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WE MUST BE FREE OR DIE.

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, un-
withstood,'

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and
sands

Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue

That Shakespeare spoke: the faith and
morals

Which Milton held.—In everything we are
sprung

Of Earth's first blood, have titles mani-
fold.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

IN THE WILDS WITH A PROFESSOR.

To tell a true story in an interesting man-
ner is probably one of the most difficult
literary feats which the ordinary mortal
could attempt. Not the hope of producing
a masterpiece which will be used in the
School Readers of fifty years hence,—if
they have such articles in that enlightened
age,—nor an ambition to see the product of
his genius in print, has led the writer to
attempt the difficult, and dare the im-
possible, by relating the following narrative.
Its chief virtue is that it is true. If you de-
sire to know what actually did lead a busy
student, at the present time of storm and
stress in student life, to forsake duty and
exams in order to occupy space in the col-
umns of the Gazette, ask the Editor of
that particular magazine. He can a tale
to you unfold!

Should you chance to consider the pre-
ceding dissertation out of place,—just fill
its place next issue with a wee production
of your own. Otherwise, in plain but un-
parliamentary language "shut up!"

Having relieved for the time being the
excess pressure of a righteous indignation
at those whose criticism of student societies
and institutions is entirely destructive, the
writer will now attempt to relate in calmer
tone the story of events which happened in
the summer of 1915. If he has any object
other than to amuse, it is probably to re-
move from the mind of any trembling fel-
low student the idea that a professor is
ought else than an ordinary mortal, sub-
ject to like weaknesses with other men,
and amused in similar ways.

For four consecutive years it has been
my custom to take two or three days holi-
day in the latter part of May or early in
June, to forsake the haunts of men,—
and women,—and to go a-fishing with a

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HUMANISTIC CULTURE THROUGH ENGLISH LITERATURE.

One cannot do better than begin by de-
fining culture. Culture, I should say, is an
attitude of mind rather than a possession
of mind; it is an intellectual atmosphere
rather than intellectual property. It is
having intellectual sympathy rather than
having learning. A cultured person need
not be technically trained, but he must
have intellectual receptivity and aesthetic
susceptibility. The most learned archae-
ologist stuffed full of recondite facts abou-
t the remotest past whether of Rome, Greece,
Egypt or Assyria, might not be a cultured
man; he might have no sympathy whatever
with natural science nor condescend to
understand the making of Canada, nor
show any interest in music or in art. Cul-
ture is intellectual, aesthetic and moral
reverence.

Knowledge may be power, it is not
necessarily culture. The prize-fighter has
knowledge, perhaps the most extensive
knowledge about all the prize-fights that
have ever happened since the beginning of
time, but that does not entitle him to be
considered a cultured person. Capacity
even is not culture; ability to rule a state is
not culture. Oliver Cromwell was a very
able man, I doubt whether we should call
him cultured. We can have capable bar-
barians and most able Philistines just as
on the other hand we can have erudition
without culture.

Now this very idea of culture as distin-
guished from learning is Greek. The an-
tithesis between the fully developed human
organism, fully developed in body and mind;
and man in the wild or natural state un-
endowed, unenlightened, unrestrained in
instincts and proclivities is a Greek con-
ception. The Greeks took themselves as
representing this culture, this state of mind
as other than the natural and untrained
condition of man; and all persons outside
themselves they called barbarians, the un-
cultivated. This Greek ideal was realised
only after physical labour and mental toil—
gymnastics and study—had changed the
body and mind from the wild, rough state
of Nature.

The whole attitude of the Greek mind was
cultured, it not only longed for knowledge,
for "some new thing," it craved to be sur-
rounded with beauty, it yearned for the
comely, the graceful, the reposeful. The
Grecian ideal was a soul undistressed by
sordid cares, a countenance calm in the
contemplation of the dignified, the noble,
in thought and action, and the sweet in
sound. Grace in action is particularly
Greek; the Nike Apteros is pre-eminently
Greek.

Of course this ideal was a pagan one, and
we must take care not to read into it the
conceptions of Christian Ethics. Grecian
culture included much that was not only

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THE LEAGUE OF HONOR.

The League of Honor was formed in
England in September, 1914, for the purpose
of uniting the women of the Empire in up-
holding the honor of the nation. It is a
movement which works through the medi-
um of patriotic activities already organi-
zed. Since its formation the League has
spread over England. Australasia was the
first of the overseas dominions to adopt it,
and Canada followed, having now about
fifteen thousand members. In this country
it works under the auspices of the Y. W.
C. A., and has taken its place in college,
associations, girls' schools, branches of the
I. O. D. E., Red Cross societies, and other
organizations. Cities from Vancouver to
St. John have adopted it, and recently a
small beginning was made in Halifax
through the Y. W. C. A. of Dalhousie.

The name—League of Honor—is in it-
self a challenge. In these days honor is a
word full of meaning to us. Men are
giving what they hold dear for what they
hold yet dearer than all—honor. And what
of women? The League of Honor calls
women to greater sacrifice, fuller spiritual
development, to untiring and efficient ser-
vice. It seeks to develop in every woman
a sense of her national responsibility. It
asks of its members this promise, "I pro-
mise, by the help of God, to do all that is
in my power to uphold the honor of our
Empire and its defenders in this time of
war; by prayer, purity and temperance."

The greatest force in the world is prayer,
and by prayer women can help to bring
victory and peace. Since the war prayer
has become of very real value to us. Many
have learned its powers, its inspiration,
and its comfort, through the experience of
a deeper need than we were conscious of
before. The League wants women to pray
every day for our Empire, for our soldiers
and sailors, for all who are suffering be-
cause of the war, for those who hold posi-
tions of great responsibility, and for the
coming of a righteous peace.

Then there is temperance—self-denial.
Money is needed for patriotic purposes.
We are asked to consider whether or not
we are giving all that we can spare. We
can be careful in the use of our money;
we can deny ourselves luxuries in food and
dress; we can be temperate in our amuse-
ments and quiet in our conversation. These
things are required of members of the
League of Honor.

And purity—that means making our
lives worthy of the sacrifices that men are
making for us. Dr. Granfell said, "Men are
dying for Canada. Then in God's name,
let us make Canada worth dying for."

We all realize the sacrifice the men are
making for us—at least we do in so far as
we are able to know what it is. Men are
leaving home, friends, college and business;
putting aside all thoughts of self-interest,

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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

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Perhaps this is a poor time to advocate reforms, particularly if they are likely to involve a monetary outlay. However, the reform to be suggested is not one that will call for any large expenditure of money.

It is in regard to the reading room in the Students' Building at Studley that we ask for a new order of things. As conditions now are, it is not a reading room at all. It is nothing more than a room. Perhaps it is not assuming too much to think that a reading room is a place where one may at least expect to find reading material and conditions favorable to reading. The room at Studley that is supposed to serve this purpose for the students measures up to neither requisite, and consequently there is practically no reading done. It is the rarest thing in the world to walk into the reading room and see anyone reading.

In the first place there is no system in the handling of periodicals. Exchanges, up till very recently, went to the reading room to be thrown on the table in a disorderly manner, and to remain there until some student who has come to us from another college, sees his old college paper and immediately confiscates it. The residue of reading matter lies around for a few months till finally it finds a resting place in the waste paper basket. It has become necessary, in order that Exchanges may be reviewed and acknowledged in the *Gazette*, to pass them over to the Exchange Editor before they can be placed on the reading table. Otherwise they might never be seen by the Exchange Editor. This has frequently been the case in the past.

That there is no orderly arrangement of what little reading matter does come to us has been already hinted. There should be proper stands on which the daily papers may be filed, and some system for keeping magazines in something approaching a neat arrangement. To say that it cannot be done is to say that we cannot do what any other properly regulated reading room anywhere is doing.

Again attention needs to be given to the providing of suitable reading. The only magazines to be found are those that are received as Exchanges. This is not as it should be. In a students' reading room there should be found the leading magazines and periodicals of the day. In no way could the Students' Council use twenty-five or thirty dollars to better advantage than in expending such a sum on six months subscriptions to the best magazines and papers. Large sums are appropriated every year for student activities from which only a limited number derive any direct

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return. A well regulated reading room with a well selected list of magazines and papers would afford much pleasure, and incidentally much profit, to a large number of students at a small outlay of money. Such periodicals as "The University Magazine," the "Illustrated London News," "The Nation," "The Literary Digest," the "Atlantic Monthly," and the best fiction magazines along with several of the leading "dailies" of the Old Country and this side of the Atlantic, should find a place in our reading room. If the Council will not undertake this then let the Y. M. C. A., take the matter in hand. An item of thirty dollars in their budget for subscriptions could not cause any reasonable protest.

The objection might be raised that anyone desiring such reading can go to the Library and selecting one of the periodicals there to be found, read in peace. The answer to this is that the choice of magazines there is limited and is not such as to meet the demands of the larger part of the student body. Moreover there is the objection that, for reasons hard to define, many students look upon the Library as a place for study only and delving into dry text books—not for leisurely reading. There is not the same feeling of freedom nor sense of possession as in a reading room managed by the students themselves.

In the third place a new order of conduct would have to be enforced if the Students' Reading Room is going to fulfil its purpose. Silence in a reading room is essential to reading, but silence is now unknown when two or three are met together here. Apparently there is never any thought of silence. Everybody is talking to everybody else and each vying with the other to make himself heard.—(Co-eds take notice). Strict silence will need to be the order. Of course this would be an unwarranted restriction until the other reforms already mentioned are carried out. At present no one reads, nor cares to, and no one is disturbed. But when the reading room fulfils its purpose silence must be insisted upon.

