

Dr. Mackay.



The Dalhousie Gazette.

CONTENTS.

Christmas (Poem) - - - - -	91
Editorial—The Victory of Peace - -	91
The Dean of the College - - - -	94
University Consolidation - - - -	94
A Masterpiece of God - - - -	98
Quatrain - - - - -	102
Robert Louis Stevenson - - - -	102
A Tryst with the Sea (Poem) - -	110
The Dissipated Mind - - - -	111
The Rights of Witnesses - - - -	113
The Acadia Match - - - - -	114
College Notes - - - - -	119
Exchanges - - - - -	121
Personals - - - - -	122

Halifax Ladies' College.

Art Studio.

Conservatory of Music.

(In affiliation with Dalhousie University.)


Staff consists of 30 members.

Preparation for the University a Specialty.

Music and Art in all their branches taught by Skilled Artists.


For Calendars and information apply to

REV. ROBERT LAING, M. A., Halifax, N. S.



Rimless Glasses
neat
but not expensive

H. W. Cameron
Druggist and
Expert Optician,
219 Brunswick St.,
HALIFAX, N. S.
Lenses Ground, Eyes
Tested, Frames Fitted.
SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS,
POCKET CASES,
DRUGS & MEDICINES.
Discount to STUDENTS.



The pain produced
by eye strain
causes an aversion
to study.
We relieve the strain
when study becomes
a pleasure.

HALIFAX TRANSFER COMPANY, L'td.

TELEPHONE 581. HEAD OFFICES, 134 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

CARRIAGES and SLEIGHS of every description, including large comfortable Sleighs for Drives. SPECIAL RATES FOR STUDENTS. BAGGAGE and PARCEL DELIVERY to all parts of the City.

The Student's Grocery.

We are in sympathy with the Students and ask the privilege of supplying those who are Lodging with

Groceries, Provisions, Etc.

BUTTER AND EGGS A SPECIALTY.

J. L. ARCHIBALD & SON,

PROMPT DELIVERY.
TELEPHONE 857.

27 Spring Garden Road

(i)

COLWELL BROTHERS,

Manufacturers, Importers and Retailers of

Gentlemen's Furnishings,

Hats,	Shirts,	Gloves,	Jersey Outfits,
Caps,	Collars,	Umbrellas,	Club Outfits,
Trunks,	Ties,	Mufflers,	Waterproofs,
Valises,	Purses,	Underwear.	

10 p. c. DISCOUNT TO DALHOUSIE STUDENTS.

123 Hollis St., & 91 to 93 Barrington St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

CAHILL'S Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

BEST EQUIPPED AND LARGEST IN CANADA.

81 Barrington St., HALIFAX, N. S. 10 BARBERS.

ALB'T. H. BUCKLEY, Ph. M.

Chemist.



49 Spring Garden Road, Halifax, N. S.

High Grade Drugs and Chemicals. Special attention given to prescriptions. Telephone connection day and night.

F. C. Wesley Co. MAKERS OF PRINTING PLATES



71 DOCK ST. ST. JOHN, N.B. Telephone 982

(ii)

ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.



There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.
NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO.,
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AYON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Feb 5, 1901.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-sized bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

Home address, 235 Rivington Street.

S. RAPHAEL,

67 East 129th st., New York City.

TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130 St., N. Y. City.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

(iii)

A. & W. MACKINAY, Publishers, Booksellers & Stationers

KEEP IN STOCK A LARGE VARIETY OF

Stationery  Suitable for College Use.

HEADQUARTERS FOR 

WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS
AND THE
STERLING FOUNTAIN PENS.

135 and 137 GRANVILLE STREET.

GO TO **MITCHELL'S**  FOR

Choice Confectionery and Fruit.

Our Hot Chocolate with Whipped Cream is Delicious.

25 GEORGE STREET.

Halifax Medical College

SESSION Eight Months 1901-1902.

Matriculation Examination (Prov. Med. Board) begins last Thursday in August, 1902.

Lecture begins first Tuesday in September, 1902.

For copies of Annual Announcement, and all information. Address

DR. L. M. SILVER, Registrar.

(iv)

COAL

Buy your Hard and Soft COAL from

S. GUNARD & CO.

COAL

G. A. GAUVIN.

A. E. GENTZEL.

GAUVIN & GENTZEL,

→*Makers of Portraits.*←

18 Spring Garden Road, - HALIFAX, N. S.

The
"Elite"
Photo-
graphic
Studio.



MISS NORA O'BRIEN,
PHOTO BY GAUVIN & GENTZEL.

Special
Rates
to
Students.

LEYDON & McINTOSH,
Merchant Tailors,
160 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Importers of West of England Cloths, Coatings,
Trouserings, Scotch Tweed Suitings. Full
lines in Fall and Winter Overcoatings.

MENS' SWEATERS. WATERPROOF COATS.

H. P. BEZANSON,

Importer of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING
GOODS, HATS AND CAPS.

Custom Shirt Maker,
Shirts Re-Collared and Re-Cuffed.

125 Granville St., Cor. Duke, HALIFAX, N. S.

(v)

Some Students will
One Day be Great Men.

Cragg Bros. & Co. always treated them
days the very best values going in

Sporting Goods, Pen Knives, Razors

and all such other thing as they re-
quired in the hardware line. We are
going to be as decent and nice with
Dalhousie students this winter as we
can possibly be and hope to see them all.

We keep this fact ever in mind, but being
unaware just now who these students are
we treat all alike; and when these so des-
tined become great, they will say that
decently, and gave them during their college

Cragg Bros. & Co.

THE
CUTLERY HOUSE OF
HALIFAX.

Provincial Book Store,

143 Barrington Street.

C. H. RUGGLES & CO.,

A full line of Exercise Books, Note Books and Scribblers at Lowest
Prices. Fountain Pens, College and School Books, Fashionable and Com-
mercial Stationery.

A great clearance sale now on of very choice miscellaneous Works only
slightly shop worn at half price.

SMOKE

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Ltd., Bristol, England.

CELEBRATED

Capstan, Traveller and
Gold Flake **Tobacco.**

Look out that the Tins have the BLUE Customs Stamp.
There are cheap Canadian Imitations with black Customs Stamp.

PLEASE CONSIDER THIS

A Standing Invitation

To the Students of Pine Hill, Dalhousie and all other Educational
Institutions of Halifax,

To visit the store, inspect the stock, buy what they want, decline what
they do not want and feel themselves generally "At Home" in the

Up-to-date Book, Stationery and Fancy Goods Establishment of

MacKEEN, 65 Barrington St., HALIFAX

(vi)

T. C. ALLEN & CO.

Booksellers, Stationers and Printers.
124 and 126 Granville Street.

Make a Specialty of
STUDENTS' NOTE,
COLLEGE TEXT,
MISCELLANEOUS

Books.

STATIONERY at the Lowest Prices.

Fountain Pens, Mathematical Instruments, Pocket Ink Bottles, Artists' Materials.

Books not in stock will be procured promptly to order.

Agent for GINN & CO'S Publications. ASK FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

TAYLOR'S


Palace Boot and Shoe Store,

156 GRANVILLE STREET.

Finest and Largest Assortment in the City.

 Sole Slater Shoe Agents

NOTMAN

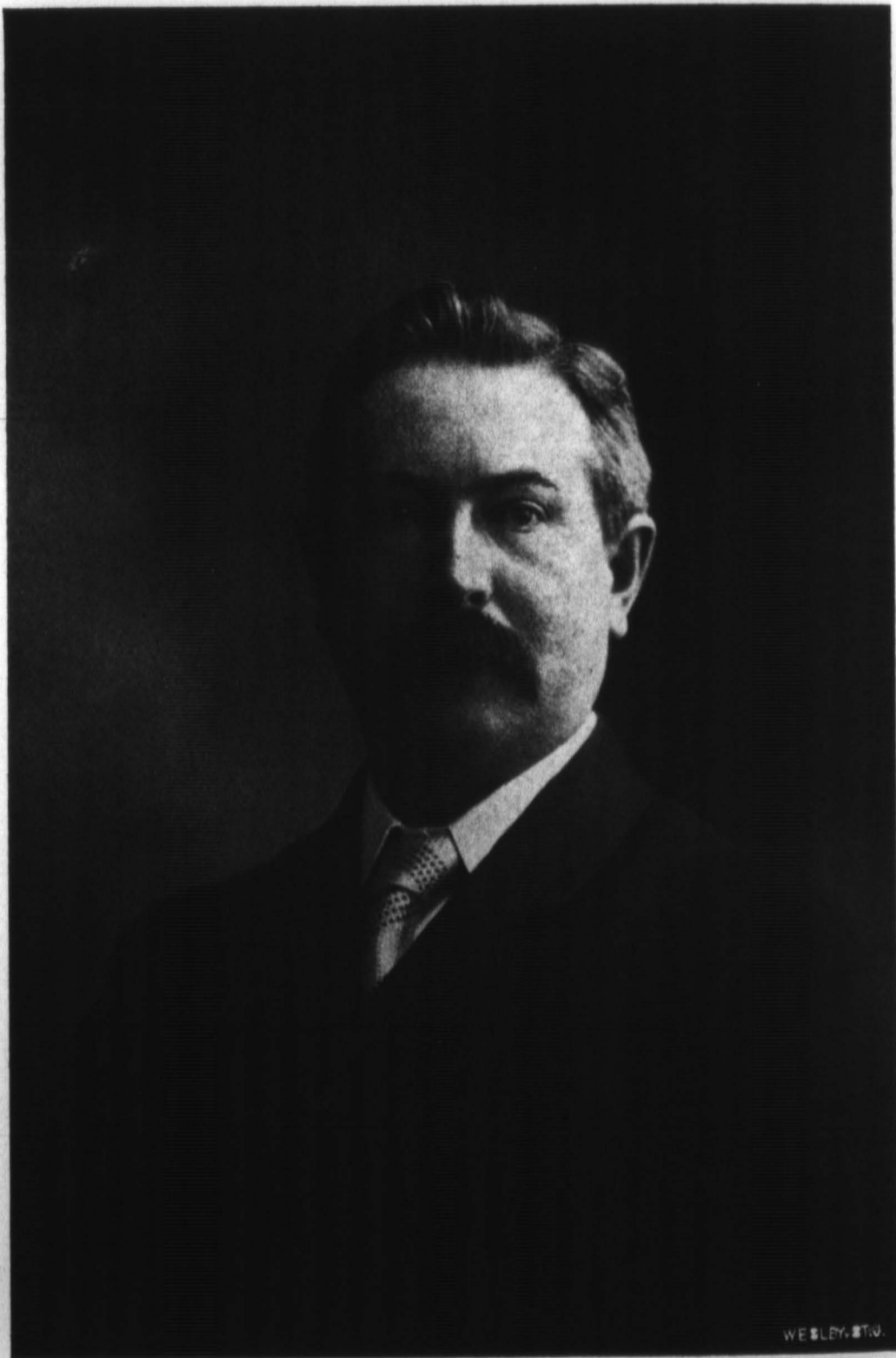
 *Photo Studio,*

39 George St., Halifax, N.S.

NEAR BARRINGTON STREET.

