


# THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

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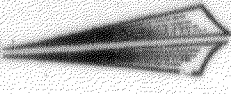



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"ORA ET LABORA."

VOL. XXXI. HALIFAX, N. S., - MARCH 3, 1899. No 7.

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## TERMS.

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IN the February number of the *Industrial Advocate* there is a carefully written and well-timed editorial on the need of an institution for the purpose of technical training, especially of mining engineering. The editor calls attention to the rivalry in Montreal between Sir W. C. McDonald and Lord Strathcona in the giving of large sums of money to McGill University. The result of this "merry contest" is that McGill has become a great technical school in Canada. "But Montreal is a long way from Nova Scotia, and it would be a vastly more inspiring sight to see some of our monied citizens doing for Dalhousie what the gentlemen mentioned have been doing for McGill. Dalhousie already does good work in all her departments, but she needs a better laboratory equipment than she now enjoys. The good work this wonderful little college has done should be better recognized, and it could not be done in a more practical way than by endowing

chairs and equipping scientific laboratories." This is of interest not only to the student of pure and applied science, but to the medical student as well. It is no part of our duty, as editors of the Medical Department of the GAZETTE, to make any references to the needs of our Medical College, but we cannot help noting that the successful physicians and surgeons graduated therefrom have obtained their knowledge of the various branches of the science of medicine not through the aid of a well-equipped laboratory but in spite of the disadvantages of a poorly equipped one. Should the desire of the editor of *Advocate* be realized, "one of the best laboratories in Canada" will be another of the attractions which will serve to make our College an important factor in medical education.

THE quotation from Conan Doyle's "Round the Red Lamp," which we referred to in connection with our New Year's remarks, appears to have aroused some curiosity among some of the medicos. We did not refer to it on the supposition that everyone had read the book, but we thought it sufficiently well known to merit a quotation from it. The following is the quotation to which we referred: "And a doctor has very much to be thankful for also. Don't you ever forget it. It is such a pleasure to do a little good that a man should pay for the privilege instead of being paid for it. Still, of course, he has his wife and children to support. But his patients are his friends—or they should be. He goes from house to house, and his step and his voice are loved and welcomed in each. What could a man ask for more than that? And besides, he is forced to be a good man. It is impossible for him to be anything else. How can a man spend his whole life in seeing suffering bravely borne and yet remain a hard or a vicious man? It is a noble, generous, kindly profession, and you youngsters have to see that it remains so."

## THE ORIGIN OF THE "GAZETTE."

EXACTLY thirty years ago three enterprising Dalhousie students—John J. Cameron, A. P. Seeton and W. E. Roscoe—thinking that a college organ was needed, determined to venture a publication without the expressed sanction of their fellow-students. No sooner was the scheme conceived than they undertook its realization. In a few days the first number of the GAZETTE appeared. Copies were passed around among the students, who with wonder and curiosity in their countenances eagerly turned over the pages and commented on the innovation. In the "salutatory" was the following:—"THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE is to be conducted mainly by students, undergraduates, and graduates of the college. Several gentlemen of known ability have kindly promised to contribute to its pages, among whom are Profs. Lyall and DeMille, Sir Wm. Young and Hon. Joseph Howe." It was very small—only four pages—and in ordinary circumstances would probably have done very little good or harm, but it was a start.

As might have been expected, it excited considerable comment, favorable and otherwise. The city press wished it well. Of the citizens, some encouraged, while others ridiculed it. Among the students themselves complaints were heard that it professed to be published by the collegians, whereas they were not consulted at all in the matter. Notwithstanding all criticism, however, the editors persevered and published the second number. This time there were eight pages instead of four. The editorial said in reference to the criticism: "We have no idea of stopping here, however. We prophesy, and it remains with the public to verify, that in a short time our journal will consist of twelve pages." In this number there was also a letter of encouragement and advice signed "Civis." We quote the first paragraph: "The want of a good literary paper has, I believe, been long felt in this city, which is so far behind its sister cities in this respect. When you issued your GAZETTE I hailed the enterprise with pleasure, and felt rejoiced that the university of which we are so justly proud, and whose name heads your paper, had in it young men capable of issuing and carrying on a periodical, small though it be. I saw in the GAZETTE promise of better things. I saw a flourishing literary journal arising from it, and as I have said before, I felt pleased that such was the case."

Four more numbers were published during the remainder

of the term. The literary tone throughout was high, in fact, striking. There were several articles of merit, probably by some of those who had promised to contribute.

At the beginning of the following term a general meeting of the students was summoned to consider the wisdom of taking over the GAZETTE from the hands of the private publishers of the preceding term, who offered to resign it into their control, to become the property of the students in general. The undertaking was shown to be both practical and praiseworthy, and the following resolution was adopted :

"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 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 DALHOUSIE GAZETTE have offered to resign their paper into the hands of the students ;

Wherefore be it resolved, that this meeting accept the offer of the editors and adopt the DALHOUSIE COLLEGE GAZETTE as the property of the students of the University."

H. McD. Scott, Senior, A. P. Seeton, Junior, and A. D. C. Fraser, Sophomore, were chosen as editors.

The following is an extract from the "Prologus," which still expresses the purpose of the GAZETTE, its relations to the students, and the sentiment of the editors :

"The GAZETTE is to represent the views of the students, to advocate their interests, and strive in all things to cultivate that love and intensify that sympathy that should exist between Alumni. The editors are to be little more than judicious censors, to select wisely what shall be published, to endeavour, in a new sense, to practice the art of putting things, and by worthy service hope to earn the praise of being faithful exponents of students' views. If among much that may prove dull there be found some sparkling pleasure or wholesome goods let it expiate the faults. When you find many blemishes learn to avoid them, and ere you condemn produce a work more faultless, while we timidly suggest the words of Horace :

'Carmen sequar, ut sibi quisvis Speret idem, sudet multum frustra que laborat, Ausus idem.'

Thus was inaugurated the DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, which with varying success has fearlessly declared and maintained ever since the will of the students.

### PREVENTION, NOT CURE.

The many discoveries made within recent years in medical science have all been more in the direction of securing a "preventive" rather than a "cure" medicine. These discoveries may be called "innovations," but not one of them has, as yet, proved a failure. Their adoption on a larger and broader scale is what the country needs and is waiting for.

The science of sanitation and the art of *preventing diseases* are subjects of paramount importance to every student of medicine. Since five or six years, new scientific measures and methods have been coming into use. Chief among these have been antitoxin for diphtheria, the public supervision of tuberculosis, the bacteriological diagnosis of diphtheria (brought to a good workable state in this province by Drs. Reid and Hattie, of Halifax), the blood tests for typhoid, the inspection of milk (a most important departure), the inspection of the cows from which the milk is produced, the cleaning of the streets, the removal and disposal of garbage, the medical inspection of children, (see "Relation of the Medical Profession to School Education," Dalhousie Gazette, Feb. 1898), and the wholesale destruction of rear tenements and condemned buildings, as in Boston last year. These are some of the new "remedies" and methods that are rapidly supplanting the old standards, and that are bringing about altogether a new science for the treatment of and combating with diseases.

The improvement made in the sanitation of our cities within these years has been very marked. The health boards of every city have been clearing up, investigating, examining food, buildings, city's waste, and keeping their eye on communicable diseases in a way quite unknown before. Health laws are passed and rigidly enforced. Consumption, typhoid and diphtheria are particularly and closely watched. Every precaution is taken against the spread, ever so slight, of these diseases. The result of these "preventive medicines" is that there is hardly a disease in which the death rate is not decreased. In New York City it is estimated that 1000 lives are being saved yearly from the ravages of diphtheria alone, and that the deaths from consumption average 500 a year less than there used to be. (These and some other figures are from the *Post Almanac*, New York.) Two years ago, Dr. Reid, then Medical Superintendent of the Victoria General Hospital, stated to the writer that that year some 10 or 12 cases of diphtheria were prevented in this province as a result of the bacteriological diagnosis already referred to.

The great death danger of any city is the mortality among children under five. This brings up very much the death rate. In London, the healthiest great city in the world, the death rate of infants under five is 60 in 1000, the total rate being about

18. Thus considerable attention is now being paid to the guarding of young children's lives, by better sanitary regulations, cleaner streets and homes, the thorough inspection of milk and the establishment of "Fresh Air Funds." In Boston, last year, the decrease in infant mortality was given at about 25 per cent., which is most significant.

