

*Prof. W. C. Murray*



# The Dalhousie Gazette.

**HALIFAX, N. S.**

**March 25, 1908.**

**Vol. XL.**

**No. 6.**

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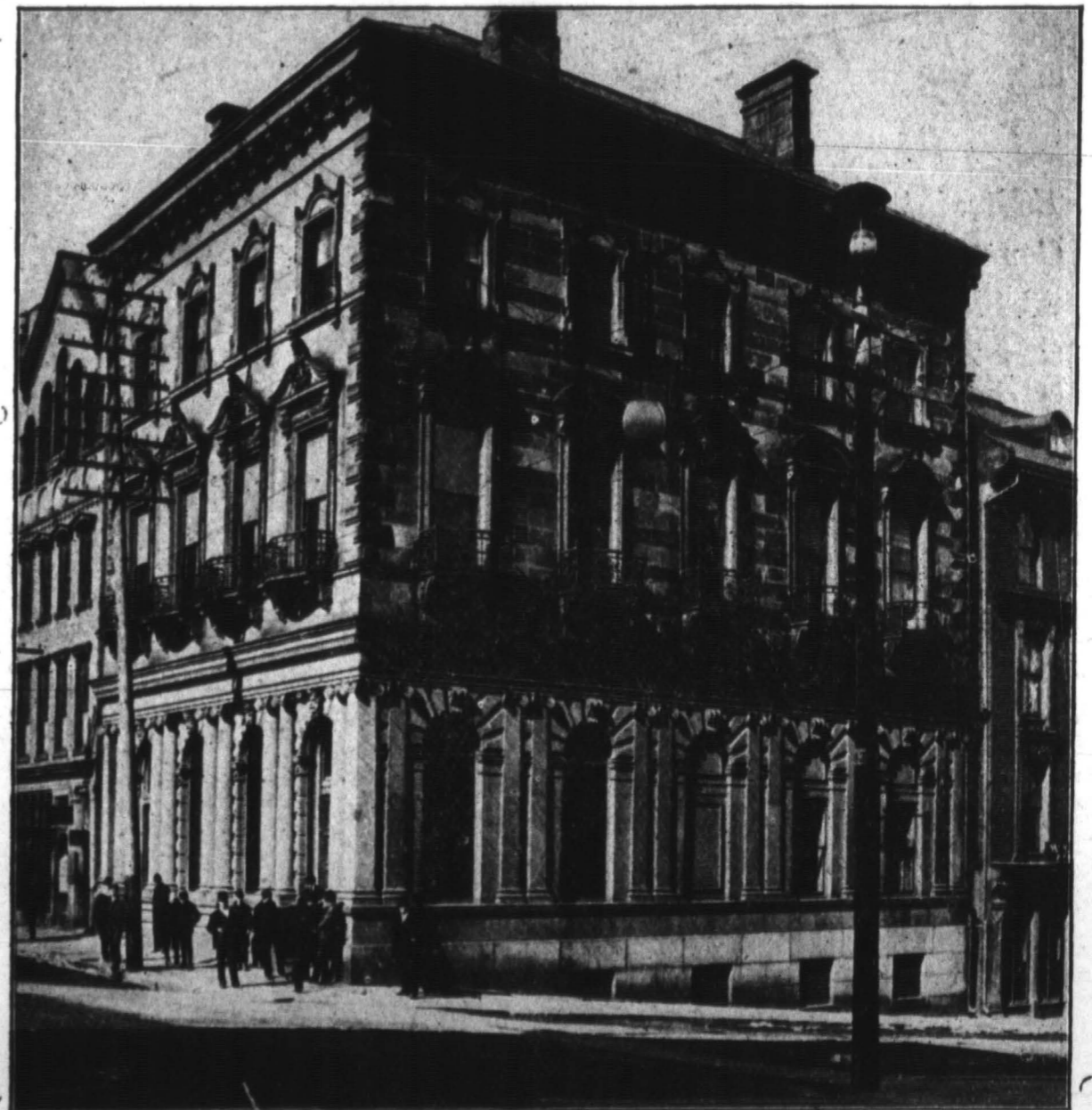
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"ORA ET LABORA."

Vol. XL

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No. 6.

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## Editorial.

"THAT co-education has always complicated any college situation is the belief of many, and that it has been the undoing of a majority of small colleges is the testimony of a large number of alumni." So says the *New York Evening Post*, in discussing the refusal of Columbia University to accept Miss Cook as one of the Cornell team in the inter-collegiate debate. It adds, "It is highly probable, and indeed, most likely, that many even at Cornell were sorry when Miss Cook won her place, not from personal animus, but from a desire to eliminate the feminine element from college affairs as much as possible."

That co-education has not complicated any college situation at Dalhousie is certain. The question comes, has there been, is there, or will there ever be, that jealousy between the sexes which the *Post* takes for granted?

The Senate and Governors of Dalhousie raised no objection to the admission of women to all the rights and privileges of the college. The one difficulty was brought forward in a presidential address thus, "how to make staid stern bachelors

out of bright young ladies!" That the threatened invasion was not received so calmly by the students is evident from the pitiful wail of the valedictorian of class '79. "Have you thought of the encroachments which the fair are making within in the walls of our Alma Mater! Will you allow destruction to steal upon you! Rise, fellow freemen, or your freedom will be gone, and you will be forced to make invidious distinctions between class men and class women. Fancy getting up on a cold morning in mid-winter, and performing an elaborate toilet before nine o'clock—French or Chemistry; imagine the dreadful necessity of Freshies wearing collars and ties *continually*. Comrades, think of this, and guard your liberties to the death! In spite of this appeal two women entered in 1881. Since then the number has steadily increased.

The "feminine element" has not, as yet, encroached far on college affairs; and any part taken by the girls has always been at the request of those who were first in the field. The unvarying courtesy which the men of Dalhousie have showed, and do show the coeds justifies the assumption that no feeling of jealousy or rivalry exists between the sexes.

The women have not as yet taken part in the Sodales Debating Society, and while the ideals of the Dalhousie girl remain what they are, they never will. From her classes, and from her own debating society she can receive all necessary mental training and practice. She does not need nor wish to come before the public in competition as a woman against a man. While this spirit is maintained, no complications such as at the Cornell-Columbia affair can arise.

One who had made a careful study of co-education at many colleges reported that the system in vogue at Dalhousie was of all the most perfect, because there was on the part of both men and women *a complete unconsciousness of co-education*. While this unconsciousness remains, the relations between the students can be neither strained, nor familiar.

The Dalhousie girls enjoys the heritage of a name on which no slur has ever been cast. It should be her proudest boast that a professor, after more than a dozen years of intimate acquaintance with the college life could say, "There is no co-

education problem at Dalhousie. The relations between the young men and maidens are right and proper. Part of the credit is due to the men, *but most to the young women themselves.*"

Five years ago this was written of Dalhousie, and is quoted now, "lest we forget."

In this number we publish the Prize Story and Poem, the successful contributions in our recent prizes competition. We congratulate Miss Giffin in winning first place in both departments. To Profs. MacMechan and MacKenzie and Mr. Brunt who judged the contribution, we express our appreciation and thanks. Owing to the small number of Competitors, second prizes were not awarded.

