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GAZETTE EDITORS, 1906-07.

(Missing : G. L. Crichton, *Eng. '09*.)

Stevenson's Adirondack Home.



SARANAC LAKE.

SARANAC Lake is a little town set in a valley of the Adirondacks. A five hours' climb from the level below, past little tree-fringed lakes sleeping in the woods, and long, sloping stretches of pine tops that end in the far distance in a splash of blue, brings you to this colony of health seekers. If you are lucky enough to be traveling in July, and wise enough to take the afternoon train, you come upon it in the evening when the air is heavy with the scent of pine. To have once drunk that air is to be lost; not poppy, nor mandragora nor all the drowsy syrups of the world shall ever medicine you of the fever and desire that course through your blood with the approach of summer: nothing but this same, cool, soft, healing sweetness that steals down from the surrounding hills and fills to the very chinks valley and town.

Once upon a time, not so long ago that the older inhabitants cannot remember it, pines covered the floor of the valley to the edge of the stream that steals unobtrusively through its centre. As the fame of the place spread and the cluster of houses around the stream grew, the forest was pushed back farther and farther, till now the overhanging trees brush the outermost roofs and tents. Had some giant hand and axe cut down great swaths of the living wood, and in a moment of play dotted the clearing with house, shop, church and cottage, the illusion of coming upon a little toy town lost, and

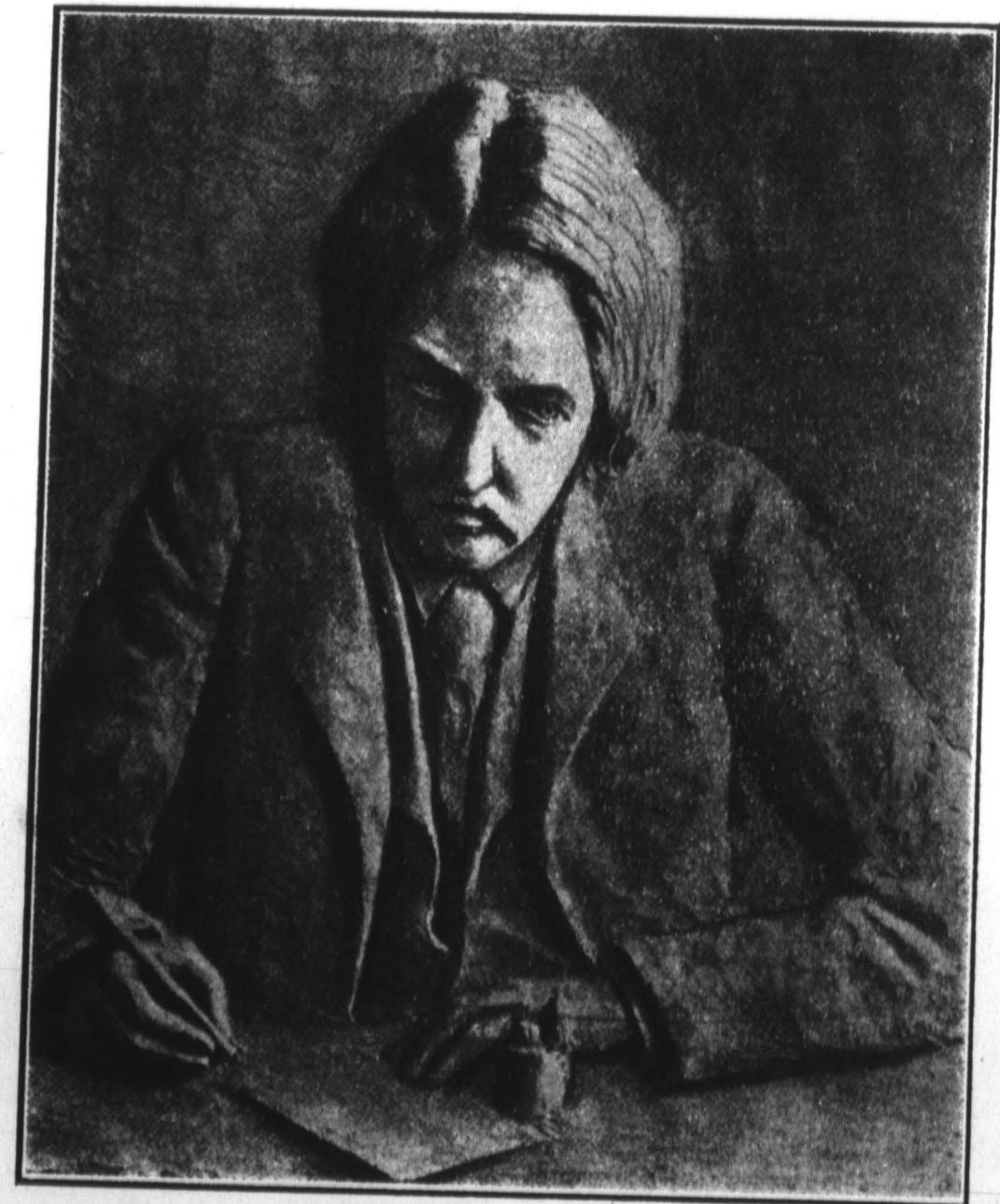
seemingly forgotten in the heart of the woods and mountains, could not be more complete. Even to-day, with its miniature bustle and come and go of patients and tourists, there is that which gives to it a touch of the unreal; the little river is subdued: Flower Lake always calm: the very sounds of life hushed and softened, for the noises of the outside world never enter, but break against Scar Face, Saddle Back and the circling and protecting ring of mountains. Within, the town sleeps in the bright sunlight, and breaths the rare air that pine trees and fifteen hundred feet of altitude make. It is a place in which to spent long afternoons with palette and brush or book and—get well.

It was one Sunday in July—I had been lucky enough to be one of the ones traveling in that month and had arrived at Saranac Lake the evening before—that I first saw the loveliness of this little town and valley. With a friend from the Sanitarium, I lay on the slope of a big hill that looks to the south. So great was the spell of the place that for a time only snatches of conversation drifted between us. The 'stripling' of a river, perhaps some cropping donkey, or—more likely—the broad-armed pines called up funlit reminiscences of Modestine, Father Adam and the mellifluous and—for a space—wonder-working 'proot'. The 'goad' we both condemned as being an ungentlemanlike advantage taken of a weak and unretaliating sex. It was then that my companion pointed out Baker Cottage.

It lay slightly below us on an opposite rise of hill—a low, white-faced, wide-verandahed building. Later, I found that the view from it did not compare with that from Scar Face, where we lay. From the very door of the cottage the pines stumbled up Baker Mountain to within a hundred yards of the summit, and behind—behind was disclosed a view that blotted out all the nearby greenery of valley and tree-clad slope. As far as the eye could reach, like great waves of the sea, ran jagged spines of the Adirondacks, and behind and behind and still behind spine after spine till in the far distance only veils of grey and purple marked their rise and fall.

Clearly there was nothing for a professed Stevensonian to do but to cross the little bridge and pay his respects to Mrs.

