

*Dr. McKay*

# THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA

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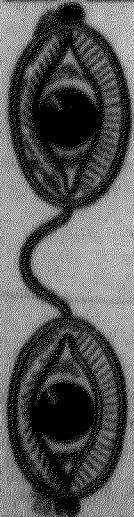
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"ORA ET LABORA."

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### A NEW THING IN DALHOUSIE.

THE coming debate between the Freshman and Sophomore classes, though at first sight interesting to Dalhousians alone, is one of the straws which show how the wind blows. It indicates that the day of Maritime Inter-Collegiate Debates is nearer than when we first believed in them. Years ago, individual students in the different colleges saw the benefits likely to flow from such an institution; but, although they earnestly endeavoured to make others see the prospective advantages, they did not succeed in bringing the matter to a successful issue. In our own University—with the possible exception of Law—the art of public speaking has been neglected. Not that its very great importance was not realized—in any free, self-governing country such a mental condition is scarcely possible. Nor was want of time—the result of pressure of class work—though the most frequently urged and probably the most unanswerable argument, the only one which the friends of this ancient and honorable art had to meet. It is perfectly true that a Dalhousie student, if just to himself and his Alma Mater, has very little time to devote to subjects outside of his class work; and so, the reply, "I have enough to do without preparing for college debates," was not without weight. Yet these were the very men wanted. But a change has taken place. Although the same conditions practically obtain among us this winter, the

Debating Spirit seems to have taken possession of Dalhousie. How much of this is due to the Elocution class; how much to the altered conditions under which Sodales works; how much to causes known, suspected or unknown we do not pretend to say. If Dalhousie has been behind in this respect in the past, let the good work go on until the day of Maritime Inter-Collegiate Debates dawns.

---

#### HOCKEY.

FOR some reason or other which we cannot find out, Dalhousie has never taken that interest in Hockey which this splendid game deserves. This year, indeed, we have no team in the league, though other clubs in the city have drawn some of their best men from our ranks. Murray, Mont, and McKenzie play with the Crescents; Reynolds with the Wanderers.

Dalhousie, at any moment, can raise a good team, and some of the boys are eager to form one to try conclusions with Acadia and Mt. Allison, and they have written for dates. From the former, as yet, no word has been received, but arrangements are about completed for a game at Sackville on the 20th inst.

---

#### FOR LADY BRIGHT'S BIRTH-DAY.

"A time to be born."—Eccles. iii, 2.

What could have possess'd you to make your appearance,  
At the very worst time that a mortal could think,  
When the fog and the rain, without ever a clearance,  
Drive people to arsenic, physic or drink?

You should have chosen the Season of Roses,  
Of long mellow moonlight, of kindest blue.  
The heart of the glory June only discloses,  
Was the time for the birth of a sunbeam like you.

Why in the world did you pick out November  
As the time of that very important event?  
Perhaps you've a reason you cannot remember?  
Or possibly nobody ask'd your consent?

The question is hard but I venture an answer;  
Of many conjectures, I hazard but one,  
You came in the gloomiest month of the dozen,  
That your smile might atone for the loss of the sun.

Nov. 22nd, 1896.

Explicit Laus Domina.

#### "IN MEMORIAM."

The task before me to-night is to give you a sort of introductory paper on this great poem. Realizing that it is not at all for your amusement, and not altogether for your instruction, but only that it may introduce a discussion, and pave the way for your own estimate of its greatness, I have to endeavor to make what I have to say conform to the end in view. Consequently, my paper is not a deep study of the poem, but only a plain presentation of its course of thought—not an abstract essay upon Immortal Love, but only a sympathetic following of the wanderings of a bereaved soul in search of peace and truth.

For *In Memoriam* tells us a tale of sorrow. It tells us of grief, deep and bitter. It tells us of despair and doubt. But it rises higher than that and tells us of love—earthly, human love which is found at the last to be none other than heavenly, divine love. And where is the heart that cannot sympathize with the thought expressed? Into whose life has there not come at some time a biting and killing sorrow? Who is there that has not turned over in his mind the questions of life and death and immortality? And so *In Memoriam* comes very close to our hearts, and in our reading we share the grief of the author, even as he, through the words he has expressed, is sharing ours.

"The poem of the century," this work has been called, and that by men whose opinions are highly valued. It is different from every other poem in our language. It is different in its aim and different in its method of execution. It is more than an elegy. It embodies that and goes beyond it. We cannot but believe that to a very large extent it preserves the spiritual record of the author's thought during the years it was being written. Hence it is full of the questionings of an intellectual age. This is a century in which men take but little for granted. It is a century in which the world has made giant strides towards a greater knowledge and a fuller civilization. Old things have been passing away—and that rapidly. And what does not pass away assumes such changes as will the better fit it to accord with an age of progress. This is true in religious beliefs as in all things else. How does the new light affect the old forms? is a question we must ask. In a sense it is the question of the 19th century. And so too was it the question which *In Memoriam* set out to answer. And so we can say that not only in its greatness as a poem, but also in the manner in which it portrays and interprets the spirit of the age, it is the poem of the 19th century.

---

\* This paper was not written with a view to publication. It is now given only at the earnest request of the editors of the GAZETTE. It has not been changed in any way as regards the wording.

The poem was first published in the year 1850—just midway in the century. As regards its structure, it consists of a prologue, of 131 short poems, and of an epilogue. Each of the short poems is, in a way, complete in itself; but yet there is a connection between the one and the other that blends them into a unity, into one great whole. They are the stones that form the arch—everyone necessary.

Looking at the title we see that it was written in memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, who died in the year 1833—seventeen years before the poem was published. Hallam was Tennyson's warmest friend. Not only from what the poem states, but from other information, we know him to be a man of great powers. He was only twenty-two when death came to him in the city of Vienna. Tennyson never ceases to regret that these great gifts of Hallam were lost to the world; but one thing is certain, that though Hallam was taken away without his gifts having been made known to the world, yet as long as the world remains to appreciate the good and beautiful in literature, it can never forget him in whose memory this great poem was written. It would be interesting to trace Tennyson's love for this man as illustrated in some passages of the poem, but here I must pass on with merely mentioning some facts of their friendship. Arthur Hallam was the son of Henry Hallam, the celebrated historian. It was in 1828, when he went into residence at Cambridge, that he met Tennyson. The affection which sprang up between them must have been immediate, for in 1830 we find them discussing a plan for publishing conjointly a volume of poems. This plan however was not carried out, and Tennyson published his poems separately. The friendship between the two "was one of these rare and beautiful friendships which sometimes visit the morning hours of life, in which intellectual sympathy, not less than love, plays a foremost part." On the 15th Sept., 1833, Arthur Hallam lay dead in the city of Vienna. Three months later his body was brought to England and was interred in the manor isle of Clevedon Church, Somersetshire. Tennyson himself describes the scene and place in poem 19:—

The Danube to the Severn gave  
The darkened heart that beat no more;  
They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave.  
There twice a day the Severn fills;  
The salt sea water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills.

Seventeen years passed by, and at the end of this period Tennyson gave forth to the world this great work in memory of his friend.

