

TRE

Dalhousie Gazette.

Ora et Labora.



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*** The Dalhousie Gazette. ***

"ORA ET LABORA."

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HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 21, 1889.

No. 7.

THE CLOUD TEMPLE.

Billow on billow of vapour,
Changeful, ethereal, gray,
Tinted with hues of the opal,
Rolling in rose-mists away—
Leaving a shadowy temple,
Circled with rainbow-hued light,
Pillared with columns of purple,
Raised in the wierd twilight.
Thither, in fancy, have mortals
Wearied of earth and its care,
Soared, in the gloaming, to wander
Mid its long vistas so fair.
Some on its beautiful columns,
Wreathed a green ivy to twine,
Emblem forever of friendship
Springing from earth, yet divine!
Some, on its altars, strewed roses,
Flowers of the heart! pure and sweet
Fragrant with odors of mem'ries,
Life's dearest hopes would repeat;
Others—enthralled with the music
Stealing in tremulous flow
Rising and swelling and rolling,
Sinking to cadences low,—
Lingered all breathless and silent,
Thrilled with the harmony's strain,
Striving to capture the echoes
Dying yet rising again.
Suddenly over the temple,
Swept a wild breeze of the night!
Smote all its walls and its pillars,
Shattered the rainbow of light!
Withered and crushed lay the ivy,
Scattered each leaf of the rose,
But the faint notes of the music

Stronger and fuller uprose!
Into the souls of the rapt ones,
Poured a rich flood-tide of song,
Fraught with mysterious meanings,
Hidden from mortals so long!
Back to earth's joys and its sorrows,
Drifted the favoured ones then,
And the sweet strains of that music
Taught to the children of men.

S. P. M.

Halifax, N.S., Feb. 1889.

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

Dreams! What strange memories and fancies crowd into our minds as we repeat the word, and suffer our minds to think what it means, and to wander back over the scenes of our past lives. What mingled sensations of joy and of sorrow, of wonder and of expectation, are associated with the word. We can recollect with what delight we would relate to friends the visions that brightened the hours of darkness; what pleasure their fairy pictures afforded us, and the faith we had in their truth and reliability. And even now, though our faith in them has vanished into thin air, and though we are inclined to smile at what we term superstition and folly, we will hardly acknowledge with what eagerness we hear, and for a time, perhaps, credit, some wonderful tale of events foreshadowed by dreams or of some secret revealed by them.
Though in the bustle and din of life, we are ready to scout the idea of their reality as absurd, yet that restless craving, in our hearts, to solve the mystery of our existence, and to pierce the

impenetrable barrier that surrounds this life of ours, constantly leads us to revert to them; and we are, at times, forced to the conclusion that there is something here not yet fully explained—some means by which our spirits are influenced in ways as yet wholly inexplicable to us. We are a mystery to ourselves. The unseen, the unknown, and the supernatural, have strong attractions for us, and we vainly strive to peer into them and to pierce the darkness which lies beyond the bourne that separates the visible from the invisible. Thus it is, that though we do not believe in dreams and other things of the same stamp, our disbelief is not so strong that we would be greatly surprised by having it proved ill-founded.

There is, however, another class of dreams, the memories of which are, to most of us, more pleasing, and with which there is little or no mystery connected. I refer to what may be called "day dreams"—those waking visions which brightened our childhood and youth, and which, perhaps, have not yet, altogether, faded away. With what pleasure do we recall those scenes. What a glorious thing life seemed then, with its endless possibilities; and what bright pictures we painted to ourselves of the pleasures it had in store for us. How we revelled in the beauties and splendours that our imagination conjured up before us; and with what impatience did we long for the time when we should go forth into the world and carry into effect the schemes that floated in our brains. Nothing seemed too difficult for us to accomplish. Every difficulty must yield to our touch. The world would become a second Eden, and trouble and sorrow would flee away.

As stretched at ease beneath the friendly shade of some spreading tree, on a balmy summer day, gazing at some beautiful landscape flooded in the full light of a noonday sun, or mellowed by the last gleams of the King of Day as he sank in the glowing West, we drank in the beauty and inspiration of nature every moment. What was there to prevent us from having full faith in our day-dreams, and picturing bright visions of future happiness and fame? Who could have persuaded

us that they were vain and fanciful—as unsubstantial as the morning mist that is dissipated by the rising sun?

And who would have been willing, even if able, to dissipate our delightful illusions? They did us no harm, and gilded the present as well as the future with a beauty and freshness they would otherwise never have worn. With what fidelity did we cherish our schemes, and how carefully did we guard our possession of them, as if instinctively afraid that they would crumble away into nothingness if subjected to the criticism of others. These dreams formed a part of an inner and secret life in which we lived apart from those around us.

But if we seldom breathed to others our dreamings, we were not at all alone or cut off from sympathy and help in our visionary life. We had the sympathy and companionship of those who, dreamers like ourselves, had recorded their visions and transmitted them to us. The wonderful tales of the Arabian Knights were, for a time, our inspiration. As we read of the wonderful discoveries of that great traveller Sinbad the sailor; as we dwelt on the grand transmutations wrought by means of lamps, rings, and mystic words, under the potent magic of benevolent genii; as our minds were stored with visions of magnificence, grandeur and beauty, our imaginations were stimulated, and peopled our own little world with similar scenes and adventures, and we fervently wished, and fondly hoped, that some guardian genius would conduct us to fame and happiness, equal to that of which we read. And what good we would do when our good fortune came! what a grand use we would make of our riches and power! How every one should rejoice because of our benevolence, and only the irreclaimably bad and malicious should be punished.

And when, as we got a little more knowledge of the world, such wondrous visions became less attractive, and we longed to carve out for ourselves the way to fame and fortune, how eagerly did we read the tales of exploits performed by men in past ages, and what glorious pictures of the great deeds we should do floated before our

eyes. Who that has read, in early life, the exploits of Cortes and his fellow-adventurers, as depicted in the glowing words of Prescott, can have failed to have been strangely impressed, and to have felt that he was transferred into a world of romance? As, in imagination, we stood with Cortes on the ridge that hemmed in the fertile valley of Mexico; as we hurried along with the flying Spaniards on their disastrous night retreat from the capital of the Aztecs, or as we descended with the little band of adventurers and lost ourselves in the restless sea of the Indian hosts. What a glamour of romance enveloped all things in a way that made us wish we had been there; that blinded us for the time to the injustice and cruelty of the Spaniards; that inflamed us with the spirit of the ancient Paladins of chivalry, and that caused our imaginations to fill some remote portion of the world with similar opportunities for distinction which we were busily engaged in improving.

And, if such were the effects produced in us at this period by sober historical works, much greater were those caused by works of fiction and by the visions of those master dreamers—the poets—whose works we devoured as we grew older. How real everything seemed, and how ready were we to believe in the possibility and truth of the things depicted. No doubts as to ourselves perplexed us, and everything seemed hopeful and happy.

