The Dalhousie Gazette

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March 4, 1896.

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THE DEMISE OF THE VALEDICTORY.

O NE can scarcely realize what a Dalhousie Convocation will be like without the delivery of the time honored valedictory addresses. Yet such is the fiat sent forth by the University students, in meeting assembled, on the memorable evening of the 17th ultimo. The custom with us had just completed its twenty-fifth year, and now, after a quarter of a century of usefulness, it is forever cast aside. Forever, did we say? Perhaps so, yet such is the fickleness of student minds that the now much-abused valedictory may, in the years to come, again appear, clad in all its pristine and primeval glory. But this one thing is certain, that the Grads. of '96 are fated to leave, it may he forever, the sheltering walls of Alma Mater and the kindly remembered faces of dear ones in the "City by the Sea" without the privilege of a theatrical farewell.

There was much to be said in favor of valedictories. They were one of the few customs whose traditions belonged, in a sense, to ourselves. Till within the last few years, their desirability had never been questioned. As long as the College comprised one
or even two Faculties, there was no trouble; but with the addition of those of Medicine and Science came a change. Four valedictorians were an over-dose, and the attempt was made to choose one representative for the whole University. This the students thought impracticable, and so, impetuously rushing to the opposite pole, rose in their might and struck a death-blow to the whole system. Whether it was in their power actually to abolish valedictories may be open to question. Theoretically, at least, the proceedings at Convocation are in the hands of the University Senate, yet only theoretically, as those who have attended these gatherings can well bear witness. The students' part of the programme is, however, to all intents and purposes, in their own hands, and it would be practically impossible to enforce it against their expressed wish. We are quite sure that the Senate, while perhaps regretting our ultimatum, will attempt nothing so drastic. Heart of oak and nerve of iron will indeed be his who, after this decision of the General Students' Meeting, faces the occupants of the orchestra seats in the Halifax Academy of Music on the 28th April next, and endeavors to deliver a valedictory address. Succeeding classes may yet reap the fruits of "remedial legislation," but the Immortals of '96 go out unknoced and unsung. Debarred from a public farewell, their partings must be made in private. This is the one rift in the otherwise cloudy sky. For our part we feel that this first break in the chain will never be mended, and that these lines are indeed a requiem. There may be a wake, but we shall not be here to participate. Requiescat in pace.

AGITATION in the columns of the GAZETTE resulted in one "At Home" this Session, but surely the matter should not be permitted to rest there. Are the three Graduating Classes to go out without some sort of a jollification? Already Examinations are looming up and the time for dissipation is fast gliding by. The girls have done their part; now let the boys do theirs. University sleigh drives were annual events only a few years back and might well be revived. At all events let us awake from our lethargic slumber and do something to avert fossilization.

If the earnest teacher of English cannot find the time and money to make a personal inspection of the way his subject is taught in the large American colleges, he can get an approximate idea of the methods pursued from a careful study of this little treatise. The idea can be only approximate. Schemes which look fine on paper prove useless in operation, on account of incompetent teachers, or hindering traditions. It is not those which promise the most which give the best results. With this proviso kept in mind, the book must prove useful. It is curious to see how hard the old ideas die. In so many colleges, time is still consumed with "rhetoricals," "orations," and all that sort of thing. Instead of teaching men to read, as Ruskin uses the word in his interpretation of Lyceums, American colleges devote much time to teaching their students to speak. As Americans are natural orators, this seems needless. The duty of the age is not speech, but silence. In the hubbub of public life, especially at such a time as this, the chief need is for men who can hold their tongues. If Senators Frye and Morgan had only been born deaf and dumb!

Again, it is remarkable with what an apologetic tone several professors speak of the study of pure literature. As if the bringing of young men and maidens face to face with the masterpieces of the greatest modern literature, informing their minds with the noble text, interpreting to them the vast ideas, examining with care the literary forms in which those masterpieces are entwined, supplying from the teacher's reading and riper experience of life, the necessary background for the works studied were a nerveless, or effeminate, or undignified profession! The old notion that the study of literature means gorging facts historical, bibliographical and critical about books the student has never even handled, much less read, is not even yet on its deathbed. Even Matthew Arnold gave his voice for cramming a manual of literature. But then he made other bad shots, as Mr. Swinburne can testify.

In the discussion of English as a subject of collegiate study, it is the rarest thing to find any clear statement of the end proposed. Is English a subject capable by itself of completely developing the student's mind? If not, what is the relation of English to other studies? Again, what is the end proposed? Is it to enable the student to read and write? or to pass examinations? Is it to give him a life-long love of reading, and the ability to discern between the tinsel and the pure gold of literature? Is it to fill him with facts of literary history? Or to

make him capable of teaching English linguistics? or English phonetics? Are all parts of the subject of English, as ability to write the language with correctness, the knowledge of historical grammar, the study of literary forms, of equal importance? What part should each division have in the general scheme of the English course? And again, what is the end of college courses? Is it to put into the student's hands tools whereby to earn his bread? or is it to make him a gentleman, as Ruskin and Cardinal Newman understood the term? To these ends, is English a help or a hindrance? Can the study of English build character?

There used to be in the States a college for every day in the year. In this book only twenty explain their methods, and those are the largest and wealthiest. Mrs. Captain Crawley (née Sharp) thought it was easy to be virtuous with five thousand pounds a year; and it is not hard to teach English when the departmental staff consists of twenty men who do nothing else, as at Harvard. The real problem is not how to teach English with plenty of money and good men, but how to do it with only one man and next to no money, books or appliances. If The Dial would only open its columns to an experience meeting of the smaller colleges, the results would be instructive. The great difficulty, it must be repeated, is how to teach English in those institutions justly denominated monohippic. A. M.

D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers, Boston, have in press for immediate issue in "Heath's Modern Language Series," Arnold's Frit auf Ferien, with notes by A. W. Spanhoofd of the "New England College of Languages. This little story is a charming sketch of boyhood, and characteristically German in life and language. It is simple and graceful in form, and fairly bubbles over with wholesome and delightful humor. At the same time it is full of genuine modern colloquial German, and hence will be welcomed in class-rooms.

THE BAD BOY OF BLANKTOWN SCHOOL.

His shadow darkened over my path on the very first day on which I was installed as mistress of Blanktown school. The trustees said that the children were pretty easy to manage, but solemnly warned me that I would have serious trouble with "George." They added that I might depend on them to back me in any emergency that might arise in my dealings with that obstreperous youth.

For the next two months, though George did not materialize, I heard enough about him to drive any teacher, just entering on professional life, to the verge of insanity. Not a day passed but some of George's characteristics were impressed upon me.

In the first place, he was reputed to be "not all there." There was something terrible in the vagueness of this; and I never could see the point because, when I did fall in with George, I rather thought there was a little too much of him there for my peace of mind. George's grandfather had killed a man; George's father had a most unsavory reputation; and George would appear to have inherited all the shining virtues of his ancestors, with a few of his own thrown in. I was informed that he had been expelled from the school regularly once a year, since his A, B, C days, after many desperate conflicts with the reigning pedagogue, and that he was a thief, liar, braggart and bully, all in one. In short, so far as I could discover, George's mission in life seemed to be to keep school teachers in perpetual remembrance of the fact that earth is not their home. George evidently did not shine in the haunts of civilized life, for weeks passed by and I saw him not. I had almost begun to think that George was some mythical bugbear for frightening inexperienced schoolma's, when, one gloomy November day, he came.

I was trying to impress on a five-year-old the ancient and inmemorial fact that "the cat caught the mouse," when the door was thrown violently open, and a tall, loose-jointed, raw-boned lad strode into the room, slammed his books on a desk, and flung himself into a seat with an expression that said, "Here I am, and there you are. Which of us is going to come off best?"

I have always been proud of the fact that I kept calm at this trying crisis. I disposed of my small student leisurely, and then sailed down the aisle to interview George, who awaited me with an appalling grin. George's physiognomy was not exactly prepossessing, but it had the merit of uniqueness. Nobody ever looked quite like George. Freckles! You never saw so many large, well-developed, healthy-looking freckles on any one face in your life. His eyes could look three ways at once, his hair stood straight up on end in aggressive defiance, and as for his mouth—you could have cut mouths for a dozen boys from it and still have a good piece left over. He generally went about with it wide open; it was hard on your nerves till you got used to it. Once in a while he would remember and shut it. If, through the hum of the school-room, came now and then a sharp, sudden snap, suggestive of a rat-trap going off, everybody knew it was George closing his mouth, and didn't stop to investigate. George's voice, however, was his main attraction. It was of great compass, was cracked in three distinct places, and regularly fell all to pieces at the end of every sentence, when he was reading.