In all the large cities of the Eastern States, slums, rookeries, and untenable tenements abound. These are hot-houses, not only of vice and crime, but of every form and type of disease. For the past two or three years health officials are legislating strongly against them. Their extinction is only a question of a few years. Houses are being examined, condemned and torn down. The slum districts are being properly looked after, and a careful oversight kept of their residents. This has marked already an improvement in the health of the cities, a development of healthy men and women.

While the student does well to know all the "cure" medicines within the range of medical science, yet will he fail to fulfil the higher objects and attainments of his profession if he neglects to teach the people the simple art of caring properly for their own health. *That* is the ounce of "prevention" that is worth the pound of "cure." JULIUS VERDE, '00.

#### DALHOUSIANS ABROAD.

DEAR SIR,—The letters which the GAZETTE has been publishing from Dalhousians abroad have so interested me that I would like to do my share to encourage your board to develop this department; I am inspired more by the hope that my example may prompt others to uncover themselves than that any new thing can come from such a world-centre as Paris. Surely its boulevards and public buildings, almost all of which, if followed with sufficient pertinacity, find their origin in some royal palace or monument, are too well known to need comment. Exception must of course be made in the case of the magnificent structures which have arisen to commemorate the expositions of the past three decades, reaching a climax in the permanent art structures now being erected to adorn that of 1900.

Of perhaps more interest to us as students, Paris is now able to offer a new university and in new quarters. The immense whitestone Sorbonne, still busy with mason and carpenter, is a reminder that its government and regulations are just as new, for, apart from the numerous adjoined colleges, it may be well taken as representing the new University of Paris.

Until very recently there was but one university in France, including in its control the faculties of Paris, Lyon, Marseilles, etc., etc., but a tendency to localize has substituted for the old

University of France as many different universities as there were previously so-called faculties.

Into these separate institutions are admitted all those who have reached the "bachelier," who then become candidates for next degree of "licencié." These degrees have no exact counterpart in America but, if the average age of their attainment is a good indication, then, supposing the French boy to possess the same intellectual strength of our maritime province student, the 'bachelier' is a good equivalent to the sophomore in his dying days, while the 'licencié' will represent a good M. A. degree. Only those who have taken their 'bochelier' can secure the 'licencié,' and finally rise to 'docteur.' This, it will be seen, makes it very difficult for American graduates to obtain their doctorate in Paris, and perceiving that on this account the German institutions were attracting the great majority of their cousins from across the sea, the authorities have very recently instituted a new doctor's degree, conferring no rights in France and especially conditioned for foreign students. What the standard of this new grade is, would be difficult to say, for it has not yet been awarded; the claim, however, is that only the advanced specialists can hope to secure it.

Once inside the Sorbonne all is regularity and order or, in the words of the student, "red tape." The interest to a stranger centres in the appearance of the inmates, whether from the novel head of the minor poet to the slouchy velvet garb of the painter or sculptor or, speaking for the mathematical department, from the elderly professor, who, regardless of the presence of a hundred auditors, wanders in his 8 a. m. lecture from mystery to mystery, his dress-suit hinting of an all-night preparation, to the sprightly young 'professeur suppléant,' who in his afternoon conference gives signs of insanity when a question by a humble student gives to him alone evidence of utter incomprehension.

These are the two classes into which all the work is divided,—the 'cours,' to which all persons of all conditions are admitted free of charge, and which is, therefore, simply a public lecture, once or twice each week, on a single subject,—and the 'conference,' to which only matriculated students of the university are admitted, and in which the students themselves take a more or less prominent part. But these conferences are really free to those whose previous rank entitles them to rank as 'bachelier' for the total fee, for all matriculates, including library rights, amounts to six dollars.

Under all these circumstances nothing whatever exists of a college spirit. Clubs or societies, religious, intellectual or athletic, are unheard of as in any way belonging to the student. These all come in the Lycees, where a boy usually spends nine

or ten years before reaching the 'bachelier.' Between these there exists a good deal of rivalry, and it is among them that the new rough games of football, hockey and cricket, imported a very few years ago from England, are making most headway, and it is here, therefore, that the hope exists of an adoption, some day, of the vigorous schoolboy life of the Anglo-Saxon boy.

MURRAY MACNEILL, M. A., '96.

16 *Villa de la Reunion,*

*Rue Charon Lagache, Paris, Jan. 23rd, '99.*

### EATING DINNERS AT THE TEMPLE.

(Continued.)

There are some old characters like Portly who incline to the former view and are known as the port wine men, the sauterne men, etc., respectively, who have acquired by prescriptive right the captaincy of certain seats, generally choosing for their mess-mates the young and unsophisticated who will not be likely to rebel against the usurpation; but almost invariably the opinion of the majority is taken and we, in this case, eschew the stupefaction consequent on "applying hot and rebellious liquors to our blood." "Look not upon the wine when it is red, my son," says Solomon, and we follow his advice and choose the light Rhine wine with its sparkle and its wit, like the rill in springtime that comes tumbling down from the sun-thawed ice above. The cellars of the Temple are not lacking in variety. Every Bencher, at his election, is expected to lay down a certain quantity of wine; the quality and choice are safely left to his own judgment and generosity. Port and hoc, sherry and sauterne, claret, marsala, burgundy and moselle. All these may be had on any ordinary day in term, while on "Grand Day" there is given in addition to the ordinary two bottles per mess, a bottle of champagne, besides an additional course upon the tables. Great is the feasting on these "Grand Days," and imposing the rank and number of the guests. Besides the purely legal names, we have had Prince Albert Victor, Prince Christian and many another royalty, with distinguished commoners galore. Last term we had the Prince of Wales; the distance from the hall to where his carriage stopped was covered with a tented corridor and carpeted below. The Prince is himself a Bencher, having been admitted a student, a barrister and a Bencher all in one day, many years ago, and arm in arm with Lord Coleridge, and followed by the other Benchers, he walked up the hall, so close to me that his gown brushed against my own. A bulky man he is and of middle stature, yet princely withal; what struck me most about him was the wonderful combination of affability and majesty, more compar-

able to one's idea of "Bluff King Hal" in his early days than any other of our monarchs.

When the glasses had been filled and "The Queen" drunk (this is an event that invariably happens on these occasions and the English are proud of it) Lord Coleridge, one of the wittiest of after dinner speakers, rose to propose the toast of H. R. H. It was not only our loyalty but our interest, he said, that compelled us to hope that H. R. H. would never listen to the occasional clamours against monarchy and retire from his present business, as if he did and were to open a shop in the Temple, it would be at the expense of many of us who would have occasion to wish that he were again a briefless barrister. After this the "loving cup" was passed around. There are two or three owned by the Inn, but the one used this night was a great gold bowl, or basin I might almost call it, with three handles, presented by the Prince himself. This goes around the hall, while all the diners, three at a time, assist in performance of the ceremony. The first of the three standing is the man who has just drunk; he stands to represent the hall, to whose health the second man, with his head so deeply buried in the bowl, is now drinking; the man below him standing is the man who has not drunk, and is therefore presumed capable, in case of an attack, of defending his friend, who is at present handicapped by the goblet. For in the good old days from which this custom dates, God did not always exercise His proverbial care for the fools and the drunken, as poor Edward the martyr found when he was stabbed while taking the stirrup cup from the hands of his stepmother, Elfrida. One more cup, but one too many, poor fellow. And in those old days there were not a few, perhaps, who took more than their health or purse could stand; even now there remain some of the old "2 bottle men." I have heard my grandfather tell of the days when he was young and it was the custom to break the stem from the glasses that every one should empty his glass at every round, otherwise it was an insult to the object of the toast, and many a time, in order to avoid offence, yet at the same time keep sober, he has emptied the best of good liquor into the tops of his Wellington boots. But I am glad to say that the days of heavy drinking are now past, and it is considered bad form to swill like swine. The quantity is in all conscience quite enough; two bottles of light wine or one of port, between four men, and on Grand Days a bottle of champagne besides, and at all times all the beer that you care to call for. Then, any member of the mess who infringes any one of the numerous punctilios of etiquette may be called on by the captain, as a fine, to furnish another bottle for the mess. One of the most stringent of these rules is that nobody may taste his wine until the captain has first given the signal. At that signal all raise



