

Davis R

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA

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TERMS.

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[N the *New York Sun* of January first, there is a comprehensive article on the attitude of Dalhousie to the higher education of women. We print a portion of the article on page 174. Probably of all Great Britain's colonial empire Canada is the most conservative, unless Cape Colony be an exception, and excluding of course Quebec, Nova Scotia is the most conservative province in Canada. Indeed we carry this so far that we are accused, and often justly, of being slow; and any new idea, to be generally accepted, must be well thought out before we receive it. This gives us a great deal of solidity, though a certain old-fashioned air; and what is true of our institutions generally is doubly true of our Universities.

While the writer in the *Sun* reviews our attitude to co-education with fairness and a certain amount of commendation; yet the article would tend to show that our lady

undergraduates are subjected to a certain degree of restraint which keeps them from considering themselves as much a part of the institution as the male undergraduates are. This may be partly true, but only according as our college represented the public opinion of the whole province.

Down in this little province by the sea we sometimes ignore the astute refutations of John Stuart Mill and often listen to the voice of common sense. Without theorizing too much we accept the perhaps questionable premises that men are not women, neither are women men; and arguing from this we allow them to draw distinctions between themselves. Ladies might be presidents of our students' meetings,—they might argue pro and con in our debating societies,—they might be honorary members of our athletic clubs; but they are not, nor are they ever likely to play a different role in our colleges than they do now. We never dispute the possibility of the new woman of the most advanced type appearing amongst us, indeed she *has* been here, but we also take care never to admit that a cordial reception is in store for her. Perhaps we have not yet perceived that there is any great difference between the intellectual requirements of normal men and women, for by subjecting themselves to the same routine of study and the same examinations, the undergraduates of both sexes have that equality of chance which theorists desire. There may be benefit derived from delivering the same lecture to men at three o'clock and women at four, rather than addressing them together in the same room: We fail to see the advantage. There may be advantage in young men and women competing in athletic sports and standing on an equality in every respect: We do not discuss this question, and for the same reason that our science professors have not yet attempted to demonstrate that the moon is not made of green cheese.

“O Licenius, you will level a course of life, more correct by neither pursuing always the main ocean, nor while you are so cautious and in dread of storms, by pressing too much upon a perilous shore.”

AS some of the law students are very jealous of their department in the GAZETTE and seem to miss their five pages at the end of every number, we will ask them to count the pages used for their benefit in the new volume. First let them read through the editorials, then the papers so carefully contributed by our different professors, not forgetting that among the items of *Dallusiensia* the names of friends often appear. The Arts editors obtain useful and instructive contributions also, and for a student of law, who should know everything, the careful perusal of these will be of lasting benefit. We need a “would-be editor” in the law school. Could not some fiery-headed scholar of the second year help us out?

As mock parliaments and moot courts are a thing of the past, examinations are completely engaging the attention of a majority of us. Skating, however, is not overlooked. A game of hockey was played on January 21st between the students in the respective offices of Borden, Ritchie and Company and Drysdale and McInnes, and was won by the latter. There has been talk too of a Law School team playing the University champions.

The students of Constitutional Law and History took advantage of the opportunity offered by the Arts Students to hear a lecture by Sir John Bourinot and enjoyed a rich treat in the description of our Government system. Those who heard Sir John lecture before the historical society were even more pleased, and were thrilled with the glowing eulogies freely given to Joseph Howe, Johnstone and others of our

Nova Scotian fathers. There is to be a very interesting course of lectures in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, which will no doubt be attended by those of us interested in the British Empire and its destinies.

EATING DINNERS AT THE TEMPLE.

WARWICK LOQ. "This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction in the temple garden
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night "
Henry VI., Part I., Act II., Sc 4.

Four centuries and more have passed and still those roses bloom. Times have changed, year by year has passed away, the walls and buildings all around which even then were ancient, some of them beyond the memory of man, have mouldered and crumbled into decay; men and generations of men have gone down into the grave and not even their bones exist to show the stature of the age, yet, still unchanged as the blue vault of Heaven above and as the river just outside the Temple gates which like the river of years rolls onwards and forwards majestically towards its goal, those lawns remain as green and the roses of the Temple bloom as fresh as in the days when York and Lancaster disputed the succession to the throne.

Yet, what a change it is. Now it is London all around, while the Temple gardens lie, an oasis of green, in the very middle of that mighty pile. But in those days, amusing as it may now sound, this was not London at all, but the suburbs, just as Islington, now within ten minutes' bus service of the city, and with a teeming population, was then the quiet country village, the scene of the old love ballad—

"Of the youth, a well beloved youth,
And he was the Squire's son,
Who loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived at Islington."

All the houses in the neighborhood of the Temple were the suburban residences of the nobles and princes of the court. Walking from Westminster Abbey and the houses of parliament there was the Savoy, now a magnificent hotel, but with the old chapel and graveyard still lying in the rear; beside it, but dwarfing it in spite of its queenly proportions, stands a fourteen story building still unoccupied and surrounded with scaffolding; it will long remain as a monument of the Liberator Building Society and the hundred of unfortunate families ruined by the infamous Jabez Spencer Balfour, now a fugitive from justice. Then there was Somerset House, now a big registry office, and

Essex House, and then the Outer, the Middle and the Inner Temple. Eastward of this was the city proper, and the dividing line was marked by the Old Temple Bar, which stood until the last few years when a pillar with a big ugly griffin at the top, fit emblem of the 19th century, has come to take its place. This Old Temple Bar was once the western entrance to the city and here at each returning year the Lord Mayor elect must knock and request admission for himself and his procession; it contained besides a primitive lock-up which was often found convenient as a night's lodging for the suburban resident who had spent the evening at the too hospitable chambers of some Temple friend. They tell a story of a worthy tradesman who had made money and wanted to found a family. He went to the Herald's office in search of a crest. The respectable, though not uncommon name of Lord was not much help, so the Herald asked him as to his antecedents, but could get nothing available for the purpose. His father? His grandfather? No good. They had all kept the same little retail grocery, soap and cheese and candles, not an incident or an episode to gild a coat-of-arms. The Herald in despair pressed him more closely; surely he had had some experience or adventure in his youth. Well, the only thing he could remember was getting on a spree one night and being locked up in the Temple Bar. There was a group of statuary at the top representing the legend of King Lud; he discovered a line of rope and climbed up to Lud's statue and let himself down. "That'll do," said the Herald, "lineally descended from King Lud." And down it went, as good, no doubt, as many another pedigree.

But turn to your right down the Middle Temple lane, and in that building with the golden lamb upon its gates, you will find pedigrees as pure, and shields as brightly blazoned as any in the land. It was out of that building in the scene from Shakespeare I have taken as my text that Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, but then merely a scion of the Temple, adjourned with Somerset and Suffolk and Warwick to continue their discussion in the gardens. For that building, mighty as the one that Merlin built for Arthur and his knights, is the dining hall of the Middle Temple, the classic vestibule to the green pastures of the law, where, after "eating their dinners," according to the time honored custom, generation after generation, of the brightest intellect of England has gone up to the dais at the upper end and been by the presiding Bencher "called" and wished success in his future practice at the bar. Until lately it was the custom for the leading student to respond on behalf of his class and on one occasion when this was done the speaker, after returning thanks, added that in view of the competition and over crowding of the profession the best wish

he could offer in return for the kind wishes that had been expressed for the future success of himself and his fellows was to hope that their lordships might live to see it and their days would certainly be long in the land.

