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The Dalhousie Gazette

— FOUNDED 1869 —

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EDITORIAL.

The war is over officially. On a day appointed, when all condition of peace had been thrashed out to the satisfaction of all concerned, the representatives of France, England Italy and Germany signed the protocol putting the treaty into effect and once more Germans were free, as free as any other peoples to buy and sell, to import and export, and to repair their shattered country. What must have been the chagrin of the Teuton, when as oft before, Premier Clemenceau strode from the room, where the signing had taken place, and never deigned to notice the outstretched hand of his former enemy.

But honorable hate cannot prevent the resumption of relations and within a week ambassadors from each country will be ready to take up their positions in the other land and to act as the commercial thermometers of their Governments. Once more the products of our former enemy will reach the markets of goods for consumption. No more pleased is Germany over this than the Allies, for both sides will greatly benefit. The Germans profit by selling, to gain money whereby to pay their debts and the Allies the money which the Germans hand over in payment of their indemnities. Humanity too, gains her ends for back to their own country go long lines of prisoners, who for the last fourteen months have lived away from home and kin and sweated for their neighbors. Years will elapse before the wounds of nations and communities heal but Peace is the best panacea the human heart has to offer.

Yet one could sing a better song but for the action of our southern friend, United States. Because a group of men who know not Europe, conceive that their duty is to play politics rather than allay the suffering of an injured world, Britain, France and Italy find themselves deserted and forced to shoulder alone the burdens of the map of Europe. The idealist, President Wilson, caught in a mob of selfish men, is unable to extricate himself and finally breaks down under strain of work and shame at his country's failure to co-ordinate with the Allies. In the meantime the peoples of that land reap the benefit of their neutrality

during the first three years of the war, so that her dollar increases in value while the dollars of the countries which really suffered are in some cases even forbidden entrance. But more serious than all this financial trouble is her failure to bear her share of the burden imposed upon the Allies by the Italian and Balkan-Turkey situation. Where help was expected none has been forthcoming and we find England and France, tired of war, torn by labor questions and exhausted, so that they want to recuperate, required to take up the task of pacifying Italy or dismembering Turkey to the satisfaction of the many little States Wilson's fourteen points helped to bring into existence. However, we have peace, and in that peace the world may rejoice. Rejoice for it reduces slightly the problems of Europe without whose solution not even the High Cost of Living in Canada can be persuaded to fall.

It seems almost an insult to our University pride to find that students of Dalhousie lowered themselves to interrupt a great man and eloquent speaker the other night at the Orpheus theatre. Neither was it very gratifying to hear our college yell given from the gallery. If there is any class of young men who should be thoroughly qualified to give a speaker a fair hearing it should be a body of intelligent students. But it is exceedingly disappointing to be told by those of us who were in a position to gather information that most of the interruption which took place was carried out by Dalhousians. This word can only be used of them in the sense that they are registered with Dalhousie, otherwise the Gazette does not believe that their actions justify their being called members of any University. Certain persons may be fully qualified to lead a song by students but once and a while their own conceit carries them away on the waves of their imagined importance and produces painful results, at least embarrassing to the majority of men and women who believe that a University is other than the home of narrow-minded and inconsiderate students. Dalhousians attending any political gathering should attend it as citizens and not as representatives of their University and once their yell is given in public it stamps the presence of the student body or part of it who desire to display from whence they come and to advertise the fact that they are there. Every man should be able to determine when he shall act as a student and when as a citizen and anyone incapable of so determining should receive short shift among the more level headed of their comrades. The spirit of Dalhousie lives not to grace a meeting for political purposes either pro or con.

A parishoner in C. C. W-1-s recent charge was heard to remark after a particularly brilliant address: "The Lord must be with him. He never even stopped *once* in his sermon."

J. W. GODFREY, ARTS 1920, RHODES SCHOLAR.

All Dalhousians will be pleased to hear that J. W. Godfrey has been selected as Rhodes Scholar for Prince Edward Island. Godfrey was born at Marshfield, P. E. I. and attended Prince of Wales College, taking the three years course. In the fall of 1917 he arrived at Dalhousie, registering for a degree in Arts and Law. He at once began to fill a place in the life of the University and become interested in all his class activities. Last year he was elected to the Students' Council from Arts and Science and was appointed business manager of both the Council and the Gazette. He affiliated into law and will at the end of the year graduate with his B.A. He has stood well in all his classes and is a brilliant scholar. He was elected delegate to Des Moines to the Student Volunteer Convention and had just returned when he received notice of his selection for the scholarship.

Dalhousie once more is shown to stand high in the opinion of qualified judges. Especially does the Law School and its students rejoice in the fact that two of the three Maritime Rhodes Scholars are this year associated with disciples of Blackstone. The Gazette joins with the students in extending to Mr. Godfrey their heartiest congratulations.

PROFESSOR STEWART'S LECTURES

Dr. Stewart, Professor of Philosophy in the Arts Faculty and one of the most popular men in the University has kindly consented to give a course of lectures, under the auspices of the Dalhousie Alumnae Association, the proceeds of which will go to swell the treasury of the Dalhousie Girls' Residence Fund.

His lectures are upon Contemporary Prophets and include the following: Leo Tolstoy, Anatole France, Thomas Carlyle, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Thomas Hardy, Henrik Ibsen, H. G. Wells, Lord Morley and Frederic Harrison.

The first lecture, being an introduction, will take place on Thursday, Jan. 15th, and one on each Thursday following until the list of names is exhausted. Tickets are for sale at fifty cents per ticket or four dollars for a book of ten tickets. They may be obtained at the various offices, either in the Arts Building or the Forrest Building. Students should keep these lectures in mind and make an endeavor to attend them all, for Dr. Stewart is the most gifted and talented lecturer in Halifax.

IN PHILOSOPHY I.

Jones—"Do you mean that infinite space is inconceivable to your mind?"

Dr. S-ew-rt—"I mean to the ordinary mind."

Grant at Pine Hill supper table: "Gee won't the Prince of Wales be glad to see his wife when he gets back to England?"