What is the purpose of *In Memoriam*? For before proceeding to examine its structure and its course of thought, it will be helpful

to us to have some idea of its purpose as a whole. What, then, is the main idea running through it? Is it merely a tribute to Arthur Hallam's memory? Or is it the plaintive cries of a sorrowing soul? Were either of these its sole object the poem would never have had, or continue to have, the place in men's affections that we know it to occupy. We might admire it as a record of a noble love. We might sympathize with the feelings of the author. But we could never take it as a poem to our hearts. It has other purposes than those just mentioned. It is a record of love, but of love that survives every shock and is immortal. It tells of sorrow, but of sorrow that is born of love, and learns to feel how love can be deepened and ennobled even through sorrows. In the words of Stopford A. Brooke: "It is a song of victory and life arising out of defeat and death; of peace which has forgotten doubt; of joy whose mother was sorrow, but who has turned his mother's heart into delight. The conquest of love—the moral triumph of the soul over the worst blows of fate, over the outward forces of nature, even over its own ill—that is the motive of the poems which endure, which, like the great light-houses, stand and shine through the storms of time to save and lead into a haven of peace the navies of humanity."

To the poem itself we go to learn its purpose. We must interpret it not by our own subjective feelings but by its course of thought. What, then, does it say with regard to its object? It makes no strong pretensions. It starts out from the chilling presence of death—death which struck at the very foundations of love. Is love gone? The answer comes feebly, doubtfully, at first, and then it gathers strength until at the close it comes with all the firmness of sure trust and settled conviction—"No, love is not dead. The grave has lost its powers. Death is robbed of its sting. Love is immortal."

(To be continued)

#### "WOODLANDS AND OTHER RHYMES." \*

In this materialistic age, amid the rush of thought as well as the clangour of the wealth-seeker, it is refreshing to find anyone who rests beside the still waters and in the shady woodlands, and holds converse there with Nature. She may be too coy to reveal her deepest and most cherished thoughts, but, even then, who is not interested in a lover and in his wooing? In the youthful author of "Woodlands and Other Rhymes," we meet with one who loves Nature enough to catch something of her secret, and to cause him to dwell with delight on her charms. This love for and sympathy with Nature is especially noticeable, and the "rhymes," as he modestly calls them, which deal with

\* "Woodland and other Rhymes," by A. D. McNeil, Orangedale, C. B.

natural subjects are easily best. He not only sees and loves, but gives utterance to what he learns in true poetic diction, simple and chaste. His sympathies are wide. He would rather watch the water-lily than destroy it by plucking, for

"It were a crime such bloom to cull,  
You look so pure and beautiful."

And who, when in hasty revenge he had dealt harshly with a mosquito after it had made itself known by the "keenness of its tongue," would be moved to sympathy? Yet our author writes:

"But could I learn your mournful song,  
Perhaps I should forgive the wrong."

No one would measure the earliest writings of anyone, but especially those which embodied the thoughts of youthful days, by the same standard as a recognized poet. We can only regard them as the opening of the flower which has not yet burst into fullest bloom. The perfect form is yet to come. So there may be an occasional fault in the measure, a word may be used which is scarcely poetical, and some of the pieces may be clever moralizings in rhyme, yet, notwithstanding all this, Mr. McNeill has given us much that is a guarantee of better. Witness the ease of diction, the melody of the verse, and the true poetic instinct manifested in this sonnet:—

"I linger on a mound of moss,  
In woodlands blooming fair in spring;  
And zephyrs soft the branches toss,  
Whereon the wooing warblers sing,  
The cascades gleam, the aspens shake,  
And broadly smiles the sunny lake,  
To greet the tinted rills that flow  
Through winding dells where ashes grow.  
Here Nature is so kind and good,  
I dearly love the solitude;  
And in the gently flowing air,  
A hush of voice as if in prayer;  
Soft-cadence from the balmy pine  
Encharms the woodland heart and mine."

Again, the closing verse of the lines addressed to "May":—

"I know the holy land above  
Is lovelier than this,  
But still our lonesome native love  
Is surely not amiss."

The optimistic tone of the book will be a greater surprise to the reader when he knows that the author, through ill-health, has been disappointed in his life-plans. He was forced to give up college work soon after its beginning, and with it his cherished hope of serving in the church. We regret to say that for the present he is quite ill. Yet very little of the spirit of disappointment is manifest in his writings. They rather remind us of strength:

"O, Sea, lone ever-moving sea,  
On thee I muse with loving awe;  
Unstable, bountiful and free,  
So vast, so graceful and sublime,  
As when the dusky dawn of time  
In shades your youthful raptures saw,  
Yet though you come from ages hoar,  
Before the beams of earth were laid,  
You shall not see the evermore  
For which the soul of man was made;  
So am I greater still than thee,  
Designed for all eternity."

#### A DREAM OF A SOUL.

ONCE a man who had lived for forty years, and who had spent all his days in a dingy counting-house and all his nights in the pursuit of knowledge, fell into a sleep and dreamed. In his dream he thought he would go out into the world and see its wondrous sights; so when the ground was white with snow, and the trees trembled before the north wind, and the sky was heavy with flakes unscattered, he set forth upon his travels.

He passed through many cities, visiting all the prominent places of business, the museums, the hospitals, the libraries, the colleges and the churches. He heard many of the great speakers of the day, conversed with learned professors, investigated all the latest inventions, and inquired into the law, government and social conditions of each and every country. Naught satisfied him. He drank but thirsted still. At length, concluding that he had seen and heard all that was in any way worth seeing or hearing, he determined to return again to his inky office and his dusty lodging house. Accordingly he turned his back upon the dimly lighted chapel aisles, the hideous curiosities of the museums, and the latest and rarest literature of the libraries. He closed his ears to the pleading cries of public speakers, and his eyes to all the wonders of invention. The learned philosopher's arguments bore no weight with him, and no country's laws restrained him; with his face turned homewards he began to retrace his steps, thinking only of blotters, ledgers, and the Almighty Dollar.

When he had gone for a number of miles he departed from the main road, and continued his journey first through the forest, and then across the great wide-spreading fields of snow. So beautiful was the scenery about him, and so absorbed was he in contemplation of the beautiful, that he became entirely lost in admiration, and, forgetting every other thing but his immediate intense pleasure, passed on and on till he came to something more exceedingly beautiful, more entrancingly lovely, than any or all of that which he had already seen. He was held in spell-bound ecstasy, unable to speak or to move. Scarcely allowing himself to breathe, he gazed upon the picture before him. And this is what he saw:

In the midst of a park of icieled trees, ice-covered lakes and snow-clad walks, a palace of white marble, and on the steps of the palace a woman, created for a sculptor's gaze, tranquil and fair. Grey eyes as cold as steel, hair that was not golden-hued and did not shine, and yet was fair, features cold and still and white as death,—a form of perfect mould. No jewels were on her hands, no ornaments enhanced her loveliness—she needed none. She was proud, and beautiful, and cold—so cold that she had fastened her luxuriant hair and pinned the bosom of her gown with icicles, and yet the icicles did not melt. So beautiful that all, men, women and children, admired and worshipped her. And so proud that she had not, since the days of her childhood, taken in hers or even touched the hand of any lover.

Now, not in all his lifetime had this man eyes for aught but the practical things of life. Fair scenes and sweet sounds had been about him, but seeing he had not seen, and hearing he had not heard. He had ever been wilfully blind and deaf to everything that brought not gain. But as he looked upon this vision of loveliness he was entranced, and worshipped her. When the first feelings of awe had worn away, his tongue was loosed, and he spake to her words like these:

"Fairest, part those chiseled lips and smile, or open them and speak, if but one word. Bend thy queenly head that I may behold the curves about thy arched neck. Stretch to me thine hand that I may hold it once in mine. Look, or turn away, or move, so as thou doest something; but stand not there in gentle unconcern of me. Pity, pray! I tell thee I cannot endure it."

