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The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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Editorial.

The effort the GAZETTE has made to induce the students to write, by the offer of small prizes, has met with a fair amount of success. We believe the result would have been far more satisfactory, had there been longer time allowed. A month during the stress of the midsessional examinations, with the succeeding holiday session, was not a time when students could expend much time in work apart from their necessary duties and pleasures.

However, the facts fairly prove, that it is possible to rouse at least a few Dalhousie Students to the degree of interest necessary to set them writing. Consequently the Editors take up their burdens again, which seem lighter now that the future is brightened by the hope of better things to be. May the hope not prove vain!

This issue contains some of the prize selections; others will appear in succeeding issues.

In the matter of the awards, we desire to state that after a rough selection, all manuscripts of any value,—without the signatures of the contributors, were placed in the hands of a committee of the academic staff, for adjudgment. The result has been an impartial decision based on the merits of the contributions.

THE death of Sir Robert Boak, which took place in this city, on Dec. 5th, makes another vacancy in the Dalhousie's Board of Governors. At a ripe age, after a distinguished and highly useful life he has gone, leaving many to mourn their loss, and many to respect the memory of an enterprising business man, a prominent legislator and a good citizen.

As a business man, he ranked high, being well gifted with the qualities of mind and judgment, which are essential to success. The numerous important offices which he so efficiently filled, testify in no uncertain manner to his marked business capacities and the confidence reposed in him by his associates.

In politics he was a firm liberal, and a source of strength to his party. He became a member of the Legislative Council in 1872, and in 1878 was chosen president of that body, an office he retained till his retirement in 1903,—after a term of twenty five years. A distinction held so long and so acceptably speaks well for the character of the man. In 1903, His Majesty King Edward, bestowed upon him, the order of Knighthood, in recognition of his distinguished services to his country.

As a private citizen he will be remembered as one ever responsive to the needs around him and as a man of charitable and kindly mind. He was for many years a member of Fort Massey Presbyterian Church, in the welfare of which he took a deep interest.

By his death Dalhousie loses a venerable and respected member of her Board of Governors, and a friend whose timely assistance helped her in many a forward move.

This GAZETTE joins in the sorrow of all his friends.

Another Picture for the Munroe Room.

Some time ago the old picture of old Dalhousie with all the students in the portico was handed to Dr. Lindsay to insert the names of worthies of that time underneath. There were giants in those days. An Indian Judge, a Fellow of the Royal Society were there in the making, not to forget the genial doctor himself. But he did more than he promised. He had the old group made the centre of a new picture. It is surmounted by an unusually good picture of old Dalhousie, and surrounded by the professors of 1870. Underneath are pictures of the four graduates of that year. Altogether it will form the most interesting picture in the Munroe Room, and the thanks of all Dalhousians are due to Dr. Lindsay.

Macdonald Memorial Fund.

Since the last statement regarding the Macdonald Memorial Fund was published in the Gazette, the subscription has been increased by \$1,568.

During last July and August, Mr. H. D. Brunt, B. A., visited several parts of the Province, in the interests of the Fund, and of the Alumni Association, and through him \$945 has been added to the total subscription, making it \$25,010. Of this sum \$8,621.95 has been paid in cash.

Joint committees, representing the Board of Governors, the Senate, and the Fund, have met several times to consider the plans for the library building which various architects have submitted, and the recommendation of a particular plan has been made to the Board of Governors. As soon as a plan is definitely agreed upon, it is proposed to have a cut of it made to be sent to all friends of Dalhousie. This, it is expected, will be done within a short time. The state of the fund is now such as to warrant the beginning of building operations early next spring.

The following have subscribed since the last acknowledgment was made in the Gazette:—

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The Late John C. Oland.

Many Dalhousians deeply regretted the death of J. C. Oland, L. L.B., '01., which took place in December, 1904. He was known at Dalhousie as one of the first to volunteer for military

service when the war broke out in South Africa. The subjoined sketch of his career should prove of interest.

He was born in Dartmouth in 1878. In 1898 he entered the Law Faculty of Dalhousie University, where he was known as a quiet, studious fellow, but popular with all who knew him. He was an officer in the 63rd Rifles, at Halifax, and, when the First Contingent left for South Africa, he secured a position and went along with it as a junior Lieutenant of "H", the Nova Scotia Company. With this regiment he did garrison duty at Belmont, took part in the two days fight at Paardeberg, which resulted in the surrender of Cronje's forces. He fought at Driefontein, and entered Bloemfontein on March 10th, 1900. With his regiment he left Bloemfontein under Ian Hamilton, and arrived at Wintring in May. Then an attack of sunstroke compelled him to fall out for a few days, while the regiment moved on. When he recovered he was attached to Sir Hector Macdonald's Highland Brigade, taking command of a company of details. With his force he was besieged at Heilbron for six weeks, during which time his company acted as escort to one of the famous 47's. He rejoined his regiment at Boksburg, and with it, under Lord Kitchener, took part in the pursuit of DeWitt through the Free State, across the Vaal to the neighborhood of Rustenburg. He was in action at Jacobsdal, Lamia Post, at the capture of Bloemfontein Water Works, at Israelsport, Hout Neck, Sand River, Welcome Farm, Johannesburg, and he entered Pretoria with the advanced force on June 5th, 1900. He was brave and efficient, and without exception, the most popular junior officer of the regiment. On his return he resumed his studies, and taking advantage of the year granted by the Senate, graduated in 1901. He went to South Africa again as a Lieutenant in the Baden-Powell Constabulary, and received the King's Medal. But the life was too severe for a constitution undermined by the hardships of his previous campaign, and he was invalided home. For a time he was engaged as a local Manager for Bradstreet's Agency, but he was compelled to give this up. He started South for the benefit of his health, but only reached Boston when he died. His life was as surely given for his country as were those of his comrades who fell on the field at Paardeberg.

How Argall Came to Port Royal.

A. D. 1614.

PRIZE POEM.—BY E. BLACKADDER, MED. '05.

Three ships were sailing on the sea
Three hundred years ago
Northward from Jamestown gallantly,
Whilst favouring breezes blow.

Suns rose and set, stars shone and paled,
Day fleetly followed day,
But northward, northward aye they sailed
Over the watery way.

Wherefore like bloodhounds on the track
Speed on these armed barques?
And who that paceth forth and back
With eye that ceaseless marks

The new horizons rise before,
The old sink down astern?
Seeks he in wrath some hostile shore,
Or of strange climes to learn?

It was a day when summer smiled
Upon the year's proud prime,
The hay was mown and sheaves were piled
For early harvest time.

Around Port Royal, sloping down
The fruitful fields spread wide
And toilers by the sunshine brown
The hoe industrious plied.

Encircled field and pasture land
The sombre forest pall,
And far away the mountains stand
Stern sentinels o'er all.

Skirting the shore the village lay,
A home of toil and peace,
Like a mighty mirror gleamed the bay
Unrippled by a breeze.

The dark eyed maidens sang the songs
Of far off Normandy,
The forest wall the notes prolongs
With sweet mock melody.

The tide was flood, and now and then
Would glances seaward roam
To see the boats and fishermen
Return from Fundy's foam.

At length, far westward where in gold
The sunshine kissed the bay,
The anxious gazers might behold
A sail gleam far away ;—

"'Tis Pierre!" "'tis Francois!" "nay I know
'Tis Louis for his boat
Doth ever in the leading go
The fleetest thing afloat!"

With shaded eyes Lescarbot gazed
Full long and silently
To where in dazzling splendor blazed
The sun and pulseless sea.

At length he saw a shallop slight
Stand from the headland clear
And, winged with oars make rapid flight
Homeward in full career.

Lo, as they gazed that skiff upon,
Came a long line of grey
Blotting the image of the sun
Upon the glassy bay.

And with that line of ripples came
The newly wakened breeze;
The lagging mainsail caught the same,
The keen prow cleft the seas.