I thought I had been sufficiently warned about George, but ere long I discovered that the half had not been told me. When George entered one door of Blanktown school, peace and order and law fled out of the other. George's most striking peculiar-
ity was a passionate love of fighting. George considered that
day wasted on which he didn't have a good, solid, all-round,
impartial fight. Not long after his arrival, I entered the school-
room one morning to find George and another boy in a furious
rusle on the floor. The other boys stood around in glee, and
the girls were shrieking on the tops of their desks. As nobody
paid the least attention to my questions or commands, my only
resource was to fly at the cloud of dust and drag the combatants
apart by their coat-collars. While I lectured the first, George
wriggled from my grasp, and at roll-call I missed him. I
appointed a deputy to govern in my absence, and went in search
of him. I found him sulking in a corner of the porch.

Now, I was really very sorry for George. He had had no
chances, and his training had been sadly deficient. I was
honestly desirous of reforming him. In how many hundreds of
Sunday-school books had I not read how bad boys, influenced
by their teachers, turned from their evil ways, and grew up to
be governors and bank-presidents, and a credit to their country
generally. So I talked to George just beautifully—you'd be
surprised. I didn't altogether expect him to burst into peni-
tential tears, and develop into a wingless angel on the spot, but
I didn't see how he could help being impressed. I never was
more surprised in my life than when George, having heard me
through, looked me squarely in the face and remarked, "You
are a confounded fool!" in a tone of infinite contempt!

Polite, wasn't it? Encouraging, too! I went back to the
school-room a sadder and a wiser girl; I thought there must be
something astray in the logic of Sunday-school books. Since
moral suasion had so poor an effect on George, I thought the
birch might bring the argument more forcibly home to him,
though I hated to think of using it. So a few days afterwards
when he had thrown a smell at one of the girls, I called him up
to my desk and said, "Hold out your hand," in a very terrible
tone of voice, that quite concealed my inward quaking. I didn't
expect to be obeyed. In fact I rather expected to be instantly
annihilated. It was the second great surprise of my life when
George quietly held out his dirty paw and took his punishment
without a word. Then he went home, and for a month we saw
no more of him. I fondly hoped he had gone for good.

But, alas! just as the remembrance of his misconduct had
began to fade away like a bad dream, George returned, as cheer-
ful and irrepressible as ever, and in a mood that reminded me of
the man in the Scripture, whose house had been swept and
garnished. From that out George's record was phenomenal.
He really surpassed himself. Our mutual conflicts became so
common that the pupils hardly stopped their work to look on.
George's sole merit was punctuality—he never missed a day—
and you may well believe I almost regarded it as an additional
vice.

Finally, matters reached a climax, just in time to save my
reason. One morning, I took upon myself, without consulting
George, to change the seats of the fourth class further front.
When he came in, rather late, he emphatically informed me that
he didn't approve of this arrangement. We had a sharp
argument, my patience suddenly gave way, and I curtly
informed him that I would see the trustees at once, and have
him expelled from the school again.

George's dignity was mortally offended. He snatched his
cap, knocked over a bench, shied his slate at an inoffensive pupil
who was wrestling with decimals in a remote corner, kicked
over a pile of wood by the stove, and shook the dust of that
unhallowed place from his feet, never to return to it while I was
teacher in Blantontown school! He was a very peculiar youth
—that George.

L. M. M.

THE JOURNEY IN THE WILDERNESS.

The watches of the still night were not nice. As I write
there is a bitterness abroad. The wind whines round
the eaves and splutters fitful gusts of snow against my
complaining window panes. I am chilled with the thought of
those who wander targets to its spite. Yet it is as naught com-
pared with that stinging night in that far north land. Away up
in the sky the very stars seemed to shiver and shake, over the
northern heavens the bright lights, like some mighty fan of
flashing fire opening and shutting by the rapid play of an unseen
hand, darted to and fro, and on either side of that Groswater
channel the high steep hills, white with winter's snow, seemed
to hug together as low near a mountain's base a tiny hut
crouched close to the ground seeking warmth and finding none.
A wind like the breath of death shrieked drearily, driving
savagely the meagre smoke that unwillingly issued from the small
tin pipe of the hovel.

Inside, the little house was scantily furnished. An old
square battered stove stood on tottering legs, and within it a
fire crackled lustily. Four were huddled around it in pairs.
Husband and wife, a patriarchal couple, sat crouching near on one
side, and their conjugal council went on in low, unceasing
undertone. On the other, a great long-haired esquimaux dog
lay sleeping with his sharp nose resting between his paws, and
on his shaggy hide a chubby-cheeked boy of nine had lain his
tired head and was slumbering lightly. Sweet must have been
the little fellows dream, for his breathing was a sighing murmur,
and a tender smile faintly touched his innocent lips. Surely it
was a dream of summer's warmth and brightness, with the
pleasant south wind blowing softly through his long black locks,
with a sight of the wide moors and bogs beflowered with the
white blossom of the bake-apple, the wild duck flying with
the rising tide along the rocky shore, and over the horizon
of his vision there must surely have been the spread sails of
the fisher and trader driving merrily landwards with untold
stores of food and much tobacco.

Life's seamiest side had long faced Ambrose, and he had
made mock of it. Clearer than ever did he to-night bear the
image of Ishmael, the son of Abraham. Far down on his
ragged breast his long white beard descended, his sharp, search­
ing, defiant eyes flashed solidly under shaggy brows, and his
strong right hand grasped a clumsy crutch as though with it
he dared bid the whole world to do its worst. In the days of his
youth which were long gone he had prided in, his strength and
agility; now he was but an old, battered, destitute cripple, with
one leg withered to naught but skin and bone. In all these
years he had struggled stubbornly and had asked no favours.
The haughty, indomitable pride of the independent poor had
been his, and to-night his proud spirit was galled almost to
vanity. He had the will to live and to endure. In the days of his
great eyes and the cold wind flush­ing his dark cheeks.

Strange was the sight that the tear-wet eyes of the Esqui­
maux mother watched a few minutes later. Over the level snow
covered ice a long low sledge slowly made its way, drawn by
a dog that madly bounded forward with sharp barks, and by a
stout little boy who manfully trudged along in dog harness and
pulled his share of the burden. Upon that komatic a white-
whiskered old man sat, pushing vigorously behind with his
crutch and shouting direction and encouragement to his tandem.
A turn in the bay at last hid them from view behind the great
hills, and only God saw them for days. The woman sorrowful
for her boy went in by the fire and wept bitterly.

Over the weary miles the little party passed laboriously.
When the arms of Ambrose could push no more, he shoved with
his able leg, until they could again take up their work. When
the wind served he rigged his sail and his face softened with
satisfaction to note its little aid. Occasionally the tired child
came back and rested himself for a few moments and then again
pressed forward. When night came on they did not tarry, but
under the kindly sparkles of the stars and the flashing brilliance
of the gorgeous Northern Lights they struggled on till night
exhausted. Providentially in a little cove at hand an old deserted
dwelling stood, the property of some salmon fisher. They entered
it and in a few minutes the cracked stove inside was roaring, and
alongside in their sleeping bags the weary pair slept dreamlessly.

Soon the journey was renewed, and in the fulness of time
they saw one eventide the quiet smoke curling into the calm air
over Rigoulette, and heard far away the barks of welcome from
the bands of deep-throated dogs about the post. A little later
and they sat around a blazing fire, enjoying its warmth and
rapidly disposing of the hot food kindly placed before them.
The pleasant odor of tobacco was in their nostrils and the
incessant buzz of friendly voices was humming in their ears.
They were worn and weary, yet far into the night Ambrose sat
by the fire smoking, with his glib tongue rattling on and on,
and an inscrutable smile darkly playing on his patriarchal face,
for I fear he lied much and repented not of his iniquity.

In the morning a long interview with the agent in which
many promises and assurances were given by Ambrose, which I
know were never kept, resulted in a small supply of flour,
molasses, and pork being given him, and with this aboard the
trio promptly turned for home.