But the lips are only curled in scorn, and the head is held as ever erect; she lifted not her hand, nor swayed her form, nor moved. He became more and more possessed with a longing to touch this wonderfully fascinating woman, and yet he dared not approach her; but standing at a distance, spake again:

"Hast thou life and name? I believe it not. Thou art no living thing; thou art but a beautiful nightmare created for the torture of man's soul."

And when the man said "soul," the woman spake, and her voice sounded sad—inexpressibly mournful as the sighs of the doomed. "Man," she said, "I am thy Soul. Well may'st thou gaze, for thou hast lived thy life apart from me and knowest me not; and yet I am that Soul which many years ago thou didst divorce from thee."

And in his dream the man, turning, answered with suppressed anger: "Woman, talk not to me as to a fool. Dost think I would divorce from me aught so beautiful?"

And the woman answered sadly: "Aye, aught so beautiful! Thou didst never look on me and so didst never see my beauty. Thou didst study and acquire knowledge; thou didst attend

diligently to thy counting-house and gain wealth; thou didst seek power and fame and they came to thee; but me, thy Soul, thou didst ever ignore. My beauty remained to thee uncared for because unknown."

To the man these sayings seemed very strange.

Again the woman spake, and listening, he heard her say:

"Whilst thou gained knowledge, wealth and power, thy Soul was forced to live uncared for, solitary and sad, till I did become as thou dost see me to-day, truly as thou hast said, a lifeless thing. Cold, thou man of Dollars—cold and starved and lost."

The man looked in wonderment: "But thou art beautiful, oh my Soul!"

She coldly smiled: "I was created beautiful, thou fool."

Then again the man came closer, and made as though he would touch her, but she shrank away, and, pointing at him, she scornfully laughed and said: "Powerful wise man of the Dollars, thou canst not touch me now; thou hast waited too long. Many times have I come near thee, but thou wouldst not even turn towards me. Thy love comes late—too, too late; thou hast missed thine opportunity."

Still the man reached out his arms and strove to embrace her, but the woman opened her lips and breathed upon him, and it was like the breath of the dead. Before it the man fell prostrate in the snowy path. With the fall he awoke, and waking, thought on his life. Looking back, he could not trace therein one thought of love, one deed of charity, one breath of sympathy. He had never lifted up his heart in prayer, nor his voice in praise, nor had he ever professed a care for any being other than himself. The pursuit of the Glittering Dollar and the accumulating of knowledge had been his chief—nay his only delights. He had lived but starved his Soul.

J. ST. HILLARY HOPE.

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### E LIBRO RUBICUNDO.

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*Water in the  
Pension.*

WE, in Nova Scotia, have no idea of the amount of snow that falls in the Upper Provinces. The drifts are sometimes ten or twelve feet high, and the hollows (with the exception of "cahots" in the road) are completely filled up. The sudden melting of this snow, together with an ice bridge that wouldn't break up, and a "jam" of the drift ice at Lake St. Peter, all combined last year to make a flood that surpassed all the St. Lawrence had done in the way of floods before.



We had snow storm after snow storm, and "Encore de la neige!" became the universal groan at the "Château de Liberté." This is the pet name we had for our school, for reasons that must be plain to anybody who has been at school. The "habitants," as they came to market on Saturdays, shook their heads and said to each other, "Ah j'ai peur que nous allons de l'eau haute cette année." Even the snow-drifts themselves, when seen in the moonlight, seemed to take fantastic shapes, and each one say with a sardonic grin, "Après moi, le déluge!" And they were not mistaken. It came, not a little tuppenny, ha'penny freshet, but a flood that put the wildest reminiscences of the oldest inhabitant into the shade. The great flood of '60 was a mere nothing to it.

Our first experience of "l'eau haute" was when we arrived at the Junction one lovely night in April, and were met by the faithful Renri, who greeted us with the remark, in French of course, that "Madame" said we were on no account to be afraid, there was a little water on the road, not more than a foot or so, and away we went. If the water were a little deeper than usual, Renri would turn and say, "N'avez pas peur, mademoiselle, il n'y a pas de danger." He was assured each time in a shaky tone that we weren't thinking of being afraid, still no one restrained a sigh of relief when we saw the lights of the village, even though they were reflected in the water of the street.

All the next day we talked of Venice and gondolas, and longed for guitars. Then some prudent person suggested that unless the ice moved the water would come into the house, so our energies were turned to taking up carpets, and other things equally prosaic. Instead of saying "bon jour" one said "Est-ce que l'eau monte encore?" the invariable answer being "ça a monte," and that night we went to sleep with the blissful certainty that next morning the water would be in the house.

Up to this time, we had been able to go out the back door with a boat, but when the water was in the house we had a series of bridges to the kitchen window. When that failed, a ladder from the balcony was our last resource. There were various small obstructions to boating, barbed wired fences being the most common; and then when you came to a corner you had to get out and stand on a sort of permanent raft until some one got your boat or canoe over for you. Our cook had the hardest time of it until the water put the kitchen fire out. One day she fell into the water backwards, and as she was plump, and rather more than forty, she made quite a splash. Strange as it may seem, drinking water was the first thing we had to do without.

Still the water went on rising, and we were tired saying, "Je m'étonne quand la glace a partir," until one morning we

heard a great crash, and the cry, "La glace est partie," and down it came, miles and miles of it, bringing huge trees, and crushing the telegraph posts like so many matches. All the men went out with boat hooks to keep it off the houses, but it carried away the wharves with freight sheds on them.

By the fifth day we had given up referring to Venice, though balcony scenes were frequent. One Juliet fished for telegrams with a broom-stick, and Romeo carried around provisions in his bark canoe, and the same old moon looked on. It was no uncommon sight to see a cow pastured on top of a barn, and a yellow cat spent the whole week in a tree, only coming down from the top branches to be fed. One day some one paddled a canoe into the drawing-room, and fished up Madame's best cups and saucers out of the water with a boat hook.

All sorts of things came floating down the river. One gentleman rescued a sofa, while another proudly showed a hen coop that he had caught and moored in his garden, and as for door steps and fences, they went absolutely crazy, and flew around in a most eccentric manner.

After the water did go down was the most dismal time, as there was no longer anything to be excited about, and only the debris and water marks left to remind us that a few weeks before we had been floating where it was now absolutely dry and very dusty. What adaptable creatures we mortals are!

*Wrecked.* THE S. S. Capulet left Halifax on Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock, bound for England. She had first to call at St. John's, Newfoundland, with passengers and mails. The weather was fine and warm till Sunday at three o'clock, when we ran into a bank of fog. We did not slacken speed, however, but ploughed on at the rate of ten knots an hour. The whistle was blown every ten minutes, and the dreary sound of it, together with the wet made every one on board uncomfortable. After having had lunch on Monday, some of us went on deck. We had not been there more than five minutes when suddenly, through the dense fog, a dark mass loomed up, at the base of which was a ridge of foam. The look-out immediately shouted, "Breakers Ahead!" At this cry, the captain rushed out from his chart-room, and, seizing the handle of the indicator, sounded full speed astern. At once the screw was reversed, but too late. A few seconds later she struck with a dull, crushing sound.

Instantly all was bustle. The passengers, sailors and firemen crowded up from below, all intensely eager to reach the deck.