There are four Inns of Court, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; they alone have the right of admitting to practice at the bar; each is governed by a body of Benchers elected for life by the barristers of the Inn; many of these Benchers are judges and all of the highest legal standing. Their power, in all matters pertaining to the Inn by which they are elected, is absolute, being controlled only by public opinion; it is supposed to be derived from a charter granted by Edward II. to the Inns of Court soon after the expulsion of the Knights Templars. It is said that this charter has been lost and they have now therefore no legal sanction for their acts; but their regulations are, as rule, so reasonable and their authority so benevolently exercised that no one cares to dispute their right, and though there has been talk of a Royal Commission to examine into the constitution of the Inns of Court there is not likely to be any change without some agitation among the barristers themselves. It will be seen, however, that their power is very considerable when I say that the income of the Middle Temple alone, derived from rents of chambers and real estate, is from £20,000 to £30,000 a year. What is done with all this money? Well, any householder knows the expense connected with keeping up and repairing property, and can form some idea of the fixing required every year on so vast an area of buildings. Then there is the pay of all the Temple servants, from the stalwart marshal with his wand to the scarlet-coated gutter boy who rakes the lanes, and the gardener who plants the daffodils and crocuses around Ruth Pinch's fountain; and the vast library of law books to which every member of the Inn is welcome and to which every year are added the latest text-books, statutes and reports, and in which hangs a suggestive book where any reasonable request will meet with the committee's prompt attention, regardless of the expense. Besides this the Inner and Middle Temple support between them the expense of the Temple Church, with its sweet voiced choir and beautifully toned organ and its impressive service.

But revenons a nos moutons, as the French say; for the joints will be getting cold and here have the Benchers, barristers and students of the Middle Temple been waiting hungry for their dinner; it is just six o'clock; but wait half a minute, we have just time to go into that little room on the left and wash our hands and tidy up. Ah! there are some old friends. This is the first day of the Michaelmas term and I've not seen them since before the long vacation. I only just came up from

Somersetshire myself the other day, after a jolly long summer of tennis and cricket and cycling and garden parties, finishing up with a week or two's shooting after the partridges; oh, how sweet are the joys of life when coming after a hard year's work; and the prospect even of work again has a delight of its own when one returns to it from pleasure and forms dreams of new worlds to conquer and new ambitions to evolve. But now I must look sharp and get three other fellows to form a congenial "mess." Percy Atwood and Goring and myself, and now, who for the fourth? Oh, there's John Merriman, he's just the man; and now rush into the next room where the head porter holds the gowns for us to put on, while his pretty daughter takes our fees for the term, one look in the glass and twist of the Sunday curl on our foreheads and then for the hall. Oh! there aren't so very many here, we'll be able to get a good place; that long table on the dais at the upper end is where the Benchers alone sit; below that and parallel to it is the "Ancients" table, reserved for those twelve of the barristers in the Hall who have been longest called. Forming a cross with these two tables and ranging the length of the Hall are all the other benches long and very narrow, capable of seating perhaps 600 or 700 men, and all of Spanish oak, said to be made from the wood of the Armada. In the other Inns the barristers sit apart from the students, but in the Middle Temple all sit together, which is more convenient, as a young barrister may very likely have more friends among the students; the only distinction is that the students wear sleeveless gowns and a barrister may always turn out a student who occupies a seat above him; but this right would hardly be insisted on, unless a student or party of students were presumptuously to come early and occupy seats so high up as naturally to be expected to be required for the accommodation of barristers. Well, we see a vacant place at the second table and lay our forks crosswise to indicate that we have taken it. No need for that now, though. Bang! Bang! Bang! there goes the head marshal's great staff upon the floor. Attention gentlemen of the bar, the Benchers are coming. And here they come, two by two, not with the solemn gait of pillars of the law, but with the bright and chirpy tread of men who know that a good dinner is awaiting them. Lord Coleridge leads with Sir John Day, who looks smaller than ever by his tall companion; then the kindly Lord Justice Lindley and Hawkins, who made his name and fame by his masterly cross-examination in the Tichborne case, and now is celebrated for his stern, though even handed justice, and then Grantham of the Queen's Bench, who lately gained fame in the Admiralty Court to which he went on an emergency to try a case for Sir Francis Jeune, who had fallen sick. He begged the Bar to excuse him for his want of

knowledge of *Admiralty* proceedings; he would do his best, he said, to mete out justice and trusted that there might be—

"No murmurings at the Bar
When he put out to sea."

Others may be seen, too, ornaments of the Bench and Bar. Up the west aisle they go, and when they reach the top the senior Bencher takes a card from off the table and while we reverently bow, reads aloud the grace that formerly in Latin, but now in our own kindly tongue has been read at that hour and in that place since Elizabeth was queen. One moment's pause and then the hurrying of waiters to and fro and the clatter of dishes. Some few are not provided with seats; perhaps they were late; there is an Oxford undergraduate who has just come up to town from Saturday to Monday to "eat his dinners." (University men are only required to eat three in a term, while others must be there for six; most Oxford and Cambridge men in this way manage to put in most of their dinners while still studying at the university, so that they only have to spend a year or so at the Temple after taking their degree.) A boy of 19, enjoying an unwonted trip to town, he rushed off to the Temple just in time to find the gates closed. The rule requires that in order to make a dinner "count" the student must be in and "gowned" and in his place in time for grace; but the soft-hearted porter has let him in to save him from "missing his terms" and perhaps also influenced by the argument, which the young Oxonian has no doubt learned by experience if not from perusal of the classics, and which was used so much by Philip in his campaign against Grecian towns, and is not altogether obsolete in political campaigns of the present day. At last they are all seated, being placed in those messes which have not the required four. Here it is that the utility of the system of "eating dinners" which is so often sneered at comes in. It is to promote social fellowship and good feeling amongst those who are hereafter to meet each other at the bar. A man may come up to the Temple (as indeed I did myself) without being acquainted with a soul and he will be given the opportunity (not otherwise easily obtainable in exclusive England) of acquiring, and if he shows himself worthy of it, of retaining the friendship not only of those of his own age and standing, but even of others far above him at the Bar, for the older barristers almost always welcome with a kindly interest the newcomer who is seated at their table. This is only one instance of many I could name of the unexclusiveness and broadmindedness which characterize the Bar as a profession in England. Here, perhaps, more than in any other society there is a perfect freedom of conversation, for all questions are debatable. There is no prejudice against any sect, creed, or section of politics, and no faith

or fad however boary which is therefore considered exempt from controversy. This is probably owing to the heterogeneity of the sources from which the Bar draws its members. There are Conservatives and Liberals, Unionists and Home Rulers, Churchmen and Dissenters, Roman Catholics and Parsees, Hindoos, Mahometans and negroes; there are musicians and poets, athletes and scientists, Squires of Kent and manufacturers from Birmingham and Manchester, old soldiers and old clergymen, ancient families and nouveau riche; there is Robinson who plays in the International football team for all England; there is McDona, ex-clergyman and writer to the "Field" on sporting dogs who then gave up the church and came to the bar to be with his only son, a boy of 21; now he is practising at the Old Bailey and trying for a seat in parliament. There is "The" O'Cleary, Roman Catholic and ex-soldier in the Papal Guards, who was left for dead upon the field of Aspromonte, then a Home Ruler until he quarrelled with Parnell, and now author of "Making of Italy." There is another Home Ruler, John O'Connor, "Long John," as he is called, bagman originally, but raised by his own energy and perseverance to the position he now holds; 6 ft. 5 in. he is; the porter keeps a special gown to match his inches. He has just come back from the elections in County Cork, where there were exciting times; politics is no trade, he says, for any man over 6 ft.; all the brick bats that went over the heads of the crowd hit him.

Here then we all sit down to dine together. "Ground in the social mill," as the poet says, "we rub each other's angles down." And certainly the old fathers of the Temple were wise, as indeed our fathers have been more often than the superficiality of our modern vision gives them credit for, when they realized that there was no time when the angles were less protuberant or the stone more impressionable than at the hour of dinner. And here it comes, see the succulent joints, which might well make a Ho-Ti think his house well lost in the cooking. Borne by the sturdy waiters, they are deposited one in front of each mess. The upper messes have the first choice. "What will you have, sir?" says our waiter, a short, fat, but dapper little man, "saddle of mutton or roast beef?" The captain usually asks the opinion of the rest of the mess before giving his casting vote; but to-day there is no need; it would be unanimous. "Saddle" says G. decisively. It is usually only the very top messes composed of the older lawyers who get the chance of this delicious dish. Raised on the Welsh mountains for our special benefit, with its delicate layers of dimpled fat lying soft as its own wool, we envious youngsters often think it is too young and tender to be absorbed in the anatomy of the old sheepskins of the law. But now, to-day, we have our chance and G. an opportunity to show his generosity by treating us to currant jelly, as is the custom for

the captain in such case. But the captain has his privileges as well as his duties ; here comes the waiter again to ask what wine we will have ; it is a much disputed point in hall ethics whether the captain has autocratic power on this question, or is he merely a president with casting power in a republic of equal votes.

