

The Dalhousie Gazette

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No. 9

TIMOR MORTIS.

Written in Prospect of Going to the European Battle-Front.

(By Pte. J. D. LOGAN)

85th Overseas Battalion, C. E. F.

"For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother.
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here."

Shak., *King Hen. V.*—Act IV, sc. 3 (King's speech prior to the battle of Agincourt)

I WEND my ways with one dire dread
Now daily in my heart:
The fear of death obsesses me —
The fear that I may pass
Too soon for my desiring eyes to see
The English camps, and for my feet to tread
The English green-sward grass;
That I, who've heard my God's, my King's,
my Country's claims
And, though belated, have at length begun
A larger life of holier aims
Than was my wont, may suddenly depart
This shattered world to utter oblivion,
Ere I, in Christian chivalry,
With brave, devoted comrades dauntlessly
have stood face to the foe
On Flanders' fatal fields and struck a single
blow
For man's dear brotherhood and world-
wide liberty,
Or ere, upon the blood-steeped slopes
Of France, I've met—mine eyes afront,
my soul quite undismayed—
The Hunnish cannons' fearful fusilade
Or done my share to still the Hunnish hopes,
And thus to leave secure, ev'n if by my
poor martyrdom,
A happier heritage to generations yet to
come.

Dear God, oh, privilege me the fullest
bloom
Of vital-strength, that I may pay the price
For my too selfish, easeful days; spare me
to live
That I, if it should be Thy will, may sacri-
fice
The meagre all I now can give,
And, falling, lie obscurely laid within a
nameless tomb.
Perchance, round where mine unknown
grave may be,
Unshaded by Canadian maples, unsung by
winds from my Acadian sea,
I shall in spirit-state revisit foreign slope
or plain
On which I fell, and there aloft descry
The Flag of England still flaunting victory
to the sky,
'Neath where the hellish holocaust—once
swept amain,
And I shall know I died not in dishonor
nor in vain,
But that I may, at home, in peace, untried,
yield up my breath—
This is my direst dread, my fear, of thee,
O Death!

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF KHAKI.

A novel and interesting essay in a popular philosophy readily could be written on the topic of what changes go on in the intellect, the heart, and the imagination when a man first dons the King's uniform in khaki. Certainly the recruit in khaki, particularly if he be a man of conventional education or culture, of ordinary socialized ideals or class attitudes to the respectable satisfactions of life, must experience a change in perspectives, in affections, and in moral imagination. The face of reality will have taken on, for him, an altogether new aspect and a new spiritual meaning, and he, for his part, since self-expression is the end and justification of mundane existence, will conceive the universe in a new way and the relations of himself to God and the world (society) also in a new way. The whole change will be somewhat in the nature of a psychological somersault—using the term psychological to embrace a man's intellectual, emotional, imaginative and volitional being. I am not now going to write an essay on such a novel theme. I am merely going to explain, at the request of the Editor-in-Chief of *The Gazette*, what changes occurred in my own mind, heart and moral imagination to form the material for ideas, and to incite the writing, of my verses entitled "Timor Mortis."

In metaphysic I am an Aristotelian, somewhat modernized by the doctrines of Bradley in England and of Royce in America. That is to say, I believe that my own so-called individual self and life are, as the total spiritual universe may require or demand, a relatively significant or insignificant part and function of reality. From the point of view of eternity—"sub specie aeternitatis"—or, to put it concretely, in a million million years, it doesn't make a bit of difference whether I live strenuously, vegetate, stagnate, or merely fill space and time. It is a matter of pure temperament or instinct that I do live strenuously, waywardly, and, in the end, fatuously. To put it colloquially, That's just me. Such was my metaphysic; and consequently I went on living, by temperament and instinct, as if all I thought and wrote were really significant, whereas, in my inmost soul, I held that myself and work were only mundanely significant and had no meaning for the total universe. I have contributed my "bit" to the general happiness—pain and agony as well—of society and the mundane world.

On the whole, then, my life up to the present was one of selfish ease and pleasure. But when I enlisted with the 85th Overseas Battalion, C. E. F., I found that, as the revivalists say, I had experienced a change of heart. Hitherto I regarded death as no more significant than any other cosmological process. I came into being, lived, and would die, like any other animate creature—and pass into utter oblivion. I did not fear death; it was inevitable. But now I do fear it; that is to say, it can come to me on the battlefield and I will

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JOHN MACNAB.

THE MAN.

THERE are various persons in the South End who got bunches of flowers last year, who will not get them this year; because John Macnab is dead. Behind his old-fashioned house in Inglis street, there was an old-fashioned garden, where he grew remarkable roses and sweet peas; and one of the pleasures of his life was to send bouquets to his friends. It was a marked trait of his kindly character. In the season, he usually sported a bloom of some kind in his buttonhole; for he was a business man of the old school, and did not consider careful dressing beneath his attention. To many, John Macnab will be the memory of a typical Scot, of middle size, with a fresh complexion, snow-white beard and twinkling blue eyes; a trim, neat figure, always courteous, always with a pleasant word for his neighbor, and always with a flower in the lapel of his coat.

His business career was that of the typical poor boy who begins with nothing and by hard work, industry and thrift, amasses a modest fortune. He would talk of his small beginnings; and how as a boy he used to wheel goods from the store out to Colonel Bazalgette's, who lived in the building which was the old Infants' Home. This edifice, only recently demolished, was the old government house which used to stand where is now the Province Building. He never married; which proved an advantage to many a relative, many a friend, and many a good cause. He was a generous man; and when he gave it was always with some expression of good will. He lived to a ripe old age, far beyond the span allotted by the Psalmist; he kept his health and his faculties; and at the end, it was only a little hill that he had to go down.

THE BEQUEST.

His will disposing of his property is a model. Scottish fashion, he made careful and minute provision first for his kin, remembering each one with a separate legacy. Having discharged his duty to his relatives, he showed his sense of obligation to the community in which he had made his money, without which indeed, he could not have made it, by bequests to various local charities and institutions. The largest single bequest was made to Dalhousie, as had been already stated in the newspapers. This is not to be wondered at; for respect for education runs in Scottish blood. The sum has been estimated at sixty thousand dollars, which is bequeathed absolutely to the Board of Governors of Dalhousie College, to use at their discretion. The recommendation that the money is to be used for "the extension and maintenance of the library" may have caused misapprehension in some quarters. Dalhousie has many needs; and the Governors are not bound apparently to devote the whole bequest to library purposes. In view of the world-situation and the gloom and uncertainty hanging over all institutions, great and small, nothing can

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Reporters

"Correspondence in this envelope need not be censored Regimentally. The contents are liable to examination at the base. The following certificate must be signed by the writer:

I certify on my honour that the contents of this envelope refer to nothing but private and family affairs."

In that note one can glean all the requisites that should go to make up a true soldier. Obedience, honour, discipline and trustworthiness. There are few men on active service, who would sign that certificate and then reveal forbidden detail with regard to the war. There are few who would try to evade the new mode of suppression of news, by breaking the trust which is now confided in them.

The method of censorship is a new one. It leaves the censorship to the soldiers' honour, to a great extent. His letters are not read by prying eyes and his heart secrets do not become the property of anyone, except those they are intended for. It speaks well for our soldier boys that such a method has been and can be adopted. The future of the country is safe in the hands of such men.

