

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. II.
OLD SERIES—VOL. IX.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 14, 1877.

NEW No. 11.
WHOLE No. 93.

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WHOLE No. 93

“MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.”

NOT long ago, a gentleman in speaking of the faculties of the mind took occasion to point out what he considered the absurdity of the principle involved in the Poem, “Man was made to mourn.” He argued that because there was implanted in man’s nature both a desire for pleasure and a capacity for its enjoyment, life should incline to ease and pleasure rather than sorrow and hardship.

I am warned that if I have anything to say in vindication of Burns it must be brief. This is not good. I had thought over an elaborate argument. I believed I had proved Burns was right. But perhaps this is all for the best. I will use the warning as an *apology* for the few thoughts I have to present.

It is not my opinion that life is all dark. There are many bright spots; we love to think of them; they give a charm to the past, and strengthen us for the future. But there are dark spots, dark spots that sink down deep, so so deep that the bright ones are as though they had not been. I do not say that we are chained down to this or that course in life by laws of fate. I am free to admit that we make the ills of life ourselves. But here is just where the difficulty lies. “Order is heaven’s first law,” and if it were earth’s first law, Burns would be wrong, the gentleman right. But order is not earth’s first law. It is rather disorder. Both in *man’s nature* and in the *world* in which man lives, disorder seems to reign. The weakness of the better part of man’s disposition, particularly the faculty that ought to be supreme, and the instability of the will show but too plainly the absence of order and the presence of disorder. Considering these two facts, 1st, man’s disordered nature, his power or want of power of overcoming or resisting evil; and 2nd, the disorder that prevails in our world, and man’s relation to a disordered world, the question comes to be—Is it possible that life may be passed in compara-

tive ease and pleasure? I hold it cannot be so, but must be made up of trial, suffering, disappointment and sorrow.

I do not stop to prove man’s nature is disordered. It is self-evident. There is not one faculty of the mind whose use has not resulted in evil. This does not prove the faculties themselves evil. They have been given for wise purposes, they all serve some useful ends. It is their abuse that leads to evil. If man had the power now, as the nature of his faculties implies he had had at the beginning, to preserve the harmony of these, order and happiness, not evil, would be the result. But man has lost that power. Conscience, his guide, is weak, the will is weak, the good affections are weak, man is unable to preserve order in the use of his faculties, he abuses them and evil is the result. If, then, the use of any faculty of the mind may result in evil, and if from the weakness of that part of man’s mind that was calculated to be his guide, there results a tendency to abuse these faculties that were made for a good purpose, certainly the right conclusion cannot be very difficult to arrive at. Certainly the tendency must be to disorder, evil, and not to pleasure, to happiness. Add to this the fact that man lives in, and sustains a relation to, a disordered world, and the evil is increased. It is difficult to see how life shall incline to ease and pleasure. The desire for pleasure must be of an exalted nature, a higher faculty must act a prominent part. But neither of these things can be. If it is sought to avoid the ills of life by indulging in pleasures failure must be the result, and for the reason already given. We can not use any one faculty of the mind at the expense of another without resulting in disorder, in evil. The very difficulty to be avoided is increased. While exercise is a law—is a law of development—this must be. Conscience is no longer supreme. Consequently there is not the power of will necessary to check the predominance of any one faculty. And hence the desire for pleasure can

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be abused, it is not absolute good. Nor is the desire for pleasure of a very exalted character. It is not calculated to administer to that deep-seated want in man's nature. It serves no high purpose, its sphere is the senses, it is sensual, passing.

But why all this? Is life given for ease, comfort? Surely not. Both philosophy and Scripture teach that man is made for another and higher state of existence. He is here for moral trial and improvement, that he may be established in virtue by probation, that he may gain moral strength and form habits of goodness. And not only so, but man has a nature that requires him to look beyond. His aim is the infinite, the object is elevated. The mere gratification of a desire for pleasure, and pleasure that finds its object in the senses, can never satisfy. The theory is against the very laws of our being. Man's life is short. He is surrounded by, and compelled to battle with evil, to prepare him for a world where there is no evil. And is it not well known, that it is in this way, and in this way only, man attains to his highest stature. His organization is such that a life of ease is not calculated to improve him. It is only by struggle and toil and trial and disappointment that he arrives at the highest development of his nature.

It may be urged that happiness which results from virtue has not been considered. But this is not the kind of happiness the world looks for. The desire for pleasure is not of this kind. But a life of virtue cannot bring contentment and peace. Destined as man is for another world, his affections must tend thither. It is reasonable to expect perfect harmony when man has attained to that for which he was created. Hence it appears from the character of man's nature, and the character of the world in which he lives, and the character of the pleasure which he enjoys, man was not made to be happy here.