Baker. It did not occur to me till I was at the door that that good lady must be tired of the very sight of a Stevenson man. But, if she was, the tall, kindly-eyed woman who met me never let it appear. I was made welcome and was informed, with a smile, that I must not mind if she went on working, for the air gave her boarders a 'neat' appetite, and though the dome



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From a bas-relief based on a study of thirty photographs of the author.

of the heavens should fall down with a clap, they must be filled. So while she beat her custards and made her pies, she told me in her simple fashion of the bright-eyed writer of brilliant speech who had taken up his quarters with her during the winter of 1887-88, and whom for upwards of six months she had seen practically every day.

At first—for Stevenson was then only beginning to be known and appreciated in the United States—those who cared for books and their makers were unaware of his presence. But frequent visitors from the outside world and the man himself and his books soon gave to the perceiving a hint that one of the rare ones had flitted into their midst. As the winter advanced, his circle of friends widened until he found it necessary to set apart Saturday afternoon for their reception. The chief sitting room of the Hunter's Home, as he called it, with its big open fireplace of crackling logs and its restless, brilliant host, quickly became the resort of the thinking and—unhappily for Stevenson—fashionable world of the village. "You know," cried the tired host to his friend, Dr. Trudeau, after a long afternoon during which he had been button-holed by a fashionable but vapid old lady, "You know, it isn't the great Unwashed which I dread, but the great Washed."

With his long hair, his Bohemian garb and his cigarette, he seemed 'a strange young man' to his hostess; but she quickly found that behind the strangeness was the something which made her eyes light up at his approach. "He always had a kind word for everybody," she smilingly said; "no matter if it were just a word; he wanted to be cheerful and make those around him cheerful."

Naturally, it was the little home-traits of the man she had noticed. The fact that he took his breakfast in bed at eleven o'clock had stuck fast in her memory, and she had only to 'shut her eyes' to call up the picture of the half-recumbent figure awaiting her, with the fingers of one hand marking the book he had just been reading, and those of the other holding a half-consumed cigarette. The smoke of those cigarettes must still have been in the good lady's nostrils, for she always pictured him with the little roll between his fingers. Had it been a pipe, I doubt if she could have remembered whether or not he smoked; but down in her heart I think she really considered it a bit unmanly "to deelen with no swich poraille;" and so, whether he was propped up in bed or seated close to the blazing fire, it was generally 'with a cigarette in his hand.'

She, too, had noticed the light in his eyes, and had always liked to talk to him. And his mother! Ah, there was a lady if ever there was one. Such thoughtfulness, such loveliness, such beauty! I had great work, indeed, to get back to the son, so kindly a remembrance had the mother left in this little mountain home. His health? Well, he was pretty 'peaked' when he came to her, but as the winter advanced he grew stronger in spite of his refusal to take the open-air cure. Sometimes he went tobogganing; more often, skating. But he did not like the cold, and as soon as he 'felt the wind in his face' he came in. The big fireplace was his sworn and constant friend, and here his physician, Dr. Trudeau, would find him pacing to and fro 'blowing out clouds of smoke into the air,' and ready to talk on anything from the art of making books to the relative merits of the English (which Stevenson stoutly upheld) and American systems of checking baggage. And on each he talked with equal fluency and brilliance.

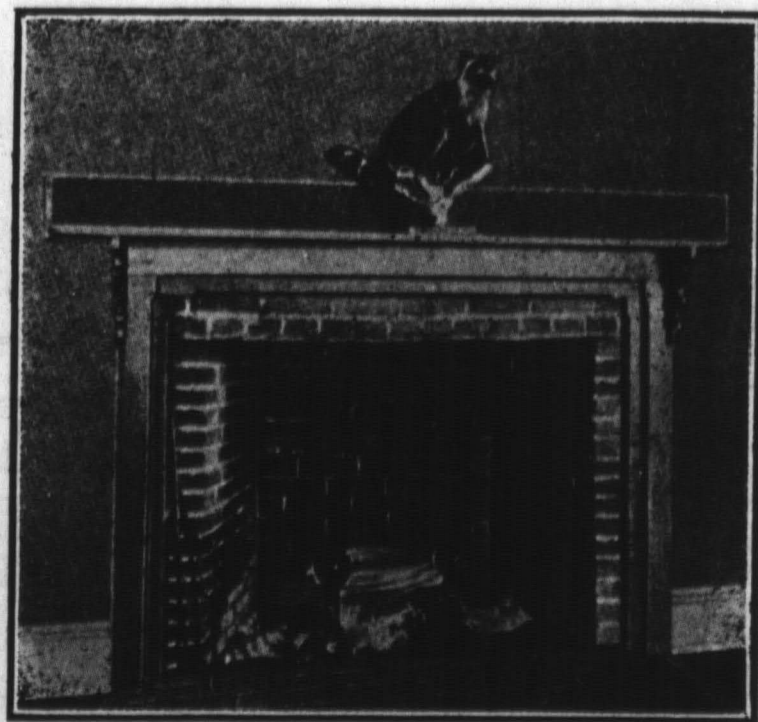
It was this brilliance and beauty in his language which attracted so many to that fireplace. To his friend and physician, Dr. Trudeau, his conversation was 'overpowering.' Safe from the biting wind outside, "he would rail in such forcible and beautiful language at the cold, the snow, the the succession of cloudy days and the lack of colour and sunshine [he had not seen the place in its summer wealth of color] that had his remarks been written down they surely would have made Saranac Lake famous, at any rate as having furnished an inspiration to such beautiful and picturesque language." In that little room, too (though my hostess assured me she did not believe it was true, for had it happened, would she not have known?) while Stevenson sat perched on a table in the corner, Richard Mansfield in the fitful play of the firelight is said to have given the author a dramatic representation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. The story has the right ring to it, and—there was a night for young men and gods!

Of the books he wrote while with her, or the work he did, Mrs. Baker could tell me nothing. She had read some of his writings. His stories of travel she liked 'immensely'; such books as *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, not at all. They were too 'unreal', too 'strange' and out of the way.' It required no

very great keenness of insight to see that it was the man himself she liked best, the 'kind word for everybody', the 'light' in his eyes, and—perhaps after all she did like his cigarettes. When he went away in the spring of 1888, she expected him to return. His winter clothing and the greater part of his belongings were left with her. When he came back he was to go to Paul Smith's, a hunter's cottage, some fourteen miles distant. She looked forward to seeing him, but for some reason or other he changed his plans, sent for his goods, and she never saw him again.

Half an hour later I lay on Scar Face and again saw the mountains and valley and river. As my thoughts drifted back to the gabled house across the hill, what should flash up but: "Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!"—words that give a half touch of nobleness to that graceless consumer of sack and frequenter of the Boar's Head, and that speak louder than painted cloth for much-maligned, cheerful, sunny-witted, old Jack Falstaff. I thought I might set down after them and think it no slight: "He always had a kind word for everybody, no matter if it were just a word; he wanted to be cheerful and make those around him cheerful."

L. J. MILLER.



FIRE PLACE IN THE HUNTER'S HOME.

Dr. Parkin's Address.

ON Saturday morning, March 9th, Dr. George R. Parkin, LL. D., G. M. G., agent of the Rhodes' Scholarship Trust, addressed an audience that filled the New Munro Room on Cecil Rhodes and the Scholarships. Lieutenant-Governor Fraser presided, and among those present were Col. Drury, Mr. G. S. Campbell, President of the Canadian Club; the Superintendent of Education, the members of the Senate, and a number of ladies. Dr. Parkin spoke for an hour, holding the closest attention of his audience throughout.