ANOTHER Halifax philanthropist has bequeathed a large amount of money to our Alma Mater. John Macnab, Esq., was a well known figure on the streets of the city. He always had a kind cheery word for everybody, now he has become one of our benefactors and with Stairs and Matheson has made the year 1916 a banner one in the history of the college. Some day when the war is over and the better days come, suitable memorials should be erected to the memory of these men.

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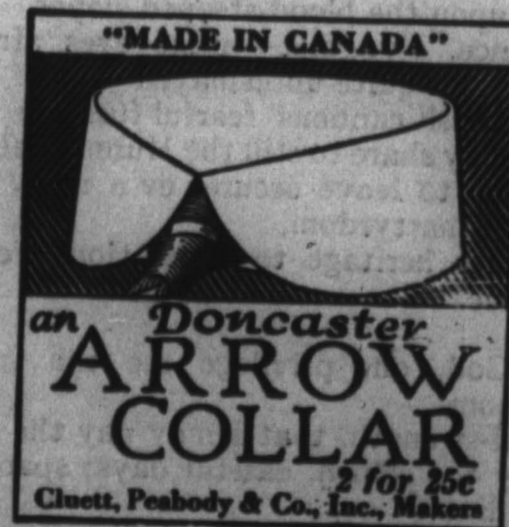
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GIFTS.

The Lady Aphrodite came and stood by me at morn,
Between the darkness and the dusk when first the day is born.

"Now here I give thee love," she said,
"And thereto I will add
The joy that pulses through the night when all the stars are glad."

"Now here I give thee love," she said,
"And therewith give as well
The deadly grief that tears the souls that make their bed in Hell."

"Now here I give thee love," she said,
"And with my gift will give
The light wherefrom the stars are born, whereby the flowers live."

"Now here I give thee love," she said,
"And thence may come to thee
The rayless dark they find who drown by night in the mid-sea."

The lady Aphrodite turned and went from me in scorn
Because I dared not take the gift she offered me that morn.

CLARE GIFFIN.

BECKY SHARP—AN OLD THEME.

THE character of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley is a complex one. Becky herself, sums it up best, when she says "I am no angel."

When Mrs. R. Crawley, as Becky Sharp, left Miss Pinkerton's Academy, she was very bitter, but what else could be expected when she tells Amelia, "I have never had a friend but you, or a kind word except from you." Her early life was exceptionally hard, associating with her drunken father, and his equally drunken companions, always contending with poverty, and struggling to find enough to live on. "She had never been a girl, she said, she had been a woman since she was eight years old." Could a girl, brought up in such circumstances be expected to be in love with life and, then, her treatment by Miss Pinkerton, was not just conducive to sweetness and docility.

Her parentage, also, was against her. What could be expected with a drunken artist for a father and a French opera girl for a mother. Nevertheless she rises considerably higher in the world than her parents ever did and she did it by the aid of her wits alone.

Of these, she would need to have a good supply to enable her to escape from the sphere in which birth and breeding had placed her; and yet, this is what she accomplished. She was clever enough to take advantage of the course of study offered by Miss Pinkerton's establishment, and, instead of sulking, as many an other would have done, to make the most of her time.

How well she employed her wits and accomplishments to entangle Joseph Sedley is shown by her almost success. Failure was due to no error on her part, but to the interference of George Osborne. She said when first she saw Joseph "If Mr. Joseph Sedley is rich and unmarried, why should I not marry him?"—She only had a fort-

night in which to accomplish her conquest but she certainly made the most of her time. She very wisely thought that if she married Joseph she would not have to worry about living by her wits, and that it would save her all further trouble in looking for a husband. But because she is defeated in one plan, does she sit down and bewail her ill-luck? Indeed not! Her persevering energy is wonderful! She will not stop until she has succeeded in capturing someone.

Her sense of humour is one of her saving qualities. She is amusing, seeing the droll side of life. She who had so great reason to favor the dark side. Her conversation with Miss Pinkerton before her leave is amusing as well as clever. Her description of Sir Pitt's conversation with Hudson, his keeper, is irresistibly amusing, while the picture we get of the pompous dinner at Queen's Crawley is hardly serious. The cleverness with which she caricaturizes the friends of Miss Crawley, could have come from no ordinary person, and an ordinary person would not have been Miss Crawley's choice.

Her understanding of masculine nature is unique, and helps her wonderfully during her varied existence in which, the masculine element is predominant. She understands the value of flattery, and can be humble or the reverse according to what best suits the time. Her success with Lord Steyne was the result of her flattery and clever intriguing. She obtained from him large sums of money and it was through her influence with him that Rawdon was made governor of Coventry Island.

Perhaps the most praiseworthy event in Becky's career is the reform she achieved in Rawdon. From a carousing, loud, uncultured dragoon, he became the affectionate husband and father. Becky was never anything but kind and affectionate to Rawdon, and, if she had a doubtful side to her character, she never let him see it, and until the very last he was not even distrustful of her. No matter how much she might be provoked by his stupidity; annoyed at his rough ways, or ashamed of his blundering, Rawdon was not aware of it. She was always in his thoughts, the gentle yet clever Becky Sharp he had married.

Her wonderful pluck is perhaps her most valuable asset. When one scheme fails she is ever ready with another. Failure does not disconcert her. With every disappointment she, indomitably starts out afresh. When she loses Jos. Sedley, she gains the favour of Miss Crawley, and weds Rawdon, hoping that his aunt will leave her fortune to them. When the fortune is left to Pitt Crawley, she makes him her friend in the hope—that he will aid her, and attracts Lord Steyne in order to obtain means by which to live. It is by her wits that she and Rawdon live, surrounded by every luxury, when the amount they possess is—absolutely nothing. Even when the denouement comes she does not give in. He gains the sympathy of Sir Pitt, goes abroad and appears in Europe, as a much abused woman, and, everything else having failed, she obtains her old hold over Joseph Sedley and receives the benefit of his magnificent income, and ends up by being, at least in her own eyes, Lady Crawley.

Circumstances are largely the cause of her intriguing nature. She has to be intri-

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FRANCE AT WAR.

MR. Rudyard Kipling whose poetry is on the lips of every soldier, has, in his "France at War," given us a very vivid picture of how our splendid ally is keeping "the Hun at the gate" and allowing him to get no farther.

The work is done up in a little paper edition of 72 pages, on whose cover there is inter alia the tricolor of France and the "price sixpence net." On turning over the cover and the fly sheet, one finds an admirable piece of poetry entitled "France" written in 1913, before the war, which in seven stanzas, sketches for us the various relations of England and France during the past. The poetry itself is worth the price of admission.

"Broke to every known mischance, lifted over all
By the light sane joy of life, the buckler of the Gaul,
Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,
Terrible with strength that draws from her tireless soul,
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's mind,
First to follow Truth, and last to leave old truths behind—
France beloved of every soul that loves its fellow-kind!

Ere our birth (rememberest thou?) side by side we lay
Fretting in the womb of Rome to begin our fray
Ere men knew our tongues apart, our one task was known—
Each must mould the other's fate as he wrought his own.
To this end we stirred mankind till all Earth was ours,
Till our world-end strifes begat wayside thrones and powers,
Puppets that we made or broke to bar the other's path—
Necessary, outpost folk, hirelings of our wrath.
To this end we stormed the seas, tack for tack, and burst
Through the doorways of new worlds, doubtful which was first,
Hand on hilt (rememberest thou?) ready for the blow,
Sure whatever else we met we should meet our foe.
Spurred or balked at every stride by the other's strength
So we rode the ages down on every ocean's length!