—————
PORTRAITS IN ALL STYLES. HAND CAMERAS, OUTFITS
AND SUPPLIES, DEVELOPING AND PRINTING DONE
FOR AMATEURS.

—————
Special Low Rates to Dalhousie Students.



HOWARD MURRAY, B. A.,
PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS AND DEAN OF THE COLLEGE.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

Vol. XXXIV. HALIFAX, N. S., - DECEMBER 23, 1901. No. 4.

EDITORS.

GEO. H. SEDGEWICK, Arts, '02, *Editor-in-Chief.*

K. F. MACKENZIE, Arts, '02.	P. J. WORSLEY, B. A., Law, '02.
W. R. MACKENZIE, Arts, '02.	A. C. CALDER, Law, '02.
G. G. SEDGEWICK, Arts, '03.	T. M. PHELAN, M. A., Law, '03.
H. H. BLOIS, Arts, '03.	J. R. CORSTON, B. A., Med., '02.
W. M. CORBETT, Arts, '04.	D. MURRAY, Med., '03.

A. R. CUNNINGHAM, B. A., Med., '04.

Lady Editors: MISS R. A. BENTLEY, Arts, '02; MISS E. M. MACDOUGALL, Arts, '03.

Financial Editor, A. MCG. YOUNG, Arts, '03.

CHRISTMAS.

This is the time of Heavenly Charity.
Will not proud man forget, for a brief while,
Soul-maddening spite, and doff the scornful smile,
And learn kind brotherhood? Better to be
A ravening brute, couched for brute-enemy,
And sated but with blood, than so defile
The image within—nursing on craft and guile
A heart faint for deep draughts of sympathy.
For this is Heaven's order;—who bend low
To uplift pale want, themselves are lifted up;
Who mete out blessings with full generous cup,
Their bosoms richer measure shall o'erflow;
Who helpful follow where the Master trod
Shall quaff Love's air, which is the breath of God.

T. A. LEPAGE.

THE VICTORY OF PEACE.

UPON a panel of the Propylea at the Pan-American Exposition was inscribed the wish "that the century now begun may unite in the bonds of peace, knowledge, goodwill, friendship and noble emulation all the dwellers on the Continents and Islands of the New World." The wish is a worthy one and in the measure in which the fulfilment was the purpose of the fair, its failure is the more to be regretted. And yet the wish fails to rise to the highest levels, while the

benefits which it contemplates are neither provincial nor merely national, yet they are not universal. The vision of the scribe was broad enough to include only "the dwellers on the Continents and Islands of the New World." The wish contrasts strongly with the Christmas message of world-wide peace and good-will toward all. The angel choir heralded the beginning of an era that would unite all mankind "in the bonds of peace, knowledge, good-will, friendship." Their vision was of a new world, it is true, but of a new world which, like themselves, would descend from God out of Heaven—a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness. The return of Christmas forces us to think of the vision's fulfilment. Nineteen centuries have passed. Has it been realised? The twentieth century has begun. Has it *begun* to be realised?

* * * * *

Pessimism is weakness and optimism is strength. For this reason, if for no other, we must believe that the old world ranges *forward* "down the ringing grooves of change." We believe that in spite of rivalries of the great modern nations for political empire and commercial growth, the era of international harmony and of the brotherhood of man is coming visibly nearer. The duty of nation to nation was finely expressed by the martyred President at Buffalo. "God and man," he said, "have linked the nations together." His reference was to steam and electricity, but he recognized also other and stronger bonds. "No nation can longer be indifferent to any other." "Gentlemen," he said in closing, "Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come, not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect and confidence, and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all

our neighbours, and like blessings to all the people and powers of earth."

Though MacKinley dreamed not of it, it was a valedictory that he uttered. Nor could he have found words more fitting or more worthy had he known they were to be the last. Coming from the head of the foremost Republic of the world they give good ground for the hope that is in us, that for the world—even the political world of which there is so much despair—the Christmas message "means intensely, and"—it need scarcely be added—"means good." That there is yet much land to be possessed we cannot but acknowledge, nevertheless we believe that the hymn of the angels is becoming more and more the rule of the nations.

* * * * *

There is as yet, however, no ground for complacency. Such a spirit is fatal whether in an individual, in a nation or in a world. The proper spirit is that which measures the actual against the possible—which compares what has been done with the ideal. Not even the most extreme would maintain that the man of Nazareth has come to His own in the world. That He has been the most mighty influence for good that has operated on and in humanity it were futile to question. But that the Galilean has as yet fully conquered none who understands the extent of His mission will affirm. The real importance of Christmas is that it reminds us of what that mission is, and, for a time at least, fans into living flame the smouldering coals of brotherliness and good-will and peace.

* * * * *

The problem is to make year-long the spirit of Yule-tide. How is it to be accomplished? The answer cannot here be attempted. This, however, it lies with us to say—the University must accept her share of the task. Lord Roseberry, in a recent address, declared that "a great trained and intelligent population, capable of sustained thinking on public questions, is essential to success in the modern world." The learned peer was discussing a slightly different question, but his words apply. True success for the world lies along the way of peace and concord. "A great trained and intelligent

population, capable of sustained thinking on public questions," is the only factor that can peaceably solve problems which must be faced during the first decades of the twentieth century. It rests upon the University to furnish forth such a population—at the very least to produce the leaders.

THE DEAN OF THE COLLEGE.

WE have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of Prof. Howard Murray, who has recently been appointed Dean of the College. Every one who knows Prof. Murray knows that he is eminently qualified to perform the duties belonging to his new office. We feel sure that no one will question the fairness of his decisions, and that the performance of his duties will in no way lessen the great popularity that he has enjoyed. The GAZETTE begs to extend hearty congratulations to Prof. Murray on his appointment, which signifies the confidence placed in him by the Senate.

UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION.

The action of the Board of Governors of Kings College has made this a living question. Each of the Colleges in the Maritime Provinces will have to consider the question afresh and to pass judgment upon it.

Let us hope that the issue will not be obscured by subordinate questions. Is or is not consolidation a good thing for Eastern Canada? If so, is it practicable? It is to be hoped that the questions of name and location will be left for the new University to decide. It matters little whether the name shall be the "Maritime University," the "University of Acadia," or, if its scope be limited, the "University of Nova Scotia," or "The Royal University." The location is more important, because of the benefits which a University may derive from the place in which it is; but no location is sufficiently important to endanger the scheme. Consolidation is worth more to any one section of these provinces even though the university does not come to it, than the present system, though it brings a college to it.

The arguments for consolidation are well known. Our provinces down by the sea, with nearly a million of inhabitants,

are so separated by physical features, natural resources, and past history from the rest of Canada, that, not we alone, but the whole Dominion would distinctly be the sufferers should we abandon our efforts to build up within our borders a university the equal of the best. With Central Canada supplied by three great universities, Western Canada building up one at Winnipeg, the East would be putting itself out of the race did it resign itself to a do-nothing policy. We have in the past produced leaders political and educational out of proportion to our numbers. We have the material for leadership industrial as well as political, should we decline to make the most of it? This Eastern fringe may seem to be doomed to insignificance as the magnificent West fills up, and the centre of population and natural life moves west to Winnipeg. But numbers are not everything. Athens led Greece and the world, not because of its numbers. New England, in spite of the millions in the West, still retains the leadership in the United States. The centre of population in the Republic is returning eastward. Who can tell how soon the great development of manufacturing industries which our mineral resources and proximity to the sea are sure to bring, may not bring the centre of population and national life eastward again.

If then it is wise both in the interests of the Lower Provinces and in the interests of the Dominion as a whole, for us to develop our educational work to the utmost, is it not wise to abandon our present wasteful system? The resources we now fritter away we might spend in technical instruction now so badly needed—so badly needed both by the provinces and by the young men who are striving to fit themselves for the work before them. When hundreds, not two or three, but five, six and seven hundreds of young men in these provinces are taking correspondence courses in technical schools, such as that at Scranton, Pa., it is time we were beginning to provide something like a good course of technical training at home. This we cannot do as long as we remain divided. The question is no longer a selfish one, how Dalhousie, or Acadia, or Kings, or Mt. Allison, or St. Francis Xavier can best advance its own interest. We exist to serve the state. Are we doing it in the most effective way? If not, we are false to our duty.

The present system is wasteful, not because too many men are engaged in University work, but because our educational forces are not properly organized. There are six or seven men teaching Classics, the same number, teaching Chemistry, or English. This number is not excessive for a

large University; but each one of the six or seven is doing the same work. Fully one-quarter or one-third of the time of each is spent in correcting exercises or in mere routine work; the remainder of the time in elementary work. The teacher has little or no time left for research work. That means serious loss both to the University and to the State. But with larger classes and division of labour the six or seven professors of, let us say, Chemistry, could cover three times the ground now covered.