LAW ALUMNI NOTES

HOWARD DANE BRUNT, B.A., (1904), who took some classes at the Law School, is now Head of the Department of English at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que. After graduation Brunt taught at Acacia Villa School, Hortonville, Albro Street School and Bloomfield School, Halifax, which later School under his direction developed into Bloomfield High School. Of Bloomfield High School he was Principal from 1914 to 1919, when he was appointed to his present position. In 1910-11, Dr. Brunt was abroad for 13 months studying at several European Universities. In 1914 he received his Ph.D. cum laude, from Jena, majoring in English and German literatures and Philosophy. Between 1908 and 1910, Dr. Brunt lectured at Dalhousie in Educational Psychology. In the summer of 1917 he conducted summer Normal classes for teachers at Truro. Dr. Brunt married Harriett Muir Bayer, B.A. (Dal.) 1904, M.A., 1906. Miss Bayer, after being two years at Mount Holyoke College, Mass., as Reader in History, joined the staff of Bloomfield School as Assistant Principal in 1906, a position which she retained until 1914.

GEORGE BONN CARPENTER, who took first year law in 1914-15, is now at 1160 Robson St., Vancouver, B.C. On leaving the Law School in May 1915 Carpenter accepted a position with the Reading Camp Association at Bear Creek, British Columbia. During the year 1915-16 he was Principal of the High School at Fernie, B. C. During 1916-17 he taught in the High School at Prince Rupert, B. C. At the end of the School year he enlisted at Vancouver with the Canadian Engineers and went overseas. After his return from overseas in May 1919 he spent some months at his old home in Carpenter, N. B., going west in August with a view to taking up teaching again.

FRANK BEVERLEY ALLAN CHIPMAN, LL.B., (1902) is now practising at Halifax, having joined the firm of McInnes, Jenks, Lovett & Co. in May 1918. Chipman practised at Pictou with E. M. Macdonald from May 1903 to July 1910; at Glace Bay alone from July 1910 to November 1912; at Pictou again with E. M. Macdonald, K.C., M.P., from November 1912 to May 1918, when he joined the McInnes firm at Halifax. While at Pictou, Mr. Chipman served for four years as member of the City Council and School Board.

HON. JOSEPH ANDREW CHISHOLM, LL.B., (1886) was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, February 8, 1916. Mr. Justice Chisholm was formerly a member of the firm of Borden, Ritchie & Chisholm, Halifax. After dissolution of that firm in 1906 continued practise alone. Created K.C. 1907. Contested constituency of Antigonish for House of Commons in 1895-1896. Was Mayor of Halifax from 1909 to 1912. In 1910-1911 was President of the Union of Canadian Municipalities. Author of "Speeches and Public Letters of Joseph Howe," and other works. Residence, 22 Carleton St., Halifax.

HERBERT E. CONGDON, of Berwick, studied in the Law School 1890-1, has been teaching at various High Schools in New Eng-

land since leaving the Law School 1909-1913 he was at Auburn, Me.; from 1913-1918 at Bangor; during 1918-1919 he taught at the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, Boston. On Sept. 2nd, 1919, he assumed the duties of Principal of the High School at Bourne, Mass. where he is now located.

FREDERICK R. CONROY, LL.B., (1910) has been practising at North Battleford, Saskatchewan, since graduation. Since 1917 he has been in partnership with Alder Brehaut of the Law Class of 1900. Fred. is a brother of J. N. Conroy now completing his third year at the Law School after his return from overseas.

ARTHUR B. COPP, LL.B. (1894) has been practising at Sackville, N. B., since graduation. From 1900 to 1912 he represented the County of Westmoreland in the New Brunswick legislature. In 1912 he was elected by acclamation to the House of Commons at Ottawa, was re-elected in 1917, and is a member of the present House. From 1905-1909 he was Liberal organizer for New Brunswick, and from 1909 to 1912 he was Leader of the Liberal Opposition in the Province. He is an influential member of the present Liberal Advisory Committee of the House of Commons, Ottawa.

W. M. CORBETT, B. A., (1904) who graduated in Arts with honours in Latin and English and took classes at the Law School during 1902-03 and 1904-05 is senior member of the law firm of Corbett, Gibson & Harper, Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta. Corbett has been Crown Prosecutor for the Fort Saskatchewan District for the last 10 years. Created K.C. 1916.

BERTON STONE COREY, LL.B. (1905) is at Gleichen, Alberta. Corey was admitted to the Nova Scotia Bar in 1908 and practised at Amherst until June 1909. In August 1909 he was admitted to the Bar of Alberta and has been practising at Gleichen ever since.

LLOYD A. COREY, LL.B. (1908) is now practising at Calgary, member of the firm of Charman & Corey. Admitted to the Bar of New Brunswick in 1909, Corey went west and taught school for a year or two in Saskatchewan. Afterwards he was admitted to the Bar of Alberta and practised at Wetaskiwin, Leduc and Coronation, where he was member of the firm of Corey, Locke & Thomas. In 1917 he enlisted as a private and went overseas with the 49th Battalion, Edmonton Regiment. Upon his return in 1919 he settled in Calgary.

KENNETH GORDON CRAIG, LL.B., (1910) has been practising at Calgary since graduation. For five years he was in partnership with J. L. Jennison, student at the Law School 1883-84. Since Mr. Jennison was made District Court Judge, Craig continued the practise of the firm alone.

NETSON ROSS CRAIG, LL.B., (1907) is member of the firm of Willoughby, Craig & Beynon at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. He was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia in March 1907 and practised at Bridgewater until September of that year, when he removed to Moose Jaw and entered into partnership with the Honorable W. B. Willoughby.

JOHN ADAMS CREAGHAN, LL.B., (1914) is practising at Newcastle, N. B. Until 1917 he was in partnership with Richard A. Lawlor, K.C. Since Mr. Lawlor's death

in that year Creaghan has practised alone. He is Royal Swedish Vice-Consul for Miramichi.

JAMES EDWIN CREIGHTON, B.A., (1886) Ph.D. (Cornell) was one of the distinguished graduates who was present at the Centenary celebration. Professor Creighton has been Professor of Philosophy at Cornell since 1892 and during most of that time head of the Sage School of Philosophy at that University. Professor Creighton took the Honours course in Philosophy at Dalhousie and took Constitutional History at the Law School. He is editor in chief of the Philosophical Review and is recognized as one of the foremost of present day teachers of his subject.

LUMAN BROOKS CROSLY, of the Law Class of 1895, went into the Baptist ministry and is now stationed at Fort Collins, Colorado. After completing three years at the Law School, 1892-95, Crosby attended McMaster University for his theological training. He was pastor at Roland, Manitoba, from 1897 to 1901; at Crystal, North Dakota, from 1902 to 1907; at Winona, Minnesota, from 1907 to 1914; at New Westminster, B. C., from 1914 to 1916. Since 1916 he has been at Fort Collins as above. During 1919 he acted as Campaign Director for the State of Colorado in a campaign to raise a fund of \$6,000,000 for Missions.