The work itself is divided into six main parts whose headings are in themselves a complete history of the battlefront.

- 1. The Frontier of Civilization.
2. A Nation's Spirit.
3. Battle spectacle and a review.
4. The Land that Endures.
5. Trenches on a mountain side.
6. The Common task.

Each part has its sub-headings, those of chapter I are as follows:—

- (a) An observation post.
(b) The Barbarian.
(c) Soldiers in caves.
(d) The sentinel hounds.
(e) Work in the fields.
(f) A wrecked town.
(g) In the Cathedral.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

Even the headings convey in no small degree the interesting character of this chapter

Then again 2 is sub-divided as follows:

- (a) The line that never sleeps.
(b) The famous '75's.
(c) The reality of Evil.
(d) The tragedy of Rheims.
(e) Courage and Faith.

No better idea of the comprehensiveness of the book can be got than by reading all the topics. They have been selected and arranged by a master hand.

If we read and study the short paragraph on "The Business of the War" it will do us good and bring more recruits to the colors.

"The French are less reticent than we about atrocities committed by the Boche, because those atrocities form part of their lives. They are not tucked away in Reports of Commissions, and vaguely referred to as "too awful." Later on, perhaps, we shall be unreserved in our turn. But they do not talk of them with any babbling heat, or blow, or make funny little appeals to a "public opinion" that, like the Boche, has gone underground. It seems to me that this must be because every Frenchman has his place and his chance, direct or indirect to diminish the number of Boches still alive whether he lies out in a sandwich of damp earth, or sweats with big guns up the crests behind the trees, or brings the fat, loaded barges into the very heart of the city, where the shell-wagons wait, or spends his last crippled years at the harvest, he is doing his work to that end.

If he is a civilian he may—as he does—say things about his government which, after all, is very like other popular governments. (A life time spent in watching how the cat jumps does not make lion-tamers). But there is very little human rubbish knocking about France to hinder work or darken counsel. Above all, there is a thing called the Honour of Civilization, to which France is attached. The meanest man feels that he, in his place, is permitted to help uphold it, and, I think, bears himself, therefore, with new dignity."

There is something about the above which appeals even to us who are always kickin' agin the government, even when it is doing its dead level best. Thank Heaven! we are better than we used to be.

Those French women too, are doing their bit. "I recalled one Frenchwoman in particular, because she once explained to me the necessities of civilised life. These included a masseuse, a manicurist and a maid to look after lap-dogs. She is employed now, and has been for months past, on the disinfection and repair of soldiers' clothes" "If one looked after the people that gave dinners and dances last year, where everyone talked so brilliantly of such vital things, one got in return the addresses of hospitals. Those pleasant hostesses and maidens seemed to be in charge of departments, or on duty in wards, or kitchens, or sculleries Others were up the line and liable to be bombed."

The attitude of the whole French people is summed up in the last line of the book.

"Their business is war and they do their business."

That line should be the motto of us all. There is no other business now but the war. Kipling said that of the French. Could he say it of us? Read his book carefully and find out.

The Royal Military College of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Survey to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B. A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 12 months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$300.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisional areas and districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the secretary of the Militia Council Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

THE FIRST GAZETTE.

The morning of January 25th, 1869, was cold and raw. For a week the snow had been falling, and the streets were almost impassable. The sky was dark and still threatening. Suddenly the shadows fled. The sun burst through the snowy vapour, the sky cleared, and the drifts shone with an unprecedented brightness. A black-gowned student came from the printers with a roll of The Dalhousie College Gazette, Vol. I., No. 1.

The first issue set forth its two-fold aim; "To cultivate literary tastes among the students, and the establishment of an organ in which free expression can be given, not only to our own sentiments, but to those others who may interest themselves in our progress and prosperity." It was to be conducted by the undergraduates and graduates. Professors Lyall and DeMille, Sir William Young and Hon. Mr. Howe promised to contribute. It contained the "Salutatory," a poem translated from the German: "The Diver," "Notes on Cape Breton," "The Nature of Falsehood." The men who undertook the task of publication were Messrs. J. J. Cameron, B. A., A. P. Seeton and W. E. Roscoe. Mr. Cameron seems to have been an organizer, for four years later we find him one of the founders of Queen's College Journal.

But Vol. I. was only the venture of a small though enterprising group of students. They were severely criticized for their undertaking, but their success was recognized the following fall, when, at a general meeting of the students, the Gazette was adopted by the student body and made its official paper. That year the editors were H. McD. Scott, A. O. Seeton and D. C. Fraser, and they were succeeded by Messrs. D. C. Fraser, A. MacKay and J. G. MacGregor.

At first it was The Dalhousie College Gazette, but in '71 it left out the word College. "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit" in '70 was dropped in favour of "Ora et labora." Perhaps the editors of that date also prayed that the students in general would do some of the labour. In '75 a new series was begun, each number being sixteen pages. In that form it appeared until '91 when it assumed the old magazine form and in 1914 it assumed its present form which is the form of '75.

The forty-eight volumes of the Gazette are of great value in revealing the college life of those days. The articles represent a great variety of subjects. At first the aim appears to have been more educative than reflective. Weighty scientific and philosophical essays are found. In '70 the mooted question of co-education was debated and—defeated. The threatening days of the seventies leave their impress on its pages. Intercollegiate relations were not always pleasant. Gowns were denounced when wearing them was compulsory; they are begged for when their use is permissive.

All honour to the men of other days whose enterprise has left to us so rich an inheritance. Dalhousie then was the struggling college "on the Parade." It unfurled the banner of Undenominationalism, and has ever since been true to its colours. It fought for University consolidation in the interest of the educated industrial life of the Province, but prejudice and political exigencies decreed otherwise. Even when the greater good of a Provincial

TRUE REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN CANADA

CANADIANS are apt to believe that they are living under a system of representative government, and, in a sense, they are justified in thinking so, for theoretically such is the case. But practically, it proves to be quite the reverse. In general, our government has too many representatives in proportion to the number of votes cast in its favor.

In the Dominion election of 1911, the Liberals of Ontario polled about 43% of the votes cast, and obtained but 15% of Ontario's representatives. In British Columbia, the Conservatives cast 62% of the votes and put in 100% of the members. In 1911, the Liberals cast approximately 48% of the grand total of votes, and were represented by 39% of the total membership. The same inconsistency existed in the previous elections, when the Liberals were in power.

It is evident from the above figures that a large part of the people are not being represented at all. Of course, representative government in its absolute literal sense can not be realized, but a much nearer approximation can be reached than at present. The inequalities arise from two causes. First, districts are not apportioned equally according to the votes cast in each, and thus representation is not proportional to population. Second, the districts are small, thus making a great number of minorities.

The remedy is simple and has been adopted by France, which abolished the arrondissements, the one-man districts, and combined them into departments. The parallel in Canada would be the substitution of the Province for the county as the electoral district. All members would then be elected at large i. e., Nova Scotia's eighteen representatives in the Dominion House would all be voted on by every Nova Scotian possessing the franchise. The result would be that the politician, who caters to the petty tastes of his constituency, would be a thing of the past, and the statesman would take his place. The people would vote on broad issues and not for the man who had bestowed the most favor on them. The successful candidates must needs be men of good repute, ability and achievement in order to appeal to such a wide constituency. The representation in the provinces being exactly proportional, there would be a greater guarantee that the wishes of the people would be carried out. This change would not only bring about the appointment of better men, but would also help to retain their services for the country. Displacement by mere electioneering methods not being possible.