In his opening remarks, Dr. Parkin referred to the great problems that faced Canadians to-day. Our great material development was bringing with it enormous responsibilities. We needed men of high purposes and strenuous endeavour. Our young men had an immediate object before them, in bringing about clean sport and clean politics. He had asked some American scholars what had impressed them most at Oxford. "The fact replied one, "that I have been living among 3500 men not one of whom would not sooner lose a match than win it dishonestly." Dr. Parkin said that some of the late occurrences in Canadian rinks would debar a man from the game forever, if they had happened in England.

He then briefly reviewed the marvellous career of Cecil Rhodes, who in the short space between the age of twenty-three and forty-nine had established his right to be considered, Dr. Parkin believed, the greatest Imperialist since Chatham. He was a dreamer, who set about making money with the object of carrying out his great ideas. The idea of the scholarships was but the natural culmination of his life, which had been inspired by a sentence that he had met in his reading of Aristotle at Oxford: "The greatest happiness in life comes from the conscious pursuit of a great purpose." In granting so many scholarships to the United States, Rhodes had shown that his vision extended further than we could see, and that he had even wider aspirations than that of a united Empire.

Dr. Parkin said that Rhodes had chosen Oxford, because he never lost the sense of its subtle and wonderful charm. It

was the romance of his life, and its unsurpassed record as the training ground of a long array of literary statesmen had marked it out as the place best fitted for accomplishing his purpose. President Roosevelt has asked the speaker, "What use are these scholarships to us?" "Oxford, he replied, has produced such men as Gladstone, Ruskin, Arnold, Morley, Bryce, and a long list of others too numerous to mention. If you have no use for that type of man you cannot regard the scholarships of great worth, if you have, they are invaluable."

The speaker then referred to the responsibilities incurred by the acceptance of a scholarship, the life at Oxford, and the problems that arise in the administration of the trust.

Dalhousie's first scholar had made an admirable impression; he was a man whom everyone at Oxford liked and respected; and although our second man had been there only a short while, he believed, from what he had seen of him, that he would be in every respect a credit to the scholarship and his Alma Mater. "Your Canadians", Sir William Anson had said to him, "are doing good work," and that praise from such a man was very high praise indeed.

Mr. Justice Russell, in a few well chosen and eloquent sentences, moved the vote of thanks, which was seconded by Dr. Weldon, and felicitously tendered the lecturer by the Lieutenant-Governor.

During his short stay in the city, Dr. Parkin, and Mrs. Parkin who accompanied him, were the guests of Professor and Mrs. E. Brydone-Jack.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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Editorial.

DR. Parkin's visit, will, without doubt, be long remembered as one of the notable events of the present term. His address surpassed even our anticipations in interest. It brought us face to face, as it were, with big men and big *Dr. Parkin's* ideas; and there could scarcely have been anyone *Visit.* present, whose outlook was not broadened and aspirations stimulated by the simple yet eloquent word-picture of the great Imperialist, whose colossal dreams embraced, as Dr. Parkin was careful to point out, even a wider area than the British Empire itself. The address taught us the useful lesson that it is, after all, the man who has faith in his dreams who accomplishes things; and it led us to ask if there are not too many of us, and those of us who are not old either, who are too much inclined to look askance at dreams, too ready to dismiss the idea of a more closely-knit Empire as chimerical, and too prone to conclude that the difficulties in its way are insuperable, and that our natural destiny lies in other directions.

Aside from the address, it was, of course, a great pleasure to us Dalhousians to hear Dr. Parkin speak in such high terms of our own representatives, but the praise was only what those of us who know the men expected. It was also particularly pleasing to an audience drawn from the Maritime Provinces, to be reminded by Dr. Parkin's presence, that the first man chosen to fill a position of such world-wide prominence is one of our own people, a native of our sister province of New Brunswick, and a graduate of its university. The broadest views are not necessarily incompatible with an intense local patriotism, and the duty that lies nearest our hand, and is most imperative upon us, is to inspire with our utmost faith and and most cherished dreams our own corner of the Empire—the provinces by the sea.

Autumntide.

Blue sky and bluer sea,
And shadow on the sand;
Low sweet murmuring of wave
That ripples on the strand.

Grey cliff and vine-hid cot
Above the pebbly shore;
Far faint falling of red leaves
That ne'er will whisper more.

Day-Dreams and sun set hush;
Then comes the twilight on,
With glimmering of distant sail
That tosses and is gone.

Star-sheen and bending beam
Of moonlight o'er the lea
Gleam through drifting deeps of night
On that lone sail at sea.

MAY UMLAH

Three Views.

I

THE busy hum of men had resounded in my ear all day. I wearied so for a whiff of the sea breezes, that at the close of the day's work I determined to see that for which I longed. Down the street I went, passing crowds of shoppers already laden with parcels but seemingly eager for more. I pitied them and hurried on until I lost the busy throng behind me

How quiet all the houses looked as I walked along. They seemed half asleep in the heat of the setting sun. Soon however the houses appeared at rarer intervals. I could see between them the blue waters of the harbour. Then the street became a road, the side-walk a path, and my only companions were the things of Nature—the woods on either side, the wild flowers on grassy banks, and birds darting and curving hither and thither through the branches overhead.

Suddenly my ears, quickened with desire, seemed to hear in the distance a deep low note which mingled with the murmur of the surf near at hand. Louder and deeper grew the roar until the very air pulsated with it. Then the curtain of the trees divided, and disclosed the sea in all its glory, hurling itself impotently on the unyielding shore.

How restless it seemed and yet in its immensity how quiet! Far out there was just a ripple, the slow movement of some mighty living being. Nearer the shore, these little ripples formed a wave, which climbed up and up and up, until it seemed to tower above me. Along the edge of the wave ran a narrow fringe of white which grew wider and wider, then crash! and the whole seething mass of water and foam fell headlong on the shore below. How it tumbled about, running up the shore in a wayward fashion, and as quickly back again with a final noisy rattle over the tiny pebbles. It was an ever old, ever new scene. With the rattle of the receding wave began the ominous roar of another just advancing. [I sat on a rocky boulder entranced. The minutes passed all too quickly for me, and I wished for that power which would change the fleeting moments into the more cordial hours.]

Suddenly the surf before brilliant with diamond and pearl drops became a pure white edge of foam. The sun had disappeared. I looked around at the background of spruce and pine which was now almost black instead of the warm green of a half hour before. The glory of the sky above had changed to a darker, quieter blue. A tiny star twinkled on the horizon. It was no longer day.