HENRY STANLEY CROWE, B.A., (1898) is now practising medicine at Schreiber, Ontario. Dr. Crowe took his medical degree at McGill in 1907. He practised for a short time at Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, and at Riber Hebert, Cumberland Co., N. S. Since 1908 he has been at Schreiber, where he is local C. P. R. surgeon and local Health Officer. Dr. Crowe obtained "Great Distinction" in his Arts course at Dalhousie and took Constitutional History at the Law School.

JOKES

The Gazette suffers for a lack of jokes this issue. This is simply because none have been sent to the Editor. It is impossible for him to be a humorist on his imagination of what happens around the halls, class rooms and outside residential life. Associate Editors are in a way responsible for this humorless issue for they are deserting posts they cheerfully assumed at the beginning of the term. All tendencies are toward an early demise of this great journal unless help comes and comes quickly.

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BALLADS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The Quest of the Ballad. By W. Roy Mackenzie. The Princeton University Press.

A charming book, this romance of ballad-hunting in Nova Scotia. The author, now a staid professor in an inland college, had the good fortune to be born of Scotch ancestors in Nova Scotia and to have formed at an early age a taste for "low company," which led him to frequent society of a class among whom alone ballad-singing as a form of social entertainment still lingered. Chief among these seems to have been a merry little cobbler, Old Ned by name, who would not have been out of place among the brethren of the gentle craft that plied their trade and sang their songs in Simon Eyre's workshop. A complete and hereditary illiterate, he was none the less master of a rich store of ballads, old and new, which he was ready and willing to sing by the hour to his young companion. It was from Old Ned and others of his class that the boy came to know the ballad not as a relic of a dead past, but as still living on the lips of men. While a student at Harvard, Mr. Mackenzie discovered that great treasure house of ballad lore, Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," and under the stimulating guidance of one of the most learned and most human of American scholars set out on the quest of saving from the maw of oblivion such relics of popular ballads as still survived in the home of his boyhood. He was now a trained scholar, but, fortunately for himself and for us, his training had quickened rather than dried up his springs of interest in men and women, and this record of his quest is delightful even more because of its pictures of quaint human survivals than for the fragments, often somewhat battered specimens, that the indefatigable hunter has succeeded in collecting and piously preserving.

The few remaining ballad-singers of Nova Scotia are survivals of an earlier age, a merrier age by all accounts, when lads and lasses, "chuck full of the old boy," would "take hold of hands and go through the fields to a dance singin' the old songs together." These singers now live in the distant past and shun the daily paper as they would the pest. What news drifts to them from the modern world is straightway transformed to something resembling old and cherished tradition. Thus a contemporary British victory in Flanders was retold to the author by one of this class in terms of Wolfe's victory over Montcalm, of which, in the author's words, every peasant in Canada has his version. So, too, a singer of a Battle of Alma ballad went on in his commentary to ascribe to King William, the British commander—is this not a reminiscence of some ballad of the Boyne?—the miraculous power over the sun's course which Joshua exercised at Ajalon.

One of the most curious facts discovered by the author on his quest is that the ballad-lore of Nova Scotia, all of it characteristically British, some of it running directly back to the old border ballads, survives almost exclusively among families of French descent. The reason of this strange phenomenon seems to be that settlements of French Protestants, apparently refugees from the White Terror of the Bourbon restoration, overlaid the original stratum of Scotch pioneers. This light-hearted and adaptable folk promptly discarded their own language and customs and took over

those of the earlier British settlers, in particular, it would seem, the practise of ballad-singing. This was especially the case among such of them as entered into the service of Scotch families as housemaids and farmhands. In the course of a generation or so ballad-singing became socially stigmatized as the mark of an inferior and servile race, and the unfortunate zeal of Scottish ministers dealt the final blow to the practise among the descendants of the original possessors of the ballads. More than one instance is noted by the writer of a man or woman who had given up singing "rowdy songs" as conduct unbecoming to a respectable member of the church. Only here and there among very aged folk, mostly belonging to the third generation of the French settlement, does the tradition of the ballad still linger. The practise of ballad singing has long been discontinued, and it required all the tact, persistence, and affability with which Mr. Mackenzie appears to be so eminently endowed to induce these rare survivals to cast away their fear of ridicule and to "roar" for him some of the old songs they still remembered.

These old songs, as might be expected, are of many and various kinds. The present reviewer still recalls the shock of amused surprise with which, while reading this book in manuscript, he discovered embedded in the Ballad of the Butcher Boy a group of stanzas familiar to a former generation of college boys, if not to this, as the song, "There is a tavern in our town." The form which Mr. Mackenzie prints is a genuine eighteenth century ballad akin in spirit to the sentimental bourgeois tragedy of George Barnwell, so long the delight of London prentices. But there are older and finer specimens of the ballad still surviving. The author had the rare good fortune to take down from the lips of old singers variants of such noble ballads of the heroic age as Little Musgrave—generally known in Nova Scotia as Little Maitha Grove or even as Little Matey Grovey—The Cruel Mother, Young Beichan, and The Douglas Tragedy. All these, it must be remembered, have been handed down by oral tradition; not one of them had ever been seen in print by any of the singers. It is to this living oral tradition that Mr. Mackenzie rightly ascribes the "inconsistency of the ballad" to which he devotes a delightful chapter. No song that lives by the hearing of the ear alone can be expected to retain even for a generation its primal form; each of the five versions of Little Musgrave, for instance, that the author noted down had its own striking peculiarities, and the variants of Pretty Polly, a Nova Scotian version of Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight recorded by the author, furnish almost enough material for a modern doctor's thesis.

These descendants of the old English and Scottish ballads are, of course, the gems which the author succeeded in unearthing in his quest. But there are many other types; ballads of English victories on land as on sea, such as the various Waterloo songs and those recording the victory of the Shannon over the Chesapeake, which Mr. Mackenzie was solemnly warned not to sing in "the States." There are old songs of seafaring, of shipwreck of and piracy and murder on the high seas, one capital "shanty" (chanty), and various specimens of the local muse, one of which, McLellan's Son, shows the popular ballad at the last gasp before it finally ceased to be. Not one of these types but has its own peculiar interest, and the sympathetic reader can only join in the author's regret for the days when these old

songs, true products of the people and the soil, were superseded either by the metrical version of the Psalms or by "new fangled Yankee songs, with neither sense or story to them."