But, as even the brightest landscape fades from view as the light of the sun is withdrawn, so with the visions of our youth; they have passed away, and, lo, they are not. All that remains to us are pleasing memories, something to smile and, perhaps, to sigh over, as we compare what the world is to us now with what it seemed to us then, and contrast the beautiful unrealities of our former fancies with the stern realities of life. Slowly, but surely, a change has taken place in our being, and an alteration in our views of the world round about us. And as we look back to the halcyon days of youth, and to the fancies and hopes that then made this world a fairy universe, we cannot help heaving a sigh for the days of long ago, and feeling that we have

grown poorer by the changes we have undergone. With the poet, Wordsworth, we exclaim:

"It is not now as it hath been of yore;

"By night or day,

"The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

And again:

"But yet I know, where'er I go

"That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

And yet we are still dreamers. The bright enchantress, Hope, ever whispers in our ears tales of promised pleasure, and allures us with bright visions of future success and happiness. And willingly we listen to her delightful tale, and gaze upon her beautiful pictures, and doing so are strengthened and nerved for the struggle with the difficulties of life. Such is the effect, though we know that the picture she paints is but an illusion, like the mirage of the desert, which places before the thirsty and fatigued traveller a deceptive vision of quietness and plenty, of beauty and repose. But unlike the mirage, the visions of Hope, though illusive, are not destructive but rather helpful; for, although we are seldom able to realize them, we are, in our endeavour to do so, raised to a higher plane and obtain, if not the things sought for, other things of perhaps greater value.

This habit is also very wide-spread. Men whose habits of thought and life are very far removed from what we would call visionary, are sustained and encouraged by their hopes of what the future has in store for them. And when persons have reached such an age that there is nothing in this life for them to look forward to, we find them rejoicing in the prospect of the glory and happiness that awaits them beyond the tomb, or as they revert to the years gone by living over again the days of their youth. They dream of the past as most of us dream of the future. Once more, they move amid old familiar scenes; again they hear the sound of voices long since hushed in everlasting silence, and gaze upon faces which have passed out of sight into the realm of the unseen, and as they do so they sigh for the good old times that have passed away for ever.

Yes, we are all, to a considerable extent,

dreamers. And our life,—that strange mixture of reality and unreality; that varied tissue of effort and failure, and of ultimate success growing out of this seemingly ineffectual striving is but a fitful, feverish dream.

As we grope here in our darkness, amid the shadows of mystery that surrounds us, we cannot but feel that,

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

But though we may feel this to be so, we should live in earnest and to some purpose. Let us strive to make this dream of life a pleasant and noble one, and to perform in it such actions alone as we shall be able to look back upon with comfort; and let us so do our duty so that when life's dream is o'er, and the great awakening comes to us, we shall be able, in a higher and more enlarged life, to realize those aspirations and gratify those desires of the satisfaction of which we could, in this life, only dream.

"NEMO."

HUMAN VOICES FROM THE SUNBEAMS AND THE CLOUDS.

Before the days of printing, before the time of newspaper and general activity, before the era of universal bubble, and frequency, supremacy, and misery of Bohemians lapsed into scorn; long before the modern, scientific and omnipotent mechanic methods, there came from Jerusalem to a rough, brusque, eccentric, fearless man, whose mood was solitary and chose a desert home, an inquiring band of Priests and Levites to interview this prophetic oddity and unaccountable anachronism. "Thou that art clothed in Camel's hair, that hast a leathern zone about thy loins, and that with such mysterious tastes do feed, Thou hirsute and crabbed troglodyte, what art thou? The Christ? Elias? That Prophet? "No?" "What then?"—"The voice of one crying in the wilderness," crying, between God and man, from Heaven to earth, witnessing the high *Unseen* to the low visible and sinful mean!

Surely a strange definition of a man's life's essential meaning and purport of mission! How it must have astonished those Jewish envoys, and hung puzzlingly among their thoughts! Here, then, is a life that is *not* a foot to walk; that is *not* a

tongue to twaddle and merely talk; that is *not* an eye to lust, nor a strong hand to thrust; that is *not* a rack for clothes, nor an upturned sneering nose; *not* a belly to crave; *not* a mouth to raven, nor a heart to sink, turn faint and craven!

And, again, after the tedious lapse of centuries; after the birth of much and the decay of more; after intrusions into every secret thing and proud irreverence for every holy thing; after the growth of new methods, and the worship of false lights, the enthronement of strange gods and the dethronement of old idols; after many bitter forgotten tears, and fervid prayers, and futile hopes, and joyous laughs, and jeering scoffs, and children's pains, and old men's trials, and strong men's gains; after reformations, and instauration, and revolutions; after policies and regencies, democracies and heresies, in short, after the mysterious shuttle of events has glided with various shades of west through the warp of well-nigh two thousand years, again this claim is put forth by a wild, shaggy man, not unlike his prophetic prototype, in the full blaze of modern enlightenment fearlessly throwing out his high estimate of his mission into the teeth of scrutinizing history. "To me," says Carlyle to the kind accompanying reader at the close of his "French Revolution," "to me thou wert as a beloved shade, the disembodied or yet embodied spirit of a brother. To thee I was but as a *Voice*, yet was our relation a kind of sacred one!" And this *voice*, though now hushed and passed forever into stillness, has left much significant cadence as a legacy to us. It is a *cloudland* cry indeed, not sweet, but deep, thunderous, and, above all, mournfully earnest and wild as a lonely sobbing sea's.

But this prophetic voice has, in departing, thrown its warm mantle of inspiration upon a humbler, diviner soul. John Ruskin has taken up and accented the keen utterances of Carlyle. His tone is gentler, mellow, more ethereal, and clearly sweet; tho', perhaps, not so strong, so deep, or broad. It is a *melody from the realm of sunlight*.

In a series of papers, then, I propose to consider these English voices; in what respects they are what I call them, and what are the most important utterances they address to us.

And, at present, though out of chronological order, I will attempt to consider the value of Ruskin as a religious writer, and his influence in this department on modern thought and life; and this the

more, in that the reading American public have in this very month, their attention directed to the life of this worthy, in one of their leading magazines.

Dr. Waldstein contributes to Harper's a fairly exhaustive estimate of his life work. The *GAZETTE* reader may see the divinity of that firm, faithful face and *heavenly eye* on the frontispiece.

Waldstein's summary of the effect of Ruskin's teachings and pure personality is four-fold,—I. Ruskin as a writer in art; II. Ruskin as the founder of the Phenomenology of nature; III. Ruskin as a writer and prose poet, and IV., Ruskin as a writer on social, political, and economical questions.

This classification of Ruskin's life-work might, at first sight, seem quite adequate and true to fact; but, on closer examination, the present writer does not find it so at all. The human setting of the whole character; the main trend of aspiration; the serene unity of spirit in a life of intricate and wide activity is left out. No matter how meagre and cursory one's perusal of Ruskin may have been, he is, at once, I am sure, made to feel, "Here is an amazingly religious nature projecting and protruding his faith and hopes into everything he touched, whether art or science, description of natural scenery or political economy."

This side of Ruskin's character and teaching his critic, however, ignores and scorns. Thus, for instance, while highly commending his work in founding what Waldstein calls "a new intellectual discipline" in his study and passionate description of nature, he tells us that his good work "will have vitality enough to outlive and outlast all the short-comings that block his way to the gates of reserved approbation and acceptance." And, further on, he enumerates these "short-comings" as "the inopportune introduction of this religious and didactic bias, which darkens the lucidity of his observation and often counteracts the good effects his teaching would otherwise have." And, further, he tells us that in reading to young people from Ruskin's works, he would carefully avoid all such religious and didactic passages, because of "the danger of blunting their faculty for, and reverence of, accurate truthfulness by mixing up fancy with systematic truth." Thus, as I suppose, he considers Ruskin's "preachings" and strong religious convictions as mere fancy, harmful and deleterious to the "scientific" mind, he would have fashioned in our youth!

In a word, we may gather the temper of the critic

fairly from his disparaging contrast of the methods and tempers of Ruskin and Carlyle on the one hand and Darwin on the other.