Politics in Canada to-day are bad; and prevention of corruption is the best way to stay the disease. The statesman is almost an unknown article in the Dominion, but the trade-work of the politician is stamped on every constituency. Let us do all in our power to discourage the latter and encourage the former, and look forward hopefully to the day when we may truly cry "The politician is dying, is dead, long live the new statesman of Canada."

The same old question is now being discussed in the Legislature of the Province. Can you make people sober by an Act of Parliament? Address all answers to Box X—Kansas, U. S. A.

University seemed hopeless, it was faithful to the principles which had guided it, and sacrificed its developed Technical course and local Technical schools for the general good. To the ideals of the University, the Gazette has ever been loyal. That it may continue so requires the undivided support of all Dalhousians.

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LIBRARY NOTES.

Bibliotheca sine stipendio, homo sine cruribus.

MECAN, Tristia.

A Dream—Of course, it was too good to be true. The announcement in the newspapers that Mr. John Macnab had left a considerable sum of money to the Library turns out to be inexact. It was apparently no more than a suggestion attached to the bequest, placing part of the residue of his estate absolutely at the disposal of the Board of Governors. They may legally use it for any purpose whatever, and not expend a cent of it on the Library. As the institution has many needs, it is quite on the cards that the library will have to wait many long years for an income, by which it could be built up into an institution even in a measure adequate to the requirements of Dalhousie's staff and students.

Supposing.—It was a dream: but rather pleasant while it lasted. The amount of the bequest would have yielded an income of between two and three thousand dollars. One could do something with three thousand a year for the "extension and maintenance" of the Library. What could be done?

Possibilities.—One could make a beginning, just a beginning, with a regular little income like that.

"Extension and maintenance."

The poor old library which has waited half a century for an income, would have had, say, a thousand a year, for the necessary salaries. They must be paid, in any case. It is as broad as it is long.

With two thousand, or thereabouts, divided among ten departments, the nuclei of adequate collections in History, Classics, Philosophy, Modern Languages etc., might be made in a couple of decades or so.

Then there are the periodicals—to keep staff and students up to date.

And sets.—Some time ago the department of Physics was negotiating for a long set of the Philosophical Magazine, the property of the late Professor J. Gordon MacGregor. But—there were no funds available, and Dalhousie lost it. Every department could use complete sets of its own periodicals.

Then new books could be brought as they come out.

There is the possibility of forming a collection (by degrees) of Canadiana.

The bitter cry of the researcher might be hushed. When a Dalhousie professor wishes to conduct a research, or produce a book, he must find his own materials, or borrow, at his own charges, from some big library, or travel to it to study there, also at his own charges. A library with a stipendium could and should provide material for such of the staff as are capable of original work and ambitious to produce it.

M. A. and Honor courses are now sorely hampered for lack of such material.

The strongest intellectual interest of our undergraduates is in the various discussions and debates. They are always asking the Librarian for material and almost as regularly disappointed. Non est inventus.

Another possibility is the formation of a really good little reference library. With the reading-room open all summer,

students would find it to their advantage to stay in town and follow up their special lines of study. Outsiders might come to Halifax with that attraction. But—

Reality.—Es waer' zu schoen gewesen. It is quite on the cards that the Library will not benefit by this bequest, except, possibly, through the erection of the stack. And so the Library must cripple on,—perhaps for another half century. As the obscure author quoted above (apparently a Low Latin imitator of Ovid) justly remarked many centuries ago, "A library without an income is like a man without legs."

Industry.—That the efficient Chief Cataloguer and her assistant do not allow the battleship linoleum of the reading-room to be become a verdant lawn under their feet is plain from the following summary of their work for February.

Table with 2 columns: Item, Count. Books classified 299, Books notated 190, Books catalogued 470, Cards typewritten for above books 352, Cards copied up for new catalogue 412, Books pocketed and labelled 439, Sets of cards revised 241, Cards filed in cabinets 573, Books amended 16.

WHEN NEWFI WENT HUNTING

A COUPLE 'a years ago, I went a deer huntin, with my brother Sam. T'was 'nt nothing unusual; but Sam had talked so much about my shootin ability, I'm blanked if the neighbours did'nt petition the government to stop us for fear I'd eliminate all the deer.

Now I don't claim all the credit fer my shootin. I had a rifle made by old man Ross himself, an I bought it from a truthfull M. P., who swore he saw it made.

And naturally it was marvellistic what I couldn't do with that gun; so we got underweigh before the government could interfere.

Sam wanted me to salt my bullets fer he read somewhere that "Mark Twain" used to do that, when he shot the deer, as far away as I did. But I declined. Says I "Mark Twain was in a torrid country which we is not, besides which it is winter and they'll freeze where they is shot.

After various dissimulations like these, we got to the huntin ground. Sam had only carried a 22 rifle; while I packed my Ross rifle, the stove, half barrel of flour, etc., all the way in. But bein' a keen sportsman I did not grumble overmuch, seein that Sam was dyin of gallopin' consumption anyway.

Well, just as we was puttin' the tent up, a young deer came along; sort-a-takin his time-like. I bein a man of wits, lifted my extraordinary rifle with the intention of drillin a hole thru that animal. Havin' sportsmanlike instincts I would no more hev shot it point blank, than I would a bird off the wing. But I knows enough mechanics to know there is two ways you can shoot in. So what does I do? The deer was goin north, I aims the gun east-by-north, so that the bullet would go straight around the world and get back to its starting point, about two miles north of where t'was shot from—where I reckons

the deer'ud be when it got back—an' pulls the tigger.

I might mention, Sam bein very excitable, had chopped with the axe, at the deer as it past, an' started chasin' it.

I took no notice but calmly finishes my pipe; then I walks north to the spot I knew the deer was, relightin' on the way. Curiously enough to relate, Sam's tracks were goin' in the same direction.

When I got to the spot; there was Sam sittin' on the deer; and a dead fox near, with my bullet gone thru its eyes.

"I killed it," says Sam; grinnin; 'an indicatin' the deer.

"Liar," says I.

"Prove it," says he. "Look at the bullet hole." says I. "There ain't none" says he.

An' I'm dodgasted if he didn't have that bullet hole chopped out.

I might tell you that I looks upon that as my best shot; but humanity is naturally jealous and Sam tells everybody he chopped the deer so bad, it died when it got there; an he says the fox was dead an' its eyes pecked out.

But I knows better.

Sam chopped my bullet hole out of the deer. And the fox was just killed and warm, when we got there; because it was still red when we left.

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REMINISCENCES OF 1872.

You have asked me to write a few reminiscences of my college days in Dalhousie. Everything is so different now from what they were forty-three years ago, when I became an undergraduate, that I fear what I may write will be very stale and uninteresting to the more favored students of to-day. Coming from the country at that time, with only a knowledge of local places and surroundings, a lad felt overpowered. The most of us had only the benefit of country school training, and, in my own case, less than three years of that.