their glasses. The captain clinks glasses and hobnobs with number 4, opposite him, while numbers 2 and 3 perform the same ceremony. Then there is a diagonal hobnob between the captain and number 3, and numbers 2 and 4; lastly, between captain and number 2, and 3 and 4 and after that all drink and liquor is free, passing round the way of the clock from one to another in turn throughout the evening. This custom is not peculiar to the Bar, as I remember hearing a story of two officers who were left alone to dine in a large messroom, and preferred sitting together at one end to the unsociable plan of taking the top and bottom of the table; but the soldier servant, truer than they to the customs of tradition, insisted after filling the glass of Capt. A, on marching the round of the 20 ft. table in order to serve Lieut. B. I remember my first experience of these little rules of etiquette was on my first night in the Hall, when I fell into a mess consisting of a very mixed set indeed—a negro, an almond-eyed celestial and an Oxford freshman. I was innocently raising my wine glass when I was called to order by the horrified Chinaman, who pointed out the heinousness of the offence I had been on the verge of committing. I am not likely to forget an incident so impressive and which delineated so well the intense cosmopolitanism of the Temple, where a barbarian could teach a Roman how they do at Rome. There are representatives from most of the outworks of the Empire. From India, Mahometans, Hindoos and Parsees, men from China and Japan, Cape Colonists and negroes from the west coast of Africa. Except for these latter, the colored contingent are very temperate, the strict Mahometan drinking no wine at all. They are, except the negroes, intellectual, always taking their share of the prizes, while one year a Bengalee took the highest honors at the Temple. They are mostly fragile and of unathletic build, but many of the Hindoos have faces remarkably handsome, finely chiseled and of the purest Arian type. It is a wonder to me that so few of our own English-speaking colonists come home to study at the fountain's source; of the self-governing colonies there is none except the Cape that systematically send its sons to England; and yet there is no step that will more thoroughly conduce towards the looked for federation of the Anglo-Saxon race, than that all the daughters.—Canada, Australia, and eldest and mightiest of all, the United States herself, should come and learn their lessons at the mother's knee. Both parties would derive some benefit. The Anglo-Saxon at home would imbibe some of the energy and go-aheadedness of the trans-Atlanticee, the raciness and freshness of thought blown in by the west winds, while the Anglo-Saxon abroad might take back with him to transplant beyond the ocean some acorns of the oaks that have stood so many centuries of wind and weather, not to speak

of the broadening of the mind, a liberal education in itself, that he will gain by comparing his own square block and section and township, themselves no simpler than the laws which control their transfer, formed by the genius of the 19th century where it had scope to roam, unfettered by the links of by-gone ages, with those links as they were forged by each succeeding century and have now, by a perhaps even greater genius, been hammered over to suit the requirements of the times. Look around this very Hall; the oak plants that form the walls are everywhere divided into squares of shields 10 deep or so in height, and ranging the full length of the Hall; in every one of these shields is the coat of arms of some one or other who has been great in the annals of the Temple. In the painted windows up above are the shields of the Lord Chancellors of England; and what changes does that long array portend. From Bracton, the old Norman Lawyer, or even from Bacon and Coke to our own times, how elastic must have been the system of our law, and how full of force the genius of those ancestors who formed it. See the gallery up above where the band has just discoursed us "The Roast Beef of Old England" and "The Gondoliers," and where our lady friends on Call Days come down to see us don our wigs for the first time; that huge oak screen, over which they bend so eagerly, was made from the wood of the Armada; up on the dias at the Bencher's end is the portrait of the Lady Queen who ruled us in those troublesome times from which we date religious freedom. In the centre hangs Vandyke's famous portrait of Charles I. on horseback, and near him his son James II., both unwilling landmarks of liberty, while not far away you see the obstinate old farmer, whose attempts once again to shackle freedom severed the Anglo-Saxon race. There are also other royalties and a bust, more modern, of the Prince of Wales in a dress suit, contrasting strangely with the knightly armour on the walls. It is not common to see the Prince of Wales "on a bust;" the American Press is misleading on this point. But enough of history, once more again to dinner, for the meats have been removed and the sweets appear; here there is no choice, tarts every day. In the Michaelmas term, which covers the month of November, and the Hilary term, which nearly coincides with January, it is apple tart; in the Easter term it is rhubarb; in the Trinity term, gooseberry. Only on Sundays is there a change; then, during every term there appears a stern looking spherical object, something like a cannon ball, but flattened at one end. It is called a plum pudding, and the recipe dates from the days of good Queen Bess, possibly some of the puddings, also. In many of the professions in England, such as the army and navy, before the candidates are permitted to attempt the examination, that is, to show their intellectual fitness for the position,

they are required to pass a medical test. At the Bar, too, physical endurance is necessary. A lawyer must be able to stomach anything, so we also have a physical test,—these puddings. For my own part I always liked them very well, and like Oliver Twist, came for more, but for those of weaker digestion they have proved a stumbling block to many, and I understand the reason why so many of the Templars volunteered and fought so bravely for their country against King Philip was that they felt that the inquisition itself could have no tortures worse than that prepared by their own cooks at home. The favorite sauce with these puddings, and one which tends to assist digestion, is a glass of port, which chiefly on this account is the wine almost always chosen on Sundays. Before we have mastered the pudding the marshal comes round for our "tickets." At a little office beyond the gowning room there stands for 10 minutes before 6, on each evening in term, an usher who, in consideration of 2 shillings a piece of current coin of the realm with a beautiful engraving of Her Majesty—beware of imitations as the patent medicine advertisements say—will give you little squares of paper with the Middle Temple crest, a lamb carrying a cross, and the legend "Dinner Ticket, not Transferable," thereupon inscribed. This is certainly the cheapest 2 shillings (50 cents) dinner that can be got anywhere in London. It is supposed that the actual cost price of the dinner is about this figure, while the wine and beer are thrown in free by the Temple to its members. It is partly for this reason, no doubt, as well as for the society's sake, that so many barristers, even those of advancing years, especially if they are bachelors, dine so often at the Temple, whose hospitable doors are open to its members, past and present, whenever they may choose to enter. Our captain collects the dinner tickets or 2 shillings in default, while we all in turn, from the captain down, sign our names upon a slip of paper supplied by the marshal, while the ticket defaulter has in addition to sign his name at the back, the default subjecting him to a possible letter of reprimand from the treasury office, though I never personally knew of this being done. It is by these slips of paper that the Inn keeps a record of the number of dinners eaten by each student. They are transferred to a book which is then sent up to the treasury office, and may be inspected by any student who wishes to know how he stands. For twelve terms, *i. e.*, three years' dinners must be regularly eaten by the ordinary student, though by the new regulations the winning of studentship or honors will exempt him from two terms. It is now nearly seven. A student may not leave the Hall until the Benchers rise and grace is said, unless with special permission; but M wants to leave early to go to the theatre; he sends up his card to the Chief Bencher with a request that he may leave.

The waiter comes back grinning with the required permission given verbally. "Can't she wait," was what his lordship had said. There is always the best of good feeling between bench and bar. Soon after M's departure the bang of the marshal's staff is again heard, and when the after grace has been said the Benchers all walk out by the opposite aisle. As they go the diners clap and cheer them, and when anyone particularly popular is seen his name is shouted out.—Day! Hawkins! Hawkins! Last of all walks the latest chosen to the honor of the bench, Mr Justice Henn Collins; an honor to one of its members is an honor to the Temple, and he is given an ovation. Just before reaching the door, he turns round, smiles and bows, then leaves amid deafening applause. If we were to follow them we should find them in a cosy chamber hung with pictures and engravings, among them one of the Prince of Wales and all the Benchers of his day. There they sit and while away an hour over the walnuts and the wine. As a reason for the Benchers leaving before the students, while the latter still sit over their wine, it has been somewhat wickedly suggested that the Benchers of old were not as a class noted for that sobriety that distinguishes their present successors, and it was not thought to be well for the morals of edification of the younger generation to see their elders after the first bottle had been emptied.

After they have left we talk on all the subjects of the day, while the circling decanter serves to lubricate our lips. When will Lord Salisbury appeal to the country and how will the elections go? Oh, the tories are going to get in again, says one; they are the only square party. Square peg in a round hole more likely, retorts G scathingly. There are some of our own set going to sacrifice themselves on the altar of patriotism, so we feel personally interested; we always like to see a friend win, even if he is on the wrong side. The London County Council elections come off in March, and that will serve to gauge the London sentiment. We must go and help Temple who will have a hard fight in Finsbury district against Lord Rosebery.\* The radicals pretend to be down on titles.

"A *primrose*\* by the river's brink  
A simple *primrose* is to them  
And it is nothing more."

But for all that I fear we shall find it tell against us.

The mess below us are discussing religion; there is Lalkaka, a Parsee, one of a race descended from the ancient Persians, eloquently vindicating his faith from the charge of fire-worshipping. With a simpler faith, he says, than other men, they worship the one God and only bow before the elements as an

\* Lord Rosebery's family name is Primrose.

act of homage to the Great Creator, who Himself may not be seen. We join in the discussion and sociably exchange our wines. A lighter tone prevails; the examinations, the theatres, the actresses, the sensations of the day, the latest divorce case, "all hot," as the Fleet Street newsboys say. We lightly finger every dish.