The gentleman above referred to, although perfectly orthodox, seems to have forgotten the Bible doctrine on this point. It reads thus,—“Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,” &c. This is strong language, it means a great deal. Adam believed “man was made to mourn;” Cain believed the same truth. If we read the Books of the Old Testament carefully we will find enough to justify us in concluding a vast number believed this doctrine. The warfare

carried on in those days was of a most frightful character; the misery that followed must have been of a very convincing nature. Read the Exodus,—what a continued scene of discontent and evil; and they the most favoured of people. Come to the New Testament. We read of happiness hereafter, on conditions. And what do they involve. A continued warfare. “In this world ye shall have tribulation.” Life is represented as a fight. The great apostle of the Gentiles says, “I have fought the good fight,” and speaks of his “sorrows,” “imprisonments,” “stripes,” &c. Similarly of the disciples, and all (one excepted) died martyrs. This is a leading feature—to point out the vanities of life. A great deal might be said from this standpoint, but my paper is becoming long, I wish to say a few words from the experience of life.

It is impossible to look upon life as it is in its every day garb, and not feel man is doomed to disappointment. In the hurry and bustle of life, in our anticipation of the future, we fail to see life as it really is. But let us take a few minutes' observation. What do we see? A battle, the battle of life. Men wrestling, jostling, pushing, trying to rise and pass one another in the world. One would think the end would confer everlasting happiness. The wonder is man is able to put forth the will. Man has a principle in his nature that compels him to action. Everybody is supposed to have an aim in life. In its accomplishment hard labour is involved, and not a little anxiety. We are sure of very little in this life unless it be within our immediate grasp. Mankind understand this well, and hence the battle of life, the pushing and jostling. Success measures the man. Every pursuit in life is crowded with anxious throngs, eager to run the race. The prize is in view. Its possession is the “one thing needful.” The question is—Does it pay?

A young man starts in life to make himself rich. Hard days of toil are before him. The common necessities of life are set aside. Gold gives direction and colour to every thought and act. The days, and weeks, and years go by, and at length the end is attained. He sets himself to think. He finds himself an old man. The touch of care has blanched his cheek. He is no longer with the friends of his youth. His business now is to leave his wealth to another. He has accumulated riches, but he has prepared himself a tomb. There is no peace. So it is in every pursuit. These objects of our ambition fail to give us what we hoped for. Often

the poor man leads the happiest life. But this is the fair side of the picture. How often is it that men fail in their fondest hopes. Many a man has worked hard for years, and when just in the act of laying his hand on the treasure it is snatched from his grasp. Circumstances have combined to take it from him over which apparently he had not the least control. That man is well nigh crushed beneath the stroke. Life presses heavily upon him. Ask him to go out and enjoy the pleasures of life and he will frown on you. So in every pursuit. Labour and anxiety and contending effort fill up the chequered frame of human life. Disappointment and wretchedness stare us at every corner of the street, in every country. Its reign is universal. Go into any of our large cities and see the destitution and misery that prevail. And with how large a proportion of the population do want and disease go hand in hand. Filth, impure air, want of proper clothing and food, tell with sad effect on both parents and children. Thousands of children are born into the world whose lives end with their birth, and thousands more it would seem had better be dead than living. A burden to themselves and objects of pity to those about them, they drag out the few days of their wretched existence and die, and men are glad to get rid of them out of their sight. And how much, alas! of the untold misery, that ceases only with the death of the afflicted, there is in our world of which we never hear. Those who in earlier days had seen better times, to whose homes want had been a stranger. But time brought a change and how sad the change. Too proud to beg, they choose to die. Who will say there are none such. Surely of all classes, the most deserving, these, of our sympathy. The ravages of disease are not confined to poverty. Disease stalks over our wide world sword in hand. It seems, by times, that every effort to stay the destroyer's power is in vain. “He beats with equal foot at cottage door and palace gate.” We are unable to compute the sorrow and sadness and misery that follow in his train. How many homes once happy, are no more. How many hearts that once beat light are crushed beneath the stroke. Life a burden. Every hope destroyed. The three great plagues that have swept over the face of our earth, have shown such a scene of awful misery that we shudder but to think of it. The aged must die, but the young to die—there is something very,

very sad in that. We often feel that it ought not so to be. Yet how many are snatched from us, even in our very midst. There is no power on earth that can save them. Often it happens that these are the ones most needed. The widow's stay. The country's hope. We have but to go into our churches to see mourning. Add to all this the many evils of intemperance, and we have a catalogue that is truly appalling. It is not my place to enumerate all its evils. Most of us have seen and felt their influence more or less. The vice is too prevalent to remain unnoticed. So great is it that one country claiming to be civilized, expends yearly for strong drink more than for all religious purposes. What does such a statement mean? It means filling hospitals, poor houses, asylums, prisons and penitentiaries. It means poverty, disease, disgrace, broken hearts, broken homes, death. It means theft, murder, crime of the worst kind. It means public revenue (?) and a country with resources undeveloped. Thousands of happy homes have been destroyed, and tens of thousands of the most promising youth have gone down to fill a drunkard's grave, and all through strong drink. Parents, in number legion, have had their grey hairs brought down to the grave in sorrow, and all through strong drink. And to-day how many walk our earth carrying in their constitution the iniquity, and on their shoulders the disgrace of parents and relatives. It has been, and is yet a curse to humanity. We need no stronger argument than the stand the civilized world is now taking against it.

