great character: and, though no longer a boy, as youthful a spirit as the youngest of his pupils; too frivolous for Orpheus and altogether too decent for Bacchus, but, somehow, mildly suggestive of both these ancient worthies. I had heard him in Edinburgh give a musical evening to the students, and this was one of the songs he sang:—

"I shall be spun. There is a voice within
Which tells me plainly I am all undone;
For tho' I toil not, neither do I spin,
I shall be spun.

April approaches. I have not begun
Schwegler or Mackintosh, nor shall begin
Those lucid works till April 21,
I shall be spun.

So my degree I do not hope to win,
For not by ways like mine degrees are won ;
And tho', to please my uncle, I go in,
I shall be spun."

His face, his beating of the air, and not so much his playing as his pauses, side-splitting or ominous as the case may be, all went to make a memory that must abide. But this was in Edinburgh, not in Oxford. And in Oxford it was the Sabbath evening and it was a *sacred* concert. It is to be hoped that the Doxology with which it closed covered the multitude of sins against the Puritan Sabbath?

Through the week I saw the colleges and shall refer to a few of the most outstanding. *Magdalen*, with its perfect tower, its beautiful gardens, its water-walks "delectable as the banks of the Eurotas, where Apollo himself was wont to walk." The older part of these is known as "Addison's Walk," and the figure of the delightful essayist was a sufficiently pleasing one for the imagination of one admirer to conjure up.

University College with its mixed memories of Shelley, whom it had not the grace to understand and little wonder! But atonement had been made by the giving of a place for the Shelley memorial, a very elaborately decorated cage-like sepulchre, containing a life-size figure of the drowned poet lying on the beach. It is *too* real: the effect is even ghastly. Surely the conception is not the best. Surely it is not *death* so much as *life* that the sculptor should seek to immortalize, and especially in the case of that "modern Greek" to whom life meant everything!

Balliol College has a peculiar interest to one of Scottish blood, because of its foundation and from the fact that it has been ever the great centre of Scottish life at Oxford. So it was that Adam Smith and Sir William Hamilton were Balliol men. Of the master of Balliol in the time of Hamilton, it has been wisely said:—"Parsons was a man of sense who knew how to leave the student of genius alone." Can it be that any budding genius in Dalhousie has been or is being nipped by the over kind attention of the masters there? May it never be! Let these masters remember, please, that genius has strange ways, such as the keeping of bears and the scorning of the drill'd dull lesson!"

New College must not deceive the unwary American by its name, for it is over 500 years old! In the west window of the ante-chapel there is a glass unique in its coloring as glass goes—it is the work of Reynolds, who did not attempt to "restore," but embodied an idea of his own in configuration and coloring.

It is, if I remember rightly, a representation of the announcement of the glad tidings to the shepherds—the winged "angel faces" in the group are said to be what Newman had reference to in his classic hymn.

Christ Church College is the nursing home, *par excellence*, of the full-fed aristocracy of Britain. Famous for its kitchen and dining hall, it is a proof that "high living" does not necessarily imply "plain thinking." On the walls of the spacious dining hall are hung portraits of the more distinguished *alumni*:—Wesley, Pusey and Liddon; Lords Dalhousie, Canning and Elgin; Gladstone and Lords Salisbury and Rosebery. Ruskin, too, claims Christ Church as his nursing mother. But their name is Legion.

Keble College is set somewhat apart from the centre of college life—as is fitting, for it is vulgarly modern, and in its blood there is a decidedly plebian stain! It is a rather hideous structure of red brick. It was opened only in 1870. The intention of its foundation was to provide means of education for those who were too poor to take advantage of the old colleges with their high fees. But in a sense it is the most exclusive of all: while there is no restriction now upon a man's religious preferences in the other colleges, the advantages of Keble are strictly confined to members of the Church of England. The chapel is very elaborately decorated: and is rich in mosaics of Old and New Testament scenes. There, too, is a very precious treasure, "one of the very noblest works of sacred art," declares Ruskin, "ever produced in this or any other age." The reference is to Holman Hunt's painting, "The Light of the World," which represents the Saviour standing knocking at the door of the heart: in His hand a lantern, the red fierce light of conscience; and shining from His brow crowned with gold and with thorns, the light of peace, the light of the world.

The reader is referred to Ruskin's interpretation of this great picture in "Arrows of the Chace," Vol. I. p. 98. It was presented to the college, but a shilling is charged for a sight of it. The sight of it is worth many shillings, but one likes not that peddling of a free gift! But the time would fail me to refer to all the colleges, and there are many other objects of interest, sources of inspiration. In the Ashmolean Museum I spent some fruitful hours. There is there a fine collection of pre-Raphaelite paintings; and of Turner's water-color drawings; but of course the place to study Turner is the national Museum, London. Then there are the drawings that belong to the Slade School of Art, with which Ruskin's name is associated; and the plaster casts of famous statues and the museum proper. In this there are many interesting relics, as *e. g.*, the letter warning the members of Parliament as to the explosion planned for the 6th of November, and even Guy Fawkes' lanthorn!

This last, I fear, is the answer of "Supply" to "Demand," and must be looked on with the same suspicion as Jennie Geddes' stool in the Edinburgh Museum. For "any old thing" of that date would do.