But even when most spicy, the conversation of the Temple has a flavor of intellect that preserves it from vulgarity; the coarse humor of the mob has as little affinity about it as has the tobacco that they smoke and chew, with the delicately scented dish of snuff that is now making its way down the table just above us; for this old custom of taking snuff, so rarely seen outside, still obtains within the Temple. The box in which it comes is of old wood and quaintly carved. On it are cut the words

"From  
I. B.  
to  
I. N."

It was a present from Isaac Barrow, the great divine, to Isaac Newton, the great natural philosopher, and subsequently came into the possession of the Temple. This box does not come below the top table; but never mind, there is old Hume, we can get our snuff from him. No story of the Temple would be complete without mention of old Hume, who, with his bent form, sharp little eyes and white, palsy-nodding face, is quite one of its characters; man and boy, he has been there for 60 years; for a long period he has been clerk to Sir Thomas Chambers, the Recorder of the City of London, and as so many of the leading barristers' clerks are, he is also a servant of the Temple and head waiter in the Hall. Whenever a mess leaves a bottle unopened, old Hume pounces down upon his perquisite and retails it at high figure to some other mess of more bibulous persuasion; and on call day he expects "a tip that must not have been coined in any but the royal metal, or its 'gowd' of any but the guinea stamp." He knows every student well, and when that student's three years' term is at its close, old Hume and his snuff-box will not be found far off. Let's call him up and ask him for a pinch and listen to his stories of "me and Sir Tummus." "Are you going to the Lord Mayor's show, Mr. Hume?" "Never going again." "Why, what's the reason for that?" "Well, you see, gentlemen, the last time me and Sir Tummus went to the Lord Mayor's show there was Dick Whittington and his cat and Barnum and his circus, and all such tom-foolery, and we was drivin' in our big black coach, and all the people was admirin' when 'Why, what's this 'ere a comin,' 'Arry?' sez one. 'Ain't them the babes in the wood?' 'Gar on yer bloomin' juggins,' says t'other, 'them's nothing but

two blighted corpses in a 'earse," and that's the reason, gentlemen," wound up Mr. Hume with dignity, "why me and Sir Tummus never goes to the Lord Mayor's show now." There was a laugh, more at the teller than the tale, but Hume was not a safe man to ridicule, as the undergraduate soon found. "Pretty busy looking after jailbirds at the Old Bailey now?" he asked. (The Recorder's clerk would be on duty often at the central criminal court.) Old Hume, who, though proud of the friendship of Sir Thomas Chambers, did not relish the allusion to his menial capacity, and besides objected to the tone of the question, replied stingingly, though in his usual suave drawl, "before you get sleeves to your gown, young gentleman, you may know more of the Old Bailey than you do now; it is easier to look after gaol birds there than fools here." Old Hume, satisfied with his Parthian shot, retired with dignity. So did the youth, but very silently, while we, having finished our wine and laughed at his discomforture, soon followed his example. One moment's pause on the way out, to look at the board with the names of the applicants for call during the ensuing term, and the list of the studentship and honor men and those who had passed in the late examinations, and then, leaving our gowns behind, we stood once more beneath the starlight in Fountain Square. Down in the Common Room to have some coffee, and then we separated for our respective homes, with the mutual resolve to have another such a jolly dinner together in the future.

BRIEFLESS BOB

#### REMINISCENCES.

*Scene: J. H. A.'s Room: Morris Street. Time: 7.15 p. m.*

J. H. A., who has been lying on the bed, jumps up, "I say, Dave, how would this do for a start?" "Mr. chairman, ladies and gentlemen, that erudite, astute and impartial metaphysician, Kant, prognosticates with considerable introspection." (Dave): "Hold on, now, J. H., don't think you are addressing the congregation or Y. M. C. A." (Rap, rap.) "Oh, come in, Henry—sit down. Now look here, Monroe, why don't you come into this debate?" (Monroe): "Now, see here boys, I haven't the time; I must finish Euripides to-morrow and Aristophanes Friday. Oh, by the way, J. H., I saw a great article down town in the *Times* on the 'Philosophical attitude of Zoroaster to Pantheism,' (picking up a copy of Longley's 'Love.') Oh, that book makes me tired; (rap, rap.) Come in, Deacon." (Deacon): "Well, I dunno. Say, Dave, lend us your skate straps?" (Dave): "Alright, but you needn't hurry." (Deacon): "Oh, I must catch the 7.15. Good day." (Goes out.)

(J. H. A.): "Now there goes a clever boy, but it shows the defects of our system. We fellows plug and plug and these

crammers get there just the same. (Rap, rap.) Good-night, Roy, sit down, sit down." (R. D.): "Thanks. Did Al. call here?" (Dave): "No, but sit down." (R. D.): "Come on Dave for a walk." (They go out.) (Lady calls from down-stairs, "Two gentlemen, Mr. Anderson.") (J. H. A.): "Show them up. Oh, good-night Messrs. Bentley and Pasea, sit down." (Mr. P.): "Thank you, we won't stop. We came in to see what you think of a college 'At Home'?" (Monroe): "Rats; we better pay for the first." (J. H. A.): "That's true, that's true, and this Acadia debate is going to cost." (Pasea): "Yes; you'd be better plugging." (Monroe): "I think honour men had better give up debates and 'At Homes' and get to work plugging." (Pasea): "Yes, and don't you think, Henry, they had better 'get up' too, and out of bed, I mean in the morning." (Bentley): "Come, Pasea, if we have to call at the Earncliffe before we go to Miss ———, time we must move." (B. and P.): "Good evening, boys."

Scene: The Earncliffe. Messrs. Roach, Faulkner and King's room.

One group seated at a round table. Various gentlemen in various attitudes on various beds, some seated about on chairs, tables and bureaus.

(Watson): "Your play." (Elmore): "Trick." (King): "Now Jamaica do your duty." (Fulknr): "Say, R-c-h-e, are you going to-night?" (R—ch): "No, I want to plug. I'm going to work. I wish you fellows had rooms that were agreeable to your company." (Stormee, from the bed): "Oh, dear, I must get up some history, to-night." (Fulknr): Well, get at it, quick." (Rap, rap.) "Good night, Bntly; helloa, Psa." (Fulknr): "I hear you fellows miss the telephone over there?" (Bntly): "Well, four times already." (Fulknr): "How do you like it?" (Psa): "Well, there's no use, a fellow can't plug in a crowd; talk of residential colleges. Why we wouldn't plug at all at one." (Fulknr): "Well, see here boys, that's so; I believe a fellow should board alone. How many times have you been out this week? I've got five bids for to-night, and had three last night; it's awful, isn't it?" (Elmore): "Say, Jack, how are you getting on in French? reading the extra?" (Bentley): "I don't know, are you?" (Elmore): "Think I will. Play. I wonder who took that bell?" (Bentley): "Huh! you don't know, do you?" (Stormee): "Well, it was a ——— good trick, and I think F. A. and Grasse know something about it." (Fulknr): "No, it was like painting the college doors; the faculty are on the wrong track. I am certain it was not Jimmy B., because everyone would know it by this time. Come on boys, let's be off, it must be half-past now."

"All the world a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

### "CONFESSIONS OF A FOOTBALL FORWARD."

Oh, reader, while standing round the ropes gazing upon two opposing fiftens, it may perchance have occurred to you that a forward has but little to do, and less to contend with than any individual engaged in the game. But follow me for a time and I shall try to set before you some of their trials, and shew you that it is little wonder why at times (and it occurs but seldom), you will see a small group of two roll and toss on the turf after the scrim has broken up, and the ball is far away; or a hand pushed menacingly into the face of some one of the opposing team, or indeed any kind of *peculiar* work going on, all of which gets the name of "*scragging*."

As soon as the athletic field has become fit to play on after the wet months of spring, the mind of the city athlete or student lightly turns to that better game which is to follow in the autumn, and he immediately braces himself, and asks: "What condition am I in?" Now, each player may be occupied differently during the summer; he may be a man who follows a profession, he may be a bank clerk, he may be a theolog on a mission, or he may follow one of many pursuits; be that as it may, the feeling, I think, is the same. As for me, I can only give the experience of one who is occupied with a railroad concern and who has but little time to train.