"If," he says, "as far as intellectual example is concerned, we turn from the prophetic and denunciatory violence of Carlyle and Ruskin to the charitable and unselfish statement of a great continuous effort in a long laborious life, beautiful as it is simple, we cannot help feeling that besides the result of the actual research of Chas. Darwin, his literary and scientific example, as a writer, can but leave a lasting and elevating influence in the minds of all those who read him for generations to come."

I do not mean to enter on a revision of Dr. Waldstein's estimate of Ruskin. I am inadequate to such a task, either in mastery of facts or in expression of them. But this I do feel and know, that the impression of Ruskin's character and work from the perusal of that article by one who has never read or known him, will be false to the core.

To put the case into as few words as possible, and to get at the point of debate in the determination of the rank of Ruskin and his worth to the world, let me put forth a few bold thoughts and questions in regard to the ultimate aim of man. The question will solve itself whether Ruskin's life was an onrush of sublime victorious principles, or a loud meaningless hurly-burly of "sound and fury," vain denunciations and vainer commendation, when we determine what is the end of our present existence. Let us keep this problem of the *end* well in view.

Is it, then the ultimate and highest arc in man's heaven of aspiration and possibility to "*understand*" or rather to *admire*, to fall on his face and worship, and thus grow wise? Is the intellectual morality of cool god-like indifference and ability to weigh and reason our final goal as creatures? or rather is it the warm, God-given morality of Love and worship, that will bring all our being into true harmony? Is there not a knowledge of the mind that "puffeth up," and withal is there not a "heavenly wisdom" of the soul that "edifieth"? Is there not a vague restless arm that clutches at something *not ourselves*, foolishly, and with vain desire, as of a child, it may be; but still ever did and ever does?

If we answer with Spinoza and Waldstein, that the main purpose of our existence is to *know*; calm, cool knowledge not *worship*: then I grant that Ruskin's life in its chief utterances, is like the empty sough of chaff and withered leaves and the wailing gusts of autumn. That man has a soul made in the image of God, and whose highest duty is to glorify

that Supreme One, and to find his *true being* in humble acts of homage, to come to ourselves in finding the secret pavilion of the central and highest self, this lies at the root of every book and every work Ruskin wrought.

And it was not without deep joy to the inner being of the present writer, that he fell in with such a teacher as Ruskin in this speculative and irreverent age. Truly he can say that Ruskin it was who first made Religion a *reality* to him, and though, perhaps, he is not philosopher enough to combat Dr. Waldstein's strictures and scoffs at the inconsistencies and short comings of Ruskin as a writer on Art or Social and Economical questions, yet he feels that he, at least, can understand the inner springs of that heavenly-minded pious soul.

Mr. Froude tells us in his "Life of Carlyle," that Ruskin once said to him concerning Carlyle, "What can you say of Mr. Carlyle but that he was born in the clouds and struck by the lightning" and in the same "Life" we have an utterance of Carlyle's respecting the character of Ruskin: "There is a singular environment or *ray of real Heaven* in Ruskin. Passages of that last book, "Queen of the Air," went into my heart like arrows."

Here, then, you have the measure of a man taken by one of *deepest* insight into affairs and men; perhaps none deeper among English writers hitherto, except Shakespeare. And remember the tenets of faith of Ruskin and Carlyle were quite distinct, even antagonistic, Ruskin openly avowed his trust in the faithfulness and truth of the Christian history; while Carlyle, not only doubted its historical veracity, but did much to pull it down. For instance, in "St. Mark's Rest" speaking of the three possible tempers in which Christianity was then, and might be regarded—the first, that of the modern scientific Cockney "That the dukes of Venice were mostly hypocrites, and, if not, fools; that their pious zeal was merely a cloak for their commercial appetite, as modern church-going is for modern swindling; or else a pitiable hallucination and puerility:—that really the attention of the suprema Cockney mind would be wasted on such by gone absurdities, and that out of mere respect for the common sense of monkey-born-and-bred humanity, the less we have of them the better.

"The second condition is in its full confession a very rare one;—that of true respect for the Christian faith, and sympathy with the passions

and imaginations it excited, while yet in security of modern enlightenment, the observer regards the faith itself only as an exquisite dream of mortal child-hood, and the acts of its votaries as a beautifully deceived heroism of vain hope. This theory of the splendid mendacity of Heaven and majestic somnambulism of man, I have only known to be held in the sincere depth of its discomfort by one of my wisest and dearest friends (here, as I take it, he is speaking of Carlyle) under the pressure of uncomprehended sorrow in his own personal experience."

"The third, the only modest, and therefore the only rational theory, is, that we are all and always in these as in former ages deceived by our own guilty passions, blinded by our own obstinate wills, and misled by the insolence and fantasy of our ungoverned thoughts; but that there is verily a Divinity in nature which has shaped the rough-hewn deeds of our weak human effort, and revealed itself in rays of broken but Eternal light to the souls which have desired to see the days of the 'Son of Man.'"

In this passage he gives a recital of his own religious consciousness and the reader would do well to read this (as the writer has done) not once or twice but oft; and see if there is not a divine harmony in the words as well as a divine humility in the author's temper and a true accuracy of summary in it withal.

And as we look with our own weak eyes throughout the wondrous works he has left us, we find that the soul of every book, the main-spring of all his teaching is the beauty of honestly believed and practical Christianity. Nor is he dogmatic, nor bigoted in his religious views. I fear he is too *divinely* wide to be acceptable to most of our theologians! He distinctly guards young people, in "Sesame," against the fatal temptation to religious pride.

"Of all the insolent, all the foolish persuasions, that, by any chance, could enter and hold your empty little heart, this is the proudest and foolishhest,—that you have been so much the darling of the Fates, as to be born in the very nick of time and in the punctual place, when and where pure Divine truth had been sifted from the error of the nations, and that your papa had been providentially disposed to buy a house, in the convenient neighbourhood of the steeple under which that immaculate and dual verity would be beautifully proclaimed. Do not think it, child; it is not so. This, on the contrary, is the fact—unpleasant you may think it; pleasant it seems to me—that you, with all your pretty dresses, and dainty looks, and kindly thoughts, and saintly aspirations, are not one whit more thought of and loved by the great *maker* and *master* than any other poor, little, red, black or blue savage running wild in the pestilent woods, or naked on the hot sands of the earth.

In the "Queen of the Air" he has given us an admirable deciphering of the Greek myths of Cloud and Storm, as represented in the person of their virgin Goddess, Athena. After describing the power and function of Athena in the earth, in the plant and in the worm, in the fish and in the bird, in the blood of man, and in the cells and foam of storm and sea, he closes the chapter in one of these arrowy passages that penetrate the heart:—

"This was the Athena of the greatest people of the days of old; and opposite to the temple of this spirit of the breath and life blood of man and of beast, stood, on the mount of justice, and near the chasm which was haunted by the goddess Avengers, an altar to the God unknown;—proclaimed, at last, to them, as One who, indeed, gave to all men life and breath and all things, and rain from heaven, filling their hearts with food and gladness; a God who had made of one blood all nations of men, who dwell on the face of all the earth, and had determined the times of their fate, and the bounds of their habitation." * * * * * "This only we may discern assuredly; this, every *true* light of science, every mercifully-granted power, every wisely restricted thought, teach us more clearly, day by day, that in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, there is one continual and omnipotent presence of *Help* and of *Peace* for all men who know that they *Live* and remember that they *Die*."

In conclusion, let me say, that as a false impression has been made by unfair critics with respect to the life of Carlyle, so a *very* disastrous result is flowing, and will continue to flow, from such *apparently* friendly estimations of Ruskin as that of Mr. Waldstein.

