

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 3, 1877.

NEW No. 8.
WHOLE No. 90.

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A FOUR DAYS' VISIT TO THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

HAVING the privilege of being present at the Centennial Exhibition during the month of July, 1876, I suppose I am expected to say something about it. To enter into very minute details upon such a subject, would be impossible, and I can only tell in a very imperfect manner a little of what I there had the pleasure of seeing.

On Friday afternoon, July 28th, the day on which I arrived at Philadelphia, looking down Catherine Street, where I was stopping, and and dressed in the lightest clothes my valise could afford, (the day was intensely hot) I looked about for a car for the Centennial Grounds. There was no difficulty in getting one, for though I had not the remotest idea in which direction I should go, I observed on every other car, at least, that passed, a flag with the words, "To the Centennial Grounds." Hailing one that seemed to have a comparatively small number of occupants, (for all were packed to their utmost capacity) I squeezed in between two portly individuals on the rear platform, and considered myself fortunate in securing even standing room. I am no sooner located, I cannot say seated, than I find I am not destined to ride in peace, as three or four boys with hands and arms stocked with the afternoon newspapers, have in some way or other effected an entrance, and as if being disappointed at not being able to circulate themselves and their effects freely through the car, are announcing the names of their respective papers in a voice as yet unknown to Halifax vendors. In a few minutes they have all passed away and a fresh batch come upon the scene, to wit, two or three tall striplings who seem very anxious to dispose of certain attractive looking books and pamphlets, which are showered upon us with generous liberality. On examining these closer we find they are guides to the Exhibition Grounds and views of

the principal buildings, which latter are put up in neat little packages, 12 in a package, and can be had for the trifling sum of 10 cents. I purchased both, and determining to make myself immediately acquainted with the former, during the remainder of the ride got a pretty clear idea of the geography of the grounds, and also the most economical method of spending the time there. I say *economical*, for unless one has determined beforehand what department to visit first, how to visit it without going over the same ground twice, unless he has previously fixed upon some plan of overtaking as much as possible with the least amount of labour, he may be easily diverted from his object, and have spent much time and money to very little purpose.

I found myself on entering in the Japanese Department. The first object I cast my eyes upon was a beautiful vase about 10 ft. long, curiously wrought and richly ornamented, as are all specimens of Japanese workmanship. A ticket fastened to the vase bore the following inscription:—

Article—Vase of Flowers,
Exhibitor—Hokian Chin,
Address—Shanghai,
Price—\$2,500

Feeling very much edified, I passed on to see what came next. Coins, evidently, or no—yes, they must be, of a most curious shape,—oval, square and some of the form of a parallelogram. The inscription upon them is all Greek to me, or rather it is worse, and I leave disgusted. At 5 30 p. m. a large gong in front of the Machinery Hall is sounded, when all visitors are supposed to leave, and at 6 the gates are closed. As I was going out a mild, unsuspecting-looking youth passed before me. He had a parcel in his hand and seemed in some little hurry to get away. A policeman stationed near, thinking no doubt, he was abstracting some exhibit, called him back, examined his parcel, and—dismissed him with a half apology. It was a very unsuspecting-looking summer-coat that this unsuspecting

youth was most inauspiciously carrying, and as the evening was wet, no blame was to be attached to him. I merely mention the incident to show that policemen in trying to do their duty like other men often make mistakes.

About two o'clock next day I visited the Art Gallery. This building is devoted to Painting and Sculpture, and I cannot begin to properly describe what can be seen here. One could spend a fortnight within its precincts, and even then have a very imperfect idea of it. It also is divided off into Departments, but it is somewhat confusing to find the precise country you wish. Your wisest plan is to buy a catalogue, which explains all your difficulties, and also informs you of the subject, author, and price of each painting or portrait. As I entered I saw on several paintings the names of *Hicks, Johnston, Eastman*, which showed that I was in the presence of *Uncle Sam*, more respectfully in the United States. Here, a pretty painting representing the old clock on the stairs by Longfellow was conspicuous. The works of all the leading artists in the world are here, and the visitor sees at once that Italy is *par excellence* the land of painters and sculptors, and that in the ideal representation she has no equal. I thought the pictures from Austria exceedingly fine, they were chiefly portraits of persons, interesting no doubt from an Austrian point of view. Several represented curtains, goods, &c. I have no taste for drawing, and know nothing of painting, but what seems to me to be most striking in these specimens is that every look of surprise, anger, or affection seems to correspond exactly with the subject matter represented by the portrait. Some very excellent exhibits it seemed to me were the following:—

1. A winter scene in Norway. This was valued at \$3000.
2. Prometheus Bound.
3. Marriage of H. R. H. Prince of Wales. This painting was by W. P. Frith, whose name I frequently saw.
4. Death of General Wolfe, by Benjamin West.
5. Portrait of the Artist, by Joshua Reynolds.
6. Landing of Columbus. This painting was about 8 x 12, and was capitally executed.
7. The last of the Spanish Armada.
8. The Prodigal Son.
9. Death of Cleopatra.

