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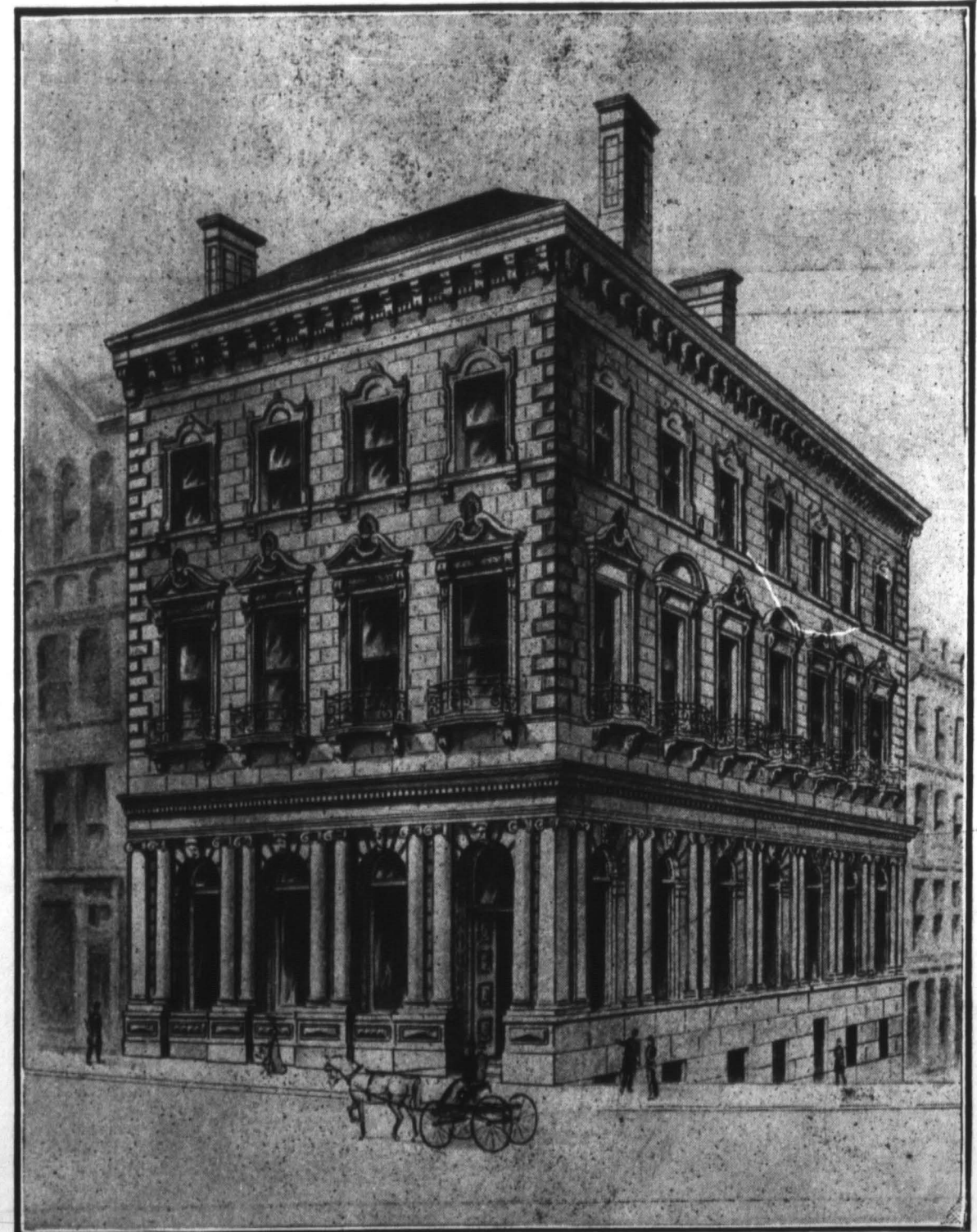
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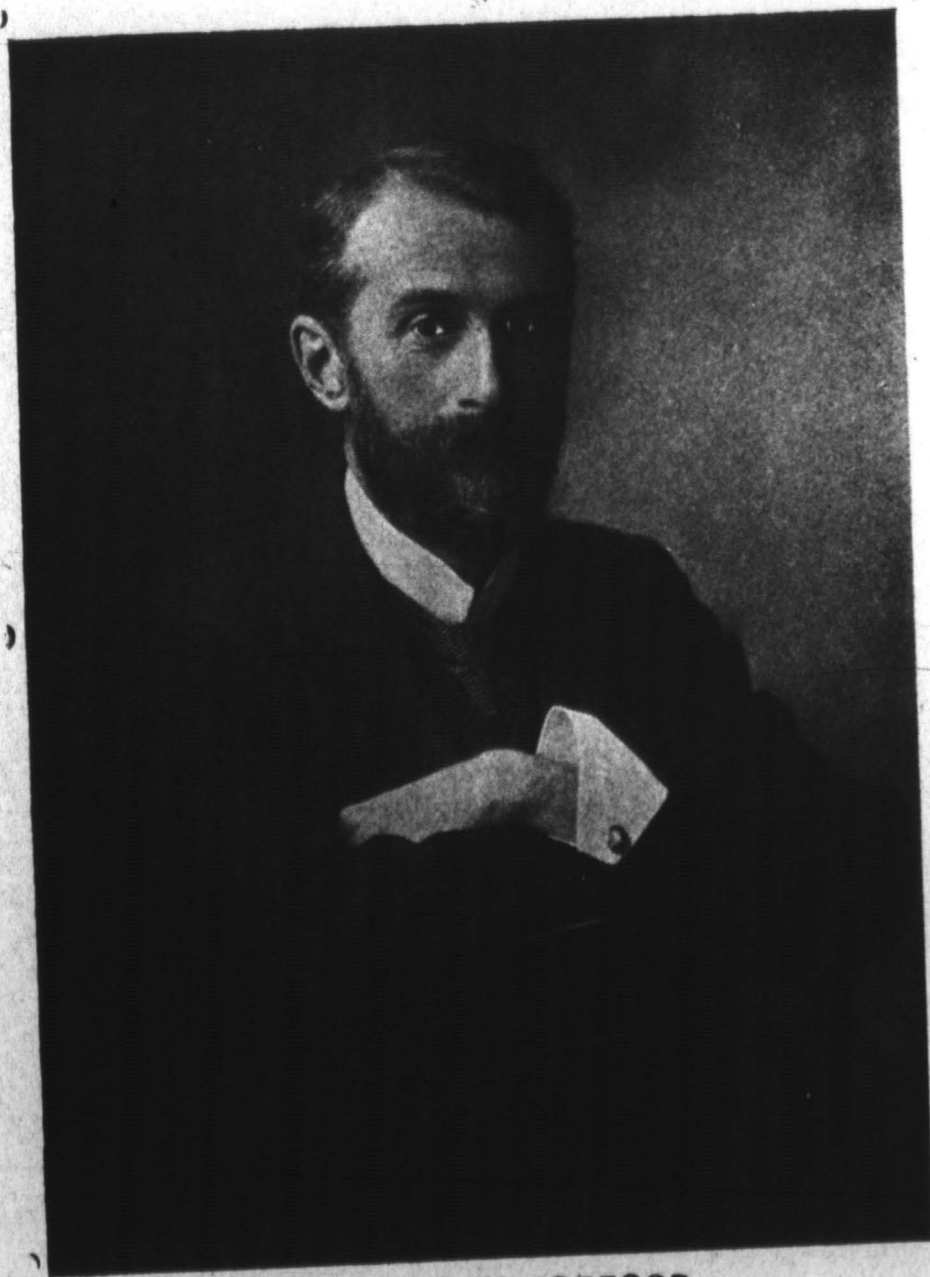
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Forty Years—A Dream.

DEAR EDITORS,—I had been counting on the vacation for putting together some discussion of the subject you assigned me,—Technical Education in relation to your 40th anniversary. But your note received yesterday called for instant action. So I sat me down by my fireside to rest a bit from the fatigues of examination and graduation ceremonials, and to think—What could I say on technical education that had not already been said over and over again? That it is desirable? But its importance is now thoroughly recognized, and Nova Scotia at some sacrifice has already made at least a beginning in providing it. That it is costly and calls for the cooperation of all who are interested in education? That was the burden of many an article long ago, in the days of the advocacy of consolidation. The form it should take in Nova Scotia? That would be worthy of discussion but it calls for knowledge of the industrial outlook and for time, and the first steps to be taken are obvious; for the makers of roads and bridges and large constructive works, and engineers to develop the mines are clearly the men most wanted.

In my perplexity I lit a pipe, and that was my undoing. For as the wreaths of smoke formed their endless convolutions, examinations, college papers, old times, technical schools and graduation ceremonials succeeded one another in orderly disorder, discussion gradually changed to reverie, and reverie, I suspect, to dream.

It was again one of those days in spring when in the years that are gone the examinations were always held, and the place was the flat stone pavement in front of the old college building. The same old smoke-stained traces of winter snow banks were disappearing under the new warmth of the sun, and the normal semi-liquid soil of the Grand Parade was changing to a stiffish clay. Groups of men in more or less tattered gowns were discussing slips in Latin or croppers in Trigonometry. Their faces were familiar, but like faces in composite photograph, they were hazy. The changes of the years had been superposed upon them as originally known, and the gowns in addition to the old dilapidation seemed to be creased and shapeless as if they had only been hidden away in secret recesses.

From time to time other men came leaping over the Argyle Street fence, or rose, robing as they rose, from out the catacombs beneath the flag-stones. From time to time also larger groups appeared, gownless, up to date, and with faces more sharply defined though less familiar. I noticed that they entered by the appointed gates and then I knew they must be students of a later time. Gownless, they did not need, as we did, to seek the dens and the caves of the earth; and free to climb the once forbidden fence the climbing had lost its charm. What forbidden things, I wondered, of a modern kind had they found to stimulate them to stratagem and to stir them to revolt.

Then I saw coming down the old wooden steps and swinging across the Parade, two familiar figures. One was short and strong in build, with spring step and genial face, the other tall and spare, more reticent in manner—Macdonald and Johnson, the two makers of Dalhousie. It seemed quite in the course of things that they should thus arrive together. It was their custom forty year ago. Next came DeMille with long stride and striking mien and face, and following him, Lawson, with the bent head and earth-directed eye of the biologist, and last, for I seemed to have missed the others, Liechti with alert step, with his satchel in his hand, the receptacle of endless literary gems.

They all passed in with courteous salutation; and after some delay there issued from the old pillared porch a long procession. First a stately man, erect, spare, with keen eye and lofty brow, clearly a man among men, the foremost man of all his world—McCulloch, the Principal of '38. With him two who seemed to be his colleagues, and after them other five, members of a later transient staff, Tompkins obviously, from his shadowy legal wig, and Cornish. Then came the the grand old guard, the Principal of '63, Lyall, the poet-philosopher, and the five I had already seen, all enshrined in the memories of us of the olden time as heroes of our youth. And still another, with the old guard yet not of them, for the younger McCulloch had been cut down ere yet his work had been begun. Then at some distance and with due respect, the men of the later date, whose name is legion and whose faces and figures are known to us all.

No order was given. But the old stone portice so expanded as to form an ample platform and seats of dignity appeared, as it were the seats of legislators. No introductory word was spoken. Yet it seemed to be well known that a special convocation had been called to honor those to whom honour was due.

The promoter stood forth—Lawson it was—Lawson it always was in the old days—and with silent call be summoned those immortals—the projectors and the original editors of the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE. First Cameron came, grizzled with the years and with the scholar's stoop, due to long continued burning of the midnight oil. Then Roscoe, grizzled too, but sturdy and strong, as in his student days, and with a commanding martial air. And lastly, Seeton, prince of the practical jokers of his day, with the perennial youthfulness of those who go hence in early manhood. These were the men, the Promoter seemed to say, who had first recognized that the student, no longer wholly *in statu pupillari*, was a member of a great corporation, and that for adequate discussion questions must be looked at from his point of view. With enterprise worthy of their insight they had devised and established a medium by which he could make his wants and wishes known. And they had done so with such discretion, that for forty years the voice with which they endowed him had continually increased in volume and in power.

The Principal replied in soundless but far-reaching words. His time had been a time of strife. Student and teacher had then perforce one common view point, that from which could best be seen the approach to the longed for citadel of opportunity. In the more peaceful years which followed the thoughts of men had widened with the process of the suns. It was a great service which the three before him had rendered to their fellows and to their Alma Mater, and he rejoiced at being called upon to add their names to the roll of *Oratores et Laboratores*.

Then there passed before him the long line of their successors, the men who from year to year down even to the present day had trimmed and handed on the torch which the three had kindled; and they too received the commendation of the master—and then the band—a small band, and my conscience

pricked me—of graduates who in after years had lent a helping hand to struggling editors, and they too were smiled upon and commended for their zeal.