Lescarbot said,—while his young face
A look of trouble wore,—
"'Tis Louis' boat which comes apace
But wherefore come no more?"

And every sight again was strained
The pinnacle to descry,
While every throbbing breath was pained
By dumb anxiety.

With wind and tide and aiding oar
The boat soon gained the land,
And Louis as he leaped ashore
Held high his toil brown hand,

And with white face and labouring breath
All gaspingly outbroke,—
His hearers felt the chill of death
Upon them as he spoke ;—

"My friends, prepare for seige! take down
The matchlock from its place
And let the warning horn be blown
For those who seek the chase!

"Look that your culverins be clean,
Your powder dry and true,
And place within yon rampart screen
Your wives and children too!

"Three hostile ships are on their way
Our village to destroy;
At noon we spied them on the Bay
Pursuing our employ,

"Nearer they came and when the first
Approached the skiff of Pierre,
I saw the Red Cross Flag accurst,
Then fled in sudden fear.

But my companions both were ta'en,
I heard the stern command,
And madly rowing might and main,
Escaping here I stand."

Pale, pale each cheek as lilies are,
And stilled was every tongue;
All knew their chieftain roamed afar
The woodland wilds among.

Three days before, bold Poutrincourt
With all his armed array
Had crossed the southern mountains o'er
The stately moose to slay.

"Flee to the forest, man and maid,
Mother and children dear!
Nor in its mazes be afraid
The robbers seek ye there.

"Resistance would be madness now,
A score gainst hundreds three;
The day will come when blow for blow
Will vengeance deal for ye."

They heard his voice, young Biencourt's,
And hastened to obey,
For now they spied the hostile force
Just glimmering far away.

And so they fled to stay who longed;
Quick step and anxious look,
And o'er the rustic bridge they thronged
Which spanned the well known brook,

Along the grassy verdant road
That sinuous pierced the grove
Where tall pines waved their branches broad
And robins sang of love.

But towering pine trees all in vain
Stood stately to the sight,
On heedless ears the warbled strain
Fell in that fear urged flight.

Erelong they reached the mountain's base
And hastened up the steep,
Up! ever up! though its weary pace
The foot may scarcely keep.

When lo! a sudden thunder sound
Boomed on the startled ear;
It shook the listening leaves around
And hushed the song birds there.

God! will the summit ne'er be won
It seems so high this hour?
Yet must the dreadful toil be done
Ere reaching safety's bower.

At length the stoutest climbers there
Have gained the lofty crest,
And bay and valley broad appear
Far reaching east and west;

Anon the ships their eyes behold
A cannon shot below, [told
With smoke wreaths round their ports which
A tale of opening woe.

Soon all the panting crowd take stand
Upon the lofty peak
And watch three boats by warriors manned
Row up the sedgy creek.

As famished wolves that up and down
Range over corpse strewn lands,
So swarmed through the deserted town
The ruthless robber bands.

Erelong they see the flames burst out
From cottage, barn and church,
The vengeance of that robber rout
For an unfruitful search.

Much prayed they unto Mary mild,
And unto Mary's son,
As maid and mother, sire and child
Beheld the ruin done.

" Mon Dieu ! Mon Dieu ! the little house
Which Louis toiled to rear,
Where I his happy bride did come
That Autumn morn last year ! "

Then a man's voice : " Curse on the race
Whose pirates cross the seas
To plunder, ravish and deface
In times of peace like these ! "

When flames toward the chapel speed,
Cried Father Pierre, " ah me !
Ye saints avenge yon impious deed
By the hand of Heresy ! "

The women sobbed in deep despair,
Men silent stood and stern
To see the smoke clouds gloom the air
And fires all quenchless burn,

Till the dim and reddened sun went down
And the stars came out to gaze
O'er the ruined and desolate town
Where the scattered embers blaze.

Those sleepless watchers on the height
Beheld with haggard eyes
Throughout the long, long, weary night
The flames of ruin rise.

Unclouded rose the sun next morn
But showed that wake-worn band
No ship, upon the tide upborne,
No village on the strand.

Along the shore a leprous pall
Of smoking ashes lie ;
While cattle from their pastures call
That milking time is nigh.

When Poutrincourt the second day
Came from the hunting back,
Before his startled sight there lay
A scene of dreary rack.

He saw the debris cumbered ground
Loom black beyond the foam
And sad eyed women wailing round
The embers of their home.

Criminals and their Treatment.

(BY J. W. G. MORRISON.)

The student at law of to-day can hardly apply himself to any more important study than that of Social Pathology in so far as it relates to crime and its treatment. If he looks about him he will see that the theories of crime and punishment are not in harmony with every day facts. Crime has a cause and it may be found in the natural genesis of the criminal or in the physical and social conditions of his life. It is to the application of effectual remedies for the eradication of the causes of crime that the young lawyer should direct his energies, and not so much to the legislation of punishments. When a man is overtaken with a disease he immediately seeks the removal of the cause and thus brings about a restoration to health. Crime is a social disease ; it is preying upon the very vitals of society and can only be eliminated by removing the cause. In some countries a criminal is worshipped as a hero, and indeed in our own country we very often find the hand of friendship extended to him in some sort of veneration. This, perhaps, is due largely, if not wholly, to degenerate social conditions.

The criminal is a man who has fallen from the ranks of society because of feebleness or distortion of mind, or environment. He fails to conform to the rules of society and yet he is the product of society—he is one of the effects of social conditions. Society is a growth under the operation of natural and inexorable laws ; a gradual process of evolution. The criminal is a degenerate and a weakling ; but must he suffer the results of his degeneracy and weakness without amelioration or help ? That is the problem that confronts, or at least should confront, not only the lawyer, but anyone who seeks to effect reforms in social conditions.

We cannot be blind to the fact that even with our present systems of advanced legislation crime is on the increase, and that under what might be termed a classical treatment. It is said that it is immaterial how low a person descends in the scale of morality, there still remains a tender chord that may be touched by human appeal. The criminal should not be

made the object of sentiment; it is not sentiment that he wants—he needs dealing with from a business and scientific standpoint. Like the poor, he is always with us.

It is very remarkable that crime increases the more civilization advances, just in the same way as insanity does. The more progressive society is the more insanity and the more crime. The reason of this may be due to the exceedingly high pressure super-induced by rapid evolutions of the social systems, and which the man of weak or unbalanced temperament is unable to withstand. When society is stagnant the anti-social instincts are lax, but they become active when society is progressive and subject to changes.

There is always a friction between the criminal and society—he out of harmony with it, in fact, out of harmony with himself. He becomes incapable of looking after his own interests: he becomes irresponsible, in other words, he is, practically speaking, insane. The line of demarkation between the criminal and the insane is to my mind, an exceedingly fine one. Society brings its wrath to bear upon the one, while it nurses the other in the hope of restoring him to his wonted health and usefulness in the community.

Despite our boast that the onward roll of civilization is growing rapidly in strength and that Christianity is ever spreading its beneficent wings of peace, mercy and good-will to man, there is the social undercurrent that stands a threatening menace to the commonweal if not sooner or later brought into harmony with the social conditions extant amongst the virtuous and the good.

Crime is increasing with alarming rapidity. I need not here refer to the sweep of lawlessness in the United States, where since 1881, 129,464 murders and homicides have been committed, nearly one-half of which resulted from quarrels and brawls. Rather let me for the moment direct your attention to Canada, and what the conditions are that we find there. In 1893, there were 50,383 convictions for indictable offences and summary convictions, an increase of 6,847 over the year previous. In the former class alone the increase was 861.

That year there were 9,622 charges for indictable offences as

compared with 8,170 for the year 1899, an increase in four years of 1,352. In 1903 there were 3,042 acquittals as against 2,792 the year previous.