(To be continued.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Wake ! for the closed Pavilion doors have kept
Their silence while the white-eyed Kaffir slept,
And wailed the Nightingale with 'Jug, jug, jug !'
Whereat for empty cup, the White Rose wept.

Enter with me where yonder door hangs out
Its Red Triangle to a world of drought,
Inviting to the Palace of the Djinn,
Where death, Aladdin, waits as Chuckerout.

Methought, last night, that one in suit of woe
Stood by the Tavern door and whispered 'Lo !
The Pledge departed, what avails the Cup ?
Then take the Pledge and let the Wine-cup go.'

But I : 'For every thirsty soul that drains
This Anodyne of Thought its rim contains—
Freewill the *can*, Necessity the *must* ;
Pour off the *must*, and, see, the *can* remains.

'Thep, pot or glass, why label it "With care ?"
Or why your Sheepskin with my Gourd compare ?
Lo ! here the Bar and I the only Judge :—
O, Dog that bit me, I exact a hair !'

—Green Bays.

COEDUCATION IN COLLEGE.

COLLEGIATE co-education in the United States has come as one of the late concessions to woman's request for an intellectual training equal to man's. The movement first began in the west, and all along the line eastward the experiment has been tried very successfully according to the opinion of its adherents.

Even the conventional east is yielding to co-education in the graduate departments of its oldest and most exclusive colleges. Yale was the last to admit women for post graduate work. Columbia and Harvard also admit women to their graduate departments, but there is no inten-

tion on the part of any of these colleges to concede co-education in its undergraduate ranks.

It has been reserved for Dalhousie College in Halifax, Nova Scotia, to show one of the best demonstrations of co-education without restriction or hindrance. Until 1881 man reigned supreme. Then two ambitious young women asked to be admitted. The authorities of the college were inclined to shake their heads. . . but when they came together in a solemn meeting they discovered that there was nothing in the charter of the college to exclude women. And the two girls were enrolled as students of Dalhousie.

A course at Dalhousie seems to create such a thirst for knowledge that no graduate can rest content until she has at least two or three degrees as testimony of her faithful work. Among the forty or more girl graduates, those who did not take honors in something or other are the exception ; and their career afterward is what might be expected from such a beginning. . . . They have a vigor of mind and body gratifying to the professors with whom they study, and a freshness and zest which makes the work a pleasure to them.

When it came to the question of amusements for the girls, however, there was a different story to tell. . . . In things intellectual there is a strict basis of equality . . . but girls are not admitted to most of the college societies, to the gymnasium, nor, on account of traditionary custom, to the reading room. . . . To an American girl who has had the experience of a woman's college where her interests were primary, and amusements were ordered for her benefit, where clubs and societies and gatherings were her right, the substitutes provided for a Dalhousie girl seem poor and cold and uninteresting. But she does not often give voice to this opinion, lest she should be charged with frivolity and flippancy and ignorance of the delight of pure study and bring her college into disrepute.

Girls are admitted to the medical school in connection with the college. There have been, so far, four graduates. . . . From the school of law, however, girls are excluded.

Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin are very conservative. Oxford has equipped three colleges for women—Somerville, St. Margaret's, and St. Hugh's. Every advantage is given them to attend the courses leading to degrees, but when the time comes for awarding these magic first two letters of the alphabet the college says to the women, "You have done everything necessary for a degree, but you can't have it, that is a manly privilege. Cambridge, too, has provided Girton, and Newnham colleges for its girl students, but no degrees are granted. Harvard follows the example of these two

universities and will grant no degrees to students of Radcliffe. . . . Looked at in the light of these conservative colleges, Dalhousie with its liberal policy, and cordial invitation to women, becomes valuable and significant as one of the influences that may give women her simple due.

FOOTBALL AT "HOPKINS."

Nor the least thing Dalhousie does for a man, if he be a true man, is to imbue him with the love of football, and although no match will quicken his pulse, and cause his heart to beat like that in which his *alma mater* is concerned, he is nevertheless constrained, wherever he may wander, to be interested in the game for the sake of "the olden time." And as Odysseus hurled the discus, and his modern admirers pitch the quoit, a student of the dead languages may be pardoned for stealing off of an afternoon to at least watch a game of live football.

The American game is regarded as unconditionally brutal. It is capable of being so, but that element seems to be largely confined to teams of the first class, where so much is made to depend upon the issue. In second and third class games, however, the play is little rougher than in Canadian Rugby.

The reason why the American game is less gentle is, of course, the systematic "off-side" playing. The teams line up, eleven men on a side. The ball is "kicked off" from centre returned and "blocked." The side gaining the ball group about their solitary "scrimmager," opposed in like manner. The quarter signals: "Nine—Twenty—A million—Sixteen." He of the scrimmage passes the ball between his legs to the quarter who forges ahead, with halves and "wings" in front, as foils, grouped according to signal. To drop the ball or fail to gain five yards in four such trials forfeits the ball to the other side. The game is, therefore, simple interference throughout, varied perhaps by an occasional "punt" or a side play with a bold dash for goal. There is no passing or field play which is the beauty of the Canadian game, or even so much as a "dribble." The game is faster than our own, and men are sooner out of breath, so that time has to be called frequently. Substitutes are on hand to take the place of the disabled. The game lasts about as long as ours. The field is smaller, owing to the closer nature of the play, and the fewer men.

A unique feature of the game is the "rooting." A "chief rooter" is chosen, who acts as "presenter" to the irrepressible ex-officio members of the team along the ropes. He proposes a cry, and after a "one, two, three" to get all ready, leads the crowd in a college yell or a hit at the play or the players. This method is very effective as compared with the disconcerted

efforts of "down East" collegians. Verily in unity there is strength.

The graduate students here are by repute and by practice inveterate "pluggers," (they have no word here for it, though veritable "Plug-alleys" abound). Nevertheless, the University team this year consists almost wholly of graduates. Increased participation in such sports by advanced students will prove very beneficial in creating in future teachers of influence a strong interest in athletics, and we have reason to hope that so potent a factor in building up not only a healthy physique but even more a healthy college spirit will be more and more appreciated and utilized by those in authority in scholastic matters.

H. T. A.

DREAMS.

This essay of mine was not handed in in time, but I think it deserves the prize. My dreams are remarkable in that they come true. Last Monday I dreamed that my tailor demanded payment on a bill a year overdue. I tried to stand him off, wanted to give him "something on account," even suggested a compromise of ten cents on the dollar. But he was inexorable. The dream made a profound impression on my mind. That very day at one o'clock, his collector called and wanted to see me. I almost fell on his neck, I smiled and said I expected him.

My dreams are composite. Sometimes I can analyze the elements. For instance, the other day, I read Symond's essay on Hervirdas, and was much impressed with the punishment decreed for Chiron of a thousand blows on the back and a thousand before, well laid in. There is a prominent medical student whom I see every day almost. Now for the combination. I dreamed that I saw this prominent young man tied tightly on a chair in my old school and getting the two thousand stripes. The executioner was a lady, a very pretty medical student, but as the young man was in a corner, she could not bring her blows home. She threw herself into the task with energy, I thought, but the instrument of torture, the long, smooth, tapering, hard-wood ruler, such as I used to be licked with in the happy days of childhood, never really reached him. Once he visibly winced and jumped, but as a general thing, he took his licking like a man. I don't remember what he got his flogging for: but I think it was for singing out of tune.

When I was a little boy, I used to dream of fights with guns and Indians, and I always crawled under the sidewalk, near the Platts' house, when there was any danger. Now I am much more valiant and stand up to my enemies with my bare fists. Perhaps it is because I use a punching bag for exercise every morning.