I met a few of the students of Balliol through one to whom I had a letter of introduction, and was shewn not a little kindness. There is about them, as a class, an air of manliness and independence, notwithstanding the tight rein with which they are held. There is no snobbishness, but yet a fine indifference to things that move ordinary mortals. For example, in their treatment of their fellow-students at the Ladies College! Rossetti in Sonnet V. practically deifies woman; and St. Chrysostom in his classical definition makes her to be of the Synagogue of Satan. But this man of Oxford in his sublime indifference to things that attract or repel ordinary mortals, is moved neither to one emotion or the other; he is simply absolutely indifferent. But yet he can be quite sociable at will, and is as cheerful a companion over a cup of tea in bachelor's quarters as one could wish.

Through the kindness of my new friends I had some experience of "the river." I was taken for a paddle on the *Isis* and then up the *Cherwell*, past the Ladies' College, where the young women, poor things! are their cousins and brothers in outdoor games and even on the river, where they have their boathouses and everything, just like the young men. Before we left the *Isis* we met a crew of "eight" practising for the great race with Cambridge that was to come off in a few days,—*"the eights."* A clerical coach was following them on the bank, riding a bicycle and scolding them vociferously in the good old way that the readers of "Tom Brown" know so well.

It was an ideal day, and hundreds of students were out in their little craft. They paddle until they have had enough, and then fixing themselves in some little haven of the roots of a tree, and under its shade take their fill of reading and sleeping and dreaming. Thus idly-busy wags their day along. But we were out for the day's work. Presently we exchanged our canoe and paddles for a punt and a pole. The day passed without incident, but on our homeward journey, within sight of the landing-place of the punt, the host of the little party, for all his skill, slipped on the wet stern, and, failing to recover, disappeared. But the water was not deep, and soon he rose, Proteus-like, with the pole in his hand and the pipe in his teeth, and as unconcerned as though it had all been on the day's programme. An Oxonian never forgets the duty he owes to *Alma Mater* and to himself; and it was so with him. One could not but be reminded of the good lady whose self-control under trying circumstances, dear little Marjorie Fleming has immortalized:—

"But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam."

There are times, however, when the Oxonian *will* relax, even to his own irretrievable undoing, and the next day was one of them. It was the day for the opening of the new Municipal buildings by the Prince of Wales. He came to town at eleven, and was met by the Oxfordshire Hussars and by the thousands of Oxfordshire, and at least one Canadian! The town was gaily decorated with bunting, and the colleges vied with one another in the originality of their decorations. Magdalen, for example, was hung with various articles of cast-off clothing, and such devices as a big tin pan with three brooms radiating from it, after the fashion of the Prince's crest. After the review of the Hussars, there was a lunch at the Randolph Hotel, given by the officers of the regiment, and then a procession was to be made from the hotel to the Municipal buildings which was due to take place at 3 o'clock. It was the aim of the police, whose numbers were augmented for the occasion by two hundred special men from London, to keep the way clear for the procession, and it was the aim of the students to break up the line of policemen and fill the open space with a confused struggling mass of people. Forward and back the crowd surged, impelled by one flying wedge of students after another. Back the policemen would be driven, and then they would recover and hurl their horses at the crowd, for in this the few had the advantage over the many. The prince and his party passed through in safety, spoke their little piece and retraced their steps to the hotel, and from there in the evening to Christ Church College to dinner. But the crowd, including the students, kept the streets all night until the early morning hours. These would keep moving in one direction until that general motion was given to the crowds, and then they would work against the tide and cause confusion and uproar. There were mothers there with children in arms all the way from four and five months old. My own frame was one of the smallest or weakest, and it was never more shaken, crushed or jarred, and I had nothing to carry. Talk about scimmages, Oxford polish and reserve and coldness—the heart and struggle of the Pit were there, Bedlam let loose! Mothers scolding their neighbours for crushing against them; the babies crying from fear of the crowd and sore discomfort; the crowd yelling at the mothers to take the babies home, and the mothers unable to move from their relative position in the crowd, and all the while the students keeping the pot boiling more and still more merrily. Time and again a student would be captured by the police and almost as often rescued by his friends. But when the smoke of battle cleared away, it was found that fifteen were in the hands of the enemy. These spent the rest of the night quietly enough, and in the morning were promptly tried by the college authorities and "sent down" to explain matters

to the friends at home who had so fondly sent them up. That day I saw a procession of *hearses* on the way to the station. It was the rusticated students now *dead* to the University on their way home—that would be “long” enough, as far as Oxford was concerned,—accompanied by the dismal mourning of their more fortunate fellow-sinners.

“A touch of Nature,” etc

Oxford with all its culture and refinement and historical associations and literary inspiration, is just a bit more human to me now because of that wild night in honour of the prince. And this I say as one who was in it but not of it, being a lover not of noise and tumult, but of quietness and peace. That same day I left Oxford, but not in a hearse; and not for home, but for Kenilworth and Stratford-on-Avon. “But that’s another story!”

J. B. MACLEAN, '91.

ARCHAEOLOGICA DALLUSIENSIA.

BY OUR OWN ARCHIE-OLOGIST.