Taking the period of 1895-1903 there were 3,178 females convicted for indictable crimes, an average of 333 per annum, or almost one each day in the year. The statistics given as to juvenile delinquency indicate a large increase in the list of boy criminals under 16 years of age. In 1902 they numbered 825, and in 1903, 1,066, forming 1543 per cent. of all the convictions of all ages. It will be thus seen that boys under 16 are becoming increasingly addicted to crime. In the period 1887-90 the yearly average of boy criminals was 544. Last year the number was as stated 1,066, an increase over 1902 of 181. There is cause for serious reflection in this appalling increase in boy criminals. To parents, teachers, preachers and judges this fact ought to appeal with great force, and should lead to some intelligent action in the matter.

I shall not worry you any further with statistics: the case is now before you, and what are you going to do about it? What are you going to do about it, when our criminal prosecutors have an eye-single to the serving of their political party, rather than the administration of justice that its eternal principles may thereby be fully vindicated? What are you going to do about it, when the country is polluted with bribers of voters, voters who are bribed, men who secure control of law-making bodies, and have laws passed, which enable them to steal from their neighbours, men who have laws non-enforced and break laws regulating saloons, gambling houses, and in short, what are you going to do about it with a jury system, hoary with antiquity, and that can be bought and sold like fish upon the public markets, a system the component parts of which are invariably selected because of their gross illiteracy, and whose perverted ideas of justice are such as to stink in the nostrils of intelligent and law-abiding citizens? Surely, surely our civilization has advanced that far, that this relic of semi-barbarism may be swept from our statute books.

But let me pass on. There can be no question if we are to seek the eradication of crime, a different method of treatment

must be adopted, and this, to my mind, is a serious and most perplexing problem.

The criminal feels and perhaps with some degree of justification that society is against him, and that government and law and order are his enemies. How far is he astray in his premises? Once a man transgresses upon the sacred principles of law and order, that very moment he becomes an outcast to be dealt with by the mailed hand of stern and unrelenting justice. He is hounded by the minions of the law until the black cap is drawn over his faded features or the prison doors close upon him, perhaps forever.

Man is made and developed by environments. The child born in wretched and degraded circumstances is born amid the very atmosphere and life which tend to produce criminals. We are the creatures of our environments. It is a very easy matter to tell the social atmosphere in which a man or woman was born and bred. Those we meet are to a great extent but reflections of ourselves. Ulysses confessed that he was a part of all that he had met.

Criminals come as a rule from the lower classes. They are born under circumstances peculiarly adapted to the development of criminal tendencies. The best born in the land would be apt to go wrong if born amidst degraded and wretched environments. Hunger and cold, squalor and impure air, have some far reaching effects in the formation of character. A person born under these circumstances has not the will power to resist evil influences that the one born in higher walks of life has. This is a principle in criminology that should be recognised in our dealings with those unfortunates that come before our courts for the punishment of "deeds done in the body."

With the different classes of criminals we are not, at the present moment, particularly concerned. Suffice it that, like the indigent, the criminal we have always with us. We are familiar with his ways and his doings, and we bend our energies to lessen crime by punishing the author.

Every conceivable mode of dealing with offenders of the law, admonition, fining, restitution, slavery, banishment, imprisonment, death, torture, branding, mutilation, flogging and many other inhuman devices that shock the conscience to mention, have been tried but without avail,—crime is still

rampant and growing more each year. Of the more barbarous modes of punishment, death and flogging alone are still retained. The death penalty is only inflicted for the most heinous of crimes, particularly for the most atrocious murder.

The failure of all these methods only indicates that we have not as yet properly grasped the fundamental principles, that should underlie the treatment and punishment of crime and which are to be found in the social, physical and mental condition of the criminal.

As already said, a most serious aspect of the problem before us, is the growth of crime among juveniles. What are we going to do with them? They are to become in a few years part or parcel of the constituents of our country. Are we safeguarding their interests as we should? This is a question not only for our law-makers, but for our moralists as well. Crime should be viewed, not solely as the law views it, but rather from the standpoint of the criminal and the person affected by the act, indeed, society at large should be considered. The child must not be dealt with as an adult. This is a principle that should be recognised above all other principles. Juveniles should not be dealt with harshly. You cannot cure a juvenile by harsh punishment: you must apply preventive measures. Once you imprison or disgrace a child, you make it a social outcast and have sent it on the broad road leading to greater and more vicious crimes. Deal with him leniently, and make him feel that you are his friend, and you will in all probability make him a useful citizen. Juveniles are keen observers and are slow to forget. Their crimes come invariably as the result of improper home influence, and the adverse social conditions under which they live.

The removal of these conditions, as far as removable, is one of the most effective methods of dealing with juvenile crimes. In several of the states of the Union, courts have been established purposely to deal with juvenile offenders, and the success of the system under which they work is now attracting such attention abroad, that the Emperor of Austria has sent over a special ambassador to make enquires into the system.

An admonitory method of dealing with crime is usually productive of good results. Put the juvenile on his good

behaviour. He ought to be under constant surveillance and taught and trained mentally, morally and physically. He should be taught something useful. In an industrial community, a position should be secured for him, where he can learn something and become a skilled workman. This is preferable to a reform or an industrial school. Estrangement from home and the undue restrictions of such schools are apt to breed in him a feeling of rebellion to good influences. Keep him in touch with his home, be that home ever so humble. Reconcile him to his parents and friends. To restore a juvenile offender to proper family relations, will often save him from ruin and a life of crime.

In dealing with adults, the case is different, but if we can remove crime from the walks of the younger element of our people, then we are doing a great deal toward the prevention of crime among adults.

There is one thing that should be done and done at once, and that is the curtailment of the prerogatives now exercised by jobbing justices all over the province. Their insane commitments have done more for the development of crime in different parts of the country than all the pernicious influences with which people of criminal tendencies come in contact. Be that as it may, I am of the opinion that misdemeanors should be punishable by fine alone, and the sentence made conditional upon his payment of the fine. An opportunity should be given him to pay his fine in instalments, to suit his circumstances and ability to pay. Petty criminal offenses should be abolished, that is, as they exist in our law at present. Take for instance the so-called crime of "assault with intent to do bodily harm". In nine cases out of ten of these, that are brought before the criminal court, the accused is acquitted. Would it not have been better, if he were found guilty in the court below, to impose a fine upon him, such as would compensate for the injury that he had done. This everlasting bringing of men into court, tends to increase crime rather than to repress it.

The habitual criminal should be confined permanently to a State Jail. Bear it in mind, that I am contending that the province should care for the confirmed criminal as it does for the insane.

Our present jail system is an arbitrary one. The modern jail is a splendid institution in which to breed vice and crime. The system is antiquated, and a reflection upon the so-called advanced ideas of the present day civilization. Kind words and little services weigh more with criminal classes than sermons. They are susceptible to kindness. The indiscriminate paying of fines by well meaning friends, is often the very worst thing that can be done. Religious services are helpful. The establishment of a labor bureau to assist men getting out of prison to secure positions would be of an incalculable value in the amelioration of the present condition of things. The refusal of a job to a man because he has been in jail for some crime almost amounts, in my humble estimation, to a crime in itself.

The parole system is having good effect. There are now 133 criminals on license parole in Canada and all are doing well. The system should be encouraged, but its letter and spirit should be vigilantly enforced. Seek, however, to reform the criminal rather than to punish him. If he becomes confirmed in his habits, then have him provided for in the State prison. In this province the death penalty is still resorted to as a means for the punishment of the crime of murder. Personally, I think it should be abolished. It tends to make crime too notorious, besides inspiring a morbid curiosity to commit crime. It has a brutalizing effect upon society. I need only point out to you the revolting scenes at the foot of a scaffold in this province a few weeks ago as an example of the demoralizing effect hanging has upon human instincts. In what I have said upon the subject under consideration, I have endeavored to point out that the criminal is a product of society, and that society is responsible for and should deal with him by natural and rational methods.

A Solution.