## Concerning Dinner.

### PRIZE STORY.

The house of Willoughby Sullivan was in an uproar. A letter had been brought in from School by Agatha St. Elmo aged eight, the sixth from the the top and the fourth from the foot of the family flight of steps which had created as much trouble as the apple of Eros did at the Olympian banquet, for she had deposited it on the family dinner table and said in decisive accents,—

"Maw, there's a letter."

"My land alive, Gathy, take it off them pertaters. Give it to Con to read."

When Constance Eulalie, who was the third step from the top, stepped forward and opened the missive somewhat gingerly for she had been putting coal into the fire with her fingers, she spread the letter out at last and read in an awe-stricken voice,—

"Dear Maw,—This is to tell you that I'm well and was married last week to mister James Green Him what I told Con about when I were home last. He is coming home with me to see you and sends his love which I do the same hopes you are all well and so no more from yours in haste.

Missis James Green.

P. S.—Jim and me will leave tomorrer Jim says we oughter be there on next Wednesday in the boat.

"For mercy sakes child." Mrs. Sullivan sat down and fanned herself with a tin pie plate from which she had just removed a herring.

"They aint comin' on the boat tomorrer?"

"That's what Em says" said Miss Constance referring to the letter. "Wel Maw, what's to be done now?"

"We aint got no clothes, we aint got no dinner worth eatin'. What's to be done you may well say.

Wilfred don't take two of them pertaters. I want 'em for dinner tomorrer. They aint more'n six down sullen 'n two of them bad."

Mrs. Sullivan fairly groaned but she was a woman of resource. "Lola you've had more'n enough of that herrin'. Put the tail back. Wilfred put back that there pertater you aint touched." (Lola Deferris and Wilfred Laurier resigned the eatables with very audible sighs.) "Now Gathy you hurry along to school. Pin up that hole in Rose Marion's dress before you go an take her with you," went on the indefatigable mother, "an' just ask little Lucy Winters if there was any cake left over from her mother's party. If there is you go up after school an' ask Mis Winters for some. She'll give it to you an' if you eat 's much as one bit on your way home you'll catch it." Then Mrs. Sullivan took up Basil Underwood Sullivan and Elaine Dalafield Sullivan and put them out at the back door to play in a little patch of gravel where the snow had been shoveled away.

Then with the help of Constance Eulalie and Lola Deferris she swept and scrubbed the kitchen and the bedroom next it; that comprising all the ground floor she rested from her labours; justly deeming the cleansing of the loft above, reached by a ladder from the kitchen, to be a task beyond human power. By this time the afternoon had passed, and the students of the family appeared, each laden with a little parcel of cake and rather crushed sandwiches. These delicacies were placed on the shelf behind the kitchen stove, between

the family supply of tin lamps and the pipes and tobacco of Sullivan *père*, and Sullivan *filis*, who were at the mines during the day.

Then they proceeded to the serious business of supper,—a mixture called tea for want of a more convenient name, what Wilfred Laurier called a hunk of bread, and a bowl of molasses were put on the table with some cold porridge left from breakfast and a half bottle of pickles. Then the manly step of the master of the house and his heir were heard and in a few minutes the Sullivan family were reunited around the festive board.

"Pa Em's married and her and her husband's coming home on the steamer tomorrer," said Mrs. Sullivan explosively. When Paw suspended his consumption of bread and tea long enough to give her some hope of a reply.

"Who's she married to?" "Some lazy good-fer-nothin' city feller I bet," said Willoughby grumblingly.

"It's that Mr. Green she wrote to me about," Con's tone was most dignified. "He's working in a shoe factory in Lynn and makes lots of money."

"Them there fellers ai'nt never no good," said the careful parent. Then with a domestic insight unusual in his sex, "How air you agoin' to stow'em away, Marier."

"I'll fix them all right," replied Marier hopefully if indefinitely. "But say Paw there aint a mite for tomorrer's dinner. We can't give that Yankee feller bread and molasses."

"The Boss put me and By off to night and they wasan't more'n ten dollars comin' to both of us, and old John MacLean is threaten' me with the law so I give it to him on his bill," said the father despondently.

"That's right," agreed Byron Vincent pulling his green tie with its elegant red tie pin into place on his celluloid collar, and inspecting his tan shoes which he had placed on the table at the end of the meal. Trifling elegantly with his gold watch chain, he continued in a detached manner, "I'm goin out to Forest Hill tomorrer to get a job at the lumber camp. I'm agoin' to leave after breakfast." Then he went up to the loft, to come down presently dressed for outdoors in a pair of bright yellow gloves and a broad brimmed cow-boy hat. He



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went out followed by the admiring glances of his sisters and followed about fifteen minutes later by Constance and Lola, bound like himself for a dance given at an empty house nearby, the property of the avaricious Mr. Maclean. The younger Sullivans were sent to bed, and the careful parents held a ways and means committee meeting by the kitchen stove.

"There ain't no use in talking," exclaimed Maria rocking violently in a rickety old chair, "We gotter have somethin' for that yankee feller to eat and there ain't nothin' in the house. Wouldn't Maclean give you tick?"

"Not a bit," replied Willoughby "he says I owe him fifty dollars and he aint goin' to give me no more free grub."

"Old sneak, his father made all his money selling rum; anyhow they ain't no such great folks."

But the master of the house was thinking. "He don't half fasten that old store of his nights," he remarked tentatively. "If I had someone to watch and help me pull the sled I'd—"

"I'll pull the sled and I'll stand on the steps and watch" said Maria eagerly.

Then doubtfully, "They'd most likely send you to Waverley to jail if they knew."

"Oh no they won't," Willoughby's tone was confident. "Old Maclan wants me to vote for the young lawyer for member, he won't notice it if he does see me, so I ain't runnin' no risk. We'll not go till late. I ain't goin' to starve to suit him."

The committee sat until about twelve o'clock. Then they rose from their places and softly crept out into the beauty of the moonlight night.

"Oh"! exclaimed Maria with a deep breath, "They'll see us for sure."

"Ah come on, I aint a fool."

They crept, on two shabby fluttering figures in the cold winter moonlight, down the long winding snow covered street of the little village, till they reached the Maclean place; on one side of the road was the house; big, white, comfortable, on the other the warehouse. The poor thin figures crept along in the shelter of the stone wall, down the lane to the warehouse and along one side of it to a window that opened easily.

Willoughby clambered in, and threw out cabbage and pork and meat and a barrel of flour and a sack of potatoes and then loaded the sled while Maria kept watch. There was no one in sight; not a light was in the house; all the village seemed dead; so the midnight marauders crept very silently home, and resigned themselves to well earned and untroubled sleep.

Next day came the steamer bearing on it the fair Mrs. James Green, n<sup>è</sup>e Sullivan whom her husband called with a lingering if somewhat incorrect accent of pride "Emmeline Monica" replendent in a blue silk travelling dress. The dinner that welcomed them was truly royal, for the Sullivans, and the younger members of the family who devoured the odds and ends of the banquet, openly hoped that Em would get married often; a wish that young James Green, a white and pensive youth in ferful and wonderful clothing heard, wondered at, and could not agree with. And that evening Mrs. Sullivan sat in peace at a neighbour's fire telling with gusto of the various charms of the new member of the family, who was "a real yankee." Alas he was "born and raised" at Jeddore but of that Mrs. Sullivan was ignorant.