Their journey back was but a repetition of their coming,
except that as they neared their home a storm that had threat­
ened long burst wildly upon them. With the sail bellied by the
wind, through the blinding snow, guided by the dog's unerring
instinct, they pressed bravely on. It was well that their home
was near else the woman who waited in hunger and fear,
trembling at each blast, would have starved miserably where she
sat crooning over her little fire. They thought not of God, but
He was good to them, and through the blinding drift they
recognized the outline of their own high hill above their humble
home. Soon in the little hut there was the joy of the weary
and worn when the struggle is done and the reward is come, and
the welcome of her who has got what she loved and longed for,
and what her life demanded.
These provisions were insufficient for the long winter. That night huddled again around their ancient stove they decided to move to the North-West Islands, forty miles up, where fish might be caught through the ice. When the storm was done and a crust had hardened the surface of the new snow they sallied forth in merry pair, which clinked and rung quite sportively. It was a terrible load with limbs all weary, and eyes half blinded with tears and the glare of the dazzling snow. To all things there is an end, and their journey fraught as it was with risk and hardship such as few experience came at last to a close. In a deserted house they passed the long winter. Through the ice they caught the dirty tom cod, the vile sculpin, and an occasional trout, in their snares on the mainland a rabbit sometimes was found; and on these with a frugal consumption of their hard won supply they eked out a desperate, half-starved existence till spring.

Such is the tale of Ambrose. It is true and deserves to be better told. A man who lives on that bleak and desolate shore takes desperate chances of peril and want. He is capable of a strong fight for existence, and spurred by the wailings of his children and the weeping of his Rachel he can occasionally rise to an heroic plane. It is well that to me there has never come a call as came to crippled Ambrose. I would have died warm in my hut dreaming of nectar and ambrosial food, and when summer came some searcher's hand would justly write my little epitaph—"Mene: Mene: Tekel: Upharsin." 

KROK.

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OUR GRADUATES.

1873.

Were any one to step into the court house in Picton, Antigonish, or Guysboro, while Supreme Court was in session there, he would be almost sure to notice a very prominent figure wearing a something that does duty as a gown. The same something—somewhat would be the better term—has served its owner thro' some four years at college, and some nineteen at the bar, and the nick name of Lord Raglan that it has won for that owner aptly illustrates its chief virtues. The veriest urchin present will tell you that this prominent figure is D. C. Fraser, who may be briefly described as the worst punster and best travelling companion in Nova Scotia. We don't propose to talk of D. C. as a politician—the daily papers have been doing that for years—but we must tell a story about him. "Dee ye knaw Dinean C. Frasher," said an old Scotchman at Baddeck, C. B., to a young lawyer from Antigonish. "Yes," answered the lawyer. "Well," said the old Scotchman, "dawn't ye hope ye may live till ye knaw as mich law as Dinean C. Frasher!"

A good lawyer and a capital and convincing speaker, D. C. is wanted whenever in Eastern Nova Scotia a jury is to be won over, or a political meeting is to be held; a man of fine literary tastes and cultivated mind, he is in demand whenever a lecture course is being arranged. His success in life, due as it has been entirely to his own efforts, has been an inspiration to many such country boys as he once was. They cannot help seeing that beneath all his bonhomie, his love for fun, his appreciation of a good story whether in English or Gaelic, there is the solid groundwork of a carefully developed capacity for hard work, the earnest view of life, and the honest desire to do his duty as a man and citizen.

East River, St. Mary's has produced more Presbyterian Ministers to the square mile of its area than any other district in Nova Scotia. Adam Gunn came from there. At College he always maintained a respectable position in his classes, and the most diligent study of supplementary examination lists will not find his name. After graduation, without delay, he entered upon his Theological studies, taking courses at the Presbyterian College, Halifax, and at Princeton. His first charge was that of Noel, whence after a long and successful pastorate he was called to Cardigan, P. E. I., where he still is. A studious, scholarly man, of good ability, Gunn is held in high esteem by his brethren, among whom it is a joke, that if Gunn were in a sister communion he would ere this have been a Canon.

Hugh McKenzie was an Earltown boy. Whether it is that Earltown sends her less worthy students to some other College or not, we do not know. Certain it is that those she has furnished to Dalhousie have been Romans all of them, and McKenzie is equal with the best. After leaving College he studied law, and upon his admission commenced practice in the shire town of his native County. There he has built up a large and lucrative practice. Since the incorporation of the County he has been County Solicitor and Municipal Clerk. His name has been frequently mentioned as a possible candidate for Parliamentary honors, no doubt on the right side; but McKenzie recognizes that law is a jealous mistress and refuses to be seduced from exclusive devotion to his profession. His always warm interest in Dalhousie, many times manifested in a practical way, should and does endear him to the present generation of Dalhousians.

Alas! poor Pollok! First of Dalhousie's own he went to the majority. He belonged to French River in Picton County, and thence, thro' the midst of the Halifax Schools he came to Dalhousie. At Matriculation he won the first Professors' Scholarship, and all thro' his course his standing in his classes was creditable. In football he excelled. The Homer of his class, describing in flowing verse the great struggle between the College team and the Wanderers of those days, has sung, "How swift to the goal doth the young Pollok glide;" and the sober historian of the team has recorded that "Pollok was a remarkably puggy and skilful player." Immediately after graduation he was appointed Principal of the Schools at Port Hawkesbury. In the summer of the same year he was bathing, with two companions, at the bridge across the creek making off from the Strait to the north of that town. The Creek
at that point is not fifteen yards wide tho' quite deep. Pollok was a strong swimmer but was seized with a violent cramp. His comrades from the bank saw him struggle, but thought he was only playing, and before they realized that something was wrong it was too late. Pollok's gentle spirit was gone. The ministry he looked forward to on earth was not to be; but a better and brighter service was commenced where sorrow and sighing have forever fled away.

Between Ephraim Scott and Archibald, as we have said, collegiate honors were easy. In detail Scott's record is as follows:—first year, prizes in Mathematics and Rhetoric; second year, in Mathematics and Chemistry; third year in Chemistry; fourth year in Ethics, and the special Young prize for Essay besides. He, too, studied for the Church. After two years at Pine Hill, he went to Edinburgh, and on the completion of his course there he toured thro' Europe and the Holy Land, and the Gazette of the period was enriched by his interesting accounts of things seen, and heard en route. His first congregation was that of Gay's River, whence, after a short pastorate, he was called to United Church, New Glasgow. To the devotedly attached people of that Church he ministered for thirteen years, or until translated by the unanimous voice of the Presbyterian General Assembly to the Editorship of the Record, official organ of their church. In Montreal, the nerve centre of Presbyterian activity in Canada, he is now directing the Record with skilful hand.

Arthur I. Trueman was the first gift of New Brunswick to Dalhousie. Point de Bute begat him. His course at College was bright with promise for the future—promise which has been amply fulfilled. He it was who broke the power of the duumvirate of Archibald and Scott by carrying off from them in their third year the prize in Natural Philosophy. He, too, was an enthusiastic football player. From among even the giants of those days the historian has singled him out as a "particularly swift runner," and he was captain of the team in his fourth year. After graduation Trueman taught school, and was for a time Principal of the schools of Portland. But the attractions of the law proved too powerful, and it is not long till we find him practising barrister in ambitious St. John. He has steadily risen in his profession, until now he is a recognized leader of the bar of the sister Province. His literary labors as the reporter of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick have resulted in a number of excellent volumes, exceeding in bulk the Waverley Novels, tho' not so interesting to the general reader. Nor is his activity limited by the bounds of his profession. He was prominent in the University Extension movement in St. John, and one of the lecturers in the course; and the part he has already taken in public life shows that he is yet destined to be a leading figure in New Brunswick politics. His never flagging interest in Dalhousie has been more than once abundantly proved, and received some recognition, when he was elected President of the parent Alumni Association, and afterwards first President of the New Brunswick offspring of that Association. We wish to assure Trueman that the eyes of his old associates at College and of us later Dalhousians, are upon him, and that we hopefully expect even greater things of him than he has yet given us.

ASH WEDNESDAY was a holiday. We trust we are thankful for such an unexpected gift.

The students who take classes in the north end of the building are going to buy oil stoves, one for each bench. They say it is impossible to take notes with their mits on.