Some of these were ladies who, having been sea-sick, were resting in their cabins. These immediately, on feeling the shock, rushed on deck, throwing over their shoulders anything they could lay their hands on. One lady, on feeling the shock, jumped out of her berth and began hastily dressing, placing one of her hands on the floor from time to time, thinking that as long as that was not wet she was perfectly safe. It was a cheerless outlook that met our eyes—nothing but perpendicular cliffs between seventy and eighty feet in height.

We were in all sixty-three, counting passengers and crew. To carry these away, there were four life-boats. As there was great danger of the "Capulet" slipping off the rocks and foundering, the officers set the example to the men by cutting the falls of the boats and then setting them to work, lowering them into the water. Into the first of these the ladies were lowered, and after provisions had been supplied, they pushed off from the steamer under the charge of the chief mate, and were soon lost sight of in the fog. Two boats soon followed these, and the captain's boat alone remained. I was sitting in it, when I heard a violent explosion, and bits of wood fell all over the boat. This was caused by two Norwegians who had set off a box of rockets, and both had narrowly escaped being killed. They were lowered into the boat and we pushed off. The steamer had now sunk very low. Rowing along the shore about two miles, the look-out sang out that there was a cove ahead, toward which we steered. Behind us came the hollow, bubbling noise of the escaping steam from the abandoned wreck. This now ceased, showing us that the engine rooms must be flooded. Reaching the cove, the captain declared that it was impossible for anyone to climb up the rock. One of the sailors pointed out a place where a water-course had worn away the rock. Up this two gentlemen passengers volunteered to climb. Both reached the top after a perilous climb. But everyone saw that it was impossible for the lady who was in our boat to attempt it. We rowed away, leaving them on the cliff, as it would be madness for anyone to attempt the descent.

Rowing out of the cove, we met two fishermen in a dory, sent by the other boats who had safely reached their vessel. They hailed us and told us to follow them. We did so, and soon were on board their vessel. As soon as all were on board, the fishermen hoisted sail and steered for St. Mary's, a small village about twenty miles distant. We all stowed ourselves as best we could over the deck. The motion of the small fishing vessel quickly made the most of the passengers very unwell. The fishermen told us that we were indeed lucky, for if there had been much of a sea on not one of us could have been saved.

*Read for  
Pleasure.*

I CANNOT remember very plainly what book it was I first read for pleasure, but I think it must have been the "Pilgrim's Progress." I recall reading it a great many times, and the characters seemed so life-like to me that I used to compare them with people I met. The first recollection I have of the book was when I was visiting my grandmother in the country, and one rainy day she allowed me, as a great treat, to have it, thinking that the pictures would amuse me. I remember how she placed me in a high chair at the table, giving me strict charge not to tear the leaves. The book was large and heavy; the covers seemed to be soft and dark, and I think the colour was brown. On the back was the title in large bright letters, "The Pilgrim's Progress from This World to That Which is to Come."

It was full of pictures; some I thought very pretty, others quite the reverse. One I shall never forget was the picture of the fight between Christian and Apollyon, who was represented as a huge black beast with hoofs and claws. He had a man's head, with long horns and a most terrible expression. For a long time after I was afraid to go anywhere in the dark, thinking I might meet some such dreadful thing. The picture that interested me most was one of the shepherds watching a flock of sheep and lambs, and it was this picture that led me to read the book. I wanted to find out about the lambs.

I began to like the story at once, and soon forgot about the lambs in following Christian's adventures. I believed it was all true, and that Christian really made such a journey, and I thought perhaps the star I could see from my window at night was the little light that Christian saw through the wicket gate. The Slough of Despond I remember plainly, and the journey up to the House Beautiful, where Christian's load falls off. I did not read all the dialogue at first in my haste to get at the story. The fight with Apollyon I read next, and I was delighted to find that Christian was victorious. Giant Despair and Doubting Castle are next in my mind, and the passage through Vanity Fair. Then I remember the view from the Delectable Mountains, and the talk with the shepherds. Here I found my old friends, the lambs. Then I followed Christian down to the river and on his terrible journey through it to the other side. I had been thinking all the time that perhaps he would not find any beautiful city after all, and how pleased and relieved I was when he arrived at last at the Celestial Gates.

The first conclusion I reached was that Christian was a wonderful man, but not quite as good or wonderful as my father; and the second, that my father and I would make a journey together sometime as Christian did, but we would come back

again. I think I received a great deal of good from the book that I realized when I was older, and I do not think I shall ever take as much delight in any book as I did in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

*Eventa apud Discipulos.*

*Cupid takes  
a Bath.*

WE would request our obliging Faculty, which is always so solicitous of Freshmen, to insert in the calendar for '97-98 a notice warning the lambs of the future from taking residence at any house contaminated by the presence of a soph. It is too dangerous, too risky by far; for Freshmen are tender, sensitive plants, requiring much water and pure talk.

On Quinpool Road a harmless little fellow nick-named "Cupid," æsthetic and dudish, the fond pride of home and mother, went to board after Christmas. His short careers at other places had been checkered and troubled, but here, he thought, he had found veritable haven at last. Alas! he had fallen among sophomoric devils, and they reasoned among themselves how they might prey upon him.

One of these sophs was a short, stout, ingenious-looking fellow; like all fat people a little untidy, but as frisky on acquaintance as the most canine sausage before its evolution. "For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the Heathen Chinee is peculiar." So sang Bret Harte of one acquaintance of his, and so might we sing of the second of our pair. He was a man full-grown, tall, clerical and hungry-looking. Last year his admirers called him "Pa," and for our purpose that name will do.

For a while, in this little house on Quinpool Road, things passed along quietly, and brotherly affection increased. But Cupid, to the astonishment of his companions, soon displayed an unusual taste among freshmen, and dearly loved his frequent baths—and Sausage and Pa marvelled. A year ago they, themselves, had cared little for such things. Some say they even had been somewhat contemptuous, and not afraid of showing it. So, being conservative regarding the demeanour and habits of freshmen under their eye, they determined, after much fasting and prayer, to put their foot upon this retrogression—as Pa termed it.

Last week saw the sad catastrophe of which we tell. While gentle Cupid, as was his wont, disported himself as Romans did in other days, two sophs—one long and yearning, the other fat and panting gently—prepared for the attack. Armed with long syringes of large capacities and bearing aloft a great bottle of Carter's Indellible Ink, they stole softly to the ladder

and cautiously mounted upon the flat roof of the house. Stealthily they raised the bath-room window, winked solemnly at one another, pushed in their loaded weapons, and waited an opportune moment. As Cupid stepped from the tub and began briskly to rub himself down, he showed a glistening back—and then they fired. The landlady, who is our authority, says that a most unrighteous panic followed, and that there was nothing to be heard but the pattering of a wild little fellow rushing frantically to and fro in the bath-room, and the sound of squirted ink whistling down through sulphurous air and striking flesh. Cupid, she always thought before, she said pathetically, was a good boy, but certainly no son of hers ever said prayers so profane as he prayed that day in his trouble.

Last week in the "Want" column of one of our dailies, the following notice caught our eye—and we wondered:—

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—Two Christian young students of quiet habits and harmless dispositions, wish board in a respectable family—no children preferred. Place must be quiet. Address: "SAUSAGE AND PA."