After all, however, this book is not a collection of ballads, but the story of the author's quest. We may find better versions of his best specimens in any ballad anthology, but on the other hand, we may look far for simpler, truer, and more genially humorous records of such rare types of humanity as Mr. Mackenzie gives us in his pictures of Little Ned, Old Bob, that ancient mariner Dick Hinds, bare-footed Ann Thompson, and the stentorian psalm-singer Thomas McFarlane. It is hardly too much to say that "The Quest of the Ballad" deserves a place on the shelf which holds "The Bible in Spain" and "Lavengro."

NOTE.—Dr. Mackenzie has been well reviewed. This is one of the most favorable notices. The verdict of "The Nation" on literary matters is regarded as final.—Ed.

L-ngw-th—"I am going to ask J. B. MacLaughlin some questions tomorrow night. I know his daughter Esther. We went to school together in Grade II.

Dr. Cameron coming into Anatomy Class and seeing P. Coch-ne sitting down beside Miss N-e and Colw-ll—"Why didn't you sit between them?"

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THE SPECTATOR AT DALHOUSIE

At last I am back again in Halifax, and once more within the portals of Dalhousie. One by one my numerous correspondents are returning and I expect to hear shortly from them all. During the festive season, I have given my observing powers a rest, but I shall now resume my delightful occupation of being a spectator of mankind.

I have noticed peculiar expressions around Dalhousie these last few days. There are apparently several who feel that, during their examinations, they have said that while they should not have said; and that they have not said that which they should have said, and there is worry among them. My heart goes out to them in their distress and I can but say, "Brothers, (or sisters) thou art not alone."

I have before me on my table the copy of the "Gazette" for December 15th, 1919. I am glad that the "Shade" has seen fit to wander into the Library. While I would ask my literary brother to remember the old saying about people who live in glass houses, I appreciate his remarks, especially about the slinger of ink—I have heard before of him, or her. Perhaps, after all, there is more between the lines of the "Wanderings" than one realizes.

I must say, however, that my remarks concerning the Library refer only to the writings of the "Shade" and not to that ridiculous effusion of "Two Mice." I know not the writer of that, and for all I know it may be the work of a bosom friend. I have been a reader of the "Gazette" for many years now and I have never read such an article in which names of students were so openly written, and their personal actions exposed in such a manner. To all those who were mentioned by the "Mice" I extend my deepest sympathy and I hope that these "Rats" will see the error of their ways.

My old friend Sir Roger, who remained in Halifax during the Christmas season sends me an amusing letter concerning a Dalhousie Student which may be interesting to some.

"There is, as I think I told you before, a gentleman at Dalhousie of the name of—— I have often observed this gentleman's tastes and I have noticed that they are for the finest in everything that pertains to enjoyment. He prefers to clothe his body in the finest suits, distend his stomach with the finest food, and fill his lungs with the finest smoke. I have been told that he only smokes the best cigarettes and cigars that can be obtained; and that he has been known to go without a smoke for many weeks when he could not get his particular brand (from somebody else). Now, alas, for that gentleman's taste, there were a number of fellow students whose ideas of smoking were apparently more vulgar and common than his. These students pooled their brains and their money and purchased some packets of a cheap brand of cigarettes, of the kind "that has never been kissed," and sent them, with their Christmas greetings to our fastidious friend. I understand that a reward will soon be offered for the apprehension of these rude fellows; and that the reward will be a collection of the finest cigarette butts in a suitable engraved package."

I shall now end my paper with the mention of a new correspondent from whom you will soon hear. I can promise you something interesting from this gentleman.

"M"

A WARNING

The Editor "Dalhousie Gazette"

Dear Sir:—

Apparently the eyesight of some student at Dalhousie is defective. The practice of opening other persons' correspondence when placed in a letter rack, is contemptible and abominable.

If this practice continues it will be imperative for the Students' Council to remove the letter rack from the Student's Building and devise some other method of mail distribution.

A mistake is sometimes liable to occur. But the circumstances, leading up to the writing of this letter, show that no mistake could have occurred. Should it have been otherwise, any gentleman would have marked "opened by mistake" and signed his name.

Dalhousie students have always been known as gentlemen. Do not permit some ignorant and apparently unadvised person to damage the good reputation of our college. Thanking you for this space, I remain,

Yours truly,
W. R. McC.

MEDICINE, CLASS '19.

CHARLES GRANT BAIN, gold medalist of the class, has gone farthest afield and is settled in Tofield, Alta., where he reports tonsils and adenoids in a flourishing condition.

WILLARD CLEVELAND O'BRIEN is practicing at Weymouth, N. S. where it is thought that his zeal for his patients is such that, when he is called to an urgent case, not only chickens but even cattle may remain in the wake of his car.

MURDOCK GORDON MACLEOD, who, during his course at Dalhousie, was one of the representatives of medicine on the football team, has a practice at Marble Mountain, C. B.

HECTOR JOSEPH POTHIER, after a general practice of some months, decided to specialize in X-ray work and has gone to New York for that purpose.

KENNETH ALLISON BAIRD is in Fredericton, N. B. In September last, he married Miss Isobel G. McCurdy, B. Mus., Dal. '17. Their friends wish them long life and happiness.

FRANK THOMAS MacLEOD is at Riverport, N. S.

RUPERT CLARENCE GILES HAWKINS is practising in Halifax, being associated with his father, Dr. A. C. Hawkins.

FLORENCE JESSIE MURRAY is also in Halifax. She still maintains her connection with Dalhousie by demonstrating in the Anatomy Room.

PHILIP ALOYSIUS KIRWAN, who gave Bain a close run for the medal, is in Wallace, N. S.

JOHN BURKE for some months after graduation remained at the Victoria General Hospital, as resident physician. Then after a brief trip to the sunny south as ship's surgeon, in a final visit to the city by the sea he carried off one of the damsels thereof to his practice in Newfoundland.

In the matrimonial field, as in other respects, the class seems to be holding its own. Pothier set the example during his college course. Mrs. Grundy says Jephtha Seth Munro will be the next. And from what we remember of Jep and his trips on the D. A. R., we are inclined to think she is right. He is practising at Whycocomagh, C. B.

BASKETBALL SEASON INAUGURATED.