We read in the Mail that Dr. MacMeehan examined the essays which lately appeared in that paper, on the comparative patience of man and woman. No doubt nearly all the contributors made "first class," and we trust few were "plucked."

The Notman's Studio is preparing the class pictures for our present Graduating Year in Arts. The manager of the studio is taking great care with the design of the picture, which is to contain a design of the Arts Library.

It is said that the Sophomores are at present getting designs for a class pin. Why can they not consult with the first year, who, we are credibly informed, would be glad to accept any good pattern in conjunction with the second year? This would furnish a precedent to the succeeding classes, and perhaps establish the thing permanently.

We are informed that the stairway leading up from the Reading Room door is not of very great strength. Of course it is adequately strong for any legitimate test to which it may be put, but it is positively unsafe when subject to "blockade." Anyway the thing is a chestnut now, and at least not of sufficient value to warrant us endangering our valuable necks.

Considerable discussion is taking place in the two lower years as to the feasibility of having a College pin. The scheme is excellent. The present plan of class pins is unsatisfactory, and always gives rise to trouble and disagreement. If a design generally approved were accepted for the College pin, and were of such a nature that each succeeding year need only change the date of graduation, the result would be certainly gratifying.

Among the recommendations passed at the recent convention of graduate student representatives from the nineteen leading Universities of the United States, we note the following:—"That the two ordinary course degrees, A. M. and Ph. D. should represent two important classes of graduate students; the Ph. D. degree to be given to the highly gifted and specialized students, and the A. M. to the advanced in more that one department, who would fill admirably the teaching positions in the public high schools and other secondary institutions."

"Columbia, like Harvard, makes public an annual financial statement; something that every incorporated educational institution ought to be compelled to do. From this it appears
that the income for the year ending June 30, 1895, was $773,662.10. Of this amount, $386,256 was received from rentals; $290,834.14 from fees of students; $38,837.28 from gifts from current uses and $50,512.45 from interests and sundries. For this same period the expenditure was $753,649.74. During the year, $188,000 was received by gift for other than current uses.—N. Y. Educational Review.

College Societies.

The Philomathic Society programme on Feb. 7th was both instructive and entertaining. Mr. R. M. Hattie read a carefully prepared paper on “Hypnotism” Mr. F. A. Currier, B. A., gave a most amusing paper on “Ghosts.” Ghostly tales have evidently not awed him much. Both papers were highly appreciated by those who had gathered in spite of the storm to hear them.

The semi-annual General Student’s Meeting was held in the Munro room on Friday evening last. An amendment to the Gazette constitution, proposed by Mr. O’Connor, was given the three months’ hoist. On motion of Mr. McIntosh it was decided to give the Senior Year in Law an additional Gazette editor, and to deprive the Law Freshmen of their representative. After an exciting contest, Mr. Geo. Wood, ’98 was elected Financial Editor, and Messrs. Denoon and Mackinnon Auditors for next year. Subsequently the meeting was addressed at length by Mr. F. A. Morrison, who, in eloquent and impassioned language, announced that the railways had refused to recognize law students any longer, either as ministers or Indians.

Glee Club.—We frequently hear the beautiful and familiar strains of “Its a way we have in Dalhousie, to drive dull care away,” sung with fervor and gusto in the corridors and halls of “Old Dalhousie.” We heartily agree with the sentiment herein expressed, as, notwithstanding the novelties that are sometimes interspersed between the lectures, the average college life grows monotonous. To relieve this tiresome monotony we attend the meetings of the College Societies, and from these we oft receive a balm. For the musical student, the “Glee Club” supplies that which is necessary to dispel moroseness. The Club is under the leadership of Mr. Gatward, and it meets every Friday evening for practice. This year, for the first time in the history of the Club, ladies were admitted as members. As to the effect of this innovation, it is needless to make any comment more than to say that the improvement in the rendering of the glees has been very marked. To encourage local talent, the Club has offered a prize of two dollars for the best original parody, not yet heard in Dalhousie. We expect to receive contributions from all our local poets. Let the muse be awakened, and let all compete. This offer only remains open for three weeks, so send your contributions early.

All lovers of music in the University should be members of this Society. It is the purpose of the Club to give their Annual Concert some time about the last of March. We had a “bumper” house last spring, and when it is known that our programme will surpass even that of last year, we feel confident of the patronage of professors, students and friends.

A General Students’ Meeting was held at noon, Feb. 13th. President Forrest presented suggestions from the Senate as to methods of selecting one valedictorian to represent all Faculties. These were discussed; but no action was taken, as no representatives of the Medical Faculty were present.

The committee appointed at the last meeting to consider the feasibility of forming a volunteer corps, reported favourably. Two companies can be organized, and attached to the Sixty-third Battalion. Drill will be in winter instead of in summer. Students can secure their release at the close of their College course, except in case of special emergency. It was resolved to form two companies. Prof. W. C. Murray, and Messrs. Hattie (Arts), McCart (Law), and Morton (Med.), were appointed a committee to attend to organization. Meeting adjourned to meet on 17th.

At the meeting on 17th, valedictories were again discussed, and a motion was passed in favour of abolishing them.

Y. M. C. A.—The Sunday Afternoon Lecture Course is maintaining its standard of excellence.

On Feb. 2nd, Dr. Stewart, of the Medical College, gave a scholarly review of Sir Thomas Brown’s “Religio Medici,” following the author through his meditations on nature up to nature’s God.

Rev. J. W. Falconer, B. D., followed, on the 9th, with a thoughtful lecture on “The Discipline of Character.” He presented Jesus Christ as the example of and guide to perfect manhood.

On the 16th, Dr. Sawyer, of Acadia College, gave an able address on “Prime Questions.” He asked, What is the meaning of human life, and where can we find the most satisfactory explanation of its mysteries? He showed the inadequacy and unsatisfactoriness of naturalism. The Bible gives the most satisfactory explanation of life, and men find that it meets their needs.

D. A. A. C.—The annual meeting of the College Athletic Club, held on the afternoon of the 21st inst., was large and enthusiastic. The officer’s reports were cheering and hopeful. A balance of something over one hundred dollars remains in
the hands of the Treasurer. A committee consisting of Messrs. McIlreith, D. K. Grant and Maxwell, were appointed to search for new grounds or, if thought better, to expend the club's balance in improving the field behind the college. Dr. Forrest addressed the meeting at length and made the club's annual presentation of smoking caps to men who have seen two years service on the football team. Heartly votes of thanks were passed to the energetic "Manager," Mr. McIlreith, and to "Capt." McIntosh. Several valuable suggestions were offered by the retiring members, and a general feeling manifested that we should next season hire a "coach." Officers were elected as follows:

Hon. President...... DR. FORREST.
President............ H. MAXWELL, (re-elected.)
Vice. Do................ G. WOOD.
Sec'y................. H. PUTNAM, B. A.
Treas................ R. McILREITH, LL. B. (re-elected.)
Comm. .............. R. McILREITH, LL. B.

Dalliusensia.

SWEET FRESHETTE: Please sir, give me ten cents worth of Kisses—

LADY FRIEND: Have you been on the electric cars yet, Mr. MacAskill?
MACASKILL: I got an electric shock when I was at the Normal School, and haven't recovered yet, although I am taking medical advice by mail.

LADY (answering bell): Well, what is it?
OLD WOMAN: I heard as you kept some students that needed washing, and I want the job.

COMMITTEE MAN: Now, Mr. O'Brien, you will join the corps?
O'BRIEN, (freshman after faithful thought): It's just this, I do not know about signing away my freedom.

MCDougall (to Librarian): Who is the author of Britannica Encyclopaedia?
LIBRARIAN (aghast at the ignorant one): Great Cæsar!
MCDougall: Oh Cæsar, wrote it. Well, I want to take it home to-night, as Prof. ———— says there is some valuable information in it.

TH. IRVING: (patronisingly to new Prof. at "At Home"): I presume this is your first year at Dalhousie?
NEW PROF. (meekly): Yes sir.
TH. IRVING (confidentially): Oh well, you Freshmen are treated better than we used to be.

AUBREY through the forest wanders,
Though he will not "sleigh the deers";
O'er the moon he after ponders,
It will turn his head we fear.

THE DALHOUSSIE GAZETTE.

Photographer to A. H. C-mp-II: Do you want to have your photo now?
Mr. C.: Ah! —er — No sir. Not now, I — um — think I must wait until awl! — my — my — tache grows.