Last, but not least, some attention needs to be given to the comfort of the readers. The smoking room across the hall has a rug on the floor, a large table, and a number of comfortable arm-chairs. We are aware that it is through the interest and generosity of the Alumni that the smoking room has been made so comfortable. Might not an appeal to them stimulate their generosity again to do the same for the reading room? As it is now the floor of this room is uncovered and usually dirty; the table is not suitable, (three or four smaller tables are needed instead of the large one), the chairs are the cheapest "kitchen" variety, and the whole generally unattractive. Get busy whoever is responsible for this room and do a real good for your college and your fellow students, and give us a reading room worthy to be called such. No reform is more needed and none, aside from the new furnishings required, could be so easily effected at such a small cost of money and exertion.

This is a day of ultimatums and the *Gazette* has received hers. The Editor has been given final instructions by the Business Manager that he must cut down the size of the *Gazette* if bankruptcy is to be avoided. This ultimatum is to date from the next issue. The increased cost of publication is a problem that is worrying every pe-

riodical. It is an even more serious matter for the *Gazette*, for a large percentage of its running expense comes out of the student funds, and the lower attendance has greatly reduced the total amount at the disposal of the Students' Council. Normally the funds available for disbursement amount to about \$3000. This year they are reduced to much less than half that amount. The *Gazette* has not been cut down proportionately. If it had been it would have had to suspend publication. Nevertheless it has been cut down some and that at a time when its requirements are greater than ever before. We trust that graduates and others who receive *Gazettes* will bear this in mind and instead of writing us that "owing to unusual demands being made for other objects I am obliged to discontinue my subscription," they will pen the more acceptable words, "I enclose check for my subscription to the *Gazette*."

A word about the next number of the *Gazette*. The absence in this number of the always interesting personal items will be noticed. This will be compensated for by the first number of the new year. We hope to make it a special Dallusiensia number. Please send us at once all the items you can give us about Dalhousians at the front or elsewhere.

"No trumpet-blast profaned

The hour in which the Prince of Peace
was born;

No bloody streamlet stained

Earth's silver rivers on that sacred
morn."

'Tis the Christmas season once again. Nineteen hundred years and more have sped since the Agnells sung, Peace on earth, good will toward men. Each twelve-month through all those centuries men have commemorated the Advent of the Prince of Peace. Nineteen hundred and sixteen years, and behold the crimson fields of Europe! Is it possible! Ah, yes, all too sadly real. Yet after all it is that old celestial chorus that summons Britons to arms today. It is that that heraldic proclamation from the skies might prevail that our Empire's life blood is flowing red. God give us a victory that will make such spectacle impossible of recurrence; speed the day when peace and good will shall be in all the earth, but God forbid that peace should come till the Angel song may be heard once more, Peace assured forevermore.

During the reign of King Edward, the Bishop of London had occasion to call on the King at Buckingham Palace. In an anteroom he passed Lord Salisbury, but the latter did not seem to know him. Later he mentioned the incident to the King. "Oh," said King Edward, "Lord Salisbury never recognizes anyone," and going to a bureau he took out a new portrait of himself and handed it to the bishop saying, "What do you think of this?" "A very excellent likeness, sir," said the bishop. "When I showed it to Salisbury," said the King, "he looked hard at it and then said, 'Poor old Buller! I wonder if he's as stupid as he looks!'"

Humanistic Culture Thought English
Literature

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contrary to but positively repugnant to Christian morals. The Grecian ideal was suitability, not righteousness, power, not purity, fitness not holiness, the grace of form and carriage, not the grace of a contrite heart. The Greek admired subtlety of dialectic distinctions far more than honest dealing.

The beauty that is in science it hardly dreamed of, for, save Mathematics, the physical sciences were only just born; the beauty of holiness was inconceivable, the beauty of thought, of introspective philosophy rather than of conduct, was what stress was laid on. These ideas and ideals passed over into the Roman Empire; and in course of time, Rome became Hellenised; and all that was best there was an importation; her philosophers, poets, sculptors and physicians were either Greeks, of Greek descent or of Greek training. Even the great Galen, the dictator in Medicine for a thousand years, physician to Marcus Aurelius, was not a Roman; he was a Greek born at Pergamos; he wrote in Greek, and his writings were not translated into Latin for centuries after his death. Later Roman culture became practically synonymous with Grecian thought, and the Romans learned Greek as we learn French or German; the ideal Roman became a sterner, harder version of the Greek. Of course just before the fall of the Empire, the Romans were more effeminate than the softest Greeks had been. The sweetness and light had passed over from Greece to Rome, but thenceforth there was less sweetness and more strength, less philosophy and more love of conquest, less light and more law-giving; Roman thought was Grecianised and then—Rome fell. When Rome fell, the Dark Ages set in, and these Ages were dark because the light of culture had been put out.

Christianity had indeed supplanted Paganism, but Christianity in itself was not culture; and the Dark Ages were dark because Christianity was interpreted and practised without culture.

As the key-note of the classical Paganism had been culture without moral goodness, so the keynote of Christianity of the Dark Ages was moral goodness without culture; the result was the monk, the anchorite. The monk, when he was not ignorant, bigoted or immoral, was a sincere recluse learned in the limited learning of his day, but narrow, as narrow as piety without culture could make him. Hence there was nothing for the common people, no science, or "natural knowledge," that was to come; no Art, for that was buried beneath the ruins of the Roman Empire, almost no vital religion, nothing but the carrying out of forms and ceremonies behind stone walls. The poor man outside had nothing to do but to till the ground to feed both himself and the holy but un-productive recluses inside the cloisters. The emptiness, the blankness, the intellectual dreariness of the life of the ordinary man of the Dark Ages is without parallel in any other epoch in the history of the civilised world.

Without any power over the forces of Nature which were as yet unknown and therefore unused, with no solace from learning or comfort from Art, without books or printing, without sunlight in his dwelling, the man of the Dark Ages knew no past, looked forward to no future and could do

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nothing but toil in the dead present.

The monk had access to such manuscripts as the Goths had overlooked, he knew of a past although it was a dead one, he was at least a member of the church universal outside of which there was no literature, no art, no society. But even to the most learned Churchman, Greece and Rome were little more than traditions, the classic past had no message for him, Greece had worshipped his God as the Unknown, and Rome had crucified the Salvator Hominum. The culture of the pre-Christian republics and empires were nothing to him, its exponents had magnified the dignity of the human mind and had glorified in stone and pigment the beauty and strength of the human form, but he read in his Bible, "I will bring to naught the wisdom of this world that no flesh may glory," and as regards the body, he was told it had to be "kept under" and mortified daily. The sincere man of the Dark Ages fasted when his pagan precursor would have feasted, he despised natural beauty and endowments as being of the world or of the Devil, his body was only an encumbrance to the life of holiness. Nothing was to be enjoyed; women were to be shunned in proportion as they were beautiful; with eyes bent on the ground the monk saw no grandeur in the mountains, no gold in the sunshine, no glory in the flower of the grass. If such was the mental attitude of the sincere priest, what was that of the unworthy. He said "Hocus Pocus," instead of "Hoc est corpus meum," for as he did not understand the Latin himself, he knew the people would be none the wiser. If culture meant a knowledge of the pagan past, it was unattainable, for the literature of that past was nearly all lost, and such classics as were known were regarded as superfluous or impure.

This most deplorable state of matters was practically ended by the invention of printing. By the middle of the fifteenth century, the light began to burst at Haarlem, at Mainz, at Westminster; and once the instrument for obtaining knowledge was in man's hands, the knowledge soon came. The knowledge that came first was knowledge of the lost past, it came through Italy and was called the Renaissance. At the fall of Rome culture was routed; at the fall of Constantinople culture was restored. When Constantinople was captured by the Turks in 1453, her scholars fled to Italy bringing with them their precious treasures, the manuscripts of the classical authors. These learned men found patrons in the merchant princes of Florence, in the Medici, in the Dukes of Tuscany, Modena, Parma and Ferrara. Their patronage was magnificent, culture flourished as it never has done since. In a short time numbers of scholars were copying, translating, printing, annotating and editing all the lost treasures of the mighty minds of Athens and of Rome.

When the printing-presses of Venice, Florence, Strassburg, Antwerp and London were at work by the middle of the fifteenth century, the dawn of our own day of culture had broken. The classical knowledge came to England through Italy, and affected Oxford, Cambridge, the Court the nobility and the public schools in the order named.

Now, before we can go any farther we find ourselves face to face with the word "classical" and its relatives classic and the classics. The origin of the word "classical"

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NEW SOCIETY FORMED AT DALHOUSIE.

Students and Professors.

Every student and professor of Dalhousie is invited to become a member of the new society which is already creating so much interest and doing such good work. The Dalhousie Amateur Kickers' Association is the youngest Dal organization, but gives promise of becoming popular. Already its meetings have been attended by greater numbers than were present at any of the trial debates. This shows a fine spirit on the part of every student, and a glowing interest in college affairs. The meetings of the Association are held every week or so, at a time and place announced by the secretary the following day. This is felt to be an improvement over the practise of some other societies whose officers post a notice an hour before the meeting is to take place. The objects of the Society are defined in the constitution as twofold; viz., to kick, and to supply members with information. In the foot note it is explained that kicking is not the same as knocking. The latter word means to find fault with but to kick is to object to existing things by proposing something better. An interesting feature of the by-laws is a clause prohibiting the members from scrapping among themselves. Several other student organizations might follow this splendid example.

Arrangements have been made whereby the *Gazette* will publish the minutes of the Association. It is expressly stated in the by-laws that the secretary is not to write the name of any member in full, but shall signify his identity by indirect means or else mutilate his name.

Anyone desirous of becoming a member should apply at once to the president, that long young aspirant to the legal profession who is also secretary of Sodales, or to the secretary, a long silent child from New Glasgow, who sometimes attends lectures in first year dentistry and swears at the professors. A collection is taken at every other meeting, but as only the treasurer knows which meetings are "every other" do not stay away on that account.

Having given this brief explanation, we shall hereafter publish the minutes of the D. A. K. A., without comment.