As my eye ran rapidly over the paintings in the British Department, I discovered a small

portrait of Sir Thomas Carlyle, painted by my uncle, R. S. A., of Edinburgh. You will excuse me mentioning this, as it gave me great pleasure to see it figure there, even though it was only upon a portrait 3 x 4, and occupying a very modest corner. One of the largest was a painting representing the battle of Gettysburg. It was of immense size and the principal actors in the battle were clearly depicted. Every now and then you were reminded that these pictures were for inspection only, and not to be handled in any way, for as you passed you could read on them words to this effect,—“Visitors will please not handle the exhibits,” or again, “Gentlemen are requested not to point at these pictures with canes, sticks or umbrellas,” or yet again, “Ladies will please not point at these with their parasols.” When inscriptions and warnings like these were written in French, Spanish, Italian, German, and in the language of every country represented, it looked quite imposing, I can assure you. And yet it was odd to see the gentlemen with their canes go *pointing out* these very notices, and often keeping the end of a stick or umbrella within an ace of some handsomely-adorned picture, or finely-chiselled statue. Notices as these were in all the buildings, and it seemed to me that this gave greater zest to the inspection, for frequently I would come across, well—say models of railroad cars, with “You are requested not to enter,” written upon them, and they would be sure to be filled with visitors, (only *gentlemen* of course) who notwithstanding this admonition were sauntering through from end to end, carefully noting and examining their conveniences; another specimen of, say coloured glass work, in spite of “Do not handle,” would the more be fingered, touched, handled and admired, (only by *ladies* of course) and yet so fragile were the specimens, that for the life of you, you could not help fearing that even *their* delicate fingers might let them fall. A strange principle this, yet it is often exemplified within these walls, and I have reason to believe outside also.

Saturday is now closing, or at least the Exhibition is, and you will be pleased to know that it will not, like preceding exhibitions of Vienna and Paris be open on Sunday, and now we are marching out with the crowd as the great chime of bells plays “Home, sweet Home.” This is a wearisome ride back to Catherine Street. If any one thinks it is pleasure and pleasure only in traversing spacious halls, and

examining specimens, let him try it for even a couple of days as I have done, and he will have a similar experience, a feeling something like dissatisfaction as he returns home. This dissatisfaction perhaps cannot easily be accounted for, yet is a *fact*.

Tuesday was the last day I spent at the Centennial, and therefore I devoted only a few hours to the Agricultural Department. This building is at a considerable distance from the main building, and to reach it there are passenger trains which run entirely round the Grounds, expressly for the convenience of visitors, making the circuit of all the buildings, great and small, in about fifteen minutes, charging only five cents; thus in a few moments you are landed at any Department you wish to see.

The United States was *facile princeps*, in advance of all others in the number and nicety of agricultural inventions. Here were farming implements that I never dreamed of,—sheaf-binders, harvesters, post-hole diggers, stump-extractors, all of the latest and newest kind, with persons close at hand ready to illustrate their mode of working. The plough of 1776 and 1876 were there side by side, another prog—, well, comparisons are odious. I was glad to see that Canada could hold her own, as the saying is, for her display was as fine as any, so far as field products are concerned.

You will be glad to know that Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island, are not forgotten. In a small recess are to be seen oats and barley from P. E. I., specimens of marble from West Bay, C. B., lumps of the best Pictou and Sydney coal, magnetic iron ore from Londonderry, and in the grand display of furs and drugs can be recognized the exhibits of our enterprising city merchants, Kaizer and Marter. These gentlemen, I have afterwards understood, have carried off prizes for their respective exhibits.

By this time it was 3 o'clock, and the remaining hours I spent in visiting five or six of the smaller departments of foreign nations, the most interesting of which I thought were the Japanese, Egyptian and Syrian.

And now what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of the Educational and Religious Department, where the Bible can be seen in two hundred different languages; of the building devoted to glass-blowing, which was witnessed in all its stages, and was a centre of attraction to many; of the Printing Department

also, and of the hundred and odd buildings yet unnoticed, twenty states in the Union having buildings of their own, not to speak of the concert-rooms, music halls and theatres. Many points of minor importance too, fountains, monuments, gas-works, these I am sure would be interesting, or at least were so to me. Also many things called peculiarly Centennial: The Centennial Bank, Photography Hall, Telegraph Office, Fire Patrol, Police Station, all which I would have seen and got acquainted with had I remained longer. Were I to attempt to describe to you all I saw, I should miserably fail, and before closing what I fear is already too long and tedious a paper, permit me to refer briefly to merely two or three features which I think must have struck any one from our Province, at least, who visited the Centennial.

And in the first place, *comfort* is certainly suggested. Just think of it! Here are chairs, filled, rocking and rolling; lounges, sofas, seats everywhere to rest upon; trains that are prepared to carry you to the city and back, round the grounds, everywhere; bath, smoking and reading rooms, eating saloons and restaurants innumerable, with carefully-adjusted awning to keep off the sun's rays. But comfort is easily shaded off into pleasure, thence into amusement, finally into luxury; and do not think I am wrong in saying that it is this four-fold idea that first presents itself to the mind. Then are not these Americans *a most luxurious people!* Still, in the matter of providing sitting accommodation, and aqueous refreshment in all places of resort, I do most seriously wish *Nova Scotia could learn to follow the example of the United States.*

But in the second place you notice that almost any article you desire can be made on the grounds, that duplicates of many of the exhibits are continually being produced, and that it is in the power of any one to obtain something or other to show that he has been at the Centennial, and,—

Lastly, the fact of their being not only exhibits but Exhibitors from the very countries themselves is not the least interesting feature of the Exhibition. The swarthy Arabian, the pig-tailed Chinese, the dark-skinned Egyptian, the copper-coloured New Zealander, the stolid Russian, the lively Frenchman, and hosts of others—are all here, and ready to converse with you at any time in their broken English. They are all here, each with the consciousness that his country and he have helped forward this *Great*

Undertaking, this practical living proof of human industry and skill. The great Centennial Exhibition of the American Republic is now a thing of the past, but let us hope that it may be long remembered not by the United States alone, but by every nation, and that it may in due time contribute results to the industrial world, of which she may have reason to be proud.