Next came, unsummoned, unannounced, a group of strangers. They were clad in long tunics, stiff in texture and white in colour though longitudinally striped with gray, and they were girt about the waist with broad sashes of varied hue all bearing the legend "Dalhousie College Gazette." Each was followed by an attendant imp, fleet on foot and with strangely prehensile claws; and closer scrutiny showed that each had on the collar of his tunic what seemed to be an official designative. I was able to make out the words *Harvard Advocate*, *College Courant*, *Index Niagarensis*, and *Argosy*, and I recognized old friends, though friends whose faces I had never seen, the members of the Exchange List of long ago. They and their successors wandering at the perennial vitality of their Bluenose contemporary had come to offer their congratulations. How many in that assembly would remember, I wonder, that these visitors, thirty-nine years ago had originated the College Reading Room and were thus entitled to positions on the roll of benefactors.

The scene then changed. The solemn temple of our youth faded like an insubstantial pageant. Bells with a distant sound rang out the old, rang in the new. Near by, a modern building stood revealed, such an one as bright-eyed science takes delight in, and students of a modern caste stood waiting for admission. The platform, too, was seen to be transformed. It was longer, broader, loftier than before, and we saw upon it, mingling freely with our men and with one another, representatives of all the sister colleges, present and former Presidents, and former and present members of academic staffs. There were greetings, cordial greetings; and I noted that the platform decorations had ploughshares and pruning-hooks in their design, and that the banners floating overhead had as devices the wolf dwelling with the lamb, and the leopard lying down with the kid. Old feuds that seemed to have been outlived, or perhaps to have been sunk in the presence of a common need—and this was what the usher then announced. The assembly had been called to honour men who, seeing, had also lived to meet this need.

And first he called a group of Kings professors, led by Everett, well-known to physicists abroad, and Oram, known to Nova Scotian engineers. These men had recognized the need quite forty years ago, and given it their time and strength that cunning men, artificers of public works, might be provided for the province. The ancient Presidents arose and with benignant glance pronounced their work; Well Done.

Next came a band of city men who had seen the need the apprentice had of means of gaining knowledge, and who had formed an institute devoted to Technology. At their head Mackenzie and Herbert Bayne, two honoured sons of old Dalhousie; and I noted, too, among them Lawson, and Honeyman, and Gilpin, and McKay men ever ready to join in such good work. Only one, alas walked with the buoyant step of the living. But all received their meed of praise. The time was not yet ripe when their attempt was made. But they had helped, and greatly helped, to prove the clamant need.

Then came a group of City Engineers, my colleagues, I feel pride in thinking, in the Faculty of Science—Murphy and Doane, McColl and Archibald, Johnston and Dodwell. Gilpin and Mason—who freely gave of time and energy that students might be given, not book lore merely, but experience and practical skill. And with them, too, those enterprising spirits of recent years who with missionary zeal had visited outlying centres and found them eager to secure the teacher's aid.—"Well done!" the masters said, "Well done!"

And last he who now is Nova Scotia's spokesman, one of Dalhousie's oldest sons, stood forth and craved permission to present the Premier of his government, who recognising the need of education in the applications of Science, as fully established and widely felt, had persuaded the Legislature to found a Technical School, and had done so with such skill as to secure unanimous approval. Whereupon the whole assembly rose with one accord and the Senior President, conferred upon the Premier the highest of all degrees, the assurance that he had used wisely and well the opportunity afforded him by the universal esteem and confidence which he had won in the hearts of the people—no further word was spoken. But there seemed to be, as it were in the air, a feeling of profound satisfaction and of hopefulness, not merely because the long desired school had been established, but

also because at last the colleges and their supporters had, for one great educational purpose, been led to take united action, and students and citizens, undeterred by the presence of visitors from the realm of shades, raised so great a shout that the perhaps not quite baseless fabric of my vision was dissolved.

I must have fallen asleep, my pipe lay broken on the hearth rug. The time available for the task you had set me was gone.

J. G. M.

Early Arthurian Romances.

People's notions of extent of time differ greatly; and the notions even of that ordinarily infallible being, one's own self, are in this respect not invariably consistent. To say, "When Shakspeare was in prime;" or, "Just about as James I. succeeded Elizabeth;" or, "About three hundred years ago," is to say exactly the same thing. Yet of these three expressions the first suggest to me far the greatest remoteness, and the last the least. Now that is the amount of time by which the real flowering of Arthurian romance antedated Malory's *Morte Darthur*, sometimes esteemed so fundamental. A very considerable period indeed, one obviously ample for great changes in living and in taste.

These flowers were north—French poetical romances; many of them written in England no doubt that is, in Anglo-Normandy; Many more, though written in France, yet composed under the patronage—or at any rate the stimulus of Henry II and his influential Queen Eleanor, and meant to delight not only the Continental nobles, but also their kind settled throughout England, a fair sized reading or perhaps more properly hearing public. It was one of these romances that the rich noble, Hugh de Morville (not the Hugh de Morville who assisted in Becket's murder) carried to Germany in 1193, when he with twenty-nine others became Richard Lionhearts' surety there for the balance of the exorbitant ransom. It may be remarked here that nowhere in history is the shrewd, unscrupulous, business-like nature of many seemingly romantic mediaeval episodes so clear as in the crafty haggling over the valuable person of Richard, as we may read about it in the chronicles of the time. De Morville we may suppose to have been one of the reading, rather than one of the listening public, otherwise he would hardly carry light literature

into exile. He was probably a little odd-fashioned in his tastes (could that have any connection with the circumstances that he lived away off in Cumberland County?) for this romance of Lancelot that he cherished was by no means so modern as the stories of that hero which had for twenty years or so been current in the ultra-progressive literary circles of Champagne, when Chretien de Troyes set the fashion. We do not possess the identical French, or Anglo-Norman, poem which solaced de Morville, but we have a reasonably correct German translation of it made by Ulrich von Zatzikhoven soon after de Morville's arrival in Germany. The Germans, like the English, followed the French fashions at a distance.

So this German translation of 1195 gives us an excellent notion of the sort of Arthurian romance that was fashionable at about 1150, and that did not lack admirers for fifty years or more. It tells how the grim old King Pant is slain by his rebellious subjects, and the baby Lancelot snatched from his fugitive mother by the fairy of the lake. Then how ladies and beings called mermen (*merwvnder*) teach the boy in the lake every elegant and manly accomplishment except chivalry. Poets in 1150, it seems, still knew too much about fairies to represent them as proficient in such a modern practice as chivalry; prose romancers of a hundred years later were less judicious, and depicted the institution of chivalry as flourishing in fairyland—as incongruously as if a child of today were to imagine telephones there. The fairy had a shrewd purpose—as most genuine fairies do in such cases, in stealing Lancelot; it was when he grew to be the greatest of heroes he should, rid her son of a troublesome foe. Lancelot, she declares, will not know his name till he has accomplished this; and so, at the age of fifteen, our hero merrily leaves the lake to try his luck in the world, mounted on a grey steed that he cannot guide and yet cannot help spurring; and armed with the best of arms, that he does not know how to wield. One of the fairy's gifts, however besides an ever cheerful disposition, was a charm of address that none could resist; and so it is not strange that Lancelot soon finds a friendly knight to instruct him in riding and jousting. Now behold a Lancelot very different from the person he later became—from the Lancelot of Chretien, of the thirteenth

century prose romancers and their adapter Malory, and of Tennyson—to us the best known figure, and the most tragic, of all the Round Table. The original Lancelot is child-like, merry, untruthful, fickle, irresponsible; full of charm, but absolutely fearless and the most terrible of adversaries. He is an immature Odysseus. His adventures are too numerous and too well told for us to attempt a description or even an enumeration of them. Suffice it is to say that he performs his mission by slaying the persecutor of the fairy's son; that he conquers giants, dragons and supernatural beings, besides mortals enow. He meets Gawain, and, joining the Round Table, helps Arthur to rescue his ravished queen. He has various love affairs, all charmingly told; and with the noblest and loveliest of ladies he finally retires to her great kingdom, which is really the other world, another fairyland.

The ordinarily judicious reader will admire the freshness, the ingeniousness, the wealth of incident, the primitive Homeric quality in these early romances. They have little of the artificiality and sentimentality which soon began, even with Chretien, to attenuate the good old story. The reader of antiquarian and burrowing tasks will be surprised and entranced to perceive that even these mid-twelfth-century poems give hints of a vast background and past:—in them he catches tantalizing suggestions of great tales that have been worn to mere episodes, sometimes to mere nicknames; he detects barbarous old customs, and even a primitive religion, varnished with modern explanations or substitutions. For example, the genuine, original adventures and character of Gauvain appear to have been well remembered; those of Kay and Ider very corruptly; whereas those of Dodinel le Sauvage and Sagremor le Desirous are almost entirely lost, and the two once formidable warriors are retained mainly as straw figures to be knocked about by any momentary favourite.

We have in place only a not very convincing explanation of Sagremor's *desirousness*, greediness, (which is, that after fighting he straightway becomes feeble and must eat); but we are never told (so far as I know) how Dodinel got his epithet. Again when we find Lancelot, who is supposed to be an accomplished knight, stabbing his opponent in a knife-throwing "game", and neglecting the etiquette of his day; and when we find Perceval (even if still untrained) throwing his spear, which are flat

against the code of chivalry, and Ider kicking a lady in the stomach, we realize that here are heroes who were popular long before chivalry set itself to anseriorate war and manners.

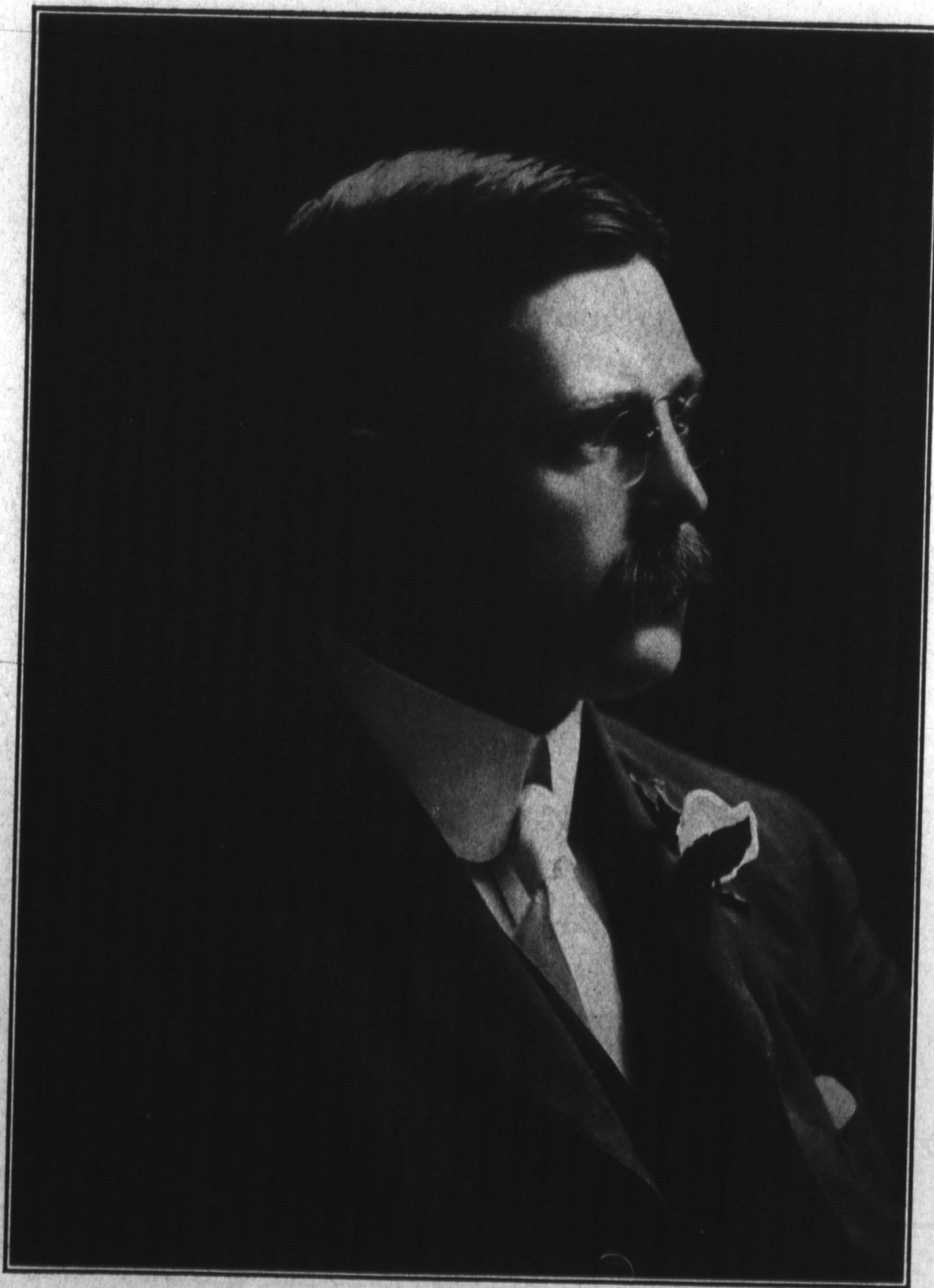
Not many of the romances of this early Arthurian prime have survived. We still possess the German representative of a *Lancelot*, the *Tristan* incomplete, and Chrétien's five poems—*Cliges*, *Erec*, *Ivain*, *Perceval* and the *Charrette*, all written between 1150 and 1180. But it is very apparent that these were preceded and accompanied by a swarm of works. The episode of the rape and rescue of Genieeve had been the subject of writers and reciters before the author of our *Lancelot* utilized it; Chrétien is an out-and-out modernizer of old material that had been elaborately worked up before he appropriated it; the *Tristan* fragments themselves contain fragments. Even a little fourteenth-century prose romance like the *Chevalier du Papagau* must be referred to a highly-developed twelfth-century production which has left no trace but in this fragment preserved in a unique manuscript and in the thirteenth-century German romance of *Wigalois*. It is quite temperate to state that not a fiftieth of these precious tales has been preserved. The investigator in these Elysian fields is surrounded by a cloud of intangible, fascinating shapes, which, if he could but fix them, would reveal to him rare secrets concerning the material and the imaginative life of his race.