Each spring, after I had fairly recovered from the strain of the examinations, the joy of passing, or the chagrin of a pluck, I would begin to get my *muscles up* in whatever way presented itself. One way always stood open, and that was the morning run. Although standing most of the day and working late at night, I would leave strict orders to wake me one hour and a half before I went to work, which was very early. Strange though it may seem to those who know me best, often when the party came in to call me I was already in my yellow and black and away, yes, running through the streets of one of the largest cities of the New England states. 'Tis well for me that I knew the *cops* on the route or I might have suffered some inconvenience, and indeed when a strange one did appear he would often call to me, whereupon I would increase my pace, and he not disposed to follow, would content himself by watching me from afar, thinking perhaps, I was an awful fool. What his thoughts were I did not stop to enquire, nor did I stop to ask the early rising citizen what he thought, but passed by, and hurried back to the nice cold bath that awaited me, which I enjoyed very much indeed, and after which a good steak quickly disappeared. This was the routine for every fine morning, and I was always wishing the time had arrived when I could be back among the boys having a kick at the ball. The time flew quickly by, and almost before I could realize the truth the time

had again arrived for me to start for Halifax. Without regret, for there are many pleasant associations; besides I always had a knack of hoping that the new season would prove more fruitful than the preceding. But alas, I have been doomed four times to disappointment, and at last stand defeated, and without a chance of seeing success perch on the banner of the team which I supported.

The season being now open, the boys begin to get out on the field, some to watch while others endeavour to show "the will-be captain" and executive that they have ability. Sometimes it is only an endeavour for very often instead of proving ourselves to be a formidable foe, we show ourselves to be horrible failures, and the little plans we had formed the season before while watching the different teams play are knocked in the head, and we find it not quite so easy to *star* as is generally supposed. However, if we give up the idea of getting a place on the team we begin to throw out suggestions. If we have played before, we inquire what new material is taking our place; sometimes we are pleased, but much more frequently we shake our head, at the same time expressing our doubts for the success of the team. But on the other hand, if the officers think that this man may be trusted to fill a place, whether he is an old player or new, he at once makes up his mind to discharge the trust imposed in him as well as his strength will permit. Let me enumerate some of the resolutions formed by a conscientious forward, as I can only speak of them. He resolves first that he will miss as few practice matches as possible and the carrying out of this resolution often gives him much anxiety, frequently having a lecture at the same time as practice, thus he must choose between playing football and attending lectures, by which he is afterwards to make his bread. If he is sitting under a professor who sympathizes with football players and whom the boys call a good fellow, he is often granted indulgences. If, on the other hand, he is under one who sees no fun in the game, then it is either a case of *slope*, petition the faculty to change the hour of lecture, get plucked, or what is sometimes the most difficult for a true admirer of the game, give up the idea of playing. But, suppose all things being favourable, he has time to practice on whatever side he is placed, whether on the first team or the second, he makes up his mind that the player opposing him must play hard to hold his place; this feeling is particularly peculiar to a player on the second team, he has everything to gain by it, whereas a first team man has only to hold his place. I speak from experience. When a Freshman, I played on the second team, oft times opposing some of the best players Dalhousie ever had, and if I could hold my opponent even for a time, I thought I was playing the whole game. But I have found since then that it required experience

in a scrimmage as well as in any part of the game. The notion of holding my own in the scrim has stuck to me, and whether going into a practice or opposing our most worthy foe, I always measure my man before beginning, resolving at the outset to let the other side "heel out" the ball rather than lose one inch of ground by being pushed back. I think a forward should hold his own weight with ten additional pounds, and whether he is in the front line or not he should brace himself to the occasion. If he is in a back line being always ready to back the man in front. There is nothing more unpleasant to a man in the front line after getting into a good position where he is able to hold his man than to find himself hurried backward by the rush of the opposing forwards, while his own backs are not there to support him, or if they were there cannot feel them hold one pound. On the other hand, there is nothing more pleasing to a man in the front line than to feel the men behind him come into the scrim with a bound while the men opposing are driven back, the ball snatched out behind and at least you have gained ten yards.

It is really surprising how you become attached to the man who plays by your side, he is your companion in weal or woe, there you are together tightly gripping each other, and as the small boy puts it, "pushing for all you are worth," you hear his little murmur and you see his best attempts; if he fails you feel with him; if he says "heave," you put your whole strength in the fray, sometimes breaking through the opposing team together or clasped in a fond embrace on the ground with a struggling mass of humanity on your backs.

These are not the only trials in a game of Rugby; it is a gentleman's game and you are supposed to abide by the rules. How fortunate for most that it is; and how closely the rules are observed! no one caring to break them or in any way earn for himself the name of a "dirty" player. How unpleasant it is during the heat of the game to have an opponent's knee or elbow, or in fact any hard point of bone brought forcibly in contact with your nose, eye, ear, or any tender organ of which you take particular care! If this does happen, you cannot retaliate at once, if at all. But there are few players who do not at once set themselves to watch for a chance to return the compliment, taking advantage of the first opportunity of sending his elbow back in the face of his opponent. Yet it must not be done openly, and you must be very ready to beg his pardon, and make a pretense of all being well. Nothing seems so funny as to see a player send his elbow at your pet eye, you get your head out of the way, and then he begs your pardon; you grant his request but you know it was well meant, and govern yourself accordingly.

And now, when the game is over, whether the main part of the fighting was done by the forwards or the half-backs it is the

same, the poor slow old forward may have made a good dribble, a good pass back, or some other little gain, but he is seldom made mention of. Those same forwards are the most abused men on the field often straining until they are ready to drop, then break away, run back ten or twenty yards and scrim again through the stupidity or bad play of some half. This is not always the way, the play during '98 was particularly free from this; our halves always making gains or bringing the ball up to where we were, which was very gratifying to all forwards.

And now in conclusion, whoever may have the honour of defending old Dalhousie on the football field in the forward line, take the advice of one who has played eighty-seven practice matches and thirty-eight matches, always try and hold the man opposite, even supposing he be twenty pounds heavier.

A FORWARD.

#### LIBRARY NOTES.

"Ninety and nine, just persons."—Luke xv, 7.

"Anni bis quinque consumebantur; desiderium nostrum nondum habemus. Sancti Georgii ævum aureatum quis reducet?"—MECANIUS, *De Immobilitate Dallusie*, l. iii, c. xi.

LOOKING FOR AN INVESTMENT.—The class which graduates this year has set a fine example. By a system of direct taxation imposed upon themselves, by themselves and for the college, they have accumulated the tidy sum of Two Hundred Dollars paid in and banked; and this they will turn over to the Librarian on graduation. This has been done without fuss, without parade, in the steady Dalhousie way; and though they may not like this paragraph, their good deed deserves public recognition in our little world. It is a good deed and it will encourage the others.

"The enemies of {<sup>'99</sup> Caesar } shall say this  
Then in a friend it is cold modesty."

They are in some difficulty what to do with it. Several suggestions have been made as to its disposal. Some say "Fund it, and let the interest go to buy new books for some department in *saecula saeculorum*." Others want to make it the nest-egg of a building fund for the library that *must* come one of these days, as soon as we get our new chairs of geology and biology, the field, and a few little things like that. Perhaps the best idea is the Librarian's, to complete the *Dictionary of National Biography*, though there is a set nearly down to date in the Legislative Library. If this is acted on there will still be a balance; and there are, to the practised

eye, plenty of yawning gaps in our shelves. We have no complete Pope; the fine edition by Courthope should be in our library. We have none of Stevenson's essays. The beautiful "Thistle" edition of his works, consisting of twenty-two volumes, can be had for about forty dollars. We want the Centenary Carlyle, the Scott-Douglas *Burns*, (*necessities* in a college "founded on the model of Edinburgh"). We want the *Tudor Translations*, while in the department of Shakesperiana a long list of desirable books could be made out. Harper's edition with Abbey's illustrations and Lang's introductions is well worth having. Then there is Child's *Ballads*, a monumental work which could be got bound, now that the work is finished, for about \$45.00, which is less than the cost of the parts separately. We want a complete Ruskin, the new Byron, the new Saintsbury Swift. There is no difficulty in suggesting books wanted.

MORE SUGGESTIONS.—In modern languages, such a series as the Weimar *Goethe*, the first correct and complete edition of the great German, would be an imposing monument to a class. Then there is, for German students, the more generally useful *Deutsche National Litteratur*, a large, well edited, and low-priced series, embracing the chief works in German literature, and consisting of over 150 volumes. In French, the *Grands Ecrivains Français* would be highly desirable. The need of good new dictionaries in this department is great.