Then again the total expenditure on Libraries in these Colleges is not more than \$3,000 or \$4,000 per annum. This is a meagre allowance for a University. McGill spends over \$5,000. The paltry allowances now spent on the College Libraries are hardly more than, in many cases not so much as, a gentleman spends on a good private library. The Laboratories have even a more doleful story to tell. If the monies now expended on six or seven different establishments were devoted to one institution, the teaching power and the capacity for research would be increased ten fold. The present state of affairs is simply heart breaking.

These arguments are so obvious and so strong that I believe there is not a thoughtful man in these provinces who, if things were to be done over again, would not do all in his power to prevent a division of our educational forces. Our thoughts are filled with regrets that our colleges are so divided and with hopes for better things.

What would Union mean? In the first place it would *not* mean ABSORPTION of the others by one. Each College would be on the same footing. It would not be a case of Acadia swallowing the others, or of Dalhousie surviving and the others disappearing. Again it *would* mean that each denomination could build up its own Theological School as well as its higher secondary school for Boys and Girls. Our Churches must keep the educational standard of its Clergymen moving upwards as rapidly as the other professions are raising theirs. This is vital or the churches are doomed. An ignorant and despised clergy will destroy the power of the Churches. The pew, thanks to popular education, is no longer dependent upon the pulpit for its knowledge. In the past the pulpit with fair success held the leadership. To-day the pew refuses to follow the pulpit unless it is filled by men of learning and power.

Then again it would *not* mean that the splendid college buildings at Sackville, Wolfville, Fredericton, Antigonish or Halifax would be left to rot. These would still be used for Boarding Schools for Boys, and for Girls, and for

Schools in Theology. Dalhousie having none of these might sell her buildings if it was decided to go to St. John or Wolfville or Sackville. Lastly, it should *not* mean a merely examining University. Such a University might be thought necessary for the purpose of raising the standard of the degrees. Our degrees at present stand in good repute. Each institution is well known and is not denied any privilege because of the inferior standard of its degrees. The value of a degree lies not in the severity of the examination passed, but in the training which it represents. If the degree be poor the teaching is poor and no amount of examining will make that better. A better staff and more appliances are needed for that.

We all know the difficulties: local ties and pride in *Alma Mater*. Each College has meant something for the community in which it is. Each College represents a glorious period in the history of the people that have supported it and the great men who have made it. But local ties would still be kept up by the Boy's Academy and Ladies' College and the Theological Halls. Would we be true to the spirit of our fathers who sacrificed so much for higher education, if we allowed pride in our past to fetter the present so that their ideas of a splendid education for our people would still remain unfilled? Would we be true patriots serving our country to the best of our ability, if we persisted in our wastefulness?

When these Colleges were founded the idea of University education was very different from what it is to-day. Then it was thought that the business of the University was to *teach* Classics and Mathematics. But such teaching could be carried on anywhere by a few men. Small classes and few appliances were advantages rather than hindrances. But since then science has made immense progress. Its progress and its possibilities have made discovery even more important than the imparting of knowledge. Consequently the business of a University is now held to be research—research first and teaching afterwards. Our secondary schools teach and we scatter them over the country as the Colleges were scattered two generations ago. But science and research require costly buildings, great appliances and large staffs of instructors. These make consolidation or the destruction of the smaller colleges inevitable. Harvard, Yale, Hopkins, Columbia, Cornell, Princeton, Chicago and California are killing out such excellent and historic Colleges as Dartmouth, Amherst and Williams, to mention only a few, although the great increases in population and wealth would seem to war-

rant their future. The change in the character of University work has wrought the undoing of these excellent small Colleges.

Let us then for the sake of our country, for the advancement of knowledge, as well as for our success in the struggle against the great Universities beyond our borders, welcome this movement of Kings towards strength, and put aside pride and prejudice, and every passion that divides and paralyzes us.

May we hope that some large minded man who has wealth will come forward with a generous endowment sufficient to provide a revenue worthy of a great University. The faithful workers in the Colleges must be provided for and utilized for the larger work of the Central University. A wealthy man with the ideas and the money can do more to bring about consolidation than the Crown itself. Lord Dalhousie is remembered to-day where his equals in ability and skill in statecraft are forgotten, because he tried to make a University. John Harvard, Elihu Yale, Johns Hopkins and Ezra Cornell, are remembered and honored to-day and will be for ages to come, while their contemporaries their equal in position, wealth and power are forgotten, because they did not use that wealth and ability in a way that conferred lasting benefit on their people.

A MASTERPIECE OF GOD.

BY HERO HARPUR.

(Copyrighted by the Canadian Magazine.)

Ten years before,—when he was twenty-six,—he had made up his mind to marry. But just then she died. He took this philosophically, however, reasoning that it was due to a discovery in heaven of just what manner of woman she was. The only puzzling thing about it was that they had not sent for her sooner.

But his knowing the why of her taking-off in no way lessened his wrath—grief is not the word—regarding it. He planned a great revenge that was to include in its sweep everything from God down,—man, woman, the world,—everything except art. That was guiltless; and that was enough.

After the great casting-out he went heroically to work. In ten years hate and other things had pushed him well towards the top in the world of art. He had a studio, an

easy income, some who were well up towards the master line came to him to learn. He was getting his revenge. He was content; and had steeled himself to living on that way. God and his world, and men,—and women,—could go to the Devil. He had a world of his own. It had its people and things, its god, its angels, its heaven and hell. And this Art world was enough; it was better.

When Rose Le Clare came to him as a pupil, he had squared her as he did everything, by a rigid art-standard. As a woman she was something to be put away. But what was in her of Art he felt called upon to recognize. One day as she worked it occurred to him he must detail some—for Art's sake. Her profile was chiselled with exquisite fineness. The lines that held in her face were just where he would have pencilled them to make perfection out of a pupil's imperfection, And where was the colorist who could have stumbled on that ground, or on that subtle something which gave the sobriety and tenderness of tone to the warm blue grey in the eyes? This was rare; it was new; it was Art. If he were to work on her face how would he light and frame it?—for he had become aroused up to the point of thinking even that. Beauty in marble, in the light, shade and blend on dull tarry substance shot him through with strange inspiriting thrills. He had felt these before; he felt some of them now as he looked at his pupil.

He was in the far end of the gallery the next time she came to copy. Once she became thoughtful. The great masterpiece before her faded out. He knew she was seeing things such as people dream. The tone about her was low and chaste. The lower part of her figure melted softly into the floor, while the upper part stood clearly against the farther wall. Her profile, neck and one full arm were lit by a rarely suffused light from above. Great heavens!

From that moment the spirit of Art seized and wrought upon him. He had tarried and his Pentecost had fully come. For months he was in the world but not of it. His subject drew and elevated him to a height of perfection before undreamed. The veil of the holy of holies of his new religion was rent; he was caught up where he heard unspeakable things—unlawful for man to utter. Oh the joy of it all! He was winning. What he had lost in the casting-out was as dross compared with this his gain. He was getting it all—the graduating, the composition, the lighting, the balance, the vivacity, and, most of all the low-toned and warm blue greys of the eye.

And now it was done! The long ascent towards fame had been topped. Through his pentetost, he had emerged with the gift of tongues. He had seen, heard, understood. His name low in the left of that masterpiece was safe; and it would be trumpeted forward through the years as long as there was Art. He was avenged upon God and His world.

* * * * *

It was the first evening after the finishing of his work, and at the grand reception. His first glimpse of Rose LeClare sent an unsettling pang through his being. His colors were now dry; to change was impossible. Better he had looked upon her grave than that he should now see excellencies—or even inexcellencies—he had not seen before. If his lighting were not to advantage, not the best; if he were wrong in his drawings; if—

She was standing in the middle distance lit strongly from above. She was more the woman and less the pupil now. His breath, for the moment, came short and uncertainly. Fear he had erred turned his eyes away, and the next instant hope he had not turned them back again. Would that he had not been able to see! The arm was fuller; he was wrong in the slope of the shoulder. He had missed the subtle melting of the cream of the neck into the crimson of the cheek. And the peep of breast that appeared showed his drawing was wrong; his lighting disadvantageous and arbitrary.

Something caught at his breath and again pushed his eyes away; but a moment after they had re-found the range. In the interval the breast had gone higher and the light upon it was fuller. As he looked it fell, to a tone less than half. Now it was almost as he had it; now he was wildly wrong. His eye caught the cheek. It was higher; and since he had looked before there was a tender, subtle suffusion of half light upon the neck. He was dazed, confused, puzzled. Something new must be invented in art or the best must be missed. Surely it was beauty, it must be,—this ebb and flow of breast, this melting out and in of tone on cheek and neck. It was all above, beyond what he or Art had ever dared. With a crushed, defeated feeling he slipped from the room. He went out into the night and a little later he was facing his great unhung masterpiece.

For some time he looked steadily at it. It did not move; it had no life. There was no flash of eye; no heave of breast, no pulsing blood that gladdened the cheek as streams a desert. There were eyes but they saw not, ears but they

heard not, lips but they spake not. It was a dumb thing,—the work of man's hand. But it was *Art*.

He continued to look for a time—a great long time—lost in the multitude of thoughts that trooped upon him. Was his work as great as he had hoped? Were there no rivals? Was Art enough? The great studio was very quiet; no one came there. The very fullness of his life at the club but accentuated its emptiness. At his quarters, a maid brought him his food. He looked back to the time he had taken his strong, heroic resolve. He had steadily and stoutly maintained the great conflict. He was sure he had been winning—up to a few hours ago. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, had come his great disillusioning. There was another Artist—a greater. And that Artist's masterpiece put the one on the wall to shame; the composition was finer, the pencil fuller, the distributing rarer. There was an ease of execution and finish, an absence of feebleness or arbitrariness, a delicacy in lighting, a tenderness and sobriety of tone in the creation he had seen that night, which made the work before him ugly and common. Could it be that there were still things he had not learned in the field of Art?