K. G. T. WEBSTER.

Twentieth Century Journalism,

By FREDERIC YORSTON, B. A., Editor of "The Standard"; Vice-President of the George Murray Publishing Company, Limited.

The knighting of Sir Hugh Graham on the King's Birthday marks an important era in the history of journalism in Canada. Sir Hugh is the first journalist in Canada to receive this honor as an active working newspaperman. Other Canadian journalists have received such a distinction, as for instance, in the case of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who has also been a life-long journalist. In his case, however, it was probably more in connection with his political and parliamentary services that the honor was conferred. Sir Hugh, on the other hand, has rarely appeared at



FREDERIC YORSTON, B. A.—A FORMER GAZETTE EDITOR.

any public function, and, in fact, has invariably shrunk from that publicity which is inseparably connected with a political career.

The conferring of this distinction, therefore, by His Majesty shows among other things that the successful journalist to-day is in a far different position from what he was, say, twenty-five years ago. His whole environment has changed. Formerly men of very different education were found in the ranks of Canadian journalism. True there were some mountain peaks, such as Joseph Howe, D'Arcy McGee, George Brown, J. Israel Tarte, Hon. W. S. Fielding, and others of this calibre, but the average reporter was very often indifferently educated. He had a high school education; perhaps—even possibly, an academy training, but energy and resourcefulness were accounted more important assets than any book learning. Horace Greeley, of the *Sun*, used to say that he would not have a college man for his janitor.

To-day all has changed. The prejudice against a university man has entirely disappeared in Canadian newspaper offices. Very many recruits to journalism now come from men holding excellent arts degrees. Some of these originally intended taking Post Graduate courses in English literature and kindred subjects, qualifying for the teaching profession; the outlook, from a monetary standpoint, not appearing bright enough, they have joined the ranks of journalism, where their superior training in writing and in general educational advantages soon enables them to push ahead of their less highly-educated competitors. There is not the slightest doubt but that the newspaper offices in Canada to-day are filled with men of a higher degree of scholastic attainment than was possible a score of years ago. This is surely as it should be. It cannot do any harm to have those who are in positions where they are constantly guiding public opinion get as good a university training as can possibly be obtained.

The qualifications for a good journalist in Canada remain the same as they have ever been. Perhaps the greatest qualification of all is *Reliability*. Without this the most clever writer is useless to a city editor. I am told that there is a great improvement in this respect over conditions in the olden time. Be this as it may, no journalist who has any regard for his position or

his advancement will ever dare get a reputation for carelessness or unreliability. This is fatal in every newspaper office in the land.

Another great qualification undoubtedly is *Adaptability*. A university man who, entering the newspaper field, finding conditions strange, the world cold and unsympathetic, the struggle for a foothold keen, his position insecure—can adjust his college ideals to a practical work-a-day world, compromising where he must, but preserving the best of them; adapting himself to strange and often disagreeable and repugnant conditions, is bound to win, for the simple reason that he is intellectually superior to his competitor. He has the results of years of mental discipline to his credit; he has a fund of knowledge, often weird and grotesque enough, at his command, of which the other man does not know anything, and if he has been while at college a student of English Literature he has probably acquired some craft in writing which must stand him in excellent stead as soon as he knows just what is required of him. When he once grasps the situation he will do better work than the other man, or, at least, he should.

There is one golden rule in Journalism and that is to start on every assignment, no matter how insignificant, with the determination to do it in every best possible manner; to do it better than any other man who may be working on the "story" for a rival paper. Of course, the best, most painstaking journalist in the world may get tripped up occasionally by an expert rival. A false clue may be followed, or the telegraph wires may be tied up to the utter undoing of an inexperienced man who is unaware of the many pitfalls in the game. It is safe to say, however, speaking generally, that a normally acute, conscientious university-bred reporter, will learn his bitter lesson once and for all and no Managing Editor who wishes to build up a first-class staff will discharge a man for a slip of this kind: the high average of his work for the year will be too conspicuous for that.

Evidence of care in carrying out the editor's instructions will help the young reporter to hold his job. Above all the beginner must be *willing*. A publishing office will stand many mistakes if the Tyro shows the utmost willingness to do what he is told.

These remarks, of course, are concerned only about those general rules of conduct whose observance in any line of business would ensure a certain degree of success. The ability to write on any subject in an interesting manner is something widely different. If the newspaperman can do this and can unite some skill at his craft with the characteristics already outlined, he will in all probability go far in his profession. A man may be a good reporter who has not very much literary ability. A man may be a university graduate and yet possess little imagination. I am inclined to think that the talent of prevision of a good news story, imagination to cast it into its most powerful dramatic form, and the easy flowing pen to hold the reader's attention to end must be born in a man. Some men, both university and non-university men, can be trained up to a certain point. They will then write a plain, reliable, statement of facts—that is all. Some editors would say "Quite enough." They would be quite lost, however, in writing a "story" which has for its basis merely a remark in court, the stray glance of a judge, a scene in the street; many lack the constructive imagination which must be the main spring of every good news story, and they know nothing of that artistic reserve which gets its best efforts by the crafty use of few simple words and the casual yet subtle outlines which leave the meat of the story to the imagination of the reader.

I have often been asked as to what assignments on Canadian newspapers present the best chances for young journalists. While there are undoubtedly some which are "fat", in newspaper parlance, and some decidedly otherwise, hardly any assignment in a big city will fail to yield a good return of news if the reporter be intelligent, vigilant and tactful. A very great deal depends upon the tact of the reporter. This, next to reliability, is perhaps the greatest asset of a young journalist. If a man have tact he can procure news at every turn, whereas the tactless man is constantly rebuffed. Mr. Charles Marcil, M. P., is one of the great examples of tact in Canadian journalism. Many a morning I have seen him close his desk and walk out of the editorial room. Before he had proceeded the few yards between the Star building and the Montreal Post Office he had gathered more news than he could possibly write for the paper during the rest of the day. Mr. Marcil would accomplish this

by simply stopping and chatting with friends. His journalistic assets were: extreme urbanity, a wide circle of friends, and a keen instinct for news. The assignments which yield the most striking and picturesque articles are undoubtedly the criminal courts, the morgue and hospitals, while the marine assignments also furnish many a spicy tale. The big industrial and political stories are generally found in the purviews of the hotels and at railway headquarters. Hon. J. Israel Tarte, editor of *La Patrie* for many years and ex-Minister of Public Works, one of the ablest journalists yet produced in Canada, often remarked to me in discussing this subject: "All assignments are equally good; it all remains with the man. I know I can't find a young man to keep pace with me on *La Patrie*, and I think that it is the same everywhere, the young men don't know how to work."

These strictures, coming from a tireless worker like Mr. Tarte, are perhaps a little unfair. This will probably be admitted when it is known that for year after year Mr. Tarte was accustomed to toil in his office from early morning until six o'clock. He was then went to pack his bag with papers and documents, and go home to his library. His custom was to work there steadily until midnight, take a light supper, then throw himself on his lounge for a short sleep, and afterwards to work on into the early morning hours. This explains the vast amount of work he was able to accomplish as editor and cabinet minister; it also explains, perhaps, why he is in his grave at a comparatively early age.

A word as to the present-day influence of the press. There is no disguising the fact that the newspapers of to-day, read by countless thousands of people, have taken on themselves powers never before assumed. If a great patriotic fund has to be raised, it is the big newspaper that does the work; if the politics of a city has to be cleansed, the journalists are the ones who have to do the work; if the milk supply of a large metropolitan area is suspected, the newspapers hire experts and send them out over the whole district for months at a time, examining farms and inspecting stables, quite independent of civic or provincial enactments. The press now-a-days takes its share in religious discussions, featuring the stand taken on this and kindred subjects by the prominent preachers of the day. The importance of this is apparent when it is recognized that whereas the most

eloquent clergyman, speaking from his pulpit, can have only a few hundred auditors, the modern Canadian journal has its thousands. All this is significant of the vast power which the Canadian press is taking unto itself. In the main, I know from personal experience that this power is rarely abused.

In this casual discussion of the relations existing at the present time between the university and a journalistic career, it is interesting to recall the fact that Trinity College, Dublin, has recently established a lectureship on journalism. These lectures are all to be given by English journalists, men of unquestioned ability, from London. The first lecture, indeed, has already been delivered by Mr. Alfred Robbins. The notion, however, that lectures can be of any great assistance in the making of a journalist I believe to be absurd.

Yves Eric Yorston

Pompilia and Christ.

The Ring and the Book is essentially an apologetic for Pompilia. The poet has a case to prove, but he proves it in the way of poetry.

At the conclusion of the 12th, Book he gives the moral of the whole, which is the worthlessness of human testimony :

“ So, British Public . . .
 learn one lesson hence,
 This lesson, that our human speech is naught,
 Our human testimony false, our fame
 And human is estimation words and wind.”

This is the negative aspect of his thesis. But there is a positive aspect also, and this is really the great underlying motive of his poem. He has proved the negative in order that the positive may be prized and he has done so in the positive way.

“ Why take the artistic way to prove so much ?” he asks, and his answer reveals this great absorbing purpose in it all :

“ Because it is the glory and good of Art,
 That Art remains the one very possible
 Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least.”

If you tell a man in so many words that black is black and white is white, he may not believe you because his mind will not be able to comprehend your speech. But if you show him

a picture in which these are set off in contrast to each other, he will see it for himself, he will be convinced in his own soul of the truth.

The artistic way of getting at the truth of a case is not only to hear what the witnesses have to say, but also to see the action for ourselves, with the souls of the actors laid bare and their motives revealed. And so in the setting forth of this story, the poet does not commit himself to any one-sided version, but he causes the actors to do the piece all over for us that we may judge for ourselves, seeing with his aid not only their actions but their motives as well in all the complexity of their workings in the soul

And he has made so much of this long-dead-and-forgotten ease for a very positive purpose. What is true of it is true generally, and so this book has been written with an intent to

“ Mean beyond the facts,
 Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.”

If we admit, then, that the poet has established his thesis in its negative aspect, viz., the worthlessness of human testimony the question will remain: What bearing will this have on our mental and moral relationship to the Christian faith?

The Christian faith rests on the testimony of witnesses for Christ. It is also held in spite of others who witness against Him. If human testimony, as such, is worthless, what, then can we know about Christ, His person and character, His word and works? And on what basis can we rest His Church today?

The thesis of the poet holds good. Mere human testimony is worthless. On the negative side we have what witnesses have said—as to His person, a mere man, the son of Joseph; as to His character, a bold man, “ He hath a devil;” as to His works, evil like Himself, “ He doeth them by Beelzebub;” as to His resurrection, he never rose.

In *The Ring and the Book* we see Pompilia condemned by “ Half Rome,” and murdered with their approval. And we have seen Christ condemned for blasphemy, and put to death for the glory of God.

But on the positive side there are witnesses for Christ as for Pompilia. What value shall be given to their testimony? Are the friends likely to be freer from prejudice than the enemies?

As taught by this poem, our judicial answer must be that they are not, in the testimony they give simply by word of mouth, any more than are the witnesses that testify against Him. For they, too, speak as men hampered not only by the inferiority of human speech that cannot give adequate expression to the fullness of truth, but also by the natural inability of the human mind to apprehend truth in all its dimensions.