Side by side with this evil place war. War that has lasted throughout the ages. I have scarcely time to give a passing notice to the ills following this brutal dealing of one nation to another. It forms the subject of all history. Let us run over the accounts of war as given in the Bible. Add to this the Grecian and Roman wars—to this the wars of Europe down to the present, follow it up with those of Asia and America, and you will have a heap of slain reaching to heaven. Think of what war means to people and country. If we had the power given to bring before us a panoramic view of all the misery caused by war since the world began, we would witness such a sight as would convince every one that “man was made to mourn.” And along with this think of the wars in uncivilized coun-

tries. Think of the evil that prevails generally among the benighted heathen. What wretchedness and woe.

These are not the only causes at work in our world to produce evil. Accidents by land and sea, together with causes impossible to mention here are every year adding to life's ills. Secret causes are at work, sapping society. Our world is full of evil. Wherever we go, in every land we meet it. The more we think the subject over the more clearly does it appear that the poet was right. We must remember that the poem alluded to is confessedly one of Burns' greatest efforts. It is one of the most highly esteemed of his productions. How is this to be accounted for? Does it not show it has found an echo in the human heart? Does it not show that it speaks truth—the language of the soul? Why has this element found a place in all poetry? It has a reason, and that reason I believe to be founded on fact. It is my opinion that philosophy and revelation and experience prove "man was made to mourn." If man was made to be happy, he has certainly, up to this at least, failed in the object for which he was created. We cannot read the pages of history and not feel the comparative nothingness of the world's pleasures. We cannot read the Bible and not feel that this life is not the place for man to work for peace and contentment. Nor does philosophy, I humbly think, prove the contrary. One of the great questions with the old philosophers was to find in what lay the "chief good." Every philosophy has its own system of morals, which, to my own mind at least proves they never formed the happiness they sought. Nor does the world, as it appears to-day, prove other than that peace is not found here. We are all fast travelling to another world. In a few years we shall be at our journey's end. Then and not till then shall we be at peace.

E. T.

A WEEK IN NEW YORK.

In the Fall of 1875 it was our privilege to make a short tour through the neighbouring Republic as far as New York.

We left Boston at 1.30 p. m., and after a few hours journey by rail on the Stonington line, we were at our destination in safety. A friend awaited our arrival, who afterwards conducted

us to omnibusses, street cars, and South Ferry, all of which conveyed us nearer our desired dwelling place. After these changes we, in a few minutes, find ourselves comfortably settled.

The first news which greets our ear is that Moody and Sankey are holding daily meetings in the Rink. We begin to feel greatly elated with the thought of spending a week in the Metropolis, especially of hearing the great Evangelists about whom we had heard and read so much.

The first few days we spent on board ship with our friend, who expected in a short time to cross the Atlantic. The company was very pleasant, for we felt that to be without friends in a place like this would perhaps produce a feeling of home-sickness which we knew to be rather unpleasant. However, while privileged to associate with them, we enjoyed the most delightful weather, and everything seemed to be conducive to our greatest comfort and happiness.

No desire we felt more like gratifying than that of hearing the Evangelists. So having obtained a car bearing the placard "Moody and Sankey at the Rink," we made a quick trip, and arriving an hour and a half before the beginning of the service, we were enabled to procure a good seat near the platform, where the facilities for seeing and hearing were all that could be desired. Before the arrival of the Evangelists, the choir, consisting of 250 trained voices, sang a few hymns. In a little while Messrs. Moody & Sankey took their seats on the platform in the presence of over 6000 people. Perfect silence pervaded the whole assembly during the Service. Moody rivetted the attention of his hearers by his earnest appeals, while Sankey with his melodious and heart-felt expressions, made them to realize the importance of seeking first the kingdom of God. We concluded that it was not the music merely, but the distinct and earnest expression of the words that made the greater impression.

The following morning our friends were prepared to undertake their voyage, and feeling somewhat reluctant in parting, it was decided that we should accompany them as far as the pilot saw fit to go, which was at least 25 miles from port. Accordingly we prepared; a pilot was obtained, and after a little assistance of a tug, we set sail for Liverpool. Unfortunately we never arrived at our destination, although

we believe our friends did; but when the pilot-boat came in sight we had to leave the ship and return. On our return, Long Island, New Jersey, Staten and Blackwell's Islands were pointed out to us. We noticed also the prison in which Boss Tweed was confined and from which he finally made his exit.

Being now a stranger in a strange land we are unable alone to obtain a comfortable resting place. A hotel was pointed out to us, the appearance of which led us to believe that suitable quarters could be obtained for the night. On entering we first observed an extensive room, nicely decorated and fitted up to attract passers by. This we knew at once to be one of those infernal dens in which so many have been entrapped and ruined. Not being disposed to remain in such a place long we paid for our bed and followed our guide up, through, and around, until we were shown into a room that was anything but inviting. Before our escort had gone out of hearing we thought it prudent to examine our humble couch in case there might be anything in the way of preventing happy dreams. On investigation we immediately summoned our attendant, and requested her to roll out that hammock that stood up so prominently. She complied, but not in the most pleasing manner. However we seemed better satisfied to have these little things attended to for our comfort. It was also late and we felt rather tired to search out any other abode. Here we were left to our fate. Time rolled on until the mother of dawn shed her beams of light into our darkened enclosure. We were up and off moving once again amid the bustle and stir of multitudes who thronged the street. Some one was kind enough afterwards to inform us that it was fortunate we escaped from our habitation right side up. For this we were thankful. Such places it appears were not often visited by Life Insurance agents.