Ruskin's greatest service, in my humble way of thinking, to the world at large, and to England in particular, has been in turning the attention of young people to noble and earnest ways of life, and bright sun-paths of delight. He has striven to lead them along that way of pleasantness, that path of peace his own mother led him; he has written to turn their courage from the toil of war to the toil of mercy; to guide them from empty play and fruitless strife unto habits of worthy toil and wide good-will; from destruction to wise production; from amassing and hoarding wealth to just and charitable distribution.

Let me close with the words he addressed to the Oxford youth on the "Pleasures of Faith:—"

"You are, all of you, in the habit of supposing that temporal prosperity is owing either to worldly chance or to worldly providence, and is never grant-

ed in any visible relation to states of religious temper." (Please note this sentence carefully; we all think so, don't we?) "Put that treacherous doubt away from you with disdain; take for basis of reasoning the noble postulate that the elements of Christian faith are sound, instead of the base one that they are deceptive; read the great story of the world in that light, and see what a vividly real, yet miraculous tenor 'twill then bear to you."

"Their faith (referring to the early English time of Alfred the great) then, I tell you first was sincere; I tell you secondly that it was, in a degree few of us can now conceive, joyful. We continually hear of the trials, sometimes of the victories of Faith, but scarcely ever of its *pleasures*. Whereas at *this* time, you will find that the chief delight of all good men was in the recognition of the Goodness and Wisdom of the *Master* who had come to dwell with them on the earth."

Thus after asking them to make an experiment of this Christianity he concludes;

"If you are minded thus to try, begin with Alfred's prayer,— *fiat voluntas tua;*" resolving that you will stand to it, and that nothing that happens in the course of the day shall displease you. Then set to any work you have in hand with the sifted and purified resolution that ambition shall not mix with it, nor love of gain, nor desire of pleasure more than is appointed for you; and that no anxiety shall touch you as to its issue, nor any impatience nor regret if it fail. Imagine that the thing is being done through you, not by you; that the good of it may never be known, but that at least, unless by your rebellion or foolishness, there can come no evil into it, nor wrong chance to it. Resolve also with steady industry to do what you can for the help of your country, and its honour, and the honour of God; and that you will not join hands in its iniquity, nor turn aside from its misery: and that in all you do and feel you will look frankly for the immediate help and direction of God. Live thus, and believe, and with swiftness of answer proportional to the frankness of the trust, most surely, the God of hope will fill you with all joy and peace in believing."

THE Session is well advanced and many of our subscribers have not yet been heard from. We ask them to remember that we have, this year, indulged in a new and expensive cover, and that we have endeavored to help along the Student's Reading Room, and, consequently, cannot afford to let any of the dollars go. Please send your subscription as soon as convenient to the Manager, and fill his oft-times troubled heart with joy and peace and gratitude.

"THE DEFORMED BOY."

Through the stately elms that fringe the stream,
The quiet homes of the village gleam.

The church, the school house, and the hall,
Quaint tho' they are, I remember all.

And close by the side of a babbling brook,
Stands a sober house, in a shady nook.

There are flowers in the windows, and o'er the wall,
The climbing tendrils of ivy crawl.

The garden in front, the garden behind,
Is swept by the breath of the summer wind.

And three in that peaceful home abide,
Trusting in Him who is able to guide,

With watchful care, and tender love,
Their feet to his beautiful home above.

The mother, with grave and serious face,
Not yet bereft of its youthful grace,

Tho' the silver hair that shades her brow,
Shows the frosts of winter have fallen now.

A maiden, pure in heart and brain ;
A beam of sunshine after the rain.

And Jimmy, happy in spite of fears,
An invalid boy of eighteen years.

His brother ; for Jimmy came not alone,
Sleeps well by the river ; a little stone

Shows that after a three month's stay,
The angels came, and bore him away,

Of the stronger child was the mother bereft ;
But why was he taken and Jimmy left ?

Jimmy so helpless, weak, and blind ;
Why way was he to be left behind ?

We may not say ; for all we know,
Is that God, the Father, would have it so.

And Jimmy grew weaker day by day,
Till his tender limbs were wasted away,

And his back was bent, till 'twas sad to see,
Its ghastly length of deformity.

And the thin blue veins run down on the bone,
Bearing their scanty nourishment on.

But tho' twisted sore are the hands and feet,
The look of the face is strangely sweet.

And beautiful golden ringlets flow,
Over a forehead white as snow.

And by many signs can the mother tell,
That helpless Jimmy loves her well.

He knows her voice, as she sings an air,
Her touch, her footstep on the stair.

Sometimes, he seems in his merry glee,
To enjoy the joke or the repartee.

And when he awakes in trembling fright,
Perplexed in his dreams by some fearful sight.

Or some hideous sound that haunts his ear,
His mother's hand allays his fear,

Till his beating heart forgets its pain,
And he falls in peaceful sleep again ;

Thus carefully tended from day to day,
The years of his life have passed away.

And when at length, the eyelids close,
The weary limbs in peace repose,

The rocks, the thorns, the desert past,
He shall reach his father's home at last.

O! glorious transit from dark to bright,
From a world of gloom to a world of light !

Fostered on earth with tender care,
He will find his full fruition there.

And when the mother with joy shall own
Her ransomed child before the throne,

Will she grudge the pain she gave it here,
The sleepless night, the bitter tear ?

Ah no! the trouble and the pain
Will double the joy in that bright domain.

Oh, the wonderous power of a mother's love !
Gleam from the glory land above !

O love divine ! we all are blind,
Weary and chafed with storm and wind.

We have strayed on the mountain far from thee ;
Still none helpless than Jimmy are we.

Lead us, Lord, by the heavenly light,
Through the darkness of the night.

THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

Professor Blackie writes:—As my opinions on the place and power of classical learning in modern education are not unfrequently misrepresented or misunderstood, I crave the indulgence of a small space to state my views on that important subject in a few sentences, with such articulate distinctness that they cannot be misunderstood. I hold

(1.) That as a general foundation for the education of a British young man, ambitious of intellectual culture in this nineteenth century, the passing through a regular course of scholastic drill in Greek and Latin is an anachronism and an absurdity of the grossest kind. What was the current coin of European intelligence in the days of Erasmus, and in the time of Milton a necessary element in the education of a well-informed gentleman, has now lost the greater part of its practical utility for the many, and has become the luxury of a few men of leisure or the special tool of certain fields of intellectual action, such as theology, history, philosophy, and law.

(2.) That the roots of all genuine human culture for a youth of the British Empire at the present day, lie not in the superficial, or minutely accurate study of dead languages, or of any language whatever, but in the drawing forth of his living faculties, in the living atmosphere to which he belongs and in submitting himself directly to the influences of nature and life on the stage where the Creator has planted him—that is to say, that the young faculty should be exercised not on dead words, or dry rules, but on living facts ; that the eyes should be trained to observe, the ear to appreciate the delicacies of sound, the voice to enunciate, the memory to retain, and the imagination to picture whatever either in his present environment, or in his direct historical connection with the past, belongs to him as a living agent in this age of modern Christian and European culture ; more especially, that not Latin and Greek, but natural history, civil history, national biography, national literature, drawing, music, both sacred

and secular, imperial geography and national topography, recitation, with a fluent and graceful use of the mother tongue, independent of paper with calisthenics of every description for health and grace, and with moral teaching, of course from the Bible direct, should form the staple of all juvenile indoctrination for young British gentlemen, in this nineteenth century. Languages of course, may come in afterwards as adjuncts, but they are neither primary nor necessary. The Greeks, the wisest of all ancient people, had no language but their own ; and the Romans, in addition to their mother tongue, learned only one—viz., Greek, and it was to them a living, not a dead language, and was acquired for full use in practice, just as the Russians or the Germans learn French.