For years he had kept the cold kiss of dead lips fresh upon him. He had left the world of breathing things for another world. But as he looked back he was not sure he had been content. If, through the years, the Angel had him by the hand, the Serpent had him by the heart,—and he was unsatisfied. They were empty years. he felt he had not fulfilled himself.

He looked again to the masterpiece on the wall. It could not love; it did not need love. It could not minister, nor be ministered unto. It could not laugh, nor suffer, nor sin. He must be denied even the bitter-sweet pleasure of standing some far-off day at its grave. It had no life, no breath, no warmth, no needs. It was a worthless thing; it did not suffice. He rose quickly and turned it roughly towards the wall.

* * * * *

It was several days after, and evening. A leaping hearth-fire threw the shadows of two figures on the opposite wall. The man had spoken and was waiting for an answer. The woman's profile was towards him strongly lit from the hearth in front. The drawing had been done with a full, sure pencil; the lines that held in the face were exactly where a master would have them. The cheeks and the low-toned warm blue greys of the eyes went high or low according as

the fire leaped or sank. Something underneath the breast sent it regularly from light to half light, then back again.

The woman drew her eyes slowly from the fire and fixed them upon him.

"Yes," she said simply.

He looked for a time but he did not speak. The composition, the balance, the graduating, the suffusing and distributing were all exquisite. This time, however, it was not the artist but the man, who saw. The next instant the irregular band of light between the silhouettes on the wall suddenly disappeared. Her lips were warm and flower-soft.

He gave up the quarrel with God.

QUATRAIN.

A cold drear sunset. To the east I see
From a dull window dulness. Suddenly
A cross-crowned spire points golden fire.
O timely gleam, a laborum to me!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mr. Henley, whose acquaintance Mr. Stevenson made in Edinburgh about the end of 1874, describes him as he was in London in 1878 thus :

Thin-legged, thin chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed, weak-fingered, in his face,—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity,—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion, impudence, and energy!

Another friend says :

His talk was like a stream that runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses,
It skipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses.
Beginning with the laws that peep
The planets in their rapid courses,
And ending with a precept deep
For stewing eels or shoeing horses!

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson was born in Edinburgh on the 13th day of November, 1850. His father was Mr. Thomas Stevenson, a notable engineer, widely known at home and abroad, and his grandfather was that Robert

Stevenson who, by his skill and heroism, planted the lighthouse on the wave-swept Bell Rock, and made safety on the North Sea, where before there had been death and danger, from the cruel cliffs that guard that iron coast. It is interesting to note that this Robert Stevenson *had* been intended for the ministry, and his mother who was left a widow and in straitened circumstances, married again and her second husband, Mr. Smith, was of a mechanical turn of mind, which led him to make many researches on the subject of lightning and lighthouses, and finding that his stepson shared his tastes, he encouraged him in his engineering and mechanical studies, which finally caused him to give up the idea of the Church, for a profession, becoming an engineer, and succeeding his stepfather as engineer to the first Board of Northern Lights. Like his son Thomas (father of Louis), Mr. Robert Stevenson was a man of much intellect and humorous, though of a grave and serious character. He was also a keen Conservative and a loving member of the Church of Scotland. He was beloved by all who knew him, and an invitation to make one of a party to accompany him on a voyage of inspection around the coast, was much appreciated. In 1814, on one occasion, Sir Walter Scott was one of the favored guests. Mr. Robert Stevenson died in July 1850, a few months before the birth of his grandson, Robert Louis. That this grandson revered the memory of his grandfather is sufficiently proved in those Vailinca letters which he wrote to Mr. Sidney Colvin. In many of them he speaks of that history of his family which he intended to write, and into which he felt he could put his best work. But it was not to be, and the writer passed into his rest, before he had half completed it, the portion of which he did write is to be found in that delightful Edinburgh edition of his works, under the name, "Family of Engineers."

Louis's father, Mr. Thomas Stevenson, was a man of strong prejudices, a man too of varying moods, who knew what it was at times to endure hours of depression, to suffer from an almost morbidly religious conscience, but he always kept a courageous hold on life, and found that the best cure for the "blues" was to be found in constant and varied work.

We have seen how specially favoured Mr. R. L. Stevenson was in his paternal heredity, and we will now see how no less fortunate was he in his mother and *his* mother's family.

Mrs. Stevenson was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lewis Balfour, from 1823 to 1860, Minister of Colniton, and of Henrietta Scott Smith, daughter of the Minister of

Galston. Margaret Balfour possessed a powerful individuality. In beauty of person, in grace of manner, in the brilliance of a quick and flashing feminine intelligence, that was also deep, she was a fitting helpmate for her husband, and the very mother to sympathize with that son who so early in life showed that genius, which there is no doubt he possessed to a high degree. With such an ancestry on both sides we can easily understand the bent of the author's mind towards old things, the curious traditions of Scotch family history, and we can also comprehend too, the attraction for him of the power and mystery of the sea. These were his by right of inheritance.

The little Louis was from earliest infancy an extremely delicate child, and only the most constant care and attention from a devoted mother and nurse enabled him to live through those first years of his life. There are many sweet anecdotes told of his childhood, which I have no time to repeat here, but they all go to show that this wee lad had a sweet temper and an unselfish, contented disposition, and so he bore the burden of his bad health as bravely in those days as he did in those after years, and made for himself plays and pleasures with his nimble brain, while his little tired body was often weary and restless in that bed whereof he had so much. In 1858 his school days commenced, and from 1860 to 1861 he and his cousin, Lewis Charles Balfour were together at Mc-Henderson's preparatory school in India Street, from which they went to the Academy in 1861. Of Lewis Stevenson,—who in later life was always called Louis or Lou by his family, and friends—Mr. Henderson reports: "Robert's reading is not loud but impressive." As a child he did not learn quickly, and he was in his eighth year before he could read fluently for himself. His zeal over schools and lessons was very short lived, and he never hungered for scholastic honors. Nevertheless his special talent showed itself early, when in his sixth year he dictated a History of Moses, which he illustrated giving the men pipes in their mouths. This, and an account of "Travels in Perth," are still in existence. In 1863 he was sent to a boarding school near London, but he became so home-sick and so unhappy, and his tender-hearted parents were so touched by his evident affliction that his father took him on a trip around the coast of Fife in the "Phaws." As soon as he had learned to read he was an eager and an omnivorous reader, and could pass many happy hours with a book, provided it was not a lesson book. His school life was most erratic, as he would go for two months, and stay away for the next six, during which

latter he would travel with his parents for the benefit of their own health or his. Often on these travels he would receive private tuition. These rather uncommon educational experiences were of far more value to him in after life than a steady attendance at any one school, as they made him an excellent linguist and gave him, from very youthful years, a wide knowledge of foreign life. The boy, from the very first, felt a strong inclination towards the profession of letters, and style was a passion with him. He had already begun in his juvenile note-books that careful choice of words and language which was at the very outset of his literary career to make so competent a critic as Mr. Hamerton call him one of the greatest living masters of English prose. One could dwell long on Robert Louis Stevenson as a boy, as there is much to study, but I must hurry on. His father wished him to follow the family profession of engineering and with this end in view Louis went to the Edinburgh University in the Autumn of 1868. It was a stirring time at the University and the students who warred manfully against the pioneers of the Lady Doctor's Monument, were, it would seem on looking back, scarcely so mildly mannered, so peacefully inclined as those, (we might take our worthy President as an example) who now sit placidly beside the sweet girl graduate of our day, and acknowledge the reign of the lady doctor as an accomplished fact. Louis was not an exemplary student by any means. He was often absent from lectures and there was no doubt he was very idle. Yet the Professor liked him, and the students regarded him as an interesting personality, but few of them suspected that he was the chief among them taking "notes," for future worth that would bring world-wide fame, not only to himself, but to his University, and to the city of his birth.

When he forsook the profession of engineering, which by the way, was a great trial to a man of Mr. Thomas Stevenson's character and professional traditions, Robert Louis attended the Law Classes at the University with the intention of being called to the Bar, but it is not recorded that he was a more exemplary student of law than he had been of engineering, and he still found more enjoyment in his truant rambles, and meditations in old graveyards than he did in the legitimate study of his profession. At this time Mr. Stevenson, strictly speaking, was not a handsome man. Miss Margaret Myer Black says that "he was too slim, too ethereal, if one may use the term, to attain to anything sufficiently commonplace to be described as merely handsome. But he was indeed graced in face and figure,

for he possessed that rare attribute *distinction*, and his face, with its wonderfully luminous eyes, its ever changing expression, had a beauty peculiar to itself, and one which harmonized perfectly with the quaint wisdom of his mind." In disposition he was always kind and sympathetic, more especially with children whom he adored, and they, you may be sure, returned that love with interest. Often a little indifferent, sometimes, almost bored in general society, it was at home that Robert Louis Stevenson was seen to the greatest advantage. It was a home where the truest happiness was found around the quiet fireside, mother, father and son loving each other with a love the deeper, that the intense Scotch reticence of all made it, like a hidden jewel, the more precious because so rarely displayed to strangers' eyes. It was a home ennobled by a high ideal of what life ought to be, and hallowed by a strong and personal faith in God, and a brighter household could not be found than theirs. None certainly existed where young folk received a warmer welcome. There was something so strong and manly in Mr. Thomas Stevenson, something so sweetly womanly in his wife. A beautiful woman always, because hers was the beauty of soul, as well as of feature, in those early seventies, one cannot imagine anyone more graceful, more gracious, or more charming than she was.