The Office at Studley, Dalhousie,
6.00 p. m., Dec. 1th, 1916.

The D. A. K. A. met at the time and place above noted. In absence of the president, the vice-president presided. His name has a metallic sound. Committees were appointed for the following purposes:—

To explain to the Scotchman from Pine Hill, whose name is the same as that of a Pine Hill professor, that when Kerr proposed to destroy all "clues" he didn't mean the former's clothes.

To investigate the rumor concerning the cause of the recent building boom in the vicinity of Studley.

To find out if W-l-t-r W-d is really a telepathic wonder.

To find out if F-rs-th spoke the truth when he said he "was picked up by a gentleman with two ladies in the back seat."

To find out where See See W-ls is going Christmas since he isn't going home.

It was moved, seconded, and carried, that the new professor in history is a hard

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CORRESPONDENCE.

We are pleased to hear from last year's Editor-in-chief, John S. Roper, M. A., LL. B., as most Dalhousians are aware, is adjutant of the 219th Highlanders, the battalion that is honored by a larger number of Dalhousians than any other. Of course we haven't any doubt that that is why the 219th is one of the finest fighting units that has ever left Canadian shores. Jack's letter was to one of the college staff who has very kindly passed it along that some extracts of general interest might be given to our readers. He writes in part:

"Here we are in the heart of Surrey, 3 1/2 miles from Godluming, 8 miles from Guildford and 3 1/2 miles from a railway train. It rains every day, clearing up every evening when it is so dark it is not worth while going out.

"The camp is a good one, being, as I am informed, one of the best in England. The huts are very comfortable and we enjoy the luxury of electric lights and coal and stoves, things unknown at other English Camps.

"As far as the scenery goes we have nothing to complain about. It is splendid and our route marches are made very enjoyable by the novel and picturesque scenery along the roads. As for the roads the best recommendation I can give is that our men march 50% better than they did in Canada. No band is needed. The click, click of the Amherst Boots give the time and set the pace.

"We have quite a few Dalhousians among our officers. There is first Major Rudland who has taken classes at the Law School. He is our junior major and the most popular officer we have.

"Capt. Kent is in command of "C" company and "Rory" Graham (Law '14), as large and humorous as ever, is with "A" Company. One V. G. Rae, a diminutive Scotchman from Dartmouth, also claims Dalhousie. Pine Hill is his Alma Mater.

"E. Reginald Clayton is our bombing officer and he is as explosive as his business.

"N. L. Chipman (Arts '16), is in "C" Company, and is the custodian of our colours. "Chippie" also excels in "Physical Torture" and Bayonet Fighting.

"William Noblette (Law '15), is second in command of "D" Company and is the Caruso of the camp. He is strong on Grand Opera.

"On the staff besides your humble servant there is Hon. (Capt.) Chaplain Mackinnon, late of Pine Hill, who charms us by his eloquence, and his optimism.

"We have Major Doane, poor Bill Doane's father, as our quartermaster.

"One sees at times going around on fatigues etc., Blauveldt of Law who used to write for the Gazette, Don. C. Smith (Sergt.), also once of Law, Pte. P. C. Lewis of Arts, Sergt. A. K. Herman, B. A., one of the twins, and other good Dalhousians whose names escape me at the present moment. All of which goes to show how really democratic our army is."

Jack mentions that he recently saw "Gerry" Dwyer in London, and that "he is broken up badly and will not be fit for the trenches for seven months." He writes also that "Bruley" Bell is about again and "Able to sit up and take his meals at 'The Savoy'."

Are there not other such interesting letters around that might be passed over for publication? For Dalhousians, letters like this make the most interesting reading procurable, and we are sure the writers would

not object. Dalhousians overseas might note this too, and remember that the Gazette will be most pleased to hear from you.

The following is an extract from an interesting letter from an old Dalhousian who attended classes during the "eighties" and has been living in London for some time:

"London has a great educational institution—London University. But it is spread all over the place, with buildings miles apart, so that it does not appeal to the imagination like Oxford or Cambridge, each one of which is a small town of itself. I have been in the main buildings on Gower Street, and they are fairly suggestive of a hoary antiquity, like a good many other parts of this little village. But it is unfortunate, to my mind, that London University is not able to put up a more collective and imposing front in the matter of bricks and mortar, which would add greatly to its dignity and prestige.

"And speaking of educational matters reminds me of a statement I saw in a London paper recently with reference to the attendance at the public schools. And what do you suppose the daily attendance is in London? Well, it is greater, numerically, than the entire population, of all ages whatsoever, of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island combined. That throws a side light on what a place this modern Babylon is. Just think of it—more school children going daily to school in one city than there are people in the Maritime Provinces! It sounds incredible, but there are many incredible things about London. It is so vast a place that you never get acquainted with it properly, and there are not many Londoners, in all probability, who have seen the half of it. And it is quite unnecessary, after all, to see the whole of it. The principal points of interest lie within a not very extensive radius; all the rest is pretty much alike, miles and miles of narrow streets filled with two and three storey houses, and in the poorer quarters an absolutely uncountable aggregation of the rising generation. I never had any idea there were so many kiddies in the world until I visited the congested areas of London. And they enjoy themselves, too. A well known London author wrote a book not long ago on London street-games and in it are set forth five hundred different games played on the streets alone—like-wise incredible, but then, as I said above, London is "chock full" of incredible things.

"And here is another. Where I am now living I have passed over my route to and from the centre of the city hundreds of times. But last night I got lost, and that, too, within almost a stone's throw of my own door. And all due to one of London's celebrated fogs. Not a London "particular," which is a yellow fog, made up of fog and smoke, but a whitish fog, the like of which I have not seen before and am not anxious to see again. I was returning by my usual streets between eight and nine, but I could see nothing three feet away, and had to make enquiries of several people before I could find my bearings. Today's papers say it was the densest fog for years, and for several hours traffic was practically suspended. Even when you were on your own street you couldn't identify it, and you might have been outside your own door and have been none the wiser. In case of my veracity on this point being called in question by some doubting, Thomas I en-

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CARLYLE'S ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

Advice, I believe, to young men, as to all men, are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing; and talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether. I would not, therefore, go much into advising; but there is one advice I must give you. In fact, it is the summary of all advices, and doubtless you have heard it a thousand times; but I must nevertheless let you hear it the thousand-and-first time, for it is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not:—namely, That above all things the interest of your whole life depends on your being diligent, now while it is called today, in this place where you have come to get education! Diligent: that includes in it all virtues that a student can have; I mean it to include all those qualities of conduct that lead on to the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is, the seed-time of life; in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will arrive at little. And in the course of years when you come to look back, if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers,—and among many counsellors there is wisdom,—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at Universities are of the highest importance in after-life. At the season when you are young in years, the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to allow it, or constrain it, to form itself into. The mind is then in a plastic or fluid state; but it hardens gradually, to the consistency of rock or of iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man; he, as he has begun, so he will proceed and go on to the last.

By diligence I mean, among other things, and very chiefly too,—honesty, in all your inquiries, and in all you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience can name honest. More and more endeavour

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MOIRS Chocolates

the sweetest thing under the mistle-toe. But be sure they're Moir's — old friends are best!



A LEGAL FIASCO.

Seldom has any issue of the Gazette aroused so much enthusiasm as did the last one, especially among the students of Pine Hill. As each one perused his copy his eye wandered almost instinctively to the joke-column. Speaking generally these were enjoyed but there was one immense exception. Mr. Forsythe was the incarnation of dissatisfaction as he rushed into one of the rooms where two of the students were unravelling the elegancies of Livy. This was to them a very important matter but he had one of a much graver character, one which did not involve the passing of examinations but the whole of his brilliant career. He stated his grievance in no uncertain words and with his mighty arm waving high in the air, he uttered a scathing denunciation of the disrespectful writer who had penned the discourteous words. During his tirade, he uttered these words, which, we have no doubt, will be heartily endorsed by every Dalhousian. "I say that the one who wrote this had an utter disrespect for women and I would, if it took every cent of my money, land the perpetrator behind prison bars." It was decided that he should immediately seek legal advice, and thereupon the plaintiff and several zealous advisers proceeded to the room of R. D. McCleave, who, at the time, was softly snoring. But a matter of such weighty concern demanded his prompt attention. Before his legal advice could be given, however, a retainer must be paid to Mr. McCleave, which was readily granted by Mr. Forsythe's anxious followers. This being done, the counsel asked the plaintiff to state his case, whereupon Mr. Forsythe made a reply which was on text this, that certain articles had appeared in the Gazette which tended to cast a very serious reflection upon his unstained character, that we must all recognize that such an unfounded falsehood would certainly prove detrimental to him as a messenger from the sky. The acute mind of Mr. McCleave at once saw very distinctly through the complicated maze and remembering an exact analogy, he read from a volume on "Prosthetic Dentistry" the decision of a case where the plaintiff had received substantial damages from a detractor who had stated in certain newspapers that the plaintiff was a sky-pilot who habitually frequented a certain prison. Now to any reasonably prudent man, it must be apparent that the injured party in this case, to wit, one freshman, Mr. Forsythe, was likely to be injuriously affected by the article in question.

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find libel cases in "Prosthetic Dentistry," Mr. Forsythe blushing made the assertion that there was another party in the case, whose consent would be required before he could start any definite proceedings. This caused Mr. McCleave to see the case in a new light, and when the details of the matter became known, he decided that it would be unpatriotic to engage the time of so many men whose services might be given to solving the difficulties which concern our Dominion. Nevertheless it seemed wrong to let such a shameful libel go without receiving any attention but Mr. Forsythe urged his counsel to let the matter drop for the sake of his Alma Mater. Then Mr. McCleave stated with all the confidence of a lawyer that he would see that in future, the editor and reporters of the Gazette would have more respect for women.

DALLUSIENSIA.