But yet it is through these witnesses, imperfect as they are, that the truth must come to us. But how can it come? The poet seeks to show us. It is not by cumulative argument that can only be finished in the light of perfect truth and by a perfect mind, but it is by the way of the moral judgment. The way to the truth is open to man in spite of his imperfections, because his work is open to the impressions of the Divine. The essentials of truth may be grasped, even though the infinitude of details may be missed. It is the proof of the poet, not of the philosopher.

While the philosopher must halt in his judgment until the cumulative argument shall have finally rounded itself out into completeness, the poet may rise at once to the completion of the argument and grasp by insight that which the other can behold only after long and toilsome climbing. This is the way of poetry, and therefore is it that poetry is the most adequate "criticism of life."

"More and more," says Matthew Arnold, "mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us. . . . Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and fine spirit of all knowledge.' Our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite—what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously. And the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge' offered to us by poetry."

It is to be regretted that in his later work Browning sinks the poet in the philosopher. But in this great poem it is the poetic answer he gives to the question as to where and how the truth is to be found.

In the poem all turns on the character of Pompilia, upon the question, whether she was good or bad. And the way the truth is discovered is the way of poverty—it is revealed in the influence she is found to have wielded upon all who came into moral relationship with her.

All whom we recognize as competent to receive the truth, pronounce her pure and true and good; and they present as evidence of this their own lives lifted up to a higher level by her having come within touch of them.

And so the prevailing testimony of the witness for Christ turns upon His character and the influence it bore. What He was in Himself is revealed in what He has become to them. In terms of this influence He was to be explained to those who never saw Him. As witness, their effective testimony was to be not so much what they said about Him, the testimony of imperfect human speech struggling vainly to express the truth, as it was the reproduction in their own lives of the life He lived, the revelation of His character in theirs. "Christ in them" was to reveal to the world what Christ had been and done. It was not their word that would be listened to so much as themselves; they were to be "living epistles." The testimony they were to bear was to be the testimony of their lives, dominated by His spirit of truth and purity and love.

In the light of this testimony to Him, the facts of their story would be believed, because they would be misunderstood. The best apologetic for Christianity, the convincing proof of what Christ was and did, would be a St. John, a St. Peter, a St. Paul.

And what was true of the witnesses must be true, also, of those to whom the witness is given—of us to-day, as of the world of twenty centuries ago. Our creed, the sum and substance of what we subscribe to as Christian believers, must be also our conviction, else it shall be a weight to hamper us in our moral and spiritual progress, even though it may contain within it all the truth that is to be known. As John Milton said: "A man may be a heretic in the truth, and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the Assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy."

And so this great apologetic was written by a lover of the truth, not only as a work of art, but as a means of moral and spiritual enlightenment, to

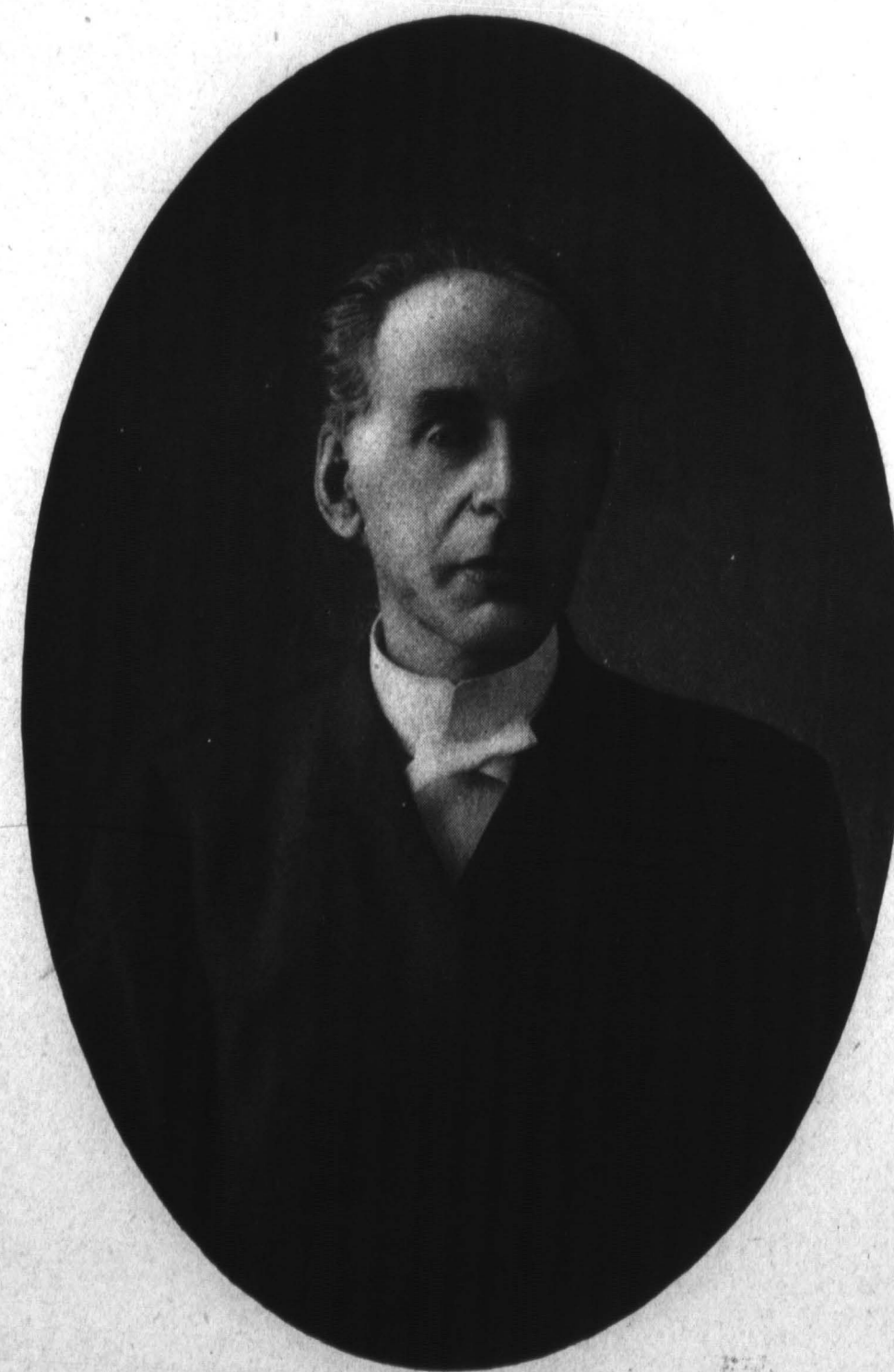
"Suffice the eye, and save the soul beside."

J. B. MACLEAN, '91.

Some Characteristics of Burns.

BY REV. JOHN J. CAMERON M. A., RAYMOND, ALTA.

Robert Burns, Scotland's greatest bard was born near the town of Ayr, January 25th, 1757. He was of humble parentage, his parents being peasants of the poorest class, but like all Scottish parents, eager for the moral, and intellectual development of their children. They could not afford, however, to give them more than the simple rudiments of education. Robert during intervals between following the plough and other kind of farm-work, obtained a knowledge of English. The chief books which in early youth he read were the Bible, Masin's collection of prose and verse, the life of Hannibal and the history of Sir William Wallace. He also eagerly read the "Spectator," Shakspeare, Pope and particularly the poems of Allan Ramsay. His first attempts at verse was made in his sixteenth year. "A bonnie, sweet, sensic lass," as he says in a letter to Moore, "who was coupled with him in the labors of the hay-harvest," awoke his early inspirations. At the age of nineteen he published "the Dirge of Winter," "the death of poor Maillie," "Maillies Elegy," and "John Barleycorn" in which he first manifests that deep fountain of pathos and humour which forms such a striking characteristic of his poems. Burns is the poet of the affections. Love is the darling theme on which he fondly dwells. Some of his sweetest and most touching poems draw their inspiration from this source such as "Sweet Afton," "Mary in Heaven," and "I love my Jean," the Jean whom he so ardently loved and whom he afterwards married. There are, no doubt objectionable features and phrases in his poems, but we should remember that he was the poet of his age, influenced by the customs and habits of the age in which he lived, he reflected the average life of his time. The age in which he lived was not remarkable for its virtues. The poorer classes from which Burns sprang and among whom the greater part of his life was spent, as well as the richer, more educated classes, were not distinguished for their temperance or their morality. They were addicted to some of the grosser forms of intemperance and vice. Burns could not avoid, being tainted by the low social and moral standard of his time. We cannot long live above the average life of those among whom we live and move, we more often descend to their



REV. J. J. CAMERON, M. A.
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE GAZETTE.

level. The intemperate habits which Burns in early life contracted, stained his life, affected the quality of his writings and shortened his days. But making allowances as we justly should, for his short comings, his poems on the whole are wholesome and elevating. There are several characteristics by which they are distinguished, and by reason of which they shall always hold a high place in our literature. First among these is their naturalness or spontaneity, they are the outcome of a simple honest heart. There is nothing stiff, stilted or pedantic about them. They resemble the gushing forth of a stream from a full, overflowing fountain, which meanders gently along making sweet melody as it flows. His poems are not works of art like Tennyson's, where every verse is published and elaborated by time and by study, they are the genuine products of nature,—the warm effusions of the soul, so full that the thoughts flow forth unbidden, without effort and without art.

Another characteristic of Burns is his larger sense of human brotherhood. He felt "that touch of nature which makes the whole world akin," that beneath all the outward and merely artificial distinctions of birth, wealth, rank or education, throbs the common beating human heart, which throbs alike in the breast of the peasant in his cot, and of the king in his palace, and which is the pledge and proof of our common humanity. This is seen in his "A man's a man for a' that," which begins :

" Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head and a' that,
The coward slave—we pass him by,
We dare be pure for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's a man for a' that."

Another characteristic of Burns is his intense hatred of sham. This, doubtless, sprang from the innate honesty of his nature. Whatever he was not, he was sincere, honest to the heart's core; he could not be a hypocrite; he was what he appeared or professed to be; he could not pretend to be what he was not. This simple, rugged honesty shines forth in his words, letters and character. This it was which made him detest hypocrisy in all its forms. This comes out most fully in "Holy Willie's Prayer"—a prayer which the poet puts into

the mouth of "Holy Willie," who appears to have been an elder in one of the churches of that time. "Holy Willie" is a good type of the Pharisee who even yet may be met with in some of our churches, whose eye is wide open to see the mote in his neighbour's eye, but who is blind to the beam in his own. It is a caricature of the doctrine of predestination, as set forth by certain ultra-Calvinists, who, holding that doctrine in its extreme, more repulsive form, fall into the error into which extremists usually do. The poem draws a true picture of a certain class of professors of religion, who are not confined to one church, or to any one age, who pride themselves on being strictly orthodox in head, but who, too often are sadly heterodox in heart and life. It contains one of the most scathing denunciations of hypocrisy which can anywhere be found.

Another characteristic of our poet in his simple natural piety, for, despite the foibles and imperfections which stained his life, dimmed the light of his genius and weakened his influence, he was devote, reverential, pious at heart. He had reverence for God, for His name and for His house, and cherished a firm belief in His overruling Providence, he hated the wrong with an intense hatred and loved the right, as he understood it, and although so far as we know he made no public profession of religion, yet the struggles, aspirations and convictions which find expression in his verses and letters, go to show that he was in sympathy with the teachings of Christ, and was to some extent, governed by the principles of His gospel. The beautiful picture which in "Cotter's Saturday Night," he draws of domestic piety, a picture which stands unrivalled, among the lyrical productions of our language, clearly suggests the style of living he most admired. For as we take it, the poet could scarcely draw such a picture, unless he himself was in sympathy with the simple, genuine piety which he there, so beautifully portrays. We all have our aspirations after higher and better things, although few can realize them. Even the very best are obliged to confess that they have not attained the ideal towards which they aspired. Burns had his aspirations after higher ideals of duty and life. That he came so far short, was due to the licentious age in which he lived, to the unfavourable environment amid, which his early life was passed, and to the imperious passions which he had not learned to control. Be it ours who

live in a more auspicious time, to learn from the foibles and shortcomings which threw their dark shadow over his life, to avoid the rocks on which he well nigh stranded, and to intimate the manly virtues which despite his shortcomings shed such a bright lustre over his erratic genius.

University Federation.

In the Province of Nova Scotia, with no more than half a million inhabitants, we have seven or eight "Universities," besides one theological college, one medical college, one teachers' college, one business college, one agricultural college, and several ladies' colleges. Although there are so many, there is not one, perhaps, which can have a matriculation standard as high as desirable, or so high as prescribed by the university authorities of America now standardizing this grade of education in connection with the "Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching."

WASTE OF EDUCATIONAL ENERGY.