And young Jack Maclean, prospective M. P. thought over in his warm room a certain revelation of facts that had come to him the night before and made certain resolves; so after all no evil is quite unmixed;—but this is not a moral tale, sufficient to say that the Greens were hospitably entertained at Emmeline Monica's parental mansion, and the boss was persuaded to give both the Sullivans another job.

CLARE GIFFIN, '09.



**At Sunset.**

PRIZE POEM.

In rose and gold in the Western sky,  
The sunset colours glow,  
Far in the blue is one star on high,  
And day is ready to go.

I take one look at the radiant West,  
(The last for me I know)  
For work is ended and now comes rest,  
And I am ready to go.

With rose and gold was my life's web spun,  
With grey of pain below,  
And I see my star when the day is done,  
And am glad at heart to go.

CLARE GIFFIN, '09.

**Our Third Rhodes Scholar.**

E. A. MUNRO.

The Senate have announced that Mr. E. A. Munro, '08, has been appointed to represent the University at Oxford, as a third Rhodes Scholar. This announcement has not come entirely unexpected, for since his entrance to the University in the fall of 1905, Mr. Munro has shown himself a worthy recipient for this high distinction.

He is the son of a Presbyterian minister, Rev. J. C. Munro, formerly of Antigonish, now of Claresholm, Alta., and was born in that interesting cathedral town, twenty-four years ago. His early education was received at St. Niman's school, Antigonish, from which he graduated in 1901, with a Provincial Grade 'A' certificate. After a year spent with a business firm, he entered the Provincial Normal School, Truro, and received from the



E. A. MUNROE,  
DALHOUSIE'S THIRD RHODES SCHOLAR.

province, an Academic license, the highest certificate granted. After two years successful teaching, he matriculated into the second year of the Arts course, up to this point his record had been a brilliant one, both as a scholar and as an athlete, and his after career during his college course has fully vindicated his right to the high honour which he has received.

He has had a brilliant course. At the conclusion of the 2nd year, he won the North British Bursary, given annually to the best student in the 2nd year. At the beginning of the junior year, he entered on the study of the honour course in philosophy, but by no means confined himself to those subjects alone. Along with his course, which is one of the most difficult that the University offers, he obtained high standing in Latin, Greek and English Drama. In this, his last year, he is expected to graduate with high honours.

During his course, Munro has always taken an active interest in athletics and in the life of the college generally. While he has not made the senior team, he has shown his interest in football by captaining the Arts team for two years. He has played on the Senior Hockey team during the three years of his course, and has won the gentlemen's singles in the Tennis Tournament for the past two years. His interest in the various college societies is evinced by the number of offices he has held. The Arts and Science Debating Society, the University Students Council, the Y. M. C. A. and the Glee Club, have all made him one of their chief officers. His popularity with his own class is patent, when one knows that they have elected him their senior president and valedictorian.

But with all these interests, Munro always found time for the 'social hour'. He went in for parties, pic-nics and 'at Homes' with the same zeal that would make any healthy, normal young man of twenty-four summers. In short, he possesses those qualities which are essential to success in the affairs of life. And we judge that Mr. Rhodes' wish, that the holder of this scholarship should be an all round man, is being fulfilled in the appointment of E. A. Munro.

Dalhousie expects much from her third Rhodes Scholar, and we believe that the expectation will not be disappointed.

## A Christmas Dinner.

(BY A QUILL-DRIVER.)

It was Christmas Eve, and the quaint old London streets lay white under the falling snow; and the lights in the streets, and the lamps in the shops, twinkled so merrily through the great soft flakes, that even if one had *no* ears, so that one could *not* have heard the hearty Christmas greetings ringing through the air, yet one could have guessed that it was Christmas time.

Before a bright and crackling fire, in an old-fashioned house, in an old-fashioned street, sat two young gentlemen. The merry smiles on their faces told the happiness that was in their hearts; and so often did they rub their hands, from sheer overflow of animal spirits, that the wonder was that they didn't rub the skin off.

"Egad, Dick!" cried one suddenly, "who'd have thought old Half-penny would have given his clerks such royal Christmas-boxes!"

"Ay, Will! who'd have thought it!" echoed the other.

As they were speaking, the door of the room opened, and a lady of uncertain dimensions sidled into the firelight, and stood behind the two occupied chairs, with folded arms, and with her nose pointing towards the ceiling, and her eyes towards the floor.

It was full a minute before either of the young gentlemen became aware of her presence.

"Oh, here's Mrs. Buzzom!" cried Will very heartily, when he saw her. Mrs. Buzzom, it must be known, was the mistress of the boarding-house; and a better mistress never lived, though she *did* have her eccentricities.

"It is Mrs. Buzzom," she answered, slowly and severely, "and it's what I call a cryin' shame,-a cryin' shame."

"What's a crying shame, Mrs. Buzzom?" asked both the young gentlemen together.

"You may have knowed," she explained, "as how we wuz to have a haristocratic dinner to-night, includin' turkey, an' cranberry-sauce, an' plum-puddin', an' -"

"Yes, and some wine!" broke in Will.

"Because as how," went on Mrs. Buzzom, undisturbed, "because as how most of the guest will be away to-morrow. Will you believe me, "she continued, "that savin' Mr. Parsley, 'an Miss Prim, not forgettin' your two selves, every soul of them druv away in the kerridge, which comes to-night, as wasn't to come till the mornin'. Why do they think, "she went on, more slowly and more severely than ever, "is agoin' to eat that turkey, an' them cranberries, to say nothin' of the plum-puddin'? Do they expect us to go into the highways an' hedges to find people to devour of them?"

Having spoken, Mrs. Buzzom stood motionless in her majestic pose.

"Egad!" exclaimed Will, meditatively. "Egad!" Then he sprang to his feet.

"Mrs. Buzzom!" he cried, "*let's go into the highways and hedges!*"

"Do which?" asked Mrs. Buzzom, shortly, as she unfolded her arms.

"Look here!" said Will. "I'll pay you double what that dinner cost if you'll let me ask any ten people I like to eat it. I'll pick up ten people about the streets, and give them a good feed for once."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Buzzom, in amazement, "keb-drivers, an' them as sells papers?"

"Anyone I like," answered Will. "Old Parsley and Miss Prim will enter into the spirit of the thing."

"Well," said Mrs. Buzzom, firmly, "you can do it, 'an pay me just what the dinner cost. I may remark that I don't set down with beggars."

"Well, well!" said Will. "What time will it be ready?"

"At eight,—in twenty minutes," said Mrs. Buzzom.

"Then come on Dick!" cried Will, dragging his friend to the door. "It'll be great!"

"The idee!" exclaimed Mrs. Buzzom to herself as the two young gentlemen flung themselves out of the house. "An' him with dis best close on, Mr. Will Simpson, you can know as how them silver spoons as was all as was left from Buzzom's drinkin' bill ain't to be on *that* table."

In a marvelously short time Will and Dick returned; and with them they brought a very strange rabble. The guests stood in the doorway, each fearing to be the first to enter, and each slinking behind another. But finally, at Will's bidding, they filed into the hall.