Although Robert Louis Stevenson had followed his father's second word of advice and taken up law, his heart was no more in the law courts, than it had been in the profession that his father had first intended him to follow, and already in that book-lined study at 17 Heriot Row, the window of which looked over the Forth to Fife, and the walls of which were so temptingly covered with books, his real life-work had begun. Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Brown's "Bible in Spain," the Bible itself, Butler's "Hudibras," George Meredith's novels, Bulwer Lytton, Sir Walter Scott, and all the old dramatists, ballads and chap-books, were his favorites, and had a place in his heart, as well as in his book case. He admired Scott as a Prince of Romance writers, but for his style he had not one good word to say! He had early edited and written for amateur magazines; he also wrote in those days a poetical play, some dramatic dialogues, and a pamphlet called "An Appeal to the Church of Scotland," in which his father was keenly interested. The style in all these was excellent. Mr. Stevenson's first serious appearance in literature was an essay on Roads sent by his friend Mr. Sydney Colvin to Mr. Hamilton, the Editor of the Portfolio, in 1873. It appeared shortly, and was follow-

ed by more work there and elsewhere. Cornhill, Longmans and MacMillan having all before long printed papers by the new writer. In MacMillan the paper "Ordered South" appeared in April 1874, and had a pathetic interest, as it was an account of the first of its author's many pilgrimages in search of health, which were to make up so much of his life's experiences. In 1878 Mr. Stevenson's first book, "An Inland Voyage," was published. It is a bright account of a trip in canoes, "The "Arethusa" and the "Cigarette," made by Mr. Stevenson and a friend. The book is full of pretty pictures of scenery and quaint touches of human life which make it charming reading. I must quote one paragraph from it. "If we were charged so much a head for sunsets, or if God sent round a drum before the hawthorns came into flower, what a work we should make about their beauty. But these things, like good companions, stupid people early cease to observe."

"Travels with a Donkey" followed in 1879, and this is a delightful book, full of quaint thoughts and sayings of the donkey, the country, and the people he met.

In 1879 Mr. Stevenson, after seeking health in many places in Europe, decided to go out to California, so, eager as ever to study life in all its phases and from every point of view he took his passage in an emigrant ship,—where he tells us he posed as a mason and played his part but indifferently well!—and at New York resolved to continue his journey across America by emigrant train, all of which he graphically describes in the volume of essays entitled "Across the Plains," and in the "Amateur Emigrant." He grew very fond of San Francisco, especially of Monterey, the "old Pacific Capital," and if he did not attain to permanent good health while there, he at least found something else which made for the lasting happiness of his life, as it was there that he married his wife. Miss Black says: "It was naturally to be supposed that a man of Mr. Stevenson's temperament, before whose eyes from his earliest childhood there had been present a woman good enough to give him the very highest ideal of womanhood, would not easily or lightly give his heart away. He knew that he longed for the best, and to nothing less than the best, could he give his soul's worship.

On his arrival in San Francisco in 1879 there was living at Monterey with her sister Mrs. Fanny de Grift Osbourne of Indiana. Mrs. Osbourne had married when very young, but her domestic experience was so unhappy that she obtained a divorce from her husband. Mr. Stevenson had seen

Mrs. Osborne once and admired her at a party in France with her daughter Belle, who afterwards married Mr. Strong, and who in the Vailinca days acted as her step-father's secretary. Mrs. Osbourne was several years Mr. Stevenson's senior, she was then in the very prime of a womanly beauty which, was only at its ripest when other women are beginning to think of growing old. She is, we read, a very charming woman, and it was no wonder that such a nature as Mr. Stevenson's found in her that other half of the old Patonic tradition, the fortunate finding of which made his own marriage so perfect. Mrs. Osbourne had nursed Mr. Stevenson through a very serious illness that he had in San Francisco, and it may be said that he owed his life to his future wife. It is not surprising when you read of their firm friendship then, that it deepened into love, and in later years he writes of her thus :

"Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life ;
Heart-whole and soul-free, to
The August Father, gave me."

They were married at San Francisco on the 19th May, 1880, and very soon crossed the ocean back to England making their first real home in Bournemouth where they lived for seven years. So easy to reach from London, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were rarely alone, as their friends were constantly dropping in upon them, sure of the hearty welcome that they always received. Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling were among the younger school of writers, who loved him as a friend, as well as looked up to him as a literary leader. But, Stevenson, whose charm of personality was even greater than his fame, had other friends, whose friendship is not measured by the intellect but by the heart. Little children and young folk everywhere loved the man whose "Child's Garden of Verses" shows such a marvellous insight into the hearts of children. Dogs and horses also had a friend in Mr. Stevenson. In 1887 the Author's health again made them wanderers, and they tried another visit to America. He did not, however, improve, so the idea occurred to him of chartering a yacht and going for a voyage in the South Seas. His mother accompanied the family party and between 1888 and 1890, they sailed about among those lonely islands, visiting Honolulu, and finally touching at Samoa, where they fell in love with the beauty of the scenery and the charm of the climate, and finally decided to give up the Bournemouth home, buy some ground in Samoa and settle

there. So sometime about 1890 Vailinca was bought, and save for occasional visits to Sydney or Honolulu, Mr. Stevenson and his household gave up personal communication with the civilized world, and happily settled themselves in a peaceful life among the palm and the sunshine of the tropics and the friendly Samoan natives, who grew to be so deeply attached to them. Mr. Thomas Stevenson died early in May 1887, having lived enough to see his son's fame as an author firmly established, and it was then that Louis's mother finally made her home with her son in Samoa, visiting Scotland twice while he lived. The Samoan climate worked wonders for Mr. Stevenson, and it seemed hardly possible to believe that the pale shadow of the Bournemouth days was the active owner of Vailinca. I would love to go more into the life they led there, but already I am afraid I have taken up too much time. Sufficient to say it was a very happy home, as can be seen by Mr. Stevenson's letters to his friend Mr. Colvin and others. He was most interested in the natives, and was so kind and good to them that they adored him. But all too soon this happy life came to an abrupt end. In spite of the apparent improvement in his health, Mr. Stevenson had had serious returns of illness, and after one attack of influenza, the old foe hemorrhage briefly re-appeared. In the last year of his life his bright mood varied, while it seemed that his literary work, which had hitherto been his greatest pleasure, had now become a strain and a weariness to him.

On the morning of the 3rd Dec., however, he felt particularly well, and wrote for several hours. Letters for the mail were due to be written in the afternoon, and he spent his time penning long and kindly greetings to absent friends. In the evening, as they were on the verandah he suddenly cried out, and had fallen down beside his wife. He never regained consciousness, and the family in an agony of grief, quickly realized that there was no hope. His death took place at a little past eight o'clock on the evening of the 3rd Dec. at the early age of forty-four.

Of his life-work I have no time to write. We all know enough about it to realize the position he holds in the hearts of the people, and as he was untiring in his literary activity, he was equally eager to toil in the great vineyard, to do something for God and for man, to make his faith active and not passive. This was his attitude through life.

ELLA W. SEETON.

A TRYST WITH THE SEA.

At the edge of the ocean I stand and look
 Away o'er the waters wide ;
 Follow the sails that the out-wind took,
 Welcome the incoming tide.

Under the waters just I and the waves
 Know what is hidden away.
 Dream of the treasure in ocean caves
 Whispered to us by the spray.

For I am a child of the salt, salt sea,
 (The waves are a part of her too)
 And the ocean tells her secrets to me
 When she's nothing more busy to do.

Tells of the ships that go sailing each day
 Beyond the stoop-down of the sky,
 Beckoned by breezes that lure them away
 To the land of the sweet By and By.

Whispers the songs that she sings of the lost
 That sea-wrapt lie sleeping below ;
 Counts by the billows her secret's great cost—
 Fathoms and fathoms of woe.

Dead sailor souls are the treasures of earth
 Sacredly held in her heart ;
 Down 'mongst the things she shows only to me,
 Down in her innermost part.

I've promised the waters my spirit some day
 When my spell of breathing is o'er,
 Will launch on their deeps and sail far away
 T'wards the Light House of Never Reach Shore.

The waters will know I am coming and wait
 As the gallant knight waits for his bride ;
 And down 'neath the waves will install me in state
 To reign o'er the run of the tide.

JEAN LYALL.

THE DISSIPATED MIND.

In this modern age of material and active tendencies there is an ever decreasing use of our appreciative senses. We live too much in the real, in the actual and unimaginative world which holds no truce with anything that is imagery or romantic in the poetic sense of that word. We read newspaper upon newspaper, magazine upon magazine, and are willing to starve any poetic sense that we may perchance possess. Dry and cold facts chronicled often in vulgar and commonplace language will satisfy the average man's taste for literature.

In the United States the public is inundated with daily papers and weekly magazines. Business men often spend their Sabbaths perusing a Sunday paper. Nightly, men are seen carrying home bundles of papers to be consumed ere retiring to sleep. This is the sum total of their reading, and recklessly they cast aside that wealth of English literature, which is one of the great factors of England's greatness, for there is no statement more true than "By nothing is England greater than by her Poetry." To the well read man their loss would seem almost insupportable, but it is very difficult to bring them to the realization of their grave mistake.

You will ask "Why are men content with allowing their minds to flit from one subject to another in the columns of a daily, gathering no substantial knowledge and dissipating their intellects to an alarming degree?" The inevitable reply, the responsum pendendum is inadequate and superficial education.

By education is meant, not a mere instructing of the individual, nor a cramming of facts into their minds by an anvil process, but a drawing out (e-duco), a development of the latent possibilities in the individual, which will give him control of the powers that are in him, which unless they are assiduously and cautiously trained will bear no golden fruit.

If people were educated after this manner, there would certainly be less newspaper reading, and they would desire something better, something really satisfying, and instead of this omniverous feeding on yellow journalism we would find people passing their spare moments in intercourse with the king minds of our race, who have left us imperishable and unfading thoughts on nature and on man. It is an education of this kind that renders a man truly grateful and puts him under a perpetual obligation to those who have been the instrument of it. A man who has the indelible stamp of an

education that has cultured, that has refined and made delicate his sensibilities, is unquestionably something superior and a production of no mean rank. If he enters one of the learned professions, to his life work he will carry his culture and knowledge which will give him a status that must finally, if not at first be of incalculable benefit. It is a remarkable incongruity to find this dissipated mind in a college graduate, to find a bachelor of arts feeding on trashy novels and petty journals, betraying the real nature of his education. In ordinary business men it is hardly fair to criticize their tendency to throw to the winds all the poetry and imaginative productions of our literature; but for those who have been through the college mill, who are branded with a college degree, it is a matter for censure and commiseration.