Oft when I look in Phyllis' eyes,
Down in those depths of blue
A voice, clear and persuasive, cries
"This is the fate for you."

But Edith's eyes, are brown and mild,
A voice from them says "Fate for you!"
The question now which drives me wild,
Which shall it be, the brown or blue?

I seize my pipe—the answer's found,
"I'll give them both to you.
Just fill me up with good old *brown*;
A match—there's clouds of blue."

A SMOKER.

"It's a Way We Have at Dalhousie."

Dalhousie has many distinctive ways of doing things, some of them good, some bad, while others are simply intolerable. Amongst the latter can surely be placed the present method of conducting, or perhaps I should say, of treating the reading room. At present there is only an apology for a reading room, supplied with the city dailies and a few local newspapers. Many of the latter have been placed on the racks by the kindness of interested students, and the net cost of the reading room has been small.

The committee in charge, having a little money to expend, and a real desire to benefit the students decided to add a few cheap magazines and weekly reviews, thinking they might be appreciated by the men, with an hour to spare between classes. Now there has been no doubt as to the appreciation. In fact, the magazines proved so attractive, that they were promptly removed on the very day of their appearance. A few earnest and devoted spirits, bent on developing an intellect of a superior order, by a closer perusal of the profound matter contained in these periodicals, and ashamed that this yearning should be observed and commented on by others, with a secrecy highly to be commended, removed the coveted articles. The committee have expressed a strong desire to meet these ambitious persons, and have offered to do all in their power to help such zeal to its due reward.

There are however, the patrons of the reading room. They persist in feeling injured that they are not included in this plan, and desire to know these light-fingered, if well-intentioned gentlemen, who have captured all the magazines with such commendable quickness. These kickers are probably only Freshmen, who have not yet learned that there are certain privileged Dalhousians, whose hands are on all they covet, regardless of the rights of others. In a short time they too will learn to recognize the peculiar training in ethics the university affords, and will safeguard their interests by getting an early start. But while they are getting the necessary training, it may be pointed out that the prospects of the reading room remaining open, are rapidly lessening, as a few country locals and religious exchanges afford scanty inducement for the development of accomplished pilferers such as now practise their lofty talents. There must be more magazines. Competition is the life of any industry.

The Mystic Path.

There's a path that winds through a woodland sweet,—
A beautiful path which I know and love;
Where maidens and Cupid in rapture meet,
'Neath a network of leaves and the blue above.

There's a path that winds through a woodland fair,—
A glorious dream of sunlight and shade;
With mosses and grasses and blossoms rare,
And the sweetest and best things ever God made.

There's a path that winds through a woodland rare,—
A splendidly woven thing of delight;
But traversed, once traversed, come mountains of care,
And a way that is grey with gloom as of night.

Such a path there is, but we hurry through,
Impatient of virtue, innocence, truth;
Till heart-sick and soul-sick we sadly rue,
Our heedless march through the woodlands of youth.

The Ghost and the Student.

FIRST PRIZE.—BY E. W. NICHOLS.

I.

It may be promised without apology, that this narrative contains nothing startling. It is merely an account of an adventure, or a series of trifling adventures, which befell a student, one Hezekiah Jones. Said Jones believed that other students might be interested to learn why he abandoned a grand and glory-promising for a tame and money-getting career, he consequently asked that the circumstances which influenced him might be presented to the public without varnish; hence this attempt.

Hezekiah Jones was home about thirty years since in the town of Slougo, a town known to everybody. At an early age he attended the village school. Here he astonished everyone by his proficiency. At fifteen he was obliged to leave school, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker. He worked faithfully at his trade. But the flame of knowledge which had been kindled in his soul, he did not allow to expire. He carried on footwork and headwork at the same time. Many of his friends said the youth was daft; but an old uncle of his encouraged him. "Keep on, Hez.", the old fellow would say, "soon's you git so you can extrudicate law, you'll make some money." One day the uncle died. When his will was read, after the minor bequests were disposed of, his beloved nephew, Hezekiah Jones, was named sole residuary legatee. Hez. was thus put in possession of nine hundred and thirty-four dollars, seventeen cents in cash, with outstanding bills which totalled forty-two dollars and sixty-five cents more.

He immediately decided to go to college. What he would be was not very clear. But he would be a great man of some kind: No mercenary, sordid, money-grabbing existence for him. He might not be "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease," but he hoped to make his way there in a dignified manner by the aid of his tongue or his pen, while wondering multitudes stood in decorous silence, or anon broke forth in equally decorous applause. With such high ideals, Hezekiah Jones was admitted as a Freshman to the college of L.—

Our hero was now in a new world, in that world of which he had thought and read much during his years of toil at the bench. He found, as people generally find after entering upon a life of which they have known nothing and imagined a lot, that nothing was as he expected it. Nevertheless, he soon grew to like his surroundings. He was subjected to the usual amount of torture while a Freshman; did the usual amount of torturing when a Sophomore; grew dignified when a Junior; and wore a cane when a Senior.

All through his course he was distinguished for his high ideals; for his contempt of all that savored of the earth, earthy: for his strenuous devotion to literature, philosophy, and art; for his profound disgust for the modern spirit of commercialism. He despised the ordinary herd of men who worked for their pay, that they might pay for their living. "Life is worth nothing without high ideals," was his constant theme, anyone who opposed, questioned, or doubted this statement was to Hezekiah an ignoramus, an idiot, or a knave.

Nor did Jones ignore the field of athletics. He played football and baseball, cricket and hockey. "Self-development is the summum bonum of life," he used often to say, to the intense admiration of the Freshmen. A well balanced mixture of mental gymnastics aided by physical gymnastics made up the course by which he proposed to develop himself.

Toward the end of his senior year he was in somewhat of a quandary upon which of the varied seas of human activity he should embark. The question was not, after all, which vocation to pursue, but which to refrain from pursuing. In any of them Hezekiah Jones would be proficient, would deserve success; which of them would prove deserving of Hezekiah Jones? He finally determined that upon an eventful night, his last at college, the hour from twelve to one should be spent in deciding the momentous question. At the end of that time it would be known whether L. College was to produce, as the crowning flower of the nineteenth century, a Newton or a Darwin, a Shakespeare or a Kant. Meantime Hezekiah's adventures began.

One night Mr. Hezekiah Jones was sitting by his fire studying; a not unusual circumstance. The night was not

particularly warm, nor particularly cold; it was neither pitch dark, nor cloudlessly moonlight; the wind was not sighing drearily, nor roaring boisterously, nor shrieking madly. It was, in fact, in all respects an ordinary night. Jones was studying Greek. The author he was reading was not easy; but, having got over the "nevertheless notwithstanding, accordingly, but, so, and, however, therefore" at the beginning of a sentence, he would, by the aid of a dictionary and a key, supplemented by legitimate skipping and guessing, read something like sense into the remainder. Engrossed with the pastime, Jones did not heed the time, until the clock struck twelve. He then rose, put away his book, locked his door, and prepared to retire. Just as he turned to blow out the light, the door swung open behind him. "Queer," he said, "decidedly queer, I thought that I had locked that door." He closed it again, and this time made sure of locking it. Then he extinguished the lamp, and went to bed.

Just as he was dropping into a doze the door swung open again. It did not bang loudly nor glide stealthily. It opened in a manner nowise remarkable except that there was no visible cause of its opening, and no sound of the key turning. Jones sprang out of bed and began to examine the lock. "I must get this fixed to-morrow," he said. Evidently it needed fixing, for it came open a number of times during the night. Nobody could sleep well with a door mysteriously opening and requiring to be closed every fifteen minutes. But after three o'clock its freaks ceased, and Hezekiah slept as only students can sleep until long after class time. Next day he had a man to investigate the door, but thorough investigation revealed nothing wrong with it.