The remaining days we spent very pleasantly. We attended morning and afternoon services of Messrs. Moody and Sankey held in Talmage's Tabernacle, and visited also some of the most interesting places of note, as, Central Park, Greenwood Cemetery, Y. M. C. A., etc. We will not attempt to give a description of these places except Greenwood, which we will notice further on.

Sabbath morning we heard Rev. H. W. Beecher preach. Standing room was scarcely attainable. Though crowded into a small com-

pass we enjoyed the service and came away favorably impressed. After dinner we took a walk through Greenwood Cemetery which comprises 400 acres. The Obelisk and Stone Sculpture presented a grand appearance. While we were here there were a number of funerals. The bell tolled constantly, and the foot-path and carriage-roads were filled with mourners. From a particular height in the Cemetery we obtained a beautiful view of the Bay of New York, the picturesque hills of Staten Island and the distant Atlantic. We came away lamenting that we could not longer behold the beauties and splendour of the grounds where the myriad dead of the great metropolis find their last resting place.

In the evening we listened to a Sermon from Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. His style was clear, earnest, and effective, making himself distinctly heard throughout the vast audience consisting of about 6000 hearers. The singing was congregational, with the assistance of cornet and organ to guide the voices.

On Monday morning we think of returning to Boston, and about sun-set we find ourselves steaming out of East River in the *Bristol*, bidding farewell to the hubbub of a busy city. When we arrived in Boston, it seemed to us as though we might make it profitable to remain in that place a few weeks, if we could do anything that would be remunerative enough to clear expenses. We started out pleased with the idea, and at the same time feeling somewhat encouraged that we would succeed, from the fact that we were a native of that State. But to our astonishment we soon found that Bluenoses were as likely to obtain situation as Yankees. With but little effort we were successful. Perhaps because we were more of a Bluenose. We were satisfied to have accomplished our object, and although advised once or twice to take a dose of Cayenne pepper before breakfast, yet we felt that five weeks experience in a fancy goods store availed us something in moulding us for better usefulness.

Feeling that I have already trespassed on the patience of my readers, I will close.

F. G. S.

Dartmouth, April 6th, 1877.

ERRATUM.—In last issue, line 38, 2nd column page 112, for 'profanity' read popularity.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 14, 1877.

EDITORS.

J. McD. SCOTT, '77. J. H. CAMERON, '78.
W. SCOTT WHITTIER. EDWIN CROWELL, '79.
H. H. HAMILTON, '77, Secretary.

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OUR relations with our exchanges throughout the whole of this Session have been very pleasant. We have read them nearly all carefully and with pleasure. We regret exceedingly that all the students have not had the same privilege, and the more that the only preventing cause was the spirit of wanton destructiveness that some of our fellows have displayed.

A paper will scarcely remain in our reading room a day without being destroyed or carried off, and thus all the students are deprived of the benefit of their perusal through the fault of a few. It is time for the lovers of right among us to put a stop to this, for a really great benefit is to be derived from reading our exchanges. It widens our view in many ways. It gives ideas of college life above and beyond what we see in our own *Alma Mater*. And there is good to be gained which it is impossible to define, which can only be known by experience, but which is none the less real, nevertheless.

The true and proper function of a college paper is difficult to settle by philosophic deduction, and still more difficult to settle by induction. A wide gulf separates our American and Colonial exchanges one and all from the solitary one which comes to us from the Motherland. The *Undergraduates' Journal* of Oxford and Cambridge differs *toto calo* from our college papers, and may much more fittingly be compared with

say, for example, one of the religious weeklies of our Province. As these represent several Churches and their affairs, so the *Journal* represents 5000 undergraduates and their common interests. It is as much a necessity as are any of these. It can scarcely be said to be literary in any sense of the word; it is purely a newspaper. It is crammed full of news, and it is clearly manifest from its columns that it does not at all overrun the demand of which it is the supply.

The American college papers on the other hand are nearly all literary, at least in part, in their aims and pretensions. The *Lafayette College Journal* is perhaps an exception, but we cannot help thinking it somewhat out of place. (The English language lacks a word bearing the same relation to space that 'anachronism' does to time.) Some may be said to devote themselves wholly to literature. Several of these are in magazine form, and some are conducted not by the students of the Colleges, but by particular clubs, classes, or societies. These last are peculiarly American. Others are newspapers as well. A wide difference may be noticed as to the sources from which their matter is drawn. Some receive much assistance from professors. Others select largely from standard or periodical literature. A goodly number depend, like ourselves, wholly upon the original contributions of students, past and present.

The spirit generally manifested by our exchanges cannot be characterised otherwise than as good. Their treatment of each other in the "exchange column" has been very interesting to us. Of course we have not neglected to notice their treatment of ourselves, but of that we are manifestly not in a position to speak. The criticism has been very generally marked by manliness and good sense. There has been one rather notorious exception. The downright abuse in which the critic of the *Niagara Index* revelled, piquant enough for once or twice, has been continued till it has become as monotonous as the three continued articles which form the

staple of its serious matter, and with the natural result of also becoming utterly silly and contemptible.