There is preserved among the records of the Legislative Library a very interesting autograph letter of Lord Dalhousie's, and through the courtesy of the librarian, the GAZETTE is able to publish it, for the first time. A few words by way of preface will be necessary.

We all remember a certain passage in a certain old text-book that told us about a series of letters which appeared in a Halifax newspaper many, many years ago. These letters were written by “Agricola,” and the first was printed on July 25, 1818, in the *Acadian Recorder*. On November 30 of the same year, while the letters were still running, a banquet was given by the North British Society, an organization, by the way, which still has some Dalhousie life in it. Among the guests was Lord Dalhousie, and in the course of the evening he proposed the health of a “gentleman, who, though unknown to him, he was certain, from his writing, deserved the appellation of a scholar and a gentleman: Agricola.” Shortly after, the Agricultural Society was formed, with “Agricola” as secretary, though who he was remained a mystery and Rev. Dr. Inglis, rector of St. Paul's Church, an enthusiastic supporter.

Two years later, another and quite different series of letters appeared, this time in the *Free Press*. “Agricola” was now known to be none other than Mr. John Young, who was as zealous in civic reforms as he had been in the advocacy of farm-

ing. A letter had been printed in the *Free Press* under the nom de plume of “Acadiensis,” to which Mr. Young took strong objection. He suspected Dr. Inglis of being its author, and with this belief sent him a strongly-worded letter of censure. Lord Dalhousie intervened as peace-maker, and it is his reply to Mr. Young which has been referred to as still existing in autograph.

SUNDAY NOON.

My Dear Sir,—As I reached home last night from my daily walk I found Dr. Inglis waiting me with your letter that moment received. He thought it his first duty to put it into my hands lest I should have been led into any error on the subject, and after some conversation I requested he would allow me to answer it.

I am confident you will receive my opinion as that of a disinterested, or rather as that of one of your most warm friends, and I give it you most earnestly.

Dr. Inglis is justly offended at the tone of your letter and I do agree with him that no man has a right to catechise another in such language on bare suspicion. Dr. Inglis declares to me that he has not directly or indirectly written *Acadiensis* or any other word on the subject. He has no connection, and despises the idea of any, with any newspaper whatever. He knows no more who *Acadiensis* may be than you yourself do; he laughs at your error and has expressed himself truly sorry to see you entering into a paper war that can only prove mischievous to yourself and the cause in which you lead us.

That is so strongly my own opinion that I begged to answer the note for the sole purpose of renewing my advice and entreaty that you would despise the sneers or wits of the public papers. It is their object to set themselves forward by disputing with you the moment you notice them. You are like a fish that has swallowed the bait. You forward their views and in doing so you don't raise them to an equality with them, but you degrade yourself to a level with them. You occupy a public station of importance in the country. Your opinions are well received; what does it signify that there are others who differ? It must be so on every subject. But yours do not suffer from that, and let me assure you that all we who are your friends will feel our cause suffering from the moment you open any controversy on it.

I have just read your paper of yesterday. It is very angry, but I, in your place, would not have felt so. As to the boot the Editor was wrong or misinformed. So have you been as to *Acadiensis*. Is it not possible and even probable that you may be equally so with some of the other names?

Let me in few words entreat of you to cast this war of words aside with scorn. Adhere to the letters and your own publications and pursue it straightforward. You are far above them and your silent contempt is the wisest and most dignified answer you possibly can make.

As your note to Dr. Inglis expresses that the allusion is only known in your family I herewith return your letter that it may from your own hand go to the fire.

Yours, very sincerely,

DALHOUSIE.

Mr. Young however, did not follow the Earl's advice, for the letter thus commended to the flames is still in existence, and shares with the other a page in the Legislative Library scrap-book. Dalhousie's letter bears no date, but its envelope shows it to have been written on January 16, 1820. The letter is of interest as still another illustration of that firmness of character, and that courage of his conviction, which always marked the founder of Dalhousie College.

CAUSERIE.

The busy crammer hath ceased to cram. There is a future ahead of him, but for the present he is free. He worked hard. He knew that psychologists condemn the system, and that they have written pages on pages against it; but he concerned himself very little with theories. The examinations were upon him; and he crammed. Had he been asked, he would probably have said that it wasn't such a bad system after all; then he would have gone on cramming. One night he sat up very late. The next morning he overheard his landlady telling her husband, out in the hall, and in a loud whisper, that their light bill for December would be something terrible. Still he crammed.

The cramming system, be it bad or be it good, is carried further in England than in America. A recent writer tells about the Service examinations, and his own experience in passing them. In Latin, for instance, he was taught that a good copy of verse was not to be considered as so much sublime poetry, but as worth fifty or sixty marks in the exam. He was then shown "endless tips and phrases and happy endings that could be worked in appropriately almost anywhere."

The recent discussion at King's on the matter of compulsory attendance at early morning prayers recalls the story that is told of James Russell Lowell. When he was at Harvard, he on one occasion refused to attend the six o'clock service, and as a punishment, he was sent to Concord. He had written a poem for his graduating class, but was not allowed to recite it on Commencement Day.