The amount of our knowledge was small, so very few books to read, and only the hours after hard work on the farm, with indifferent candle-light, to study, narrowed our opportunities for general information. But the few books were good. They contained correct information, and we were, at least, saved from much of the wretched trash that now passes for suitable reading. As far as it went, our training was exact. The old schoolmaster knew the subjects he taught well, and he had a drastic method, for which I shall always thank him, of seeing we understood, too, what he taught. I well remember my utter loneliness as I stood at the Richmond Station in what I then considered a great city, and saw no one I knew. And when I reached my lodgings, how lone I felt. The terror of my examination, then and always a nightmare to me, added to my wretchedness.

But once enrolled as an undergraduate, and meeting so many kindly students, the feeling of loneliness vanished, and I can say of all my years in college none happier were ever spent by me. For the poorer lads, "lodgings" was the usual method employed. A student paid so much a week for cooking, room and bed. He purchased the coal, light and food. In this way he could live as high, or he did live as cheaply as possible. Generally a number lodged together, each in turn for a week acting as purveyor. We had no "table d'hote," but exclusively partook of our meals alone. The several tastes of all were studied, though we all were agreed on such fundamentals as porridge, salt fish, corned beef, potatoes and "Scriven's" bread. Though our credit was good, we never went beyond our means, though I remember on one or two occasions we indulged in a goose and barrel of apples.

Let not the present day student think they have the advantage under their changed circumstances. After our meals our study was our own, and there we worked, disputed, assisted, and exercised our physical powers to our hearts' content. Each one was willing to lend to the other either a new necktie, a warm pair of gloves, or anything else to set him off when he went to see his best girl, or give the advantage of all he knew to assist him in his work. We were not cursed with "At Homes," dances, or the so-called claims of modern society. Church twice each Sunday and Bible class in the afternoon were our only Sabbath outing. Home letters, with occasional packages of good things, kept us in touch with the loved ones at home.

Y. M. C. A. lectures each month, and occasional visits to the strangers' gallery of the House of Assembly furnished food for thought and subjects for spirited political contentions.

But our life was a pleasant one, and as we were in earnest to gain our degree, we

worked hard to overcome our previous disadvantages.

Football on the Common, and the Debating Society we considered almost as binding as class attendance. All our outlay for the former was a couple of footballs. No gaudy colours, no particular badges, no college yells were known. We had all kinds of colours, from clearest sunshine to mirkiest sombreness, but no badges except cotton or woolen shirts, and no yells but those of pain or triumph. No crowd attended to witness our victories. We only had one team with whom we tried conclusions, and as far as I remember, we were never defeated. Saturday afternoon was our usual play day, and neither frost nor mud daunted us. The field was in its natural state. What loads of moist earth we carried away! I am not conversant with the present rules—ours were simple, and only persistent efforts brought success. How many a youthful Ahimaaz now returned to clay ran like deer over that field! Among the students I never saw one exhibition of brutality such as is witnessed in some of our games to-day. The struggle was to win honourably, and the best men were never envied.

Friday evening was always sacredly devoted to debate. Latterly we had a Senior and Junior Debating Society. The speaking was general; every student was expected to take part. Appointments were made a week previous, and the students named who were to open and respond, as well as those who were to support the leaders. Much reading was one good result of those debating societies, which might not otherwise have been undertaken. Previously, most of us had read but sparingly, and when the various subjects were named we had to make ourselves conversant with both the authors and their subjects. The quiet chap whom you never feared, would rise and expose your ignorance, and of course the crowd cheered. Next time, you either knew your facts or only brought forward the few of which you were certain. But a still greater benefit was that you became, by repeated efforts, able to think and speak at the same time. Precise words and special sentences were not encouraged and anything bordering on the high-flown oratory was jeered at. Classical allusions, except facts, were considered pedantic. The aim of the debate was to present facts in a clear, concise manner, and never did an honest effort to do so receive disapproval. May I express an opinion that much too little time is given by the students of the present day to such exercises of the mind. Clear thinking, with exact information, is an indispensable equipment for every educated man, but this alone will not prepare him for public usefulness. He must even go beyond understanding himself. What he knows and thinks he must study to make others understand. For this purpose he must be able to recast his knowledge so that what he wishes to teach may be understandable by his audience. This he can never do unless he learns to be at ease when he speaks, so as to appreciate whether or not his views have been so expressed as to be plain to the comprehension of those who hear. A light flippancy or ability to emit words neither satisfies nor instructs, however pleasing to the speaker's vanity. Never will good, plain, sensible speaking be at a discount. All the books ever pub-

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ished, or that may be hereafter issued can take its place. Human beings are so constituted that no amount of reading can take the place of the voice-manner speech of one who personally brings a message.

We accustomed ourselves to prepare carefully what we had to say, but we did not permit ourselves to become the slaves of prepared words. Dr. Roy, a noted preacher of the good old days, once said to me: "Duncan, I prepare my sermons carefully—commit them largely, but I'm bound by that, for if I, like Abraham, while I am preaching, catch a ram caught by the horns in the thicket, I aye offer him up as a sacrifice." Because I have seen the good effects of our old-time Debating Club in Dalhousie, I strongly recommend to the young students of my now larger Alma Mater to give one night each week to debate. It is part of a liberal education, and will repay them in after years.

The *Gazette* started on its career in the session of 1868-69. At first it was published by a "few" of the students, fortnightly. In the following session it was taken under the control of the students, and has ever since been published by them as the college organ.

I became one of the editors, and continued to act during the remaining years of my college course. This extra labour, in addition to college work, often prevented us, for a couple of nights, from getting sufficient sleep. Every sentence had to be proof read, the publisher assuming no responsibility. While the students were enthusiastic, they did not generally write for the *Gazette*. It was a new venture and outside of their usual mode of study. Gradually they began to send articles, correspondence, etc., till after a time we never had to hurriedly prepare, at the last moment, something to fill space. We always had something of our own ready in case of need. How glad I now am that no use was made of much that was ready. I speak for myself, for Scott, now Dr. Scott, of Chicago, was a veritable Greeley. He could stand by the swiftest compositor at the last moment and write an article that would do credit to any magazine. Not least among the many advantages to me during my college days was the privilege of contact with such a man. From Webster's Dictionary we learned the correction marks known to the proof readers, and sent back the first sheets with pardonable pride to the printers. What swelling of bosom when one saw their words in print! "A book's a book though there is nothing in it." The training, however, in correct expression and the labour of all the details in having each issue as perfect as possible helped immensely to detach one from slipshod methods. Our editorial chair was the ordinary one in each other's study. We were not troubled with passing events or political questions. Our chief trouble was to have on hand sufficient funds to meet the printer's bills.

To the present editors of the *Gazette*, with its fine appearance and well-written articles, the little sheet we issued will seem trifling, but they must not forget that the *Gazette* was born amid adverse surroundings and sustained under trying circumstances, and that editors and students, at great personal inconvenience, labour, outlay and determination, established for Dalhousie a college paper now happily ranking high among the best college periodicals.