The first man to enter the hall was an extraordinary man, with a body shaped like a kangaroo. He lacked an eye, and had a wonderfully, pious expression on his face. The second guest was fat, and jolly, and ragged, and had a nose like an old-fashioned powder-horn. The third was a sullen mortal in green coat. He was nearly seven feet in height, and very meagre. His huge sharp nose seemed to compose three-quarters of his face. The fourth was one who seemed to have neither neck nor forehead. He had a peculiar habit of scratching his head to produce a joke. The fifth to all appearances, would eat hay with a relish. His great eyes seemed to express the last agonies and emotions of hunger. Then there were the two smiling daughters of Mrs. Ginny, the char-womam, who lived down the way. One of them evidently had been in a fight, for most of her hair was gone, and very often she felt her nose with motherly tenderness. Her sister was famous for the vast expanse of her smile; for, when anything pleased her, the corners of her mouth seemed to disappear behind her ears. A subdued and taciturn-appearing man whose face expressed the greatest abhorrence of speech, cringed in the corner of the porch, and was one of the last to enter the house. He seemed to be not a little agitated because a young woman, who was very incompletely clothed, and who had a guard over one eye, admired him openly and brazenly. The tenth guest's ears were very conspicuous, perhaps owing to the fact that his head was altogether bald. The lines of his face were woven into an expression of the loftiest gentility and of the deepest cunning. One of his characteristics was that when money, or, indeed, anything valuable, was near him, his hands instinctively stole towards it.

In truth it was a strange company; but Will surveyed it proudly; for the Christmas spirit was in him. But Mrs. Buzzom!—she viewed the guests with a true horror. But the fat, and jolly, and ragged, little man, with the nose like an old-

fashioned powder horn, who had known Mrs. Buzzom's husband, e're that gentleman had drunk himself into a spirit, advanced, and heartily grasping her by the hand, told her he had never seen her look so well,—and so young, whereupon Mrs. Buzzom's horror in a large measure disappeared.

Leaving the company in the hall, to wait until the dinner should be ready, Will leaped up the stairway, and, bursting into a room, dragged a holy-looking little man from behind a pile of books and papers. The little gentleman was the Reverend Isaiah Parsley. Suffice it to say that Isaiah was bright, and learned, and retiring, and that for ten years he had desperately loved the staid little Miss Prim, who roomed across the corridor, and who, to be sure, had no small regard for Isaiah. But Mr. Parsley had always lacked courage to propose to Miss Prim, although, indeed, that little lady had often gone three-quarters of the way for him.

Will told Mr. Parsley of the dinner he was giving, and earnestly requested him to honour the company with his presence, that he might ask one of his beautiful blessings, and later address a few remarks to the guests. Nothing loath, Mr. Parsley promised to be present; and Will, leaving him, interviewed Miss Prim, who hesitated not a moment in accepting the invitation,—since Isaiah was to ask one of his beautiful blessings.

Ere long the dinner was ready, and the guests demurely surrounded the table, and took the seats that Will chose for them. And marvellous to relate, the dignified Mrs. Buzzom, perhaps by virtue of the fat man's compliment, sat at the head of the table. And, just as marvellous, the silver, that had been all that had been left when Buzzom's drinking bill had been paid, adorned the table.

No sooner were the guests seated than the pretty housemaid glided into the room with the turkey in all its loveliness. So indescribably [appealing was its odor, that the hungry man arose to his feet in his excitement, and his eyes fairly bulged out of his head. But as Mr. Parsley was just then rising to ask a blessing, the man with the kangaroo body, and pious face, solemnly pulled the hungry man back to his seat. Mr. Parsley, like many clergymen, had a habit of asking very long, but very

beautiful, blessings; but the guests busily filled in the time by scowling at Isaiah and smiling at the poor turkey. When the blessing's end did come, Mrs. Buzzom arose with great dignity, and thrust the knife into the turkey's bosom, whereat the excitement grew almost to the bursting point. The tall man with the sharp nose clapped his hand over his lips, and seemed to have great difficulty in keeping his mouth under control; and his eyes opened so very wide that it really made one shiver to look at them.

The first plateful of turkey was passed along for the elder Miss Cinny; but when it reached the hungry man, he lost control of himself, and in an instant was hard at work on the plate. But such exclamations of disapproval greeted his misdemeanor, that, with his eyes longingly following it, he felt constrained to allow the plate to proceed to the elder Miss Ginny, who very promptly and politely desired the hungry man to keep it for himself.

But in time all were served, and it *was* a rare sight to see the marvellous agility and dexterity with which the knives and forks of the guests plied between their mouths and their plates.

When the turkey had had an end, the excitement re-arose at the prospect of the plum-pudding; and whilst the pretty housemaid changed the dishes, the guests, now grown loquacious, made merry the interlude.

"The hen warn't one as laid cookin' eggs," said the man who seemed to have neither neck nor forehead, as he scratched his head. "It were good eatin'. Never tasted a better corpse," he added, persuasively, and laughed heartily at his own humor.

Meanwhile the Misses Ginny were intently scrutinizing Will.

"Don't he look like 'Enery?" audibly remarked Miss Meg, the elder.

"Don't he, through!" answered her sister. "Rayther like Arty, too."

"And who's Henry?" asked Will, smiling.

(To be continued.)

### Refutatio Vanitatum.

What is this life, that we should fret about it?  
 What is the nature of the thing we dread?  
 Why fear the future, although blindly led,  
 By guides unseen? 'Tis useless all to doubt in,  
 And truly we shall not be long without it,  
 Shall I not love the meat that cheerly fills,  
 The fire that warms, the joy that deeply thrills  
 With spring in air? Let crabbed Cyrius scout it,  
 And spend their hard won love to prove them fools.  
 'Tis best to take what come and thanks the Gods,  
 Pleased with the past, careless of what's before,  
 Be truly wise; leave wisdom to the schools.  
 Laugh at the Fates; So shall they give you odds,  
 And each day's good increase from more to more.

### Convocation.

The nature of a circular sent by the Alumni Association to various colleges, is shown by its opening paragraph, which reads as follows:—

"DEAR SIR:—This Association is using its good offices with the views of making Convocation a function of greater importance at Dalhousie College. For reasons into which I shall not go, Convocation for the last few years has not been of such a public character as many of us older graduates wish to see. It has been suggested that we could get valuable information from knowing how other colleges conduct their Convocations, and by using it to bring about a more desirable state of affairs. To this end I am writing to our Canadian Colleges. I shall be much obliged to you for answers to the following questions."

The responses were nigh general, only two failing to reply. In many cases answers were given at considerable length and were accompanied by printed matter, bearing on the subject in question. Replies were received from eleven Canadian

colleges, viz., Acadia, Bishop's, Laval, Mount Allison, McGill, McMaster, Queen's, St. Francis Xavier's, University of Toronto, University of Manitoba and seven New England college, viz., Amherst, Bates, Bowdin, Clark, Colby, Tufts and University of Maine.