STILL MORE.—To revert to works of reference. It is possible to get complete sets of the great reviews, the *Nineteenth Century* for instance, at a moderate price. *Notes and Queries*, Murray's Dictionary, full sets of historical, chemical, physical, classical publications, and *Transactions* of learned societies may be had in London "good cheap" and are all needed.

THE MORAL.—It is more than doubtful if another college in Canada practises the Dalhousie plan of class memorials. The library has no fund to support it. If it grows, it grows by gifts; and the only steady growth is by the free gifts of the students themselves. It is a generous thing to do; and it gives every student who passes through Dalhousie an interest in what is really the heart "of the machine," which will only increase as years go by; and which will undoubtedly bring in more and larger gifts in years to come, as our graduates take their places in the world. A college library can never be too large, too well equipped. If every

graduate is thoroughly indoctrinated with these notions, the future of the library is most hopeful.

Ninety-nine has done nobly. They will never repent it.

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#### MISSING BOOKS.

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THE Librarian requests the readers of the GAZETTE, who use the library, to look through their books and see if any books in the list below have become so deeply attached to their present surroundings that they delay their return to the dusty shelves of the library. Perhaps it is a little tiresome, year after year, to hear that without the assistance of every person who uses the library, it is impossible to make the library as useful as it might be. Yet it is true, so true that it can never die of age. Assistance in recovering missing books, in caring for the books, and in adding to their number, has been freely given in the past and will no doubt continue to be given in the future.

Last year's record was something to be proud of. Although about 3000 books were given out to students, and fully that many were consulted in the library, only 13 books, and 2 pamphlets, were reported missing at the end of the year. 4 books previously reported missing were recovered. Thus the net loss last year was 9 books and 2 pamphlets. The previous year it was 10.

Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, Vol. I.....	1. D. 16
Johnson : Life of Milton.....	1. G. 12
Arnold : Poems (Macaulay).....	1. H. 20
Carlyle : Lectures on Literature.....	2. E. 4
Foster : Decision of Character.....	3. D. 19
Shakespeare : Merchant of Venice.....	3. F. 28
Rutherford : First Greek Syntax.....	7. D. 19
Baird : Greek Word List.....	7. D. 31
Schiller : Thirty Years' War.....	12. F. 6
Nova Scotia Archives.....	15. D. 7
Seth : Ethical Principles.....	16. E. 32
Wallace : Outlines of Philosophy of Aristotle.....	17. H. 12
Hauff : Das Wirtshaus im Spessart.....	24. E. 18
Brachet : Elementary French Grammar.....	24. F. 45
Remsen's Chemistry (Brief Course).....	30. E. 13
Gray : Absolute Measurements in Elec. & Magn.....	31. D. 18
Hall : Differential and Integ. Calculus.....	33. D. 13
Defoe : Roxana.....	35. B. 13
Wilson : Tales of Border, XIX Vol.....	36. B. 29

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LITERARY.—We are glad to see that your reading is so wide that it embraces Keats and Bliss Carman. The difficulties you have encountered certainly demand elucidation, and we shall do our best to clear them up for you. You are in error regarding your first quotation :

“ — the low, sweet calling  
Of the bell-boy on the bar.”

It does not refer to the bar of the Halifax Hotel ; and you have made a slip in your spelling. It is *not* “boy,” but “buoy,” and has to do chiefly with water, while the other kind of “bell-boy” usually deals with something stronger, especially when he calls on the bar, never so low and softly.

Your interpretation of the second passage is really ingenious and brilliant :

“ Half ignorant, we turned an easy wheel,  
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.”

The poet did not have Dalhousie in mind, but the lines show that his prophetic vision foresaw our modern system of examiners and examinations. *Que voulez-vous ?*

HONOR CLASSICS.—The line that you suggest for the Ladies' Room, viz., “ — audetque viris concurrere virgo.”—An. I. 1493, is quite appropriate. We have spoken to the President about having it properly inscribed on the door plate.

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#### COLLEGE NOTES.

PRESIDENT and Mrs Forrest gave a most enjoyable students' At Home on the evening of February 10th.

JUST show us the man who called the GAZETTE a “yellow journal,” and there will be war right off, and without the usual formalities!

WHO says Dalhousie isn't a residential college? If not what means the tintinabulation that so musically wells from Tommy's little dinner bell?

THE students have all been interested in the criticisms and suggestions of the original and only W. B. E. He's a brick! Let's “make an editor out o' him.”

THE gymnasium classes are now in full swing, thanks to Sergt. Long and the powers that be. Every student who can possibly do so should avail himself of the exercise and training thus afforded.

THE Great Gong has taken a holiday. Let us hope and pray that this period of rest may cure it of its hoarseness, and that it will be more considerate of our ear drums when next it summons to classes.

SEVERAL students have been heard to express a wish that arrangements could be made to have the Arts Library open on at least one evening a week. Some of the pluggers must be getting *very* enthusiastic.

ON Monday, February 13th, Professor and Mrs. MacGregor entertained the young physicists of the college. Although the weather was forbidding, a goodly number were present and spent a very pleasant evening.

THE third match in the inter-class hockey series was played Saturday, February 9th, between the Seniors and Juniors. The latter were victorious by a score of five to four. Wood played the star game for the victors. The following were teams:—

<i>Seniors.</i>		<i>Juniors.</i>
Campbell	<i>goal.</i>	Forrest
Keith	<i>point.</i>	Douglas
L. McKenzie	<i>c. point.</i>	Wood
Cumming	}	Hebb
Barnes		Bentley
Anderson		Cunningham
Murray.		Rankine.

### Correspondence.

#### THE PROPOSED AMERICAN AND COLONIAL SETTLEMENT IN OXFORD, GREAT BRITAIN.

TRURO, N. S.

To the Editor of the Dalhousie Gazette:

DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure of reading this day the article in your February issue "On eating Dinners at the Temple." This is certainly a pleasant episode in the life of any member of the Bar, and the student who is sometimes called a "sucking barrister." As a member of Lincoln's Inn, and the former secretary of the Bar Committee of that Inn, I have enjoyed for more than half a life time the social and intellectual life of more than one of the Inns of Court. As an old member of the Temple, in which I have lived for more than forty years, I desire to thank the writer of the above article for his spirited and able description of the Middle Temple dinners. There is a slight difference in the four Inns of Court. If spared, I may give you a short article on my own legal home, Lincoln's Inn. I wish now to call the attention of your readers to two interesting and important things.

1. On the closing days of next August and the first week in September, a great meeting of lawyers and leading public men from every part of the world, will be held in the City of Buffalo, in the State of New York. The Bar of the United States has been entertained twice in London, at the Mansion House and the Guildhall, by the Lord Mayor, Sir Reginald Nanson, M. A., and by Lord Mayor Wheatham; and also in

Brussels, at the Nayne, at Cologne, at Berne, at Bremen, at Genoa, and elsewhere; and now the return visit upon the special invitation of the Bar of the United States, is to take place in Buffalo, N. Y. It need not be told Canadians that the Bar of the great nation, whose invitation we gratefully accept, will treat their guests, I was about to write in a right royal fashion, let me say as a great Columbian function. I shall be glad to give full particulars to any Canadian lawyer or public man interested in international law. I may be addressed for the present to the care of Judge MacLellan, Truro, Nova Scotia; or an application for membership may be made direct to our secretary, Alex. Scott, Esq., 33 Chancery Lane, London, Great Britain. The final meeting of the century is to be held in Paris, in the Republic of France. It will be without doubt a great event. I have the honor to be the representative of the late great publicist, Sir Francis Tinns, Q. C., and formerly Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford. At his request, and as the exponent of his views, in which I coincide, I have read two papers; one at the World's Fair, in Chicago, on "War," one at the meeting of the International Law Association, in Brussels, on "Arbitration," and my third paper is to be read at Buffalo, N. Y., on "Mediation and the Moral Sanction."

2. A project is on foot to establish in Oxford a settlement for America and the colonies of Great Britain. This is to be head quarters for address and other conveniences like the common rooms of our Inns of Court. Eminent men, professors and others, will give free lectures to those who may visit Oxford. The Oxford Times, the great paper of Oxford, read in all the colleges, is giving its columns to the support and establishment of this great and necessary movement. Oxford affords a great object lesson for the world. I trust that some wealthy person will come forward at once and put this enterprise on foot without delay. Any person who may be able and willing to help may send their contributions to me at the above address, and they will be duly acknowledged. I loved Dalhousie.