(3.) That languages, whether dead or living, ought to be learned thoroughly or not at all. If the language, say Greek, is not so acquired as to enrich the blood, and stimulate the nerve, and imp the wing for noble thought, the time spent upon its acquisition is lost. Greek will not contribute anything of substantial value to a man's culture unless he has been made so familiar with it that he can take up any common book of prose or poetry and read it without a dictionary. But this familiarity in the case of Greek is notoriously not gained by ninety-nine out of a hundred British youths who are driven through the traditional routine of scholastic inculcation in this country. Therefore I say it is in the main a respectable sham, a pretentious absurdity, and an unfruitful formalism.

(4.) Especially in Scotland the hollowness and rottenness of the whole system of so-called classical education, is made more glaringly manifest by the degradation into which the higher learning beneath the Tweed has sunk, from the neglect of the middle schools, and forcing the professors of Latin and Greek to spend their main strength on details of school drill, instead of devoting themselves to those exertations on the soul and substance of ancient wisdom, from which alone true culture can proceed.

(5.) I must state in the strongest terms that the whole method of teaching languages, espe-

cially Latin and Greek, in this country, by grammar rules, written exercises, and reading lessons is radically wrong. These things no doubt are good, and very good in their proper place, but altogether bad and contrary to nature when used as a substitute for the living method by direct thinking, hearing, and speaking. The familiarity, without which languages are a continual fret, can be acquired only as children learn their mother tongue, or as fencers learn to fence by using their foils, or dancers to dance by going through their paces. No man is fit to teach a language who does not think and speak in the language which he professes to teach; and no scholar can acquire that familiarity with a language which makes it enjoyable unless from the beginning he is trained to use it as a living tool of thought, not as a curious piece of old furniture stowed away in the back chambers of the intellect.

GEO. MUNRO DINNER.

"Life is not an empty Dream."
Longfellow, revised.

The advent of *George Munro Day* is always an occasion to which the Dalhousie boys look forward with anticipations of genuine pleasure—the only possible regret being that many other liberal-minded gentlemen have not canonized themselves by doing similar good deeds, and thus have enabled the Governors to strew a few more of these much-desired oases throughout the Student's pilgrimage. In former years, the boys were won't to have a sleigh-drive and a dinner out of town; this season old Probabilities was not on time with the necessary material, so the innovation of a dinner in the city was the result. Teas' Dining Room was the resort, and around the "bounteously laden" tables of our host, as merry a group of jolly Students seated themselves as ever dug Greek roots or hunted after poles and polars.

The presence of Student representatives from *Mt. Allison, Acadia, and Kings*, lent an additional interest to the evening's proceedings, and the kindly feeling they promoted by inter-collegiate courtesy is one of the most pleasing

features of the celebration. The board was also graced by the presence of reporters from the leading city papers. The following is the

MENU.

- Soups: Hare.
 - Entree: Oyster Patties.
 - Joints: Sirloin Beef, Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce, Ham, Tongue.
 - Vegetables: Potatoes, Green Peas.
 - Pastry: Pig Pudding, Wine Sauce, Italian Cream.
 - Dessert: Oranges, Apples, Figs, Dates, Confectionery, Bon-Bons, Assorted Biscuits.
- TEA, COFFEE, AND LEMONADE.

The palm for honors in dietetics was divided between the Sophomore and Freshmen classes after a close competition, in which both showed some exceptionally fine playing.

Chairman Frazee announced the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" by taking up the following

TOAST LIST.

- 1.—The Queen Chairman V. G. Frazee
- 2.—The Governor and Lieut. Governor,
Vice-Chairman D. C. Mackintosh.
- 3.—Our Benefactors, Ed. Fulton.
CHORUS, GLEE CLUB.
- 4.—Our 'Oppressors.'—The Governors, Senate and Faculty.
D. C. Mackintosh, Mr. A. S. Mackenzie.
- 5.—The Alumni McL. Harvey, Mr. H. Murray.
- 6.—Alma Mater Allan Smithers, H. Putnam.
CHORUS:—"LONG MAY SHE LIVE OUR COLLEGE FAIR."
- 7.—Sister Colleges V. G. Frazee.
Mr. S. W. Prowse for Mt. Allison,
Mr. C. H. MacIntyre for Acadia.
Mr. J. A. Payzant for Kings.
CHORUS:—"GLEE CLUB."
- 8.—College Societies Alex. Laird.
J. A. Macglashen for Y. M. C. A.
Mr. A. O. MacRae for "Sodales."
Robt. Grierson for Athletic Club.
- 9.—The Ladies W. E. Thompson, J. A. Mackinnon.
SONG BY D. M. MARTIN.
- 10.—The Graduating Class,
G. W. Schurman, R. J. Macdonald.
- 11.—The Press G. A. Lear.
For Gazette, J. W. Brehaut.
Representatives of City Papers.
- 12.—Mine Host Chairman.

(For the Gazette.)

A PLEA FOR COLLEGE UNITY.

There seems to be a regrettable lack of unity and common feeling between the different classes of our college. I do not say that this is observable to any great extent between individuals of these classes, but the fact remains that the class feeling often prevails to the exclusion of the college feeling. Especially is this the case between the first and second years. A student seems to think that, as soon as he has graduated into the second year, he has entered a new and far superior element. The poor Freshman is now an object of commiseration and despisal; he is wandering in "Egyptian darkness" and is one of the "Hoi Barbaroi".

How so great an illumination and so great enlightenment can come to the happy Sophomore in so short a time is incomprehensible to me. The only revenge that a Freshman dares to hope for is the privilege next year to treat his successor in the same way. Is not this a peculiar state of affairs and is it not unexampled outside of college life?

It will be said, of course, in reply that this antagonism between the two classes is all good natured and harmless. No doubt in the majority of instances, no harm is either intended or received in the allusions which are so profusely and so frequently flung at the Freshmen.

But I am afraid that in some cases these allusions do carry a sting, and that they are not always administered in the best of humour. Moreover, persistent and unvarying jesting on any object is apt to infer *some* feeling of contempt behind it.

Doubtless this custom of opposition between the classes is one honored by immemorial precedent. But for all that, I think that Dalhousie should set the example of its abolition. It is a custom useless and annoying. It is the one blot on Dalhousie's brilliant record. If we can't abolish it altogether, let us at least try to reduce it to a minimum. Each student should think of himself not as a Freshman, a Sophomore, a Junior or a Senior (excellent and honorable as each of these titles are) but as

A DALHOUSIAN.

The toasts were drunk in cold water and lemonade with a zest usually ascribed to the influence of the "rosy god" alone; indeed, the post-prandial orations of this year were much above the average—many of them being especially witty—and all free from that *taedium* so characteristic of such occasions. After spending a most enjoyable evening, *Auld Lang Syne's* pleasing strains were wafted on the wings of night, and homeward hied each gallant wight sorry to part—hoping to meet again.

Correspondence.

(For the Gazette.)

THE AVERY PRIZE.

To many students it was a great surprise, not to say disappointment, on Friday last, when a notice appeared announcing that the Avery prize is not to be awarded this year. Had such a notice appeared in past years we should not have cared so much, because, heretofore, all the best students have taken honour courses. But with the present fourth year things have changed and it is not too much to say that it contains men worthy not only of a paltry twenty-five dollar prize but of medals too, for there is competition in the ordinary course. But, as in English law, there is always a remedy, though it may in some cases be a little expensive of course. So in this little affair there is a way out of the difficulty, and not involving much expense either. For instance it wouldn't take very many class fees to amount to such a wonderful sum, if people only felt so disposed. But should they fail, perhaps our worthy governors might be persuaded to dive just a little piece into their well-filled pockets. Lastly if both these proposals prove too oppressive to the parties concerned, a subscription might be started among the *wealthy* students; and in this I do not refer to any in particular, for we are all exceedingly rich.