One of my nightmares is that I am back teaching school. I tell the red-headed boy to do something and he won't do it. No more will the white-haired boy. They won't obey. They run in all directions: law and order are at an end. Chaos reigns.

One of my habitual dreams is starting on a journey, going down to the station and finding that my trunks have not come. If they do come in time, there is a confusion in the time-table, and I haven't money enough to pay my fare, or the trains are not the right ones; and I find I have to change at all sorts of perplexing way-stations. I never get to my journey's end.

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

E LIBRO RUBICUNDO.

One summer, during the short lull in farm work that usually comes between haying and harvesting, two of my friends and I decided to go dulsing.

Dulse is a seaweed which grows on rocks and kelp-stalks so deep down in the water that it is left bare only for about half an hour at low water of the high tides. The plant consists of broad smooth leaves of a dark red color attached to the rocks by a slender stem. When first picked it is tough and leathery, but when dried in the sun it becomes very tender. It is eaten raw, the salt left by the evaporation of the water making it very palatable.

On the day appointed we left home quite early in the morning, drove to Canada Creek, a small fishing village on the south shore of the Bay of Fundy, hired a large sail-boat, and set out for the other shore. There was a good breeze, and after two hours sailing, we arrived at a small inlet near Cape d'Or, called Horse-shoe Cove. At the mouth of this cove was a reef which was left bare at low water, and there we expected to find the dulse.

When the tide was nearly out we went to the reef, and found the rocks fairly covered with the shining red leaves. We were not long in filling all the bags we had brought with us and putting them on board the boat. This done, we wandered about on the beach till it was time to start for home.

By this time it was growing dark; but the wind was blowing strong and we thought it would not take as long to go across. We had not gone far, however, when we found that the wind was going down. Soon we had to take in the sails and get out the oars. It was hard work rowing. The boat was large, the oars were long and heavy, and to make matters worse the tide was carrying us up the bay, out of our

course at the rate of about six miles an hour. At last we reached the shore fully fifteen miles above the point for which we had started.

Before long the tide turned again and with its help it did not take us long to run down the bay to the creek. We arrived there at half past three in the morning. As the tide was not yet in the creek, however, we had to anchor outside and wait till morning. Needless to say, we did not stay any longer than necessary for none of us had a wink of sleep that night. So as soon as the water was high enough we ran into the creek loaded the dulse on the waggon and went home. We all agreed that, although the excursion was not quite as enjoyable as it might have been, we were well repaid for our trouble, for when we had dried the dulse we found we had over three barrels, the market value of which would be about fifteen dollars.

Before the year 1889 books seemed to me to be the most stupid inventions ever made. How anyone could sit still for hours and yet enjoy themselves I did not see. My chief punishment and almost my worst one was to be kept in on a fine afternoon and compelled to read. The first book I waded through was "Pilgrim's Progress,"—I was never given a very interesting work—and my next library study was my grandfather's biography. This was so long and so dry that before I came to the tenth page I decided to be good for the rest of my life.

However, on my eighth birthday I was presented with Grimm's Fairy Tales: I had never heard of a fairy story before and so it excited my interest. Unfortunately it was Sunday and after breakfast I was told to put away my gifts and prepare for church. I went to the sanctuary but I might as well have stayed at home, for my mind, instead of being on the sermon, was on the lovely colored picture on the front page of that book. After dinner I was suddenly taken sick and told mother I thought I would not attend Sunday School but go right to bed. The last decision, not the first one convinced her that I must be ill, and she told me to lie on the nursery sofa until I got some medicine. I had forgotten about that and had to spend the next fifteen minutes settling which disease was the simplest. I certainly did not want the toothache for that meant the dentist's on the following day, nor the earache, as I might get in a fix as to how it felt, so I finally concluded to have a severe headache, a

pleasure which to this day I am still a stranger to. However father was called out and after all I was tucked in bed without even seeing him.

As soon as I was left alone, I pulled out my book, piled up the pillows behind my back and commenced to read. What an afternoon I spent! how quickly the time passed! what joy and rapture I felt at the ever happy endings, I could never tell. Only once was my bliss interrupted, when someone came up to see if I was asleep. Happily it was only the nurse and she just laughed at the fairy tales and said she did not think I was dangerously ill. Ever since that day I have read everything interesting I could lay my hands on, and now I think with reverence of the man who invented story-books.

*My First
Story-book.*

When I was very small, I lived for more than a year with my grandfather, who was a good old Methodist. He had a great number of large books, volumes of sermons, essays on Methodist doctrine and lives of the old Methodist pioneers. These books filled me with the most intense awe. When we sat at the table, two or three of them were piled upon my chair for me to sit on, that I might at least be able to see over the top of the table. I trembled at such desecration, and if I had dared, would have refused to be a sharer in it. When I was homesick, I flew from these to the attic, which was indeed a storehouse of delight. There were piles, and trunks overflowing with illustrated magazines which amused me for many a long hour.

While overhauling these trunks one day, I came across my first story-book. It was a collection of fairy tales called *The Goloshes of Fortune*. It was rather difficult reading for me, but by spelling out the words and asking my grandmother their meanings I managed to understand it. I found the story perfectly thrilling. *The Goloshes of Fortune* were magical shoes. If a person put them on, any wish he might make would be instantly granted. They were just like ordinary goloshes and no one imagined that they had any extraordinary powers. One poor man put them on, and while wearing them, wished he were dead. He had his wish, for he died then and there in his shoes and remained dead until they were taken off. When he was well rid of the deadly shoes, he came to life again.

I asked my grandmother what goloshes were. When she told me that they were rubber shoes, I ran and got my

own little rubbers, and, putting them on, I wished that I might be taken home for a little while. I shut my eyes, fully expecting to be caught up and carried through the air at lightning speed until I reached my home. But no! I stood there motionless for fully five minutes. At last I realized that my rubbers had no magical powers, and very much disappointed, I burst into tears. Next day I tried my grandmother's rubbers, but I found that hers were as useless as my own.

Although I have forgotten a great part of the contents of this book, I shall never forget the great pleasure it gave me and the many happy hours I spent in spelling it out. It was my greatest cure for that most uncomfortable of diseases, homesickness.

*My Brother's
Kreper.*

While we were living in Mexico, my father one day took my youngest brother, who was then about two years old, and myself to Chichuahua to spend a few days with our aunt who lived there. During this visit our Mexican nurse, Pancha, one afternoon took us to the *plaza*, a large square somewhat resembling our public gardens, in the centre of the city. Like all nurses, Pancha had many admirers, and while her attention was wholly engrossed by the crowd of fruit and confectionery vendors around her, I took advantage of the occasion to make some slight explorations on my own account, taking my brother with me. I was soon completely lost in the confusion around.

My little brother, being very tired, was crying with all the strength of his small lungs, and I was becoming impatient at my failure to quiet him, when an old Mexican hag who had been watching us from her fruit stand, came up to us and asked me to let her try to put the child to sleep. I willingly relinquished my charge to the old woman, who rocked him and crooned over him until he was asleep. She then questioned me as to who I was, where I lived, and how I came to be wandering around the *plaza* alone, until she had extracted from me all the information she desired, when she told me I had better go home, as it was getting late. I started to take her advice, and was about to awaken my little brother; but she stopped me, reminding me how tired he was, and how he would cry if awakened then. Why could I not let her keep him, she asked, she would be kind to him, and would not in the least object to his crying. At first I was rather dubious about giving him to her, but when she offered me ten "*claccos*" for him, the vision of the ten sticks of candy I could buy with that enormous sum was too much for me.

I closed the bargain by pocketing the money and running off to find Pancha.

This was easier said than done. After searching for her until I had finished eating all the candy my ten *claccos* had bought for me, I became quite lonely and frightened. It was with great delight therefore that I saw one of my aunt's servants running towards me: but my delight was of short duration, for he grasped me roughly by the arm, and shook me in a way which I thought quite unbecoming the dignity of one who had just spent the "*claccos*." After hearing my story he sent me off home with a trusty messenger, while he continued his search for my brother.