I trust none of your readers will think I am trying to set the college of my day

as the golden age of Dalhousie. By no means. We had our trials, our successes, and our escapades. No body of students full of life, energy and fun can be found, I might say ought to be found, who will not let off their surplus energy betimes in pranks that may merit a fine. But cruelty and meanness can have no place in their fun. We were not without our failings and demerits. We wore the cap and gown on the street. This made us the mark for the city boys. I remember a companion and I were thoughtfully, at least we tried to look that way, walking to class one cold winter morning when a lot of city fellows jeered at us, and came up taunting us on our garb. My chum was of the true Highland stock, and never ran from any difficulty. To my surprise, quicker than I can write it, he struck right and left, and of course, though I might want to retire, I was compelled to take part. The oatmeal in our systems prevailed, and we scattered our assailants like chaff before the wind. For myself, for some time I sought other streets for reaching the college, and I never knew that my friend was again molested, though he scorned to go by any other way than the scene of his victory.

Our scrimmages were in the old hall. There was nothing to interfere with our festivities, but the old coal box, standing nearly four feet high. It was a religious duty that every freshman must be elevated on this box. Most of them wisely yielded to the inevitable, and at once gained a place among the sages. Others struggled and fought, but never succeeded. One morning the whisper went round that a big freshman, six feet in height and powerful of frame, had bragged that he would like to see the students elevate him. This was enough; in he walked. We arranged our forces, a rush was made, and he showed fight. I was one of the forwards, and I managed to get under him. The others held him, and I was walking boldly towards the coal box, amid the shouts of all—shouts that could be heard on Water Street—when who should appear but Professor Johnson. But no one ceased to raise the freshman to his proper place, and on walked the Professor. I was just depositing my burden when he tapped me on the shoulder, while his eyes sparkled with merriment as he said: "A little less energy, Mr. Fraser; much less energy." I was clearly caught, but I hold his memory dear, for he never reported me, nor was I ever questioned about the matter. No doubt he felt I had borne enough already.

One day two policemen came to make enquiries, perhaps to arrest some of us, and walked up to the college door. We were all out of class, and we determined to permit no base intrusion within our sacred abode. The college was ours, and a few of us met them, and told them not to dare invade this seat of learning, for we would not permit it. On they came, and on we went to meet them. In the end they found themselves beyond a line which we claimed as ours, and over which no unrighteous foot could pass. Whether friends got the matter arranged or the policemen found they had overstepped their rights I know not, but I do know, we were not again bothered by the policemen.

There were some students who made use of methods to pass their examination that will seem strange to those now attending Dalhousie. They were not honourable,

(Continued on page 9)

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Feb. 18.

Only on rare occasions do the ladies of the Arts and Science grace the meetings with their presence and when they do, a drop of the Heavenly dew of hope may be seen to glisten upon the brows of a discouraged Executive. They always attract a large audience—a tribute either to their own attractiveness, or to the youth of college men, or to both. On Feb. 18th, the Secretary established a new record of secretarial energy in inducing the ladies not only to attend but also to be represented among the speakers.

The subject for discussion was one fitting the occasion—"Resolved that women should be allowed to enter the professions." This resolution was upheld by Mr. Pugsley and Miss McKinnon, and opposed by Mr. MacCleave and Miss Chisholm.

After the usual exhibition of presidential loquacity, Mr. Pugsley was introduced. Mr. Pugsley might well be called an idealist, for he has probably passed that delicious stage of youth when all women appear something more than half divine. At any rate, he does not associate women with wine as a great demoralising influence upon the world of men. He argued that civilisation has only progressed as it has broadened the sphere of women; that ethically women alone have the right to say whether they will enter professional life; and that the entrance of women will elevate the tone of the professions. It is possible that some future Nellie McClung may find an able and ardent supporter—or admirer—in the leader of the Affirmative.

Mr. MacCleave opposed the resolution with such arguments as that History has shown that women have never elevated the tone of anything and that by nature women are unfitted for professional life. He went on to say that their entrance into the professions could only be excused either because it would be good for the professions or because it would be good for women, and argued that it would be good for neither. Mr. MacCleave is such an honored patriarch of Arts and Science that the Scribe would consider it sacrilege to lay critical hands upon him, and therefore leaves this task to the official critic of the evening.

Miss McKinnon, probably the first lady speaker who has ever graced the floor of Arts and Science, argued that it was inconsistent with Nature that woman fail to use those gifts God has given her. She first tasted the fruit of the tree of Knowledge and should be at least the equal of man in intellectual spheres; that woman has proved her fitness for professional life and that it was a crime against her to deny her this means of existence which many women require. In point of general excellence and the sparkling humor which enlivened her words and her pleasing manner of speaking, Miss McKinnon made the speech of the evening.

Miss Chisholm followed, saying that the entrance of women into the professions would be prolific in results disastrous to womanly virtues, to the respect woman holds in the hearts of men, and would make her lot even harder than it is at present. Miss Chisholm had a very difficult role to play but spoke very effectively.

Mr. MacCleave either because he thought the affirmative had brought forward no

(Continued on page 10)

but truth compels me to narrate the facts, giving an example. Ponies, as they were called, were smuggled into class at our examination. Now I trust no one will be too severe on a scheme like this long since abandoned. I said our opportunities before coming to Dalhousie were limited, and as every undergraduate wanted to succeed, those who feared failure wished to make this calling sure. It required adroitness and a face that showed a readiness for beatific habitation. The large majority of us had no such power. We might have the adroitness, but we were sadly lacking in the higher graces. Poor Mr.—was not a Porson, but he passed a fair examination in Greek, to the wonder of others who were immeasurably better classical scholars than he was. He was a man grown, and wore a heavy beard. It was hinted that his capacious pockets bulged out on examination day, but who could suspect that face of any wrong doing. When the next term opened he was on hand, bland and innocent as ever. At our first session of the Greek class, he was asked some simple question of construction, and gave an idiotic answer. Then Professor Johnson asked another, with a like result. Pulling his gown closely over his shoulders, as was his custom when he was angry, he said: "Dear me, Mr.—, how did you pass your last examination?" Then, almost hissing, he shouted: "My lad, I will look after you at the next." The ridiculousness of calling *παρὰ τὸν ἄνδρα* man "My lad" was too much for the class, and we all broke into a chorus of laughter. Those who hinted of the bulged pockets now boldly avowed the truth of their suspicion. Whether from fear of the Professor's threat, or finding Greek was not his strong point, Mr.—took no more examinations, and never graduated. This case was the exception, the rare exception. Some of us were low enough in the marks received, but our answers were our own, showed what we knew—perhaps all we knew.

I had hoped to give my recollections of our Professors and their influence upon the students, but I have written enough in a disconnected way already.

D. C. Fraser, '22.

Government House, Halifax, 1908.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF KHAKI

(Continued from page 1)

gladly die, because I have at last the prospect of doing something that is really significant for the good of the total world, and the great life of the spiritual universe. If, however, I should pass at home, in peace, inactive in a noble cause, and never "do my bit" for the salvation of the world—well, I should, in my own view, die dishonored and a futility. The fear that death may overtake and prevent my doing my "bit"—that is my direst dread, my only fear, of passing forever. And thus has this current war modified my metaphysic. One, after all *can* if one wills it, be significant in the life of eternal reality. At present, the real way for a Nova Scotian to be thus significant is to enlist in one or other of the N. S. Highlanders Battalions. Line up! Dalhousie—RIGHT NOW.

J. D. Logan, Dal. '93.

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arguments, or out of inability to rebut them, made his second speech very short. Mr. Pugsley, on the other hand used up the whole of his time and scampered from one end of the lists to the other seeking hostile arguments to destroy.