To make matters still worse, a number of academies and some other high schools have been competing with the first year's work in these universities, thus interfering with the thoroughness of the more elementary secondary education for which they are designed. In like manner, many hundreds of rural schools are striving to do work which could be more effectively done in the regular high schools, and at the expense of thorough work in the common school subjects. In a word, the educational system of the Province in its three natural divisions of primary, secondary and higher education, is suffering from defective articulation. There is waste of energy in the uncoordinated overlapping of the work done in each of the three sub-divisions—waste in the universities doing their own work while hampered with high school work; waste in the high schools attempting university work while unable to do their own appropriate work thoroughly; and waste in the rural schools giving excessive time to a few high school pupils, to the corresponding neglect of the body of the school. And lastly, the universities working under Provincial charters, working with quasi-public funds, although they are not government funds, and which are doing the higher educational work of the country, are handicapped by a very inadequate degree of government recognition.

STANDARDIZATION OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

The reason why this recognition has been so long deferred, is the lack of coordination between the various institutions. They have not only different ideals, but different standards for the same subjects. During the temporary federation of the universities under the short lived Halifax University Act from 1877 to 1881, two examiners, for instance, marked each paper independently, the average to be the University valuation. One Classical examiner for instance, valued a given paper at 70, the other 30. The candidate passed with 50.

Taking this incident as typical, it is evident that the graduation standards of the different Universities could not be true equivalents. Were the Government to accept, say, the B.A. degree as equivalent to the scholarship required of a Class A teacher, not only would we find a great difference between the subjects studied, but a great difference in the character of the education in each subject. The recognition of a degree would therefore, give an undue advantage to the cheapest course. The candidates who merely desire to obtain licenses to entitle them to receive public money for their services as teachers, would crowd to the institution which would guarantee the possession of this "open sesame" at the earliest age, with the least work, and with the least risk of spending an extra year. It was actually tried for a few years in the seventies of last Century, graduates of Colleges being required to take the Provincial examination merely on professional subjects. But it was very soon abandoned.

SINCE THE TIME OF THE HALIFAX UNIVERSITY.

About this time, in 1876, all the five Nova Scotian Universities combined, had only 178 undergraduates and 123 general students, totalling 301. In 1907 there were returned from eight Universities 682 undergraduates and 281 undergraduates, totalling 963. In these thirty odd years, therefore, the attendance at the degree conferring institutions of the Province *trebled*, while the pupils of high school grades merely *doubled* and those of the common schools made *no increase* at all. Some people in looking at this development will be ready to charge the public school system, with being run too much in the interest of the Colleges. This charge is traversed, however, by

the counter insinuation too actively propagated, that the public high school system has been antagonistic to the development of the Colleges. The fact is, that it has stimulated the increase of the 200 per cent, at the Colleges—people who would otherwise never have thought of the advantage of higher education, even though some of them were not completely equipped in some respects for the courses offered.

The phase with which we are immediately concerned, however, is this. The Universities constitute a great teaching force which we should utilize so far as it can be economically done. The fact that the Government does not directly control the system or seek to control it, is no reason why it should not be utilized as effectively as possible. It is only when private or semi-public enterprise fails to carry out necessary works effectively, that Governments are pressed to undertake them. Where coordination, direction or financial aid is all that is necessary, Governments are generally happy that the responsibility of administration in detail is not laid upon them.

The harmonious agreement of the universities to coordinate their work in affiliation with the Nova Scotia Technical College, has given a cue which the Advisory Board of Education was not slow to pick up and apply to the preparation of County Academy Head Masters. The Universities are now being offered the privileges, first, of coordinating their work with a standard of matriculation the equivalent of the Provincial Grade XI Pass at present, and probably of that of the new Grade XII in the near future; second, of requiring a four years course of study after the standard matriculation is passed; and, third, of giving pass certificates in Logic, Psychology, Ethics, Political Economy, Sociological Science, Modern Philosophy and History. The graduates, however, in order to obtain a Headmastership must pass a general testing examination in English, two foreign languages, Mathematics, and Science, as specified in the *Journal of Education*, October, 1908, pp. 241 to 248.

SHOULD NOT THE HALIFAX UNIVERSITY BE REVIDED.

The Provincial Examiners on this syllabus will be practically in the position of the examiners of the University of Halifax, of 1876, only that it concerns itself with but one degree that which shall qualify so far as general scholarship is concerned, for the License of Academic Headmaster.

The University of Halifax is still in existence. The Act has never been repealed. It is simply in a state of suspended animation, due to the loss of its annual grant of \$2,000. Why not revive the University adding representatives of the Technical and Agricultural Colleges to the original representative Senate. The new University of Halifax could then do the examination instead of Education Department which might with advantage be relieved from such special technical work. This would also be an economical solution of the proposed (but admittedly unsolved) problem of the " non-graduate candidates's " syllabus of study of study and examination, hopelessly announced on page 246 of the last *Journal of Education*,

NOW IS THE TIME TO CONSIDER.

Will our University statesmen, Professors and students just now consider whether the University Act of 1876 cannot with some little adjustment to the present hopeful conditions, become the capstone of our Educational system, coordinating all educational work of University grade, regulating its various courses, conducting its own examinations, and issuing its own diplomas and certificates of scholarship, which being Provincial can be recognised by the Education Department. If not, then the Education Office, in addition to being held responsible for the administration of the rapidly extending system of public education, common school, high school, and technical, must also be chancellor, registrar, examining faculty and coordinator of all the Universities of the Province—more delicate and complex responsibility than that of the old University of Halifax itself. Will not the Education Office have enough to do without assuming full charge of the *details* of what is now practically developing into a federation of the Universities of the Province? And should not representations from the Universities, have more time, be well qualified for, and most interested in, the regulation of these Educational details?

A. H. MACKAY.

Glints of Memory.

Pity the poor Freshette a stranger in the Ladies' Waiting Room at Dalhousie, on the opening day of college, ten short years ago.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
In a sea of stoney stares."

Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors buzzed around welcoming each other back to the gay friendly College World, but the tearful Freshette stood wistfully in the corner and hoped that she might remember this experience next year and help to make happy some poor lonely freshette's first day at College.

Turn your pity to some more charitable object on the second day, for Miss Freshette had learned to buzz with the others. And in a very short time, the routine of daily classes, "At Homes," Fraternal Societies, and home studies filled up the world of this Freshette, as it does to-day with every other college girl.

It was "obviously" a rush in the morning to be "precisely" on time for the nine o'clock classes, and the little procession of "co-eds" were always broken by the frantic rushing of the late-comer, pulling out hat-pins as she came, flinging coat on the table, books on a chair, and rubbers in a corner. In five minutes she sat in the class-room of Acids and Gases composedly framing a beautifully indefinite reply to "And what is water-gas, Miss Freshette?"

At the close of that hour, the shy maidens with down-cast eyes marched through the guard of watching sentinels in the lower hall, and began a scramble for "red books." "Have you your exercise done?" passed from one mouth to another: as the thin line wended their way upwards once more, to take their seats before the dignified Professor of Red Books. Here the lid was taken off the pot of All-Knowledge and each one partook according to the measure of her ability.

Minds were still in mid-air, like the sword of Damocles, when at the door of Ancient Learning, a cold breath from Caesar's nostrils caused a drop, sudden and violent. Nor did the kindly encouraging words of the Professor as he urged along the heavy task of translation, cause any rise. Everyone seemed afflicted with the same trouble—lack of words. Even the buzzing freshettes were mum and held their breath, hoping they might

be passed over for to-day at least. Probably no other room in Dalhousie by the Sea witnessed the making of so many good resolutions for tomorrow, and alas! the breaking of the same.

At the door of the Room of Facts and Figures, a quaint old man, in a steel-grey tweed suit, stood waiting to usher the class in, smiling a welcome to each one. How fortunate, far above the classes of later days, was this class of ten short years ago, in that they knew and feared and loved the Professor Charlie! Grief was universal on that chill grey day in March, 1901, when the spirit of Dalhousie's Grand Old Man passed from the range of limited knowledge to the Great Beyond. Can anyone ever forget that funeral service in the cold dark halls of Dalhousie? The sun did not shine that day. It seemed better so. It was as if a dear friend had gone. The singing was a wail of sorrow; the addresses were broken with emotion; and many tears fell as for the last time Professor Charlie went from the College, to which he had given his life, carried by the students who loved and respected him. Many days passed ere the halls took on the old familiar look; a presence seemed to linger ever, to bring to mind the genial kindly Scotchman.

This was when Miss Freshette had become Miss Senior. Knotty problems were puzzling her broadening mind. Paulsen and Berkely were forcing their ideas upon her, aided and abetted by the Professor of Things-As-They-Seem in his delightful afternoon lectures.

Around the corner past the Munro Room, the President of All sat discoursing on Things-As-They-Have-Been to a class busily writing down dates and events, to be re-called no more until exam. time. How precious those note-books were, and how unintelligible to any but the owner!

It was during the supremacy of this class of "Naughty-Ones" that the "co-eds.," longing for a sphere where their talents in public speaking might find full scope, organized the Delta-Gamma Society. Here within the sacred precincts of some friend's drawing-room, before an audience intelligently critical, many a shivering college girl has delivered her maiden speech.

See her with eyes glued to the farther corner of the room, half-way up, with copious notes held tightly in shivering hands, discuss with avidity "The Higher Professions for Women."

It was also during the supremacy of this class of "Naughty-Ones" that a day came when the door of the room of All-Knowledge was barred against the procession from the Ladies' Waiting Room. And the Professor of Red Books headed the procession! The sequel has a tinge of sadness. The coffers of the Library fund were soon overflowed from the pockets of those who held the key! Fines! Fines!! Fines!!!

So the college life goes on in its chequered career of laughter and tears, of sun and shadow, of learning a little by precept and example, and of making of friendships. And it is not all forgotten after graduation. Good old Dalhousie is for aye a remembrance dear to all her sons and daughters.

J. G. F., '01.



The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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EDITORS.

JOHN MACNEIL, Arts, '09, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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H. S. DAVIS, Arts, '10.

W. A. MACDONALD, Law, '10.

C. L. GASS, Arts, '11,

M. G. BURRIS, Med., '10.

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H. D. BRUNT, B. A., *Alumni.*

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MISS L. A. B. UMLAH.

Business Manager:—A. SUTHERLAND, Arts, '10.

Editorial.

ON the 25th day of January, 1869, was issued the first number of *The Dalhousie College Gazette*. This first number was a modest sheet of four pages, published with a two-fold aim: "To cultivate literary tastes among the students, and the establishment of an organ in which free expression can be given, not only to our own sentiments, but to those others who may interest themselves in our progress and prosperity." The students behind this literary venture were J. J. Cameron, B. A., A. P. Seeton and W. E. Roscoe. The publication of the paper was not authorized by the students, and, indeed, met with no small amount of opposition on their part. In the second edition there appeared three letters criticizing the editors, one of them containing the following sentence: "I think that you, Messrs. Editors, should be requested to correct the impression that has gone abroad that the paper is conducted by the College." Continuing in the face of such opposition, the "dauntless three" were rewarded by being enabled to publish in their third edition a letter of approval from a student of King's College.

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The paper had now increased in size to eight pages, and had evidently attracted some outside attention, for in an editorial on bribery in the fourth edition there is the following: "About a fortnight ago we received a request from a sect of one of the parties into which our province is at present so unhappily divided that we would allow a certain number of articles advocating its peculiar views to appear in each issue. The request was accompanied by the offer of a goodly amount of gold. . . The offer was rejected." Two more editions of Volume I. were published before the close of the college in April.

When college re-opened in the fall of '69, a meeting of the students was called to consider the question of a college paper. J. G. MacGregor, now Professor MacGregor, of Edinburgh, was secretary of the meeting. After a heated discussion, the following resolution was moved by Mr. W. M. Doull:

"Whereas, this meeting is of opinion that it would be highly desirable for Dalhousie College to have a periodical in connection with it, and that such a periodical would have many beneficial results in providing the students with the opportunity of improving themselves in writing, as well as in furnishing a depository for all thoughts and feelings about our college life; and

"Whereas, the editors of 'The Dalhousie College Gazette' have offered to resign their paper into the hands of the students; wherefore be it

"Resolved, that the meeting accept the offer of the editors and adopt the 'Dalhousie College Gazette' as the property of the students of the University."

Thus the GAZETTE became the official paper of the students. The men appointed to edit Volume II. were Messrs. D. C. Fraser, A. H. MacKay and J. G. MacGregor, now Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Superintendent of Education, and Professor of Physics in Edinburgh University, respectively.

The GAZETTE was issued at first, fortnightly. After Vol. II. No. 6, it became a monthly journal, whether because of some of the editors having received some of those "Yours Faithfully" type-written letters or through some other reasons is not known. In '71 the word College was left out of the title. In '75 a new series was begun, each number being sixteen pages. In '91 it appeared in its present form.