A. W. HERDMAN.

Halifax, Jan. 31, 1877.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THERE are two definitions of a Valentine. Ist, a sweetheart chosen on St. Valentine's Day. 2nd, a letter containing expressions of love and affection, and frequently expressions that cannot well be defined, but which will be explained as we proceed. We much prefer the former definition, and agree with Sheridan that this is the only definition worth giving. How the 14th of February came to be called St. Valentine's Day is unknown. Writers differ in their opinions. A legend says that St. Valentine, a presbyter, was on that day beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Claudius. Some think that the observance of this day can be traced to the Roman Lupercalian feast, where among other games, the names of young women were thrown into a box, and the men chose their consorts at random. This is not improbable. We find a custom akin to this existing early in the 15th century. At this time young maidens and bachelors used to meet on St. Valentine's Day, and "throwing billets containing their names into a receptacle, care being taken to distinguish the opposite sexes, each chose his valentine." Nor was this merely a form, a throwing of chips, for the young man was bound to be at the service of his valentine during the whole year. It is needless to say that this often resulted in a service for life. Would that we lived in the 15th century! Chaucer also, and Shakspeare, mention the custom of sending love letters and the like. But what a change the custom has undergone! Nay, we go still further and say, alas the change! Perhaps all will not agree with us on this point, but the former custom was at least more beneficial to the maids and bachelors concerned. Now instead of this quiet, unobtrusive, sensible, practical, profitable, all-embracing, soul-cheering amusement, what do we find? We are warned of the approach of this notable day, not by the singing of birds as

Spring is indicated, not by a drum on the Citadel Hill, (by the way that storm drum doesn't always get up at the right time) nor by the firing of cannon—but how? Echo answers "how?" Why, by an illuminating, overshadowing, tremendous, fantastical and diabolical display of pictures, representing centaurs, ministers, mermaids, doctors, shoemakers, students, dogs, schoolmasters, cats, kings, dog pelters, musicians, miners, railroad rakers, and the like, accompanied by an overwhelming exhibition of poetry, including ballads, songs, love, hatred, comic, fantastic, sublime, ridiculous, sentimental, instrumental, doggerel, and heroic, in pentameters, hexameters, and many other -ameters never heard of before—all this gorgeously arrayed in the various shops, stores, &c., including groceries, liquor-shops, confectioneries, bookstores, second hand-stores, machine-shops, but not churches. Then these are bought by men and maidens, and posted forthwith. Then comes the receiving of these by the lucky individuals. Then follows a terrific scene of swearing, praying, laughing, crying, heart-aching, love-making, soul-quaking, and gnashing of teeth, *i. e.*, in the case of those individuals who have such things stuck in their jaws. But this does not cause much public excitement, since the actors are spread over so large a tract of country, to wit, all christendom, more or less.

We, the writer, didn't get one as yet. We were very much cast down. On the morning of Feb. 14 we were in good cheer, our pulse beat high, perhaps about eight dozen, and hope was still higher, for we fondly hoped that several of the Halifax ladies had been smitten with our beautiful and manly form. Mid-day came, but no valentine; we sat back that day earlier than usual, leaving the beefsteak almost untouched.

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey,
Had in her sober livery all things clad."

The bell rings, we jump like a shot rabbit, and in less than no time are at the door. "Want a broom, sir, only three cents?" Our dander was now up. We seized one of the brooms, and throwing it vehemently across the street, shut the door on the poor darkey. Little did that darkey know what grief was pent up in our aching heart. That night was a wakeful one. Now and then we would fall into a doze but only to dream of everybody getting valentines but ourselves. We know not what we should have done had it not been for the kind words of some young ladies who informed us that Valentine's

day lasted for a whole week. Nothing but the circumstances of the case, viz., our position in society at that time, prevented us from dancing a jig there and then. Just as soon as circumstances would permit, we repeated with great depth of feeling those lines of Crabbe,—

"Wherever grief and want retreat,
In woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind."

Yours in Faith, Hope and Charity.

R. L.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE *McGill Gazette* is a very well conducted paper. The feature about it which strikes us perhaps more than any other (save one) is its solidity and strength. The first article complains with much power that in the college library the entire department of Physiology is closed to the students. We don't wonder. Another under the title, "Distribution of Energy," complains of the *too numerous* institutions for amusement and entertainment among the students. And the "Correspondent" seems hardly able to see anything good in the way English Literature is studied at McGill. We sympathize with him in one point, that is in asking for less "Pope." But he will never obtain it, because Pope being an artificial writer is so excellently adapted for comment. The *Gazette* does more than complain, however. "Our own Land" is an excellent article.

The *Argosy* for February is brilliant. We have read all the articles with pleasure, and with especial pleasure the one entitled "Decision." The writer has, we fancy, read George Eliot, and caught the true spirit of her philosophy. Like her, too, the writer is sometimes obscure, and it is quite an effort in some places not only to get the connexion, but to see what he means at all. There are signs of literary power and of lack of literary skill, and this sentence gives a specimen of each. "Nothing is more despicable than the weak, drivelling apologetic apologies for men that we see every day blacking the boots of greatness and then taking its kick for pay." Perhaps the writer repeated that word for effect but he should have known that the effect was bad. The practical conclusion of the article is utterly wrong. *Ne varieter* is as absurd a motto as a rational being can adopt. Obstinacy is not decision. Read Emer-

son on consistency. Notwithstanding these faults, its merits, we humbly think, raise it far above the common level. We hope to have more of the same.