A lady teacher in one of the city schools adopted a plan last fall which is to be commended. She divided her pupils, for spelling-match purposes, into Dalhousians and Wanderers. It was necessary for her to be an impartial critic, but her private sympathies were with the Dalhousians; and they won, too.

There is a movement among a number of the American colleges to organize regular series of intercollegiate debates, the aim being to encourage the same spirit of fraternal enthusiasm in intellectual lines as already exists among the football champions. Yale and Harvard, the first to try the plan, have been contesting since 1892, and, with Princeton, they hold triangular debates each year. Several of the smaller colleges have dual contests. A similar scheme has been frequently suggested for the five colleges of our own Maritime Provinces; and in the meantime we are to have Dalhousie vs. Acadia next month.

Do the medical students know what *Life* calls an ideal case, from a medical standpoint? It is this—"a healthy man with an incurable disease."

Something over a year ago the *Educational Review* published "An Interview with the Shade of Socrates," by Mr. William Hawley Smith. Socrates seemed to be as much displeased with modern methods of education as is Mr. John Brisben Walker. "And the thing that grieves me most of all," he said, "is that so many millions of the youths of this age have to suffer for that which I ignorantly did, and which my disciples still refuse to abandon. Why, are you aware, O William! that a very large part of all that is taught in your public schools to-day is based on my antiquated philosophy. . . . By all the gods at once, it has made me turn in my grave more than occasionally, this untimely condition of things; and can there be no help for it?"

AWFUL.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WHERE, O, where is the hole in the fence?

"Do not pass through the gate-way until you come to it," is the way the modified proverb runs. This is supposed to be apropos of the southern entrance to the college grounds.

WE notice in the matter of the Bell Room, an innovation which to our mind is not an improvement. The door is kept locked, and as the letter box is on the inside, the mail cannot be got at without considerable inconvenience.

THE Xmas exams. are over, and the results, except in the case of one or two classes were very satisfactory. The spring term is now with us, and it will soon have gone all the way of its predecessor. As the time is short, it behooves each student to get in as much work as is possible between now and April.

THE students have, for the most part, resumed their studies. The GAZETTE welcomes them back, and hopes they have enjoyed their holidays.

"We ring the bells and we raise the strain,

* * * * *
—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again."

And these "same old lives" at college are not, or should not be, a ceaseless grind of study. For with our college societies, occasional "At Homes," receptions, and usual college amenities the time should pass very pleasantly and—with a reasonable amount of work thrown in—profitably.

THE "Standing Room Only" sign must have been mislaid, otherwise it would have been displayed at the door of Examination Hall on the evening of the "break-up" concert.

COLLEGE CONCERT.—The College break-up concert was a most enjoyable affair. It was almost an impromptu, and reflects great credit on Mr. Slayter and the other members of the committee. There was the usual large and decidedly appreciative audience, and when every piece was encored it is hard to name any selection as being a favorite. We have not a programme before us but as far as we can remember the pieces were:—

Quartette—Messrs. Diamond, Slayter, Wood and Chute.

Violin Solo—Miss Hobrecker.

Solo—Mr. Chute, with Miss Bentley accompanist.

Bandello Quartette—Messrs. Mott, Taylor, Uniacke and Smith.

Song—Miss Murray, with Miss Moody accompanist.

At this point some obliging freshman rang the gong, and Miss Murray is to be complimented on continuing her rendering despite such an unexpected accompaniment.

Song or Solo—Mr. Hebb.

Violin Solo—Miss Farquhar.

Solo.—Miss Kennedy Campbell.

Bandello Duet, or something after that style, by Messrs. Taylor and Mott, which was highly applauded.

The programme was happily varied in the rendering of an anthem of a peculiar character by the college quartette, and boy tuck and teacher were all received with applause.

Mr. Watson took this rather inopportune time of making himself something that rhymes with grass. All left the hall with reluctance, even the students, although a sleigh drive was still in store for them.—*Floreat Dalhousia.*

Correspondence.

DEAR GAZETTE.—I really did enjoy that last letter of mine, and your Christmas issue wasn't too bad; it might easily have been worse. Since Christmas I have been told that the Philomathic has been amalgamated with the Sodales; it would be an interesting study in language to find how amalgamation has come to mean obliteration. To change the subject, that concert at Christmas was good, and I enjoyed the gentlemanly bearing of our boys to the Wanderers who helped to entertain us there. It was really nice to give their yell, but what is this rah-sis-spoon-bah affair which I heard that night? It seems to me that the Sophomores had better practice the good old college yell again, and keep that other conglomeration of sounds for the summer holidays. You will also be glad to hear that I approved heartily of the sleigh drive after the concert. It was novel and sensible, and *there* was a place where amalgamation might have

been used with advantage. Then there is a little personal item about your financial editor's proceedings that night which ought to be recognized. I scarcely know how to go about it just now, but something ought to be done to show what a beneficent character he is.

Well, we have heard the results of the exams., and I suppose we are all satisfied more or less. Probably there are more less satisfied, and less more than satisfied. Exams. in Dalhousie are no snap, but when half a class are "plucked" probably there is as much fault in the paper presented by the professor as in those presented by the students. Then some examiners give us two hours for a three hour paper, and two hours only. Others give us "ample time"; this is a fact worthy of comment. As for those desks in the examination hall some of them would make good see-saw boards for the Freshmen, and not one of them is above reproach. Really, though, there has been a lot of complaint about them being rough and unsteady, etc.