I remain, Dear Sir, yours truly,

FRED. JAS. TOMKINS, M. A., D. C. L.,

Barrister-at-Law of Lincoln's Inn, Counsellor-at-law of the United States Bar, Corresponding Member of the Historical Society of New York, one of the Council of the International Law Association, and formerly Professor of Mathematics and Nat. Phil. in Dalhousie College, etc., etc., etc.

DEAR GAZETTE,—You asked lately for views on the "residence" or "dormitory" system in Canadian colleges. Here are mine, given freely for what they are worth. The system is a flat failure.

1st—Because the leading colleges, the strongest, largest, best equipped, get on without it, viz., Toronto, McGill, Queen's,



Dalhousie, Victoria, Manitoba. Toronto really is not an exception. Her residence accommodates only forty of her 1,000 undergraduates, and those forty give more trouble than the other 960. I shall come back to this.

2nd—Because the only colleges which have it are second-rate, and they all find it a nuisance. It goes with compulsory chapel, being in at ten o'clock and things of that sort; it means bad food, high prices, frowsy, squalid rooms; in a word high-priced discomfort. Free contract gives more satisfaction.

3rd—It makes the relations between students and faculty the very reverse of cordial and sympathetic; it is a fruitful source of scandal and trouble. In Toronto twenty years ago the residence was an open sore. The authorities tried to cure it. They turned out the old men. One, a graduate who had no business there, they had to evict by process of law. Their efforts have been in vain. It is said the last state is worse than the first. In one N. S. college it is currently reported that the authorities flare not set foot in their own building. It is no use raking up old scandals, but everyone knows that the tone of the residential colleges is favorable to idleness and dissipation, if not to vice and immorality. There have been more ugly stories about little happenings in residential colleges under the strictest denominational control than about those under the free system of Scotland, France and Germany, where residences are unknown.

4th—Because, though it is supposed to foster college spirit, the devotion of students to non-residential colleges is at least as great. Talk to a Queen's man, for instance, if you want to know what "bigoted *almamaterist*" means.

5th—Because it does not make scholars, the chief reason for the existence of any college. What Canadian residential college has fifteen graduates this year taking graduate courses in France, Germany and the United States, as Dalhousie has? Ho-It.

### College Societies.

PURSUANT to notice, the regular semi-annual meeting of the General Students took place in the Munro Room at 7.15 p. m., February 17th, President McMillan in the chair.

The chief business was the election of Financial Editor of GAZETTE. It was moved by Murray, A. H. S., and seconded by Morrison, F. A., that Mr. A. M. Hebb be re-elected. Carried unanimously.

Mr. Davis moved, seconded by A. M. Hebb, that this meeting empower the ladies of the University to appoint two lady editors to the GAZETTE, and that this be entered in the constitution of the General Students' meeting next year. Carried. Mr. Munro then said that he thought the remuneration of the Financial Editor of the GAZETTE was insufficient, and that an increased percentage would incite the editor to boom the GAZETTE. Ho

then moved, seconded by G. Archibald, that Financial Editor's percentage be increased from 5% to 10%. Carried.

On February 5th another of those excellent Sunday afternoon lectures, which have become such a feature of the college, was delivered by Rev. E. D. Millar, of Yarmouth.

Dr. Forrest, in introducing the lecturer, referred to the fact that not only was Mr. Millar a graduate of the University, but that *he* also had the pleasure of "capping" a son of the lecturer. Mr. Millar's subject was "The Perennial Interest of the Bible."

The "interest" to which we refer is not the interest we have in the reading of a novel or any such work. It is that which awakens sympathy, attention and action. The word of God is interesting (1) from the revelation it makes. Man could not by himself have arrived at a knowledge of God. Science and art may suggest and offer analogies, but they do not give us anything real concerning the future or our relations to God. A revelation of God's Being and His relation to man is necessary. Science has done much for man, but it does not bring comfort to the sorrowing nor help to the great trials of life. Just at the point where the heart is trembling and the soul has lost hope, the words of life come bringing their message of love, peace and comfort. Men are as interested in the great problems of life and death to-day as ever. What am I? What is my relation to God? What is my destiny? Any words that can help us must be of supreme interest.

(2.) The Scriptures are interesting because of the present day problems with which they deal. Here we find dealt with such questions of Relations of Masters to Servants, Governments, Civil Service, Land Ownership, Social Problems, etc.

The relations of masters to servants are dealt with in the Old Testament, and more fully in the New. "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh, not with eye service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart pleasing God."

Masters, give to your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a master in heaven. What strikes might have been avoided, what troubles and disputes prevented, if the principles here laid down had been respected.

The lecturer in an interesting and pointed manner showed the teaching of the Bible with regard to each of these subjects, the practical significance of these principles to the people to whom they were delivered and their application to present day problems.

(3.) The Scriptures are interesting because of the authority with which they speak. No argument is given for the existence of God. In the manifestation of himself he simply declares: "I am that I am." The basis of the moral precept is, "I am the Lord thy God." The common people felt that Christ spoke with authority. Not the least impressive note of the genuineness of

the Scriptures is the authority with which they speak. To the student the Bible should be the most interesting of books, and the command that comes to us is to look to Christ, who is the joy and rejoicing of our hearts.

ON Friday, the 17th inst., the Sodales held a very interesting debate on the subject: "Resolved, that heredity exerts a greater influence on character than environment." The question was to have been debated on the Friday preceding, but unfortunately was postponed. Unfortunately, we think, because such a step seems to indicate inability on the part of the society to compete with outside attractions. However, the interest evidenced by the students in listening to the discussion would seem to show that the pleasures of intellectual contest are not altogether unappreciated. Mr. M. T. McLean opened the discussion, dealing with the physical and mental side of the character, and arguing for the strong influence of heredity recognized in disease and insanity. He was supported by Mr. Hallam, who appeared as a debater before the society for the first time. He dealt with the moral influence of heredity, pointing out its restrictive influence on the power of environment. Mr. Hallam made a very favorable impression, and although his logic was faulty at times, yet he showed coolness and considerable power of expression, and will doubtless after some practice develop into an able speaker.

The argument for environment was well advanced by Mr. T. A. Ferguson. He claimed that its influence, commencing as it does in infancy and continually affecting the individual from a new standpoint, was indeed far stronger than that of heredity, which he regarded as merely the means for the transmission of the effects of previous environment. Heredity affects the general traits of character, but environment, supervening upon the inherited faculties, emphasizes this side and suppresses that. Heredity gives indeed potentiality, but environment selecting what particular potentiality it pleases, actualizes it. The fact that a particular environment does not develop a character corresponding to it does not mean that it has no effect. Indeed in this case we may regard the effect as even greater, since the effort made in attempting to resist environment gives even a stronger tinge to character than the mere passivity of yielding.

In the absence of Mr. M. S. McDonald, who was to support Mr. Ferguson, the debate was thrown open, and some little discussion ensued. Mr. Fullerton read an interesting critique. On vote the meeting closed strongly in favor of heredity.

THE Rev. Jas. Falconer delivered a lecture before the Y. M. C. A. on the afternoon of Sunday, 19th. His subject was "The Young Patriot," and his remarks were based upon the return of the Jews to Jerusalem as told in Zechariah. It was Cyrus' zeal to restore the people that gave them the opportunity. To the

exiled Jew his Jerusalem was the abode of all that was pleasant; it was his earthly ideal, of which he sang and toward which he prayed. With high hopes they journeyed to the distant city, upheld in a perilous and toilsome march by the thought of the happiness awaiting them in the "city of their God." They approach the city; from the distance its shining temple is no longer seen. They enter its streets, across fallen walls, and nothing but desolation meets their eyes. Dashed are their hopes, and their spirits sink; despair seizes their hearts, until the good Zechariah comforts them with words of counsel. As he walks amongst the ruins of the walls he sees a young mechanic who measures for the site on which the restored walls shall stand. Alas, he follows the old lines, for the city will be only as it has been, a limited Jerusalem. The new Jerusalem knows no boundaries; the eternal decrees of God alone limit it.

Man should not limit himself by the past. Nations should not worship presidents. The servile clinging of Spain to the dead gone-by marks her inferiority; the policy of England alive to the future is her greatness. Canada herself is awakening to her own possibilities, and may she have leaders original, imaginative and moral.

Those who think the world is wise enough miss the fundamental instinct of man, that of progress. "Let us alone," they cry; we will no further roam. Wise men will have faith in the possibilities of their race, belief in the actuality of morality. A deadly sceptic chill is creeping near to the heart of our national life. Men play fast and loose with honesty. Witness our mercantile life, our politics, and deny it who can.