The *Alabama University Monthly* comes to us from a State University. From an official report upon the condition of the University, published in the *Monthly* we are led to think favourably of its efficiency. The *Monthly* is in magazine form, and consists mainly of contributed articles. The standard is high. "A Declaration of Love" is an effort displaying considerable power, perhaps more power than taste. "The Sun's Heat" is the title of a very interesting scientific article by Prof. H. S. Whitfield, in which he upholds the theory that the sun by the action of gravitation in holding its particles together is continually manufacturing—if we may so say—its own heat. He says:—"The law of gravitation has not been traced to its ultimate effect. We have been trained to think that when two independent bodies existing in space have moved on each other by the law of mutual attraction, the force which moved them has lost its vital energy and become a mere potentiality. This is to ascribe to the primal and imperial law of the universe an unstable and a capricious nature. Here was the oversight, here the secret. . . . Let us suppose the sun a cold, solid sphere. Imagine it separated into two equal segments. Suppose the two segments drawn apart to just that distance from each other in one second when set free to obey their mutual attraction. Set them free. In one second they come together. The shock produces an enormous heat, only an infinitesimal part of which can be radiated off in the succeeding second. But in that second what is gravitation doing? Is it passive, dead? Impossible. It must in that succeeding second of time do as much in the development of atomic energy or heat, as it did in the preceding second in the development of motion. In the third second an equal effect is produced and so on until the temperature is raised to that degree of intensity necessary to force radiation from the surface—for radiation depends upon intensity—as rapid as the generation in the centre. A shining sun is the result."

WE regret to have to announce the continued and serious illness of Principal Ross. There is little hope of his being able to resume Lectures this term.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 3, 1877.

EDITORS.

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

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DEATH passes his cold hand over face after face; and they whiten, then decay. Isaac L. Archibald, of Truro was a member of our junior class last term and deservedly esteemed by all. After a rapid decline he has laid him down to peaceful rest. Just when ready to lift the burden of life to a willing shoulder, his discharge came. From enquiry he has been called to that state where knowledge has no measure but the infinite,—to know as he is known. Sympathising deeply with bereaved relatives, we would yet point them to this great rift in the cloud,—that while mourning an absent friend, it can be said with fullest assurance:

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

It has been long since the speaking among our students was so nearly on a level as at present. Scarcely a man takes part in our discussions who cannot be listened to, for a short time at least, with comfort. On the other hand, there is no approach to a leading spirit such as, on some former terms, reached in style and brains above his fellows. Differences we have, and very marked ones, but a nicely adjusted scale of faults so tempers the variety of power that a very narrow strip in the vicinity of mediocrity would catch all. Probably no one among us is destined for a place in the first rank of orators; but then there is plenty of room further down for usefulness and plain dignity. Care would make some

correct, and even elegant, speakers, but we hope it will be well taken when we say that in nearly every case the "care" must come first. A passage in Blair's lecture on "Means of Improving in Eloquence" appears to treat of *the thing* demanding attention just now. We are sure you cannot think the quotation inappropriate, especially if you take time to read it:—

"Exercises of speaking have always been recommended to students, in order that they may prepare themselves for speaking in public, and on real business. The meetings or societies into which they sometimes form themselves for this purpose are laudable institutions; and, under proper conduct, may serve many valuable purposes. They are favourable to knowledge and study by giving occasion to inquiries concerning those subjects which are made the ground of discussion. They produce emulation; and gradually inure those who are concerned in them to somewhat that resembles a public assembly. They accustom them to know their own powers, and to acquire a command of themselves in speaking; and what is, perhaps, the greatest advantage of all, they give them a facility and fluency of expression, and assist them in procuring the 'Copia verborum,' which can be acquired by no other means but frequent exercise in speaking. * * *

The meetings into which students of oratory form themselves, stand in need of direction, in order to render them useful. If their subjects of discourse be improperly chosen; if they maintain extravagant or indecent topics; if they indulge themselves in loose and flimsy declamation, which has no foundation in good sense; or accustom themselves to speak pertly on subjects without due preparation, they may improve one another in petulance, but in no other thing; and will infallibly form themselves to a faulty and vicious taste in speaking. I would, therefore, advise all who are members of such societies, in the first place, to attend to the choice of their subjects; that they be useful and manly, either formed on the course of their studies, or on something that has relation to morals and taste, to action and life. In the second place, I would advise them to be temperate in the practice of speaking; not to speak too often, nor on subjects where they are ignorant or unripe; but only when they have proper materials for a discourse, and have digested and thought of the subject beforehand. In the third place, when they do speak they should always keep good sense and persuasion in view, rather than ostentation of eloquence; and for this end I would, in the fourth place, repeat the advice which I gave in a former lecture, that they should always choose that side of the question to which, in their own judgment, they are most inclined, as the right and the true side; and defend it by such arguments as seem to them most solid. By these means they will take the best method of forming themselves gradually to a manly, correct, and persuasive manner of speaking."

THE exercises in elocution in Prof. DeMill's room are proving attractive.