I hear we are going to debate the sons of Acadia at Wolfville. Well, if you are bound to go, why go. I (unfortunately) can't stop you.

Listen to the following parable which will explain my reasons:—Once upon a time the tiger and the wolf used to have wrestling matches, and the wolf said let us have, as is the custom, another wrestle, and the tiger said let us wrestle, but he was busy wrestling with other animals and came not at the appointed time. Then was the wolf exceeding wroth, for he had worked up a great muscle for wrestling and he was angry that he might not "take a fall" out of the tiger. Then he took counsel with himself and said, I will yet give it to the tiger in the spot where the chicken got the axe, and in another manner. Therefore, the tiger had better "mind his eye."

This is getting too interesting, let us change the subject. Why don't you start a ladies' column. Not about fashions and all that, but just a ladies' column about the attitude of Universities to women, and the attitude of our law school to women, and why Germany excludes them from her degrees, and how Acadia, Mount Allison and McGill treat them, etc., etc.

I must close; I am sorry to do so, but let me inform the Senatus Academicus that if on or before the twentieth day of January they have not cut that hole in the fence, why "in the dead vast and middle of the night" it *will* be cut, for I will cut it.

WOULD-BE EDITOR.

EPITAPH.

Swans sing before they die,
Twere no bad thing
Should certain people die
Before they sing.
Here Watson lies, rejoice ye passers bye
Immortalized in "coming through the dye."

College Societies.

ON Sunday P. M., the 8th inst., we had the pleasure of attending a lecture in the Munro Room by Rev. C. McKinnon. To the lecture of this gentleman we always look forward with great expectancy, and we are never disappointed. It was evident from the pleased countenances of those listening that they were enjoying every word spoken, and the hearty accord to the vote of thanks "in your name, gentlemen" testified to the appreciation of the lecture.

The subject was, "Science God's Modern Prophet." The spirit of science is not familiarity with big words. Few things are more characteristic of our century than the saturation of the ranks, learned and unlearned alike, with this dangerous spirit. Superstition is being banished from the minds of men. Now, upon entering a house, we do not find a poker pointing to the chimney to assist the smoke in its transit. People are becoming too scientific for such things. But with this spirit there comes grave perils. Men do not distinguish between superstition and religion and with the overthrow of the former, they abandon the church. The scientific spirit which looks for the explanation of things in the natural is applied to the supernatural. This spirit of enquiry for the explanation of things is inherent in our nature. The future of our country depends on our attitude to the supernatural—to God. If we go through life ignoring the Supreme we will poison our atmosphere. There are three possible attitudes to this spirit of science. (1.) Surrenders entirely; (2.) dispute it to the end of our days; (3.) master it. Does the first involve religious self-sacrifice? No. It means to be blown about with the desert dust or to be sealed within the iron hills. It means no God, no hope, no love, no life. The second is a stout denial of the discoveries of science. It results in indignation and timidity, and we are reduced to the position of dogs, yelping at the wheels of knowledge. The third is an ally of our religion. It follows the advice of Christ when He said, "Agree with thine adversary quickly." God is in the world and science may be the revealer of God's plan in carrying on the world, and in this source science may be, it is, a prophet. The duties of a prophet of old were two-fold. (1.) A message to deliver; (2.) a prediction to declare.

The lecturer then went to show that this prophet (science) has a message to deliver and a prediction to declare to City Fathers who allow the unrestrained use of intoxicants in their city. Science shows that this must work injury and ruin. Science also has a message and prophesy for the careless. Every idle word it says is impressed on the brain and is hence irrevocable.

Exchanges.

THE Christmas number of *The Student* contains an article from the pen of Prof. James Seth, entitled Student Life in America. He relates some of the peculiar characteristics of the American college life altogether foreign to Scottish universities.

It is seldom that we receive among our exchanges a college paper of such literary worth as the Christmas number of *Arta Victoriana*. The intention of the editors for the future is not only to produce an organ of college news but also a magazine which will materially add to the literary and scientific culture of its readers.

The most of the contributed articles are by some of the most prominent writers of the day. Among others we notice the names of Goldwin Smith, Charles G. D. Roberts, J. W. Bengough. A Review of the Canadian literature of 1898, by Prof. L. E. Horning, is very interesting. The number will be placed in the library.

IN the Christmas number of the *University Monthly* is an article on the study of classics, much to the point. "The ordinary method," says the writer, "of getting up a lesson in Latin or Greek for instance, that is, with the aid of a key, is practically worthless, for, when the student depends on another for his rendering he loses all the opportunity of practice in clear, concise, elegant English composition, and indeed of trying to get the best word for a translation, and forms the habit of lazily turning up the word in the key. Again, it is much easier for a classic student to "star" than for one who has to depend wholly on himself for his solutions, as in the study of mathematics or moderns which have no "handy literal" translation.

The Argosy for December has four carefully written articles, "A Bygone Society," "Music," "The Upper House," and "The Craze for Facts." The first is an account of society in the reign of Queen Anne, as reflected from the *Rape of the Lock*.