These remarks are just intended as a gentle hint and it is earnestly hoped that something will be done at once and that a notice will appear signifying that twenty-five dollars, if indeed no more can be raised, will be awarded this spring as usual.

THIRD YEAR STUDENT.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

Halifax, N. S., February 21st, 1889.

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It will be decidedly to the advantage of the GAZETTE for Students to patronize our advertisers.

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IT is a matter of regret that there is not more competition for the "Waddell prize." The time set for receiving articles will soon be up, and, so far, only one has been entered for competition. The object of the donor is to stimulate the Under-graduates and Students to take a greater interest in literary work. If it fails in doing so we can hardly expect the prize to be continued. There are yet about two weeks left, and we would urge upon all the necessity of helping to make the competition a lively one.

WE are pleased to be able to announce that the college authorities have set apart the room opposite Dr. Alexander's lecture room for the use of the Y. M. C. A. This college society has better claims to such a favour than any other. It is well attended, and holds regular weekly meetings almost from the beginning to the end of lectures. We do not think, however, that the Y. M. C. A. will be so selfish as to monopolize the use of the room. We can see no reason why the *Sodales* and other societies should not be allowed to meet in it under certain conditions. As the Association has taken the initiative in procuring it, it would only be right that they should have control, but we are much mistaken if they would be unwilling to allow the other societies the free use of it. With this understanding there would be very little trouble in furnishing it, as all the Students would be willing to assist. We hope to see the room occupied by our College societies next session.

We have been asked to thank the authorities, in behalf of the Y. M. C. A., for their kindness in providing them with the room.

BY the appointment of Dr. Alexander to the newly established chair of English, in the University of Toronto, we are again to lose one of our best Professors. Even so must we expect it to be while Dalhousie is but one, though, indeed, the leading one, of some half-dozen Maritime Colleges. In this lies the most potent argument for College Federation—the need of concentrating our forces; and thus, by increasing our influence and combining our funds, make ourselves able to secure and retain able and distinguished Professors.

We can't expect that men of first-class ability and liberal culture will be content to remain in a position of less influence and emolument when the opportunity of obtaining one of greater offers itself. In consideration of this, therefore, while we deeply regret that Dr. Alexander is about to leave us, we cannot refrain from congratulating him most heartily upon his good fortune.

It is almost needless for us to remark upon Dr. Alexander's career as a Professor at this University. His success has been so marked, and the satisfaction he has given so well-known and so universally recognized, that any words of ours can be but a faint addition to the volumes of praise already laid at his feet. Every Student who has come in contact with him has been impressed by the scholarliness and culture of his mind, and by the keenness and rare soundness of his judgment.

It is this soundness of judgment, indeed, rather than brilliancy, that is his chief characteristic as a critic and a lecturer—a characteristic that cannot be too highly commended when there is such a tendency, now-a-days, to hobbyism and superficial criticism.

Naturally we will feel our loss of Dr. Alexander very severely. The best that we hope, perhaps, is, that we may be able to get as good a man to replace him. However, we do not intend to speculate as to who will be his successor. We will leave that matter to our Governors, confident that their choice will be a wise one. Of Dr. Alexander we will only say that we wish he may, in his future position, as he has in his present, win golden opinions from all.

IN the GAZETTE of January 10th, "Dalhousian" calls attention to the recent change that has been made in the College term. He frankly admits that he was in favor of the change at first, but now complains that too much time is devoted to examinations, and that the prime object of the change is thus lost sight of.

The fact remains that we have a nominal term of eight months, while, in reality, we have only about six months work. Fully three weeks elapse between the Bursary examinations and the commencement of lectures. Again, in the spring, almost a month is consumed between the beginning of examinations and convocation.

As the time for examinations is at hand, (and for some of us, perhaps, the day of College death,) we might well ask the question: Did the Governors, when they made the change,

intend that all the surplus time should be devoted to examinations?

The *Acadia Athenaeum* has been kind enough to say that, "as an advocate of Students' rights, the GAZETTE ranks high." We are proud to be able to say that the GAZETTE, at least, has always aimed in that direction, and it is well known that that was the object for which it was started. The GAZETTE, heretofore, has spoken with no uncertain sound on the question of examinations, and, in view of that, we think we need offer no apology for again directing attention to the subject, since late developments go to show that exams. are to occupy a more prominent position in our College course than formerly; and, we also claim the right to question, fearlessly, whether the intention of the Governors, in regard to the lengthened term, has been carried out faithfully on the part of the Faculty.

To be a little erratic we shall take up the last first. We were confidently led to believe, by both Professors and Governors, that the term was lengthened for the sole purpose of affording more time for *class work*. It was also stipulated, (if we mistake not,) that *no additional work* was to be imposed, but that we should go over the old beaten track more carefully than our predecessors. This, to the Students, was the only redeeming feature in the scheme. Let us see how this has been carried out by our task-masters. Canvass any year, if you will, and it will be found that there is no diminution in the amount of work prescribed for each day. In short, the very opposite seems to be the rule, and some of the Professors make the lengthening of the term an apology for assigning extra work. The writer has a book, that, judging from its tattered appearance and marginal notes, has been handed down from time immemorial. Whole pages in this classic relic have been gone over this term, which the pencil or pen of no former Student has polluted. When a third year Student remarks that one of the Professors is lecturing on a certain part of his subject the fourth year sage answers that they did not get anything on that, and immediately accounts for it by the *lengthened term*.

Does this conform to the *dictum* laid down by the Governors, that no extra ground should be gone over?

In the lecture rooms each Professor seems more than anxious to fill in every minute to the best advantage, (we mean by lecturing as fast as possible), and one more alive to a sense of his duties than his fellows can vigorously work at an air pump and lecture at the same time with the greatest ease.

Numerous instances, in proof of this, could be adduced, and we are not aware of one where a Professor has been known to "slow up," to use a vulgarism, this whole term. We can emphatically say, that in so far as the lengthened term has afforded the Students greater time in which to get up the work is concerned, it has proved a total failure, and we can, as confidently assert that the work has been, to some extent, increased.

Judging from the Calendar, one would be led to believe that the change has been effected to afford the Professors time to examine the papers more critically than heretofore.

To say they can examine *more critically* is to credit them with being able to accomplish an impossibility, as every one who has passed through Dalhousie well knows.

The GAZETTE has frequently moralized on the evil effects attending examinations, and the *false, low and debased* motives for study encouraged by a rigid examination system. We shall not now burden our readers with an effusion of our own pent-up feelings on the subject, but will content ourselves with quoting the views of a few men famous in letters and of high educational standing.

Prof. Edward A. Freeman, says: "Every examination is, in itself, an evil, as making men read, not for the attainment of knowledge, but for the object of passing an examination, and, perhaps, of compassing its "pecuniary value," and, we might add, the small glory of coming out head. He closes an interesting article thus: "I read with very little comfort or pleasure while there is before me the spectre of an examination, deadening everything, and giving a wrong motive

for one's work. When I had got my degree and my fellowship, I said, 'Now I will begin to read.' I began in October, 1845, and I have not stopped yet."

Prof. Frederick Harrison supplements with: "Examinations, like so many other things, are useful as long as they are spontaneous, occasional and simple. Its mischief begins when it grows to be organized into a trade, and the *be-all* and *end-all* of its own sphere. The less the Student be 'prepared,' in the technical sense, the better."