MANY and varied are the duties and responsibilities of the editorial chair. We have our manifest relations to our readers to sustain, but this is but a small portion. We have to deal with contributors and correspondents, and this very often calls forth all our tact and judgment. We have often wished that we might do as Coleridge did, who never opened a letter unless it were superscribed in a lady's handwriting which he recognized. All others he quietly consigned to the waste-paper basket. This our editorial conscience will not permit us to do. Every morning the same inexorable trayful is gone through with stern, unbending integrity and impartiality. Nay, more; we are thoroughly honest in stating that from some of our friends we should be but too glad to hear oftener. We can put up with the chaff for the sake of the wheat. But the last one we opened before closing for this issue has puzzled us considerably, and in our perplexity we have decided to lay the whole matter honestly before our readers. It is written in a delicate female hand. We have suppressed one or two sentences which modesty will not suffer us to make public:—

Dear Mr. Editor,—

You are a wise man, no doubt,—not only because all editors are wise, just as all clergymen are learned,—but because, &c., &c. You can tell the difference between sense and nonsense. Well, I want to know if these rhymes I send you are nonsense. To me they seem about as good sense as lots of the stuff I have been reading lately, by direction of my old uncle. He is a good enough sort of man, and brought me a great bundle of books of *solid information*, as he said, though I can't see much in them. I have read a good many of them. They include Ethics, Modern Science, Political Economy, and things; but I don't think uncle can make a bluestocking of me, between his books and Johnnie's—that's my little brother, who is always pestering me to give him more things to learn, for he is so tired of his Book of Nonsense. I wrote off a lot of rhymes of which I send you a fair sample. You can tell me in a little note in your GAZETTE whether you think me a fool or not.

Believe me yours, &c.,

And here are the rhymes:—

A lady of ancient renown
Had a bottle of scandal corked down,
But she took out the stopper, and my, what a whopper
Flew out and disgusted the town.

There was a young fellow of Bashan
Went away to the edge of creation,
Creeping out on a ledge he fell over the edge,
And now forms a small constellation.

A gentleman once lived in Metz,
Who incurred though he never paid debts,
"If I did so," he said, "it would lessen my credit,
Besides I've no cash nor assets."

A savage old miner in Fife
Was arrested for killing his wife,
"I deny she is dead, for all-matter," he said,
"Has promise and potency of life."

There was an old man of Bombay,
Who maintained it was useless to pray,
He did so because of the natural laws
Which never were known to give way.

There was a young man of Geelong,
For Philosophy cared not a song,
If man sprang from the monkey, while *he* was a donkey,
Friend Darwin, she thought must be wrong.

It is, we may say for the benefit of our correspondent, and perhaps of our readers as well, our humble opinion that the above stanzas display considerable rhyming ability. They bear the searching test of our foot-rule without scath. Our truly ami-able correspondent will, however, forgive us for saying that we can see nothing in them which will tend, as do those noble sciences of which she speaks somewhat slightly, to elevate and enlighten mankind, and we think that the seeming petulance with which she speaks of her uncle and little brother is scarcely consistent with that amiability which it should be the endeavour of each and every one of us to display. We have no further remark. We have taken the reader thus far into our confidence, and we leave the matter without hesitation to his good sense and judgment.

SCARCELY a student in Dalhousie has ever heard an unofficial address from any of our Lecturers. Term chases term till his last exercise is handed in, and he drifts off with a graduate's pennant flying at the shoulder, "full of wise saws and modern instances," but his acquaintance with his Professors goes no further than that they know their duty and do it. This is *almost* as it should be. One avenue of

approach, however, seems open to no objections, and in that direction a move has lately been made. The hope was indulged (hope often outruns right), that something better than a repulse would attend an effort to bring some at least of the Professors before the Students in the Library, to deliver a few lectures on any subject their wisdom might suggest. But, besides battling with the full work of the session, they were found "cumbered about many things"; and, though favourably disposed, they felt themselves compelled to defeat the movement. The disappointment, to many of us necessarily final, is a keen one; and no relief attends the reflection that the fault is our own for not moving earlier.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, *it might have been.*"

We would quietly hint to all whom it may concern that now is the time to call on students to honor picture promises, as Notman is pressed with their orders ranging from three to eighty dollars.

THE COLLEGE QUESTION.

I.

No apology is needed for again bringing this subject to the attention of the readers of the GAZETTE. It is one which should at all times command much careful thought from College students. And the fact that it is at present under keen discussion in most civilized countries, and has lately been brought prominently to the notice of all thinking men in this Province ought not to render the students of Dalhousie less attentive than hitherto in watching its aspects, or less open and persistent in expressing their views upon its nature and proper solution.

A careful reader of the discussions which took place during last winter and spring upon this question cannot have failed to observe how frequently the subject was misunderstood by the opponents of a Provincial University. Three distinct questions seem to have been mixed up in their minds; and frequently the arguments which they hurled with great strength of diction against the centralists were, to say the least,

wholly irrelevant. To free the subject of side issues, and to make an attempt to furnish an answer to the principal arguments employed by the defenders of the present system, are the objects of this article. By the term "Provincial University" as here used, is meant a University having Colleges and Schools immediately attached to it, and under its control, which should have the sole power of granting degrees in Nova Scotia or in the Maritime Provinces, and the sole right to support from Government. Under the terms "the small Colleges," or "Our Colleges," Dalhousie is in no case intended to be included.

In the first place, then, the College Question has been frequently understood to mean a question as to the relative merits of State and denominational Colleges. It is not so directly. It is simply an inquiry into the desirability of changing our present miserably inefficient system for one worthy of the Province and the age. The question as to the nature of the change which must be made is quite another matter, and ought in fairness to be left until the precedent question be solved and settled.