The second points out that the true musician only studies music from the love of it. That of the human voice and of the violin are considered the most expressive.

The third defines the position of the Upper House in relation to the governing body of each of the three countries, Great Britain, Canada and the United States.

The fourth clearly shows that in the study of history it is requisite to obtain a panoramic view of the whole drama of the ages, and afterwards to fill in details.

THE students of the Halifax Academy have issued their third *Annual*. The "year's rust" on the editorial stylus has not prevented the editor-in-chief from reading a very readable "leader." Once more old Halifax is gently chided for the slow-

ness of her civic gait, but the editor notes sufficient advancement in Academy matters to give his article a hopeful tone.

The short story, "Donald Campbell" is a clever bit of writing. Other interesting pieces are, "A Promise"—telling of the trials and illustrating the triumphs of a little girl who had promised to write something for *The Annual*, "Along Shore in the Holidays," and "Mountaineering in Nova Scotia"

The high-school curriculum is not overlooked. "Our Course of Study Defended," is a *very sarcastic* article. "Sister Jane," writes some brilliant "Notes on the Fashions," in which she satirizes the fads and foibles of the day, but possibly through some oversight, the noble game of football is made to figure as a mere fashion.

The Academy poets are in evidence. One of them in a plaintive lay tells of the misery entailed by the proscription of the eating of "taffy" during school hours. This, of course, is a tale of the distant past and of some far away school, but it appeals to many of us who are still fond of sweet-meats. "Horatius" sings of the Brave Days of Old when "Oldstudious" battled with and conquered host of examination papers. "When Lina's Beaus Come Round" we are given an excellent opportunity for studying the attitude of the small boy towards his grown-up sister's suitors. There are several other short poems.

The Annual is well illustrated. Among the cuts are those of the ex-principals and other benefactors. The picture of "The Falls" was well worthy of a prize. Altogether, the paper is well gotten up and is a credit to its publishers.

In the editorial of *Queen's University Journal*, mention is made of some complaints of the city newspapers. In answering these the following lines occur: "It is the exception for some of the Kingston papers to report anything pertaining to the college with any degree of accuracy, and especially was this the case during the football—athletic controversy this fall . . . Such complaints . . . are as nothing compared with the anxiety of some of the papers to discredit and vilify the students on every possible occasion. Fortunately, the citizens know us, and know also the weakness of certain newspaper men in certain directions, and therefore we can safely appeal to them on our record when we are accused of rowdyism and disgraceful conduct. But outsiders who read the *Whig* and *Times'* reports . . . must think that the lives of the citizens of Kingston are in a constant state of jeopardy, and that the whole body of students compose a lawless mob, with no respect for the person or property of the citizens. Unfortunately, Queen's is not the only college which feels this injustice, nor are the *Whig* and *Times* the only offenders. As far as we are concerned, the latter trouble, at any rate, seems to be diminishing, and we think that the citizens of Halifax no longer feel that they are harboring in their midst a band of Goths and vandals. Even were the "lawless mob" an actuality, we think it would soon melt away before the kindness of the many friends of the college which this year, perhaps more than usual, we seem to be experiencing.

FROM *McGill Outlook* we quote :—

HOW EUCLID PROPOSED.

1. Euclides in the days of old
He loved a maiden fair,
And thus inamorous strain waxed bold
His passion to declare.
2. My loved! my own! Enphrosyne!
My heart is ever thine,
(I always take a point you see
Of putting in that line.)
3. My passion burns not dim nor low
But with amazing strength,
A passion that may be, you know,
Produced to any length.
4. From not upon my trembling suit,
Nor my fond heart refuse,
The pangs of love are so acute
You cannot be obtuse.
5. Thy love for me hath given no sign,
Hath ne'er been told in speech,
And yet I trust thy love and mine
Are equal each to each.
6. O, let us not in haughty pride,
With parallels compete,
That move so closely side by side,
Yet never, never meet.
7. Our lives, our loves are not apart,
But in the same straight line,
My love will watch thy love, my heart
Will coincide with thine.
8. Then hear me speak, with thee to wife,
I care not what befall,
Thou art the centre of my life,
Circumference and all.
9. No! when the maiden read this cry,
In scorn she curved her nose,
That man! he's sixty if a day,
What moved him to propose?
10. Then thus she writes, "My worthy friend,
You're very, very kind,
I thank you for the love you send,
But it must be declined.
11. How can the love which you confess,
E'er equal mine for thee,
The greater equal to the less?
Absurd! and Q. E. D.
12. One glance at these stern lines he took,
And then in deep vexation
Sat down and wrote his second book
For schoolboy's delectation.

ALLISON G. O. PAIN.

FROM the University of Ottawa we have received the *Review*. The Poetry of Aubrey DeVere, Events of the Month, and Among the Magazines, are among its best articles. Taken throughout, the magazine is intensely denominational, and consequently to a non-sectarian college rather narrow. Its form is good, and the print and illustrations admirable.

Personals.

H. V. ROSS is writing a thesis for the doctorate at Cornell.

R. M. MACGREGOR has an article on "Ship-building in Nova Scotia," in the *Canadian Encyclopaedia*.

G. A. COGSWELL has been made an Honorary Fellow at Cornell; which carries with it free tuition and the use of the library.