The critique was unique both because delivered by a lady student, Miss Creighton, and because it is doubtful if any Arts and Science audience ever listened to a more merciless criticism of the speakers. Mr. MacCleave, in particular, was bearded in his den and one may well wonder if ever such a dust was raised before in the "dusty purlieus of the law."

There being now time for general discussion, the President reminded the ladies that the boys were bashful in speaking before them, and on this gentle hint the fair ones retired en masse. It was disastrous to the meeting. The judges rendered the decision that the Affirmative had won. Law and order having been forgotten, the meeting vanished into thin air.

Feb. 25.

A remarkable meeting of Arts and Science was held on February 25th. Instead of the usual four speakers there was to be general discussion of the resolution:—"That the Dalhousie Gazette is justified in paying for its copy." It is rumored that the negligence of one member of the Executive in obtaining speakers caused this experiment to be made. It is a compliment to the President that the debate went off so well. The Scribe has had occasion to oppose this gentleman before now but must take off his figurative hat to him for the interest he has in the society and for the energy and sincerity which characterize his work.

There were many speakers both for and against the resolution. Messrs. Goode, Robinson, Colquhoun and others attacked it using very good arguments. The other position was well defended by Messrs. Brookfield, Dickie, Frame, and Crowell. There were several gentlemen who spoke on both sides so that it was difficult to discover their real sentiments—if they had any. The decision was given to the Negative, and Mr. Anderson delivered the critique which singled out individual faults and virtues and must have been of benefit to the speakers. The Scribe was surprised to learn that these innocent little notes have created some excitement in Arts and Science, and more surprised to find them and himself attacked by those who apparently have the interests of the Society at heart. A resolution was brought in by persons whose names will not be sullied by being mentioned in connection with it, "That the Secretary of the Society write reports of the meetings and that the Editor of the Gazette be advised to receive no others." This resolution was utterly rejected, thanks, no doubt, to the ability with which several gentlemen defended the reports. Especially are Mr. Anderson, whose words had no little effect upon the audience, and Messrs. Dickie and Brookfield, deserving of gratitude from the Scribe. The latter gentlemen were both criticised rather severely in the last notes and both professed to have gained thereby.

For himself, the Scribe would like to say that he is responsible only to the Gazette and the Students' Council for his reports; that he writes sincerely in what

he believes to be the best interest of the Society; and that, being assured of the support of the Arts and Science as a whole, he will pursue his way quite undisturbed by the little harping critics, whose tender years have taught them neither that discretion is the better part of valor nor that silence is golden.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor Gazette:—

Dear Sir, So much talk has arisen over the controversy between Classes '18 and '19 concerning the Annual turkey-supper hockey series that we of the Sophomore Class feel it our duty to place the facts before the students of Dalhousie, to let them decide the dispute for themselves. But let us consider, first of all what should be the object of inter-class sport in Dalhousie; or any other University, aside from the physical benefit derived from any athletics. To the writer's mind it is two-fold; First, to develop class spirit; Second, to train the athletics of the university for the first team.

First, to develop class spirit. That is a merit of inter-class athletics recognized by all. It is underestimated, it can be overestimated, by none. The student who is thoroughly imbued with the importance of, and love for, his own class will be an intense admirer and lover of his own university, and men of that type are badly needed in Dalhousie as well as anywhere else.

Secondly, to prepare college athletes for the first team. The first team in any sport is rightly the idol of the whole college. We in Dalhousie look back with pride on our football, hockey and basket-ball teams. If we in the future hope to develop teams that will hold the place so gloriously won by our predecessors, we can do so in no better way than by fostering interclass sport.

It has been the custom in past years, to hold a series of hockey matches between the Freshmen and Sophomores, the prize being a turkey supper. This year, after mature deliberation, we of Class '18 decided to introduce a new feature. We proposed to the Freshmen that, instead of the series of hockey games, we should hold a series to include both hockey and basketball, basketball being a decadent sport in Dalhousie and it being therefore admirable to develop interest in it by means of inter-class matches. Having explained our reason to the Freshmen we looked to them to meet us halfway. Our proposal were unconditionally rejected by the President of Class '19 in a letter overflowing with juvenile sarcasm and couched in such "smart" phrases as are dear to the heart of every school-boy. The letter was much regretted by numerous members of Class '19 who declared that the epistle in question had been written without the consent or knowledge of either the class as a whole or their athletic committee. We endeavored to come to an amiable understanding with them but were indignantly and even insolently (considering the position in college of Class '19), repulsed. It being beneath the dignity of any Sophomore to argue at length with so insignificant a creature as a Freshman we desisted from further efforts to bring matters to a working basis. That is the history of the correspondence. Now as to the stand taken by the Sophomore Class.

This year there is no first team hockey in Dalhousie, consequently hockey has not the same importance that was formerly attached to it. An attempt is being made however, to revive first team basketball, and it is the duty of every class in Dalhousie to help that attempt all they can. To our minds the best way Class '18 could arouse interest in basketball was in the manner I have indicated, viz:—by inter-class matches. It is true a separate series of basketball games might have been held but such series, being for no material stake would not arouse the same interest as the arrangement we suggested. That such a series of hockey and basketball games was not held is due entirely to the attitude assumed by Class '19.

It has been argued that the custom has been to hold hockey matches alone, and consequently that we should have followed the precedent, established by other classes. As to that, it was the custom for many years to hold football matches, and hockey is a comparative newcomer in this series. If the class of '15 were justified in changing the series from football to one of hockey we were justified in attempting to change that in time to hockey and basketball. Furthermore, reforms are always brought about by changes, and changes mean the establishing of new precedents. By establishing a new precedent in this case we hoped to reform this particular branch of inter-class sport.

But I have already exceeded my allowance of space. Suffice it to say that no series has been held and on Class '19 lies the responsibility. Let them shoulder it as best they can. For our part, we acted for the good of sport in Dalhousie and we are content to leave the judgment of our course to the students at large. Our methods may or may not be criticized; our motive is unassailable.

J. A. D. GOODE,
Treas. Class '18.

To the Editor Dal-Gazette:—

Dear Sir:—Far be it from me to criticise or pass judgment upon the actions of the noble (?) Sophomores but it is impossible to let a serious infringement upon the traditions of Dalhousie to pass unnoticed.

It has been the custom from time immemorial for the Freshmen and Sophomores to compete in a series of hockey matches the victors of which are regaled at the expense of their vanquished opponents at a turkey supper.

But what has happened this season? These worthy youths are "Too proud to fight." Even though one of their most versatile orators at the Freshie-Soph debate delivered a most eloquent dissertation upon the sacredness of tradition some at least of these sports have turned on their tracks and have thrown tradition to the winds.

In a word, Mr. Editor, the Sophomores have disappointed hundreds of students—both male and female who look forward with enjoyment to this series of games in the King of Canadian winter sports.

This is written not to laud the Freshmen but rather to explain the non-appearance of the above-mentioned.

JAS. POWER.

Two or three more men enlisted for the Dalhousie Platoon last week. Many more are wanted.

JOHN MacNAB

(Continued from page 1)

be decided for some time to come. But whatever disposal is made of this money, the name of John Macnab will be entered on the lengthening honor roll of Dalhousie's benefactors, as that of a wise and generous man, who devised his wealth for the more liberal diffusion of that light which we call education.