RECIPE.

C-FE-N (to Friend): Miss ———— looks at me through the whole lecture.
Friend: How do you know that, unless you were looking at her all the time.

CHESTNUTS.

How does it happen that Faulkner, though born and bred in folly, is yet a rather nice fellow.

Why would Gould be a dangerous captain? Because he carries two red side-lights, instead of one red and one green.

Who can tell where to buy a copy of René's songs to supplement the lectures in English?

My life is ebbing fast, dear friends,
My heart now never beats;
For when it should be pumping blood,
It's capering round the street.

One of the Junior Honour men in Philosophy handed in the above ditty with the request that it be published with his name. We respect the gentleman highly, and so withhold his name.

A new College paper is about to be started. Below are given the names of the various editors, and a short note on the points of interest in the first issue:

Editor-in-Chief.................. A. H. CAMPBELL.
Comic Editor................... ADDISON MILLAR O'BRIEN.
Editors of Fashion Notes...... GENTS' FASHIONS, A. B. COOKE.
Editor of Society Notes........ G. A. GRANT.
Financial Manager.............. JULIUS MARCELLUS NISSEN.

The Sporting Column, owing to its importance, was divided into three divisions:

Pugilistic Notes.............. Race Course Notes.
Senior Editor: DAVID M. REID.
Assistant Editor: A. F. FISHER.
General Sporting Notes.
G. A. SUTHERLAND.

In this issue Mr. Colquhoun publishes his "Remarks on Romeo and Juliet." After some preliminaries, he goes on to say "That Romeo and Juliet were awfully sweet, but cannot compare with C. E. Societies. Mr. Colquhoun is an able writer, and speaks from experience.

Another article, by T. Irving, is on Systematic Betting. Mr. Irving's essay bears particularly on the melee in El Pasco, and he seems very familiar with the doctrine of chances.

G. A. Grant has prepared an article on "The Origin, Renaissance and Renovation of Bloomers." The article is prepared with great care and erudition. Out of his classical research he has traced the origin of this celebrated piece of attire to the Garden of Eden, thence taking up the philosophy of the subject, has proved it to have been an evolution, the modifying cause being fundamentally the same as those which have given rise to our "western civilization."

We feel that it would be only fair to Mr. Julius Marcellus Nissen, to state, that in the formation of the Editorial staff, the greatest difficulty met with was to find a reliable and capable man to fill the position of Financial Manager. To our wisdom Mr. Nissen seemed the only person in Nova
Scotia who could fill the arduous position. Mr. Nissen at first declined the position, being pressed with work, especially in connection with his great work, "A consideration of the Classical composition of the Laboratory fiend of Dr. Faust, including a short enquiry into the Astrological and Sanitary Science of that time," but when on further thought he recognized the vast field for good work which would be covered by the paper, and its salutary influence on the rising generation, (Mr. N. being specially interested in the youngsters) he felt that he must help forward the work.

Mr. J. C. Murray has an exceedingly interesting paper on Logic. We quote:

To prove Henry G. is "gone."
That which is moved is gone.
To chase is to move.
Now Henry G. is often seen to chase.
Therefore Henry G. doth move.
Therefore Henry G. is "gone."

We guarantee the conclusion as correct, though we cannot vouch for the reasoning. However this is enough to show the great care with which Mr. Murray's article is prepared.

**Personal.**

Miss Montgomery won the prize offered by the Evening Mail for the best letter on "Which has the more patience; man or woman?" Fame cleaveth unto "they of Dalhousie."

In a former issue we announced that J. F. Putnam, '94, is editing a temperance paper in Maitland. We now have the pleasure of announcing Miss B. Hen, '94, as assistant editor. The good cause will undoubtedly prosper in Maitland.

We are glad to see Miss Thompson, 3rd year, back again to College. She was recently called home on account of her beloved brother's accidental death, and, for a time, everyone feared that she would not return. Just about a year ago, she was suddenly called home to her dying father's side. Her recent severe loss, therefore, appeals, if possible, more deeply to the students' sympathies. Her class-mates, as soon as the sad news reached them, expressed their sorrow, and now the Gazette, on behalf of the students generally, extends tenderest sympathy and warmest welcome.

**Correction.**

In a former number, when speaking of "Joseph Howe," we used the following words:—

"He sometimes carried his enthusiasm beyond propriety, and during the Crimean war, when he went to the United States to enlist soldiers for the British army, he had to flee for his life. Such a violation of the laws of neutrality it is hard to defend."

Since then, one of our readers has generously brought to our notice the fact that Mr. Howe refuted those charges in letters to Hon. W. E. Gladstone and A. H. Roebuck, M. P., reviewing their speeches in the House of Commons during the debate on the Foreign Enlistment Bill, in such a way as to elicit an apology from Mr. Gladstone. Our correspondent has our sincere thanks, for this serves to defeat the opinion current in the minds of many that Mr. Howe was open to this charge.

Law Department.

**Looking Backward.**

ERE this issue of the Gazette will be out, the curtain will have fallen on the term of '95-'96, the examinations finished, and the students scattered throughout the provinces patiently awaiting their results before plunging into work again. The trials of a graduate are proverbial, and the graduate of '96 is busily occupied searching from Vancouver to Cape Breton, a field for his operations. The rest of us will spend the time in supplementing the theoretical knowledge with the practical office work. This of course is as necessary a part of our training as the study of the principles of Law. Let the student who under-estimates office practice, and considers that he can work at something else in the summer, awake from his lethargy, and consider that a student without a thorough knowledge of practical office work is as helpless as an unskilled mechanic with a complicated set of machinery.

A retrospective view over the rapidly closing term unveils very little of the unusual. In fact, with the resources at its command, the Law School may perhaps be said to have attained a reasonably lofty pinnacle. But it is not our object to indulge in encomiums on the present standing of our Law School; but to consider the advance we have made during the past term. A word here from the students' standpoint as to the beginning may be of value to the authorities. Begin the lectures promptly the first of the term, and then you will have all in their seats for the first lecture. As it is, the student who arrives on time learns to know better, and, next year, he finds it more convenient to be a week later. And so at Christmas holidays. It is not fair to the faithful student who is on hand the date set in the Calendar, that the lectures should be put off till the tardy ones arrive.

This term is marked by an attempt to settle the Library question. The small room for discussions did not satisfy our sanguine expectations; the Library was the scene of discussions; the small room the resort of a desperate student. It is our firm belief that the problem how to keep our Library quiet can
only be settled by the appointment of a Librarian who is not one of the students. The sooner this is accomplished, the better for our Law School.

As regards the subjects of the curriculum, the only change made is in making "Conveyancing" a two years course. The copious and careful course of lectures given by Mr. Ritchie on this subject has well merited the success with which they were attended. All well-wishers of the progress of Dalhousie feel that they have in Mr. Ritchie a true friend. The lectures this last term, with the exception of one or two subjects, have been exceedingly regular—a most gratifying circumstance to the students. "Trusts" was really only the subject over which we have feelings of regret, and we sincerely hope the Faculty will be able to remedy this cause of complaint. The irregularity on one or two subjects calls to our notice the extreme need of a telephone in connection with the Law School. With such at our disposal, we could learn in the morning whether such a lecturer was coming or not; and a notice posted in the morning would save a lot of trouble. It may be a little trouble to send a notice out when a Lecturer is not going to be present, but if he would consider that by his neglect he causes twenty or thirty students to walk out to the College, and wait there for fifteen or twenty minutes in vain, such lecturer would perhaps be more considerate.

The success of the Mock Parliament we have reviewed before. The Moot Court has been as successful as usual. An important case, or a difficult principle to solve, always fills the court room, and this is all the Faculty can ask. The abolition of the rule for compulsory attendance was a step in the right direction. Surely students understand that it is to their advantage to attend sometimes, and when they have obtained what good they can out of it, they should not be compelled to remain there idle for two hours, pending the decision of a not always important principle.

This term will always be remembered by the abolition of Valedictories. Whether such a radical step was wise or not, is a question on which there is much difference of opinion. Be that as it may, the class of '96 separates without the time-honoured custom of a parting farewell. Possibly it may be that "those are reputed wise that say nothing," and that "the empty vessel makes the greatest sound," still we would have preferred to see the number of graduates playing their part in the Convocation drama, with a Valedictory address worthy of the name of Dalhousie. But that is not to be, and the class of '96 steps from the stage of study into the arena of life, if not "unhonoured," at least "unsung."