The first series of games in the Inter-faculty Basketball League was opened at the City Y.M.C.A. on Wednesday evening, January 14th, when three games were played.

The first between the Arts and Science Even Classes and the Pine Hill Team, resulting in a walk-over for the former, the final score being 34-11 against the Theologues. Space does not permit a long account of the game, but the chief trouble with Pine Hill seemed to be their inability to control their shots on the baskets. They were strong in rushes. For the Arts and Science team McNeil was the star. He played stellar ball throughout, and, in the writer's opinion, was the best man on the floor among any of the teams that played. Maclean also worked well for the winners. King and Muir were the stars among the losing aggregation but both failed on their basket shots.

The second game was the closest and the most interesting of the three, the result being in doubt up to the last minute of play. Medicine and Law were the opposing teams, the game ending 22-18 in favor of the former. For Law, Ferguson and Marshall were the bright lights, while Marsters and Kenny starred for Medicine. One great outstanding fault among the members of the Law team was their holding of the ball. Coster also played well for the Medicals.

The third game was another one-sided contest, wherein the Odd Classes from Arts and Science walked over the Dentals to the tune of 32-11. From the very first they literally played "rings" about their opponents, who seemed completely demoralized, and the result was never in doubt. Crowell and Shaffner starred for Dentistry while Lane played a great game for the winners. Hattie also played a steady game, but spoiled his good work by the numerous penalties called against him and his tenacity in holding the ball.

With perhaps the possible exception of the Arts and Science Even team all the others could do well with more practice, especially in shooting, which was very erratic. With Basketball having been given a good send-off Dalhousie ought to be able to put a team representing the entire college on the floor that would take considerable beating.

C. F. B.

Medical student (overheard): "I had several patients, only one of them died, and he would have died anyway if he had lived."

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JACOB STREET, HALIFAX

CASES. (Continued).

As the privileged Irishman rose to his feet, my heart sank within me, for beyond him I perceived a great cloud of witnesses such as no mortal man could ever hope to shake in cross-examination. Their forms, some thin and emaciated, others gross and coarse, all glowed with some unearthly radiance, emanations without doubt of legal lights unquenched by Death or Time.

"Your Lordship, gentlemen of the jury," began Burke, "my introductory remarks will be brief but urgent. The accused has been indicted for malfeasance in the study of law, in that he has slavishly persisted in seeking each case cited and copying only the head notes thereof, hoping thereby to obtain that profundity of learning, and that precision of judgment which have characterized our high calling from time immemorial. I submit, your Lordship, that such is malfeasance of the most evil kind and propose to prove the charge to the hilt. I will now call the first witness for the prosecution. Mr. Birch, please."

"Mr. Birch, take the box!" shouted an officer of the court.

A spare, worried looking old man approached, was duly sworn, and took the stand, regarding me the while with a peculiarly malevolent glare.

"You, I believe, are the celebrated compiler of the "Chartularium Saxonicum", Mr. Birch, stated the Prosecutor.

"I am," answered he, and continued with a peculiar Latin-like intonation, "and will describe my relations with the accused without delay. Three there are of my vellum volumes on a table in that law library. They are both scholastically and actually dry so that usually I can stretch myself in my miniature spirit form along one of the long Latin words therein in languorous repose. I was thus resting when the college opened. Since then rest has been impossible. The prisoner, as well as other students persisted in conning my pages at all hours. Oft-times in their zeal they came nigh unto touching me as I slipped into the page ahead, thinking they would assuredly stop. Other would-be lawyers persisted in using my books for props, whispering the while sweet legal nothings in each other's ears. One was a maiden fair, so I got no sleep. I even overheard the prisoner planning to take one of my copies home for light reading—to steal my bed—"

Here I interrupted. He was going too far, for old Justinian was nodding his head in sympathy with the old lover of things Latin.

"I object, your Lordship. These declarations are not even in connection with an act relevant to the charge. I am not charged with stealing! They are inadmissible! What's more, his whole testimony should be thrown out, I was not reading those musty old pages of his for study, but for pleasure; the charge relates to study—" I too was cut short, for Birch interjected.

"Relevancy! Ridiculous! I have never heard such rot. This is the best of evidence, your Lordship!"

Judge Jeffries fixed me with his wicked eye. "Preposterous presumption! Objection overruled. Pray proceed, Mr. Birch!" he roared.

I will not pain my readers with further detailed accounts of the evidence adduced against me. Time and again I essayed to object, to cross-examine, to shake the testimony of the various witnesses, but to no purpose. From the Judge down, all were

determined to convict me, so rules of evidence were set at naught.

Old Cox was the only witness even slightly favorable. He thought his Criminal Cases received a good deal of attention, even from students who long before had "passed" in crimes. The bleer-eyed villain smiled sardonically as he intimated that his murder and robbery cases were so choice that the facts were thoroly mastered. Students gathered in little groups to scan his pages, then laughed in concert at the convictions. In his day lawyers' mistakes were hung from trees.

Jeffries leered at me.

"I suppose you would like that evidence recorded as favorable to your case," said he, "but as it is too general, I order it ruled out. Some day my man, your sins will tighten about your heels, perhaps sooner than you think."

So the farce continued—Adolphus and Ellis (Mutt and Jeff), Beevan, Swabey and Tustriam (The Siemese Twins), De-Gex, Vesly Simon (The Simple), Plowden, Meeson and Welsby, Ellis and Blackburn—and a score of others testified against me as to continuous disturbance, knocking their compilations about, reading naught but head-notes, defacing their pages, leaving them on the tables or replacing them on the wrong shelves. No vestige of hope was left me. At length Birch desisted.

Judge Jeffries asked if I wished to address the jury in my own behalf, but knowing it would be a forlorn hope to change the minds of that biased dozen opposite me, I refused.

Birch rose to conclude his case.

"Your Lordship, gentlemen of the jury," his voice sounded the death knell in my ears, "I need not say more than that the prisoner's refusal to speak in his own defence is conclusive evidence of his guilt. Confident in your conception of your duty to convict such evil doers as this, and certain that your verdict will be "Guilty," I rest my case."

Judge Jeffries then charged the jury. As was to be expected, he sensed their evident animosity toward me, and played upon it, ordering them to make an example of me. He too, seemed confident of my conviction.

The jury did not even withdraw. On the conclusion of the Judge's speech I saw a nodding of heads, and realized with a sinking heart that my fate was sealed. Justinian arose to deliver their verdict.