Jones began to feel puzzled; and he had reason to feel so. Night after night the door repeated its proceedings. He was ashamed to call in any of his fellow students, and he began to feel afraid to stay alone. There was something uncanny about the place surely. Nor did the manifestations once having appeared, confine themselves to the door. One night the big arm chair, without apparent cause, turned over. Jones put it in place, seated himself in it, and tried to study. The chair stayed in place while Jones sat in it, and rocked and pitched queerly when left to itself. But as yet nothing of

ghostly character had been heard to speak or seen to move. Hezekiah's nerves, however, were worked up to a pitch where nothing should seem to him unusual. Had his trunk taken to waltzing or his bed to skipping the rope, he would have regarded the circumstances as in perfect accord with what went on in his room. Accordingly he was not greatly surprised when, upon glancing up from his work one night at twelve he saw the before mentioned rocking-chair occupied.

Hezekiak was startled a moment only. This was the night, the eventful night, which he had chosen for deciding the great question already spoken of. The clock had finished striking twelve when he rose and approached the chair. He laid his hand upon the shoulder of the occupant, but it did not remain. Instead, it slid down through the body as though it were air.

He went back and sat down upon the bed to collect his wits. He rubbed and pinched himself. Surely this was a mirage, the creature of a brain disordered by hard study. Here was Hezekiah Jones, the most brilliant student of L— College, a man who had frequently spoken of apparitions of all sorts as humbugs, who was quite philosophical enough to doubt in five minutes all that a dozen ordinary men could believe in a lifetime, confronted with what plain people would probably call a spook. What could he do about it? If he told any of his fellow students, it would be treated as a rich joke. "It's an interesting psychological problem, at any rate," he said. Then he reached for Hume, and began to peruse the Essay on Miracles. He read awhile and looked up. The chair was still occupied. Something must be done. Jones mustered up courage to speak

"Good evening." His voice sounded weak.

The figure in the chair looked up. Hezekiah saw the face for the first time. It was that of a man, pale and grave looking, apparently about fifty years of age, and smooth shaven. He or it (Hezekiak was not sure which) rose. Jones noted a rusty black suit, coat buttoned tightly around the neck, and containing sundry parcels of manuscript which protruded from the pockets.

"Good evening, my friend," was the reply to Hezekiah's salutation.

"May I ask what brings you to my room at this hour, and how you got here? I hope I am not over inquisitive."

"It is only just that I should reply to your questions—the first, at any rate. As you are at leisure, kindly be seated near the fire, and give me your attention. I shall be brief."

Hezekiah seated himself as requested. His strange visitor proceeded thus:

"I have for a long time been observing your course, Mr. Jones. It has always afforded me sincere pleasure to watch the progress of ambitious students. Such, alas, once was I. And thereon hangs my tale, with its moral.

Thirty years ago, loaded with honours, I graduated from a college which shall be nameless. I was poor, sanguine, contemptuous of money, ardently burning for fame. I was offered sixty dollars per month to enter my uncle's pork factory. There was good prospects of promotion and financial success. I declined the offer with disdain.

A friend and myself rented a room and entered upon a life which proved to be the very opposite of all we had expected. Needless to say we essayed the literary. My first venture was a poem. It was replete, so my friend assured me, with deep pathos, lively wit, keen satire. I sent it to two different magazines. One editor returned it without thanks; the other returned it not at all. I then attempted prose. My success was in nowise different. I wrote articles purely literary, philosophical, scientific. Some of them were printed; none of them were paid for. Disgusted with literature, I entered the field of politics.

I had been considered a debater and an orator, while at college. Consequently one of my old college friends who had been nominated as a candidate in an approaching election, engaged my services during the campaign. At my first meeting I assumed the Ciceronian. I was assured that my address was good. At my next meeting I imitated Demosthenes. I was told that I had done better. I ventured to press the party for pay; and I was told that I should work for the cause, without thought of pecuniary remuneration.

I then tried my talent as an evangelist. In this I succeeded better.—Just then a bell tinkled. Hezekiah looked up. His visitor had disappeared. Whence he came, whither he went,

why the door and the chair acted strangely beforehand, remains a mystery. No supernatural manifestations occurred afterwards.

This being a narrative of fact, no explanation of the circumstances is offered. Hezekiah Jones, Esq., is at present a junior partner in a firm of soap manufacturers. He is well, happy and adding to his bank account.

Hockey.

The Inter-Class League is again proving a success. The attendance at the matches shows a live interest in the game, and the style of play is, on the whole, improved.

Yet there are two subjects of complaint. Another winter has passed without a representative Dalhousie team being formed, and the financial arrangements for the Inter-Class League are to put it in the mildest way, unsatisfactory. No betterment, however, can be looked for until the D. A. A. C. decides to take active control of hockey, and this fact must be kept clearly in mind, when another hockey season comes around.

Five games have so far been played in the league, and Law, the champions of 1904, again look like winners, but owing to the arrangement of this year's schedule, under which all the Law games are played first, there may be yet some surprises in store.

The first game of the series was played on January 17, Law defeating Arts '06 and '08, 4-3. The last goal was scored within a few minutes of the end of play. The teams were:—

LAW.		ARTS '06 & '08.	
Corey,	Goal.	Stewart,	
Graham,	Point.	Wall,	
Wood,	C. Point.	Hall,	
Dickey,	} Forwards.	Bauld,	
MacGillivray,		Forrest,	
Robinson,		Fraser, A.	
Brehaut.		MacLeod.	

Referee, A. Payzant, Arts '05.

On the 21st, Arts '05 and '07, which had been looked upon as possible champions, went down before Law, by a score of 4-0. The Lawyers were strengthened by having their regular defence, but the size of the score was a surprise.

LAW.		ARTS '05 & '07.	
Corey,	Goal.	Millar,	
Church,	Point.	Payzant,	
Fenerty,	C. Point.	Currie,	
Dickey,	} Forwards.	Ross,	
MacGillivray,		Blanchard,	
Wood,		Archibald, F.,	
Eagar.		Roberts.	
Referee, Dr. D. G. J. Campbell.			

The biggest surprise of the Series was the draw between Medicine and Law, on the 24th. Medicine had been looked upon as weak, but they played the game from start to finish, Rankine tying the score at the end of the second half. Score, 1—1.

LAW.		MEDICINE.	
Corey,	Goal.	Buckley,	
Church,	Point.	Crilley,	
Fenerty,	C. Pover.	McLean,	
Dickey,	} Forwards.	Rankine,	
Eagar,		Donovan,	
Brehaut,		McDonald,	
Wood.		Cunningham.	
Referee, B. McDonald, Wanderers.			

Law gained its third victory by defeating Arts, '06 and '08 for the second time, score 2—0. The Law team was the same as in the previous game, with the exception of Morine, in place of Wood. Arts had Flemming at cover, and Hall went forward in place of Fraser. Referee, W. C. Ross.

On the 31st Arts '06 defeated Medicine, 6—1. The Arts team was the same as in the previous game; the Meds had Johnson in place of Cunningham. Referee, B. McDonald.

THE HOCKEY COMMITTEE FOR 1905.

- Arts, '05 and '07 ; A. Payzant, '05.
- Arts, '06 and '08 ; J. Stewart, '06.
- Law, A. A. MacGillivray, '06.
- Medicine, Donovan, '06.

College Notes.

DELTA GAMMA SOCIETY.—The third regular meeting of the Delta Gamma Society was held at the home of Mrs. Harris, on Church Street; Miss Murray presided. The suggestion was brought before the meeting that we take some of the Delta Gamma funds and fix up the Ladies' Waiting Room. This suggestion was changed to a motion and carried. Then came the programme of the evening. Miss Muriel Hill read a paper on the fishing boat incident between England and Russia. Miss Hill's paper was a carefully prepared one. Miss Ethel Murphy and Miss Muriel Cunningham read papers on the Russo-Japanese war. Miss Ethel Murphy dealt with the causes and the generals of the war, and Miss Cunningham with the events. Miss Cunningham brought a map of Japan and Northern Asia to illustrate the different steps of the contest. Miss Davis read a paper on the "American Girl from the English standpoint." She dealt rather severely with the American girl, and gave some rather pointed remarks on their neighbors—the Canadian girls.