To our Professors, Graduates, Fellow Students, and Co-Editors, the Law Editors say, Farewell!

REFORMS.

SINCE the appearance of the last GAZETTE Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen alike have burned incense to the exam-god.

Examination hour is the time of trial for the student. The plugger walks confidently into the room, knowing no fear. His less envious and on this occasion less fortunate brother, the loafer, views the scene with fear and trembling. His day of retribution has come, throughout the session he had a jolly and merry time but now the other side are having their innings.

Unfortunately in professional work, there are loafers. To loaf is human, but there should be a preventative from it. Professional work should know no idleness, it should be one continual study, one cannot acquire enough, let alone too much knowledge in the line of a life-work. We owe it as our duty to our profession that we do thorough work. Amongst ordinary workmen, we expect and look for the efficient. Habits of study should be acquired and followed; we should aim at having a complete mastery of our work; the science of passing examinations should not be our only care. The student who only aims at getting through and when he finds his name in the pass list, throws aside text and note books, should never choose a profession. Skilled and thorough men the world demands. The professional man who forces himself on the public by a mere "skin through" is a fraud; he imposes himself on them; they don't want him, and by deception he earns a living.

But it is not the man who stands at the head of his classes who alone is doing work and who is bound to keep ahead in the race for life; it is the man who does his work thoroughly. His place may not be as envied as his classmate who comes out first, but ultimately he will receive the reward of untiring and faithful energy.

Strange to say, in looking over the Calendars amongst those who stood at the head of their classes, very few names are now prominent in their profession. Some are, but quite the larger number have sunk into oblivion, and their place is taken by the student who was thought less brilliant. But apart from the standpoint of individual success, there should be certain measures taken in justice to those who come in contact professionally with members of the bar, that no one should be allowed to practice who does not do steady work. A hurried plug when the exams. approach is not what is proper; it may give a pass, but not the standing necessary. The student who
passes by a careful study of old exam. papers and a sort of presentiment of what the question will be and a few days hard work, is not what the profession demands, and is not what he should be. Our authorities should not allow anyone to occupy a place in the pass or class lists who does not do regular work. It gives the profession a bad name and it lowers the law school. The way some students get through is a marvel,—a hasty and a superficial study, “A streak of luck” and the rest of it.

We would suggest that class work count—and library work also—and then if the one is not done well and the other attended regularly, not to allow the terminal examinations to count. We hope in the near future to see exams. not the only test of what a graduate and lawyer should be.

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LAW SCHOOL AND LAW NOTES.

The continuation of our New Brunswick law graduate’s directory appears elsewhere. Read them over and hear of the boys you used to know.

Mr. A. D. Gunn, ’97, will amuse himself during vacation by writing editorials for the Halifax Daily Echo. Now look out for the new thunderer. Hear the Echo of the Gunn.

The Law and Notes class wish to express their hearty thanks to Professor Russell for kindly consenting to allow the examinations upon the above subject to stand over for a day. The courtesy was duly appreciated.

In the succeeding issues of the Gazette it is our intention to publish a résumé of the cases decided in the moot court during the past terms. The arguments of our embryo lawyers will thus be perpetuated, as in most cases they well deserve to be.

To Mr. Rupert C. Kaulback, late of Harvard, and lately of Dalhousie, go forth the compliments and best wishes of his fellow students. The happy event took place about two weeks ago, in Sherbrooke, Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Kaulback,—a votre bou santé!

The Procedure exams. took place on Friday last. Among those who presented themselves and took their medicine was Mr. Chas. A. McLean, the law valedictorian of 1895. He thinks valedictories should not have been done away with, and that the students have made a mistake in abolishing them. “Great institution” he says they were.

It is with great pleasure that we can announce that the report of Dean Weldon’s illness at Ottawa was entirely unfounded. The word was on the lips of everyone, and belief in the truth of the rumor was general. All the happier then are we that the news was false.

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Some time ago a letter appeared in the Gazette from a New Brunswick student, claiming that it was unjust that students from that province should be compelled to take the classes in Procedure. We have instructions from the Dean to state that with New Brunswick students the subject is entirely optional. Will all concerned note and govern themselves accordingly?

Our professors, teachers and graduates apparently are in great demand as lecturers. Messrs. Russell and Harrington have been addressing “Joe Howe” meetings right and left. Prof. Russell also lectured on “Democracy” in St. Mary’s Hall last Thursday evening. W. B. Wallace, ’85, Alex. McNeil, ’91, and Prof. McMecchan are also advertised to lecture at the same place during the lenten season.

In the Supreme court of Canada, Feb. 22, argument in Pudsey vs. the Dominion Atlantic Railway Co., was concluded and judgment given ordering a new trial. The case decided that one of two administrators can sue alone under Lord Campbell’s act, and that the defendant Co’y having by statute taken the assets and become liable for the obligations of the W. & A. Railway Co., could be sued for damages, in consequence of death by negligence of the latter company. This was an action by the administrrix for compensation for the death of her husband, a railway engineer, killed at Wolfville, N. S., by an engine going through a bridge after the snow plow had gone off the track. The defence was that there was no negligence; that the defendant could not sue without the co-administrator, who refused to join; that the accident was on the W. & A. R., and the Dominion Atlantic being liable for obligations of the other company is not liable for a tort. The jury found that derailing of the snow-plow was the proximate cause of the accident, but they did not know whose negligence caused it nor that the defendants knew of the defect in the plow and bridge which they found were defective. Sir C. H. Tupper, Q. C., and Lovett for appellant; Drysdale, Q. C., for respondent.

The court decided also the following interesting case: Coombs vs. the Queen. Notice was given by the I. C. Railway at Moncton that on March 30th, 31st, and April 1st excursion tickets over the line would be issued, not good if used after April 1st, and good to return April 5th. Coombs bought a ticket to Chatham, not noticing the printed conditions on it “good only on day of issue,” and prohibiting a stop-over. He started March 31st, but stopped over night at Harcourt, and going on next day his ticket was refused and himself ejected. His action for damages was dismissed by the Exchequer court on the ground that the condition as to stop-over did not alter the general law, which made any ticket good for a continuous journey only. The Supreme court dismissed his appeal with costs.
THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

Law Personals.

J. F. OUTHIT is stumping in Annapolis.
Kaulback was always inexpressible. Recent papers show cause; Marriage.
We are pleased to see contradicted the rumor that Dr. Weldon was ill at Ottawa.

DALHOUSIANS AT NEW BRUNSWICK BAR.—(Continued.)
J. P. Byrne is flourishing at Sussex.
J. Roy Campbell of St. John, distinguished himself last June by taking a B. C. L. from King's College and a wife from the family of Mr. Justice Barker. We extend congratulations.
A. B. Copp has been practicing in Westmorland as an Attorney, and was called to the bar in Michaelmas Term.
W. D. Carter of Phinney & Carter, Richibucto, has a good practice.
T. J. Carter of Andover, has the largest practice in North Western New Brunswick.
Charles Comben is taking a good foothold at Woodstock.
F. L. Farweather takes an interest in Municipal, Provincial and Dominion politics at Sussex.
R. W. Hannington is managing clerk in the law office of A. H. Hannington, St. John.
R. W. Hewson is a member of the Westmorland law firm of Teed, Hewson & Hannington.
R. A. Irving passed a brilliant final and was sworn in as an Attorney in Michaelmas Term.
J. King Kelly took a B. C. L. from Kings last June, and has an extensive practice at St. John.
Bowyer S. Smith is practicing at St. John and attends to the Notarial work of the Bank of New Brunswick.
L. P. D. Tilley is to be found at St. John when he is not engaged in political missionary work in King's County.

Facetiae.