"Guilty," said he, then mumbled some Latin phrases unintelligible to me. He resumed his seat, jaws clamped tightly together, mouth one thin straight line, and crossed his arms as if conscious of duty well done.

"Prisoner at the bar," rumbled the Judge, "the jury have unanimously agreed as to your guilt. It now becomes my painful duty (here he smiled evilly) to pass upon you the sentence of this Court. You are to be hung at once from the tower of Old Dalhousie. Your body will be given to the medical students for such used as they may think fit. The court will adjourn to witness the execution. Constables, remove the prisoner!"

As two burly minions of the law approached I swung a wild blow at the taller one—and missed. But they caught my arms and shook me vigorously. The lights flashed, whirled round, then faded—I awoke, to find both librarians still shaking me. It was morning and lecture time.

The sight of that old tower still inspires me with dread, even in a dream. I was lucky to escape the clutches of Jeffries,

judge of the Bloody Assizes. But as for cases, the force of habit is strong, I still scribble myriads of citations, trail them to their lairs and extract their head-notes holus bolus. for a purblind conscience drives me to it. And some sweet day, mayhap, I will become a successful searcher of titles, no, not of nobility, gentle reader, but of land, a haunter of the registry, a veritable deed-hound, for I get lots of practice here.

"NEMO,"

Prof. W-is-n—"Rome was divided like a pie into four pieces."

Audible whisper—"He doesn't eat at Mari-Dal."

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A LETTER FROM INDIA TO DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.

Dear Friends:—

I have been much interested in reading "The Student Missionary Appeal" and to know that so many of the students and others in Foreign countries are awakening to the need of workers all over India. Hence I take courage to write to you of work done in India through a little band of Indians who have caught fire from the "Student Volunteer Movement." I am sure all who are interested in the Lord's kingdom will be interested in this little bit of His work on a corner of His vineyard.

To start with, I should like to introduce myself. It pleased to Lord to take away my mother when I was quite a little girl, so I have been brought up in my Aunt Soonderbar Powar's home. Many of my readers must have heard of her as the founder and principal of Zanana Training Home. She was my ideal and from my childhood I wanted to follow her example. When I passed my entrance examination, I felt the call for mission work instead of going in for higher education; as the present need of India is not that of only literary men and women but India also needs such as would go down to the level of a village; and one can never reach him through English but through his own language. Hence I devoted the last four years to studying different Indian languages, at the same time visiting Zanas and itinerating in various districts. So far I can speak fluently in three Indian languages and am studying a fourth so that I may be able to reach the different castes through their own tongue. In this one city five languages are spoken. There are three Foreign Missions in this city, yet each one of them have devoted their work practically to one class of people who speak Marathi. But who is to reach the thousands who speak the other four different languages? There are large fields open before us where work can be carried out without interfering with the work of the existing missionary societies. I feel called upon to work in this sphere. Without your help this little work cannot be extended. I shall be glad to correspond personally with those who would like to know more about this work and to refer donors to American and British missionaries in India. I have had a little experience in the mission work and I know that many of the catechists, Biblewomen and other Christian workers are doing Christian work simply because they are paid for it. They lack the real spirit of service. Hence, I felt called upon to depend on the Lord for my temporal needs. I gave up a stated salary in a mission and when I did so I had only money enough to take me from Sholapur, where I was working, to Ahmednagar, where is my father's home. But the Lord provided me with money on my way and since then somehow or the other God has provided for me although I do not know whence the money comes. The nature of my work at present is purely evangelistic, that is, visiting women in the "Zanan Khanas" which means the place where women live. The "Zanan Khanas" are perfect dungeons—dark small rooms where the women are kept practically in prisons. They are never allowed out of these houses—they are not even allowed in the front rooms. My Aunt Soonderbai Powar tells of an incident which happened in her own family. The woman was drying grain in the courtyard, which was a small space surrounded by high stone walls. While she was in the act of drying, a friend of her husbands came in

without knocking and just caught sight of her back. In the night the husband took her far away in the woods and killed her. For, he said, he didn't want a wife who has been seen by another man. This was amongst the high caste Marathas. The Mohammedans also keep their women in strict purdah or seclusion. Only those who have stayed in a Zanana or frequently visited these homes know the misery of such a life. My mother's relations who are of a Maratha caste and my father's relations, who are Mahomeddians keep strict purdah. Since my childhood I have visited my non-Christian relations and on one occasion I stayed with my Mahomeddan relations in a "Zanan Khana" for a year. Therefore, I know the life which these people live and feel for them more than anyone else, who has not actually lived with them. I long to do all I can for these women who live, or rather exist, in their homes. I have already visited about 150 homes like these. At present I am working quite alone as two of my helpers are ill and only after a fortnight or three weeks can I visit the houses again. Besides, there are not only these handful of houses which I am visiting in this city, but hundreds more who are anxiously waiting to hear the gospel news. Won't you pray that God may send more workers, at least a dozen Bible-women and with them the money for their support; so that we may together be able to visit most of the houses in this city as well as visit villages where the bulk of the people live. I shall quote a statement from a religious paper. "India is a land of villages. 730,000 of them dot government maps like spots on a calico dress. Three times as many people as live in the United States, have their homes in Indian villages. If one had started the day Christ was born visiting one village each day till now, he would still have to live eighty years to reach the last village. Think of it! There is such an awakening in this land as never before. Experience in itinerating has been that villages which were shut up a year ago are open to us now. They have been inviting me on every side, which is a proof to show that some of the villages are hungering and thirsting for the truth. The cry from these villages sometimes keeps me awake at night. I spend these wakeful hours thinking about these poor hungering souls—groping in

darkness trying to find a way out of it. The object of this little work is firstly, to visit such women in their own homes who can never look at the beautiful world outside and know the love of God. By God's grace we wish to visit as many such homes as we can and bear the light of His love to them—also to give them any medical help they may need. Secondly, to take in orphan babies and children in our home and train them up for some useful work. The object is that they may learn to be independent in supporting themselves by doing industries which are very paying out here. Poultry, farming, broom-making, rope-making, mat-making, sewing, weaving, etc., etc. side by side with this each of them shall be taught to read and write in one or more languages a thorough Bible training shall be given them. These children are not capable of grasping much literary knowledge yet, if any of these come out exceptionally clever will be sent for higher education. At present there are many schools but in very few these children are taught any sort of industry. To that the future Christian generation may become more independent but the object of this work is to lift them up from a life of sheer dependency to a higher level so that these may do Christian work independently instead of being paid for it. Besides babies under seven or even ten are not taken in by many schools. We wish by God's grace to save these tiny tots and bring them up for His glory. I have seen babies lying on the wayside thrown away by desperate mothers or they are sold to such people as lead them to a bad life. May God help us to snatch these precious jewels from wicked hands. Will you not help to pass the word along by praying for the work out here and also letting your friends know. We are earnestly praying for a suitable site for these children and for the means to buy the land and build suitable houses. At present I am living in a room whose dimensions are about 7 ft. by 5 feet. Will someone hear the cry of the East "Come and help us and enable us to work in a field which is white already for harvest?"