It is always possible for a man to snatch time for some reading, and as it has been often reiterated it is better for a man to know, love and appreciate one author than to delve in superficial manner into many. Let a man saturate his mind with the thoughts of Shakspeare, of Tennyson, of Milton or Wordsworth, and he will turn himself out a better and a nobler man. To know Wordsworth, to sympathize with him, is to come forth into the light of things taking nature for our teacher; it is to appreciate the grace and power of childhood, the dignity of man as man, and to divine nature in such a way that she will teach us lessons which will fortify against the shocks of life and content us with its daily round. From one author alone, if we can harmonize our thoughts with those of one for whom the "meanest flower that blows had thoughts too deep for tears." We can learn this much, and how infinitely superior the mind would be when constantly refreshed with the great and noble ideas in which Wordsworth's works are so replete.

This dissipated mind to which I have adverted several times, seems to me to be the result largely of the modern practice of overindulgence in newspaper reading. The mind is not fixed on one train of thought for any length of time, and gradually becomes incapable of concentration or of settling down to solid reading. It is this capacity for reading, this taste for refined literature and a corresponding distaste for anything that is vulgar, that the college training ought to give. If it does not give it, it has failed conspicuously to accomplish its chief end. The college education should at least lead to the fertilizing waters of knowledge, indicate the way to partake thereof, and finally to place a man in that condition of culture which Mathew Arnold so well

describes, and which if a man is wise he will consider, if not the summum bonum, certainly one of the greatest things in the world.
P. J. W.

THE RIGHTS OF WITNESSES.

The right of a witness to protection, even on cross-examination, against frivolous and irrelevant investigations of his private life, was forcibly declared recently in the Supreme Court of New York. It turned out that at the trial in the Court below questions were put to the witness not for the purpose of furthering the ends of justice, but for the sole purpose of degrading, humiliating and bringing him into disrepute with the jury. The judge said that witnesses have some rights which the Courts are bound to respect, and that attacks of this kind cannot be made upon one's private life under color of cross-examination. Such examinations tend to bring the administration of the Law into disrepute and to lessen respect for the Courts of Justice. Now it is a well known fact that there are unscrupulous lawyers, and very often other lawyers who are not of that calibre nor wholly lost to decency, who constantly act upon the erroneous assumption that witnesses have no rights which they are bound to respect. Such lawyers not only browbeat their victims, but try in the most disgraceful and unprofessional manner to discredit them in the eyes of the jury. There are certain classes of lawyers known to the profession as "shysters," and of course from these nothing better can be expected. But then there are lawyers who are looked upon as honorable men and ornaments to the profession, who very often so far forget themselves and lose their sense of honor as to treat witnesses in a similar manner. It is unnecessary to say that a lawyer who will refuse to fabricate evidence, steal his opponents papers, or lie to the Court, will not denounce a witness to a jury as a perjurer when he knows him to be truthful.

But on the other hand if you know a witness is telling an untruth you should contradict him in the most forcible manner, and if he is a liar, don't ask him a question unless you are ready to annihilate him with a contradiction by facts in evidence or other witnesses, and not by abuse. The great mistake made by many lawyers is to attempt to break down the witness by a brow-beating and bullying style of examination. This always fails miserably, and besides being in itself an outrageous abuse of the right of counsel, is a public disgrace to the Bar of any civilized country.

Witnesses, it must be remembered, are not terrified or awed by lawyers. As a rule they are fairly intelligent, and may safely be depended upon not to confess themselves liars or fabricators before the Court, and if they have lied or fabricated the bullying style of oratory will not bring out that fact, but only tends to make the witness more confident and positive in his statements and reluctant to answer at all.

In conclusion it may be said that although cross-examination is one of the great bulwarks of the Law of England, yet it is the most abused by pettifogging attorneys whom it should be the aim of the profession to suppress, and even lawyers who scorn dishonesty and disgraceful tactics may well ask themselves sometimes at the end of a trial, whether their examination and treatment of adverse witnesses has left their own self respect unimpaired.

ROBERT A. REID, Law. '02.

THE ACADIA MATCH.

THE old historic rivals met on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 26, when Capt. Campbell's Dalhousie XV lined up against Acadia's XV as led by Mr. Steele. This annual event almost antedates Halifax football, and although not looked upon now with the same interest as it was ten years ago, yet there still lurks in the breasts of Dalhousians a keen desire to defeat the best team Wolfville College can produce. When representatives of these two institutions first met, superiority slightly rested with the Acadians, but in late years the pendulum of advantage has swung quite to the opposite extreme, and since 1892 Acadia has won but once, Dalhousie six times, while in 1895 and 1897 no score was made by either side.

A tie in the running for the Halifax Trophy had the result of postponing this game until late, when our boys expected to see a frozen gridiron. But Dame Fortune was gracious and the day was mild, the field in good shape, and victory perched on our shoulders. Capt. Steele has shown the value of persistent training. His team at the beginning of the season was twice beaten, but through experience and careful handling his men put up against us a very stubborn fight.

It would be a gross oversight to fail to notice one change that has been effected within the last few years. Time was when sympathizers of either side would attempt to interfere with the referee and touch-judges, and much ill-feeling resulted. But happily old things have passed away, and

through the influence of men of the Rhodes and Steele ilk, Dalhousie and Acadia can enter into a football contest and students and players thereafter are as of the one and same college. This is as it should be, and may it long so remain.

Mr. Grassie Archibald of Truro, one of our former students, was Acadia's choice as a referee, and their opinion of this official's abilities was certainly strengthened by his management of the game. His decisions were sharp and fair, his enforcement of the rules good.

The following composed the teams:—

Acadia: Back, Hamilton; halves, Steele, Boggs A., Boggs T., Eaton; quarters, Elliott, Haley; forwards, Cann, Thomas, Keddy, Goodspeed, Nicholson, Tedford, Calhoun and Jones.

Dalhousie: Back, McKenzie; halves, Cock, Baillie, Hebb, Cameron; quarters, Dickie, Hawboldt; forwards, Hall, Rhodes, Cheese, Potter, Malcolm, Lindsay, McDonald and Borden.

Touch-judges, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Bill.

Acting Captain Hall won the toss and chose to play with a slight wind. Jones of Acadia kicked off, sending the ball far into Dalhousie territory, where Baillie caught and returned to centre field. The game was essentially a forwards' one and the yellow and black eight showed their superiority in handling the ball with their feet. The play hovered around red and blue quarter field the greater part of this half, and once only was Dalhousie's goal seriously threatened. A score seemed forthcoming when Cheese attempted a penalty goal from Acadia's 25 mark, but the ball was slippery and the kick failed. Time and time again our boys charged their opponents only to be stopped by the stalwart defence of the latter.

Next half it was a case of "buck-up," and from Potter's kick off the fight was soon carried into Acadian ground. Dashes by Hawboldt, Dickie and Cameron with occasional combination play by Hebb, Baillie and Cock were checked by the splendid defence work of the Boggs brothers, Steele and Eaton. A charge by one of "Roberts' Horse" was too much to be offset and Dickie dashed across the line for a much needed try. The kick for goal failed and the score stood 3-0 in our favour.

Haley stole a march after the kick out while our boys were waiting for the whistle, and this hardworking quarter was seen trekking alone down the field. He passed when tackled to Steele and McKenzie returned the latter's kick.

Baillie, whose kicking was a feature all through, made a splendid attempt for a drop goal from the field, failing only by a narrow margin. Jones on a penalty sent the ball far into our territory where Cameron missed the catch and it bounded into touch. Acadia had her chance, and showed some neat half play when Elliott passed from the scrim to Eaton who in turn transferred his trust to Boggs and on to Steele whom Cock promptly laid to earth. Our noble eight relieved the goal from danger and the whistle sounded the close of another game, and another win for Dalhousie by only one score, the third in three years.

If special mention is to be made of players one must certainly single out among the Wolfville boys the Boggs brothers at half for their sharp tackling, Haley at quarter for his quick hard game, and Cann, Jones and Goodspeed among the forwards. Dalhousie knows what her own men can do, and it is quite right to say that none disappointed us, nor did any one excel in the good work that has so characterized our team this year.

The only regrettable feature about the game was the accident to Tedford, an Acadia forward, who had his collar bone broken in the second half and had to retire.

'Tis true we won; but we were opposed by foemen worthy of Dalhousie's best brain and brawn, and meeting on and off the field such as we did on this occasion, only made us feel that we would be glad to go again.

The long-talked of football trip to Sydney was made a happy piece of history during the Thanksgiving holidays. We always felt that a warm welcome awaited Dalhousie's team if they ever should make a tour of Cape Breton, and our expectations were more than realized.

We arrived in the Iron City on the "Sydney Flyer" at two o'clock in the morning of Thanksgiving Day, having left Halifax some thirteen hours before. We recognized old friends at once in the persons of A. W. Routledge, J. A. Fisher and others who met us at the station and saw us safely put up at "The Sydney."

In the morning we were the recipients of many tokens of hospitality, among which was a courteous note extending to the team the privileges of the Sydney Club. The *Daily Post*, which numbers upon its staff A. D. Gunn and J. W. G. Morrison, remembered us with a generous bundle of copies.

Carriages called for us at eleven o'clock and we were driven over to the Steel Works, where we were shown

through by A. C. Johnson, formerly of the Arts class of '02. We spent over an hour at the works and were duly impressed by the magnitude of the things we saw there.

The match was slated for half-past two, and at that hour about fifteen hundred people had gathered at the Athletic field. The crowd was plentifully besprinkled with old Dalhousians, and often during the game knots of these would get together and give the good old yells. Of the game itself little need be said. The sharp heeling out of our forwards and the clock-work combination of our half-backs proved too much for the Sydney players, who, though strong in individual play, had not developed team work to any extent.