B-r-d (Med. 19). (Standing in Y. M. C. A., room and looking towards the Dental Infirmary). Oh! look at Tommie will you, with the nice little girl in the chair! Who wouldn't like to be a Dentist?

M-u-oe (Med. '19) (Job's comforter). Cheer up boy. Our turn will come yet. B-r-d. Oh you M-n-oe.

It is reported that a platform named "Monkey Brand" has been provided for a certain orator in the Law Library.

We want to know:— If George Dunn still gets letters from Mamie like the one he tacked up on the notice board at Pine Hill.

Why Walter Wood went three times to see "Baby Mine."

What "Hoopy" said when he fell in the Poor House Pond, judging by his utterances in Histology Lab when he spilt a little water on himself.

What takes Roy Boyden into the Medical Library so much.

Where H. G. Dickson got his scientific vocabulary.

What takes Kenneth Irving to the north end so much. May be Brenda or Miss C. can tell us.

How "Hoopy" got his name. If H. McLeod is coming or going.

F-rs-yth—(reviewing for a chemistry quizz). Now Walls, what is the difference between theory and hypothesis.

W-lls—I don't know.

F-rs-th—Now look here; a theory is a gas, and an hypothesis is a scientific gas.

J-hn B-rk—(Looking in the door of the Medical Library): Who be that girl anyway?

Thomas—Don't get under the incubator: You'll get hatched!

The Gazette wishes one and all a Merry Xmas.

A farmer, riding on a certain railroad, asked the conductor on a recent trip: "How often do you kill a man on this 'ere line?"

"Just once," replied the conductor.

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Correspondence

Continued from page 4

close a short article on the subject from the London Daily Telegraph. You will see from this that our Halifax fogs are clear daylight by comparison.

"There is another very remarkable thing about London, seeing that I am discussing such things, and that is the number of people moving about on the principal streets. I have been out for about four hours this afternoon, up Oxford St. to the Marble Arch, through Hyde Park, along the Serpentine, through Piccadilly, down Regent St., past Charing Cross and along the Strand, up Kingsway and Southampton Row to Buston Road, and during the whole of that six mile walk I saw only one face that, to my knowledge, I had ever seen before, and he was a well known speaker who was holding forth to a crowd in the Park! The fact is that, although I have been nearly three years in London, I very seldom see a face that I have ever seen before so far as I know, and I believe it to be quite possible for one to walk from the Mansion House to Hyde Park every day for a month and never see the same face twice, so far as one could remember. Of course one does often see the same face again, but in the vast tide of humanity that surges on you do not recall it.

"From this you will learn how little one person counts in this metropolis of the world. It takes the conceit out of you after a while. You can wear anything in London, if you are not known, and it makes not an atom of difference. No one notices you or pays any attention whatever unless you should be so foolish as to obtrude your personality by conspicuous behaviour, and in that event you would soon be spotted, as there is nothing easier than drawing the attention of a London crowd, if you are so inclined. But the individual counts for so little here as a rule that even the great Kitchener is well-nigh forgotten. It was thought at first that he would be absolutely irreplaceable. But the new Minister for War, David Lloyd-George, fills the stage quite as much as his predecessor and in some respects makes a better Minister than K. of K.

"And what about the war? Naturally, at this centre of things, I am probably in closer touch with the situation than you, and perhaps I am able therefore to throw a little light on the all-absorbing topic. So far as London is concerned there is little to indicate that the world is in its greatest death grapple, except the enormous number of soldiers about, as there is khaki everywhere. This refers to daylight hours, when things go along pretty much in their accustomed way. At night, however, the city that was formerly as bright as day is actually darker than Dartmouth, and the "lure of London" by night is now largely a memory only. On the whole the English people are absolutely confident as to the final outcome, although some are unduly optimistic, while others are sunk in the depth of pessimism. My own opinion is that it will yet be two years, or very close to it, before Germany unconditionally surrenders, and no other kind of peace will be acceptable to the Allies. We are beating them on the Somme and on the plains of Picardy, but it is necessarily very slow work. You know, of course, that there never was such a war before since the first dawn of an earthly existence. It

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In the Wilds with a Professor

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friend who also liked life in the big woods. When we parted in the summer of 1914 it was with mutual intent to go on a similar expedition the following spring. During the winter, at odd times of meeting, I noticed an increasing indisposition on the part of my friend to discuss the matter. Alas, for my hopes! On May 25th, when the trout fishing was at its best, he married a wife!

A friend of the family, who chanced to be a college professor, with several degrees, and weighing something over a tenth of a ton, had been planning to go on a fishing trip in the spring with an uncle of mine, a gay bachelor, still in his prime. The bachelor uncle also married a wife!

Just at this point if I were a theologian I might begin to comment upon the weakness of mankind; if a psychologist, to discuss the various influences of environment upon fixed ideas; and as a moralist I might well devote several paragraphs to point out how wide spread is the influence of each of us, seeing that two women, comparatively unknown to us and each other, were the means of stopping two fishing trips and starting a third.

Both the professor, whom I shall call Dr. Smith, and myself, being men of dauntless perseverance, continued to plan for an outing. Finally,—I think it was at my suggestion,—we joined forces, and completed preparations. These latter included a gathering into one place of fishing rods, lines and hooks, bread, ham, tongue, butter, sugar, salt, cake, blankets, handaxe, tins, and several other articles which may be mentioned later. Just now I ought not to forget to mention that the professor spent a considerable part of one day digging what he called "educated worms" from a garden near the college. Next morning at the early hour of nine we appeared at the station. It perhaps illustrates the craftiness of our professor that he persuaded the college janitor to carry his kit to the station, instead of doing so himself.

It would weary the reader, if he is not already tired, to relate everything that transpired on that outing. A few incidents may be interesting however. One of the most amusing from my stand point, occurred just outside a small village on the railway line. The train was not a lightning express! Several times while it stopped in the wilderness the passengers climbed out to pick blueberries. Finally the engine left the two lone passenger coaches on the main track, and went about a mile along a branch track to shunt some cars. The doctor enjoyed himself immensely among the blueberries. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he enjoyed the blueberries among him, but that does not sound quite proper. Imagine his surprise, on looking up a few minutes later, to see those two cars speeding down the track with no visible means of propulsion. There was a down grade for about a mile. The conductor had started the cars with a pinch-bar, so that the passengers might get to the village in time for dinner. Some time later I saw my friend about half a mile down the track, sturdily footing it toward the station. He seemed to appreciate the joke as much as anyone, remarking that he didn't know the railway was an electric line. Best of all, he was rather warm, so

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Humanistic Culture Through English Literature.

Continued from page 3

as supremely good, the best of its kind, worthy to live forever, which it does mean, dates back to the political economy of Rome. Roman citizens, for certain purposes, were arranged according to their incomes in several classes. This led one to speak of a man in the third class, or in the second or in the first or highest "classis," as the case might be. A man in the highest was simply "classicus," classed pre-eminently, "classy," as the modern slang goes. We have a similar usage when we say "a man or rank," meaning the highest rank. Persons in the highest rank were *classici*. By an easy transition of ideas, the writings of Greeks and Romans considered the very best of their kind, were called classical or "the classics," an extension which included all Greek and Latin literature. Thus classical has come to mean superlatively fine, elegant, chaste in style, whether of writing, oratory, music or art. Clearly there are no degrees of classical under this definition, but you will hear people say the concert was "very classical" or "too" classical. The uncultured, in fact, are debasing the word; because they find the compositions of the great masters dry, uninteresting and heavy, they are using the word classical as a synonym for "boring" or "tedious" which is something we shall resolutely oppose.

What was it, then, that was reborn in Italy in the fifteenth century? Nothing short of the knowledge of the ancient world, its prose and poetry, its oratory, its art, its laws, its philosophy, its geometry; and these came as a revelation to the Italians of that time. They had been lost for a thousand years, and now they were found and all Italy rejoiced. The discovery of America had opened up boundless possibilities in a physical future, the discovery of the art of printing, coinciding as it practically did with the Renaissance, opened up boundless possibilities in the study of an intellectual past. A civilisation, whose existence had been forgotten was suddenly revealed to the receptive attention of Italy, and it was found to be a civilisation which in refinement, oratory and legislation was quite comparable with the best in Italian society at the close of the Middle Ages.

But the Renaissance was not merely the vivid reviving of the pagan past; with great rapidity, the physical, chemical and biological sciences rose into being; the laws governing the heavens and the earth were discovered, and Nature which, during the millennium of the Dark Ages had revealed nothing, had done nothing to aid mankind in his struggle against her, was found to be indeed none the less a mystery, but a mystery full of meaning, full of order, full of the beauty of the certainty of a cosmos.

Now let us note that at the time of the Renaissance we had the great past of the classical ages made known to the Italians of that time by translations of Greek and Latin authors into the Italian language, so that although large numbers of people had not the knowledge of these ancient tongues to make them specialists and critics in Grammar and palaeography, nevertheless they could participate with the scholars in their intense enjoyment of the intellectual and aesthetic treasures of the past. Not every one of them was of the mental calibre of Leonardo da Vinci,

Benvenuto Cellini or Erasmus, prince of Humanists; but through the Italian vernacular there was a diffusing of an influence so humanising that all and sundry became interested in the upturning of a coin, the uncovering of a statue or the deciphering of a manuscript.

My present point is that this humanistic influence was through the medium of Italian literature; and I hold that through the vernacular of Canada to-day there can be a similar diffusion of that same humanising culture. I need hardly remind such an audience as this how the term Humanism arose, yet it is full of significance for us. The study of the classical past was found to have so fine, so broadening, so ameliorating an effect on the mind that it was said to humanise. The contrast was with the effects of the ignorance of the Dark Ages which it might be said did brutalise. Thus chairs of Latin founded in the Universities at this time were spoken of as chairs of humanity, and a study of the classical languages was named that of the *litterae humaniores*.