*Four Funny  
Freshies.*

ONE moonlit night not long ago, four festive little dudes in tan, who were four startling little effects in knickerbockers, high collars and walking sticks, perambled gaily up Morris Street. They were Freshmen, and three were bringing with them the fourth to show him their new boarding-house, and as they strolled they all sang vociferously, "Put me off at Buffalo-o-oh." Singing this affecting chorus with voice cracked by the chill of the night, they came to their quondam home, and still bellowing in rollicking unison, they helped one another up the crooked stairs, and, like lords of the house, entered a room and raised a light.

The three boarders looked round pale and aghast. The song quavered and died. For the bed seemed different, the stove had surely been changed, there were other pictures on the wall, and the room itself had evidently been recently occupied by a lady. To each one came the thought that comes to few men, and the question that one never asks without fear: "Have I got 'em?" But a look around into one another's faces cleared the perplexity—they were in the wrong house.

With a rush like lightning, without the sound of bugle or beat of drum, a rapid retreat began. But they were seen, the lady of the house stood back in the hall laughing, and the servant girl bobbed over the bannisters above them and grinned—so one of them says now—maliciously like a baboon, as she bawled out: "This ain't Buffalo, Hayseeds; yer Buffalo's next door."

## LIBRARY NOTES.

*Bibliotheca a Dallusia valde desideratur.*—MECANIUS, *Opusc.* l. xxi, ciii.

POINTS OF VIEW.—"King James in 1605, when he came to see our University of Oxford, and amongst other edifices now went to view that famous library renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure, broke out into that noble speech, If I were not a King I would be a university man: 'and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors *et mortuis magistris.*'" Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part 2, Sec. 2, mem. iv.

"THE heart of the University, as scholars know, is the library. Every member of the organization is affected by its healthy growth. The number of books that it contains is not nearly as significant as their character. A library selected with direct reference to the needs of a company of teachers and students, even if it be small in numbers, is far more valuable than the immense collections which contain a large amount of worthless and antiquated volumes."—D. C. Gilman, *Annual Report of John Hopkins University, 1896.*

SMALL DONATIONS.—Mr. Fletcher, the Librarian of Amherst College, is one of the foremost authorities on all matters connected with the housing and management of books. In his useful little work, "*Public Libraries in America*," he points out the value of small donations from which a regular revenue can be expected. In the case of his own college, a fund of \$1,000 has provided, in the course of years, a very respectable library in one special department. Now, \$1,000 funded means fifty dollars a year. Fifty dollars a year rightly spent would mean fifty volumes of standard works annually in the department of Modern Languages; probably half that number in History, Classics, Chemistry or Philosophy. What a difference that would make in our poverty-stricken shelves in ten years! And the fund would go on for ever.

HOW TO DO IT.—If Dalhousians set to work with a will, they might have a fund of a thousand dollars for each department in working order within a short time. As it is, each graduating class raises fifty dollars and over for a class memorial, with little trouble, by a simple levy on each member of it. Suppose each class undertook, from the Freshman year, to raise \$1,000. There are now two classes in Arts of over fifty; that means that each member would have to raise twenty dollars in four years. Dalhousians come from all over, and each student has his own

relations and friends. Each touches at least four or five persons who could give something respectable. If each Dalhousian felt the need of the library, and talked library, and worked for the library, the thing could easily be done. And the endowment would be permanent. Which class will have the enterprise to take up the idea?"

LIBRARY FUND.—There is no Library Fund. There has been no appropriation for the Library for six years. Books are wearing out, unbound books and pamphlets are useless and as good as buried. Must Dalhousians look forward to six years more of stagnation, or to sixteen? Our numbers have more than doubled within the past seven years; library privileges have been greatly extended; but the books have not come in, except by accident, we may say. How can there be a library without books?

MORES AMERICANORUM.—The following paragraphs will indicate how they do things in the great republic to the south of us:

"The donor of \$5,000 to the class of '95 of Smith College, offers to give \$1,000 for every \$2,000 that the class may succeed in raising for the erection of a new academic building for the college."

"A liberal friend in New York has given \$10,000 to the building fund of Mount Holyoke College, Mass., whose dormitories were burned in September. The alumnae of the College in New York and its vicinity gathered the funds (\$30,000) for the first building to be erected since the fire. It will probably be ready for occupancy in April, and will accommodate fifty students."

"Gen. J. Watts de Reyster will erect for Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, Penn., a library building with a capacity of 75,000 volumes, and adapted for enlargement. The corner-stone of the building, which will be 106 feet long, and about 45 feet in width, with a tower, will be laid on the college campus, on May 1."

## COLLEGE NOTES.

A FRIEND of the law school has presented to its library a large portrait of Justice Sedgewick, Deputy Minister of Justice, who was some years ago lecturer on Equity Jurisprudence.

THIS is the team that expect to uphold Dalhousie's colors against Mt. Allison:—E. Douglas, goal; L. McKenzie, point; A. Cumming, cover; A. Reynolds, rover; C. Grant, centre forward; J. Mont, left forward; N. Murray, right forward.

DUG MCINTOSH, our former football captain, is doing good work at Cornell, and was recently offered the position of Labra-

tory assistant to one of the Profs. Dug is one of the coming men. Dalhousie watches his progress with interest.

THE agitation for gowns is still working towards its end. The faculty, after deliberation on the matter, thought it unwise to make them compulsory without definite information regarding the views of the students individually. Petitions are being passed round the various classes. The students seem almost unanimous in their desire for the revival of the old custom.

SOME who steal quietly into the library for a quiet hour of reading between classes, complain sorely of the Freshmen who gather there in the morning and jabber, shuffle feet, and giggle around their table in the south-eastern corner of the room. This is done, of course, out of pure thoughtlessness, and we hope that in consideration of those who desire to work, these boys will "cease their vain babblings"

PROF. CHARLES McDONALD'S lecture on "Time," in Coburg Road church, on the 22nd inst. was a treat even to those of us who had heard him often before, and knew that we might expect great things. The boys turned out "en masse"—even the Freshmen were there, and for the first time learned what a lecture really meant. Before the term closes the Philomatic Society hopes to be favoured by Prof. McDonald. Indeed their course will be incomplete without one night with "Charlie."

DR. MACMECHAN is a tireless worker for the improvement of our college library. Tickets are out for a course of lectures on Shakespeare, which he will deliver in the Assembly Room of the School for the Blind. There are to be five lectures:—

Feb. 23 .....Shakspeare and His Age.

March 9.....Falstaff.

" 16.....Henry the Fifth.

" 23.....Shaksperes Plain People.

The tickets cost \$1.50 and are being bought readily.

THE evening of the 19th inst. is the date of Mt. Allison Seniors' At Home, and our boys, when they tour abroad for hockey, hope to be there to taste of their hospitality. In this they have been greatly influenced by the glowing accounts of Bent, Foote, Seeley and Lamb, who are so full of praise of their Alma Mater. The exams in law will be over by that time, and these men, accompanied by quite a number of law students, will go up for the event—some to renew old associations, some for the festivities, and not a few to see the fair attendants of the seminary, of whom we have heard so much in these last few months.

BEFORE another issue of the GAZETTE will have come into the hands of its readers, the unfortunates in law will have finished their exams, and have scattered to their homes. Three already

have been met—Equity, Wills, and Conflict of Laws. The usual groans of men infatuated with first classes have been poured in unwelcome streams into the ears of unsympathetic friends. For the man passing through these great ordeals who seeks his wearied acquaintances to tell them, in lugubrious tones, that he has not done justice to himself, that if he had only a little more time he might have swept the paper, etc., etc., and expects to be consoled with, gets the same class of sympathy that he does when he is agonized with the tooth-ache and moans about it.