The next meeting of the Society was of an entirely different character. It was a musical and literary evening. The programme was an exceptionally bright one. It was opened by a piano duet by the Misses McKay and Davis. This was very much enjoyed. Then Miss Goodwin favoured the Society with a reading, "The Critical Situation." She was encored. Miss Marshall, who was ill, sent a paper on the three greatest musicians—"Beethoven, Carl Weber and Schubert." Miss Mabel Murray gave us a vocal solo, Miss Dennis a violin solo. Miss Eunice Stearns gave a reading, "The Lady of Shalott." Miss Stearns was heartily encored and gave us a negro lullaby. Miss Blethen played a piano solo.

The evening was a great success, but owing to the nearness of examinations not more than twenty of the members were present. The evening closed with college songs.

The first regular meeting of the Society for nineteen hundred and five was held at the home of Miss Bee Davis, Dartmouth.

The girls were invited to afternoon tea, and the people of Dartmouth were astounded by the sight and likewise sound of

twenty-five young ladies getting off the five o'clock boat. After the important business of the tea was finished, the regular meeting of the Society was held. The lives and works of the eight greatest painters were taken up. Miss Gerrard dealt with the life and paintings of Reubens and Rembrandt. Miss Gerrard's paper was very interesting, and to increase the interest she had copies of the paintings to illustrate her paper. Miss Muriel Fraser read a paper on Landseer and Reynolds. Miss Fraser's paper was painstaking and instructive. Miss McKay took up Michael Angelo and Reubens. Miss Patterson read a very carefully prepared paper on Raphael and DeVinci. The papers all showed care and time and were most interesting. Miss Lulu Murray read a very amusing and excellent critique on the papers.

This evening was considered the most successful one of the the college year. After a vote of thanks had been extended to the hostess of the evening the meeting broke up.

At the last meeting of the Delta Gamma a drive was agitated. As soon as the word was spoken all gathered round the suggester and sad to say all talked at once; but without any more ado a committee was appointed to get teams and collect monies. Friday night was chosen for the great event, but what was the disappointment when Friday night the roads were too heavy. The young ladies refused to be discouraged in spite of the repeated snow storms, so Monday night was agreed upon. We waited Monday in great anxiety; but the gods were kind and Monday proved fair. Mrs. (Dr.) Goodwin very kindly invited the Society to return there for a lunch after their drive. There were three teams and about forty young ladies, with Mrs. (Professor) Sexton as chaperone, crowded into the sleighs. The roads were too heavy to go out of town so we drove around the park several times and around the city. Every song that has a name was sung, interspersed with one, two, three, etc. A most enjoyable time was spent. After driving around for about three hours the teams drove up to Mrs. Goodwin's and we finished the evening there. It was agreed on by all to have been the most enjoyable evening of the year. Indeed some of the girls were heard to say "Never had such a time in all our lives."

D. A. A. C.—A meeting of the Club was called by request, to make arrangements for the season's hockey. After some discussion it was decided to raise all necessary funds by class levies. Messrs. Payzant, Stewart, McGillivray and Donovan, were appointed as an Executive Committee, to settle all details. The meeting then adjourned to meet on January 16th, W. K. Power was in the chair, and Mr. Murphy acted as Secretary.

The adjourned meeting met in accordance with the motion, on January 16th, at one o'clock. The subject for discussion was the placing of hockey under the direct management of the D. A. A. C. instead of a special committee. After several speeches had been made *pro* and *con*, it was decided to leave the matter as hitherto.

SODALES.—A debate to choose speakers for the contest with U. N. B. was held on Thursday, Dec. 18th, in the hall of the School for the Blind. The subject was the same as has been chosen for the coming debate, viz: "Resolved that Labour Unions are beneficial to Canada and United States". The six speakers, Messrs. Landry, Barnett, Patterson, Charman, Cumming and Moxon took part in the order named. Dr. Weldon and Prof. Walter Murray acted as a committee of selection, while President Forrest acted as chairman.

On December 9th, Dr. Hattie, Supt. of the Nova Scotia Hospital, gave a most entertaining lecture before the Medical Society, on Louis Pasteur, the father of Bacteriology. In a clear, happy style, peculiarly his own, he skillfully portrayed to his audience the character of the gifted scientist, and his invaluable life's work, in the department of Bacteriology. Dr. Hattie's lecture was careful and comprehensive and was listened to with pleasure by all who were privileged to hear it.

U. S. C.—A meeting of the Council was called on Tuesday, December 15th, to make arrangements for break-up night. After some discussion it was decided to leave the whole matter to the discretion of a special committee of five members. Messrs. A. Fraser, Frank Archibald, A. McGillivray, C. H. Cahan and J. Lyons, were elected to this committee, with power to levy on the students to meet expenses.

At a meeting of the Council on Tuesday, January 24th, to hear the report of the Theater-night committee, Mr. Bailey for the committee, announced a failure to secure satisfactory terms at present. The meeting decided to renew the attempt, and as the old members were unwilling to act, five new men were appointed to fill their places, with instructions to interview the Manager of the Academy and report to a later meeting.

SODALES :—The Debating Society, held its first meeting after the holidays, on Friday, January 20th. The subject for debate was: "Resolved that an Old Age Pension System would be beneficial to Canada." B. D. McDonald opened for the affirmative, and was followed by E. W. Nichols, the leader on the negative side. A. Moxon took the place of J. McDonald, who failed to appear, and was followed by W. H. Sweet in a good speech. Messrs. Layton, Matthews, Sellers and Rettie, joined in the discussion. The question was decided in favour of the negative side. W. K. Power read a good critique. The attendance was good and the debate interesting.

On January 29th, the Medical Society met to listen to a paper on Sanitation, by Capt. Barber, R. M. S. Capt. Barber's technical knowledge of his subject is wide and exact. The paper was consequently interesting and instructive. The Medical Society is much indebted to Capt. Barber for his kind effort toward their entertainment.

A practise debate on the question for the Intercollegiate Debate was held on Friday evening, February 3rd. Messrs. Moxon, Charman, and Barnett defended the resolution, and were opposed by Messrs. McLeod, Blackadder and Power. Prof. Walter Murray and Rev. Mr. Carruthers, kindly attended and gave the debaters much good advice, which it is hoped will be acted on in the final debate.

ARTS STUDENTS' SOCIETY.—January 24th, an informal meeting was held in Prof. Leichti's room. The subject for debate was, "Resolved that the bonusing of private industries should be abolished in Canada." Mr. Sweet opened in support of the resolution, and Mr. Patterson against. Debate was continued by Messrs. Baillie, Barnett, Cumming, Layton, McRae and others.

February 1st, subject for discussion was, "Resolved that Canadian Universities should be represented in Parliament." Resolution was supported by Messrs. B. F. McLeod and Manuel, and opposed by Messrs. Finlayson and Matthews, after which there was a general discussion. On vote, the motion was defeated.

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It would be nice to have some snow. But since we *are* getting it all at once, let us put our best foot forward literally and figuratively. We shall be materially aided by doing it literally; we shall be happier by doing it figuratively.

There must be a great deal of surplus energy at Dalhousie although it is not so evident as it used to be in that happy prehistoric age, when Freshman faced Sophomore in conflicts of terrible noise and small casualties; when the victors hurled their opponents down the creaking stairs, which yet bear traces of the terrible onslaughts, when, as nearly as we have been able to make out from ancient class records, enormous sums were paid by the victors to the treasury of the College. But enough of ancient glory. Let it be granted that the same energy which worked so tumultuously in our predecessors is in us also. Turn it into account; work it off usefully. Help the janitor, whose shoulders are bent beneath the multitude of his tasks, to excavate the building. Make smooth a path for the ladies. They will admire you for it; they will sing your praises on every hand. It will be as good exercise as football, and not so muddy.