Now I hold that without a specialist's knowledge of Greek or Latin, the English speaking youth of to-day may be led into the appreciation of much that those ancient civilisations meant, and be made to feel that humanising power by a wisely chosen course of study in English literature.

Without over-much philological learning, it is possible to be made to appreciate through the medium of our own magnificent literature a very great deal that is characteristic, essential and best in the life of the pre-Christian communities.

By English reading alone a boy would be able to explain what was meant by "the music of the spheres," a "sop to Cerberus," who were the Graces, the Fates and the Muses; where were Scylla and Charbdis, where the Augean stables, the difference between Pandarus and Pandora, and be in a position not to confuse Plato and Pluto, Plutus and Plautus.

The average boy is so busy with the mechanical drudgery of memorising paradigms in grammar, that he can come out of it all quite insensible to the grandeur, the breadth, the robustness and the subtlety of classical thought. He may have spent years on Latin prose-composition, and yet be unable to tell what "candidate" has to do with white, why a mausoleum is so called, why a certain kind of smile is known as sardonic or a countenance saturnine, what the Pierian spring has to do with learning, why dwarfs may be called pygmies, and finally what are the origins of Spartan, panic, laconic, stentorian, tantalising, and ammonia.

Just as the English school-boy fresh from the French class cannot order his ticket or his lunch at Calias, so the grammar-grinder can go through the gorgeous galleries of Paris, Florence, Naples, Rome and not be able to tell you anything about the Nike Apteros, Niobe and her children, the Colosseum or the Mamertine dungeon. Europe without humanistic culture is a wilderness; but in the English language we may find Europe completely described. The brick-layer can be so busy laying bricks, that he is quite unconscious of the beauty of the palace he is helping to build. The man with the muck-rake never saw the crown.

It is possible to be a classical grammarian and yet a perfect barbarian at the same time I am however, not blaming the boys; when they take months to read a few chapters of

Continued on page 14.

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EXCHANGES.

The first number of the *King's College Record* to come to hand this year shows, as do so many of the Canadian college publications, the effect of the war. It is, as usual, good. The leading literary article is a strong, "Perhaps," by the late Murray Byron. Mr. Byron's sad death in the summer of 1915 will be recalled by many college students. He was, I think a member of King's Intercollegiate Debating Team against Acadia in 1915. The Exchange Editor of the *Gazette* was glad to read an interesting article on "The Status of the Press" from the pen of one who evidently knows his Burns. Too few of the college students in New Scotland are able to quote and refer to the greatest poet of the old land. The *Record* contains also a poem "Le Coup de Gascoigne," by Professor Forsyth, in the style of the late Henry Drummond.

The December number of the *Stansstead College Magazine* is artistic, well-edited and well-printed. It is, by the way, the only publication received by the Exchange Editor which has as editor-in-chief a lady. Judging from this number Miss Lawson is well able to hold her own among college editors who have the misfortune to be merely men. An interesting and amusing account of the initiation of the Freshmen bears the unmistakable feminine touch and is the best article in a very excellent number.

The staff of *The Varsity*, the undergraduate newspaper of the University of Toronto brought out on Monday last a Magazine Supplement. It is a publication that should repay its editors by the manner in which it will doubtless be received by the *Varsity* men overseas as well as undergraduates and graduates on this side of the water.

QUERY.

What has happened the true Dalhousiensia of old? I have on file at home the *Gazettes* from the year 1903, in which Dalhousiensia means smiles, if not uproarious laughter. Is it in keeping with the respect due our graduates to relegate their doings to the joke column?

E. N.

(Circumstantial evidence often leads to right conclusions. It frequently leads to wrong conclusions as well. It is therefore unwise to be satisfied with circumstantial evidence when direct evidence is available. The writer of the above might have been saved the trouble of putting this query if enquiry had been made regarding the meaning and intended use of the word. "Dalhousiensia" (more correctly "Dallusiensia") has always stood for anything relating to Dalhousie. Whether it is a personal item about some Dalhousian, a joke at a student's expense, a paragraph in the Library Notes about the forming of a Dalhousie Shelf of Books, or any other items, "newsy," "gossipy," "mirthful," or otherwise that relates to Dalhousie, it may be placed under *Dallusiensia*.—Ed).

The League of Honor

Continued from page 1

they are enduring, suffering, dying, so that life may be endurable for those at home. Are we worth it? That is the question we should all be facing. Men are changing. From the camps and the firing-line itself come the stories of how they are being changed. There they are face to face with the great realities of life and death, and they are learning. One wonders if the war is changing women—if we are keeping pace with our men. When our men come home, those of them who will, will they find us careless of great things, living on in the same way, untouched by what has touched them? Harold Begbie tells of a young officer who came from the front on leave, and found his mother and her friends playing bridge. She complained to him that the war was interfering so with social life. "Don't talk like that mother," he replied. "This war has taught me that there is only one thing that matters, and that is God." Has the war taught us that?

Prayer, purity, temperance—these are the principles of the League of Honor. It calls us, the women of the Empire, to unite ourselves in a great aim, to be faithful to our pledge, and thus to become a source of great strength to our nation. I. G. McC.

LETTER FROM JAS. D. GILLIS

Pambrum,
Saskatchewan, Canada.
October 28th, 1916.

President Mackenzie,
Dalhousie University,
Halifax, N. S.

Dear Sir:—

Being asked once or twice to send my picture to Dalhousie University I do so today. The, or rather a, First Year Class of 1909 wanted my picture in the group of that class and year. Up till today it wasn't convenient for me to send my picture.

As a favor, will you please place it firmly in the group, with mucilage or otherwise, as I promised the "boys," I'd surely send my picture.

Yours &c.,
(Signed) JAMES D. GILLIS.

(Mr. Gillis, as all will recall, is the author of "The Cape Breton Giant," a "Canadian Grammar," and "The Great Election." We have laid it down this year that the *Gazette* will not publish any cuts, because of the diminished receipts and increased expenditure necessitating the curtailing of all expenditure that can be avoided. Otherwise we would like to have published the picture of so well known a Dalhousian as Mr. Gillis. We are pleased to hear from him, however, and to know he has not forgotten the college with which he spent a year. Whether Mr. Gillis' picture can now be inserted in the class group of the 1913 class is doubtful but it will be handed to some member of that class to see what can be done about it.—Ed).

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LAW NOTES.

The first session of the Mock Parliament under the Sterne Administration was held in the Mock Court room on Wednesday evening October 18th, 1916.

At roll call only five members from the ministerial benches answered their names and on inquiry the fact was revealed that they were the whole representation. In fact so has the "grand old party" decreased that many important portfolios remained unfilled.

Her Honour Gov. Fish had prepared a speech which was the subject of the evening debate. In the discussion Messrs. Sterne, Allan and Fraser for the government and Messrs. Robertson Richard and MacDonald from the Opposition took part. Much criticism was levelled at the Government for their conduct of the war. Particularly was the Minister of War. Mr. Allan, scored for his failure to recognize the merits of that veteran soldier General Lyons in the appointments for overseas command. The Minister however, satisfactorily explained the reasons for keeping the General at home.

At the next meeting held a week later the Government introduced a Bill providing for Dominion wide prohibition. This measure was not treated by the House in a partisan manner many members of the Opposition, conspicuous among them Miss MacKenzie, the member for Cape Breton, spoke and voted in favour of the bill, while it required all the efforts of the party whip to keep several members of the Government from openly opposing it.

A feature of the evening debate was an attack made by the Minister of Marine upon the Speaker of the House charging him with unbecoming conduct while in the Constituency of North Cape Breton. So serious were the matters alleged that the member vacated the throne and spoke from the floor of the House. In an able and eloquent manner the gentleman defended himself and left no doubt in the minds of the members present that the attacks were merely mischievous and without any foundation in fact. The leader of the Opposition contrary to custom and actuated as he expressed it by concern for the welfare of the members of the Government did not oppose the measure, and the bill passed.

On the third night the Government had no bill to present to the house and the members of the Opposition took advantage of the occasion to make some very pertinent inquiries of the Government, regarding the finances of the country and the conduct of the war. Mr. Richard on this occasion distinguished himself as financial critic, his speech which was in French was much enjoyed by all except the Prime Minister, Miss MacInnis of Halifax, answered him but not even her very able defense of the Government policy could clear the suspicions, increasing for a number of days, that the welfare of the country was endangered by the private quarrels of members of the government. A motion of want of confidence in the government was then put and carried by a large majority. Mr. Sterne immediately resigned and Governor Fish called upon Mr. MacAulay to form a new government.

An innovation that is meeting with much adverse criticism from the law students is the institution of examinations at Christmas.

All reasonable efforts were put forth by the students to avert this calamity but to no avail. The edict has gone forth and it is for them to bow to the inevitable.

However, in all fairness it must be stated that the system has its good points and that although it means extra work at this particular time it is in the students best interest to hold such tests.

It means that the work done will be more evenly distributed over the two sessions and that reviewing will be done now which otherwise would be left over till the last moment before the spring examinations. In this way "cramming" and its attendant evils will to a certain extent be curtailed and a more thorough knowledge of the subjects will be the students reward.

Moreover in the past it was customary for the students to "cut" classes on the last days before the beginning of the Christmas Holidays, thus losing valuable instruction and taking time from their studies which many of them, if they considered the matter in that light, could ill afford. Now being obliged to remain over till the last day all the time will be utilized and all students should realize that they will be the beneficiaries of the system that makes it imperative for them to remain.

Legal Antiquities.—When pleading was scarcely developed the Courts used to hear suits against the animals.