Still greater obscurity has been thrown upon the subject by the persistent efforts of our opponents to mingle the Dalhousie question with the wider one of a Provincial University. If the friends of the latter had to deal with reasonable and liberal men, they would have no difficulty in urging the claims of Dalhousie to her rightful position as the nucleus of such an institution. But since their opponents are the friends of sectarianism, they have repeatedly declared their willingness to leave Dalhousie out of the question at present, and to carry on the discussion on a less offensive and more convenient basis.

When these two points are banished from the discussion, the arguments of our opponents may be reduced to six or seven distinct heads. These will now be enumerated, and an attempt made to furnish an answer to each. It must be borne in mind that there is no desire on our part to deprive any College of a single just right or privilege. The question is concerned with the efficiency of the present system, and the desirability of establishing a better. Let it be also carefully remembered that the arguments here set down are the strongest which the defenders of sectarianism have been able to employ in a contest which they had every reason to consider a life and death struggle.

The first argument to be noticed, derived from the alleged fact that a majority of our people are strongly opposed to any change, may be set aside as irrelevant on these grounds. 1st, the alleged fact is extremely doubtful. 2nd, in most cases where opposition may exist it is undoubtedly due to ignorance of existing facts and misapprehension of the nature of the change proposed. 3rd, the object of the centralists in this discussion is not to induce the Government to do what the people desire, but to convince and convert the people themselves.

The second argument is derived from what its inventors call the vested rights of the Colleges. They say that these institutions have been for many years receiving public money, to deprive them of which would be unjust, since they have done much good work in the past, and show as yet no signs of decreasing efficiency. Now it is doubtless good policy for a Government to take care that men who have served faithfully are not left without support in their old age; but it does not follow from this that an institution ought to receive a pension for services already performed and payed for. It can deserve support not on the ground that it does its work as well as its means will allow, but solely on the ground that it is able to perform the duties required of it more efficiently than they could be done in any other way. Our sectarian institutions will have to prove their superiority to a Provincial University before they can show a shadow of a right to State support. These small Colleges would make fair Schools of Theology, and doubtless an enlightened Government would much rather subsidize an efficient theological seminary than squander its means upon an institution which, with but a fraction of the strength of a respectable Arts Faculty, claims to do the work of two or three well-equipped Colleges. The most zealous advocate of change has not the least desire to injure the existing Colleges. All that is asked of them is not to stand stubbornly and selfishly in the way of better things, but to be content to benefit our common country in the positions for which they are fitted.

In favour of the small Colleges it has been urged in the third place that in the past they have satisfied the requirements of the Province, and by continually increasing efficiency will be able to do so in the future. This statement goes directly to the root of the question. Unhappily it can be directly disproved. It cannot be denied that for the teaching of those scienti-

fic branches which now form an essential part of a liberal education, our Colleges are one and all deficient in appliances. Their libraries, too, are so named merely by courtesy. Without good instruments the most skilful workman cannot escape failure. The case is rendered worse if with his inferior tools he is required to do as much as two or three well-equipped workmen. Yet this is exactly the position of the professors in the small Colleges. It is hard, moreover, to believe that with the wretched salaries usually paid, the quality of the professors themselves is as high as it should be. Good men can doubtless be found among them, but these must remain at positive loss to themselves. That some, at least, of our Colleges are far behind the age, can hardly be doubted when we hear Acadia College boasting that its graduates are allowed, without examination, to enter as juniors at Harvard. There is surely no sound reason why Nova Scotia, or at any rate the Maritime Provinces, could not maintain a College with as high a standard of scholarship as the best in the United States. But the worst result of our present system has yet to be mentioned. In a small College, supported by sectarian zeal, and managed solely by members of one religious persuasion, it is simply impossible that students, few in number, and confined by early training and present associations within the narrow limits of the beliefs and opinions of their own sect, can attain to that full breadth of view and liberality of sentiment without which no education is worthy to be called liberal.

It is stated, in the fourth place, that the establishment of a Provincial University would do away with the healthy rivalry which at present exists among the different Colleges. The answer to this objection is easy. Rivalry among students, which is fully as valuable a thing as the rivalry among Colleges, can hardly exist in these institutions whose largest classes number not more than ten or a dozen. Again, if rivalry among Colleges be a valuable thing, the standard of competition would only be elevated and its field enlarged by the establishment of a University capable of holding its own with the best on the continent. Lastly, no rivalry does now exist among our Colleges, unless it be in the matter of boasting, nor can there be proper competition among institutions which have no common standard or public record of their work.

The fifth argument to be taken up is based on stronger grounds. Our opponents assert that

since the affections of each sect are clustered round its College, and the people prize highly the institutions which have cost them so dearly, a much larger number of students in the aggregate attend the small Colleges than would be found in the halls of a Provincial University. In the first place, the assertion lacks proof; and secondly, were it proved it would not support the argument. No thoughtful person will deny that half-a-dozen thoroughly and liberally educated men will prove themselves a greater benefit to any community than a hundred such as the whole silent influence of our small Colleges tends to produce. That men of liberal views have come from these Colleges cannot be disputed; but they have been few, and there were a few liberal men among the Pharisees. Apart from this, a College ought to have higher ground on which to stand than sectarian zeal and jealousy. To spread among the people a respect for sound education and liberal culture and to depend on that sentiment for its support are the duty and the privilege of a good University.