In our next and final issue we shall probably have something to say about our own position and general policy.

THIS is the time of all others when students are supposed to be liable to indulge in that peculiar form of transgression termed in technical language "cramming." To the uninitiated we may say that by cramming is meant a system of learning by rote, rules, formulae, facts, lists of words, dates and nondescript scraps of knowledge of all kinds, which summation of lore is to be retained in the memory of the learner till such time as examinations are over, after which it is forgotten, never again to be recalled. In the eyes of many cramming is the unpardonable sin of students. We do not wish to defend it, but before we condemn the guilty (?) ones, we should see how much of the real blame can rightly be laid upon their shoulders. We think the system of teaching adopted by American Universities is the direct cause of the prevalence of the fault in question. The greatest number of them have curricula embracing a great variety of subjects. They hold but short Sessions, during which the attention of the student is divided between perhaps half-a-dozen branches, each single one of which, if thoroughly studied, would require his whole time and energy. Under these circumstances it is almost impossible for a young man of ordinary intellect to get along without cramming. Look for instance at the work required of an undergraduate at Dalhousie during the second year of his course. Mathematics alone includes, Trigonometry, Algebra, Geometry, Mensuration, Conic Sections and Navigation. Classics is equally comprehensive and Chemistry and Logic nearly so. In some of the other years the number of subjects is quite as large as in the second. It is simply ridiculous to think that a student can overtake and thoroughly

master so much in one Session. However diligent he may be, or however faithful professors may be in explaining the work to him, his knowledge must to a great extent be superficial. But we do not mean to say that our College is by any means the worst in the land in this respect. We could name others which could boast of a greater multiplicity of subject than even we. The bane of almost all American Colleges is, that they attempt more work than they can profitably perform. In other words, they have too many irons in the fire. And mark the result. The desire for original thought and investigation is strangled, superficiality is encouraged, and students of necessity are forced to *cram* to save themselves from the disgrace of being plucked.

DR. MCGREGOR'S Course of Popular Lectures has been brought to a close. A double good has been attained. These lectures have given much and, we need not say correct knowledge of science in its latest aspects. The beauty of a thorough acquaintance with a subject in order to deal well even with its elements, has been exemplified. The Doctor excels by his apt way of bringing the philosophy out of experiments. The second good referred to is the awakening of interest in a most inviting field for enquiry. This tattling age cannot be content to let Dame Nature keep secrets, and carry on operations in private. It is too late now to raise a question as to the culture derivable from scientific investigations. The lessons come close in to domestic life. We could not but notice last night, for example, how intently the young ladies and gentlemen were involved in the strange and pleasing subject of Magnetism. What a world of meaning and of mystery lurks about "delicate magnets," "contact electricity," and the law that "unlike attracts!"

We like the practical way in which these lectures discuss another vexed question. They have introduced the ladies to the inside of our forlorn looking pile. Why might not some at

least of the regular College classes—a: Rhetoric and Modern Languages, be thrown open for their admission? We know that the matter does not press upon our Governors as it does upon some of the Old Country Universities, which have grown quite disorderly because women—whose influence is the source of courtesy—is shut out. But despite the uniformly decorous behaviour of our students, there are other reasons why the subject should be well considered before being rejected.

PROF. MACDONALD has our thanks for back numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, *London Quarterly* and *Contemporary Review*; also Prof. Johnson for the *Edinburgh Review*. These have joined a large collection of their predecessors in the GAZETTE office, all which might with advantage be soon made over to the College Library.

THE FRANCHISE.

IN the first section of the Election Law of Nova Scotia it is enacted that "Every male subject of Her Majesty, by birth, or naturalization, being of the age of twenty-one years, and not disqualified by law, who shall have been assessed for the year for which the register hereinafter provided for is made up, in respect of real estate, to the value of one hundred and fifty dollars, or in respect of personal estate, or of personal and real estate together, to the value of three hundred dollars shall be qualified to vote at elections of members to serve in the House of Assembly, for the county in which he shall be so assessed."

This section states the qualification necessary for every vote, and forms the sole basis for the exercise of the franchise, with the exception of paupers and employees, within thirty days before the day of election, in the Post Office, the Custom House, the Inland Revenue Department, the Light House Service, on the Government Railroads, in the Crown Land Office, or the Local Public Works and Mines, who are by statute excluded.

The qualification of candidates by the 38th section of the Law is as follows: "A person capable of being elected a member of the Assembly shall be a male British subject, of the

age of twenty-one years and upwards, and qualified to be an elector under the provisions of this Act in some county of this Province, or shall have a legal or equitable freehold estate in possession, of the clear yearly value of eight dollars."

By section 40 of the Dominion Election Law it is enacted that "all persons qualified to vote at the election of representatives in the House of Assembly or Legislative Assembly of the several Provinces composing the Dominion of Canada, and no others, shall be entitled to vote at the election of members of the House of Commons of Canada for the several Electoral Districts comprised within such provinces respectively."

Section 31 enacts that "The Chancellor and Vice-Chancellors of Ontario and the judges of any court now existing or to be hereafter created, whose appointment shall rest with the Governor-General of the Dominion, shall be disqualified and incompetent to vote at the election of a member of the House of Commons of Canada."