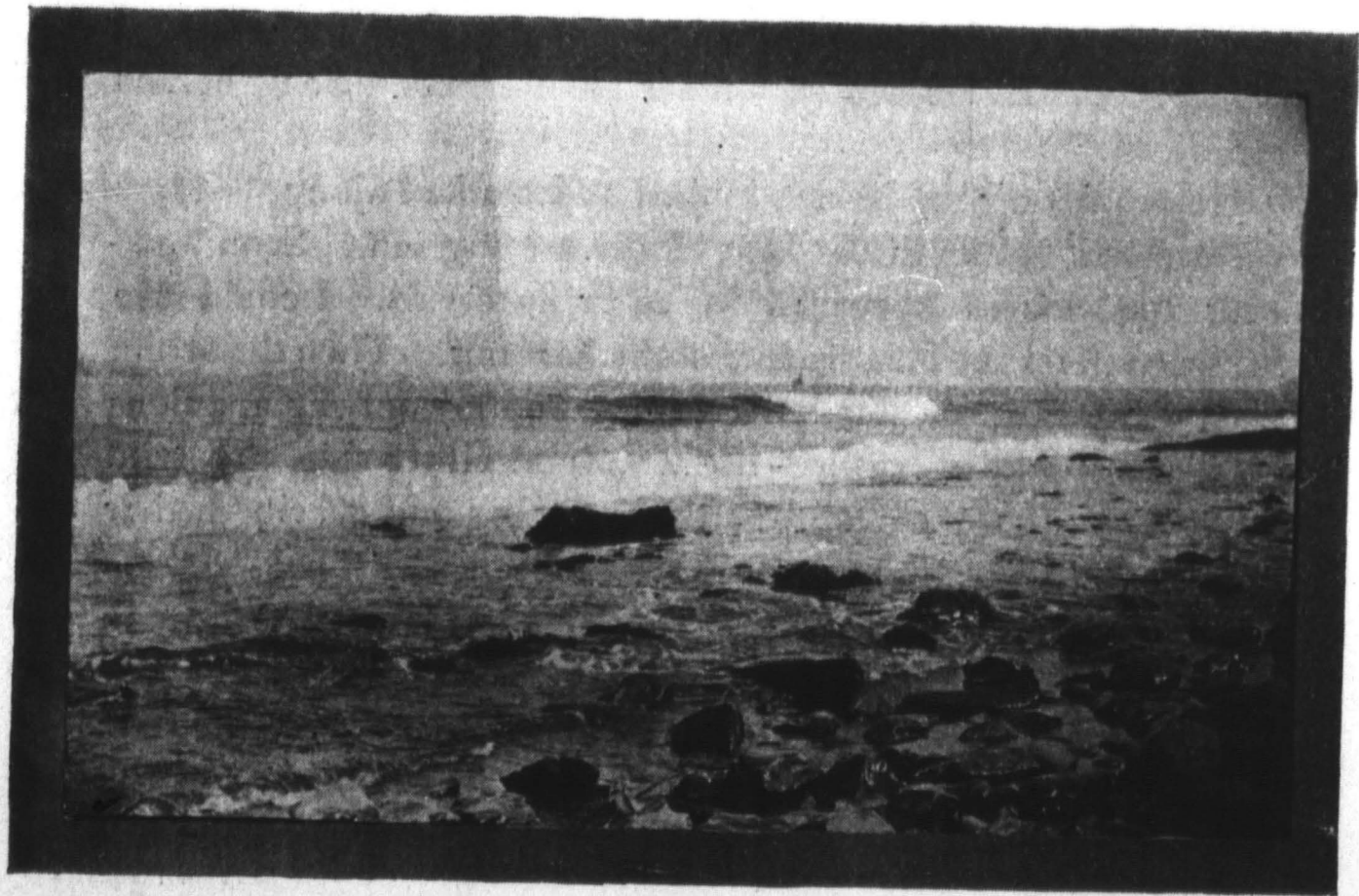


PHOTO BY A. F. TAYLOR, HALIFAX.

"A PURE WHITE EDGE OF FOAM."

II

It was foggy. You felt it in the chill moist caress of the air against your cheek; you saw it on every side, gray, thick and damp. On such a day, buildings and people too, lost their distinctive personality. They loomed up in front of you, big shapeless masses, soon to be hidden in the fog beyond.

We had now reached the woods. The trees near at hand glistened with moisture. Every little spruce needle seemed to have its own drop of dewy fog. How mysterious looked the forest ahead of us — a procession of ghostly, veiled dumb figures! The drip of moisture from branch to branch was the only audible sound and it soon became drearily nonotonous.

We stumbled down the hilly stony path to the shore road. A minute more and we heard the thundering boom of the sea. In another minute we had reached the shore and we saw as well as heard. From out the base of the heavy gray fog curtain rushed a seething mass of white foam which tossed and tumbled up and down on the crest of the mounting waves. On they came with a rush and a roar, and then with a final defiant shout, hurled all this force of blackey-green waters on the rocky line of hostile boulders. Fruitless attack! With a groan and a sigh, the sea retreated and gathered its forces together for a fresh onset against this unyielding foe, but the shore glistening with spray emerged from each successive encounter, victor

It was grand, an awful sight to see; still grander to hear. The ever-increasing roar of the sea echoed in our ears during the homeward walk, like a deep vibrating organ tone. It had calmed our restless and discontented spirits, and we were again "eager to labour, eager to be happy, and if the day be marked for pain, strong to endure it."

III

One night in the early Spring, I took a walk in the woods. At first, the trees, road, shore and even the sea seemed of one dense blackness. The stars in the clear sky above were cold and lustreless. Gradually however, becoming accustomed to the things of night, I began to see more. The invisible sea traced its limits with a thin line of white as it rhythmically flowed back and forth. A gray road stretched itself out before me, flanked on one side by the forest dark and dread. There was not a sound to be heard but the lapping of the sea on the sand, and the faint rustle of the leaves on the branches overhead.

The opposite shore low-lying and vague of outline stretched itself out towards the harbour mouth where twinkled the stars of earth, the light house lamps. Even as I looked, a bank of clouds to the west broke asunder and from between floated the moon shedding its soft silvery radiance over all below. The calm level mirror of the sea beneath reflected the glory of starlit, moonlit expanse of the heavens. The forest was no