THE lecture delivered in Munro Room, on January 31st, by Rev. Clarence McKinnon, created quite a stir among the theologians of the University, and nowhere did discussions wage as hotly as in the sacred precincts of the law library. Jamieson, Oakes and Robinson held forth among the cuspidors on "Evolution," to select audiences. Philosopher Seeley, who at one time entertained serious thoughts of another profession than that of law, with all his eloquence supported the orthodox views in their strictest interpretation. For a time even exams. were forgotten.

FOR various reasons the examinations in Wills, Equity and Conflict of Law, were held before the calendar time. The examinations begin regularly on the 15th inst, and in the brief interim that remains, the law man plugs as he never plugged before. Graduates all over the country are besieged for their old note books, and most ingenious schemes are resorted to for the purpose of getting possession of well-condensed "cramming" material. In the law library there is silence save for the scratching of pens and the occasional thud of a tobacco-spit striking the distant spittoon. For a few days "evolution" filled the air, and a clamour as of old sprang up, but the cares and the clouds pressed too heavily, and it soon faded away and is now forgotten.

SIXTEEN young students went driving last week, and sixteen nice girls went along too. A couple of chaperones completed the little party, which rested for a time at Bedford. An extremely pleasant time was passed, though one young gentleman lost a slipper, and another, gliding for the first time through the mazes of the dance on a waxed floor, felt too proud and on two occasions sat down hurriedly, dragging his partner with him. Dalhousie students, as a general rule, have little time to spare for the pleasures of the "giddy world." They partake of much hospitality during their college course, and seldom have the time or opportunity of returning it, save in their grateful hearts, but this little precedent commends itself in many ways, and we trust that it will not be without successors.

THE Seniors talked a lot and wrought themselves up to quite a little excitement over their pictures. Four meetings, more or

less spirited, were held before they could bring themselves to satisfactory decisions. At an early meeting they voted unanimously to give their contracts to Gauvin & Gentzel, the Spring Garden photographers, and finally they decided to mark an epoch among graduating classes by introducing class albums instead of the ordinary exchange of photographs and class pictures. Munro Room will not be unadorned by the graduates of '97 and their faces will look down from the wall alongside of those who have gone before them. The album promises to be an artistic and worthy souvenir. It will contain cabinets of the class, ten photographs of the professors, including those of Professors Johnson and Lawson, and, besides, four views of the college and scenery. The book itself will be morocco-bound, and the workmanship the best.

Before this innovation was mooted the law men had already engaged for their class pictures and had decided for the customary exchange, so, in that end of the building the old custom has not been departed from.

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### College Societies.

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THE Annual Philosophic Evening of the Philomatic was held on the last Friday in January. E. W. Forbes read a paper on Occultism; Miss Muir, Ph. D. another on Social Evolution. Ira MacKay gave a very interesting and humorous Vindication of Philosophy. The next meeting of the Society was held on Friday evening, February 12th, when papers were read by W. H. Sedgewick, on Anthony Hope; by Doull on Hall Caine, and the last by Miss Chase on Jerome K. Jerome.

THE officers of the "Glee Club" are working hard to make a success of the concert which is to be held about the end of February, and it remains with the students and the public to furnish an audience to do justice to the skill of the performers. An off-r has been published on the bulletin board for the best original parody which may be sung at the coming concert. The prize for the best is three dollars, and a dollar-and-a-half for the second best, if it is considered worthy. Some of our poets have left us, but there is surely genius enough left to rid the "Glee Club" of the four dollars-and-a-half. It is worth the trouble of anyone to compete for one, perhaps for both of the prizes. Aspirants will send in their parodies to the President of the Glee Club.

Y. M. C. A.—The members and friends of our Y. M. C. A. have for several years taken a deep interest in our regular monthly missionary meetings. During this season we have certainly not been behind past years in this respect. As we meet

every month to hear of some aspect of the work in the "regions beyond," our sympathies are broadened, and we are stirred up to greater activity in Christian work.

On Saturday evening, January 30th, we gathered in the Munroe Room to hear of notes of triumph in missionary labours "From Far Formosa." Three excellent papers were read, giving us comprehensive views of the island and its people, of the mission work that has been carried on and has been so abundantly blessed by God, and of the life of Rev. G. L. McKay, our brave pioneer missionary to North Formosa.

Miss Burris' paper gave a good geographical and historical sketch of this beautiful isle. Miss Thomson gave a good account of the life of McKay—one of Canada's greatest missionaries. Through his indefatigable efforts, with the blessing of God, heathen Formosa has been almost transformed from an idolatrous desert to a fruitful valley of Christian effort. "Instead of the thorn has come up the fir tree." But Mr. McKay is not the only man who has labored on Formosa, and Mr. Sedgewick, in a very instructive paper, gave us an account of the great work that has been carried on in all parts of the island, which has been so fruitful in the overthrow of heathendom and the establishment of Christ's Kingdom of Love.

But the border land of darkness is only entered, and we trust that these meetings that we hold here may do much towards fitting us all better to possess the whole land for our King.

On Sunday afternoon, January 31st, Rev. Clarence McKinnon to whom we are indebted for many good addresses, favoured us with a lecture. Subject: "What About Genesis?" Mr. McKinnon handled the subject in his usual clear and scholarly style. As was to be expected, in dealing with a subject regarding which so many conflicting views are held, the address provoked considerable discussion. In view of this discussion, and to do the lecturer, who so kindly addressed on so delicate and difficult a subject, justice, we insert the following note from the *Presbyterian Witness* of the 6th inst. The letter explains itself:—

"Dear Sir,—I regret very much that an erroneous report of a lecture delivered by me at Dalhousie last Sabbath has been circulated. I have been reported as having impugned the Inspiration of the Bible. The one object of my lecture was to maintain its Inspiration, to show that whatever should be the outcome of present scientific enquiry, the foundation of our faith remains secure. Yours very truly,

CLARENCE MCKINNON.'

THE officers elect for the coming year are as follows:—  
H. R. READ, *President*; N. McQUEEN, *Vice-President*; ALLISON CUMMING, *Secretary*; G. E. FORBES, *Cor. Secretary*; JOHN G. COLQUHOUN, *Treasurer*.

## Dalluslensia.

PROF.—“I have one thing more to say, ‘that is this.’”

Voice.—“If that is this what would these be?”

PROF.—“Why were you late this morning, Mr. Rankine?”

Rankine.—“Well—er—I didn’t get here in time.”

WE would suggest to Mc I—sh, C., that his entire abandonment of self to the society of the fair sex, is a most pernicious example to set the Freshies.

SOME of the Freshies are anxious to render their names immortal. As, however, they doubt their ability to have them inscribed on the pass lists, they are using the desks as rolls of fame.

IN the recent Local Union of C. E., McD—l suddenly rose to his feet and made the startling announcement, ‘Mr. President, I have thought of something.’ Here he paused as if overcome by the novelty of his mental state.

MCD—L recently attended a church social. At the close of the evening he placed his hand affectionately over the part of his person into which he had stowed his refreshments, and said: “Well, I guess I have had a pretty good time.” We are at least sure that he took a pretty long time.

MACASKILL may be congratulated. Last week he received a letter addressed thus:

MISSTY J. MOCOSKILL,  
Dollhousey Youniversittie,  
Hallefax, Americker.

PROF.—“When I mention the name Sorites, the first feeling that comes to your mind is one of strangeness, is it not?”