Our scores were made by Dickie, Cameron and Cock, who each scored a try in the first half, with the performance repeated by Dickie and Cameron in the second. Only one goal was kicked by Baillie, the ball being far from perfect. This made the total score 17 to 0 in Dalhousie's favor.

Mention should be made of Smith, who played a star game at full-back for Sydney. He is a Welsh "Association" player, and he certainly gave us some pointers on left foot kicking.

Mr. John J. Mackenzie, our popular coach, refereed in a most acceptable manner.

After our football appetites and Host Willis's famous Thanksgiving dinner had come together to their mutual annihilation, we attended an athletic tournament at the rink as the guests of the Sydney Athletic Club. Here we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, doing pretty much what we liked, and acting variously as competitors, unofficial starters, and mere spectators.

The next and concluding item in this princely reception was a banquet at the hotel Alphonse, tendered us by the S. A. A. A., and which extended well on into the "wee sma' 'oors." Among those present were R. T. Keefer, A. D. Gunn, A. W. Routledge and other sons of Dalhousie.

Speeches were made by President Hearn, and Captains Sutherland and Campbell, all expressing gratification at the happy relations established during our visit, and the hope that the teams would meet, if possible, annually.

After the singing of Auld Lang Syne standing around the table with joined hands, the company dispersed, with the minds, of the visitors, at least, filled with the most pleasant remembrances of our stay in Sydney. The Dalhousie party went at once to the train which was to leave at 6 a. m., the intention being to play St. Francis Xavier that afternoon and

go to New Glasgow the same evening where a dance under the auspices of the N. G. A. C. awaited us.

We arrived at Antigonish at midday. We just had time for lunch and a short rest before the game which began at 2.30.

We found the St. F. X. team much heavier than we had expected, but somewhat deficient in general knowledge of the game. Their tackling, however, was of a brilliant order, and saved many a score for them.

The Dalhousie forwards overcame their heavier opponents by heeling out quickly and breaking away before the latter would get properly formed up. The ball was almost invariably secured by our quarters and sent out to the half backs, who were handling it beautifully and doing fine combination work. But when the wing man had got it and was dashing for the line he would, in the great majority of cases, be sharply tackled about two yards out.

Three of these attempts however, were successful, Hebb, MacKenzie and Cock each scoring a try. No goals were kicked, and the score, at the end of the game was 9-0. Dalhousie's line was never in danger, and it was only the defence of the Xavier team which made the game interesting.

Our stay in Antigonish being so short, we had not time to see the town or to visit the College building. While waiting for our train we had an impromptu concert at the hotel, assisted by some of the St. Francis Xavier students.

We left Antigonish at 6 p. m. and arrived in New Glasgow at half-past seven. We here attended a dance given in our honor by the New Glasgow Athletic Club at Masons' Hall. Here we met New Glasgow's fairest, and most of the members of her football team. After a most enjoyable evening we returned to our hotel, "The Norfolk," and obtained some much needed sleep.

Saturday morning most of us spent seeing New Glasgow. The "medicals" amongst us visited Aberdeen Hospital and enjoyed a clinic from Dr. Kennedy.

Early in the afternoon we played the match. The New Glasgow team was badly out of practice and did not expect to make much of a showing. They put up a strong game however, all things considered, and kept Dalhousie down to 12 points. Two tries were scored by Hebb, and one each by MacKenzie and Hawbolt.

MacKenzie was injured in the first half, and played thereafter at full-back, where his grotesque appearance called forth appropriate comments in the press.

Captain Campbell officiated as referee.

After the game we were accompanied back to the Hotel by a number of the New Glasgow players and a merry time was spent until our train time.

We left New Glasgow at eight o'clock p. m. At Truro we met the second team, which was returning from Amherst where it had won another victory with the score 8-0.

The united forces made things lively on the run down to Halifax, where we arrived shortly after midnight.

COLLEGE NOTES.

After the Christmas vacation it is expected that Prof. Russel and Rev. John DeSoyres of St. John, will lecture under the auspices of the Sodales Society. Prof. Russel's lecture will be "A Peep at the House of Commons."

The Gymnasium Committee, acting on the suggestion of Sergt.-Maj. Long, have decided to try and arrange for a Dalhousie Assault at Arms sometime during the term, probably about March 6 or 7. While a definite programme has not yet been decided on, it is thought that a very interesting entertainment can be given with Gymnastic drill, Dumb bells, Fencing etc. An interesting feature will probably be tug-of-war contests between classes. Here will be an opportunity for the Sophomores and Freshmen to demonstrate who are the ablest. If the students enter heartily into the project and do all they can to assist the Sergt.-Maj. and the Committee, there will be no doubt of the success of the Exhibiton.

The Sunday afternoon lecture on Dec. 1, was delivered by Rev. W. J. Armitage, rector of St. Paul's, Halifax. The subject was The Missionary Outlook for the Twentieth Century. Mr. Armitage contrasted the present time with the beginning of the last century and showed how great the difference was, how steam and electricity had made travelling easy, how learned men had translated the Bible into so many languages, how the influence of Christianity had immeasurably increased. But much remains to be done in Asia and Africa. Mr. Armitage closed his excellent lecture with an earnest appeal to the College students to devote their energies to the spread of the religion of Christ. Dr. Forrest in thanking Mr. Armitage for his lecture, spoke of the many Dalhousians who have laboured or are now engaged in Mission work. He said that Dalhousie's record in this was probably not surpassed by any College in Canada.

HOCKEY.

A special meeting of the D. A. A. C., held on Friday, December 6, to consider the question of Hockey, decided that application should be made for permission to put a team in the Halifax Hockey League. It was thought that we could get into the league without trying for the Intermediate Championship, since Dalhousie was one of the charter members of the League. Our application proved successful, and the following schedule of games has been arranged:

Tuesday, January 7—Crescents vs. Wanderers.
 Friday, January 10—Chebuctos vs. Dalhousie.
 Tuesday, January 14—Wanderers vs. Dalhousie.
 Friday, January 17—Crescents vs. Chebuctos.
 Tuesday, January 21—Dalhousie vs. Crescents.
 Friday, January 24—Wanderers vs. Chebuctos.
 Tuesday, January 28—Wanderers vs. Crescents.
 Friday, January 31—Dalhousie vs. Chebuctos.
 Tuesday, February 4—Dalhousie vs. Wanderers.
 Friday, February 7—Chebuctos vs. Crescents.
 Tuesday, February 11—Crescents vs. Dalhousie.
 Friday, February 14—Chebuctos vs. Wanderers.

THEATRE NIGHT.

In former years it was the custom, if we were so fortunate as to win the Football Trophy, for the boys to celebrate by attending the Academy of Music. From this has developed 'Theatre Night,' which is likely here to stay, whether Trophies are won or not,—for Theatre Night is a pleasant thing.

The committee in charge settled on Saturday, Dec. 7, as Dalhousie Theatre Night. The committee, with Mr. A. H. S. Murray as chairman, did their best to arrange for a good evening. The play was changed from 'Under Two Flags' to 'The Gilded Fool', so that nothing in the play might depress the spirits of the more tender-hearted in the assembly.

Manager Medcalfe was most obliging and did everything in his power to suit the convenience of the students. The balcony was reserved for the students and it was about two-thirds filled with a good-humoured crowd of Dalhousians. The lady students, well chaperoned, occupied seats in the orchestra. The Academy was decorated with yellow and black bunting. On either side of the stage was a banner, on one was set forth the valorous deeds of the First Football team, ten victories and one defeat, 103 points against 14. The other banner told of the success of the Junior Team, which won five games and scored 40 points, and none scored against them.

A programme of singing was carried out between the acts, beginning with the old 'Overcheuer' 'Good morning, have you used Pear's Soap.'

The play was well put on by the Harkins' Company. All wore some Dalhousie ribbon. Mr. Morrison as De-Peystre Ruthven had a yellow and black tie which the most ardent Dalhousian would hesitate to wear to a Football game. It was indeed a power. Mr. Woodall as The Gilded Fool and Miss Bonstelle were the favourites. Miss Bonstelle received a beautiful bouquet, but it was a disappointment to us that "Co" did not come forward to receive the message that came to him over the wire.

At the close of the play Miss Bonstelle sang a football song, two stanzas and a chorus set to the music of 'Dolly Gray'. She sang the verses in fine style and brought down the house. Altogether Theatre Night was a great success, and is sure to be repeated next year.

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge receipt of *Victorian, Manitoba College Journal*.

We give the following bit of editorial autobiography at request of *MacMaster*. Our staff is chosen by the students only. Each class of each faculty appoints the number of men allowed to it as indicated by the heading. The editors thus chosen select the editor-in-chief.

With most papers we should regret the conclusion of a story like "The man from Glengarry." But from the *West-minister* something good is always to be expected, not only in fiction, but in all departments. Its editorials are, we think, among the finest in Canada, and it is certainly foremost in matters of interests to colleges and education generally.

A late *Varsity* has a message peculiarly suited to the season. The following extract speaks for itself:

"Every thoughtful man will recognize the danger of sectionalism in Canada, and we, representing a provincial university, have an admirable opportunity to help in the work of welding together the different elements of our nation by coming closer to the other colleges of our country and trying to realize the ideal brotherhood of all students. Inter-collegiate unions in athletics and debating, fraternities, and,

we hope, the university press, are doing their part; as undergraduates, and particularly as graduates when we scatter to the four winds of heaven, let us lay our hands to the work. May we see that it is our urgent duty."

To welcome and praise a near relative like the *Theologue* is always pleasant. Its first issue of this year is clad in a new and sober livery which is very effective. Two fine contributed articles take up most of the space—"The Personal Factor in the Ministry" by Dr. Gordon and "Browning's Treatment of the Principle of love" by Dr. George MacLeod. The number is a credit to its six Dalhousie editors.

Personals.

Rev. J. F. Polley, B. A., '95, has been called to Waterford, N. B.