The famous French lawyer Chassanee first established his fame by defending the rats in a process which had been instigated against them in the diocese of Autun. The rats did not appear at the first Citation, and their advocate suggested that they had not all been summoned, but only those in a few localities. The proper way was to summon all the rats in every parish. This was held a good plea, and therefore all the rats were duly summoned. They did not, however, attend but their advocate suggested that many of them were old and sick and an extension of time should be given. This was again allowed but the rats did not come into court at the extended time. The advocate then pleaded as the next excuse that the rats were most anxious to come, but as there were many cats on their way to court they were entitled to protection in going and coming, otherwise they were afraid to venture out. Therefore security must be given that the cats would not molest the litigants. The Court allowed that this was reasonable; but the owners would not undertake to be bound for the good behaviour of the cats and so the appointment of the sitting of the Court fell through and the hearing was adjourned *sine die*.

A lawyer and a physician having a debate about precedence referred it to Diogenes, who decided it in favor of the lawyer in these terms "Let the thief go before and the execution follow."

The longest lawsuit known in England was the famous Bereky suit which lasted upward of one hundred and ninety three years, having commenced in 1416 and terminated in 1609.

The last issue of the "Dalhousie Law Monthly" is to hand, and among the articles which we recommend to our readers are the following: "Why I am a Decujus" by Mr. R. C. Sterne. The learned author has in this article displayed

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.

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Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, June 12, 1916.

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even more than his usual ability. Showing a firm grasp of the law of Domicile, Mr. M. M. Porter in an essay on the "Feet of Fines" reveals a vast knowledge of the historical side of the English Law, but which we are glad to say is typical of the third year class in law.

Mr. G. M. Salter in a new edition of "My Ladies' Law" has given to the world an excellent hand book which should be of great interest to the fair sex whether of the law professions or not. He acknowledges in his preface the deep debt of gratitude he owes to his assistants Messrs. Richard and Robertson whose unflagging zeal and unremitting industry in searching the old authorities has contributed materially to the success of the work.

We regret to announce that another postponement has taken place in the "Mock Trial." This time until after the Christmas Vacation—this is very regrettable. We give above a remarkable instance of a trail that up to date has held the record for procrastination but the "Mock Trial" to have been held in the Law School bids fair to rival it in its long delay of justice. Let the authorities look to it that this travesty will no longer be permitted, but that the guilty parties will at once be brought before the courts.

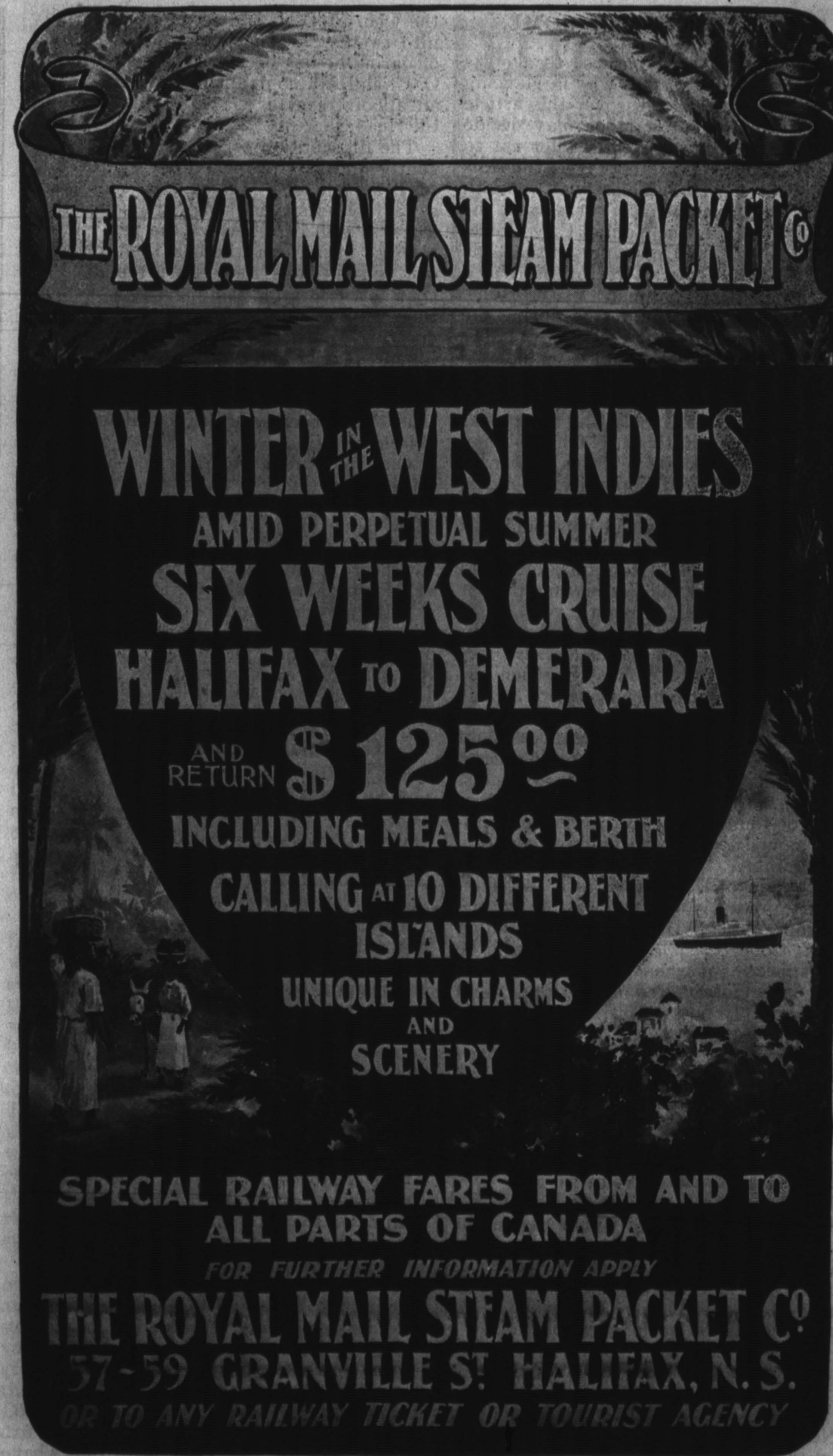
A DEFENSE.

The Editor, Gazette:—The last number of the *Gazette* contained a report of a meeting of Arts and Science which contrasted strongly with the admirable reports of the other college societies. It began with a clumsy attempt to imitate the style of Macaulay's "Warren Hastings" and, after an account of the debate went on to a spiteful and verbose attack on Mr. Lawley who delivered the critique that evening. I had the good fortune to hear Mr. Lawley's entertaining and instructive criticism of the speeches that evening and cannot see students who were not present given a distorted account of it without expressing my views on the matter.

It is true that Mr. Lawley in his critique gave more time to one of the speakers than he did to the other two but inasmuch as the speaker was in dire need of additional advice the critic was amply justified in doing so. And I cannot see how the writer of the article in question can with propriety criticize Mr. Lawley for holding "the speaker up as an object of ridicule and a butt for freshman-applauded wit," when he himself, throughout the entire article, does not attack Mr. Lawley with any well-founded arguments but pokes ironic fun at him. The President of Arts and Science, Mr. R. D. McCleave suffers in the same way from the pen of this would-be sarcastic gentleman. Also the reporter for Arts and Science would have impressed his readers far more if his article had been signed. It should be a rule of college journalism that any article making a personal attack on a student should bear at least the initials of the writer.

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A VISIT TO THE CITY HOME.

It is my intent and purpose to agonize sundry and divers persons who in glancing over the Gazette may discover this article and for want of better labor may decide to read it. Prepare O Gentle Idler not to read a pathetic tale entitled, "Over the Hills to the Poor Farm" but merely a twentieth century visit by the fair ones and the fair he's (Faries) to the Halifax City Home. Who planned it? No less a person than His August Majesty Mr. Director of Ways and Means by which inmates of the Home may be soothed and comforted during the last few years of their perilous sojourn here in what a theological friend of mine was wont to call, "This present worlds of ours."

Now Mr. Director of Ways and Means of bringing cheer to the lonely and weary has other means of captivating females than just his radiant smile and his power of twirling his thumbs in opposite directions, which miraculous feat was accomplished by him almost as soon as he could say the present indicative active of *amo*. He buys them candy. And since he found the scheme to work successfully on at least one dozen of them, not mark you, all at once, but one at one time, another at another, he decided that such a decisive method would be most persuasive when applied at the City Home. Therefore he was pleased to order in a stern voice that each of his vassals, male and female, should bring to the Red Building on Carleton Street one pound of solidified sweetness. Furthermore he issued a mandate that they should be found in the said building hereinbefore named at 3p.m. on Sunday Dec. 10th.

Accordingly there assembled at the proper rendezvous, but tragic is it to relate, not very promptly, majestic yet sunny co-eds from Forest Hall and the Halifax Ladies' College. The tragicness will be more appreciated when I state that one young gentleman, tired of waiting, spent his last earthly possessions, in the shape of five cents, to telephone the H. L. C. inquiring if any girls had departed from there carrying baskets. He was overheard trying to induce the telephone operator to permit him the right of speaking at a more reasonable cost of one cent. But in vain.

As is quite plain the young gentlemen from Pine Hill were prompter and even had time to take their bearings and box their compasses for the Home before the life, or better still, the lives of the party arrived. The adjustment of direction was necessary as several boys knew no other course than the Ladies' College. What strange sights met the view of the girls on their arrival it is impossible for me to relate, suffice it to say that any inquiries by the inquisitive will readily be satisfied by asking co-eds present at this adventure.

Next little paper bags were rapidly filled from the candy the boys had brought with them. While this process was going on Mr. Director talked frantically about certain molasses kisses which should have appeared on the scene. For his benefit and the benefit of those present beside himself, rumor had it that they did appear but minus their gaudy coverings. Then came the task of conveying them to the Home. Baskets not being in sufficient number to carry all the bags, some of the boys gallantly came to the rescue and deposited the balance of them in their pockets. It is reported that there was an appreciable difference in what went in and what was brought to light in the office of the Home. It also explains why a certain member of

the Clan McLean had to divide one candy into twenty six equal parts. For this act of daring he has been recommended by his O. C. and will no doubt in due time receive an appointment as G. S. O. first grade at the Head Quarters.