He did not find him that day, nor the next. The following day, my father received word in some mysterious way that he could get the child back by paying a stated ransom. My brother was thus returned to us, but I think it was a long time before I was trusted alone with anything for which I could possibly find sale.

"TULA."

LIBRARY NOTES.

"*Justificata est sapientia a filiis suis.*—BIB. SAC."

"*Pinillus bibliothecam librosque multos habet. Quis Dallusiacalia neget!*"—MECANIUS, *De Bibliothecis Instruendis*, l. i, c. i.

THE USE OF BOOKS.—It is not generally known that the WEST ROOM contains a monument to the energy of our Professor of Physics. By simply exchanging the publications of the Institute of Natural Science with those of learned societies all over the world, he has amassed a fine collection of over 3,000 volumes, which though not the property of the college are accessible to all students capable of using them. The time and work freely given in collecting and arranging this valuable library can hardly be calculated: but neither is grudged in the advancement of science. Of course those who can use such books must be few, in any community: and some of them may be considered as forming part of "learned lumber." All such reading is never read, in fact. And of all such books, one would think that works in Russian on the geology of the Ural Mountains would be the last for which any use could be found in Nova Scotia. The Librarian has thought so himself more than once in shifting the heavy tomes about. But at last the hour came and the man. He was a working miner who could speak nothing but English, but the geology of the Ural Mountains was precisely what interested him. Though he could not decipher a word of Russian, he could use the plates. He got the books and went on his way rejoicing. He had been in search of

information for some time: he was "one of those fellows who want to know, you know"; and his weary quest ended at Dalhousie. The moral is plain. *Any book has a place in a college library.*

A NOTABLE GIFT.—A good many people have given gifts to the library, and left their good-will unspoken. The gifts implied the feeling. At the same time, it is not a little cheering to receive such a note as the one printed below. May the good wish turn the heart of someone to our plight and the golden age of Munro dawn again:—

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 6th, 1899.

DEAR PROF.—We are sending you three of Lord Brassey's books in the hope that they may be some use in the college library, whose interest you have so at heart. I only wish that it were in my power to aid the library in a more substantial way, and I trust that someone who is well provided with the necessary wherewithal will come to the front.

With best wishes for the New Year in which Mrs. Fraser cordially joins, believe me,

Yours faithfully,

C. F. FRASER,

Per E. J. F.

ACCESSIONS.—The method of keeping account of the books acquired is very simple. Each session a new page is begun and the books are numbered as they come in; hence we tell at a glance how many books were got and within what limits. The title, the number of volumes, and the name of the donor is given. When we get on a bit, we shall have naturally a more minute system. Since the beginning of the session we have acquired by all sorts of honest means, 348 volumes. Some of these have been already acknowledged in these "Notes," and some are merely the usual exchanges, calendars, programs, &c.

SPECIAL MENTION.—The famous class of '96 still reminds us of its existence by new volumes of the invaluable "Jesuit Relations." We have the series now as far as vol. 30. The last of the Three Cheques of last year has brought a complete Parkman and Lecky's England in the XVIII. Century, to the historical department. The Atheneum Press Series has been completed, as far as issued. The Professor of Chemistry has donated nearly ten volumes of the Popular Science Monthly. These are besides a goodly number of gifts from students and graduates, who though connected with other institutions, never forget *Alma Mater*. One of these loyal sons of Dalhousie has given seven important works, but he would be offended if his name were mentioned.

DALHOUSIE CORNER.—This is growing, though it is not as yet in evidence, being shelved in the mysterious West Room. When all our publications are brought together, the result will be imposing. Friends who have works of De Mille, Lawson, Lyall, McCulloch, are asked to contribute.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

Copy of 'Motion of Royal Commission' served on House on Nov. 12th, read in the House Thursday, Nov. 17th, by the clerk.

The premier, W. S. GRAY, introduced the cabinet as follows:

Premier and Foreign Secretary.....W. S. GRAY.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.....J. C. O'MULLIN.
First Lord of Admiralty.....R. B. SCHURMAN.
Home Secretary.....L. A. HALL.
Colonial Secretary.....N. S. MACNEIL.

On the Speaker calling for private member's Bills and Orders, Mr. McINTYRE moved that a Commission be appointed to investigate the reports in the Parliamentary Hansard which seem to reflect on certain honorable members. After a very stormy debate this resolution was passed and a committee, consisting of Mr. Richardson and others, was appointed.

Government Bills then being in order, Hon. MR. O'MULLIN opened the debate with the following resolution: *Resolved*, That it is expedient in the interest of the British Empire at large, and of the Colony of Newfoundland in particular, that the Treaty or Treaties by which the French have the right of fishing, etc., on the West Coast of Newfoundland, be abrogated.—He ably upheld the action of the Government in a few well chosen remarks.

This resolution was seconded by MR. McINTYRE, who said that the French had violated the treaty and we were therefore justified in withdrawing from it, and should do so even at the risk of war.

MR. O'CONNOR then expressed his opinion that the mover of the resolution was not sufficiently definite in expressing the intention of the Government and that the French were acting entirely within the provisions of the treaty.

MR. LEAHY, in support of the resolution, made a few effective remarks, showing that the conduct of the French Government was sufficient cause for the proposed action.

In opposition MR. PARLEE claimed that it was a breach of International Law as enacted at the Treaty of Paris in 1870, to so withdraw from this Treaty.

MR. SEELEY supported the measure, stating that France should be turned out of North America as she was a constant menace to British Possessions.

The debate was continued on the evening of December 2nd. MR. FAWCETT discussed the position of Newfoundland as affected, declining to give his support to the bill. He was followed by Hon. Mr. McNeil who read extracts from treaties and ably supported the measure. Mr. Killam then advocated a more stringent policy on the part of the Government as preferable to any abrogation. Mr. Davison added a few words as to the personnel of the cabinet. Hon. Mr. Schurman then criticized the remarks of previous speakers and upheld the measure.—Diplomacy was advocated by Mr. Cameron as the best solution of the problem as the present bill would bring great hardships. The premier then closed the debate with a few well chosen and forcible remarks.

The motion was put and there being but a small number of members then present, the vote stood a tie, 5 to 5. The Speaker gave a casting vote for the resolution, and the first bill of the whole session was passed. The premier resigned after the usual appointments and the House adjourned.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Law Students will soon be in the midst of their examinations. The pluggers are getting in their work in the Law Library.

PROF. W. C. MURRAY, with other Halifax curlers, met St. John players at Truro Feb. 2nd. The St. John men won by one point, score 51—50.

MRS. J. C. MACKINTOSH, Willow Park, was At Home to the students on the evening of Friday, February 3rd. A large number of students from the different faculties were present, and all spent a very enjoyable evening.

ON Saturday morning, Feb. 4th, a hockey match was played between the Sophomores and Juniors. The teams were as follows:—

<i>Juniors.</i>		<i>Sophomores.</i>
Forrest,	<i>Goal.</i>	Simson,
Hebb,	<i>Point,</i>	Ritchie,
Douglas,	<i>C. Point,</i>	McArthur,
Wood,	} <i>Forwards.</i>	Miller,
Rankin,		Forbes,
Bentley,		Mackie,
Cunningham.		Archibald.

Referee: Allison Cumming.

The game, which was well contested, was won by the Juniors, by a score of 3—1. The play was very good, although both teams showed lack of practice. Seniors v. Juniors should be the next.

College Societies.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many counter attractions on Friday evening, Jan. 13th, there was a fairly good attendance at Sodales. The debate of the evening was:—"Resolved, that Capital punishment be abolished." In moving the resolution Mr. Conrad presented his case in a clear, logical, and argumentative manner, showing thoughtful preparation and a good grasp of his subject. He found a worthy opponent in the respondent Mr. H. A. Kent, who although a new speaker, answered the opener's arguments in a deliberate, well-chosen and comprehensive speech. Mr. Conrad was supported in his contention by Messrs. Anderson, Archibald and McDougall, while Messrs Weldon and Seeley fought on the side of Mr. Kent.