ON Dec. 28, REV. A. D. STIRLING, B. A. '96, was inducted into the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian congregation of Barrington, N. S.

DR. M. G. ARCHIBALD, '98, who has resigned his position as House Surgeon at the V. G. Hospital, intends practising at Meagher's Grant, Halifax County.

WE regret to note the recent death of Capt. Faulkner, brother of E. R. Faulkner, B. A. Med., '00. We extend our sympathies to Mr. Faulkner in his bereavement.

WE regret very much to hear of the illness of B. C. ANDERSON, 3rd year. Mr. Anderson has not yet been able to get back to college. We hope soon to see him with us again.

FRANK CURRIER, B. A., '94, M. A., '95, has been called to a church in Worcester, Mass., with a salary of over two thousand dollars. Currier was for a time our librarian in arts, and his genial manner gave great satisfaction.

ON Wednesday, Dec. 28th, the marriage took place of MR. H. C. BORDEN, LL. B. and MISS MABEL BARNSTEAD, at one time a member of the Class of '98. The bride and groom have the congratulations and best wishes of the GAZETTE.

MURRAY MACNEILL, of the Anglo-Saxon school at Auteuil, attended the recent sale of Zola's effects when that illustrious champion of the oppressed was sent into honorable exile. Macneill is, we believe, now on the side of Dreyfus.

WE are glad to see our old friend and late editor-in-chief MR. HAROLD PUTNAM, B. A., LL. B., in town, particularly so when we remember his mission—to be admitted to the bar. Congratulations Harry! and may you have every success.

D. MCINTOSH, who holds our "blue ribbon" in Science, is greatly delighted with the advantages he finds at Leipzig. He was much impressed with the fact that a post-card addressed simply: "McIntosh, Leipzig," reached him safely. Such is fame, or the system of the German "Polizei."

RECENTLY, in a private letter, MISS ELIZA RITCHIE, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy at Wellesley, pointed out the advantages offered by that institution to Dalhousie girl-graduates who wish to continue their studies a year or so. The collegiate life, the beautiful environment of Wellesley, as well as the solid library advantages and graduate courses make it most desirable. Miss Ritchie has placed in our library a number of Wellesley publications throwing light on the advanced courses in English.

Dalhousiensia.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LITERARY.—No. Mr. Bliss Carman's line, "Until her April train goes by," does *not* refer to the Flying Bluenose, as that train is not put on until the tourist travel begins in July.

The passage in *Locksley Hall*, "with a little horde of maxims," has nothing to do with Kitchener's machine guns at Omdurman.

ESPRIT DE L'ESCALIER.

LE PREMIER REUCOUTRE.

ELLE. (*descendant des nuées et souriant comme un auge*).
'Bon jour, monsieur?'

LUI. (*balbutie; ne dit rien à propos*)
ce qu'il a voulu dire:—
'Ah! vous voici de retour! c'est le beau temps qui revient.'

TENNYSONS' TRIBUTE TO SCOTT.

"O GREAT AND GALLANT SCOTT,
TRUE GENTLEMAN, HEART, BLOOD AND BONE,
I WOULD IT HAD BEEN MY LOT
TO HAVE HEARD THEE, AND SEEN THEE, AND KNOWN."

—Akbar's Dream.

PROF. OF PHILOSOPHY.—"If Robinson Crusoe had found gold on his island and had no hope of getting off, would he have hoarded it?"

C. FL-t-n (interrupting). "Yes."

Prof. (continuing) "or have played with his 'goats?'"

SCENE—(Edward Street Barracks).

Enter McKe-n.

"What's them things fo-ah?"

McQu-n } (*wearing eye-shades*). "To keep the light from striking

McK-n-n-n } our eyes"

McK-n. "Where your eye-brows?"

HE was a freshman—green and pink—
In all the big round world confiding.
He took a lassie to the rink
And asked her with him to go sliding.
He took a tumble twice or thrice;
The lass, full well her temper keeping,
Said kindly: "Boy, take my advice
And let the rink man do the sweeping."

Noel, Jannary 14th, '99.

Mr. Stormee O'Brien.—Dear Stormee, I am sending you by freight a gallon of our Noel hair restorer, made as you know from juice of hayseed, shad oil and pulverized "marsh mud. Be sure to strain it first so as to keep any hayseed from getting on your hair, and we hope you may soon part your locks in the middle. The preparation is good for the brain and you may give half a gallon to Mr. ——— of whom you talk so much.

Yours truly, GRACE.

THE DESTROYER.

A dwarfish thing of steel and fire ;
 My iron nerves obey
 The bidding of my crafty sire,
 Who drew me out of day,
 And sent me forth, on paths untrod,
 To slay his puny clan ;
 A slave of hell, a scourge of God :
 For I was made by Man.

When foul fog-curtains droop and meet
 Athwart an oily sea ;
 My rhythmic pulse begins to beat :
 'Tis hunting-time for me.
 A breathing swell is hardly seen
 To stir the emerald deep ;
 As, through that ocean jungle green
 I, velvet-footed, creep.