Of the trained examinee he says: "He 'flogs' his paper with instinctive knack; seeing at a glance how many minutes he can give to this or that question; which question 'pays' best, and trots out his surface information and his ten-day memory in neat little pellets beautifully docketed off with 1, 2, 3, a, b, c, the five elements of this, the 'seven periods' of that movement, and the wonderful discovery, (last month,) of a new reading by Professor Wunderhar."

Hear what Prof. Max Müller has to say: "We want a gradual change of competition into qualifying examinations. Many years ago we wanted examinations for the sake of schools and Universities; we now seem to have schools and Universities simply and solely for the sake of examinations."

These are authorities from the other side of the water, where the preparing for examinations has passed into the hands of "*professional crammers*," and has been reduced by them to a science. Here the examination horse has not been so carefully trained; still, he has become quite a racer, and if we are any judge of his progress, *professional crammers* will have to be introduced to enable us slow Students to keep pace with him.

The great fault at Dalhousie is, that no credit is given for sessional work—all depends on the final reckoning in the spring. Your work may be good or bad during the term, but it won't affect the result.

NOVA SCOTIAN ARCHEOLOGY—THE STONE AGE.

THE PATTERSON COLLECTION.

A Meeting of an unusual character was held in the Examination Hall of our new University building on the evening of Monday, 11th February. It was a joint meeting of members of the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science, members of our University, and the citizens of Halifax. The occasion of this meeting was the reading of a paper by the Rev. George Patterson, D. D., on "Nova Scotian Archæology," and the presentation by him to our University Museum of his large and valuable collection of archæological specimens accumulated during the course of many years research in regard to the modes of life, as indicated by relics left behind them, of the Micmac tribes before their intercourse with Europeans had disturbed their primitive habits. The meeting was held in the University building, for convenience, that the specimens could be used in illustrations of the paper, and that formal presentation might be made of the collection to the University authorities. In addition to the members of the Institute, present at the usual monthly meetings, there were likewise, on this occasion, a number of citizens—ladies and gentlemen and Professors and Students of the College. Professor McGregor, President of the Institute, having taken the chair, the routine business, brought forward by Mr. A. McKay, the Secretary, was speedily disposed of. The President then introduced the Rev. Dr. Patterson, who proceeded to read his paper. The collection was spread out in order on tables before him, and consisted of a very large number of implements and relics of various kinds, which he now formally presented to the authorities of Dalhousie University, to be preserved in the University Museum.

Dr. Patterson, stated that, in the old world, there are four sources whence relics of the stone age is obtained: 1, burial mounds or old cemeteries; 2, the so-called Kitchen middens and shell-heaps along the shores; 3, cave dwellings; 4, lake dwellings, as in Switzerland. The last two are not found in our province. 1. Burial Mounds, &c. He had found one prehistoric cemetery,

indicated by the turning up of a human skull trans-fixed by an arrow-head; but there were only fragments of bone in a dark brown mould, in which were found stone axes, knives, arrow and spear-heads, bone fish spear heads, small copper knives, fragments of pottery, and one stone pipe, showing great skill in workmanship. There are some reasons for believing that these are the remains of a race, perhaps Eskimo, anterior to the Micmacs. 2. Kitchen middens These are the chief source of pre-historic relics in Nova Scotia, and examples of them, which had been examined by Dr. P. occur on Pictou and Merigomish harbours, Antigonish, Tracadie, etc., on the north shore of the Province; Bauchman beach, LaHave River and Port Medway, in Lunenburg county; St. Mary's, Guysboro, and Leguille River, Annapolis: there is scarcely a harbour or considerable river in the province where they may not be found. Many of the articles in the collection were obtained on the farm of Rev. A. P. Miller, Merigomish. Dr. Patterson had arrived at the same conclusion as Dr. Honeyman, that none of the relics of the stone age in Nova Scotia were pre-glacial.

Dr. Patterson then gave a very interesting description of the principal specimens in the collection, noticing the material of which the various implements were made, their mode of manufacture and uses and modifications of form. He compared them with similar stone and other primitive implements from Scotland and the North of Europe, Trinidad and the New Hebrides. Examples were shown of implements of native copper, bone, horn and walrus-ivory of the Nova Scotian stone age, and sea-shell instruments from the South Seas. He also called attention to fragments of Nova Scotian pottery, and noticed the site of an earthenware manufactory near Bridgewater.

Dr. MacGregor, President, complimented Dr. Patterson, on his valuable and elaborate paper, and expressed regret that the time left for discussing it was so short. After brief allusions by Mr. Blackwood and Prof. Lawson to points in the paper, the President expressed the thanks of the Members to Dr. Patterson, and closed the proceedings of the Institute.

Dr. Forrest, President of the University, then took the chair. In name of the University authorities, he accepted the valuable gift that had been so generously bestowed, and tendered to Dr. Patterson the warmest thanks of the University. Our Museum already contains a splendid collection of the native birds of Nova Scotia—the MacCulloch collection. This magnificent series—the Patterson collection—illustrating the stone age of the Province—presents materials for study in another department. Now that we have plenty of room for the safety and convenient exhibit of specimens, it is hoped that through the exertions of students and friends of the College throughout the Province, our Museum will be rapidly developed.

Thus closed one of the most interesting meetings held by the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science.

The importance of recording information of the social and moral condition, habits of life, religion, superstitions, and language of native races on the American continent, has of late years become more and more apparent. It is now felt to be a duty which Europeans owe to the native races that are being displaced, and a duty also to posterity; for, even where these primitive peoples are not themselves disappearing, their contact with Europeans disturbs their primitive modes of life and thought, and the opportunity of observing their habits, customs and industries is rapidly passing away.

The functions of a University are not limited to mere teaching and examining and granting degrees and the other University honors. Universities in the old countries have been the great centres of enquiry, investigation, literary research and scientific discovery. There is every sign of promise that in this New World they will also be the permanent centres of intellectual activity. It is eminently fitting, then, that collections like this, forming such abundant material for research should be deposited in the University, where they will not only be open to general observation, but conveniently available at all times for examination by those interested in such subjects and qualified by preliminary study for making careful comparisons and investigation.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

The course in Journalism at Cornell is open only to postgraduates and to Seniors and Juniors on the college papers.

Oxford University is the largest in the world; it embraces twenty-one colleges and five halls. It has an annual income of \$6,000,000.

The November number of the *Nineteenth Century* contained a strong protest, signed by four hundred and thirty of the leading educationists of England, against what they term "the sacrifice of education to examination". They claim that the examination system has a tendency to misdirect the energies of students, and that it in many cases leads to excessive and injurious mental strain. We notice that, at Amherst, the examination system has been entirely abolished, a series of written recitations, given at intervals during the year, having taken its place.

Michigan University has established a course in the art of writing plays for the stage.

Union College has been without a President for four years. The annual announcement is again made that the students will withdraw in a body if some one is not soon chosen to fill the vacant chair.

Of the 1,400 students in Michigan State University, President Angell states that the parents of 502 were farmers, 271 merchants, 93 lawyers, 83 physicians, 52 manufacturers or mechanics, 61 clergymen, and that 45 per cent. belong to the class who gain their living by manual labor.

In accordance with instructions the Trustees of Wesleyan University, have adopted a plan, whereby students from certain designated preparatory schools may be admitted by certificate without examination.

Cornell has an experience that is novel. A recent friend of the institution left to its trustee \$15,000,000, but as their charter provided for only 3,000,000, and they have more than that already, the courts have decided that the will cannot be executed.

PERSONALS.