With many prayers I close this letter.

I remain,

Yours in His service,
(Miss) Sumitrabai Bawa,
Ahmednagar,
Deccan, India.

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THE SONG OF THE USETOBEES.

Down to the River Euphrates, ages and ages ago,
Little Methuselah wandered, picking up mussels and snails,
Chasing the terrified tigers, twisting the elephants' tails,
Marking a flight of flamingos curve in a rose-colored bow
Down to the River Euphrates, ages and ages ago.

Then came the voice of his mother: "Thusie you come here to me!
Quit now a-teasing the tigers! You let them elephants be!
You ain't a baby no longer—most eighty-seven years old.
Why don't you go help your father? Why can't you do as you're told?"
Grumbled the little Methuselah, turning to do what was bid:
"Darn it, there ain't no more chances, now, like when pa was a kid."

In Macedonian valley, loafing in shade of a hill,
Sat Alexander the little, watching a phalanx at drill.
Queried the wise Aristotle; "Allie, waht ails you, my son?
Why sit ye sad and sequestered, leaving your lessons undone?"
Sobbed out the small Alexander: "Life is a snare and a toy.
Earth is all shriveled and shrunken since Father Phil was a boy."

Pensive on bank of the Avon, noting the rabbits at play,
Strolled in a leisurely manner wild Willie Shakspeare one day.
Thundered Sir Thomas de Lucy: "Wastrel, my patience wears thin!
Wot ye not well how your sire lacketh your aid at the inn?"
"Marry, fair sir," quoth young William.
"Rusty, in scabbard defiled,
Sticketh the sword of Ambition since Sire John was a child."

Posing on Corsican headland, youthful Napoleon B.
Mournfully peered at the mountains, sorrowful stared out to sea.
Timidly spoke Brother Joseph: "Poley, what makes you so sad
While in its beauty around us Nature is smiling and glad?"
"Joseph," said gloomy Napoleon, "present and future seem bare.
Silent the trumpet of Glory. Loudly it rang for Mon Pere."

Calm at his club in Manhattan, Wright Up-todate sat at ease,
Puffing a mild panetela, tapping a stick on his knees.
Sputtered his uncle, indignant: "Wright, I'm disgusted with you!
Why don't you get down to business, something worth while try to do?"
Glib came the often-used answer, smoothly it rolled from its tongue.
"Really, good openings are scarcer, now, than when father was young."

As it has come down the ages, still shall he chanted the song.
Usetobees buzz in the present, just as they did in the past;
And as it was with the first one, so it will be with the last.

While the blue waves of ocean roll in a symphony long,
As it has come down the ages, still shall he chanted the song.
Charles A. Perkins. in S.E.P.

A COMMERCIAL COURSE AT DALHOUSIE.

Professor MacNeil, speaking at the Commercial Club, outlined a proposal to establish a School of Commerce at Dalhousie. This course will be quite distinct and separate from the now existing schools of business and will maintain the same high standard as is set in our present faculties such as Law or Medicine. The matriculation will depend upon high school qualifications or equivalents and the first two years will be devoted to general education upon which to found the structure of business training. The remaining years will be spent in dealing with subjects of commerce.

Such a course at Dalhousie will be enthusiastically received and in the future many will make application for enrollment in its classes.

A DISCUSSION OF MISSIONS.

A group of students were discussing the World's Students' Conference and the probable results which would arise from it. The idea was new to them and no one in the group knew the exact purpose of this new movement.

One student made the remark "If the sole purpose of this conference is a foreign missionary movement, they can count me out of it." The speaker appeared to be a broad-minded and well educated young man.

For my part, I could not go so far as to agree with this view, for I believe in doing my best to aid a movement of this nature. But I realize that in the statement of the speaker was embodied the antipathy to foreign missions found in many people, even in those who are earnest church workers in other respects.

If pressed for a reason for their attitude, the answer is in substance, "Charity begins at home." Agreed! But is there not plenty of room for both foreign and home missionary work? Undoubtedly! Are both entitled to an equally serious consideration? Do both phases of this great missionary movement receive their just consideration?

I remember hearing of the duty we owe towards foreign missions expounded a great many times, but not once have I heard the conditions which exist in Canada pointed out and our duty explained in respect to them. There is evidently something wrong here. Is not there evidence of "shortsightedness?" I have felt this is the case. I perceive this is a general feeling, altho it has lacked to any appreciable extent an outward expression.

We have heard explained many times our duty as Canadian citizens, the duty we owe to our country and to ourselves as such, but how many of us see there is unseparable from this duty, a duty we owe towards the future citizen of Canada, to God and to our country?

We, who are loyal to our country, our town or our community have the opportunity of becoming familiar with the great trust imposed upon us in respect to the welfare of people beyond our shores, beyond the pale of the advantages of Christianity which is our inheritance.

But conditions we do not have the opportunity of becoming familiar with—the con-

ditions among the poor, the outcasts, the "down and out" within our democratic borders, within our cities. Then, too, there is the foreigner, who comes to our country seeking the advantages which we enjoy. These are the people that some day will be assimilated into our natural life, to swell the fullness thereof or, as can now be safely predicted, to act as a slow poison causing a decay of those institutions which are emblems of Christianity.

You and I know that if we are to approach a stranger (a stranger to our wonderful inheritance, Christianity), with the intention of helping him, we must first see that our own lives are apparent to him as examples to be desired.

As with individuals, so it is with nations. If people who represent us in foreign lands are to meet with the approval, both of the people and of God they must have first "plucked the beam from their own eye."

Is the duty we owe to people of foreign lands any greater than that which we owe to the people within our shores? Is it as great? I would have you consider the spirit of sacrifice. It is the fire which purifies our lives. Greatness of sacrifice is not what will save the world, but the directed and unselfish application of the same to our immediate sphere.