And lo ! my prey, a palace reared
 Above an arsenal,
 By lightning's viewless finger steered,
 Comes on, magestical
 The mists before her bows disport ;
 And neath that traitors' gate,
 The royal vessel, high of heart,
 Sweeps queen-like to her fate.

* * * * *

—*The Spectator, Nov. 26, 1898.*

NOTE.—It is interesting to see how Kipling's laurels will not suffer the minor bards to sleep. This poem is a distinct imitation (but with much originality) of "The Destroyers," illustrating the torpedo-boat, and beginning "The strength of twice three thousand horse." The author is a bold man to challenge the inevitable comparison.‡

THE SEA WANDERER.

I am weary of sea wandering,
 I am sick of wave and foam,
 I have drank the breath of many seas,
 And my heart calls loud for home ;
 And the winds that from far landward blow,
 Bear this one message—Come !

Over and over the restless deep,
 With never a day of grace,
 Till the lengthening leagues and rolling years,
 Seemed to flow with an even pace ;
 And the winds and waves of twenty seas,
 Have beaten about my face.

Within sight and sound of the home,
 And out of the crooning tide,
 And thro' the whispering flakes of foam,
 And up the bare hill side ;
 And ev'rything singing, as I go,
 A dirge for her who has died.

Enough for the mariner now,
 A home where the winds are free ;
 Turn again, oh, ship, thy weary prow,
 And out for the open sea ;
 And on, and on, to a perfect calm,
 And a rest for me or thee.

· J. C. M. DUNCAN.—*Montreal Witness.*

THE DEVIL'S BUSINESS HOUR

The Devil one day, in a nonchalant way,
 Assembled his cabinet crew ;
 Instructions most clear he gave in each ear
 Concerning the work they should do.
 When they should be sent, upon business intent
 To visit the little round ball,
 To test and to see what the prospect might be
 For making a shareholder's call.

Each imp with a smirk came in with a jerk
 And a flip of his tenous tail ;
 With mouth all agrin, as an image of sin,
 And iniquity not one would fail.
 So Satan began to expand all the plan
 He had made for their visit above,
 On Dalhousie first in a mass he should burst
 For that was the home of his love.

" And now,—let me see,—there is young D——inee,
 " Who is fresh as the freshest that grow,
 " He 'doesn't know beans !' he's too verdant for greens !
 " We want no encumbrance below
 " But let him get ripe ! just give him a pipe ;
 " And tell him you think he is smart
 " He'll soon learn the way, and he'll come here to stay,
 " For he's anxious to study his part.

" That M—s—y kid, just give him a bid
 " To attend at our next great levee.
 " The freshie won't soak him with water, then smoke
 " Is the dose he may look for from me.
 " I've looked for a mate for old Judas of late
 " And I think that none better I'll find,
 " To work in his yoke, myself I will poke
 " With my prong, for he's teamster behind.

" There's young master W——d, who's decidedly good
 " For nothing, as everyone knows ;
 " When we cross his track, he will wish himself back
 " To the land of the Soph. and the hose.
 " Tell A——n, C., confidently from me
 " That he nearly gave me go by,
 " But I've 'got him cold' ! I have got a firm hold
 " Of that marvellous blooming loud tie.

"The Faculty there, they had best have a care,

"The faculty, namely, of arts.

"To close the boys room like an occupied tomb

"Is regarded as theft in these parts.

"I have a good plan that will use every man

"Of the lot, in the big sulphur hole.

"To some I'll give spades, while some will be aides

"To his lordship in shovelling coal.

"Young A-l-n now, I would like to know how

"To entice him to regions below.

"At present it looks by the blanks in our books

"That we haven't a ghost of a show.

"Oh my! what in—well! what's that wonderful smell

"That ascends from the broiling spits? But

An imp made reply with a tear in his eye,

"They are frying pork steak off of R-t."

Here the council makes a wild dash in the direction whence the succulent smell

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Justice Sedgewick, \$5.00; Dr. E. MacKay, \$3.00; Dr. MacMechan, Rev. P. M. MacDonald, J. W. Logan, Esq., \$2.00 each; W. T. Kennedy, Esq., J. S. Ross, Miss Annie MacKay, J. Weldon W. A. Ross F. H. MacIntosh, J. W. A. Nicholson, D. G. McDonald, B. Glover. Miss Seeton, D. T. C. Watson, J. G. Colquhoun, George Wood, W. P. Taylor, L. H. Cummings, Walter Crowe, L.L.B., Miss E. E. Kennedy, Miss M. J. Kennedy, J. H. Kennedy, B. Denamore, Allison Cumming, W. O. Farquharson, Frank O'Brien, Miss Cameron, Commons R. R., George Grant, D. G. Cock, C. H. Montgomery, Rev. John McMillan, Rev. Geo. McMillan, W. E. Stewart, A. M. McLeod, R. M. McGregor, George Patterson, L.L.B., Dr. Katherine, J. McKay, John Montgomery, M.A., C. Burchell, L. M. Crosby, R. L. Blackadar, W. F. MacKinnon, Dr. G. M. Campbell, Dr. W. S. Muir, J. W. Carmichael, \$1.00 each; Fred Lessel, 60c.; Dr. Magee, 20c.

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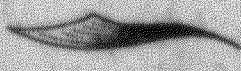
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