A wise man must have faith in human nature, but no less must he have faith in the church. As a practical man he will belong to the visible church, for the true church will let him grow, even as it grows itself, and has grown from the time of Luther down. Have hope; have faith. Failure in the past does not guarantee failure to come, only that success is hard to attain, and a measureless belief in the development of the intellect and moral nature of man is the belief of a wise man.

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### Dallusiensis.

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#### ARTS.

ON Ash Wednesday W. G.—t "was up to see the young ladies!"

PROF. OF MATH. (to Freshmen class)—"I know you are rather raw yet."

A FRESHMAN recently translated "*Ad neces civium*": "to the necks of the citizens."—Next!

NORTHFIELD DELEGATE (giving report)—"Lover's lane was shady and cool. Fellows, I was there only once."

Wanted. To purchase a pair of pants-stretchers. Anyone who will oblige me by information leading to the acquisition of the same may rest assured I will strike a proper balance.

SEE LEE.

PROF. OF CLASSICS—"What was Hercules doing in Hades, Mr. Lyons?"  
("Can you prove an alibi, Lyons?"—ED.)

FRESHMAN (reading wedding announcement)—"Mr. and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ will be at home on \_\_\_\_\_ Why, where are they now?"

NORTH-END Arch—bed-bu(r)ster (emerging from the debris)—"Get a hammer, quick, before the old woman comes up."

PROF. OF PHIL—"Give some tactual ideas, Mr. R-g-s."  
R-g-s—"Cat-o'-nine-tails."  
Prof. of Phi—"Yes, that is very touching."

ANYONE finding a new and up-to-date link chain will kindly return the same to L-I-C-k and receive a suitable reward. Said chain is thought to have been lost between Truro and Halifax. Identification will be easy as no one ever saw a chain before.

PROF. OF BOTANY—This plant circulated is very common. No doubt you have all often seen specimens of it. (The class seem to have never seen it.)

Prof. of Botany—That is strange, ladies and gentlemen, hogs often root up specimens.

SPEECH is the art by which man hides his thought,  
If thoughts are written then the meaning's clear;  
And Lozenges for conversation bought  
Are wisely bought when they are not too dear.  
So Ewen thought as shortly must appear,  
He searching in his pockets quite a while;  
The Lozenges at length appeared he sought,  
He fain would give it to her hight Miss \_\_\_\_\_,  
But she the boon refused, in spite, of Ewen's Smyle.

(SPENCELICE.)

#### LAW.

O—LAND (at piano)—"Do you sing 'Forever and Forever'?"  
Matter of fact young lady—"No, I stop for meals."

TER-AN—"Cameron is flippant. He can't be serious if he tries."  
O'C—nor—"Oh, yes he can. He is very serious when he tries to be funny."

PROF. MCIN-YRE is to be congratulated upon his recent production of "Shinder in der Cellar." It was a nice smooth performance and went without a "hitch."

NEW-COMER—"And did you make him take it back?"  
Hairless Wonder—"Ah, no, he turned out to be one of those fellows who would rather fight than eat."

MAT—SON of Richmond—"What did 'Maggie' say to your proposal?"  
Cam—ron—"She said she'd file it with the others, and when she got through with them she would consider it."

LAURIER (to wondering Pictou office boys)—"Boys, I tell you one kiss is worth a dozen love letters, and it cannot be produced in court, I tell you boys I know, I've been there." And the wind blew through his hair.

TIME, 1.30 a. m. SCENE, Morris Street.

She (rising)—"Don't you think it time you were going. You know I will see you again soon."

He—"Oh, fan sit down. It isn't late."

She—"Late, no! but if you don't hurry home you will meet yourself coming to call in the morning."

SCENE, basement: (guilty looking Freshman to janitor)—"Say, Doc., how much will you give me if I bring back that bell?"

Doc., (reaching for a poker)—"Git! I don't care a \_\_\_\_\_ (an adjunct to a water-mill) if it ever comes back."

A CORRESPONDENT writes signing himself "Greek," and asks if Mr. F—man and the Barrington Street tailor had come to an amicable settlement about the return of a pair of "pants." We do not know, the "Greek" is referred to the parties interested.

It is said that "Bunthorne's" photo, in which he "poses" as a Barrister-at-law (?) addressing an imaginary court is simply immense, and is quite satisfactory to him. He says that on his return home he will recommend Gauvin & Gentzell to all his friends, and down home they are legion (?).

FAW-ETT—"Say, McIn-yre, are you going to introduce any military figures in your dances this year?"

Prof. McIn-yre—"Well, yes, I think so."

Faw-ett—"I presume that means an increase in your fees, it is a diabolical shame."

Prof. McIn-yre—"Diabolical shame?"

Faw-ett—"Yes, you d— f—, that's correct, I know what I am talking about."

PHRESHYPHINNYMEDYKAL (to lady friend who has just returned from the door)—"You worked that pretty well. But, say! how did you manage to get rid of him?"

Lady friend (trying to put him off the track)—"Just told him that there were others."

And Phinn-y thinking she means "men" instead of "evenings" is greatly rejoiced, but P-w-r still has the field.

#### MEDICAL.

THE "fat rat" came back.

MR. P—R.—"Come in here, Shaw."

CHARLIE will soon be "big Injun" in C. B.

SKELLY wants to know who is the fuller that calls "Furst Yoeare" like me.

ON a recent voyage to St Pierre, Dr. Shaw fell out of his berth and "fractured" his upper lip.

N-CHL-SN (bounding gracefully down stairs three steps at a time after successfully fumigating the Laboratory)—"All is not H<sub>2</sub> S., that—Phew!"

MISS PH—P (in Histology Laboratory)—"It's very cold here, Doctor."

Doctor—"Well, H—b is over on that radiator absorbing all the heat."

"HOODEY" says that an "egg-nog" is very strengthening, but the constituents (sometimes) play an important part.

IN trying to escape from the V. G. H. cellar, a 4th year man slipped and severely bruised his shins. We would advise "Hoodey" to wear both rubber soled shoes and shin protectors on such occasions.

LECTURER.—Mr. Th—as, which is the heavier, a drachm of Bismuth or a drachm of Quinine?

Mr. Th—as (after some deliberation).—A drachm of Bismuth.

#### THE MEETING OF "RATS."

"BIG RAT."—Well Hoodey, I am back.

"Old Rat."—How are the St. Pierre girls?

"Big Rat."—Ask "Grandpa."

The following is an accurate account of the biggest fight of the season:—

*F. th-r*—“I'll fight you.”

*Geordie*—“Will you?”

*F.*—“Yes, I will.”

*G.*—“Will you?”

*F.*—“Yes, I will.”

*G.*—“Will you?”

And there it ended.

### Personals.

DR. ALFRED THOMPSON, '98, has been appointed to succeed Dr. Archibald as House Surgeon at the Victoria General Hospital.

AT Arichat, C. B., February 9th, the marriage took place of W. S. Thompson, of North Sydney, and Miss E. Andrews. Mr. Thompson is a B. A. of '93, and while at college was noted for his powers on the football field. The GAZETTE congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

A. G. Laird, Ph. D., \$6. Hon. A. B. Morine, A. E. McManus, B. A., \$5 each. K. G. T. Webster, B. A., \$3. Miss Ritchie, Ph. D., Victor Frazee, Miss B. B. Hebb, M. A., \$2 each. Prof. D. D. Hugh, W. H. Smith, B. A., N. Mark Mills, LL. B., W. F. Fraser, Miss DeOlliqui, Miss Rice, Miss Garoway, D. M. Campbell, T. B. Anthony, Miss Williams, Miss Katie McKay, B. A., C. A. Myers, C. D. McIntosh, B. A., A. J. Campbell, LL. B., S. Nicholson, D. M. Reid, L. D. Tilley, LL. B., J. A. Campbell, Church Freeman, J. A. M. McKay, D. F. Matheson, J. W. Richardson, Principal Grant, Miss Lawlor, Mont Johnstone, J. A. Benoit, Dr. McEwen, F. J. Sutton, Miss Burrows, Miss Urquhart, J. H. Crocker, A. D. Archibald, B. A., F. G. McIntosh, Rev. J. B. McLean, E. L. Newcombe, Esq., B. G. Wood, E. Conolly, Rev. Geo. Millar, W. C. Harris, D. Keith, H. C. Borden, LL. B., W. S. Gray, F. W. Taylor, Miss O'Donnell, A. W. Fullerton, Miss Jean Gordon, J. Jardine, G. W. McKenzie, Miss Maud McLeod, Miss Bertha Morrison, S. A. Morton, M. A., E. E. Bissett, M. D., Miss Jean Archibald—\$1 each.

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