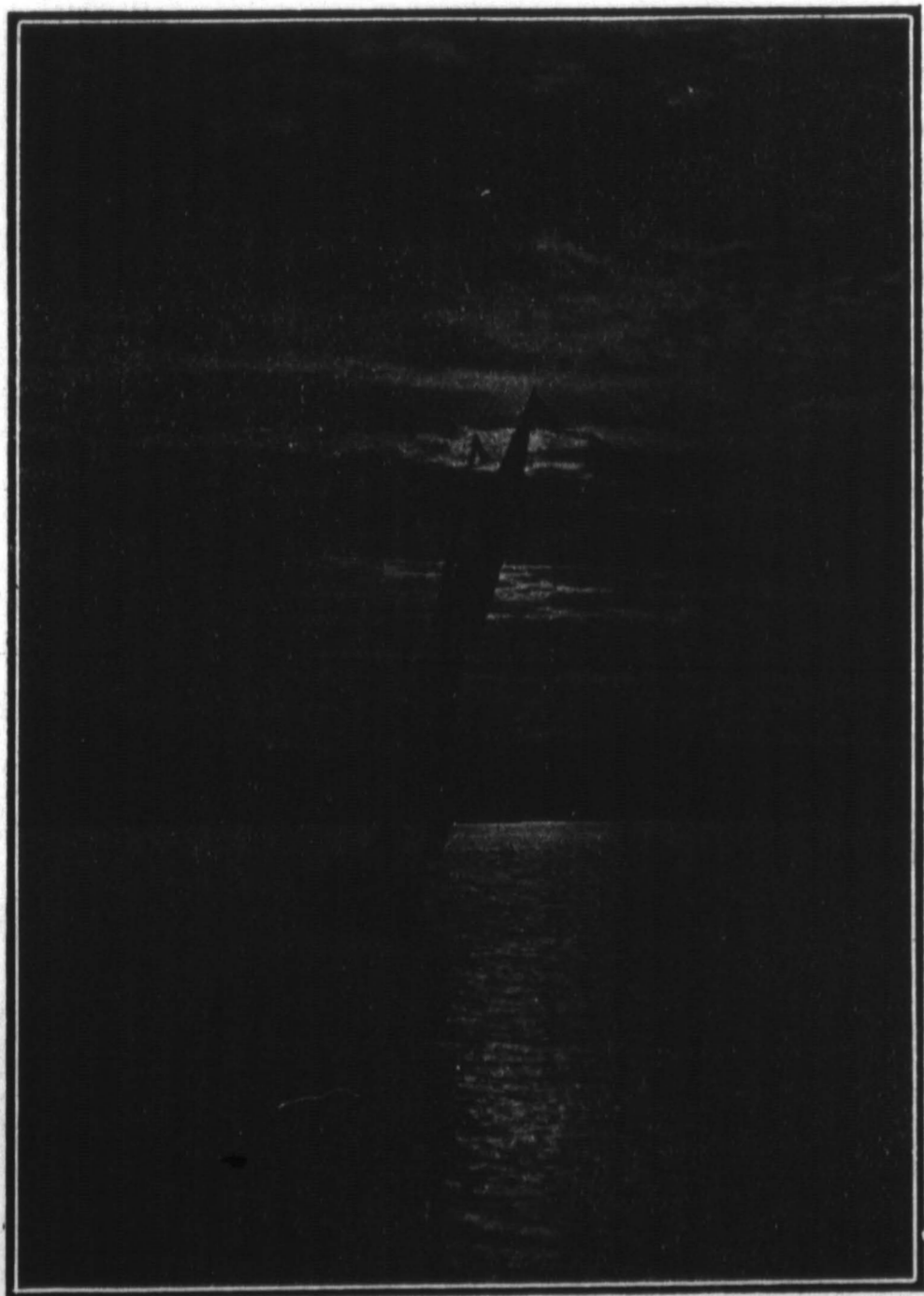


PHOTO BY T. J. CURREN, HALIFAX,

"THE CALM LEVEL MIRROR OF THE SEA."

longer darksome and weird, for the light of the moon shone over pines, spruce and fir, lighting the unseen shadows and making them wondrous beautiful to look upon. And many a time since then have I recalled to my mind the beauty of sea and forest, sky and shore, that I saw, heard and felt that night.

F. JEAN LINDSAY.

My Garden.

SECOND PRIZE POEM.

Sweet apple blossoms o'er my head,
Fresh grasses at my feet,
A world of dewy sweetness spread,
My happy eyes to greet.

Oh! sweet June morn of scented breath,
The maiden of the year,
What now remains of Winter's death,
'Midst all the life that's here.

The lilacs through my garden make
A perfumed path for me,
And sweet white violets for my sake
Grow 'neath my great pear tree.

Within my pleasant garden close,
Are roses pink and white,
That as the Summer older grows,
Bloom thick for my delight.

A great horse chestnut stands in state,
Within my garden wall,
It guards my pleasant garden gate,
From troubles one and all.

Beneath its shade beside the gate,
A bed of lilies blows,
That seem like drifts that lingered late
From wild December's snows.

The ways of all my garden fair
With Southern wood are sweet,
And thyme and lavender are there
To make it all complete.

Right through my garden flows a brook,
With wild forget-me-nots
Along its banks; in every nook,
They grow in Nature's plots.

And by my brook are daffodils;
When Spring is still but new,
The first of these some morning fills
Its yellow cup with dew.

All down my sunny garden wall
Stand sun-flowers stiff and straight,
Golden and cheerful, gay and tall,
They seem to laugh at fate.

And in my garden many flowers
Grow, bloom and fade and die.
They live a happy sunny life,
Under the summer sky.

CLARE GIFFIN.

"Evangeline and the Real Acadians."

The Atlantic Monthly for February contains an article on "Evangeline and the Real Acadians." It is from Dr. MacMechan's pen and goes to strengthen an opinion we have long held—that if there is one thing which characterizes Dr. MacMechan's work it is his almost overwhelming accuracy, toned down by a charm of style that makes one unwilling to lay down the article till it is finished. In "Evangeline and the Real Acadians," Dr. MacMechan has had to deal with a very difficult subject but he has treated it in a manner that cannot but win the approval of all fair-minded students of the question, and—best of all—he has approached it fresh from first-hand search and investigation.

Dr. MacMechan's thesis might be stated in the words of his concluding paragraph: "Their deportation was a military necessity. It was cruel, as all war is cruel; the innocent suffered as they do in all war. The measure was precautionary, like cutting down trees and leveling houses outside a fort that expects a siege, to afford the coming foe no shelter, and give the garrison a clear field of fire." To establish this, the writer, after a capital introduction, first reviews the early history of the Acadians from the serious "plantation" of the country in 1670 to the years bordering on the memorable 1755. He notes that public sentiment in the matter has been moulded chiefly by Longfellow's *Evangeline*—which he characterizes as the best known poem *de longue haleine* ever written in America—and by such historians as Raynal and Haliburton, Raynal not pretending to have accurate, first-hand knowledge

of the condition of the country and the people about whom he wrote, and Haliburton copying freely from the passages of the earlier historian in which the settlers are pictured not as Acadians but as Arcadians living in a golden age of simplicity and harmony. This has been the popular conception, but—in two words—a study of the provincial archives shows conclusively that this was *not* the case. As the writer says, "they were human." "They were simple, pious and frugal; but they had the faults of their kind; they were ignorant and uneducated; few could sign their names. They were led by their priests, who were naturally and inevitably political agents for France. . . . They had the peasant's hunger for land, the peasant's petty cunning, the peasant's greed, all perfectly comprehensible in view of their hard, narrow life of toil. Their disputes over land were endless." Primary authorities speak of another people than the Acadians of Raynal and Longfellow.