The distribution of the candy was dilligently and carefully executed by the said McLean and one McNeil. In each ward sweet voiced singers sang "the songs they knew so well" after which the party broke up into groups and betook themselves to the cots. There they either remained to chat or else after shaking hands wended their way to another place to speak some cheering word. Our friend from Louisburg found one who could speak Gaelic and right glad was she to hear her mother tongue. Of what they conversed I know not but it must have been of Inverness Glens and Wireless Stations.

One young man was informed by a gray haired lady that she was a good cook, had no husband and was liked by everybody. How many more hints did he want? Another student with a very tender heart was overheard promising an inmate 777 oz. of Master Mason as a Christmas Present.

But everything comes to an end and so with Merry Christmases and Happy New Years we left them for 1916. Gentle Reader if by chance you have read this to the end I wish you the same greetings. —LIFE.

Carlyle's Advice to Students.

Continued from page 4.

to do that. Keep, I should say for one thing, an accurate separation between what you have really come to know in your minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that latter on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all; and be careful not to admit a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is imprinted clearly on your mind, and has become transparent to you, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavouring to persuade himself, and endeavouring to persuade others, that he knows things, when he does not know more than the outside skin of them; and yet he goes flourishing about with them. There is also a process called cramming, in some Universities,—that is, getting up such points as the examiner is likely to put questions about. Avoid all that, as entirely unworthy of an honorable mind. Be modest and humble, and assiduous in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand to it. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to follow and adopt them in proportion to their fitness for you. Gradually see what kind of work you individually can do; it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In short, morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrules all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real; he never will study with real fruit; and perhaps it would be greatly better if he were tied up from trying it. He does nothing but darken counsel by the words he utters. That is a very old doctrine, but a very true one; and you will find it confirmed by all the thinking men that have ever lived in this long series of generations of which we are the latest.

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In the Wilds with a Professor

Continued from page 6

suggested an ice-cream at a nearby shop. In this plan I heartily participated, at his expense.

An hour later we arrived at our destination. That afternoon we began a thirty mile auto trip towards the wilds of Canada. On this part of the trip a nephew of the professor's accompanied us, and on the way we took in a Mr. Biggs, and a bag of potatoes. The road grew worse as we proceeded. At last the rear wheels stuck in a deep mud hole behind a culvert. They revolved quite readily, throwing up mud and water, but could not raise the car out of the hole. By throwing boughs under the tires to give traction, and lifting on a long pole borrowed from the culvert itself, we were at length able to surmount the difficulty.

At the last house in civilization lived a Mr. Mack and family. Here after a supper which consisted chiefly of buckwheat pancakes, the car left us,—that is to say, we ate the pancakes, and the car did the leaving! The professor sought shelter in a barn in order to change his raiment. Mr. Mack hitched his small horse to a correspondingly small high waggon. On this we piled most of our supplies, and the worthy doctor took his place on top of all. Mr. Biggs drove the horse, while Mack, the professor's nephew, and the writer set out on foot. To the amusement of the others I got from Mrs. Jack a small bottle of cream. This they derisively called my "cow." But in my outfit was a can of cocoa, and I preferred cream in my cocoa, so said nothing. About dark our friend Mack left us in the middle of a clump of small pines and started back toward his home about four miles away. He left a promise to call in two days. He also left his rifle with Biggs, "in case a moose or deer should attack us." From the conversation of these two one would judge that "open" and "closed" game seasons were not very important matters. Even the professor himself, who held some position on a committee for conserving our natural resources, did not seem at all worried about game laws once he reached the woods. Mr. Mack told us several moose-hunting adventures on the walk, some of them quite thrilling.

Imagine, if you can, the four of us left in the dark with our luggage, where the trees were so thick it was difficult to turn the waggon, under necessity of pitching tent and providing accommodations for the night. A small amount of previous camping experience proved very useful to me just then. After some search I discovered two or three candles in my supplies. These were lighted and tied into split branches. By the light of one Biggs and the doctor pitched tent. The boy, Frank, held the other while I cut firewood. Dry wood was very scarce, until discovery of a dead but not decayed pine solved the problem. With a fire started, things looked more cheerful, and ere long a very comfortable looking lot of blankets awaited us inside the tent. I buried my cow in the mud a few yards away—all which helped matters out wonderfully. My friends found it difficult to persuade me to retire for the night as I seemed possessed of an overwhelming desire to cut white birch trees into firewood. I think it is only fair to myself to say that in the "we sma' hours," when the cold began to creep through those

blankets, the wisdom of my course became more apparent. When we were almost asleep somebody coughed just outside the tent! Or did something bark? More mature consideration, and Mr. Biggs, told us it was a deer, attracted by the fire, and snorting his disdain for the invaders of his domain.

Early in the morning we arose. I was up first, but after lighting a fire retired once more beneath the blankets, while the others got breakfast, but appearing in time to prepare some cocoa for Frank and myself. A most remarkable thing happened at breakfast. I offered the professor and Biggs some of my cow's milk, and they accepted it with a reluctance which I could not but believe was feigned. Ere the trip was over they had used as much of it in their tea as the rightful owner did in his cocoa. That bottle of cream kept for two days, buried in the mud.

Large appetites rarely decrease on a fishing trip. When the others left camp that morning, I was still eating! We arrived together at a dam some miles up stream, and fished near it till noon. Dinner consisted of bread and cake, a can of beans warmed on a rock near the fire, and tea. There was a shortage of dishes. Birch bark served as plates, and the ever ready jack-knife proved useful for the beans. What should we use for cups? Being the inventor of the party, I suggested bait cans. The doctor had used all the educated worms out of one of his. He now emptied the remaining earth, and squinted into it with one eye. "Do you suppose I dare?" he inquired "Sure!" I replied. In two or three minutes he returned from the stream with a nice tin cup of rater odd shape. Who said anything about the association of ideas? I warrant you the best tea professor Smith ever tasted was from a bait can!

After dinner came more fishing. At the farthest point down stream to which we went was a fairly deep hole. Here I had a swim. It is merely relating the truth to say that although we caught as many trout as we wanted, some of them might well have been a little larger. We returned to camp through a mile or so of woods, about half of which was bog. The sole of one of the doctor's boots was soaked off with so much wading, and his feet must have been sore with carrying so much avordupois but he caught more fish than any of us. In fact the strap of his fish basket broke with the weight of them. I began to think of educating some worms for next year.

Supper consisted of fried trout, boiled potatoes, tea or cocoa, several kinds of bread and cake, cold boiled tongue and ham, strawberry preserves, peanut butter, and a variety of other good things. Were we hungry? We were! Did we eat? We did! Did the professor eat more than we all? He did! Did he then eat some more? He certainly did! Our attempts to keep up our own reputations gave way to surprise, our surprise to admiration, our admiration to doubts, our doubt to fear—and then he stopped!

After a most glorious night's sleep, we ate again. Breakfast included fried potatoes and trout, but did not lag far behind supper in point of variety. We found the cow had gone dry.

After packing the tent and blankets, we waited more or less patiently for an hour or so until Mack arrived with his waggon. Arrived at the outskirts of civilization we met the automobile and a game warden!

Concluded on page 16

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Correspondence

Continued from page 7.

is an *underground* war, pure and simple. Of the millions of men opposite each other on the Western front not a soul is to be seen on the earth's surface. They are all dug in and live like rabbits in a warren. That is why our progress is so slow, and that is why the war is likely to last for two years longer. To dig the enemy out of his underground fortifications is a tremendous task and has to be done foot by foot. In former wars great battles could be fought and won in a few hours, very often; but not so now, as the enemy simply retreats from one line of trenches to another, so that driving him back is extremely slow work. When our great offensive started on the Somme on July first it was thought that by the end of the year we would have had the Germans cleaned out of France and possibly out of Belgium. But a glance at a war map shows that, geographically, our advance is almost negligible. What we have done is of tremendous importance, however, inasmuch as we have proved once and for all that in every possible respect the British and French troops are the masters of the Germans. Therefore it only becomes a matter of time when the German opposition will crumple up and then will come the most colossal debacle that the world has ever witnessed. Opinions even of great generals differ as to how long it will take to accomplish all this, and hence it may be absurd for me to give an opinion. Everyone, however, is entitled to his own view, and my survey of the situation leads me to believe that we have a good twelve months work ahead of us to reach the Rhine, and quite another year to reach Berlin. That would carry the war to the end of 1918, and I do not see how it can end much before that *unless* (mark this) there should be a failure of the crops next year in Germany, in which event starvation might cause an internal collapse. But, speaking militarily, Germany is still enormously strong. Falkenhayn's advance against Roumania is proof of that. In the main theatres of the war, however, the enemy has lost the power of the offensive and I don't see how he can ever regain it, unless it be an occasional spasmodic outburst, such as an animal, mortally wounded, might make in the agonies of its approaching dissolution.

"I suppose many young fellows of your acquaintance are in khaki and no doubt some of them are over here. While I have seen thousands of Canadians walking about London, and have conversed with some of them, I have not seen any familiar faces. There are a great many Austrians here, too. In fact the whole Empire has nobly responded to the call, and many more will have to come forward. At present the age limit under conscription is 41, but I quite expect to see it raised before long to 45 and possibly it may go higher than that before it is all over. If I was of military age I would be glad to join the colors, as it is the duty of every man to "do his bit," as they say over here, and help to overthrow Prussian militarism, that barbaric monster that threatens to crush the civilization of the world. As far as I am concerned I am trying to do a little for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors who have been blinded in the war. Their lot is certainly not an enviable one, as many of them are badly disfigured as well as blind. They are not quite so hopeless, however, as those

who are paralysed and will never again be able to move, of whom there are many, or as bad as the poor chaps who have lost both arms and legs, of whom I am told there are about 200 in an English hospital. All these victims will ever be able to do is to roll over the floor. Millions dead and millions maimed and the end is not yet even within measurable distance! Truly, it is an appalling record and a still frightful prospect! And all to satisfy the ambition of one man! Thank God it will not be satisfied, and let one hope that out of this fire furnace of an earthly hell may rise a purer and a better Europe and a sweeter and more Christian civilization."