But the religious cry, which we notice in the sixth place, is the choicest arrow in the sectarian quiver. The morals and the religious beliefs of students, say they, are seriously endangered in a College which acknowledges no form of creed. It is not difficult to understand the effect which this cry has on some men, when we consider how inseparably religion is blended in their minds with the distinctive doctrines of a sect. A religion really worthy of the name can stand on its own merits. Young men must some day meet with scoffers at belief. The best preparation for such a meeting is not an intolerant horror of unbelief, but the well grounded conviction of a mind that in arriving at its conclusions, has made good use of its own reasoning powers. Free and honest discussion cannot injure religion, though it may demolish many a creed. To repress it will produce, not moral strength, but intolerance. The interference of College regulations and the control of Professors in matters of religion are not to be endured by young men of independent spirit, who will think for themselves on every subject, and not least freely on the most important of all. In addition to this it cannot be denied that it is quite as easy to cite instances of defection from the faith in sectarian as in secular Colleges.

The seventh and last of the arguments against a Provincial University is derived from the example of other countries. Assuming that any

change made must be in the direction of a State College, our opponents loudly assert that such institutions have seldom or never proved successful. All ascertained facts are in direct opposition to this assertion! The experiment of State Colleges is one which has seldom been made in a proper manner. It has been bitterly opposed, as it is now in our own Province, by sectarian spite and by the interested partizans of existing Colleges. Take the University of New Brunswick as an example. In all cases where the experiment has been fairly and honestly made State Colleges have triumphed over a factious opposition, and achieved a brilliant success. Two examples will be sufficient. The University of Michigan, though young and in a comparatively new country, already ranks with the best in the United States; and the University of Toronto is confessedly at the head of the educational institutions of Canada. Such considerations will serve to show that Nova Scotians need have no fears about the success of a Provincial University, provided they construct it wisely and support it resolutely.

A careful sifting of the discussions which appeared in the public press during last winter and spring has discovered no other, no, even apparently, important arguments than those above cited in defence of the present state of things.

Enough has been said to show that the advocates of sectarianism have failed in their defence. It may be convenient at a future time to urge some positive considerations in favor of establishing a Provincial University. McG.

POLITICS AND THAT SORT OF THING.

STANDING on the College steps one afternoon and looking at the villainous urchins engaged in their "uncouth gambols" before me, I thought that Horace expressed my sentiments when he said, "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*" I certainly did hate the sight of them, and I had no trouble in keeping them from me after I had mentioned a place called the "dissecting room" to them. I had hardly uttered these words when they all suddenly vanished. I was now about to enter the College, when I saw the soldiers mustering, and several cannon being ranged along the Parade. I at once asked myself what can this mean? The urchins had left, but in their place

were soldiers, with the implements of war before them. I felt sure, however, that an attack was to be made on Dalhousie. The Professor who gave the inaugural address last winter had also hinted something about "fire-arms." I was afraid that if I remained where I was either my life would be in danger, or, if I escaped being shot, I would be hauled up before the Senate on the charge of being present at the "fire." You will not be surprised, then, to hear that I immediately "bolted," nor did I stop until I arrived at Jacob Street. By this time I was a little over my fright, and walked slowly along, until turning the corner I saw a whole regiment of soldiers approaching. I, thinking it safer to retreat than advance, ran down the hill and this time carefully avoided passing the College. After having knocked several people down, (to whom I had not time to apologize), I ran into the "old Province Building," and took a seat in the Library, and tried to look as if I was reading.

I had hardly read a single paragraph, however, when I heard the clank of arms and the tramp of soldiers on the stairs outside. My limbs trembled with fear. I remained there till I could stay no longer. I then opened the door and a great crowd was there, into the midst of which I forced my way, and was carried along with them into an adjoining room. Before me the seats were filled with ladies and gentlemen, while at the upper end of the room was an empty seat somewhat elevated above the rest. I had not much time to look in that direction, however, as more people kept crowding in, until at last men and boys fight for standing room.

Once more the crowd became quiet, and I attempted to take a survey of the people before me, and at that moment in came a man whom I recognized to be the Lieutenant Governor. He took the seat at the upper end of the room, and now the thought struck me (by the way it did not hurt me), that this was the opening of the "Local House." Thus had I fled from ideal enemies, and had upset several people on the streets, for which I expected ere this to have been taken to the Police Court.

Being now present, and not being able to get out again, even if I wished to do so, I concluded that I would remain and see what was *inside* the House after they had opened it. The Governor then ordered that the members of the House of Assembly appear before him. After a few moments' delay they appeared. As they stood quite near me I took a look at them, and saw

among them both *white* and *black*. One could recognize quite plainly a *hill* in the centre. There they all were, ready for the work of another session. The Governor read the Speech from the Throne. I have no fault to find with the Speech, but I think the Throne differs considerably from those referred to in the Bible.

At the close of the Speech the members retired to occupy "the red benches," and disinter political questions long since dead.

On the adjournment of the House I came away with the idea that politics is a great game. It is a game in which many like to take a hand, and it very often happens that there are more than four *knaves* in the pack. Some, however, play into one another's hands, and help themselves to an "odd lift" whenever occasion offers. All Governments seem alike. The main policy of the Government in power at any certain time is to *keep* in power; and the sole object of the Opposition is to upset the Government and step into their places. A strong Opposition, however, is a good thing for the country, as it is a great check on the Government. Compare the Opposition at present in the Local House with the "tandem team" of 1867. We must, however, honour Blanchard and Pineo for the opposition that they at that time offered to the measures which they considered as not beneficial to the country. These two men have now passed away, and others occupy their places.