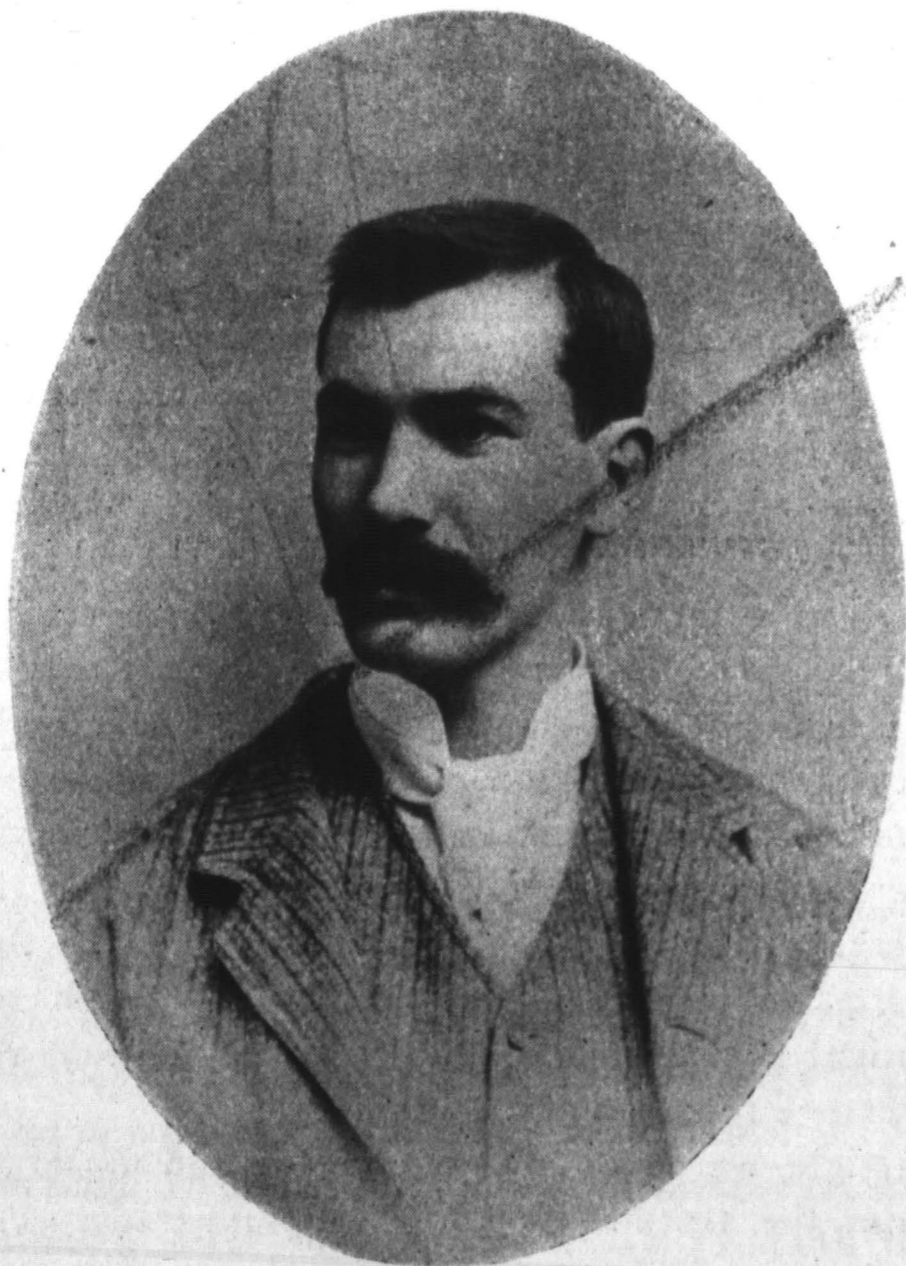
In concluding, Dr. MacMechan points out that the expulsion—the responsibility of which must be shared as well by New England as by the home government—can only be understood in relation to the larger events of which it was a part—the struggle between England and France; the importance of Nova Scotia, and especially Louisburg, for strategic purposes; the outnumbering by more than two to one of the English in this province by the French; ten thousand enemies at the gates of Halifax. "There was no force to bridge the Acadians. Fair words and fair measures [thanks to French emissaries and political agents] had been exhausted. Nothing remained but to remove them out of the province."

The article, we think, is a notable one and should go far to "proclaim the truce of God" to the combatants in this long one hundred and fifty-two years of wordy war.



Obituary.**ALEXANDER M. MORRISON.**

The death of Mr. Alexander M. Morrison, which occurred at Kentville on February 12th, has brought to those who were his class-mates or students at Dalhousie and to all those who followed his career after leaving Dalhousie a very distinct sense of loss.



THE LATE A. M. MORRISON.

Mr. Morrison was the eldest son of the late Rev. P. M. Morrison of Dartmouth, and was born at St. Stephen, New Brunswick, on September 1st, 1866. He entered Dalhousie in 1883, and was Waverley Prizeman in 1885. The following year he spent in teaching, and entered upon his College studies again in the fall of 1886, winning a Senior Munro Exhibition, and electing the Honour Course in Mathematics and Physics.

He graduated in 1888 with First Rank Honours and the Young Gold Medal. His interests were, however, far wider than his class-room work. Naturally of a vigorous constitution, he was prominent in all the athletic affairs of the College, and reference to the old Calendars will show that he won both the Silver and Gold Badges in the yearly gymnasium competitions. He had a very fine literary instinct, and read very widely and very far afield from his own subject, and as a student was always to the fore for the Sodales, the GAZETTE, and all the other interests of his associates.

After spending some time in teaching Mr. Morrison was appointed George Munro Tutor in Mathematics for the sessions of 89-90 and 90-1. The succeeding winter he spent in the South of France for the benefit of his health which had suddenly broken down. During the next two years he was at Johns Hopkins University, as a student in Physics under Professor Rowland, and for one of them was Assistant in Physics also. Being offered the position of Instructor in Physics and Private Assistant to Professor Michelson in the University of Chicago, he left Johns Hopkins and remained at Chicago for three years. The climate there proved too severe for his health, already far undermined, and in a vain effort to recover it he taught school in California for two years. For the last eight years he has lived quietly at his home, conserving in a wonderful way his remaining strength, a living proof of the conquest of mind over matter, a charming and elevating spirit in his family and noble example to his children, a bright and cheery centre to his circle of friends.

As a student at Dalhousie Mr. Morrison gave promise of a brilliant career, and was held in high regard by his instructors, and especially those in his honour courses, for the keenness of his mind and a decided dash of intellectual independence and originality, which is so uncommon. This type of student is not apt to figure largely in the common prize list, and although in Mr. Morrison's case his position in the honours list is a distinguished one, these honors came largely by chance, as he cared to know a thing for itself rather than for his examiner. This high opinion of him was endorsed by his later professors at Johns Hopkins and Chicago, and there is no

doubt that by his early enforced withdrawal from his chosen field of work, a career that would have been full of honour to himself and his Alma Mater has been pitilessly cut short.

Mr. Morrison leaves a widow, who was a daughter of the late Judge James of Dartmouth, and two children.

FRED S. VANCE.

The death of Fred Vance on February 19th removed one who was universally esteemed by his fellow Dalhousians. He entered the university from Truro Academy and graduated with the class of '02. When he completed his theological course he was ordained pastor of New Aberdeen, C. B. His health soon failed and he was ordered West. For a time it seemed as if he might recover but it proved otherwise. As a student he possessed marked ability, and if his health permitted he would have ranked among the best in academic honors. His friends predicted a brilliant career in his chosen profession. At Dalhousie he took a deep interest in all college life and contributed much to the success of its societies. In *Sodales* he was recognized as a strong debater. During his final year he was President of the Y. M. C. A., when his fine gifts of leadership were manifested. As a man he commanded the admiration of all whom he met. The GAZETTE extends its sincere sympathy to his friends and relatives.

Exchanges.

The Christmas and Book Number of *Acta Victoriana* is one of the best issues of that magazine which has reached us this term. Indeed it can hardly be classed with the ordinary college publication, but belongs rather to the class of the popular current monthly. The leading article in this issue is a well written interview with George Agnew Reid, R. C. A., which ought to be of special interest to all lovers of the painter's art. The many illustrations from the work of this well known Canadian artist add much to the value and interest of the article. The February number of this magazine which is also to hand, well maintains the high standard of the preceding issue.

McMaster Monthly is replete with good reading matter, not the least interesting of which is the prize story, "A Gentleman Unafraid."