Class.—“Yes, sir!”

Prof.—“But when I mention the name Psychology, you have a feeling of acquaintance, in other words you mentally say, ‘Oh, I know all about that,’ do you not?”

C—k. “Yes, sir!” (Applause from rest of the class.)

SCENE: *Library.* Time: 9-10 on Tuesday or Thursday. F—r—st, W—d—J., A—d—rs—n and H—bb—Jr. all Freshmen, discovered seated about a table. Enter chorus of Freshies with great clattering of hoofs.

1st Fresh.—What are you fellows doing here?

F—r—st & W—d—J.—We are, out of our abundance, dropping sweet wisdom into the receptive and ever-ready mouths of these, our verdant friends.

Chorus.—Isn’t it against the rules to talk in the Library?

F—r—st.—Sirs and Gentlemen! I am the son of the President of this institution: I also have a mortgage on the affair; therefore I am above all mere rules. (Here Chorus bend their knee to his worship.)

W—d—J.—I am a man well skilled in entering foot-ball fields by scaling the fences. In recognition of my great agility and high sense of honor concerning such matters, I have been chosen by this mighty man (points to F.) as his lieutenant. (Chorus touch their foreheads to the great lieutenant.)

A—d—rs—n.—I am Freshman A—d—rs—n, the great unclassified, the only one of its kind either in or out of the college. I am governed by no known rules of nature or art.

H—bb.—I am known as “Silence,” or “the ghost,” hence I am exempt from mere earthly laws

(Chorus faints and is carried out. Curtain falls.)

WE publish the following by request:—

TO THE SOPMORES:

We, the members of the class of 00, challenge you to a debate. We feel that our minds are so bursting with information that we must hurl some of it on you. We will meet you anywhear or anny time in this Province of Nova Scotia to discuss anny of the following subjects: dose the man in the moon wear side-ights, or was Milton The authur of old Mother hubbard, or is the Saying a bird In The hand corrupts good Manners true to Life. Pleas answer soon.

yours Truly,

Secretary per tempus.

P. S.—these subjects may be to deep for you if they are we Will give you somethin esey.

THE President and Directors of the Old Man’s Home, (74 Victoria Road) have arranged for the following course of lectures to be delivered before the Tennysonian Club of the institution:

Philosophy of Love, John Stirling, B. A., B. J., &c., Feb. 6, 1897.

Antiquities of the Jews, Pastor Hebrew R. Read, Feb. 13, 1897

How to Live on Seventy Cents a Week, John George Alexander Colquhoun, February 20, 1897.

Evidences of Christianity in the Law School, Curate F. A. Morrison, B. D., Feb. 29, 1897.

Lectures commence at 8 o’clock, p. m. Silver collection in aid of the Home. The President and Directors beg to announce that Mr. Colquhoun has promised a lecture at a future day on “The Social Aspects of Christian Endeavor,” and Mr. Morrison one on “Men I have lodged with.” The management of the Home have been put to great expense in securing these world-famous lecturers, and trust the public will liberally patronize them. Mr. Read has some rare specimens of Hebrew Roots collected while no a visit to the Holy Land. If the shades be not off color the program will close with a spiritual seance. A special effort will be made to conjure up the shade of Wild Alf, which wanders round unsteadily. If it will allow itself to be interviewed, special inducements will be offered it by Mr. Morrison to speak on “My Beery Days.”

ROUTLEDGE (in the nightmare).—“O, me, Horace! Have you seen the girl? Oh, my! Come here, dear Pyrrha. Pyrrha, dear, you are a peach. Where is Bacchus? Fine old Bacchus! The god of my youth.”

Hebb (awaking).—“What’s the fun, Rut?”

Scoutledge (breaking into a song):

“Ada, Ada, pretty Ada,

Living down near Sydney Mine;

You are just a lemon-Ada,

Sweet as sugar all the time.”

Hebb (laughing very loud).—“Rut, did you say you had only lemonade?”

In the woful poet’s diction,

I’m the man that’s seen affliction;

Whom unmerciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster.

First I had a beastly cold,

Then a beastly mustard plaster.

I’ve a little Influenza that’s developing in me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see;  
He makes me most unpleasant, especially my head,  
And I must take a table-cloth and get me off to bed.

## Law Department.

DAVID J. THOMAS, of Truro, who was the respondent in the celebrated case, *Fielding v. Thomas*, is at present petitioning the Nova Scotia Legislature to relieve him from the costs taxed against him in consequence of his having lost the case when finally heard before the Privy Council in England. Mr. Thomas, in his very humble request, reminds the Legislature of the paramount importance of having such a constitutional question set at rest and avers in effect that any one would have acted precisely as he did if placed under like circumstances. The former consideration, however, may not appeal very strongly to our Provincial Parliament, as it is not clear that they ever seriously doubted the validity of their act of indemnification passed long years ago. Nor is it any clearer that Mr. Thomas pursued the only reasonable course open to him. After a mild and purely nominal punishment for disobeying an Order of the House, he flew to arms, and the Government in their self-defence have incidentally been able to establish beyond any question the validity of the Act which he sought to impugn. If he had been entitled to all or any costs the Privy Council would probably have so directed. It is satisfactory to reflect that when this case went on appeal to England, the GAZETTE predicted that the impeached Provincial law would be upheld.

THE innovation in the shape of a course of lectures on Wills given for the first time at Dalhousie this session by Mr. GEORGE RITCHIE, has proved a success in every way, and will hereafter be looked upon by the Law Students as a *sine qua non*. Mr. Ritchie's class was large and appreciative and his painstaking interest in giving the boys such a clear, lucid and comprehensive treatment of this very practical subject has not failed to arouse their deepest gratitude.

MOVEMENTS are on foot to make some radical changes in the Married Woman's Property Act and in the Probate Law of this Province. Our Married Woman's Property Act is copied partly from the English and partly from the Ontario

statute and therefore some anomalies have crept into the drafting. We notice that a Halifax paper quotes our own Professor Russell as saying of the Act that many of its provisions will bear at least two interpretations. We could have no hesitation in humbly recommending whatever Professor Russell may say of this or any other law to the best consideration of our legislators.

### LAW SCHOOL ITEMS.

THE Sessional examinations in Shipping, Equity, Wills, Conflict of Laws, and Real Property have taken place, and the beginning of the end is near.

R. S. MCKAY, '96, paid us a visit lately. While here he was admitted to the bar. "Bobby" still wears his whiskers and appears as proud of them as ever.

THE University pins are expected to arrive in a few days. We feel sure that every Law Student will want one. No description of the pin will do it justice: it has to be seen to be appreciated.

THE Graduating Class has been photographed at Gauvin & Gentzels. The work done by this firm for last year's class gave every satisfaction. The picture furnished by them for the College is, we think, superior to any in the building.

A sepulchral silence has of late reigned in the Law Library and many familiar faces are conspicuously absent. Plugging is the order of the day and night. Even the few loafers the Law School does possess have been scared into activity by the near approach of the testing day. With one exception—"genial John"—the Freshmen appear pale and anxious, as Freshmen always do at examination time. We do not say that members of the other classes have not also misgivings regarding the issue, but they pass back and forth with a martyr's calm.