The question was discussed from the standpoint of the criminal as well as from the standpoint of society as a whole. The legal and ethical aspect of the question was dealt with by the various speakers. Throughout the interest was well sustained, and the ability shown by the new speakers augurs well for the future of the society. By the casting vote of the chairman the resolution was carried. The critique by Mr. R. G. McKay was humorous and impartial.

WE have often heard it said that it is impossible of late years to secure an audience for a lecturer. That this is not true was demonstrated on the evening of Jan. 19th, when the Munro Room was packed to hear Sir John G. Bourinot, Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, deliver a lecture on "The Strength and Weakness of the Canadian Constitution," or as he termed it "A Chapter on the Political Institutions of Canada." The fame of the lecturer had preceded him. Every one who has any acquaintance with the government of our country has learned to appreciate and admire the works of this eminent gentleman. Those who are at all familiar with the current literature of our Dominion need not that any should tell them of the large and important place occupied by this distinguished son of Nova Scotia. We were therefore expectant of great things and it goes without saying that we were not disappointed.

For a whole hour the lecturer held the undivided attention of his audience. The lecture was not only thoughtful in itself but of such a nature as to stimulate thought in the minds of those who heard it. The style was easy and graceful throughout. The peroration was especially eloquent and forcible, and the lecture was in every way, both in matter and expression, deserving of the applause with which it was received.

Canada has reached a crucial point in her development. Now, more than at any former period of her history she needs at the head of affairs men who understand the gravity of the situation, and among her people a strong public spirit in favour

of truth and right. The lecturer pointed out the important place which our colleges and universities occupied in this matter. To them the country must look for her leaders, and upon them in a very large measure rests the responsibility of fostering that strong and healthy public spirit which alone will make our future secure. We have what is practically manhood suffrage, and this very fact loads us with the necessity of educating our people for the proper discharge of their duty.

Reference was made to the present agitation in favor of Senate Reform. The advantages of a bi-cameral system of government were strongly emphasized. The widening of the franchise makes the existence of an Upper House an absolute necessity, as a safe-guard against hasty legislation. The path of safety for Canada lies, not in the abolition of the Senate, but in such a change in its constitution as will make it more representative of the more conservative and thoughtful elements of our people.

A contrast drawn between our institutions and those of the U. S. brought out many points in favour of our own. Indeed it was shown that our mistakes were to be found almost wholly in those directions in which we had followed their leading.

Our form of government was shown to be superior to that of our neighbor in the following particulars:

1. Our executive is responsible to the people's representatives for all its acts, whereas in the United States the President and Cabinet may act in direct opposition to Congress.
2. Our civil service is non-political.
3. Our judiciary is appointed by the crown and is not elected as with them.
4. Our judges cannot be removed except by a vote of Parliament.
5. We possess a secret ballot.
6. We have a completed system of laws against bribery.
7. Infrequency of elections.
8. Complete separation of municipal and federal questions.

Though we possess a system of government second to none in the world, yet we have our dangers to avoid and our problems to solve. In closing the lecturer drew attention to three evils which have ever been a menace to democratic institutions and against which we need particularly to guard:—(1) Sectionalism; (2) Sectarianism; (3) Nationalism. Our Dominion, embracing as it does separate provinces, people of different creeds, and distinct nationalities is peculiarly exposed to these evils and must make special provision against them.

THERE was quite a treat for the members of the Medical Society on the evening of the 27th, when Dr. McMechan delivered his lecture on the Earl of Dalhousie, in the new laboratory. The subject could not be more interesting from a

Dalhousian's standpoint, and it was treated in the Doctor's best style. He prefaced his lecture by some very thoughtful remarks on the Medical Profession, showing the great responsibilities resting on the followers of Aesculapius. But in spite of all these responsibilities he pointed out that many medical men had by their contributions to Literature won permanent places on the long list of English writers. Coming to his subject he related incidents in the Earl's life that brought out the true character of the man. Besides being very interesting, the lecture was very instructive to his hearers, many of whom knew comparatively little of the founder of our institution beyond his name. At the conclusion, Dr. McMechan was tendered a hearty vote of thanks.

Correspondence.

[We are not responsible for opinions of correspondents.]

MR. EDITOR,—I wish to mention, what I consider a defect in the make-up of our college catalogue. It is, no doubt, an oversight on the part of those who had to do with the issuing of it, and will without doubt be speedily remedied, now that it is pointed out to them. This college possesses certain clinical advantages, unsurpassed by most other colleges, and yet we see nothing about these special opportunities in our catalogue. I refer especially to the positions of house surgeon and clinical clerk at the Victoria General Hospital. The former is one that offers excellent training to a graduate; while the position of clerkship gives the best clinical advantages to a fourth year student. Another privilege of this college is, that students are admitted to the wards of the hospital at nine o'clock instead of eleven as in other hospitals. This allows good chances and time for a student to study cases, apart from his clinical teacher. Moreover, there is a division of the beds among the students, each being allotted a certain number of patients to dress and care for, thus making each and every student what is called in other hospitals a surgical dresser. Upon looking over the calendar of other colleges I notice that they make special mention of such positions, but not a word about such appointments is to be found in ours. I believe that if the matter was looked into, and the facts presented in our catalogue to the men who are about to enter on the study of medicine, we would have a larger attendance than we have hitherto had.

DEAR GAZETTE,—It was a notable tribute to the power of the press that exactly sixty minutes after the appearance of your last issue containing that direful threat, the faculty cut that hole in the fence. This leads me to say (I do not know why) that one of the speakers at the last meeting of Sodales thought you should hold your debate with Acadia in Halifax.

He was sure all Baptists and Presbyterians would attend. Why Presbyterians let me ask? Dalhousie is not a sectarian college. (If she were we would have a library building).

Why don't we get a little hockey trophy to be competed for by the classes. We have a large number of players and it would tend to make things more lively. Speaking of liveliness, it might be pertinent here to remark that college life is dead, and those well known words from Evangeline would quote appropriately:—

This is the Dalhousie College, but where is the Dalhousie spirit?
Where is the college yell, the joy of the true college student?
Gone are the good old times, and the scrimmage forever departed,
Naught but the plugger remains, a phantom of real education.

Philomathic died for lack of an audience, no "At Home," no nothing—but plugging. Let us have an "At Home," not a little one like the city of Zoar, a sort of a refuge, but a real "At Home"; if not, why not? The students do, and should feel grateful for the attention shown them by the city students and others, but there is a large number who yet need to be taken out in the fresh air and bright sunshine.

Now let me see, I don't think I had better, no I had better not—but—yes I will, too. What is the reason that juniors and seniors in arts never go so regularly to Y. M. C. A. as they did when they were Sophomores or Freshmen? There is no use saying they do, because—they don't. Perhaps there is no reason, I was just wondering—that was all. I suppose you know, dear GAZETTE, that they (they is anybody), say that Dalhousie presents the maximum of intellectual with the minimum of moral training. Personally, I believe our moral status ranks high, but they (the people mentioned above), persist in their statement. Why?

Incidentally, I might remark that the financial editor allowed me to look over his books the other day. Arts have paid up very well. Science, well. Ladies (well). Medicals fair. Law—well, some of the law have paid and some of them have not. It is curious, this indifference to college spirit. The first man is "written up," he is insulted and won't pay; the second man is not "written up" and he won't pay, and the third man will not pay, written up or not. This third man is the one at whom the finger of scorn should be pointed (although it will never worry him), but amongst all the freaks of an erratic evolution, the man who comes to college and whilst professing to be intelligent, will neither condemn or approve the GAZETTE, is undoubtedly the most unique.

Before I close, I would ask you to see that the proof is properly corrected for this letter as well as for the rest of your GAZETTE, and it will make the issue distinct from your others.

W. B. E.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Following the good example of "Would-be-Editor," I beg to offer a little advice and a few suggestions to you and the microcosm which calls itself Dalhousie.

1. Why don't you sandwich your verse in among your prose articles?

2. Are the Alumni going to dine this year? And make it a *college* dinner? or will they speechify about everything in heaven and earth, *except*—the college?