With this issue the GAZETTE enters upon its forty-first year. For a period of forty years it has endeavored to reflect faithfully the various phases of college life, and now enjoys the proud distinction of being the oldest College Journal in America. All honor to the men of former years, who directed the paper during its infancy. Among the editors of other years we find many of Dalhousie's most distinguished graduates. In this issue we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers articles from the pens of some of those former editors.

Library Notes.

"Bibliotheca a Dallusia valde desiderata."

MECAN. *Opusc, de omn. scib. l. v. cap. ii.*

SELF EXPLANATORY.—The following letter from Mr. F. P. Keppel, Secretary of Columbia University will be read with interest by all who like Dalhousie and pictures. "On behalf of Columbia University, I have the honor to send you, a copy of a print made from a drawing by Jules Guérin, of the front of the Library of Columbia University in the City of New York. We should be very glad if this print, framed in such a manner as seems to you suitable, might find a permanent place in Dalhousie College." The print has been mounted and framed and placed in the Library with Mr. Keppel's letter pasted on the back in permanent explanation. Little by little we are accumulating pictures and other objects of interest besides books. They must be cared for.

INVENTORY.—The treasure is the portrait in oils of George Munro, who set Dalhousie on its feet. It was painted by Forbes and given by his daughter Mrs. Schurman. The old views of Halifax were given by Dr. Eliza Ritchie; the bust of Locke and the portrait of Lord Dalhousie, by Prof. MacGregor now of Edinburgh; the two Boer flags were brought by "Cam" MacDonald and Norman Murray from South Africa in 1900; the portrait in oils of "Agricola" was given by the heirs of Sir William Young, who subscribed so generously to the building fund, when the present college was erected. Young Avenue is named for him. The photograph of old Dalhousie, the dignified

original home of the institution on the Grand Parade was given by Mr. Hill. The portrait of Haliburton was given by his daughter Mrs. Schurman and the portrait of De Mille is the work of a clever young American artist, Miss Howard who gave instruction in painting in the Ladies' College, some years ago. The silver challenge shield was subscribed for by members of the Arts Faculty. The brass plate recording the Class Memorial Gifts was paid for from the income of the Library.

NAUGHT-SEVEN.—One of the first works purchased with the gift of this class is the standard edition of Pepys by Wheatley in ten volumes. This is an edition that will never be superseded. Another valuable work of reference is Moulton's "Library of Literary Criticism." In this encyclopedia, (for it is nothing less) the authors are arranged in chronological order, and all the more in criticism that has appeared on each is grouped with an account of each writer's life and literary activity. It has been found possible to purchase it at fifteen dollars below the market price. No more useful compilation exists for any student who has to get up an essay. Other works of equal value are being considered in the expenditure of this gift. Such works as these can never be out of date.

PERIODICALS.—The treasurer to the Board of Governors has supplied the Library with the "Nineteenth Century," the "Fortnightly" and "Blackwoods" for the last year. They will be continued, as will the journals in psychology, metaphysics and ethics supplied by the late Professor, (now President,) Walter Murray. The latter will form a permanent charge on the department of Philosophy.

The Wreck of the "Micmac."

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE PASSENGER.

The *Micmac* had been three days out, and had run into thick fog. She was now on the dread Newfoundland coast, which has become the grave of many a fine ship. The steamer was proceeding carefully, the captain and chief officer on the bridge, and a man for'ard peering into the gloom. Every two minutes the whistle boomed out a warning, greatly to the

amusement of Yanto, an Irish terrier owned by the captain. He would rush to the whistle, bark, rush back again, and wait for the next blast.

The *Micmac* was a British ship of 1,600 tons register, bound from St. John to Liverpool, with deals. Beside her crew of twenty-four, she had four passengers, two of whom were young girls crossing the ocean for the first time.

Slowly and carefully the ship felt her way through the fog, stopping every hour to take soundings. Eight bells went; the watch was relieved. The second mate came on deck, but the captain remained silently in the corner of the bridge. Soon the port watch were all asleep, and everything was quiet. Two bells went. The man on the lookout cried: "Lights are burning bright, sir." "All right," answered the captain, for the second mate was aft sounding.

The captain blew a blast on the whistle, as usual. With the echo, which returned immediately, came a crash, then another and another, as the gallant ship pounded on the rocks. There was no confusion. The engines were reversed at full speed astern, and the helm put hard over. The mate rushed on deck, called all hands, who were soon assembled amidships, and orders were given to swing out the boats. This was done quickly and quietly. As the order to lower away was given, the steward and his assistants stood by with bags of biscuits and canned meats, which were placed in the boats.

But what were the passengers doing all this time? They were awakened at the first shock, getting up quickly, dressed in warm clothes, and got on deck. The girls were perfectly cool, and did not show the least sign of fear. When they reached the deck everyone was busy. The captain stood on the bridge blowing mournfully on the whistle an appeal for help. The boats were now secured level with the rail, ready for immediate use. The chief engineer was sounding the tanks, while the officers got the depth of water fore and aft. The fore peak and number one holds were full of water, and number two had about two feet. The rest of the ship was dry. The pumps were started, and the water in number two was held in check.

Soon some lights appeared on shore, and in a few minutes a boat was alongside, manned by four fishermen, in oilskins. From them it was learned that the ship was about eight miles

north-west of Cape Pine. The sea was smooth and the ship rested easily, so that nothing remained but to wait for daylight. The men stood around in groups on deck, quietly discussing the situation. The most composed man on the ship was the cook, who had the galley fire burning, and soon all the hands were drinking strong coffee.

The two young ladies now went below, and set about packing their belongings, and when that was finished lay down to get a little sleep. But sleep was almost out of the question, as the sea rising a little the ship began to pound, and at each pound she would quiver all over.

When day broke it was possible to see the ship's position. She had struck on the eastern side of a little cove almost under a high cliff which towered away to starboard. The stern was so near the shore that you could almost reach the cliff with a ladder. On the port side there was a little cove where about one hundred fishermen spent a few months in summer following the cod along the coast. In a short time scores of boats were alongside and the deck was crowded by men clad in yellow oil-skins. They were very curious and examined everything carefully. The two chief points of interest were the galley where the cook was busy preparing breakfast, and the engine room where they gazed with wonder at the ponderous machinery. The cook gave them some bread and a great pan full of stew around which they crowded like a flock of chickens about a dish of scraps, all seizing what they could and eating ravenously.

Word was dispatched to St. John's for assistance, the messenger having to travel eight miles over bog and barren to the nearest telegraph office.

The ship showed no signs of breaking up, so all hands stood by her. It was a lonesome feeling; everything was quiet except for an occasional quiver as she pounded on the rocks, and the throb of pumps which were kept going.

The crew wandered aimlessly about or sat in the fo'castle smoking and telling their experiences in former disasters. In this way the long day wore on. Dinner was eaten by a silent company in the cabin. It was now felt that the ship was doomed and must soon be abandoned.

More boats arrived during the afternoon, and the crowd on the cliffs above gazed with hungry eyes upon the ship, which they soon hoped to plunder. The cook still kept cheerful and during the afternoon carefully scrubbed out his galley, although he felt that he might have to leave it at any moment.

As night approached, the sea rose, and it was thought advisable to land the passengers, in case the crew might have to take to the boats during the night. Accordingly, a boat with a couple of hammocks was sent ashore, and a shack was prepared for their reception. As soon as tea was over, the boat from shore was alongside, pitching about at a great rate. The boys then went down the side ladder, waited until the boat was on the crest of a wave, and then jumped, landing safely in the boat. The girls were put into the lifeboat, which was well secured with a painter fore and aft, to keep it from being dashed against the side. Two sailors took their places, one by each fall, ready to let go the blocks the moment the boat struck the water. Then she was lowered away. When about five feet from the water, the falls were let go, and she struck with a splash. The fisherman's boat was soon pulled alongside, the girls were quickly transferred, and the boat, getting clear of the ship, set out for the shore. The fishermen handled their boat to perfection. A man who stood in the stern steered with a long oar. When the shore was reached she was turned around, and backed down stern first on a buoy, from which a rope led to the beach. This rope was taken on board the oars taken in, and everyone laying hold of the line, the boat was soon pulled ashore. When she struck the beach all the men jumped out, caught hold of her, and with the aid of the people on shore, pulled her up high and dry.

The passengers were then escorted by the whole population to the shanty which had been prepared for them. It was a hut about 10 x 6 x 4½ feet, made out of small poles covered with bark and with a sod roof. At one end was a fire place made out of ship plates, a grim reminder of some former wreck. A chimney of wood led from this to the roof. A wooden bench around two sides completed the furniture. The natives crowded in until there was scarcely standing room. They would push each other over on the bench and gaze curiously at the strangers. After a good many hints they took their departure and the four young

people prepared to get a little rest. The girls took the hammocks, while the boys lay down on the floor before the fire. They had hardly got settled when a knock came to the door and two men walked in. They introduced themselves as the policeman and wreck commissioner from St. Mary's, seated themselves on the bench and after getting particulars of the disaster showed no signs of leaving. Finally, after much persuasion, they left and things became comparatively quiet. The sound of the surf on the pebble ridge and the gusts of wind which rocked the house combined to make the feeling a lonely one.

The long night wore on. There was little sleep in the shanty as it was bitterly cold and wood was scarce. The floor was hard and draughty, so that all were glad when day broke.

The steamer was still resting in the same position but the sea was higher and she was pounding continually.

Breakfast was the next thing on the programme. A fire was lighted and soon a teapot was simmering, it being held by a hook swinging from a bar in the chimney. The box of canned goods was opened and all four squatted on the floor around it. The ones nearest the fire made toast while the others opened cans of tongue, milk, cocoa, etc. Soon all fell too with a will, but hardly had they started when the door opened and a head was stuck in. "Good marning. How did ye's rest," said the head. After this salutation the head withdrew and breakfast was proceeded with in peace. But soon the same head came through the doorway and behind it a long body which seated itself by the door. He was there this time to stay and no mistake, so a plate of tongue and half a loaf of bread were given him. He carefully set aside the knife and fork and then settled down to eat. Eating with these people is not a recreation it is a grim and serious business. In an astonishingly short time he had cleaned his plate with the last remaining piece of bread and, with not as much as "thank you" took his departure.

The dishes were now put away, and cameras in hand, our party started out to inspect the village. It was built under the shadow of high cliffs, down which tumbled two tiny waterfalls which, uniting, rushed on to the beach, where the water disappeared in the pebbles, only to re-appear a few feet distant and flow into the cove. The huts nearest the beach were made mostly of spruce boughs, and were used chiefly for drying fish.

There was in all about a half acre of level ground, which was crowded with these huts. The population was about one hundred and fifty, all strong men, clad in long leather boots, rough trousers and jerseys. They spent their time during the summer in fishing along the shore, going up the bays and into the interior in the winter. But there was no thought of fishing that day. All eyes were on the wreck, and everyone was waiting for the crew to leave, so that they might get a chance to plunder. They were very polite to the passengers, asking each in turn: "How did ye's rest?" which seemed to mean "good morning" in Newfoundland.

After looking over the village, our four friends started to climb up the cliff and walk out to the point which overlooked the wreck. The wrecking steamer had just arrived from St. John's, and a survey was being held. It was soon seen by the party on the cliff that the ship was to be abandoned, as the crew set about tearing off the brass, removing the compasses, glasses, etc., to the boats, to be transferred to the tug.

When the young people returned to the cove, all was bustle and excitement. The news had reached the shore that the ship was to be abandoned, and everyone that could move rushed, axe in hand, to the boats, to board the "*Micmac*." The boat now came ashore to convey the passengers to the wrecking steamer, and it was with a glad heart that they bade farewell to Broad Cove.

The boat, with the three stalwart fishermen, was soon launched through the surf, and set out for the tug, which was quickly reached. She was pitching about in great style, and it was no easy matter to get on board her safely, for one minute her rail would be almost under water, and the next moment you would be gazing at her bottom. The only way to get on board was to jump when the little boat was on the crest of a wave, just before the steamer started to roll. The girls behaved like Trojans, jumping at the right minute, and soon all were safely landed on the tug's deck.

In the meantime, they had been far from idle on board the wreck. Rope, brass and fittings of all kinds were transferred to the *Ingraham*, for such was the name of the wrecking steamer. The sea was rising, and the captain of the *Ingraham* decided

that it would be dangerous for him to remain alongside the wreck any longer. The order was given: "Pack your clothes, and get ready to leave the ship at once."