The *Suburban* for March 9th produces views of the mining machinery and laboratory of Dalhousie College, and also an excellent photo of Prof. F. H. Sexton, the competent head of the mining department.

From a previous issue of the same paper we take the liberty to reprint the following verses, written by a Dalhousie student:

PROGRESS.

Tripping over the hills from far away,
To this country down by the sea,
Crowned with blushing blossoms of May,
A spirit came calling to me,
"Have faith in your own,
Stand fast by your home,
There's a glorious future for thee."

"Centuries I spent in the Eastern lands,
Where pearls and rubies are found:
Centuries I've been where the golden sands
And the Southern treasures abound;
Where empires held sway,
And fell to decay,
And crumbled e'en down to the ground."

"In the Northlands that lie 'neath the dusky pole,
In the glow of the midnight sun;
Where the waves of the Western prairies roll;
They've heard my message and won.
They rise with the morn,
No labor they scorn,
In the honorable race that they run."

"What seek ye over the seas and away,
'Mid strangers and dangers unknown?
While in forests, in streams and in mountains ye may
Find greater and better at home;
Where Health is supreme,
And Beauty is Queen,
In the land of the Future, YOUR OWN."

A. W. L. SMITH.

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 5, 1907.

From the *Prince of Wales College Observer*, we clip the following verses, which were written for that bright little periodical by Miss L. M. Montgomery, a former student of Dalhousie. Miss Montgomery's verse displays poetic ability of no mean order, and much of it has found a place in the best of our current magazines.

FELLOWSHIP.

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Given when most alone good company
 And rare have I, for with me walk alway
 Great thoughts that hold the mighty past in fee
 Bequeathed from the high souls of yesterday,
 Which star-like through the vanished ages shine
 Thus to companion mine.

When far the world is from me come they then
 To be my guests, all in high honor held,
 To give me to this fellowship again
 In choice communion as in days of old...
 Thus would I be alone, the world forgot,
 And miss it not.

(Written for the Observer.)

The *Acadia Athenæum* for March is a good number, the prize poems. "A Twilight Reverie" and "Eventide" being prominent features. Our contemporary promises a purely fiction number, the product of student talent, for the April issue.

In Cap and Gown, coming from Western University, London, Ont., is a bright, and interesting little publication. Some of its contributions in the February issue are particularly worthy of notice.

The Presbyterian, in its editorial columns of a recent issue, reflects as follows on Our National Peril:

"Shrewd and far seeing business men, who are by no means to be regarded as pessimists, have uttered the note of warning against the business recklessness and extravagance which is apt to be aroused in a period of great material prosperity and rapid development, and have reminded us that the lean years may come. There is a still graver danger that threatens our national life. It is the danger of the blinding materialism that comes with great commercial prosperity. In an atmosphere which is electric with the reports of great enterprises and the stories of gigantic fortunes made rapidly, we are in danger of having the vision dimmed, and of losing our grip upon the things without which there can be no abiding personal or national permanency and strength."

The *University Monthly* for February takes a wise stand on the question of the proposed reduction of the Arts course in that University from four years of eight months each to three years of ten months each. It says in part:—

"Judging from the large number of students who, during the four months holidays, take employment to earn as far as possible their own way through

college, we are forced to conclude, that by making these holidays two months, we are limiting the number of possible students rather than extending it. In short we are of the opinion that to the student who is mostly dependant upon his own work, it is easier to come to college four years of eight months each, than three years of ten months."

"Professor" said a senior, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray don't mention such a trifle" was the reply.—*Exchange*.

As an example of the kind of compliments that a College journal called the *Niagara Index* deals out to its contemporaries, we give the following choice extracts, taken from one of the complimented exchanges.

"The jaundiced condition of one editor enternated his spleen in an editorial entitled, 'Kick.'"

"A grammar school boy would not be guilty of such a crime as the above. Taken from the *Mountaineer*, official organ of the mush-mush school of moonstruck milksops."

"Every paper we have seen has been filled with the most mediocre stuff it has ever afflicted our eyes to persue."

"This exam. is about as near to zero without the circumference as any with which we are acquainted."

YOUNG man, beware the witching snare,
 The glint of light on golden hair;
 Not all that glitters, sure, is gold,
 You, too, may dye ere you grow old.

THE STUDENT.

Other exchanges received are: *Queens University Journal*, *The Student*, *Athenæum*, *Argosy*, *Mitre*; *Oak*, *Lily and Ivy*, *Trinity University Review*, *King's College Record*, *Nova Scotia Scotia Normal*.



College Notes.

D. A. A. C.—The annual meeting of the Athletic Club was held February 28th. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were received and approved. Mr. H. F. MacRae reported that the committee appointed had circulated for signatures, and afterwards presented, a petition asking the university registrar to collect the D. A. A. C. fee. A resolution was passed making the captain of the first fifteen a member of the executive and giving him a vote on all matters referring to foot-ball. The membership fee was raised to two dollars per annum. It was decided to build a skating rink, and the following were appointed as a general committee to take all necessary steps: Prof. Woodman, MacRae, Lindsay, A. Fraser, Hanway, Flemming, Cameron, Sinclair, MacCunn and Patterson. Messrs D. MacLean, A. J. Cameron, and W. C. Robinson were appointed to draft, and have introduced in the legislature, an amendment to the Act of Incorporation so that the club could hold property to the extent of \$10,000.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Hon. President, President Forrest, D. D.; President, E. B. Jonah, B. A.; Vice-President, G. D. Finlayson; Secretary, H. W. Flemming; Treasurer, Prof. Woodman; Managing Committee, Messrs. Burris, Rankine, Bruce, Siderski, Martin; Trophy Committee, Messrs. E. B. Johah, D. A. Cameron; Field Committee, Messrs. R. T. MacIlreith, LL. B., J. A. MacKinnon, LL. B., and J. C. O'Mullin, LL. B.; Auditors, H. S. Patterson, B. A., W. S. Lindsay, B. A.

U. S. C.—The regular semi-annual meeting of the council was held in the Munro Room February 28th, at 7.30 p. m. The report of E. W. Nichols, Business Manager of the GAZETTE for 1904-06, which was delayed, was read and approved. 'It showed that the financial affairs of the GAZETTE were in good condition, a substantial balance being carried over. The report of the secretary-treasurer showed a good balance to the credit of the council. It was decided that the Munro Room piano, hitherto rented by the Y. M. C. A. and Glee Club, and used at every university function, shall in future be paid for by the council. A committee consisting of Messrs. Manuel, Mackenzie, and Sinclair was appointed to obtain information regarding the purchasing of books direct from the larger dealers and to report at the earliest date. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, A. O. Shatford, Med., '08. Vice-Presidents, J. H. Hamilton, Arts, '08; C. J. Mackenzie, Eng., '09; H. S. Patterson, Law, '08. Secretary-Treasurer, E. A. Munro, Arts, '08. Ex. Committee, — Roy, Med., '10; J. A. Mackeigan, Arts, '08; J. W. Margeson, Law, '08; G. B. MacCunn, Eng., '08. Auditors, R. MacLeod, Arts, '08; W. S. Lindsay, Med., '10. Business Manager of GAZETTE, D. R. MacLean, Arts, '08.