The questions and a summary of the answers to each, are as follows:—

1. Have you a Convocation Hall? Eight Canadians and six Americans reply in the affirmative.
2. Are all student present at Convocation or only those receiving degrees? All are present in ten Canadian and one American.
3. Where do the graduating classes sit? Where, the other students (if they are present)? Platform or front seats in all cases. In Canadian colleges, students not receiving degrees, are as a rule, allowed to sit anywhere in the audience.
4. Where do the members of Senate and Board of Governors sit? On the platform in every case but one.
5. At what time of day is Convocation? In the morning in all the American and in one of the Canadian; in the afternoon in seven of the Canadian; and in the evening, two. One Canadian college gave no reply to this question.
6. Is admission by ticket? Yes, in five Canadian and three American.
7. Have you addresses from (a) distinguished men; (b) representative students? (a) Yes, in nine Canadian and three American. (b) Yes, in seven Canadian and four American.
8. How long do the exercises last? On an average, 2½ hours in Canadian and 2 hours in American.
9. Do students co-operate with college authorities in making Convocation a worthy affair, or do they indulge in such actions as tend to bring the proceedings into disfavor? All the colleges reply in the negative to the latter part of the question.
10. Is there a procession of students and professors from hall of residence to hall of Convocation? Yes, in nine Canadian and six American colleges.

### Pictou County Dinner.

The evening of Saturday, February 14th, was cold, foggy and unpleasant, but in the St. Julian room of the Halifax Hotel, everything was in decided and pleasant contrast to the outside chill. Here in response to the invitation of Mr. Robert MacGregor, M. P. P. were gathered,—fifty of the flower of the flock,—those among us who can claim Pictou county as their birthplace. In addition to the students there were present, Premier Murray, Messrs Tanner and Baillie, M's. P. P., Hector McInnis, Rod McColl, A. H. MacKay, President Forrest, Professors E. MacKay, A. S. MacKenzie, H. Murray and Dr. Carruthers.

The first part of the evening was devoted strictly to business, and when finally Mr. McGregor rose to propose the health of the "King," everyone was in a particular happy frame of mind. After this toast had been duly honored, Professor H. Murray proposed that of "Our Rulers," indulging in many witticisms at the expense of the Premier and his friends, the opposition. The Premier responded in an eloquent and forceful speech, hastening to claim as much connection with Pictou County as his ancestry allowed him. Mr. Murray spoke on loyalty, pointing out that we should not extol our province merely from sentiment and because it was the proper thing to do, but because it was a province that was worthy of the very best we could think and say regarding it. In conclusion, he emphasized the value of cultivating two things,—persistence in striving after an end, and courtesy towards our fellow men be they friends or opponents.

Mr. Tanner did not know by what right he was called a ruler, unless his criticism of those who do rule placed him in that class. He gave some very pertinent advice to the students, advising them to keep in close touch with current topics, and to have a thorough understanding of all matters in any way affecting the interest of the country, pointing out the power held by all independent electors who could think for themselves.

Mr. Baillie in a short, pointed speech, spoke of the difficulties under which our forefathers laboured, and urged the students to profit as much as possible by their many advantages.

"Our Schools and Colleges," proposed by Mr. McColl brought President Forrest to his feet. In a characteristic speech he



showed how much the Pictou of to-day owed to the Pictou of the past. He urged the students to remember the stuff of which their forebearers were made, and remember to hand to posterity a still greater inheritance than was theirs.

Dr. A. H. MacKay referred to many great problems, which the youth of to-day have had settled for them,—Confederation, Responsible Government, Free Schools, etc., but said that more and greater problems remained to be settled, and their settling demanded the very best in every one, not unaccompanied by sacrifice.

Dr. Carruthers in a speech replete with eloquence and wit, proposed "Pictou County." His stories all with a local twang were greatly enjoyed by all.

Hector MacInnis responded in a strong speech, in the course of which he urged the students to be loyal to the traditions of their fathers.

Professor A. S. MacKenzie said that in all the many eulogistic things that had been said of the Pictou County people, (which modesty, and a desire not to arouse envy has led us to omit in this brief report), nothing had been said concerning the natural beauties of the county. Speaking as one who had seen much of America and the continent, he declared emphatically that on coming back to Pictou, he realized that she was the equal of any in scenic beauty.

Dr. MacKay in proposing "The Ladies" said the subject was beyond him, he could not *embrace* it all. He would not say much on the subject, but called on Messrs Sinclair, Calder and Cameron to respond, feeling that they knew the subject well. Messrs Sinclair and Calder responded in short, well turned speeches, but Don either from modesty or the effects of his previous discussion on the menu, could not be prevailed on to rise.

The last toast of the evening was that of "Our Host," proposed by Mr. A. Fraser. Mr. MacGregor responded briefly and feelingly. After "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" threatened to disturb the decorations on the walls, "Auld Lang Syne" followed and the gathering dispersed, in ample time to keep one of Pictou's most sacred traditions,—Remember the Sabbath Day.

### College Notes.

**Delta Gamma.**—On February 22nd, the Delta Gamma met at the home of Mrs. Arthur Whitman, to pay respects to the poet Longfellow. A vocal solo, "The Bridge," by Miss Marie Stewart, of the H. L. C., was the first number. Miss Stewart has a very beautiful voice, and her song was greatly enjoyed. The rooms were then darkened, and as Miss Webber read "Hiawatha's Wooing," the folding doors rolled back, disclosing the acient Arrow-maker, seated by his fire, with his daughter, Minnehaha beside him, and Hiawatha, brave in blanket and feathers, admiring from a distance. The last scene was, perhaps, the best, when the big chief, having wooed and won the lovely Laughing Water, led her away to his wigwam, and left the old man standing lonely. "It was hard to recognize Miss Creelman, Miss Smith and Miss MacDonald in the characters of the imposing warrior, his blushing bride and the lonely father.

Evangeline and her gallant swain, Gabriel, were admirably represented by Miss Irving and Miss Kendall. Their interpretation of

"Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window  
embrasure,  
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the  
moon rise,"

showed careful practice, and was highly commendable. As a Sister of Mercy Miss Irving was equally good.

Priscilla, seated at the wheel, spinning the soft white yarn, was indeed "modest, simple and sweet." The severe simplicity of the Puritan garb, the black suit, broad white collar and cuffs, and big black hat, (for which thanks are due to the Rev. Robt. Laing,) was most becoming to John Alden. As Miss MacLeod read of the lovers' complications, the sympathy of the audience went out more and more to the young man going on his difficult errand. The last scene represented Priscilla still at her spinning, and her lover loyally pleading the causes of his rival, when,

"Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes over-running  
with laughter,  
Said in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for  
yourself, John'."

John's form of reponse, though not verbal, nor expressly so stated by Longfellow, was entirely true to nature, and called forth loudest applause. No better John and Priscilla could be found than Miss Ross and Miss Irwin. A quartette, "Star of the Summer Sea," by Misses MacDonald, Grant, Ross and MacGregor, ended one of the most enjoyable Delta Gamma meetings, for the planning and execution of which, thanks are due to Miss Webber.

On March 7th, the annual business meeting of the Delta Gamma was held at Mrs. MacDonald's, Pleasant Street. Reports were submitted by the retiring officers, and the elections for next term were held. The voting gave the following results:—President, Miss MacLeod, Vice-President Miss Chase, Secretary, Miss M. Smith, Treasurer, Miss MacGregor.

After business came a period of refreshments and fun, when Delta Gamma adjourned until September.