Miss Grace Burris, B. A., '94, is teacher this year at Lower Stewiacke, Col. Co.

Rev. F. A. Currier, '95, has been called to the pastorate of the Woodstock Baptist church, a very important charge.

Rev. A. H. Campbell, B. A., '98, was settled last May over the Presbyterian Congregation of Little River, Halifax Co., N. S.

The GAZETTE offers its congratulations to R. H. Graham, B. A., '92, LL. B., '94, who was married on Dec. 4, to Miss Maud Johnston of Halifax.

Miss Nettie Forbes, B. A., '87, has just returned from a trip to California. She will resume her position on the staff of Windsor's County Academy after the Christmas vacation.

Business Notices.

Business communications should be addressed: Financial Editor, DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, Halifax, N. S.

Literary communications to: Editors of DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, Halifax, N. S.

TEN numbers of the GAZETTE are issued every winter by the students of Dalhousie University.

TERMS.

One Collegiate year in advance.....\$1 00.

(vii)

Students will find the

British American Book & Tract Depository,

115 GRANVILLE STREET,

The best place to procure all kinds of Books that they may need.
Any Book not in stock will be ordered promptly.

ROLAND MELLISH, Business Manager.

Dalhousie University Pins!

Order Now for Early Delivery.

Watches, Clocks, Optical Goods, Repairs, Etc.

J. CORNELIUS, Jeweller,

99 GRANVILLE STREET.

Maker of Young, DeMille and University Medals.



Law,

Art,

Medicine.

Kodaks and Supplies.

Maritime Business College

HALIFAX, N. S.

IN AFFILIATION WITH THE

Business Educators' Association of Canada,

AND THE

Institute of Chartered Accountants of Nova Scotia.

All our Graduates hold a

National Diploma,

And the Graduates of the Business Department are exempted from the

Preliminary Examinations,

of THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS, should they desire to become

Professional Accountants.

Our Calendar, Syllabus and Rate Card will be mailed post-paid to any address on application to

KAULBACH & SCHURMAN, Proprietors.

HARRIS, HENRY & CAHAN,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.

St. Paul Building, 88 BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

R. C. WELDON, D. C. L., P. H. D., K. C., COUNSEL.
R. E. HARRIS, K. C.
W. A. HENRY, LL. B.
C. H. CAHAN, A. B., LL. B.,

CANADA.

Cable Address, "HENRY."
A. B. C., McNeil's, and Atlantic Cable Co's Codes.

RITCHIE & MENGER,
Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries,

58 BEDFORD ROW,
HALIFAX, N. S.

JOHN H. SINCLAIR. GEO. PATTERSON, M. A.
SINCLAIR & PATTERSON,
Barristers, Notaries, &c.

77 PROVOST STREET,
NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

MacILREITH & TREMAINE,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries,
ETC.

43 SACKVILLE ST.,

ROBT. T. MACILREITH, LL. B. Halifax, N. S.
CHAS. F. TREMAINE, LL. B.

JOHN A. MacKINNON, B. A., LL. B.
Barrister, &c.

OFFICES: METROPOLE BUILDING,
HALIFAX, N. S.

A. E. SILVER. J. A. PAYZANT, LL. B.
SILVER & PAYZANT,
Barristers, Solicitors,
NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc
Redden Building, - BARRINGTON ST.

JOHN Y. PAYZANT & SON,
Barristers and Solicitors,
95 HOLLIS STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.

C. SIDNEY HARRINGTON, K. C.
CHARLES P. FULLERTON, LL. B.
HARRINGTON & FULLERTON,
Barristers, &c.
ROY BUILDING.

A. DRYSDALE. HECTOR MCINNES, LL. B.
W. H. FULTON. J. F. KENNY.
DRYSDALE & MCINNES,
Barristers,
Solicitors, &c.
35 BEDFORD ROW.

W. B. ROSS, K. C.

H. MELLISH, B. A., LL. B.

F. F. MATHERS, LL. B.

ROSS, MELLISH & MATHERS,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

Keith Building, Barrington Street, - HALIFAX, N. S.

BORDEN, RITCHIE & CHISHOLM,
Barristers and Solicitors

HERALD BUILDING,
Cor. Granville & George Sts., - HALIFAX, N. S.
Cable Address, "BORDEN," Halifax.
Robt. L. Borden, K. C.
W. B. Almon Ritchie, K. C.
Joseph A. Chisholm, LL. B.
Henry C. Borden, LL. B.

R. H. MURRAY, B. A., LL. M.
J. L. MacKINNON, B. A., LL. B.

MURRAY & MacKINNON,
Barristers, Solicitors,
& NOTARIES PUBLIC.

OFFICES: 16-18 HERALD BUILDING,
HALIFAX, N. S.
TELEPHONE, 1234. P. O. Box, 304.

G. A. R. ROWLINGS, LL. B. J. R. MACLEOD, LL. B.

ROWLINGS & MACLEOD,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

193 HOLLIS ST., METROPOLE,
HALIFAX, N. S.
Telephone 1107. A. B. C. Telegraphic Code.

B. RUSSELL, K. C.
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, Etc.
ROY BUILDING,
73 Barrington Street, HALIFAX.

DANIEL McNEIL.
ALEX. McNEIL, M. A., LL. B.

W. F. O'CONNOR, LL. B., B. C. L.

McNEIL, McNEIL & O'CONNOR,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

Cable Address, "NEIL."
Telephone No. 672. P. O. Box 292.
Night Telephone, 566.

Metropole Building, Hollis Street,
Halifax, N. S.

REGINALD D. MAHAR,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in
All Flavors of

Choice Ice Cream,

Caterer for Society Teas.

PUT UP IN MOULDS
TO ORDER.

9½ PRINCE STREET, HALIFAX. - TELEPHONE 978.

(x)

H. WOODBURY, D. D. S.

F. WOODBURY, D. D. S.

DRS. WOODBURY BROS.,

DENTISTS

137 Hollis Street, - - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Faulkner's Cash Shoe Store,

FOOTBALL BOOTS MADE TO ORDER.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

D. FAULKNER,
25 Spring Garden Road.

Ungar's Laundry and DYE WORKS.

Goods Returned Promptly.

66-70 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

BRAINS as well as **SKILL** are required in Cutting and making Garments perfectly. . . . We pride ourselves on the possession of both ; and the Style, Fit and Workmanship of the **SUITS** and **OVERCOATS** made here are not surpassed anywhere.

10 % DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

E. MAXWELL & SON, Tailors, - 132 Granville St.

M. S. BROWN & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Jewellers.

128 & 130 Granville Street, - - - HALIFAX, N. S.

Standard Life Assurance Co'y, Edinburgh,

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Assurance in Force	\$125,500,000
Cash Assets,	50,000,000
Canadian Investments,	15,000,000
Assurance in Force in Canada, (over)	19,000,000
Income in Canada	700,000

Endowment Policies are now very popular with Young Men and Women.

FOR RATES APPLY TO EITHER

JOHN S. SMITH, Inspector,
24 BLAND STREET, HALIFAX.

ALFRED SHORTT, Agent.
151½ HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX.

McAlpine Publishing Co., Ltd.,

Book and Job Printers and Lithographers.

Printing of Every Description Neatly and Cheaply Executed.

Copper Plate Engraving and Printing.

Cor. Sackville & Granville Sts., HALIFAX, N. S.

ROBT. STANFORD,
Merchant Tailor.
...156 Hollis Street...
HALIFAX, N. S.
Direct Importer of English and Foreign Goods.

Students!
when you want
First-Class Fruit
and
High-Class Confectionery,
at lowest prices, go to
WHITTEN'S
Fruit Emporium,
23 BARRINGTON STREET.
All Orders Promptly Attended to.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

1! U!
2! PI!
3! DEE!

Dal-hou-sie

COLLEGE is open and the sound of the STUDENTS' RALLY will be again heard thro' the Town. We're glad to welcome back our future representative men. Men in the Public Eye should be well-dressed; being well, yet not expensively dressed, means wearing CLAYTON-MADE CLOTHING.

Clayton-Made Suits to Measure, \$12, \$14 \$16 up.
" Pants " \$3.50, \$4.25, \$4.75 up.
Ready-to-Wear Suits, \$5.00 to \$12.00.

Clayton *and* Sons.
JACOB STREET.

W. E. HEBB'S College Bookstore.

139 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Headquarters for Dalhousie Text Books, Medical Text Books, Note and Scribbling Books, Eye Shades, Etc.

Agent for Waterman's Fountain Pens, ranging from \$2.50 to \$6.00.
Also Fountain Pens of cheaper grade.

BOOKS NOT IN STOCK ARE ORDERED PROMPTLY. NO DELAY.

CANADA LAW BOOK COMPANY.

R. R. CROMARTY, Manager.

2 TORONTO STREET,
TORONTO, CANADA.

Law Booksellers and Publishers.

Successors to and combining Canada Law Journal Company, Toronto Law Book and Pub. Co., Ltd., Goodwin Law Book and Pub. Co., Limited, The Docket Publishing Co.

The new Company give special attention to the Students' Department. Text Books required for the Law School Course are carried in stock by us.

The following are some of our own publications that we call your attention to especially:

Lefroy's Legislative Power in Canada, 1898	\$9.00
Canadian Criminal Cases, in parts, per vol.	6.50
Canada Law Journal, semi-monthly, per annum	5.00
Canadian Annual Digest, cloth, \$3.50 per vol., calf	4.00
O'Brien's Conveyancer	3.00
Treméar's Conditional Sales and Chattel Liens, 1899	5.50
Bell & Dunn's Practice Forms, 1898	6.50
Bell & Dunn's Law of Mortgages in Canada, 1899	6.50
Barron & O'Brien's Chattel Mortgages, 1897	6.50

CANADIAN AGENTS FOR THE ENGLISH LAW REPORTS AND THE 'ENGLISH YEARLY PRACTICE.'
CATALOGUES SENT FREE UPON APPLICATION.