D. C. R. A.—The marksmen were out again on Ash Wednesday and had a good afternoon's sport. The party was larger than on the previous trip and the results more satisfactory. There are not many "old shots" in the association, but some very promising men have been out and there is a prospect of developing a first-class team. The next shoot will take place during convocation week, when a team will be

chosen to enter the Dominion meet at Ottawa in August. Next Autumn it is intended to hold an Inter-class Meet when a trophy will be awarded to the winning team. The association is now thoroughly organized, and all that is needed to make it a success is the support of the students.

Sodales.—The resolution on February 1st was, "That the Metric System of Weights and Measures should be adopted in Canada." The contestants were Medicine and Arts, '07 and '09. Medicine was represented by Messrs. Patton and MacLean for the affirmative, Arts by Messrs. Seaman and Sinclair for the negative. The judges were Messrs. G. Farquhar, J. MacDonald, and Corey. Their decision was in favor of Medicine. Mr. M. E. MacGarry gave a very interesting critique.

The schedule in the inter-class league having ended in a tie between Law and Medicine, the debate to decide the winner was held February 22nd. The subject selected was, "Resolved, that Capital Punishment should be abolished in Canada." Messrs. Calder and Lindsay represented Medicine on the affirmative, while Hearn and Rettie, representing Law, opposed the resolution. The judges were Messrs. W. L. MacLean, D. MacLean and W. P. Grant, who decided that Medicine had carried off the honours. The new trophy was presented to the winners by the president.

The Arts and Science Society met on February 15th to discuss the resolution, "That Canadian Universities should be represented in the Dominion Parliament." The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. A. Sutherland and J. T. Archibald; for the negative, Messrs. King and F. Dawson. Short addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. H. Hamilton, M. H. Manuel, and F. T. MacLeod. M. MacLeod was critic.

Feb. 22.—The resolution was, "Resolved, that the Canadian Senate should be abolished." Messrs. Manuel and Dawson spoke for the affirmative, and Lawrence and A. A. Cameron for the negative. Messrs. Seaman, Sinclair and MacIntosh joined in the general discussion. Mr. Sinclair was critic. The vote was in favor of the affirmative.

March 1st. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, that a system of old age pensions should be adopted in Canada." Messrs. Crowe and Dawson for the affirmative and Messrs. A. E. Mackinnon and Inglis for the negative. In the general discussion Messrs. Munro, Livingstone, Sinclair and MacIntosh spoke. On the vote of those present, the negative received the decision.

The annual meeting of the society was held March 8th. The only business was the election of officers, resulting as follows: President, E. A. Munro; Vice-President, A. T. Macdonald; Secretary, D. C. Sinclair. Executive Committee, Messrs. J. T. Archibald, J. A. Mackeigan, A. MacKay.

Delta Gamma.

THE first meeting of the New Year was held on January twenty-fifth, at Miss Strickland's home. The programme opened with a most interesting paper on "Esperanto" by Miss Zillah Macdonald. Miss Macdonald told us something of the history of the language, how, when, and why it came into being, and how its words are formed, she closed by extending a cordial invitation to all the members of Delta Gamma to join the Dalhousie Esperanto Club, then forming. The resolution of the evening's debate was, "That Capital Punishment should be Abolished." Miss Daviss and Miss Power spoke on the affirmative, and Miss Giffin and Miss Gourley on the negative side. The debate was a good one, but the resolution was defeated. Miss MacLeod read a careful and just critique, after which the meeting adjourned.

On February sixteenth, Mrs. R. O. Bayer entertained the Delta Gamma. Miss Sibley read a ten minute paper on the events of the month on our own continent and abroad. The president then made a few remarks on the life and work of the young English poet, Alfred Noyes, and called upon several of the members in turn to read his best short poems. Special thanks are due to Miss Crichton for her splendid rendering of the two difficult poems "In Deep Waters" and the "Dwarf's Tragedy."

At the Delta Gamma meeting of March second, Mrs. Frank Morton was the hostess. The study of the evening was our Canadian Authors and what they have written, a short account of the life of each writer and selections from his works were read. The evening was voted a very enjoyable one.

Personals.

R. G. MacKay and V. H. Shaw, both of the Law class of '05, are practising together in New Glasgow as successors to George G. Patterson. The GAZETTE wishes them every success.

The engagement has been announced of T. George MacKenzie, M. A., B. E., to Miss Ethel Pearson, daughter of Hon. B. F. Pearson of Halifax.

Ira A. MacKay, Ph. D., has an article in the March number of the Canadian Magazine on "Canadian Nationality."

Miss Dora Faulkner, B. A., '06, is spending the winter in Paris.

The law firm of Harris, Henry & Cahan, Halifax, has been succeeded by that of Harris, Lovett, Henry and Stairs. All but the senior member are graduates of the Law School.

George H. Sedgewick, B. A., '02 is with the law firm of Beatty, Blackstock, Fasken and Riddell, Toronto.

Dalhousiensia.

The following scene occurred one night in a students' boarding house :

As I laye a-snorynge, a-snorynge, a s-norynge,
Softly swore ye sleepless fresh upstarte in hys bedde,
In ye stylnesse of ye nighte
He grasped his shoe, bedyghte
With rustie nails and bryghte
(So 'tys said)
As I laye a-snorynge, he hurled it at my hedde.

As I laye a-snorynge, a-snorynge, a-snorynge
Merrie sang ye shoe as through ye gloome it tore
But alas! for in ye darke
Ye freshman missed hys marke!
(Was there evcr such a larke
Known before)

As I laye a-snorynge, it hytte a sophomorre.

Now I laye a-wakyngge, a-wakyngge, a-wakyngge
And meseemed thro' ye gloome that I heard ye sounds of
payne :

"Now freshmen wilt thou be styll"
And "please I never will
Do't again!"

I turned me backe to snorynge: methought hys tears
were vayne.

Prof. in Eng. I (morning after Paardeberg Day) What day
did we celebrate yesterday?

Freshie M-rr-s-n, Wednesday.

Freshie M-ll-g-n (at an at home) Is your card full yet
Miss ---

Miss --- I have one or two unfilled

Freshie M-ll-g-n. Well I have mine all taken but there is
an extra I could spare you if you wish one with me.

Miss --- I really think, Mr. M-ll-g-n I could live if I did
not have one with you.

Freshie M-cd-n-ld:—What do they wax the floor in the
Munro Room for?

Freshie R-c—Don't you know? It is to fill up the cracks
in the floor so there won't be any draughts.

One of the Pine Hill students was substituting at one of
Sunday Schools as the teacher of a class of boys. He asked
one of the boys if he could tell how the first woman was
made.

"Yes Sir," he replied "from the jawbone of an ass.

L--ch- (on a sleigh drive) Now, none of you fellows sit
down till all the seats are filled with the ladies.

1st Freshman—I have a great deal on my hands just now.

2nd Freshman—So I see, ever try soap and water?

Scene in Ladies' Waiting Room.

1st Student—"Oh! I've the greatest piece of news, I was told not to tell it, but can you keep a secret?"

2nd Student—I don't know. I never tried. What is it?"

Freshie D-ck-n (translating) Je l' ai recontrêe dans le salon. I met her in the bar.

Freshie C-rn-l- -s (in barber shop) I want my hair cut. Cut a little off the side of my face too, and a little off the chin, but I don't want a shave, you know.

Business Notices.

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