A true patriot is sometimes to be found, but they are few and far between. Patriotism and philanthropy are nice things to talk about, but when we look into the acts of political men we generally see underlying them all some motive for the action. Patriotism and philanthropy are cloaks which sometimes cover a "multitude of sins," and by means of which the ambitious man climbs the political ladder.

Party is the watch-word which divides people. Men will make great sacrifices for party. Personal advancement comes first, party next. Nay, in some cases party comes before personal advancement. A representative is not elected because he may possess superior ability, but simply because he is a Government man, or an Opposition man. The same thing may be seen in Parliament. Members vote generally for or against a measure as they happen to be Government or Opposition men. This party feeling has done a great deal of harm, and many a good measure has by it been thrown overboard.

Journalism follows closely upon, and is intimately connected with, politics; and as it is conducted in Nova Scotia is detestable. To be a political man is to be branded as a rogue, a liar, and a vagabond. The vocabulary of our language fails to furnish epithets strong enough for journalists to use in speaking of a prominent man, if he happens to be on the opposite side of politics. A stranger taking up one of our daily papers can not get even an approach to the truth in reference to a Government, or any member in the House. Look at the files of the one-horse *Express*, which, I am happy to know, is now numbered with the dead. Look at the files of the *British Colonist*, and in both of these you see epithets without end heaped on Howe and McLellan in 1867. Look at these same papers a few years later and behold the change. Howe and McLellan are everything that is pure and holy and honourable. No great change can have transformed these men from devils to saints. Yet so it seems has been the case. Nor is the *Chronicle* better. In 1870 Howe was a saint and Hill a sinner. Look two or three years later and Hill is the first man in Nova Scotia, while Howe is to be despised.

We would think that it would be well for journalists to moderate their expressions a little in dealing with a political enemy, in case they may have to take it all back, and bestow praise upon the same individual in the course of a few years. What we want is that journalism be elevated, that fair and independent criticism take the place of the abusive, insulting, and too often untrue, language which we see in our political journals. We want men of principle, men of honour. We need educated men in our legislative halls. We love to hear of Haliburton, S. G. W. Archibald, Young, and the Uniackes. Perhaps it is because they lived in an earlier time in the history of our country that we think so much of them, but I think some time will elapse ere we see their equals again. Let us, then, "honour the memories of the departed, and try to imitate their virtues."

F. W. A.

BOOK NOTICE.

"Joy in Jesus; or, Brief Memorials of Bella Darling, by Samuel MacNaughton, M. A." has been the most successful venture of its author. Issued in the early part of last summer, we find

"third edition" and "seventh thousand," upon the title-page of the copy we received the other day. Besides this, it has high recommendations from several divines and many of the leading religious periodicals all over Great Britain. Naturally our expectations were a little raised and we were not disappointed. Bella Darling was evidently a powerful and interesting character, and the story of her life, as told by Mr. McNaughton, is pleasing. We are sure that no one who reads it will be disappointed. The volume is embellished by a beautiful portrait of the subject of the memoir.

Dallusiensia.

"Is your voice a sophomore?" inquired a committeeman of an applicant for a place in the choir.—*Ex.*

Western youth describes a hunting party as me'n' the dog'n'father.

THE CHAMPION MODEST YOUTH.—One of our Freshmen when asked by the matron to see a very nice young lady home, replied amid chokes and blushes, "Ye-e-s, if you'll go too."

Halifax boasts a case of such gross originality, that his fellow-craftsmen think him insane. A milkman here not only cheerily calls to his customers, "Milk and water!" but persists in dealing out the pure beverage.

A freshman's ulster reminds us of him whose coat's so big he couldn't pay de tailor."

Deaf old lady (who has been listening to her neighbours talking about hatching eggs in ovens) "They don't put the hens in the oven, do they?"

An employee of one of our Senators, explains the Senator's new office-building by saying that for a local Legislator the old rooms were large enough, but the Dominion official needs larger ones.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

C. ROBSON, Esq., \$1; Rev. J. H. Chase, M. A., \$1; A. McKay, M. P. P., \$1; Rev. P. G. McGregor, D. D., \$1; E. Thorpe, \$1; Rev. Dr. McLeod, \$1; Rev. J. J. Forbes, \$1; Rev. E. S. Bayne, B. A., \$1; J. Logan, Esq., \$1; Rev. J. R. Coffin, \$1; W. E. Archibald, \$1; Rev. W. P. Archibald, B. A., \$1; Rev. J. Simpson, \$1; Wilbert Johnson, \$1.

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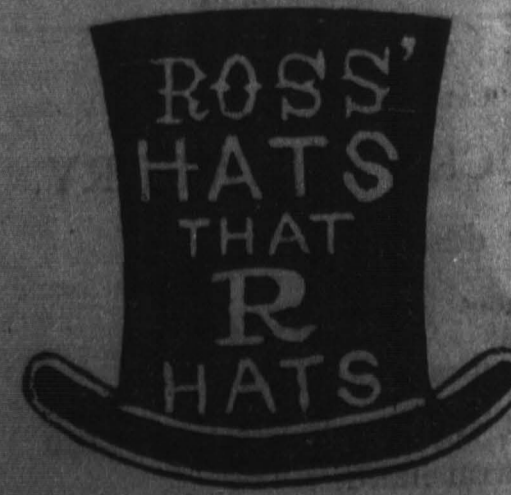
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