OPTIMIST.

The Search for Kidd's Treasure.

"Oh my name was Captain Kidd
As I sailed:
Oh my name was Captain Kidd,
And most wickedly I did,
And God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed."

Every small sea-port town in the Maritime Provinces has its tradition of buried treasure. In the vicinity of my own native village, there are at least three separate places where it is rumored Captain Kidd has concealed a part of his ill-gotten wealth. There is hardly a man of its inhabitants but who, at some time or other, has shouldered a shovel and gone forth in the darkness of the night, with a few companions to dig for the old pirate's hoard.

In the course of my experience, I too, caught the fever of treasure-hunting. Visions of Mexican dollars, jewelled crosses and solid bars of gold haunted me by day and filled my dreams by night. I talked the matter over with three of my friends, and they likewise became infected with the desire for sudden wealth, and one hot July night, equipped like grave-diggers, we set out for Berry Head, in search of our fortunes.

Berry Head is the name given to a long promontory, jutting out into Cascumpec Bay. No better place could be selected by any pirate, on which to hide a chest of gold, as the fir-trees and wild raspberry bushes here grow thick, down to the water's edge, and the solitude of the place is broken only by the wail of the marsh snipe, or the hoarse cry of the brant. As our road lay along the beach, we noticed that there was not a ripple on the surface of the bay. The beacon, on the sand-hills to the east, was reflected in an unbroken line of light on the water. There was no moon, and the sky was overcast, with a faint flutter of lighting in the west. We discussed our undertaking and made our plans as we walked. It was understood that no word was to be spoken by any of the party while we worked, as we well knew that this would break the charm, and we should never find the treasure. As to the success of our undertaking, why, that was almost a foregone conclusion; certainly we had no written direction, gold bug, or skull as had Poe's hero, but did not two of us dream, some nights before, of digging up an iron chest? and at almost the same place—the foot of an old pine-tree, the only one of its kind on the point.

We followed the road until it became a mere footpath, then, as the tide was low, took to the beach, and a short walk on the damp sands brought us to the promontory. Here we halted to light our dark lantern and give a few last whispered

directions. The darkness and stillness of the night, the half distinct sounds that seemed to float over the water and the strangeness of our quest worked on my nerves. I listened eagerly for every sound; once or twice I thought I heard the sweep of invisible oars, but it was only imagination—my companions had heard nothing. Far off somewhere in the distance a dog howled and we instinctively drew closer together, but the next moment, ashamed of our weaknees, we plunged into the woods, Jerry the biggest of the party in the lead with the lantern.

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There are different ways of looking on the question of co-education:

"Long years ago an ape abject,
Swung idle from a tree
Till cried his better-half elect
Come down and hold yourself erect,
For, if you have no self respect,
Think of posterity.

Now, should the sterner sex e'er scan
These lines, perchance they will
Mark well the moral, if they can;
Had woman, when the world began,
Opposed co-education, Man
Would be a Monkey still."—*The Varsity.*

The Jubilee Number of "*Allisonia*," reflects great credit on the editors. Their idea of an historical number is gigantic, and is, we think, well carried out.

Other Exchanges:—The Argosy, The Queen's University Journal, The Manitoba College Journal, Acacia Villa Gazette, The Gripsack, The Educational Review, Trinity University Review, Orderly, The Suburban, The High School Beacon, Niagara Index, The Ottawa Campus, The Pharos, The Merchistonian, The Oak Lily and Ivy, The Mitre, The C. B. C. Recorder, East and West, Free Baptist Banner, The Tooter, The Prince of Wales College, Observer, The Nova Scotia Normal, Brandon College Monthly, The Tiltonian, Presbyterian College Journal, The Presbyterian.

Dallusiensia.

GENTLEMEN LOOK.

In those days there were NO PASSES GIVEN.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Thou shalt not Pass. Numbers 20: 18.

They suffered not a man to Pass. Judges 3: 28.

The wicked shall no more Pass. Nahum 1: 15.

None shall Pass through it forever. Isaiah 34: 10.

This generation shall not Pass. Mark 13: 30.

Neither doth any son of man Pass. Jeremiah 51: 43.

Though they roar, yet they cannot Pass. Jeremiah 5: 22.

Will any kind friend inform an anxious inquirer, what the name of that new instrument is, that plays every afternoon in the dark cavern of the dread magician under the Arts Library?

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That the Freshman isn't green!
That the Dean forever slumbers,
And L-rd J-hn is never seen.

Conductor of Glee Club.—"Will the Altos lean on the E flat. Please"!

Gallant Soph.—"How I wish I were an E flat"! And the Alto, who overheard it, looked at him, and he was D— flat.

Scrimms of former years remind us,
We can rush and not be seen,
Nor, departing, leave behind us,
Half our number with the Dean.

L-rd J-hn.—"If you went into a community where the people never saw a jack-knife, and showed its advantages etc, what, do you suppose, would be the consequence"!

H.M-ll-r.—"They would 'hook it'".

Prof. Eb-n.—"Mr. B-g-l-w, will you give the formula for hydrochloric acid"?

Freshie B-g-l-w.—"H. L. C."

Prof. Eb-n.—"Now Mr. B, you should not let your thoughts wander off like that, especially this early in the morning!"

Prof. H-b.—(Innocently), [to M-ch-nt who is very uneasy in his seat] "You may go into the back seat, if you wish Mr. M. But to M-ch-nt's chagrin, the occupants of the back row proceeded to occupy all the seat."

EXAMINATION GEM.

"Epularum foeda et inexplebilis libido."

"A disgraceful and inexplicable droop of the shoulders."

And this was in Third Latin.

Prof. W-lt-r (in Psychology Class).—Mr. C-r-w-l, if you close your eyes and call up a picture of your breakfast table, can you see it clearly?"

C-r-w-l.—"I can see two or three things on the table."

Voice (from the back of the room.) "You must be blest with a better boarding house than the ordinary student."

Sw-t, (translating Horace Ode IX).—"Proditor intimo gratus puellae risus ab angulo."

"The pleasing laughter betraying the maiden in the familiar cosy corner."

Prof. H-w-r-d.—"I'm afraid, Mr. Sw-t, the experience is not a familiar one."

Gr-nt.—(In Psychology Class, following out a train of ideas.) White—snow—storm—last night—Glee Club—Miss—, but beyond that Gr-nt would not go!

He was a fair-haired freshman, and came from Truro. In mechanical drawing he recognised no superior, therefore when he received a letter offering him a position in the Provincial Engineer's Office, he thanked the Deity that is supposed to guard freshmen and children, and rushed forth to tell his admiring class-mates of his good fortune. "Now, you see," said he, exultingly, "the result of diligence and close application to study." On arriving at the Engineer's Office, he presented the document, and asked to be at once set to work. The kindly official perused the letter, then led the credulous freshman into a far corner of the room and said: "My son, you are the victim of a huge joke; this is a "bogus" document! Henceforth beware of poker—of wine—of a flirt, but above all things, beware the tricks of a sophomore!"

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"Overheard from a lady persuading her guests to attend the Cambridge debate.

'Yes, you see the speakers are very nice to hear them.'

"Single out an acquaintance in the Reading-room, and talk so that others may hear what you are saying. Any annoyance caused to others, is fully compensated by the richness of your chest production. It is not rude to speak loudly in a reading-room, but manifests culture and a good education. The fact that other people are quiet, and wish to be quiet, is not a logical reason for your being quiet. Also you are teaching others the virtue of sufferance."

"*O. A. C. Review*," in its department of Horticulture, contains cuts of photographs that it would be difficult to match anywhere. The subjects have been chosen with admirable taste, and the work is of the very highest order.