R-B-N to P-M, say how about contracts by infants: Are they responsible? Do you settle up?
McV-—was seen in an earnest argument with a hawkman, hand in pocket the night after the banquet.
The Law exams recall the days of yore: When a big man with and, etc., walking up and down the room, was asked to interpret a phrase; and answered in the historic words "Gentlemen that is Latin."
Jock, reading the paper on Real Property.—"Prof., is there a time limit to this paper."
Prof.—"I guess there is enough of time given."
Jock.—"To answer hurriedly, I presume there may be."
M.—"Say boys, I had a letter from my girl yesterday enclosing fifteen cents, and what do you think it was for?"
Chorus of Voices.—"We don't know! We don't know! What was it for?"
M.—"To cut off my sidelights."
The Arts girls never appointed the committee to deliberate with the law one for the purpose of marrying the five prettiest Arts girls, who voted to invite the Law men to the "Senior At Home" to the same number of legal luminaries. M-k-e's curly sidelights grown for the occasion will cease to flutter and bask in the sun, when the he strikes Amherst, a desert drear.
Mr. McLeod to Professor.—"Professor what will I do with the questions I cannot answer?"
Prof.—"Well, you better try, if you put nothing down you will get nothing; if you guess something correctly, you will be that much better off."
McL—d proceeded to guess Limitations to the Rule in Shelley's Case.

THE SIX CARPENTERS' CASE.

This case befell at four of the clock, (Now listeneth what I shall say),
And the year was the seventh of James the First, On a fine September day.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
What trespass shall be ab initio.
It was Thomas Newman and five his freres, (Three more would have made them nine),
And they entered into John Vaux's house, That had the Queen's Head to sign.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
What trespass shall be ab initio.
They called anon for a quart of wine, (They were carpenters all by trade),
And they drank about, till they drank it out, And when they had drunk they paid.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
What trespass shall be ab initio.
One spake this word in John Riddings ear, (White manches are sweet and fine):
"Fair sir, we are fan of a penn'orth of bread,
And another quart of wine."
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
What trespass shall be ab initio.
Full lightly thereof they did eat and drink, (To drink is wis no blame).
"Now tell me eight pennies," quoth Master Vaux, But they would not pay the same.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
What trespass shall be ab initio.
"Ye have trespassed with force and arms, ye knaves, (The six be too strong for me),
But your tortious entry shall cost you dear,
And that the King's Court shall see.
The birds on the bough sing loud and nought low,
Your trespass was wrought ab initio."
Sed per totam curiam 'twas well resolved, (Note, reader, the difference).
That in mere not doing no trespass is, And John Vaux went empty thence.
The birds on the bough sing loud and sing low,
No trespass was here ab initio.

(The above is by Sir Fred. Pollok. We are sorry it is too late for the Plagger of "Torts" this year, but no doubt many will recognize a familiar friend.—E.D.S.)
Medical Department.

**REVIEW OF “ARE WOMEN LIKELY TO BE AS SUCCESSFUL IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AS MEN?”**

Such was the title of an article in the last Dalhousie Gazette, a question which the writer answered in the negative. “Are women likely to be as successful in the Teaching Profession as men?” was the question asked a hundred years ago and answered in the negative. Time has reversed the verdict, and women are now acknowledged as the equals of men in the educational department. “Are women as likely to be as successful in the study of Medicine as men?” might have been asked when women first crossed the threshold of a medical college. Experience has answered this in the affirmative. It is probable that time will also give a favorable answer to the inquiry about women in practice. Meantime we can theorize and support our theory with arguments.

It is not possible to make an exact comparison, since no one can compare all the physicians of one sex, with all those of the other sex. Even if it were possible the question is not of sufficient importance to warrant such an amount of research. There is very little practical difference to any of us, what the result of such a comparison would be since the question for each student to decide is “Am I likely to succeed in the practice of Medicine?” The sum total of the success attained by either sex is a poor criterion for the individual. Some men will be more successful than some women and vice versa. Were it not for its influence on the immediate success of women in the profession, the article in question would scarcely be deserving of unfavorable comment, “Nothing succeeds like success.” Continually telling the average person he will not succeed is a fairly certain way of preventing his success. On the other hand a word of encouragement often helps the racer to reach the goal. Doctors who make up their minds that they will not succeed, or who allow other people to do this for them are likely to become melancholy.

“Are Women likely to be as successful in the Medical Profession as men? We think not.” And if not, why not? The writer, evidently a young man who has not passed the sentimental age, proceeds to give reasons as follows:

“Men prefer a physician of their own sex, which is not only desirable but natural, and in accordance with the rules of propriety and common modesty.” If this be true, by what species of logic can a person assume (1) that women do not and never will prefer a physician of their own sex, (2) that it is not desirable for them to do so, (3) that it is not natural, (4) that it is not in accordance with the rules of propriety and modesty? The old adage, “What’s sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,” seems applicable here. If it is not unnatural nor against the rules of propriety and common modesty for women, whatever their ailment, to be attended by men, then it is neither unnatural nor against the rules of propriety and common modesty for men to be attended by women physicians. It would probably militate against the success of women to confine their attention solely to the diseases of women. It is just as necessary for them to have a knowledge of male diseases as for men to have a knowledge of female diseases.

“Men are generally in favor of women doctors for women, but not so the majority of women.” Are these liberal minded men to be eternally disappointed in never even having women attended by women physicians? Men have a mighty influence on women, and may in time persuade them to employ women as physicians. Possibly the majority of women who prefer to be attended by men, may become a minority. There may even be some men who prefer a woman for a doctor, just as they prefer a woman for a nurse.

Then after an acknowledgment of women’s intellectual equality with man and equal standing as a student, which is almost an acknowledgment of her equality in practice, he reaches the climax of his argument:—“Woman places the greater confidence in man. She feels safer in clinging to him. And the more man-like his nature the stronger her confidence. She will suspect her own sex of wrong. When woman sinks so low that she loses faith in woman, she retains a wavering confidence in men. Man has no use for a masculine woman. Woman has no use for an effeminate man. Woman feels safer having man for protector, her adviser, and consequently as her medical adviser. Other difficulties as custom and false impression, can be removed, but this is a principle implanted in woman’s nature and will always remain.” The mistake in this effusion is that the writer has generalized too much. He imagines that every woman has confidence in all men. Perhaps the time may come when he will set aside the flowery dreams of youth in the consciousness that there is but one woman who places all confidence—not a wavering confidence either—in him alone, not in the male persuasion generally.

It will be observed that the article under review does not deal with real success, but merely with the popularity of women as physicians. Real success does not depend on popularity. Better to have only one case, and that a successful one, than lose that patient whilst attending to fifty others. The successful physician is the one who does his work thoroughly. It is generally conceded that women pay more attention to details
than men. If this be true it gives them one great advantage over the other sex for success in the practice of medicine. There is no danger of a woman, when called to a sick-bed, being too drunk to give attention to the details of the case. There lies before me the report of the New England Hospital for Women and Children for the year ending Sept. 30th, 1895. It is not a large hospital, but from its being managed entirely by women with the exception of the consulting physicians and surgeons, we may have some idea of woman's success. There were 248 surgical operations for the year, six of whom died—a mortality of 2.4%. There were 256 medical cases. Of these 6 died—a mortality of 2.5%. The surgical operations included 57 cases of abdominal surgery, some of which were malignant diseases. Of these 48 were cured, 3 improved, and 5 died. Not a bad showing even when compared with hospitals which are controlled entirely by men.

But even as regards popularity, women may become successful. Indeed, they have been successful wherever they have been tried on a large scale. In many of the cities of the United States there are women earning $10,000 a year or more. Most of our gentlemen students will consider themselves successful when they can claim that as their income. When women entered the Medical Profession they encountered much opposition, more opposition than in any other calling excepting the right of exercising the franchise. As the further a pendulum swings in one direction, the further it swings in the opposite direction, we may consider the public disapproval of woman physicians an omen of their future success. But public opinion is a feeble staff on which to depend. The man who expects to build up a practice on popularity alone may to-day be the idol of the people and tomorrow be trampled under foot, and possibly woman exalted to the pedestal which he so lately occupied.

A. I. Hamilton.

MATRICULATION FROM ANOTHER STANDPOINT.

It is not true that, while we are endeavoring to raise the standard of the Medical Profession by lengthening the time of study and increasing the work, we are making no advances with regard to the preliminary education of the would-be Aesculapius. If we are not, I think we blunder. The great majority of candidates pay very little attention to the matric. more than “cramming” up for it and getting through with it as soon, and as easily as possible. The result is that we have many students who are not able to prosecute their studies with that degree of intelligence we should expect; but find their four years of study so many terms of drudgery from which they cannot get so much as if they were well up on entering. Might it not be well then to have a much stiffer matric? Johns Hopkins University, the only Medical School on this side of the water which Progress places before the H. M. C., requires that a student must have a B. A. degree before entering upon the study of Medicine. While we do not advocate going so far we think that a much higher preliminary education should be required of our students. This, we think, would keep a large class out of the Profession who study Medicine because it is easier getting through for a Doctor than for anything else.