We have to chronicle another success scored by a Dalhousian. Calkin, B. A. '87, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Practical Chemistry in Cornell University. We most heartily congratulate him.

Among the *litterati* of the Canadian capital one of the most prominent is Oxley, B. A. '74. All of the prominent magazines on both sides of the Atlantic from time to time contain articles from his graceful pen. His subjects are mostly Canadian and he treats them in a pleasantly instructive manner, which has called forth loud encomiums from competent critics.

We have invariably noticed that after the close of a leap year, the editor of this column has to record a number of marriages in which a Dalhousian was an interested party. During 1888 there worshipped at Hymen's shrine McGregor, B. A. '71, McDonald B. A. '73, Cruickshank, B. A. '74, Ross, (W. B.) a Junior in '74-75, Stewart B. A. '82, Torey B. A. '82, Gammell B. A. '85, and McKenzie Sophomore in '85-86. There may have been others of whom we have not heard but whose departure from single life we shall speak of later. Meantime to the above named and their fair partners we extend our best wishes.

Lane, LL. B. '87, has hung out his shingle in Spring Hill. We trust his practice may largely and speedily increase.

McLeod, B. A. '84, and lately Munro Tutor in Classics is by latest advices, Principal of the High School in Victoria, B. C.—the second highest educational position in that province. With McLeod in Victoria, and Stramberg, B. A. '75, filling a similar position in New Westminster, Dalhousie is likely to soon win a golden reputation on the Pacific slope.

Campbell, LL. B. '88, has begun practice in St John, N. B. We wish him every success.

McKay (N. F.) B. A. '86, is Principal of the Schools in Regina, N. W. T. We hear that he intends coming back to Nova Scotia in the Spring. We need not assure him we will be more than glad to see him.

Arthur Weir has resigned the chief editorship of the McGill College Gazette. He will act as corresponding editor. J. A. M. McPhail B. A., has been appointed Editor-in-chief.

Berlin University attracts many students. The number entered for the present winter term is 5,700 which is 1,177 more than last summer and 322 more than last winter. The numbers of students attending the various faculties are; Theology, 840; law, 1,585; medicine, 1,456, and philosophy, 1,909. In addition to the matriculated students, 1,895 persons have been permitted to attend the various lectures, thus bringing up the total number of attendance at the University to 7,685. The greater number of this total, 4,302, are as would be naturally expected, of Prussian nationality; 870 students come from other states of the German empire, and 405 from different countries of Europe. The foreign students are: Russians 127; Swiss, 86; Austrians, 39; Hungarians, 37; British, 33; Luxemburgers, 13; Italians, 11; French, 11; Roumanians, 11; Greeks, 10; Swedes and Norwegians, 9; Dutch, 6; Turks, 4; Servians, 3; Belgians, 2; Danes, 2; and one Spaniard. From other continents than Europe there are 213 students—namely, 171 from America, 39 from Asia, 2 from Australia, and one from Africa.

The glee clubs of several colleges are making holiday tours through the New England and Western States. Their concerts afford opportunities for pleasant reunions of alumni, and give the public a glimpse of college life.

Miss Fawcett, daughter of the late postmaster-general of England, applied to a famous mathematical "coach" at Cambridge to be taken as his pupil. She was rudely repulsed, the uncivil tutor declaring that he "would take no tabbies." The same Miss Fawcett has been systematically beating the best men of her year at the Trinity College examinations, and will doubtless be senior wrangler for the coming year.

Among the Scotch Universities, Edinburgh leads with 3,500 students; then comes Glasgow with 2,200, Aberdeen 920, and St. Andrews, 220. The total number of students at the four universities has doubled within twenty-six years.

It is with feelings of deepest sorrow that we record the death of Taylor, B. A. '84. By the students of the years '80-'84 Taylor will be well remembered as one of the best and kindest of good fellows, distinguished alike in the class room the hall and on the football field. While studying medicine at McGill he contracted a severe cold from the effects of which he never recovered. In a vain search for health he went to Riverside in Southern California and to him there in May of last year the dread messenger came. To his widow his relatives and his host of intimate friends we beg to extend our heartfelt sympathy.

McKenzie, B. A. '88, has been engaged since graduation, in missionary labors in Labrador. At the end of the summer, tho' expected back and tho' under no obligation to remain he chose to do so and endure the horrors of a winter in Labrador in order that he might more successfully prosecute his work. Such heroism deserves to be recorded.

Photographs are the ruling passion with the students just now. The graduating classes in both Law and Arts have been taken, so have the Sophomores and the Medicals; and the next to sit, if they will yield to the wish of their admiring friends, will be the lady students.

Dallusiensia.

We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who are alone expected to understand its contents.

How is John B. like the Pathfinder?

After his three days' fast, Webster can no longer be said to be unabridged.

The dude is kind of mixed up himself.

Competent judges have announced a "tie" between the Sophs and the Freshies in the consumption of viands at the Munroe Dinner.

How is Annapolis Fullerton like a man that is giving up smoking?

Freshman (to waiter, at the Munro Dinner) "Please give me some of the Pig Pudding."

The movements of our young C. B. Junior have been somewhat mysterious of late. A clue, however, has been discovered by one of his class-mates; who, while passing a certain gate in the south end of the city over-heard him remark: "I'da most delightful walk and shall eagerly look forward to our next."

Can any of the secular element explain why the tall semi-theologian, and his chum call at a certain house on Spring Garden Road on Saturday evenings.

Prof. in Greek (to student)—Have you a mark of interrogation there Mr. R—?

Stud.—No sir, I have a semi-colon.

What if that letter were sent?

AMONG THE SOPHS.

1. "Miss West."
2. "Tall athletic Mr. Jordon."
3. "We are all Hamlets, but we are not all Lear's."

Prof.—"Very good, sir." "Next Mr. M—; translate please."

Mr. M.—"....."

Prof.—"Wrong, sir, to be sure."

Mr. M.—"Beg your pardon, sir, it is....."

Prof.—O - O - Oh!

Mr. M.—"Just a slip, sir, I should say....."

Prof.—"But you shouldn't; in English we would say....." "Next, Mr. C—."

The Archly smiling Soph., and his chum of pedestrian fame, after their phenomenal success at the recent Exam., are very much annoyed that the Camera took no notice whatever of the budding ornaments? that grace their upper lips.

Detective Fraser has to keep a sharp eye on the Yarmouth boats.

The Camel is said to be able to go a long time without food and water. When we saw him at the Munro Dinner we thought he was laying in enough to last for several days.

A certain Soph. in the chaotic state of mind induced by love sickness instead of calling at Notman's dropped into a harness shop in the neighbourhood and asked the astonished proprietor if his photos were ready.

It is said that the Mathematical Junior looked rather sad at the Chalmer's Lecture when the minister took his lady to a front seat observing that he didn't like to see her so lonesome that he goes to see QUINN, seven nights a week: that he comes back feeling quite animated after getting St. Elmo with suggestive initials on the cover.

A dark rumor has reached us that one of our grave and reverend Seniors while visiting a student friend at the harbour, obtained such a signal victory over the servant girl's heart that she cried for three hours after his departure.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Professor Macdonald, \$3.00; J. J. Buchanan, John A. Matheson, A. H. McKay, Rev. Thomas Stewart, B. McKittrick, H. J. Logan, D. L. McPhie, A. J. Campbell, Alex. Campbell, W. McDonald, H. E. A. Bowles, F. W. M. Bakin, Stuart McCauley, E. W. Lewis, S. W. Cummings, A. W. LePage, A. K. McLean, G. Patterson, T. H. White, A. H. McNeill, S. L. Fairweather, R. McBride, V. J. Paton, each \$1.00.

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