The Rev. W. J. Bergin in an address, published in "*The Viatorian*," for December describes "The Indolent Student" as "a compound of folly, of hypocrisy of dishonesty, of selfishness, and utterly devoid of any high principles of honour. "Is it not well to pause once in a while and consider if *we* are not permitting "that mind which might have become a sanctuary where truth would dwell as a divinity to become a den of darkness where ignorance finds a suitable abode?"

The writer of "The Undergraduate Rule in Football" in the "*Acadian Athenæum*" is to be congratulated on his literary gift, rather than on his knowledge of his subject. Conditions in the Maritime Provinces are such as to render impossible the rule which he proposes. He should know that the foot-ball interests of the Lower Provinces center in Halifax, and that the Halifax League consists of teams, representing *Clubs*. Dalhousie Football team represents the Dalhousie Athletic Club *not* the undergraduates of Dalhousie University. If the other Colleges wish to play with our team, we are always *anxious* to give them a game, but we could never consider either the weakening of our Halifax League team, or the formation of another team for the purpose of playing in an Undergraduate League.

There are different ways of looking on the question of co-education :

"Long years ago an ape abject,
Swung idle from a tree
Till cried his better-half elect
Come down and hold yourself erect,
For, if you have no self respect,
Think of posterity.

Now, should the sterner sex e'er scan
These lines, perchance they will
Mark well the moral, if they can;
Had woman, when the world began,
Opposed co-education, Man
Would be a Monkey still."—*The Varsity*.

The Jubilee Number of "*Allisonia*," reflects great credit on the editors. Their idea of an historical number is gigantic, and is, we think, well carried out.

Other Exchanges:—The Argosy, The Queen's University Journal, The Manitoba College Journal, Acacia Villa Gazette, The Gripsack, The Educational Review, Trinity University Review, Orderly, The Suburban, The High School Beacon, Niagara Index, The Ottawa Campus, The Pharos, The Merchistonian, The Oak Lily and Ivy, The Mitre, The C. B. C. Recorder, East and West, Free Baptist Banner, The Tooter, The Prince of Wales College, Observer, The Nova Scotia Normal, Brandon College Monthly, The Tiltonian, Presbyterian College Journal, The Presbyterian.

Dallusiensia.

GENTLEMEN LOOK.

In those days there were NO PASSES GIVEN.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

Thou shalt not Pass. Numbers 20 : 18.

They suffered not a man to Pass. Judges 3 : 28.

The wicked shall no more Pass. Nahum 1 : 15.

None shall Pass through it forever. Isaiah 34 : 10.

This generation shall not Pass. Mark 13 : 30.

Neither doth any son of man Pass. Jeremiah 51 : 43.

Though they roar, yet they cannot Pass. Jeremiah 5 : 22.

Will any kind friend inform an anxious inquirer, what the name of that new instrument is, that plays every afternoon in the dark cavern of the dread magician under the Arts Library?

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That the Freshman isn't green!
That the Dean forever slumbers,
And L-rd J-hn is never seen.

Conductor of Glee Club.—"Will the Altos lean on the E flat. Please"!

Gallant Soph.—"How I wish I were an E flat"! And the Alto, who overheard it, looked at him, and he was D— flat.

Scrim of former years remind us,
We can rush and not be seen,
Nor, departing, leave behind us,
Half our number with the Dean.

L-rd J-hn.—"If you went into a community where the people never saw a jack-knife, and showed its advantages etc, what, do you suppose, would be the consequence"!

H.M-ll-r.—"They would 'hook it'".

Prof. Eb-n.—"Mr. B-g-l-w, will you give the formula for hydrochloric acid"?

Freshie B-g-l-w.—"H. L. C."

Prof. Eb-n.—"Now Mr. B, you should not let your thoughts wander off like that, especially this early in the morning!"

Prof. H-b.—(Innocently), [to M-ch-nt who is very uneasy in his seat] "You may go into the back seat, if you wish Mr. M. But to M-ch-nt's chagrin, the occupants of the back row proceeded to occupy all the seat."

EXAMINATION GEM.

"Epularum foeda et inexplabilis libido."

"A disgraceful and inexplicable droop of the shoulders."

And this was in Third Latin.

Prof. W-lt-r (in Psychology Class).—Mr. C-r-w-l, if you close your eyes and call up a picture of your breakfast table, can you see it clearly?"

C-r-w-l.—"I can see two or three things on the table."

Voice (from the back of the room.) "You must be blest with a better boarding house than the ordinary student."

Sw-t, (translating Horace Ode IX).—"Proditor intimo gratus puellae risus ab angulo."

"The pleasing laughter betraying the maiden in the familiar cosy corner."

Prof. H-w-r-d.—"I'm afraid, Mr. Sw-t, the experience is not a familiar one."

Gr-nt.—(In Psychology Class, following out a train of ideas.) White—snow—storm—last night—Glee Club—Miss—, but beyond that Gr-nt would not go!

He was a fair-haired freshman, and came from Truro. In mechanical drawing he recognised no superior, therefore when he received a letter offering him a position in the Provincial Engineer's Office, he thanked the Deity that is supposed to guard freshmen and children, and rushed forth to tell his admiring class-mates of his good fortune. "Now, you see," said he, exultingly, "the result of diligence and close application to study." On arriving at the Engineer's Office, he presented the document, and asked to be at once set to work. The kindly official perused the letter, then led the credulous freshman into a far corner of the room and said: "My son, you are the victim of a huge joke; this is a "bogus" document! Henceforth beware of poker—of wine—of a flirt, but above all things, beware the tricks of a sophomore!"

Prof. Eb-n (in Toxicology class.)

Gentlemen, suppose you have a man poisoned by some silver compound. You find him very much prostrated, pulse rapid and weak; breathing shallow, his body basked in a "cold, clammy sweat." What, gentlemen, (*tragical*) would you do for him?

B-l-m rising to the emergency and sensible of the gravity of the situation, quickly replies: "Give him plenty of strong hydrochloric acid."

Willy Woodbury scorns to reply to the oft repeated query: "Did you ever get left?" But, nevertheless, he admits that "Doc" Read got the better of him. It was thus: In the dissecting room the other day he was on the hunt for the whetstone. Not finding it, he approached the "Doc" and asked gruffly, "Read, why did you go and swallow the whetstone?" Nothing daunted the "Doc" replied: "Well, d-d-do you know, I s-s-sup-pose so's I c-c-could sharpen my appetite."

'Twas a long time in coming out for the girls did not like to give Prof. D-y away; but the other day one of them let it slip. For fear of a surreptitious and incorrect account being published by some unprincipled person, the Gazette has decided to give the authentic version.

Prof. D-y hearing that one of the embryo "sweet girl graduates" desired his advice on some abstruse problem, promptly went to her aid. He tapped gently on the door of the ladies waiting room, and, when it was opened, he looked in and softly and anxiously said; "Is there a girl here wants me?"

The one girl who could understand the question was absent and naturally the others were somewhat "flustered"—it being so—sudden—you know.

But after a moment one of a bevy of her sisters behind a door, had sufficient presence of mind to reply—saying in a happy stage whisper, "We all want you—Danny"—We have no authority to say how this reply struck our genial Prof. of Mathematics.

Dr. Chisholm, calling the roll of the third year Med's, came to a name which he made out as Deveene—who—by the way—is often invisible for days in the lecture room—(*due to illness*)[?] Dr. C.—“Well, now! Is Mr. Deveene not here?”

Goodwin—“No! he is sick.”

Dr. C.—“Well! Well! Is that so? And what is the matter with him?” D-nny McK—(*sorrowfully*) “We're very much afraid it is—a bad case of chronic laziness.”

Dr. C. then marks him “*dangerously ill.*”

B-rn-t, (morning before holidays.)—“Say W-ts-n, what are you digging out so early for this morning?”

W-ts-n.—“Oh I have to express a parcel on the early train.”

Later Mr W. was seen walking towards North Street, with the *parcel*, which, by the way, walked also.

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