Everyone was busily engaged and it was then that the Newfoundlanders got their innings. Everything began to go. The cook went aft to get some flour out of the store room and was followed by a hungry gang who started to help themselves. Several hams on the wall took their fancy, but the cook was going to have a say in this matter. Seizing an axe which lay near, he made for the nearest fisherman who, turned and fled forward pursued by the cook. The galley stove was covered with pots in which soup, fish, meat and vegetables were cooking. While the cook had been aft a raid had been made on the galley. The soup could not be carried in the boat so one chap stuck his hand into the soup pot and, seizing the meat in it, made off. Another removed the roast from the oven, and the cook got back just in time to see the fish kettle and three pies go over the side. Everything movable was finding its way into the fishermen's boats and it was with difficulty that the crew held on to their belongings.

The clothes of the crew soon arrived on the tug and finally a boat load of men. Then came the last boat bearing the officers engineers, cook, steward and the captain who was the last man to leave the ship. As the boat came round the stern a sea hit the vessel with a splash, sending a sheet of water over the boat and its occupants and in this way the "*Micmac*" bade the crew farewell.

The tug's anchor was raised and with the lifeboats in tow started off for St. John's. She arrived there next morning and all hands safely landed.

At Night.

The goddess Night with mantle dark,
Has wrapped the city round,
Save for one gleam
Which lights the stream,
A link with the beyond.

I wonder if in happiness
The city's gone to sleep,
Or if in pain
From life's cold rain,
Some wretched one may weep.

Is someone there without a friend
To heal the smarting wound?
Do all pass by
Without a sigh,
And say, "This one is doomed?"

Oh cursed be the bigoted,
Who say for one small sin
You must in gloom
Await your doom,
Amid life's cheerless din.

Oh God who art in heaven above,
Remember they are dust,
And though they tost
Life's dice and lost,
Love them, be more than just.

Send to such ones through this dark night,
Which circles them around,
One such yon gleam
That it may seem
A link with the beyond.

Correspondence.

DEAR GAZETTE:

I suppose it is because I am so far away that my thoughts turn so frequently and so longingly to the dear old days in the college by the sea. Having always lived in Halifax, I never knew what it was to be away for any length of time from almost the sight of Dalhousie, but a year ago this month I had the first experience of leaving home and Alma Mater for another continent and another clime.

We may leave the red brick building, but it is hard to get anywhere where our college graduates are not found. From Halifax to Vancouver they are strewn everywhere. Many of

the places I stopped at during the way, or when I heard the names of stations called out, I remembered that some of Dalhousie's sons and daughters had taken up their abodes in these places. In Vancouver I met Mr. Cecil Killam, a popular young lawyer, who very kindly met me at the train, and saw me safely on the *Empress of China*, one of the magnificent steamers that cross the Pacific.

In the party in which I travelled there were seven married couples besides the Rev. G. J. Bond, B. A., who is visiting the Methodist Mission Stations under the Laymen's Movement. Graduates of my time will remember his addresses at college when he was editor of the *Wesleyan*. In this party of ours several colleges were represented, but I am afraid in crossing the Pacific I had very little energy even to think of mine.

The *Empress* carried a very cosmopolitan crowd—China, Japan, India, Siberia, Canada, United States, England all had their representatives. We were only able to see Japan in the evening. As the mails were late we could only take the time to spend a couple of hours in Yokohama, and not able to run up to Tokio only eighteen miles away much to our disappointment. The jinricsha ride through the streets of Yokohama was most enjoyable. It was amusing to watch the little men running along with us, and the Japanese lanterns made the place at night look like a fairy land. Three days later the same steamer brought us to Shanghai. I can assure you we strained our eyes to get the first glimpse of China, the land that was to be our home for some years to come. If you know what it is to be let down into utter confusion, you can get some idea of our feelings when we landed in Shanghai. The place is a mixture of Chinese and foreigners of the various nationalities who have concessions there. The languages, customs, money, exchange almost made our heads turn. However after a few days things began to simplify themselves and we enjoyed our week or ten days there very much. I was so glad to meet again Dr. A. I. Hamilton who is at present in the Margaret Williamson's hospital in Shanghai. Dr. Hamilton has the honor of being the first lady graduate from our medical school.

Leaving Shanghai, we went six hundred miles up the Yangtsi river on a little Japanese steamer. (We often laugh over the way we used to pronounce this name at school.) This little

steamer, much to our surprise, was fitted up dancier than the *Empress* itself, and that is saying a great deal. By the way, although the crew were Chinese and Japanese, the captain of this steamer was a Nova Scotian—a Captain Scott, who was born and lived for twelve years in Yarmouth. At Hankow,—a place which promises to be a great industrial and railway centre,—we changed steamers, and went four hundred miles further up the river to Ichang. Ichang is the place from which houseboats start up the river, and it is one great graveyard—grave mounds as far as you can see. At Ichang we hired houseboats, and went up the river as far as Chungking. These houseboats I shall not attempt to describe now. They are thoroughly Chinese and not a bit dainty. The rapids between Ichang and Chungking are very dangerous—three especially. Large steamers cannot go up them, and only shallow boats dragged up by ropes can accomplish the task. The scenery through the gorges is beautiful beyond description, and the slow travelling, stopping at night, gives one plenty of time to enjoy it all. Chungking is an important inland centre and customs station, and at this place ten of us, instead of keeping on by boat, hired sedan chairs and coolies, and took a ten days' overland trip to Chentu. It was a new experience travelling in this way all day through the garden of the Chinese empire, and putting up at night in Chinese inns, trying to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Over and over again you think in China of Heber's hymn: "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Cleanliness is a hard lesson to teach the Chinese.

Chentu my present home is the capital of the Province of Sz. Chuan. It surprised us to see so many modern improvements so far inland. Policeman dressed in blue uniforms at every corner; street lights, the kind we saw in our childhoods days; soldiers drilling with foreign shoes on; foreign stores with foreign goods for sale; clean streets with the beggars all cleared off. After seeing so much that was not pleasant it did indeed make our eyes open to see all this two thousand miles inland almost on the borders of Thibet. Chentu is a strong missionary centre. The mission buildings—press, schools, mission houses, hospitals, and other buildings in process of erection such as a magnificent university—all built substantially and in modern style—these buildings well manned will change the face of

Western Chinese. We do hope it will become a stronghold centre of the Christian Church. Here in Chentu I met my old school mate, college mate and friend Dr. Florence O'Donnell, who has put in five years of excellent work in the hospital and school in Chentu. She looked just the same as when I last saw her. Those of you who are in Halifax can see her for yourself *under another name*. I was also delighted to meet Mrs. Bradshaw who was formerly Dr. M. A. S. Philip a graduate of our Medical college. We always called her "Most Awful Lively Philip" and there is no reason to change now. Her sturdy little Eric is a joy to his mother's heart.

I shall mention one other graduate. In Shanghai I met a missionary who was closely associated in work with Rev. A. M. Clark in Honan. It was good to hear a familiar name mentioned, as he was a class-mate of mine in Arts. You cannot get away from Dalnousie's graduates.

I have been feeling "great" to-night writing this letter. It has taken me back to good old times, and I will close by sending my best wishes to Dalhousie and all its professors and students—graduates and undergraduates.

Sincerely yours,

M. MAY AUSTEN.

Thirty Years Ago.

[From the leaves of the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, the oldest College paper in America.]

Thirty years ago, even as now, the gymnasium was a popular topic of conversation. Then it was the cry of the promoter; to-day it is the pun of the joker. Soon new buildings will be erected, so let the student body keep in mind the ever-pressing need of a gymnasium, that when the time arrives, they may present the matter rightly before the proper authorities.

Part of the editorial to which we refer speaks in a most enjoyable manner on progress. To quote the latter part:

"There are some who live the past and dream the present. Reverse this order. In the twilight, when the darkness and day are struggling for each moment, lay work aside and summon round you, for an hour, the memories, joyful and sad, of yester-

day. Live again, in fancy, the scenes that are gone in reality. Call back the ghost, like shadows of once-fond hopes and once-beloved customs. But let your attachment to the past cease here. When the first jet of gas-light scares away the gloom, allow these phantoms to go with it. In thought, in custom, in religion, keep pace with the best authorities of the age."

* * * * *

THE BELLS.

Hear the *chatter* of the belles, youthful belles;
 What a world of sentiment their shallowness impels.
 How they fuss and wince and flirt,
 Carrying vanquished hearts before them as the dirt;
 How they chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, ever since the time of Eve,
 While the traps that they are laying with the purpose to deceive,
 Fasten round their victims slowly,
 Seize alike the high and lowly
 Yet the victim fully knows by his hearts quick palpitation
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet his better judgement tells him
 How his prospect sinks or swells
 By the softness or the hardness
 In the temper of the belles, belles, belles,
 By the smiling or the frowning of the belles.

Hear the chiming of the belles, etc.

College Notes.

DELTA GAMMA AT HOME.—Each succeeding year the Delta Gamma has something original in the line of "At Home" ideas. Their "Twelfth Night" of this year was no exception to the rule. About a hundred guests assembled, and were received in the "Ladies' Waiting Room" by Mrs. Forrest, Mrs. Jones and Miss Mabel MacLeod, President of the society. The corridors and Munroe Room were prettily decorated, and the draughting room offered the most enticing line of dainties ever. The list of dances was a well arranged one, and with "McNally's" dispensing "Turkey in the Straw" everyone wore a happy smile. Early in the evening a short programme was given. After a few preliminary remarks by Prof. MacKenzie, the ever-popular Mrs.

Kennedy-Campbell sang some Scotch songs as only that lady can, and Miss Helen Creighton delighted the audience with a well-rendered violin solo. On the whole the evening's entertainment was one of the most successful in years, and the committee in charge deserve heartiest congratulations for its success.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.—Nov. 30th, '08. The government, pursuant to the policy outlined in the speech from the throne, introduced a "Public Utilities Bill." The minister of Interior, Mr. Prowse, explained that the intention was to strike a *via media* between government and private ownership. The bill provided for the appointment of a commission of five to control and regulate the fares, rates and tolls of railways, telegraphs and telephones. The leader of the opposition, Mr. Smith, criticised the bill as unnecessary and futile. The hon. premier went fully into the conditions necessitating the adoption of the proposed legislation, and was followed by the hon. member from Vancouver, who criticised the details of the measure, and contended that a few month's work would exhaust the duties of the commission. He was followed by the gifted representative from Yarmouth, whose sesquipedalian words, philosophic humor, and inflated language have never failed to interest, bewilder and convulse the house.—The speaker collapsed.

Dec. 14th. The last session of the present parliament opened auspiciously. The attendance was large. The members vie with each other for opportunities to contribute to Hansard. The trumpet call of the coming campaign and visions of disgruntled constituents had roused them to unusual activity. The government played its trump card—temperance legislation. The repeal of the Scott Act was proposed; and as our License Acts are also unsatisfactory, the hon. Mr. Prowse introduced a bill to enable the government to control the traffic. The scheme, in general, appeared to be to eradicate all that is faulty in our present legislation on the subject; to retain only what is obviously applicable and satisfactory, and to place the whole traffic under the protecting aegis of a commission. The discussion was not always illuminating. Some of the members stuck fast to the old party lines; others were somewhat distracted twixt love and duty. The hon. member from West Kootney,

an *ardent* prohibitionist, contended that the traffic should be left entirely in the hands of our local legislatures. The hon. premier, Mr. Frame, felt constrained to harken to the warning voice of a widespread movement headed by a formidable array of exacting temperance workers; while Mr. Farquhar, oppositionist, was inclined to doubt the sincerity of the government, and could not easily reconcile their conduct a few years ago when appealing to the country, with their present attitude. The Hon. member from St. John, Mr. Keefe, took up the cudgel in support of the government, enlarging on the legislation as practical and courageous. The discussion continued till ten o'clock, when the speaker left the chair.

DELTA GAMMA. Mrs. Walter Murray, Spring Garden Road was the hostess of Delta Gamma, Saturday, January 16th. The programme consisted of folk-lore and legends of Nova Scotia, told by girls from the different counties.

From Kings and Annapolis we heard tales of Acadian days. Miss Bligh told us how Bloody Creek, Annapolis Co., got its name; Miss McKittrick, Kings, and the Five Islands, "missiles of glooscap." We also heard about Grule and Father Garneau, the notorious Black Abbe. Miss McGregor told a story of Grule and Fort Lawrence. Pictou, represented by Miss Clay, yielded tales of pirates, Indians, and buried treasure at Cariboo Harbor. Weird accounts of the ghosts and fog wraiths of Guysborough were related by Miss Giffin. Miss Maclean read a paper on Lunenburg, dwelling particularly on "Sweet Belle Mahone." Miss Taylor gave the "Winyard Ghost Story," which is believed by many people in Cape Breton. Three stories of Dartmouth, written by Miss Stewart, were read by Miss Lenore Smith, Miss Dickie, and Miss Boak. The story of a wreck on the Halifax shores completed the tales of the province. Mrs. Murray also told us a little story which appealed very much to the superstitious ones amongst us.

After a vote of thanks to our hostess, Delta Gamma adjourned.