**Sodales.**—February 13th. The resolution for debate was: "Resolved, that it would be a benefit to the Maritime Provinces to secede from the Canadian Confederacy." The resolution was upheld by Messrs. J. Read and MacDonald for Arts '09 and '11, while Messrs. Hattie and MacLennan for Arts '08 and '10, opposed it. On account of the small number present, there was no general discussion. The Judges Messrs. Doull, C. H. MacDonald and Sinclair returned a verdict in favor of Arts '08 and '10. Mr. Sutherland discharged the duties of critic in a highly satisfactory manner.

**D. A. A. C.**—The annual meeting of the Athletic Club was held in the Munroe Room, February 29th. The report of the secretary and treasurer were received and approved. As recommended in the report of the secretary, one hundred dollars were added to the Malcolm Memorial Fund.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Honorary President, President Forrest, D. D.; President, D. A. Cameron; Vice-President, D. C. Sinclair; Secretary, A. O. Thomas;

Treasurer, Prof. MacNeil; Managing Committee, Messrs. Ralston, Dr. Rankin, J. J. Martin, J. J. MacDonald, M. G. Burris; Trophy Committee, Messrs. D. A. Cameron and H. W. Flemming; Field Committee. Messrs. R. T. MacIlreith, L. B., Alderman Johnson and Dr. Walter Murray; Auditors, W. S. Lindsay, B. A., and G. B. MacCunn.

**Arts and Science Society.**—February 14th. The subject for debate was: "Resolved that universal suffrage would be a benefit to Canada." The resolution was supported by Messrs Milligan and Crowell, and opposed by Messrs Livingston and G. McLean. Messrs J. P. MacIntosh, Kemp, Malcolm and Lawrence joined in the general discussion. On a vote being taken the resolution was lost. Mr. Sinclair read an instructive critique.

February 21st. The subject for debate was one of unusual interest,—“Resolved, that a bachelor flat under the present 11 Seymour conditions tends to the uplifting of all who enter therein.” The formidable array of gray matter on the ‘pro’ side of the resolution consisted of the quarto-edition of mankind known as J. C. Crowe and the folio-edition known as one “Rory” McKinnon. Lined up on the ‘con’ side were N. C. Ralston of hockey fame, and two hundred pounds, more or less, of warmish albuminous matter known as M. L. Fraser, of the good ship Hector. The merits of the speakers and their speeches were well brought out by Mr. Sinclair in his amusing critique.

“Mr. Crowe,” he said, took a position as if sitting on the historic rail at the head of the 11 Seymour stairway. In a cool and unimpassionate voice, he reviewed the situation in a manner that brought tears to the eyes of his audience. He was finally calmed to sleep by a reference to a pathetic passage in Kipling's, ‘Home, sweet, Home.’”

“Mr. Crowe was followed by Mr. Fraser, who took a position which suggested long experience at leaning, on the West River Post-Office counter, and listening to the ‘boys’ discuss things. With a voice like young thunder, he scored point after point. With a little practice, Mr. Fraser would possess

stump-orator abilities, that, supplemented by the executive genius of a D. W. MacDonald, would elect a liberal, in Colchester County.

"Mr. McKinnon, the next speaker, took a position indicative of a low roof, and danger of a sudden fall of coal. In his opening arguments he used the syllogism and limerick to good advantage. About half-time he suffered from an attack of brain-fag, and was at a loss to continue. Restoratives having been obtained from a 'piece-can,' Rory revived, and on the home stretch covered himself with glory."

"The last speaker Mr. Ralston took a position similar to the position he took at cover point, in the play off between Law and Engineering for the hockey trophy. In his opening arguments he received such a heavy cross-check from Mr. MacKinnon, that he was dazed during the rest of his speech. However, he had his subject well in hand, and on the whole his arguments were good.

Messrs Irwin, Malcolm, Cahan, Thomas, Kent and C. H. MacDonald joined in the general discussion. The vote of the meeting was unanimously in favor of the resolution.

**Keltic Lectureship.**—On Tuesday evening, January 14th, the Keltic Society, held a very interesting meeting in the Munro Room. The occasion was the first lecture in the new course of Keltic Language and Literature.

Senator Ross presided, and called upon Rev. A. McLean Sinclair, who delivered an extremely interesting and instructive lecture on the origin of the Celts. Gov. Fraser gave a short address in Gælic, which was much appreciated by those who were fortunate enough to understand the language of Adam. Revs. M. A. McKinnon and R. B. MacKay, and Mr. Ronald McLeod, made short speeches. President Forrest announced that the lectures would commence immediately, and expressed the hope that many of the students would take advantage of this opportunity to improve their Gælic.

**Y. M. C. A.**—The last of the series of Sunday afternoon lectures provided by the college Y. M. C. A. was delivered in Munro Room, March 15th. Dr. Fraser, principal of the school for the blind, was the lecturer; and Prof. MacMechan, presided. Mr. Cumming delighted the audience with a solo.

Dr. Fraser announced as his subject,—“The Cardinal points of life's compass.” With characteristic thoroughness and interest, he traced the effect of the compass on the evolution of Navigation and Civilization. By the aid of the compass, man learned to steer his course with confidence and safety through the trackless ocean to far distant and unknown shores.

In the spiritual realm, God gave to man a compass, without which one's course in life must ever be hazardous and liable to shipwreck. By the use of this guide he may safely direct his course to the eternal shore. The four cardinal points of the christian compass, are:—

(1.) Duty to God; (2.) Duty to Man; (3.) Duty to Self; (4.) Duty to Country.

Duty to God requires our gratitude, devotion, worship and love, to the giver of all good. Duty to man demands justice, helpfulness and sympathy in all our dealings.

Duty to self implies the development of the intellectual physical, moral and spiritual faculties to their utmost limit of our privileges and opportunities.

Man's duty to his country is a binding obligation which no one should shirk. Each man should gladly assume his personal responsibility, for good citizenship and natural honour, by using vote, voice and pen to create and perpetuate a high moral standard in all our affairs.

Each of these phases was clearly and forcibly presented. The lecture throughout revealed the spiritual insight, intellectual breadth, high ideals and practical patriotism of the speaker



### Around the Halls.

"A Daniel come to judgement! yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!"

*Shakespear.*

"Gone are the days" when the bell-boy was worried to death handing out invitations envelopes. Those were joyous days, when fresh from our Xmas vacation, we were putting in a few weeks of "unreproved pleasure." But now it is another scene. How sped those days of freedom by! Each face now has taken on a serious cast, each shoulder seems stooped from last night's diligence, and each eyebrow seems singed by the midnight taper. But yet, *this* is what we're here for. This is what the world expects of us, and from which we will get most benefit.

Let's up and at it! for,  
"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they while their companions slept  
Were toiling upward in the night."

You all know him—he's a very familiar figure around the halls—it does'nt pay to be standing around when he's about,—he's looking for your most precious.—What? Yes, he's collecting for that society you know, and thinks every person should pay his share if he's honorable. But why such a nuisance? Well, how would we live without such societies? Imagine a college year without them—without a single dance or debate or students meeting of any sort. Can you? If you can you see a pretty gloomy picture indeed. What they need to keep them in working order is funds, just very, very moderate funds from everyone. So then your share must come from you,—or your fellow students.