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MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage, Rend a rock or split a cabbage."

Some four or five years ago, in an institution of learning of a small town nearby, I listened with interest to a debate on a rather lofty subject—"Resolved that science has done more for the progress of civilization than Literature"—at least it was rather a lofty subject for the young participants. As the critic said, rash statements were made by both sides; but there was one argument for the affirmative which involved a degree of truth.

"One of the features of the progress of civilization," said the debater, "is the intense striving for fellowship, and the earnest desire for the closer union of mankind, and anything promoting this feeling is a unit in the progress of civilization." Now, I do not intend to express my views on the above statement but certainly music is something that does promote that feeling and desire. After all, the world is made up of units of different customs and of different languages, and music is the common custom and more especially the common language of all. We hear a beautiful voice, and we cannot understand the words, they convey no message, it is the beautiful voice that imparts the message, for indeed music is a medium of interpretation of the inner soul.

I think I may depend on the sympathy of those who have been in the army. In all my personal experience I have noticed that there is nothing that will grip the crowd, there is nothing that will inspire that feeling of fellowship, like a good sing. How often we have seen it in the soldier's life at camp; how often we have read of the soldier marching into battle to the strains of song, and how he was inspired.

For the last two or three years we have been tormented by such problems as these: "Has Dalhousie any College Spirit?" and "Where is Dalhousie's College Spirit?" Dalhousie has been busy doing her share in the war and we were willing to sacrifice our college spirit for the time being, but now the war is over and we must pick up the threads of college life again. I wish merely to suggest one way to promote that spirit that so many were worrying over last year. What is the good of a Dalhousie Song book—"yes, dear fellow students, there is a Dalhousie song book, didn't you know?"—when there is no opportunity to use one? In some of the large cities "Community Sings" are quite the fashion. The public are invited to come to some public hall and all kinds of songs are sung. I do not suggest that this be done in Dalhousie since nearly all our time is taken up in dancing and Bible Study; but suppose on debate nights, the meeting was called for half an hour earlier—for instance, post the debate for 7.30 and assure the debaters they need not come till 8 o'clock—I am sure it would work. Or else, after the debate let it be announced that "there will now be a sing-song, and you are all beseeched and cordially invited to stay and sing." I can assure you that the "adulescens" would walk right out of his "ingenuim" and the eyes of our ancestors on the walls of the Munroe Room would sparkle for very joy, and although we could not see their hands, who could say that they are not clapping them and singing "the days of College spirit are again come."

UNA E PLURIBUS.

NOTES FROM THE RESIDENCE.

An extremely enjoyable evening was spent in one of the upstairs rooms one night lately, by a group of the residents who met for the purpose of giving a dinner in honor of Mr. Pryde. Mr. Logan furnished the delicacies, the quality of which was quite in keeping with the importance of the occasion, and Mr. Archibald, with the sparkling humor for which he is celebrated, made an admirable toastmaster.

Mr. Pryde, of course, was the chief speaker of the evening, and he gave an illuminating address on the Child Welfare Movement, and pleaded for the co-operation of the students from the Residence. He showed a complete grasp of the subject.

Mr. Clifford, the only Theologue in the residence, was then called upon, and he responded with a very humorous account of an experience, which a friend of his had with a mule. This story was heartily applauded, but Mr. Lyons took exception to some of the points which Mr. Clifford made out, and he insisted on explaining to the company how a mule flaps its ears in moments of great excitement.

Mr. Lyons' knowledge of mules is unparalleled at the present day, and before leaving France, Marshal Haig stated in general orders that the war had been made a success, solely on account of the skilful manner in which Jerry handled his team of "Mokes."

The last speaker of the evening was Mr. Logan, who, with that magnetic personality which is possessed by all public speakers charmed the whole company by the ready display of wit for which he is noted.

The dinner was voted by all present to be the first function of its kind held since College opened, and it is hoped that another may be held in the near future.

It is a source of pride to all who are domiciled at the Residence, to have among their number, several who are making their mark in the world of letters, and who are becoming widely known on account of the splendid works which they have been turning out. We append a short list of the principle productions, together with the names of the authors.

Love-Making Up to Date—M. Z. Macaulay. Should be in the hands of every man, as it covers the entire subject, and is written by one who speaks from experience.

Christmas Eve in New Glasgow—R. Richardson. This is hailed as the best thing which has appeared since Dickens wrote the "Christmas Carol," and it is a story which will tug at your heartstrings. No one can read it and remain unmoved.

Church Union, Pro and Con—W. Poirier. A thoughtful analysis of a widely debated question, by one who has made it a life study.

Football and How to Play it—J. Hall. Contains much advice which the young player generally fails to get when starting out, and should prove invaluable as a book of reference in the hands of any referee.

Gaelic Language and Literature—C. B. McAskill. Written by one of Cape Breton's native sons, it fairly exudes the sweet aroma of the heather, and judging by the great interest it has already aroused, it bids fair to revolutionize present day methods of teaching Gaelic.

How to Break into Society—I. Ferguson. Should be perused by all who aspire to social prominence. The author sets forth most clearly the difficulties confronting anyone who attempts to enter the ranks of the Four Hundred, and (for a consideration) offers to help any eligible person over these difficulties.

Our talented young musician, Mr. Henry DeWolfe, has brought back several new compositions with him, announces that he is going to entertain the boys far more lavishly than he has done heretofore. Mr. DeWolfe, who has studied music since his childhood, can now play anything from pianos to auction forty-fives.

Everyone is glad to see Mr. Sydney Florian back at his old "hang-out," taking care of Mr. McIntyre. Mr. Florian would be a tall man if there wasn't so much of him turned up for feet, and his charming personality, and quaint Cape Breton accent make him a general favorite in the Residence.

Undoubtedly the most popular man in the Residence since Xmas, has been Mr. Armstrong, who, sensible of the obligations resting upon him as a member of society, resolved to contribute something to the public good. His contribution took the form of a barrel of apples from the far-famed Annapolis Valley, and we all agree in feeling proud that we have such a public spirited individual in the Residence.

The Dance, held in the Residence, brought to light a great deal of talent, which had hitherto been unsuspected. Mr. Logan of course, is by far the best performer, as he is so original that he never dances the same way twice. Attempts to copy his inimitable style always ends in failure.

Don't Macdonald, Richardson and Roop, make the cute little waiters? All three showed up as very finished performers, and judging from the way they carried those trays, we think it could not have been the first time that they did so.

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