Y. W. C. A.—On Tuesday afternoon, January 12th, the Rev Mr. La Flamme, of New York, spoke to the girls on the mission work being done in India. He gave a vivid portrayal of the superstitions of the natives and gave us a clear idea of the work that our missionaries must do in order to make some impression on the vast heathen masses. This took the place of the first Y. W. C. A. meeting for the year 1909, and was largely attended. Mr. La Flamme gave an interesting address, and like every other mission speaker, he ended his speech by asking for money. It is to be regretted that the girls are now in no position to so help the great work that is going on in the Far East; but one trusts that the appeal so ably made will have a vast effect at a time not far distant.

ENGINEERING "AT HOME."—On the evening of Jan 8th the Engineering Society held their annual "At Home," which was a fitting climax to the success which has been attending the Faculty since its inauguration a few year sago.

Dancing was the chief past-time for the evening, and it is needless to say of a Dalhousie Dance that it was enjoyed by all present.

The decorations were many and original. On the first floor the usual decorations of flags and bunting were in evidence, but the higher up one got the more original were the decorations.

In the Physical Laboratories there was a fine display of electrical and physical apparatus, ranging from the primitive dynamo and arc light to the modern Marconi machine.

Leading to the third floor was a miniature bridge, accurately designed, and constructed. Passing over this bridge and upstairs one found a fac-simile of an engineering camp. These decorations made the bare halls appear quite picturesque, and many were the complimentary remarks passed by the guests.

MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The Medical Society met Dec. 4th to appoint a committee to look after the annual dance which was to be held after Xmas. The following were appointed: Burris, Kenny, McLellan, K. Grant, H. Rogers.

January 9th, 09. At a meeting of the Medical Society D. McNeil was elected captain of the Medical Hockey Team, and

the following committee was appointed to look after hockey: McLellan, K. Kenney, F. Wilson.

The Medical Students' Dance was held on January 11th in Dalhousie College. The stairway and Munroe Room were neatly decorated with flags and an emblematic skull and cross-bones looked out from each of the windows. The electric fans added much to the comfort of the dancers. The chaperones, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Curry, received the guests in the Arts Library. A very enjoyable evening was spent and all pronounced the dance a complete success.

UNIVERSITY WOMAN'S CLUB.—News from Victoria, B. C., informs us of a University Woman's Club which has recently been formed in that city. Among other regulations are these: "All members must be college graduates," and "each member must attend meetings in academic costume—the gown and hood of their Alma Mater."

At a recent meeting five Dalhousie graduates were present—Miss Janette Cann; Miss Grace Burris, class '99; and Miss Muriel Cunningham, class '07, were among the number. To the toast "Our Alma Mater," the Dalhousians responded with a "1! 2! 3! U! Pi! Dee! Dal-hou-sie!"

Dalhousians in the West.

Dr. W. C. Farquaharson, formerly of Halifax, now of Edmonton, Alberta, entertained a number of Dalhousie graduates at dinner at his residence on Sixth street on the evening of December 10th. There were present:—Dr. Farquaharson, H. H. Parlee of Boyle and Parlee, solicitors, M. W. Eager of Ewing and Eager, solicitors, J. W. G. Morrison of Dubuc and Morrison, solicitors, and I. B. Howatt of the law offices of Emery, Newell and Bolton. Mrs. Farquaharson, who also was formerly of Halifax, had the parlors and dining room prettily decorated with the college colors—yellow and black. Old college days were recalled and a most enjoyable evening spent. The dinner may possibly lead to a Dalhousie dinner for the graduates of the university now residing in that province.

Hockey.

DALHOUSIE, 10; ACADIA A. A. C., 8.

The above figures about tell the tale of the game of hockey played in Wolfville, on January 20th, between Dalhousie and the fast septette representing the Acadia University A. A. C., and from an unbiased outsider's opinion that we heard "it was anybody's game."

It was Dalhousie's first hockey trip to Wolfville, and from all reports they were due to get a good trimming, but although at times it looked as if the gods were against us, the "winged skate" team won out, and even if the score was large, fast hockey was played throughout the game. End to end rushes, enlivened by heavy checking, kept the spectators on their toes, and when either team took the lead, the rafters of "Evangeline Rink" fairly rang.

Referee Ralph Smith, of Windsor, called the teams to the centre at eight o'clock, and after the customary lecture, they lined out as follows:

ACADIA A. A. C.

Sleep,
Black,
Delaney,
Lewis, (Capt.)
Huntington,
Bates,
Eaton,
Faulkner,

goal
point
cover
rover
centre
right wing
left wing
spare

DALHOUSIE.

McKenzie, (Capt.)
Ralston,
McArthur,
McGrath,
Wiswell,
Russell,
Thomas
Little.

From the whistle Dalhousie rushed matters and scarcely a minute elapsed before Wiswell beat out Sleep and notched number one. Acadia began to take notice of this quick work, and for a while the play remained at centre ice. Finally Eaton carried the puck into Dalhousie territory and sagged the net behind McKenzie for Acadia's first tally. After the face-off a lot of rough and unnecessary checking was indulged in, and this coupled with brilliant pieces of combination by the yellow and black forwards, kept the small contingent of Dalhousie supporters somewhat excited. Sleep was kept on the jump, keeping the rubber out, but at last McGrath scored making it two to one for Dalhousie.

Then things *were* doing. Time and time again the forwards rushed from goal to goal, and at last Bates tied the score. Given a new lease at this, the blue and red forwards pounded away at Dalhousie's defence and scored three goals in quick succession. With just one minute and a half to play, and the score five to two in Acadia's favor, things looked rather bad for Dalhousie. But by a "dead on" lift from three-quarter ice, Norm. Ralston cut another notch in his team's tally stick, and straight from the face-off Wiswell passed to McGrath, who whipped the puck to Thomas and Art. made it five to four with Acadia on the long end.

2ND HALF.

Two minutes from the face-off Dalhousie tied the score with a pretty wing shot from Russell, and right here Sleep and Black were kept moving some. Shot after shot rained in on them, and when the atmosphere cleared the score stood Dalhousie seven, Acadia five. Then Bates and Lewis took a hand in the scoring and the former tallied number six for Wolfville.

The game had been entirely free from penalties, but here Delaney went to the "fence" for a short rest, and while away McGrath made it eight to six. The game became very fast, and McGrath received a severe cross-check. When play was resumed, Thomas carried the puck down the side, and shot at a difficult angle. Score, 9-6. As Delaney was allowed on again, Wiswell and Lewis were sent away to the penalty box to cool off and make up their little difference. Acadia now took a hand in the scoring, and by hard shots managed to bring their total up to eight, but after that McKenzie turned them all away. A few seconds before time McGrath scored the tenth and last goal for Dalhousie, and as the bell rang calling the game off, the "U-pi-dee's" rang out, announcing that Dalhousie had won her first game of 1909.

The Acadia boys gave the visitors an enjoyable supper after the game, and the Dalhousie crowd left for Halifax *early* the next morning, delighted with their trip.

The date has not been fixed for the return match, but when Acadia and Dalhousie cross sticks in the Arena, every student in Dalhousie should attend to help their team win out.

Dallusiensia.

There was a young freshman, some say,
Who in English got "plucked" by the way;
But he now is aspiring,
With efforts untiring,
To make it a first, good-luck *Day*.

Prof. MacM - c - - n (giving English marks): "Miss St - - rt and Mr. Br - wn - ll, twenty-three."

Sophette, in Library: "Whenever G - rd - n W - sw - ll comes in here, my studying is done."

Prof. MacM - , in class: "Is a course in rhetoric of any practical use, Mr. McK - nz - -?"

McK - nz - - : (The same freshie-soph who owns 160 acres of virgin soil in Alberta): "It is of very little value if it cannot be put to practical use. If it be correctly applied, it conduces much to the intellegibility and terseness of the *speaker* in *written* and spoken language.

Will Mr. McAsk-ll, class '12, kindly exercise more care in the future, in the selection of his ties.

Freshie B - ck - rf - - ld: "I know two real nice girls down at the H. L. C. but I don't dare go down on account of the Sophomores."

Dr. McG - ll, speaking of Vision: Under what conditions will a man see double?

MATHEMATICS II.

$$\begin{aligned} (M.y.l.i.u.s.) (a.f.t.e.r) (M.a.t.h.) (e.x.a.m.) &= 2. \\ (C.a.v.a.n.a.g.h) (a.f.t.e.r) (M.a.t.h.) (e.x.a.m.) &= 0. \\ \therefore \text{Ratio is } \frac{M.y.l.i.u.s}{C.a.v.a.n.a.g.h} &= \frac{2}{0}. \end{aligned}$$

$$\therefore M.y.l.i.u.s = \infty (C.a.v.a.n.a.g.h).$$

Ch - bb - ck: "Say, S - d - r, did you get an invitation to the Delta Gamma 'At Home?'"

S - d - r: "No, they sent me one last year, and I didn't go. I guess they must be sore about it"

Freshman to smart Sophette, at the Medical dance: "Can you find your next partner, Miss ——?"

Smart Sophette: "If I couldn't, I wouldn't ask you to find him."

In English I., a Freshman, speaking of Will Honeycomb, one of the characters found in the *Spectator*, calls him Will.

Prof. MacM—: "Don't call him Will. Call him Mr. Honeycomb. He wasn't a professor."

Dr. McK-y, in Chemistry quize: "What was the color of your precipitate Mr. D - - ll?"

D - - ll: "It was sort of a greenish green."

Prof. C - rr - th - rs, asking for money to furnish Pine Hill: "Why gentlemen, the beds in Pine Hill are in a worse condition than those in the City Poor House."

No wonder the Earls of '11 left.



Business Notice.

Since our last issue we have sent out notices to our subscribers showing their standing on our books at the present time. We trust that those who are in arrears will loose no time in sending in the amount due.

To our fellow students, we would like to say that it costs something along the line of dollars and cents to place a monthly magazine in their hands. The GAZETTE is especially a Dalhousie students' magazine, and as such should be supported by them. Everybody in the college gets the GAZETTE, everybody reads it; yet to date everybody has not paid for it. So we would again ask that those who have not already done so would see that their dollar is passed in without delay.

Patronize those who patronize us. Give our advertisers a call when you need anything in their line.

Acknowledgments.

Miss M. Gordon, L. H. Cumming, LL.B. C. G. Cumming, Hugh McKenzie, \$5; Miss Eva McDonald, E. L. Newcomb, LL. B., O. Frazee, R. H. Graham, LL. B., J. A. McLean. K. C., \$3; Miss L. M. Murray, J. E. Chisholm, LL. B., H. A. Dickie, LL. B., \$2; Dr. Mina McKenzie, Miss C. F. Boak, Miss B. Maycock, Miss H. Armitage, Miss A. M. Haverstock, Miss A. K. Pennington, President R. A. Falconer, President W. C. Murray, W. J. G. Perry, S. A. McMillan, W. A. Begg, LL. B., W. A. Whidden, C. H. P. Williston, A. MacKenzie, J. C. Crowe, F. P. H. Layton, W. B. Rosborough, L. P. Archibald, R. E. Inglis, L. R. Brownell, Hector McInnes, LL. B., F. C. Knight, R. McKinnon, A. B. Smith, M. D. McLeod, W. K. McKay, A. W. Robertson, G. O. Livingston, J. H. Chateauvert, Johnson McKay, D. C. McKenzie, A. S. Payzant, L. L. Duffy, W. M. Grant, H. Cahan, LL. B., Rev. G. W. Langille, R. A. McDonald, \$1.

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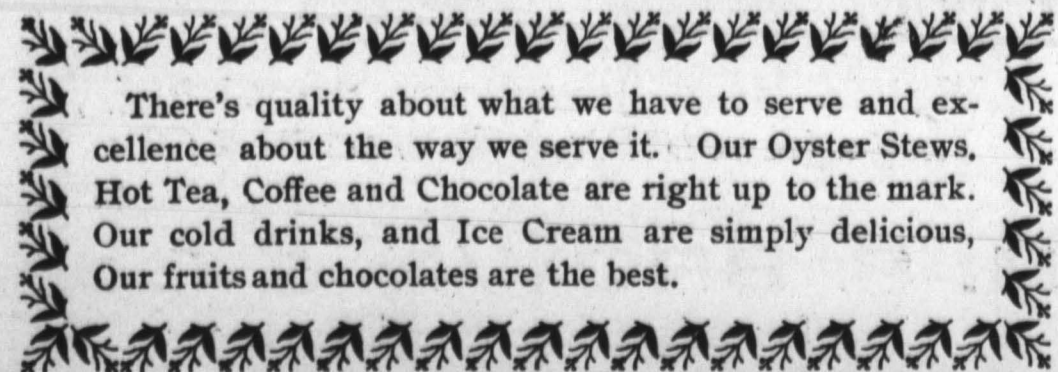
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