BECKY SHARP, AN OLD THEME

(Continued from page 3)

going in order to live. It is not from choice she acts thus, it is the irresistible sequence of events. She has to live, and where to acquire the means is the question. Any other woman would have gone under long before but Becky perseveres, and comes out on top, indefatigable as ever.

The soliloquy into which she falls when at Queen's Crawley after the funeral of Sir Pitt, shows her point of view toward her own actions; "I think" she says, "I could be a good woman if I had £5000 a year, I could dabble about in the nursery; I could ask old women about their rheumatism; I could go to church and keep awake in the family pew. I could pay everybody if I had but the money." But the trouble was she had not the money, and if she had not been Beck Sharp, she would never have been able "To live well on nothing a year."

Mrs. Rawdon Crawley is one of the masterpieces of English literature. Her character marked by cleverness, perception and the happy faculty of rising above circumstances, stands out supreme; but she is the victim of circumstances of birth and breeding; and on account of these arises her seeming ill conduct which must be defended by her cleverness displayed in rising above them.

HERE AND THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

LEUT. J. Campbell Macdonald, 3rd Field Co., Div. Engineers, C. E. F., has been heard from again. No notification of the reason why was given with the award of the Military Cross. There were three pieces of "work"—engineering work, with trenches and barbed wire which may have deserved notice. Distinctions come thick to the Sons of the Maple Leaf. The "Star" contained a list of eighty-eight Canadians the other day who had received the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Sapper John A. Dunlop, 3rd Div. Signal Co. (late First Year, Dalhousie) was turned out with his Co. to assist in saving the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa in the recent fire. He finds his soldiering interesting work and expects to go to England soon.

Writing from Sin Wu Hsien, Honan, China, the Rev. G. M. Ross ('99) tells of his interest in Confucius and believes that "The Republic of China is making her farewell bows, ere she leaves the stage. China at heart is still a monarchy,—as she has always been from pre-historic days. Her greatest statesman Yuan Shih-Kai is proving himself to be more of a Caesar than a Washington." Ross is "glad to hear of the continued prosperity of Dalhousie."

Mrs. Robb (B. A. Cumming, '97) has written to a friend from Wonsan, Korea. She reports that thousands of Koreans are fighting with our Russian Allies. All Good Dalhousians get fonder of the Little College as time goes on and they get farther away from it. "We rejoice in her growing prosperity and try to imagine her in her new and more fitting surroundings."

H. F. Munro ('99) has been engaged upon a work on International Law, in conjunction with a professor of Columbia University, ever since he went to New York two years ago. It will be published by Houghton Mifflin Co. next month. He has promised the Library a copy. A second volume is in preparation on the subject of "War."

Miss Clare Giffin, whose fine poem "Gifts" appears in this issue has written a novel on the theme of "Rosamond, rosa mundi, non rosa munda."

J. A. Chisholm, K. C., a graduate and one time lecturer of our Law School has been appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. Mr. Justice Chisholm is well known to Canada as the author of the last edition of The Speeches and Public Letters of Joseph Howe. The Gazette extends to Judge Chisholm its sincere congratulations.

Rev. A. K. Herman, M. A., a graduate in Arts of our College has enlisted in the 219th C. E. F. Arthur was always either Arthur or George to everyone in the 1910 class.

Who should the Editor see careering along the street the other day but Dr. Dave Hartigan. "Dave" who is a Med. Graduate of '11 is now practicing in Sydney Mines. He is as lopsided as ever.

Some of the boys who enlisted in the C. G. A. narrowly escaped being poisoned the other morning. Such are the dangers of the life of a soldier.

Stanley Bagnall of P. E. I. (Dentistry '13) is at Ives Point Battery with the Artillery. "Stan" hated to leave Sydney, but if Mohammed will not come to the mountain, the mountain will come to Mohammed as might be seen in the "Green" the other day.

"I'm sorry, my lad" said the M. O., "but I can't pass you for this battalion. You're not strong enough for trench life." The Irish lad's face fell. "Oh but docthor dear" he pleaded, "could ye not let me look on at the pretty fightin' from the ind av a thelescope."

At the recruiting office on Barrington Street last week, a possible recruit refused to join, because he did not want to be inoculated. In ten years time his children, yet unborn, will ask, "Faver, wot did yu do in the great war?" He will answer "my boy, I refused to be inoculated."

The British Government has put the bar on the importation of luxuries. While so many of our Dalhousians are dying for the cause of the Empire, would it not be as well for us to do away with a little of the frivolity, and think more of the sober side of life. There are a good many things the college is doing socially, that seem terribly out of place at the present time. Let us postpone them until after the war.

J. K. Swanson, late Editor-in-Chief of this publication is now with the 112th at Windsor. "Swan" is a good soldier too.

Dr. H. L. Stewart's course of lectures in aid of the Alumni Society came to an end on March 6th. They were thoroughly enjoyed and were the means of adding a considerable sum to the coffers of the Society. Dr. Stewart seemed to thoroughly understand both "The Mind of a Genius" and "The Mind of a Criminal." The former is probably due to his own native ability and the latter to his attendance on the learned lectures on "Crimes" which are dispersed at the north end of the "Mortuary."

"What denomination" they asked the new recruit for the 219th. "Pwhats the Kayser?" he demanded. "Protestant" said the officer in charge. "Then put me down as a blank, blank haythen" was the reply.

Lt. Hugh Geldert who married Miss Dorothy Munnis (Arts '12) has been wounded for the second time. All the boys in the trenches will be envious of him.

An officer stationed in a small town had occasion recently to render an account to Headquarters for expenses. One item was put down as "Porter," but when the account was returned an extra syllable had been added in red ink, and the word read "Port-age." On the next account the officer got his own back. He began thus! "Cabbage-10s. 6 d—"

Miss Bessie Maycocks' present address is Kerrisdale, B. C. She writes that both the Laytons have given up their practice as lawyers and have donned the khaki. Their names should be added to Dalhousie's Roll of Honour. Like all good Dalhousians she hopes that Dalhousie "is" flourishing in spite of the war.

One of the most interesting and interested visitors at Studley recently was John Andrew Cairns of the Class of 1878. He was formerly minister at Scotsburn, but he has retired and is now living at "Cairnbank."

The curious thing is that he graduated when the original Dalhousie College still stood on the Parade, and he had no associations with the Carleton St. building at all.

Karl Woodbury of the Hospital Unit has been promoted to Captain. Congratulations Karl.

Major George W. Wood ('98) has been two months in Belgium, having taken Major Bruce Taylor's place as chaplain with the 7th Brigade and is attached for rations and billet to the 42nd Montreal Highlanders. He likes the life, in spite of shell-fire and other drawbacks. He has "met up" with a number of Good Dalhousians, such as Lyall Cook (Med. '02) medical officer to the 27th Batt. C. E. F., "Cam. MacDonald of the Engineers and Aleck Gordon, who is also a chaplain. He has also run across Dr. Pringle of the Yukon fame, an old Sydney friend. All the Canadians seem to be together.

Miss E. M. Macdougall ('03) is teaching in Winnipeg. Her address is 202 Walnut St. In Winnipeg also is a University Women's Club, an institution which might be profitably transplanted to the East.

The Green was predominant last week.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will the subscriber who sent the Gazette two (\$2.00) dollars but neglected to inclose his name and address kindly do so, at once. That we may credit the same to his subscription card.

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