3. Why wouldn't it be a good idea to decorate the Munro Room? Hang up our single oil painting, for instance, and suspend the old battle-flags of six seasons over it? More can be had where those came from, and they have seen some service. And make an effort to get pictures of *all* the classes and *all* the teams and arrange them in an orderly way? Who is responsible for the present order? Why not organize a Hanging-committee to look after the decorations of Munro Room and the parties responsible for the present state of things?

4. Why is Dalhousie standing still, marking time, while other colleges are getting funds, buildings, &c.? Will somebody rise and explain?

Knowing that there are three things which every man thinks he can do better than the man whose business it is to do them, to wit: preach a sermon, run a hotel, and edit a paper, I beg to subscribe myself with the deepest sympathy,

WOULDN'T-BE-EDITOR (for a good deal).

P. S.—Why don't you make *every* number as bright as the last? And why don't you get the Bard of the "D—I's Business Hour" to do it again?

"MOTLEY'S THE ONLY WEAR."—*As you like it.*

DEAR GAZETTE,—The worthy Jacques who is quoted above says at greater length:—"Invest me with my motley; give me leave to speak my mind, and I will through and through cleanse the foul body of the infected world, if they will patiently receive my medicine."

Our friend the "Would-be Editor" seems to be possessed with the laudable ambition which filled the melancholy one quoted above, that of cleansing the world, and is not unwilling to don the fool's motley that he may do it the more forcibly. I trust that he will pardon my borrowing his cap and bells, for I too would wear motley.

I have before me the GAZETTE of Dec. 22nd, 1898, in which this would-be editor airs himself. One remark that he makes is that "mannerism is not humour." Oh shade of Dr. Johnson! Canst thou not rest? Judging from the composition before me I am led to think that not only is mannerism a thing to be reprehended, but that order and coherency are equally obnoxious. He informs us that the GAZETTE "lacks vim, lacks poetry, lacks bright, newsy items." (Here there is no trace of mannerism!)

Then he proceeds to give us a few examples, and such examples! Note example IV., "What is Philomathic?" &c. Has this vim? Is it poetry? Does it come under the head of bright, newsy items? It seems to the writer like a very bad imitation of a very good nursery jingle.

Then example V. seems to be the ambitious one's idea of poetry! Many a good man has been hanged merely for stealing a loaf of bread, and yet I can well believe that the writer of that horrible jangle expects to walk for many years with a sound neck! What do the verses mean, or have they a meaning? An analysis of the poem (?) is impossible, Heaven forbid that we should attempt it! One line runs—

"Steadily onward are marking the hours,"

and yet that very line instead of moving in a smooth, regular, simple measure is the only line in the stanza which is completely irregular. Then as for the subject of the plural verb *are*, well! we will say nothing about it, for it is not well to speak ill of the absent.

Example VI. is undoubtedly his masterpiece. One is led to think of Swift's "Tale of a Tub," or his "Battle of the Books," or some other great allegorical work. The conception is doubtless very original: the execution however is not quite up to Swift—it is in truth rather butchery than execution.

In your last issue you had another effervescence from the same quarter in which the strongest point made seemed to be that you, our GAZETTE, were to be congratulated upon having had your pages besmeared with such utter nonsense as his first letter undoubtedly was. He asks in this last "Why don't you start a ladies' column?" If his correspondence is to be continued a more pertinent question would be, "Why don't you start a children's column?"

Now, dear GAZETTE, I have nearly done. I believe that your columns could be improved, and would suggest the following ways, after the style of my predecessor in motley.

I. Let all those, who are so anxious to criticise, contribute at least one item, to be either sense or nonsense, not a huge dish of froth like certain correspondence we might mention, before they allow themselves to speak authoritatively on such matters.

II. Let all those who feel sufficient interest in the GAZETTE to find fault with it, also feel that they have paid for their interest. Imagine a man who would steal a silver watch and then find fault with the maker because it wasn't gold. But comparisons are odious!

III. Let us not expect the editors to devote all their time to the desk while we plug Hume or Hoyle. Their salaries are not sufficient to warrant this expectation.

IV.—Which is a resumé of the proceeding rules and is more especially for the guidance of my friend "A would-be editor."—

Let us mind our own business and allow the editors whom we have appointed to do the same.

And now, thanking you for space, I will, until the above millennial changes take place, sign myself

A WOULD'NT-BE EDITOR.

Exchanges.

"A WOULD-BE EDITOR" wishes to see a "Ladies Column" in the GAZETTE. Now *Queens University Journal* has just such a column. It contains a report from their Y. W. C. A., an editorial on the standing of the girls in the College Society, and a letter on the same subject. The column is a place for girls to send complaints and praises, questions and answers, and any items which belong specially to them. It is certainly succeeding in Queen's and seems to be appreciated by the students.

We are glad to find among our exchanges the *Sunbeam* from the "Ontario Ladies' College." This bright little paper is one great "Ladies Column," being conducted altogether by the young ladies.

The University Monthly has a very good January number. It opens with a poem "The Two Dreams," which contains some truly poetic thoughts, and though it has faults, it is much better than is the average of College poetry; there is also quite a good article on "Faith vs. Agnosticism" from a somewhat utilitarian standpoint, and "Musgarven," a very well-written bit of fiction. Monopolies are defended by "St. John," and a cycling trip to Temiscouata is described by another student.

THE Educational Review contains a long description of the Summer School of Science which is to be held in Campbellton, N. B. The programme seems to be full and carefully arranged. Some of the short articles are very good, although, of course, to the uninitiated the whole seems somewhat "teachery." We also wonder at the multiplicity of subjects being introduced into the school course, and as we think of the "new child" agree with Goldsmith's villagers,

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

THE Acadia Athenaeum for January contains as frontispiece a very good portrait of Hon. J. W. Longley, and also a well-written article on his life and work which we must admire, although we cannot on all points agree with it. There is also an interesting description of "Life at Yale." As the demands for a good definition of College spirit, we might quote:—"It is the spirit that makes every man in the University an athlete, even though he never personally engages in athletics; that makes every man a debater, although he never debates; that makes everyone that ever has been, and is at Yale, so saturated with

Yale that he will stand by Yale everywhere and at any time, will give his last cent for Yale. It refuses to let money, rank, society, anything put in a poorer man for a better one, when the good of Yale is concerned. It does not always win, but it never gives up until the whistle blows." Our fellow-students in Acadia are looking forward to the debate with us; while we cannot truthfully say we wish them success, we can join with them in saying that we feel assured that relations between the two colleges will be frank and cordial, and we are very happy to find them so well pleased with Dalhousie students, as we see through their delegates' eyes.

THE McGill Outlook finds difficulty in giving thanks for the magnificent gifts they have received during the past year. Well, if some of them will come to Dalhousie the coming year and if the staff and students find difficulty in thanking the donors, the GAZETTE will undertake it, so that no one need withhold anything for fear of not being thanked. With all our hearts we congratulate you McGill—may Dalhousie be unable to thank her benefactors, some day, providing the reason is the same, namely that the gifts are so large.

Students struggling with philosophy may value the following.

Says the poet: Whatever is, is right.
The anarchist: Whatever is, is wrong.
The optimist: Whatever is, is best.
The pessimist: Whatever is, is worst.
The philosopher: Whatever is, accept.

The Student gives a sketch of Dr. Welsh, a rising star in the medical profession and, we believe, a college mate of Prof. W. Murray. It contains, also, a rather clever skit on large theatre hats, the last verse being—

"So racked by thirst, he racked his brains
To reconcile these facts,
The Hat, the Girl beneath it, and
The Drink between the Acts;
He hit on the solution, which
The artist here explains,
And now the girls admit that he
Has much more hat than brains."

The solution is shewn in the illustration—a door in the back of the hat through which a bottle and glass are admitted, and there kept safely.

THE students of the second year Arts are to be commended for trying to rouse the athletic spirit among the classes, and to get the "pluggers" out into the fresh air. The first hockey match was played on the morning of Saturday, Jan. 8th, between the Sophomores and Freshmen, and was won by the Sophomores with a score of six to nothing.