Again, we think the Faculties of Arts and Medicine should have more in common than at present. At McGill a student may complete his course in Arts and Medicine in six years. At Toronto University anyone holding a B. A. or B. Sc. degree is permitted to graduate three years after entering the Medical School. At Dalhousie, on the other hand, a student in his fourth year in Arts may take Anatomy and Histology at the Medical College, and Inorganic, Organic, and Practical Chemistry and Botany in Dalhousie, but unless he has taken out tickets for the last four subjects from the Medical College his work will not constitute an Amnis Medicus; but he must still study four years before taking his medical degree. Can anyone give one good reason why this should be so? Can the two Faculties not confer together and do as they have done in McGill and Toronto, and thus encourage students to take both courses. Then we think they might have a common standard for entrance into both Faculties. Surely no one will consider it too much to require of the student of Medicine that he shall have a preliminary education equal to that of the boy or girl entering upon their freshman year in Arts. At present we believe he has not.

Lastly, would it not be advisable to compel everyone to pass in all their preliminary subjects before entering the Medical College. At present they may enter if they pass in all but one, so it often happens that time is spent plugging up the subject in which they failed, that should be put upon the study of the tubercules and development of bones, and the changes which take place in the cell during karyokinesis.

A. Curry, the popular professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, lectured on “Semmelweis, His Discovery of the cause of Puerperal Fever.” It is unnecessary to say that this lecture was very interesting and instructive, and highly appreciated by the students, as the name of the speaker guaranteed that. Briefly but graphically Dr. Curry told the story of the life of this noble man, who gave his
life to the cause of freeing womankind from this awful scourge, which up to his time was the terror of the parturient women. Semmelweis having after long and close observation of the ravages of this disease, discovered its cause and worked out his system of antiseptic treatment, found that, instead of receiving the reward due to his untiring industry and splendid success, he was persecuted by the members of his own profession who should have gladly availed themselves of his discoveries. On this account he was obliged to leave Vienna which had been the scene of his labors and triumphs, for in a few months he had almost eradicated this disease from the Hospital in which he held but a subordinate position. During his retirement he wrote a book setting forth his theory of the disease and urging upon the profession the adoption of the antiseptic treatment. The continued opposition to him and his methods, on the part of the Medical Profession, so preyed upon his mind that his health became shattered, and one day while performing an operation he accidentally infected his hand with some septic material. His system in its broken down condition could not overcome the poison, and he went back to Vienna, and died in the Hospital which was the scene of his early labors and from which he had been driven by the hostility of the members of his own profession. The lecturer brought out very forcibly the importance of his work, by the fact that to-day Puerperal Fever, which before his time was the scourge of womankind, is now a rare disease.

On Jan. 24th, Dr. John Somers was expected to deliver a lecture on “The Pedigree of Disease,” but owing to some unfortunate misunderstanding about the date of his lecture, Dr. Somers did not speak on that evening. It is to be hoped that the Society will yet be favored with a lecture from the learned Doctor this session, as every one is anxious to hear him expound the theories which have stood the test of many centuries.

At the meeting held on the evening of the 31st January, Dr. John Stewart read a paper on “Pasteur, his life and work.” Anticipating a treat, a large turnout of Medicals as well as quite a number from the other Faculties were present. It is needless to say no one was disappointed. Owing to the unavoidable absence of the GAZETTE reporter, a digest of the paper was not taken. We hope, however, in a future issue to give our readers a full report of this excellent paper.

Dr. Wm. Tobin delighted his audience on Feb. 14th, by a lecture on a subject of much interest at the present time, “Quacks and Quackery.” This lecture was mainly historical and was of great interest. As a means for the extermination of Quacks, and of preventing the people being imposed upon by them, the Doctor urged that the Medical Profession should aid in propagating among the people a better knowledge of Physiology, and of some of the simple general principles underlying the treatment of disease.

To the Editors of the GAZETTE:

To attempt to answer the letter from “Medicus” in your last issue, is, I suppose, folly on my part, folly because he is backed up by common sense and reason, or at least he claims such. I think he has not been so bound up in his idea of common sense and reason, he might have seen that I did give a reason why the GAZETTE should remain as it is. For his own special benefit I will repeat that reason, viz., that a Medical Student or Law Student, picking up the GAZETTE as it is now, with its distinct and separate departments, knows just where to find that which is of most interest to him. Whereas, were all departments in one he would be compelled to search and read the whole paper in order to get that which is of most interest to him. Another reason is, that as the GAZETTE is now, it is satisfactory to all or most all. And although “Medicus” claims common sense and reason to back him, I might inform him that this same sense and reason is confined to only a few of the many intelligent students of Dalhousie. I will not begrudge him that few.

As to amalgamation promoting a more healthy University spirit, I would question if such an effect would be produced. That is a matter of opinion and not a matter of fact. Medicus’ beliefs and opinions do not constitute facts.

I did not mean for “Medicus” to conclude as I see he has, from my former letter, that I was comparing him with Joe Howe or any work he is doing to that done by any statesman that has ever yet lived.

“Medicus” can very easily be excused and even pitied when we consider that he is among that number who seek to show their common sense and reason, and who, by so doing make themselves very unpopular. These are, in part, the ones who think that a lack of good feeling exists. “Medicus” may predict that in the near future the proposed change in the GAZETTE will be brought about: he may style himself the second Joe Howe: he may assign me to the narrow gauge class and claim a monopoly of common sense and reason; yet until he exhibits sense and reason that compares in part at least, with that of his fellow students, I think that things will roll on about as they are. Students will continue to think for themselves and will not grasp at a proposed change, simply because it is a change.

I will now bid “Medicus” a sweet good bye, but lay for him when he, like a recent Evening Mail correspondent, “bows up serenely” to find fault with some other student who has been so unfortunate as have been at one time connected with another college.

SKELETON.

MEDICAL BRIEFS.

Ask Lange whose was that baby he was seen carrying along Barrington Street, last Wednesday. See if Chris will tell.

Our pro tem janitor emphatically asserts that the Freshman class should be sprinkled cum grano salis. Reasons obvious.

A fellow-student attributes M-r-t-n’s sense of hunger and salivary flow, while in attendance at the operations, to the cannibalistic propensities of his nature.

Was the fair Senior suffering from a mental aberration, when at a recent operation at the Victoria General Hospital, the question was asked, “Have they transplanted the cord?”
It is quite probable that a duel will take place in the near future between Sh-w and 6 Henry St. Dan, on account of the latter's actions on Sunday night. Go slow Dan.

DEMONSTRATOR in Practical Medicine.—"Where's Dr. Gates?"

Voice from behind.—"I think you will find him in 65 sir, he's there most of his time.'

It is suggested that a bright light for the convenience of a certain able-bodied senior, be placed on the steps of the Medical College on Friday evening. "The mistakes of his life have been many."

A certain junior with myopic eyes is developing an astonishing weakness for the fair sex. A recent trip to Rockhead was fraught with pleasure and enjoyment. What the outcome will be for the fair sex. A new form of disease.

Blaud's pill has been compounded which is warranted to combat this peculiar disease.

"Professor in Anatomy.—"What name do we give to this little ear-shaped cavity just above the auricle of the heart."

McEwan.—"It is called the vermiform appendix."

Prof.—"Then in that case Mr. Mac appendicitis will not be confined to the right iliac region."

DICKIE'S SOLILIOQUY.

"To try or not to try, that is the question,
Whether 'tis better in the Spring to suffer
The trials of Organic Chemistry
Or let the d— thing go; trusting perhaps
A new professor on the scene will come
Who'll mark my paper by its length in words."

A trial means a "pluck"; Ay there's the rub;
For "plucks ' disturb the mind and drain the purse."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

E. B. Smith, $5.00. E. W. Forbes, $2.00. D. A. M'Call, H. T. Morrison, J. A. C. Rodger, P. M. MacDonald, Jas. McLean, J. Layton, May Austin; — Jamieson,
Victor Fraser, — Seely, J. W. McKay, H. Ross, Elma Baker, H. Shiner, each $1.00.

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