The power to preserve the "golden mean" is the test not only of a saint but also of a wit. To keenly appreciate a good joke as well to ignore a forced or overwrought joke is a highly enviable ability. There is wit in abundance about our halls as well as in our class-rooms. We should be judicious, however, in our applause in order to encourage the true wit and discour-

age the false. Tramping in the class-rooms is usually carried to excess. Everything out of the ordinary is applauded. This should not be. Only a real joke should receive any recognition in this way, and all "smartness" should be ignored. Judgement should also be used in the amount of applause given. Long-continued tramping is ruinous, not only to the wit, but also to the atmosphere. Think before you tramp at all, and when you tramp think again before you've overstepped the "golden mean."

Empty cisterns make most noise: Yes, and empty heads too.

The man with the camera, was very much in evidence around the halls last week.

The following pathetic incident occurred recently. The bold bad denizens of the Little Lab, had rigged up a horse attachment to dampen the ardor of passing freshmen. One Chap stood near the door to give the signal, another manned the tap. Footsteps were heard in the hall. A whispered "Let her go," and a beautiful jet of water was turned on the supposed freshmen. Imagine the sprinkler's confusion when he saw that his victims were girls.

#### A TRIO OF SPIRITS.

Three spirits met from diverse elements  
At Gauvin's window decked with photos rare,  
And after gazing long with interest deep  
Expressed three light opinions of the air.

1st Spirit :

"Beauty haunts not college halls  
Where the learned accent falls,  
But where life is free and easy  
On a hill or sea-shore breezy,  
Where the books are all romantic  
And the speech is not pedantic.  
Learning is the foe of beauty,  
Then avoid it, 'tis your duty."

2nd Spirit :

"O! where is real beauty to be found  
But in the haunts of learning most profound?  
Where every look and gesture impolite  
By caustic critic straight is set aright,  
Where thought within tempers the countenance  
And lines of wit rout those of ignorance.  
No comely garb wild nature ere has spun,  
Only by culture can that prize be won."

3rd Spirit :

"Ye differ, my worthy arial friends.  
To show you both wrong my speech pretends.  
Nature must first imprint the face,  
Ere learning can there her portrait trace;  
But nature still leaves unfinished task,  
If this were not so, why learning? I ask.  
Your judgements, my sprites are not true nor denied  
For nature and learning work side by side."

Spirits of air are beings wonderous made,  
Only one speech on earth they are allowed.  
So when these three had each their judgement passed,  
They vanished straightway to their home of cloud.



### Personals.

John C. Douglass, Law '02 has recently been elected Mayor of Glace Bay.

Dr. Jake Potter, for many years the star college forward has been appointed to the Army Medical Corps at this station.

W. Foley, Law, until late of the firm of Power & Foley has left for the west, where he will continued the practice of law.

J. Archibald, of the class '96 [ B. E. McGill ] sailed recently for Germany where he will study the latest methods of electrical power production.

Fred Grant, B. E., '07 who has been acting as assistant in Metallurgy in the Mass Inst. of Technology has been compelled to retire on account of ill health.

T. T. Fulton, B. A., '02, B. E. '05 is at present at Bathurst, N. B., where he has charge of the development work being done on the iron areas of the Londonderry Iron Mining Co.

Dr. L. J. Cock, another old gridiron hero one of the best of Dal's many good half-backs has taken over the practice of the late Dr. Goodwin.

The GAZETTE extends congratulations to M. E. DeVine, Med. '06, who was recently married to Miss Ruby Carde, formerly of the staff of the V. G. H. Dr. Devine is now practicing in Kingston, N. S.



### Exchanges.

Many are the temptations for college men to be selfish. "Tis hard when love and duty clash." To each one has come the opportunity of setting aside petty selfish ends and of aiding higher broader causes. The following extract from the "Manitoba College Journal" may well be taken by all true Dalhousians as worthy of careful notice.—College colors, College yell, College Spirit, Dalhousie.—

#### COLLEGE OR CLASS?

"In the present age of class pins, and class sweaters, class meets and class yells, class athletic teams and class pictures, class literary societies and class journals, it is possible that one who sounds a warning note might find his or her life jeopardized by enraged class feeling. And yet is not such a note of warning in order? Are we not in danger of magnifying the importance of the various divisions of our college to such an extent that we may lose the sense of proportion and may even in our distorted vision allow the importance of the part to overshadow the importance of the whole? Class feeling, class spirit is right in its place but does it not step beyond its bounds when it seeks position for its members, or refuses to support those who are not its members, forgetting that the first duty of all classes is to see to the good of the college as a whole?"

While it is not dignified to blow one's own horn, yet since many of the students have the Exchange Column, as their only means of knowing what the other college papers say and think it may be in order to let them know what is being said about "The Gazette." They may then perhaps feel more like saying a good word for their own paper.

We congratulate the editors of *The Dalhousie Gazette* on the excellent January number they have given their subscribers. It is the best number of the *Gazette* that we have yet seen, and reflects great credit on those who had it in charge. The "Reminiscence" by Governor Fraser are particularly good, and the article on "An Old Arithmetic" is delightful. Let us quote a question. "A lady being asked her age, to avoid a

direct reply, answered thus:—'If you multiply my age by three, and take two sevenths of thrice the product, the square root of two-ninths will be four.' Required her age." Surely this lady must have had a college education. Whether or not her method of "baffling indiscreet question" is to be recommended. "

*King's College Record.*

The *Dalhousie College Gazette* has entered upon the fortieth year of its existence. It can lay claim to be not only one of the oldest, but one of the best college journals on the continent.

*The Educational Review.*

The *Dalhousie Gazette* for January is a well edited number. Editorials, "Reminiscences of 1872" etc., though touching altogether on life at Dalhousie are written up with fine delicacy and with none of that sense of boasting which sometimes characterizes editorials. The true college life of Dalhousie shines out through and appeals to the reader.

*The University Monthly.*

Speaking of *The Commonplace* and originality *The Student* says the chase is with us from the cradle to the grave and re, the latter says, "These touching lines in memory of two sisters afford admirable illustration of tombstone ingenuity:—

"Elder girl,  
Healthy bloom,  
Belt too tight,  
Early tomb.

Younger girl,  
Box of paints,  
Sucked her brush,  
Joined the saints."

"Algy met a bear.  
The bear grew bulgy.  
The bulge was Algy."

*The Student.*

"Extract from an exam. paper on Zoology:—

Q. What are the two great divisions of the animal kingdom?

A. Ebriates and inebriates; the former has a backbone, the latter none."

*The Student.*

## SHORTHAND UP TO DATE.

"She smiled on him yet called him Mr,  
Because in fun he meley Kr.  
And so for spite, the following night  
That naughty Mr Kr Sr." *The Student.*

Of those things which we meet most, we record the least. How true this is of the place names of our own Province and of the Dominion. It is often difficult to obtain the information when one desires it. W. B Shaw, Red Deer, Alberta writes as follows to the *Educational Review*, which will give information to some of our readers.

"Perhaps the following derivations of some familiar geographical words will be welcome to your readers: Keewatin, Saskatchewan, and Assinaboine are all (Cree) Indian words, or collection of words, put together and slightly modified by English sounds, for some of the English sounds are not contained in the Indian words from which these names are derived.

*Keewatin* (Ke-wa-yo = I go home; e-yo-it-in = the wind,) and the complete meaning is: "The south is the home of the wind."