Personals.

REV. T. F. WEST, B. A., '91, has been appointed rector of St. Stephen's parish, which comprises the districts of Ship Harbour, Oyster Pond, Jeddore, and Owl's Head.

J. R. MACLEOD and G. E. E. Nichols, of the class of '98, were admitted to the Bar on Saturday, January 28th. The GAZETTE wishes them both success in their profession.

J. FRANK OUTHIT, LL. B., '95, late of the firm of Congdon & Outhit, Halifax, left on February 1st for Parrsboro, where he has become a partner in the firm of Logan & Jenks. Mr. Outhit has been appointed a Commissioner of the Supreme and County Courts.

We are glad to welcome back one of our number, Miss V. S. Ernst, amongst us again. Miss Ernst was called home in consequence of the Bridgewater fire; we regret to learn that her parents have suffered severe pecuniary loss; Miss Ernst has our sympathy.

DALHOUSIE'S sole representative at Cambridge University, England, is C. B. ROBINSON, '91, a Great Distinction man and winner of the Avery Prize. Mr. Robinson was teacher of science in Pictou Academy from 1891 until 1897. He entered Cambridge in the session of 1897 to pursue the study of Biology.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN, of Cornell, formerly of Dalhousie, has been appointed a member of the commission to study the Philippine question. Prof. Schurman is a native of Prince Edward Island. After spending some years as clerk in a store in Summerside, he won a scholarship of sixty dollars at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. From here he went to Acadia. After two years at Acadia, Prof. Schurman competed for, and won a scholarship at London. Afterwards he won a travelling fellowship. At the end of a year's course in Germany he became a professor in Acadia, from where he came to Dalhousie in 1882. Prof. Schurman received the appointment of Professor of Philosophy at Cornell in 1882. He was made President in 1892.

Dallusiensia.

POOR BICK, his days are ended!!

THE "library Hen" has a tired look.

ROD-G-SON (waking at midnight):—D-mn the "Rats."

G-D-N (at smoking concert)—"Please do not pluck me Dr. C-y."

MISS DELOUP, (to whom Rutt has been talking)—"I beg your pardon but you're a Freshman, aren't you."

It is said that a first year student has received an invitation to sing in one of the leading Presbyterian Churches of the city.

"I HAVEN'T decided to take the gymnasium class yet, I am waiting to see if the young ladies are going to join"—GR-NT, W.

1st VERD—"Why do they call T— D—"Rubber Neck?"

2nd ditto—"Because he takes so much "soaking" in the Dallusiensia."

"THOSE two Freshies (par excellence) need not trouble themselves about getting clown costumes for the carnival. Actions and words speak louder than costumes."

BIGGS—"Are you sure she loves you?"

David's Son—"Yes, when I told her I had no money, she asked me if I couldnt borrow some."

O WHERE, O where is my little 'tache gone,

O where, O where can it be;

There was never much growth on my upper lip lawn,

But now there is nothing, oh me! —HOMER, JR.

RUTT SAUSAGE—"Here's hard lines. I wrote the old gent I needed \$50.00 for law books, and here, by jove, he sends the books instead of the money."

DAVID'S SON—"I think it amounts to positive genius to be stupid some time."

Lady Student (Art's)—"But don't you think it can be carried too far?"

LAURIER—"I wonder why it is those actresses always look so young in their lithographs?"

Nick Old Boy—"Oh, when an actress is young she has her picture taken, and when she is old she does not depart from it, see."

THE President of the Law Student's Society attended the performance of the "Devil's Auction," at the Academy the other night, and during the performance was heard to murmur, "Next, oh, next."

SOME weeks ago, Freshie C-ff-n informed us that he had received at Fredericton the degree, I. S., (Imposing Spectacle). On being elected Vice-President, he rapturously exclaimed, "I am now S. I. A." (Successful Islander Abroad). Next!!!—*The Times*.

MISS DIAMONDS—"I am very sorry, Mr. Air, but circumstances over which I have no control, compel me to say no."

Air—"May I ask what the circumstances are?"

Miss D—"Yours."

SECOND year student prepared for quiz—"Halloa! have you got up that quiz? I can give you all the branches of the Masseter muscle."

Cr—y, (looking worried)—"Well, how many hours did you plug last night?"

WAT—N (walking up to stranger on Robie Street)—"You stole my apples you beggar."

Stranger, (indignantly)—"What do you mean, sir?"

Wat—n, (stepping back)—"Well, somebody has humbugged me!"

PROF. MCIN-TYRE is to be congratulated upon the latest addition to his teaching staff. He has secured the services of Prof. Josephus Mat-son, who will, in a course of lectures, point out the witticism in the writings of "Mark Twain," and will also demonstrate the science of the game known as "Irish Checkers." Pupils will be attended to, in their own homes if desired.

THE President of the "Do-Do Club" is at last able to announce a "set-to" at the "Club Rooms" on the 25th Feb., at 8 p. m., between the well known "pugs," "The Halifax Sailor Boy" and the New "Brunswick Kid," alias "The Hairless Wonder." The management are endeavouring to secure for this interesting occasion, a go between the "Inverness Innocent" and "Kill Ham," alias the "butcher."

OUR reporter visited by invitation, the "Academy" of Prof. McIn-tyre the other day, and found the genial Professor and his assistant, Miss Smithereen, engaged instructing in the "Art Devine," Messrs. Fin. McD., (alias Dead-Head), and Neal, (alias Buffalo Bill). During the exercises a strange incident occurred. Some person in the corridor commenced to play upon the "bag pipes" the familiar strain of the "March of the Cameron Men," and as soon as these strains reached the ears of the noble trio, the Professor with a startled look rushed for a back room, crying out "Heavens," followed by "Dead-Head," exclaiming, "the Lord, the Lord," whilst poor "Buffalo Bill," who in the course of his hurried exit had slipped and fallen, was saying to himself as he crawled along on his hands and knees, "Great Scott, this is awful." In the meantime, the "Pipe" ceased playing and the noble trio returned, looking somewhat scared and very pale. Our reporter tried to get some explanation of this strange affair, the only statement either of these gentlemen could make was to exclaim, "It was a close call." The Professor then announced that the "Academy" was closed for the day. The Professor also informed our

reporter that he had secured another attraction for his patrons in the person of Professor Josephus Mat-son, who would give a course of readings from "Mark Twain," and instructions, for beginners only, in the game of "Checkers," a la Arichus, and also upon the "mouth-organ."

WE insert the item below out of deference to Mr. George F-r-st. We cannot, however, permit our paper to become an advertising medium, and in future all information may be obtained by asking for Frosty at telephone No. 259 :—

In future, the Time Table of the Ladies' College skating parties will be published in the GAZETTE, for the benefit of Pinehillers and Earnscliffites.

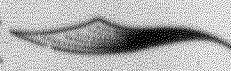
The Ferry Commission have kindly consented to accept 2ct. tickets from above.

THERE has recently been some talk about our halls of the students acting one of Shakespeare's plays: but it is urged against it that the expense is too great. Perhaps some estimate of the cost may be gained from the following bill presented by a mechanic after the acting of a play in London in 1600 :—

Imprimis to God	2s.	6d.
Item to Pilate his wife	2s.	
Item to John Hobson for cock-crowing at Peter		3d.
Item for mending hell		2d.
Item for painting hell mouth		3d.
Item for giving the devil a tail		4d.
Item for setting the world on fire		5d.

THE following, clipped from a recent HOT-TIMES, is supposed to have been written by M-ntg-m-ry. We have not been able to translate it, but it looks as if it might be full of pathos :—

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts
And put them on a string;
The Knave of Hearts
He swiped the tarts
And didn't do a thing;
The King of Hearts
Cried, "Where's them tarts?
Why did they fly the coop?"
The Knave of Hearts
Coughed up those tarts
And now he's in the soup.

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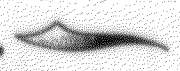
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Jeweller.


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