Subject to this last exception, the qualification of Dominion voters is as stated in section 40.

By section 20 the qualification of Candidates for the Dominion Parliament is thus declared: "From and after the passing of this Act (passed in 1874) no qualification in real estate shall be required of any candidate for a seat in the House of Commons of Canada, any statute or law to the contrary notwithstanding."

These enactments we consider to be unsound, injurious to the individual and nation, and contrary to what ought to be the true spirit of our political institutions.

On examining this legislation, we notice that a certain amount of real, personal and real, or personal property alone entitles a man to have a voice indirectly in the government of his country; in affairs in which he is deeply concerned, and in the control to some extent of his own destiny. On further examination we find, as in the Election Law elsewhere provided, by a majority thus entitled to the exercise of the suffrage, he may be enabled to become a Member of Parliament, and dispose by his simple yea or nay of the votes of thousands; while his own qualification, as in the Local Parliament, is of inferior value to that of the voter, and in that of the Dominion Parliament absolutely nothing. This certainly appears inconsistent and absurd.

It has been held by profound thinkers in political science, that in a representative democracy, there is the danger of a low grade of intelligence in the representative body, and in the popular opinion controlling, and that these two great evils are attempted to be done away with or abated by a more or less restricted suffrage. Now it is evident that if the property qualification, which forms the basis of the suffrage in this country, secures a higher grade of intelligence among voters it also should produce a like effect upon representatives. If this required property qualification produced the requisite grade of intelligence it might be contended that none but proper representatives would be elected; that it does so, no person has ever yet ventured to maintain, and every day we see it practically contradicted. It may also be stated that if those who adopted this property qualification as the sole basis of the franchise, did so for the purpose of giving protection to property, or because of some inherent right connected with a certain amount of property, then those who possess twice or three times as much as above specified, should have twice or three times as many votes.

But is not because of inconsistencies alone in our Election Laws that we find fault, but because the fundamental idea—that of making a property qualification the sole test for the exercise of the franchise—is, in our opinion, unsound. That a man has a right in or to his property, and also to the protection of that property, is a fundamental fact recognised by all wise governments, nor should it be wholly excluded in any system of suffrage, but that it should be made the almost sole qualification, as in our Law, we emphatically deny, and shall endeavour to disprove. It has been stated by Mr. James Mill, in his *Essay on Government*, that the end of government is "to increase to the utmost the pleasures, and diminish to the utmost the pains, which men derive from each other," a statement which Macaulay, in a fierce attack on this *Essay*, has endorsed as true. That our Franchise Law, as it now exists, has any such end or tendency as that mentioned by Mr. Mill, we deny, and an examination of facts will support our denial. In the Province of Nova Scotia there are about 400,000 inhabitants, of whom about 18,000 native born and of the age of twenty-one years and upwards are disfranchised, are denied the privilege of having their voice reckoned in the disposal of affairs in

which they have the same interest as other people; are degraded by being servilely compelled to obey laws, in the creation of which they had no part or lot; are called upon to fight, to pay taxes both direct and indirect, and render obedience to those who need not necessarily consult their wish, and who often act in opposition to their interests.

In a young country such as this the larger number are the architects of their own fortunes, few have anything other than bodily strength, intellectual power, energy and perseverance with which they can compel the forces of nature to minister to their necessities and wants, so that their right to the suffrage must depend on their own individual exertion in the acquisition of property. From the age of twenty-one to twenty-seven the accumulation and possession of property to a large class, and that class the most intellectual and moral, would be extremely burdensome—we refer to those who are acquiring the education necessary to enter upon the study of some one of the learned professions, and are subsequently engaged in the study of those professions. The sons of farmers may also be mentioned, many of whom remain on the homesteads after they have reached manhood, and labor in the expectation that within a number of years they are to receive compensation. All these persons our political institutions stamp as nobody, while hundreds, who either by accident or by being content with a low level of existence, have acquired a certain amount of property are entitled to the exercise of the franchise. These latter are not only entitled to legislate for themselves but in many instances to fix irrevocably the fate of the others. All men, we believe, are entitled to the recognition of their manhood unless great evil would thereby result. But to see intellectual and moral supremacy made subservient where it is of the greatest value we consider decidedly wrong. By our Law, as it now exists, at an age when ideas of morality are at their best, when the intellect is keenest in the perception of right, when party ties and prejudices are weakest, we see thousands not only excluded from having a voice in the government of themselves, but servilely compelled to submit to that of others. This law not only bears injustice and absurdity on the face of it, but has practically been shown to be injurious. In support of our assertion we need only refer to our Legislative Assembly within the last ten years, and compare it with the days when universal