*Assinaboine* (As-in-e = a stone; bwa = Sioux).

"A stone," as given here, really means, "stony or rocky mountain;" and the meaning in full is: "The Rocky Mountain Sioux."

*Saskatchewan* (Ke-sis-kat-che-wan = the swift flow of the river, or swift current).

The Indians of Alberta and the older prairie provinces are composed chiefly of three great races, having certain branch tribes, which have separated from the main stems at different times, but at no distant dates; and nearly all of the dialects or languages bear marked similarities.

The characters of Longfellow's *Hiawatha* were taken partly from Sioux and partly from Chippewa life.

The Chippewas and the Crees were formerly one people, but time has changed them considerably, due to their separation possibly for several centuries. The Rocky Mountain Sioux are known in Alberta as Stoneys. Although I have found the Stoneys brighter pupils in school than the Crees, yet the Crees are more advanced, and are more tractable than the Stoneys."

All who know the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, will doubly value the following words of his:

"The world has no room for cowards. We must all be ready somehow to toil, to suffer, to die. And yours is not the

less noble because no drum beats before you when you go out into your daily battlefields, and no crowds shout about your coming when you return from your daily victory or defeat."

*The Trinidad Presbyterian.*

We remember great men chiefly by some story or saying of their own, or of others about them,—Demosthenes and the pebbles, Washington and his cherry tree,—The *Presbyterian* gives this one about Kipling.—

"When Rudyard Kipling, the famous writer, was a lad, he went on a sea voyage with his father, Lockwood Kipling. Soon after the vessel got under way, Mr. Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the officers ran down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door.

"Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he lets go, he'll drown!"

"Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

Other Exchanges:—*East and West, The Island Farmer, The Truro Daily News, Reports. Dept. of Labor, 1906-07. Labor Gazette, Report N. S. Press Association, The Argosy, Revue Canadienne, The Queen's University Journal, Acadia Athenaeum, The Oracle, The College Argus Lasell Leaves, The Canadian Mining Journal, The Trinity University Review.*



**Dallusiensia.**

News of battle who hath brought it?  
 Hark! I hear it down the street.  
 And the car-track and the pavement  
 Bear the clang of scrimming feet.  
 News of battle? What has happened!  
 Have the dead things come to life?  
 Are the long since buried hatchet  
 And the flour-bag waked to strife?  
 News of battle! How inspiring!  
 May such news oft thrill my ear!  
 And ye Sophomores! and ye Freshmen!  
 Let us know that you're still here!

"In order to be in the swim these days," said the Pine Hill sage, "you must get a ducking in the bath tub."

Dr. M-g-ll, arranging examination hour,—“Can you come at that time Watson?”

W-ts-n,—“I think I can strain a point and come.”

Dr. M-g-ll,—“I think you'll strain several points if you *do* come.”

Freshie Irw-n to 'Connie,'—“This is bad!—have to go now and spend two hours in the lab. while I might be taking in two nickles.”

G. McL- - n, discussing hockey questions,—“If the Ramblers and Crescents play again, I think the Ramblers will protest the game if they are beaten.”

M. McK-y, who was absorbing the discussion,—“I wish I knew as little about it as you!”

In 2nd Latin; a problem in scansion; Prof. H.,—“Where may we look for help in such a case of perplexity?”

Absent-minded Soph.,—“Line twelve—UXORES!” . . . . . *Risit Hovardus.*

It is commonly understood, that the Freshmen will pass a vote of censure on the Sophs and R. L., for recent offences to their dignity by those parties.

J. McM-ll-n, reading Evening Mail,—“Drawing Room Hoboes! What do you think of that? I tell you its a shame to blame the whole thing on the boys from the 'Draughting Room!' The matter should be resented by the Engineers!”

Dr. F. in Pol. Econ.—“The working man in England would be thus free from taxation.”

C. B. C-m-r-n,—“But, Dr. F-r-st, why has'nt a working man as much right to pay taxes as you or I?”

Dr. F.,—“You should just say *I*, Mr. C-m-r-n!”

A '08 class pin was found in a boarding house behind the sofa. By explaining how it got there the owner may obtain it from the bell boy.

President H-ll,—“Mathematics is my *pet* subject.” (Ask the ladies why their tutor says so).

The following vivid picture of conditions under a system of woman suffrage, was drawn by a worthy junior, before the Arts and Science Society:

“I went into the Parliament House and sat in the visitors' gallery. A heated debate was in progress, and fast getting hotter. The leader of the opposition was one Mrs. M-ll-g-n, who entered violently into the discussion. Soon all was confusion, and many a once golden curl was that day rudely and prematurely shed. . . . Then I sought another scene. I went to a little country village, and sought the minister, Mr. M-ll-g-n, who was not busied as he should have been with his congregation, but with the cares of a large and exacting family.”

R-n-lds,—“Is that Fr-m-, the Law Student?”

“Doc,”—“Yes, that's the frame, all boarded in and they have forgotten the grey matter.”

Attention!! The Law Society is now in a position to manufacture *Votes of Censure* of any length or quality, or for any purpose whatsoever. (S. II, S. S. 23. B. & A. D.) Goods guaranteed to be *fresh*. If work of hereinbeforementioned Company is not entirely satisfactory return same and receive an *apology*. Order today.



In consequence of the recent exposure of Eleven Seymour conditions made by M. L. Fr-s-r, Esq., the local authorities have taken action. Arrangements have been made for the removal of superfluous cobwebs, and for systematic care of the sleeping apartments, etc. It is also whispered that a new cop will be added to the force, having for his beat Seymour St. South to Morris.

Dr. F: "M-n—l, are you engaged?"

Prof. of Classics, seeing a quid of tobacco on the floor: "Quid est hoc?"

Bright Student: "Hoc est quid."

Gazette Nov. 30, '77. "Howard Murray a freshmen of last years class has succeeded William Bowrigg, who has returned to Dalhousie, as Head Teacher of the graded school in Stellarton."

### Business Notices.

The appeal made in the first issue of the GAZETTE has met with a generous response on the part of our subscribers. Many subscriptions have been received, but there are many still to come. Please do not wait until the end of the year, send in your Dollars now and have them acknowledged in the next issue.

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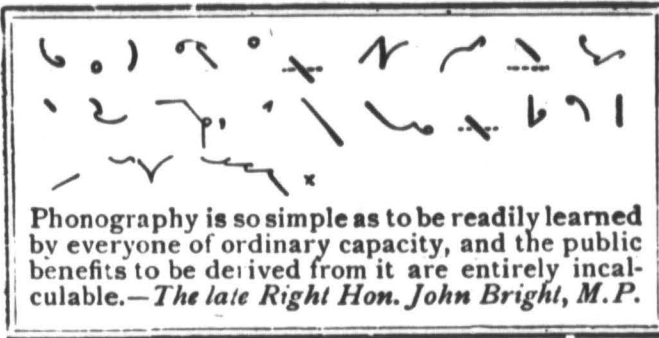
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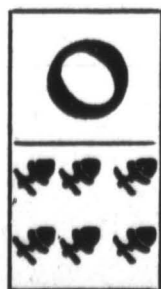
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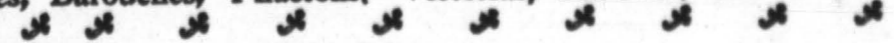
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