Humanistic Culture Through English Literature.

Continued from page 7.

Caesar or Livy how can they acquire a wide, general knowledge of the characteristics of life in classical times? But what their class-books cannot give them, English authors can. It would not be difficult to draw up a course of reading to include classical history and biography, an introduction to the study of Greek and Roman customs, beliefs, laws, and modes of thought. The past could be made to live as it *does* live in English literature, and as it does *not* in the class-books.

Some foundation in Greek and Latin grammar must be laid in order to comprehend the very rudiments of English etymology; but this being laid, a most fair superstructure could be erected of materials entirely derived from English sources. Every phase of classical life has been expounded, as for instance in "Blackwood's ancient classics for English readers," by the most learned of English authors. There is no topic in antiquity on which some English treatise cannot be obtained; but better get knowledge from Baedeker's Hand-books than not get it at all.

Professor Gilbert Murray has put the position so well in an address to the Imperial Conference of Teachers in London this year, that one cannot do better than quote from a report of his speech:—"They did not compete with any kind of technical training. They did not teach people classics simply to make them classical scholars; they did not do it to help them definitely in their vocation or profession, though indirectly they might so help them. They did not teach them in order to make great discoveries, as people learned science. What they attempted to do was to enable their pupils to enrich their whole life, to train their mind and imagination, and to give them, not special knowledge useful for special purposes, but a general basis of knowledge which was relevant to high human endeavor. He believed that classical teachers ought constantly to overhaul themselves, to bring themselves up before the bar of their own consciences and ask whether they were really giving intellectual food to their pupils which was as interesting and as likely to develop all the powers of the mind as they were getting from their botany lessons or their English literature. If they were not, they had got somehow to improve their teaching."

Professor Murray just doubts whether the boys are getting from their classical teachers that food to develop their minds such as botany or English literature can give them: I frankly doubt it. English scholarship has laboured to expound classi-

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cal life and its conditions, why, then, should we ignore all this natural aid to a study of these very times. If we are "heirs of all the ages," let us not hesitate to enter into our inheritance. Without this a very great deal of Dryden, Milton, Keats, Shelly and Tennyson is wasted on us. Without a knowledge of classical customs, practices and traditions a very great deal of the New Testament loses its meaning. "I appeal unto Caesar," to which Caesar, and to what sort of appeal was Paul alluding?

European travel should, if possible, be indulged in, since the museums and many of the cities of Europe are so many object-lessons in antiquity; the laboratories of culture, as it were.

Instead of presenting any more libraries, Mr. Carnegie might institute a fund to enable poor people in search of what interests cultured people to travel in classical lands, a fund for students, teachers and professors. What a fascinating course of reading about the classics in English literature could be drawn up! It would certainly include Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome." The Lay of Horatius should be read and the boys made to explain the allusions—

"But hark the cry is Astur,
And lo the ranks divide,
And the Great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride,
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield."

and the boy might profitably be asked what slip in English grammar there is in the last line even though it was written by Macaulay. I should also include in that course of English literature the whole of "Childe Harold" partly on account of the exquisite stanzas that deal with Greece and Italy.

"Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied,
throng;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian
blast,

Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal
tongue

Fill with thy fame the youth of many a
shore;

Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful
lore."

The man that wrote that, brilliant, wayward, wandering Byron, whatever else he had or had not, had humanistic culture, and from his writings alone much of it could enter into the soul.

While I should be the very last person formally to sanction the omission of a study of the Greek and Latin languages in the case of many young people, still I have never held that in the case of certain minds it was a necessary discipline. There are some third-rate minds which will never absorb culture of any kind; and to try to impart even the elements of classical knowledge to them would be a serious waste of their and some teacher's time. I believe in the existence of orders of mind; first, second, third and nth class; and I believe, further, that these mental endowments are as distinctly inherited as are peculiarities of body. But for other reasons the study of the ancient languages is inappropriate in the case of those we have in mind. It is however, impossible too soon to

arouse in the mind of any boy or girl a love of the best in any literature, but particularly English, a love of the sublime and beautiful in English writers, and the cultivation of the judgment to discriminate between the ephemeral and the immortal. For after all, it does not need extensive erudition to perceive what are the limitations of humanistic literature at its best; we cannot forget that it lacks those features which are preeminently of Christian origin. The Roman had no sympathy with the weak, he was often entirely lacking in what Matthew Arnold called "sweet reasonableness;" the idea of toleration, which is of the essence of culture, he scouted as folly; scenery in itself seems to have appealed to him very feebly, and as for science he knew none to admire.

English literature is so intrinsically important, so catholic in the range of its interests, so varied in its styles and modes, and contains so much that has been epoch-making, that we consider it a disgrace when foreigners are ignorant of its masterpieces; how much more, then, the scandal when the sons and daughters of England do not know it, for to know it is to love it. The literature that contains the English Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, the plays of Shakespeare, the Principia, the account of the discovery of the circulation of the blood, the writings of Bacon, Paradise Lost, the Essays of Lord Macaulay, Ivanhoe, The Heart of Midlothian, Adam Bede, The Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and in Memoriam, contains such masterpieces that the finest minds outside the British Empire have called them classics; there is no higher praise.

I am convinced that the reading of the English masterpieces is far too little made a matter of the ordinary, every-day, school routine. It is quite as important for a boy to know who said and under what circumstances it was said, "I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec," as it is for him to extract the cube root of 1912."

It is of more consequence for me to understand the state of England, politically, morally, scientifically during the life-time of Shakespeare or of Harvey than for me to be able to define the cosine of an angle or to explain the meaning of negative indices, for,—

"These earthly godfathers of heavens lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and know not
what they are."

English literature while as subtle as the Greek, and as virile as the Roman, can give a culture sweeter, fairer, more human, more humanistic; for it gives us something which neither proud philosophy nor clear-eyed science knows, and which the most finished product of antiquity could never have felt; it has tenderer songs and more delicate fancies than the finest of the ancients could have sung or dreamed. "Daffodils that come before the swallow dars and take the winds of March with beauty", could never have been written by one who knew not England. English culture includes a tolerance which the Roman would have scorned as weakness, a capacity for admiration which his pride would never have permitted, and a humility of spirit which constrains us to believe it is perfectly true that, "to know all, is to forgive all."

D. FRASER HARRIS.

THIS SPACE RESERVED

FOR

MORTON & THOMSON

In the Bright
Lexicon of YouthThere is one word that
should be read, learned
and invariably digested

NA-DRU-CO

It is an abbreviation of
National Drug Co.

and indicates a line of

Medicines and Toilet
Requisites

— SUCH AS —

SHAVING STICKS
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TALCUM POWDER
TOOTH PASTE
COLD CREAMWITCH HAZEL CREAM
VANISHING CREAM
HAIR RESTORER
ETC., ETC., ETC.Which are reliable and
first class in every re-
spect and guaranteed to
give satisfaction by theNational Drug and
Chemical Co., Limited
HALIFAX BRANCH

A New Society Formed at Dalhousie

Continued from page 3

marker. A motion was also passed that Freshie Peppard looks real cute in his new green hat.

It was moved and seconded that when the philosophy professor said, "Some people have a mania for building," he made no allusion to any other member of the faculty. On vote the motion was lost.

It was moved by the honor student in Economics and History, seconded by a first year Med from Pine Hill that the Pine Hill boys are "some scrappers." Serious objection was raised by Mr. Sh-w, of floor-wiping fame, who claimed that the denizens of that Sanctum Sanctorum are really a very peaceable lot. The motion was finally laid on the floor for one month when the Pine Hill members are to report any further developments.

It was suggested that the source of the black eye, lately worn by the president of the Skating Club should be investigated. This proposal was so vigorously opposed by the gentleman in question that the matter was dropped.

A committee was appointed to investigate the rules regarding attendance at lectures and to bring in a thorough and complete kick at the next meeting.

It had been intended at this meeting to kick about the manner in which the Gazettes have been distributed, but inasmuch as some improvement has been noted the matter was allowed to stand.

Several new members expressed their hearty sympathy with the objects of the Association and stated that they would have several kicks to present at the next meeting. A collection was taken to pay expenses of putting an electric light in the Y. M. C. A. room at the Carleton street building, since the Senate cannot afford one. The amount raised was thirteen cents, two collar buttons, and one button which was not for a collar. This last was returned to the owner, a Junior from Pine Hill. The Secretary took the collar buttons and the treasurer has the thirteen cents.

The meeting adjourned without a motion.

In the Wilds with a Professor

Continued from page 13

The professor hid in a barn—to change once again to becoming garb. A thirty mile ride, interrupted long enough to eat supper, completed our outing. Next day we returned home by rail, taking a few samples of trout with us.

I suppose I might as well confess. Our best friend on the whole trip was a bottle. Does your evil imagination at once place us in that class who are sometimes falsely called sports, but whose idea of sport is to make bigger fools of themselves in the wilds of nature than they do at home? Let the thought perish in your mind! The bottle of which I speak contained an oily, fragrant liquid, for external use only. The initiated call it "mosquito dope!" To the uninitiated it means little, as does also this straggling tale. It is the writer's hope, however, that to some this account will recall similar outings, when they too enjoyed for a few days the free life in the big woods. At any rate, kind reader, do not forget my former suggestion, that professors are human, and as a class are quite as good sports as other men,—better than some.

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