suffrage existed—a kind of suffrage much more extensive than is here contended for. In those days the brightest intellect and genius of the land was to be found within our Legislative halls; many of our best laws were passed; most of our great public works were begun; our finances were flourishing, confidence and respect was entertained in and for our rulers. That arguments of great weight can be used to-day against universal suffrage as it is commonly accepted and understood which could not have been used in the past is admitted, nor do we wish such a kind of suffrage. The exercise of the franchise we consider the indisputable right of every Nova Scotian over the age of twenty-one years, provided he is in possession of what is known as a common school education, and not a pauper or insolvent or in any condition of absolute tutelage. The right of aliens and foreigners to vote, the representation of minorities, female and graduated suffrage are questions upon which our politicians as well as statutes are equally silent, and to which at present we have neither time nor inclination to devote attention. We speak at present on behalf of the thousands of young men who are disqualified from voting, a class who are less liable to be influenced by bribery than the petty land or householder with his numerous progeny, and who should not be prevented from the exercise of a right unless a greater evil would result. A class whom our political institutions should instil with a spirit of self-improvement, patriotism and self-respect by giving them a voice and direct influence in that science which Macaulay says "is equally removed from the barren theories of sophists, and from the petty craft so often mistaken for statesmanship by minds grown narrow in habits of intrigue, jobbing and official etiquette: which of all sciences is the most important to the welfare of nations, which of all sciences most tends to expand and invigorate the mind, which draws nutriment and ornament from every part of philosophy and literature, and dispenses in return nutriment and ornament to all." * * *

CORNERS.

Of all the corners with which we are acquainted, the one that has connected with it the most pleasing remembrances is the *chimney* corner. There, first, we learn to love and to be loved. Home is the centre of all those concentric circles which run through our societies and

social gatherings of every description. However far the different members of a family may wander from home there is always an influence which seems to draw them to the common centre—home. What more pleasing sight are we permitted to gaze upon than a happy family circle? How nice to see love reign supreme among the members of the same family! The chimney corner is especially pleasant at Christmas time. The absent members of the family come home at this time of the year to spend a few days together. Those at home welcome them, as one after another they arrive to cheer and enliven the "old folks at home." How on Christmas eve, perchance, they sit around the family-fireside and enjoy each others company.

"Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he knows or hears."

They make their plans for the following day and retire to bed but not to sleep, or if they do sleep they do not need to dream, for their dreams have been realized in being once more under the parental roof. The pleasure they feel on the following morning when they awake and find themselves at home is only equalled by the pleasure they have during the whole day, as they meet friend after friend, and are welcomed heartily by every hand. The week passes amid joy and excitement, and once more the different members of the family are again scattered. These bright times in life tend to strengthen the cords of love which bind the members of a family together. A great deal of the joy arising from these meetings is caused by the remembrance of the years gone by. When we look back upon the past, we see only the bright spots. Hence the pleasure we take in talking about the "old times," and meeting round the family hearth where these happy days were spent. Man is very often dissatisfied with his present position, and compares it with the so-called happy days of childhood on the one hand, or with what he hopes to be on the other. Now, we know that there is a great deal of nonsense written about the "happy days" of childhood. We need only to watch children, and we will see that their troubles and sorrows are as great in proportion as are those of persons of more mature years. Yet all this does not alter the fact that we can derive a great amount of pleasure from *thinking* about these days, and talking about them to those who were once our playmates. In the days of child-

hood often do I remember to have heard at our school examination one of the old men get up and tell us to our great astonishment that "he was once a boy, and that he always liked boys ever since." Examination day was, however, one of our brightest days. We were then arrayed in our "Sunday best," and had no doubt but that we should make a good recitation at school, for we were well drilled during the previous week. Yet the joyous shout which was heard as soon as the school was dismissed plainly showed that we were glad to be free, and after we had had our play out we at once "made for" the "old house at home." Not only do we like to see the chimney corner, but we take pleasure in visiting all the familiar objects round and about the old homestead. The garden in which with great delight we used to spend our spare hours is a place to be visited. We always had a corner of our own in it to take care of, flower seeds to sow in it, and weeds to root out of it. Even the trees under which we sat, and whose bark even now shows our initials, are objects to be visited. The brook in which we used to fish, the pond on which we used to skate are also visited with pleasure by us all. Last, but by no means least, the girls who were the companions of earlier days, demand a share of our attention. We do not feel the bashfulness that once was a part of our boyish nature. It is also a noticeable fact that the girls treat us with far more respect than formerly. But enough about the chimney corner and the thoughts suggested in connection with it.

The next corner which I wish briefly to touch upon is the *corner of the pew in church*. I have often been amused, and sometimes annoyed to see a particular member of a family come into church after the service had begun, and after the other half-a-dozen members of the family had taken their seats. Now, no seat will suit this last member of the aforesaid family except the one at the farther end of the pew; and the eyes of the whole congregation are fixed on this individual until he arrives at the sacred corner. If he cannot by any possibility reach this spot the sermon does him but little good. He seems restless during the whole service. He turns this way and then that way, tries every means to make his nose bleed that he may have an opportunity to get up and go out, but his nose though quite willing to bleed at other times now is decidedly opposed to such a performance. He then tries to go to sleep, but he misses his

accustomed corner and there is no go—to sleep for him. At the close of the service he resolves that the next time he comes to church late he will stay at home. Some persons like a quiet corner in a church; others like a conspicuous one, where they can see and be seen by every one. Some persons like what is called an "end pew" on one side or other of the pulpit, because they can see everybody who comes into church without twisting and turning their neck as they would require to do in other pews. I pity a stranger who goes into one of our country churches and is conducted to a seat far up in the synagogue, especially if that seat be on either side of the pulpit. The eyes of the people are upon him oftener than upon the minister. If that stranger happens to be the new school-teacher he will probably hear such expressions as the following,—"that's him," or "see the master." I say I pity such an individual, for I have undergone the ordeal myself. It is hard to bear the gaze of a whole congregation, when you are a stranger in the community and know that many persons are "taking stock" of your articles of dress, general appearance, and the expression of your countenance as being the index of the man.

The next corner I wish to speak about is the *street corner*. From the time of the Pharisees of old who prayed at the street corners (in order, I suppose, that they might be seen from both streets) down to the present time, street corners seem to have been favorite places of resort. The policemen are supposed to disperse crowds when they take up their position on our street corners, but rarely do they perform their duty. An amusing scene might have been seen lately at a street corner in this city. A policeman had been endeavouring to arrest a man, while two or three of his companions were helping the man to resist the aforesaid policeman. All this time a brother policeman was peeping round a neighbouring street corner, and not until the arrest had been made did he appear on the scene of action. Street corners are also the stations from which news-boys with stentorian voice proclaim that they have the city papers for sale. I must, however, not make any further mention of these papers, or what I might say would be sure to be *reported, recorded, chronicled, and heralded* all over the land. Here also that half-grown class of young men with which our city swarms, do congregate, especially on Sundays; and if one is to judge from what

of their conversation he hears in passing, I would say that it is not *exclusively* on religious topics. People in purchasing a house, or in buying a site for one will generally prefer a corner where two streets meet. And why? Because they can have a view of both streets, and can see all the performances which take place in and about the corner. The country merchant also has his shop if possible on a corner, in order that he may get custom from people travelling by both roads. The country schoolhouses, lodge rooms, churches, &c., are often placed on or near a corner, in order that they may have a central position.

Next let us look at a man who has been *cornered in an argument*. He is not in an enviable position by any means. He can see no means of getting out of his present position, for perhaps if he attempts to move he is gored by one or other of the horns of a dilemma. If he has contradicted himself in the course of his argument, his opponent will be sure to corner him in that point. If he has departed from the truth, and his opponent shows this up to him and to those listening to the debate, he is placed in a most unenviable position.

These are only a few of the corners which have suggested themselves to my mind; but I shall not give you any more at present but shall ask for one in return, namely, a *corner in the "Gazette"* for the above.
F. W. A.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *University Monthly* is published by the Literary Societies of East Tenn. University, and is in magazine form. It contains two very good articles, one upon Rosseau and one upon Philip Freneau, the fiercest quill driver of the early days of the American Republic. The *Monthly*, in criticising something in an exchange, says, "Echoes' remind us," &c. We don't understand. Was it the actual echoes, or were there several articles each one entitled "Echo?" The most natural supposition would be that there was one article with the title "Echoes." If this be so, we would like to suggest that verbs agree in number with their subjects. Perhaps it was only a misprint.

This is what the editors of the *Acadia Athenæum* say of the man who "communes daily

with the master spirits of the past and present, &c., &c."—

"It is his to climb the towering mount of contemplation when sleep sheds grateful repose upon limbs weary of counting-room and shop, and whilst the cool night breezes of inspiration fan his brow, to commune with silence and with self. He may see, but he heeds not the phantom forms that glide with bewitching mystery before the restless eye, and lure many into shades whence they never return."

The *Athenæum* is almost the only one of our Exchanges which indulges so, and even in it we see signs of improvement. But there are more than two columns full of this pompous verbosity.

Clips.

CAN a Senior on his way to see his girl be said to have *pressing* business?

THE glory of woman is her hair. It may be all very well, but we don't want any glory in our butter.

A WICKED little girl in Elmira female college wants to know what the little devils will swing on, now that Hell-gate is blown up.

Junior, (translating slowly on check) *nunquam*, never; *animis*, mind; *ignis*, fire; *via*, away; (Triumphantly) "Never mind! Fire a way!"

AND now the recitation room will resound weekly with the Sophomoric "Give me liberty or give me death!" and the average spectator will rise up in his might and say, "Give him death."

A THEOLOGICAL student supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of a class examination, "Pray Mr. E—, how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask" was the rather stunning reply.

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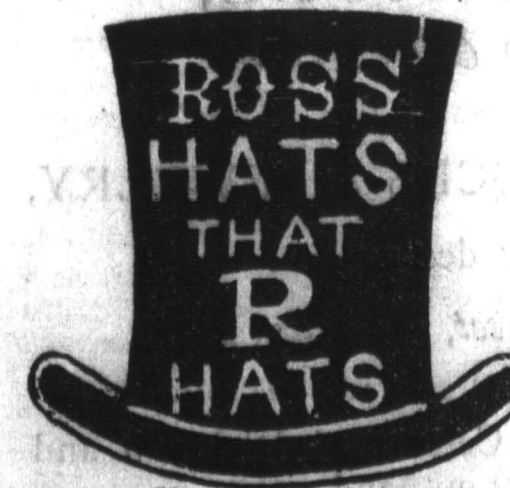
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