We trust that the law student who leaves Dalhousie without paying for his GAZETTE will be a *rara avis* and treated as such. The GAZETTE has its imperfections of which none are more sensible than the Editors themselves. But all reasonable ones will concede that a College paper, even though it be not immaculate, is a necessary element in the procurement of Students' rights. In none of the Faculties of this University is genuine College spirit stronger than in our Law School and we think this matter has only to be mentioned to insure a response from any who may not as yet have paid their subscription for this year.



## MOCK PARLIAMENT.

The Hon. Speaker having called upon Mr. Vernon to form a Ministry to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of that led by Mr. McKenzie, the House was met on the evening of Saturday, Nov 14th, by a Government composed of the following gentlemen:—

HON. G. H. VERNON.....*Prime Minister and Attorney General.*

" J. W. MCKAY.....*Chancellor of the Exchequer.*

" W. R. PARSONS.....*Colonial Secretary.*

" G. L. HARRIS.....*Postmaster General.*

It had been announced that the House would sit as an Imperial Parliament, and that the measure to be introduced would be one affecting the Empire.

As the Hon. Premier was unable to be present, owing to indisposition, to formally present his colleague to the House, this duty was performed by the Hon. Colonial Secretary. The Minister stated that it was intended to have the measure of the evening introduced by the Premier, and moved the adjournment of the House in consequence of his absence. To this several members strongly demurred and urged that the Government should meet the House with its Bill as originally proposed. The motion on being put was lost. Mr. O'DONOGHUE then called the Hon. Speaker's attention to the fact that Mr. HOOD, ex M. P. for Shelburne, was in the gallery, and asked that he be accorded a seat at the Speaker's right. Mr. Hood was invited to a seat on the floors of the House.

Upon Government Bills and orders being reached the Hon. Postmaster General said that his leader's original intention was to be present and introduce the resolution of the evening. This being rendered impossible by the Premier's illness, the duty developed upon him.

The resolution in effect resolved that in the opinion of the House, all disputes between Great Britain and the United States should be referred to arbitration, that an Arbitration Court be established to deal with all matters of difference which might arise between the two powers, of which a settlement could not be effected by ordinary diplomatic means.

The Hon. Minister said he did not propose making a detailed speech in support of the measure, but after a short introduction would leave it to the indulgence of the House. All would admit the paramount importance of the subject dealt with in the resolution. Every member present would recall the unfortunate difference that arose last autumn between the two great English speaking nations, in the matter of the extension of the British territorial line in South America. Fortunately for the honour

of the race hostilities were averted, but the possibility of a war between the two great members of the Anglo-Saxon race caused grave financial and commercial disturbance. The successful negotiation of a treaty such as proposed by this Government would contribute directly to the stability of the Empire's commerce, and, what was no less important, aid the cause of civilization. Certainly the time was opportune, and the evil such as loudly called for a remedy. He could not doubt but that the proposal would receive the hearty endorsement of our American kinsmen. The moral sense of both nations called for the substitution of reason for physical force. The Government felt sure that it could rely upon the hearty co-operation of both political parties for the accomplishment of a scheme of such moment to the Empire and race.

MR. O'MULLIN though differing politically with the Hon. Minister, expressed his mind as being in hearty accord with all that had fallen from his honorable friend. He knew of no way by which he could better show his appreciation of the Government's effort to accomplish this great reform than by seconding their resolution.

MR. F. A. MORRISON took exception to that clause of the measure dealing with the establishment of an arbitration Court, it was in his opinion, inexact, making no provision for the constitution of the tribunal, its jurisdiction and scope, and the number of which it was to consist. He took the view that it was entirely without precedent for such a measure to be introduced. It was elementary law that under the British constitution Parliament had no jurisdiction with treaties of this nature, such were dealt with by the Sovereign on the advice of her responsible Ministers without the concurrence of Parliament. If the Government meant this as a resolution only in its strict sense for the purpose of ascertaining the views of honorable gentleman of the House, he would consider it an honor to support it.

The Hon. Postmaster General explained that this latter was the correct view; the Government only wished the opinion of the House for its guidance and direction in advising Her Majesty, whereupon Mr. Morrison withdrew all objections to the passage of the resolution, which on being submitted to the House was carried by a vote of nine to five, after which the Speaker left the chair and the House adjourned.

## MOOT COURT.

RE AMES — The prisoners had been committed to goal in Tatamagouche, under a Magistrate's Warrant on a charge of stealing. The affidavit is produced setting out that the Justice held the preliminary enquiry, and made the commitment on Sunday, 28th June, 1896. No further evidence is produced.

This is an Application to show cause why a Writ of Habeas Corpus should not issue

The Counsel for the prisoner contended as follows:—

1. That the commitment of the prisoner, Ames, is illegal because the Magistrate held the preliminary enquiry and made the commitment on Sunday the 28th June, 1896, which according to common law is not a juridical day. *Davy v. Salter*, 6 Modern, 251; *Swann v. Broom*, 3 Burrows, 1600; *King v. Myers*, 1 Term R., 265.

2. That it is contrary to the policy of the law of criminal procedure to hold a court for preliminary enquiry on Sunday, under such circumstances as the prisoner, Ames, was committed. *Windsor v. Regina*, L. R., 1 Q. B., 289; *Cormier v. Tibideau*, 1 Kerr, 297.

The Counsel for the Crown contended as follows:—

1. That the affidavit of the prisoner is not sufficient evidence for the granting of a Writ of Habeas Corpus and for the nullifying of a commitment. *Down v. Ellis*, 35 Beav., 578; *J. v. J.*, 1 L. R., Prob. & Div., 460; *Grant v. Grant*, 34 Beav., 623.

2. That a conviction for treason, felony or breach of the peace, and therefore for stealing, is not invalid because issued on Sunday, and that the fact of the enquiry being made on Sunday does not invalidate the commitment. 29 Car. 2, c. 7, s. 6; *Ex parte Eggington*, 23 L. J., 2 B., 106; *R. v. Myers*, 1 T. R., 265.

Conviction affirmed.

For the prisoner, MR. OAKES and MR. NICHOLS.

For the Crown, MR. CUMMINGS and MR. G. H. PARSONS.

### Facetiæ.

YOU'RE here, are you!

WE always found it impossible to pull Mose Lee's leg, but an old lady the other day had no difficulty in pulling his ear.

LAURIER.—"We had a splendid lecture in Crimes this morning. Why did you miss it?"

C—m—r—n.—"When nearly up to the College I remembered having left my Crankshaw unlocked and went back to put it away from M—h—s—n.

C—M—R—N has become color blind through plugging, but yet shows his old preference for green.

SPECULATION is rife among the boys to know whether D—n is still under the bann or whether a *modus operandi* has been arrived at.

LAY HEE.—"All I know about Wills is that I would have to make one in a lucid interval to ensure its validity."

L—be.—"Do you often have them?"

CITY GIRL to Law Student.—"Is Mr. Ay-e as clever as he is handsome? Why, you know he told us that he was taking all the subjects of the first and second years!"

LECTURER on Evidence, thinking for the moment that he was addressing the full bench says: "My Lords." N-h-l-s and L-h-y pricked up their ears thinking they were being spoken to.

O'M—L—N has been appearing of late before the Temperance Committee of the Local Legislature. He says he is hopeful of seeing a prohibitory measure enacted this session. M—l—s is putting up a good fight for Woman Suffrage.

Ten numbers of the GAZETTE are issued every Winter by the students of Dalhousie College and University.

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## Medical Department.

### ORAL EXAMINATIONS.

I AM not a pessimist, optimist, or fault-finder, but one who believes that an honest criticism of persons or things, when called for, is a wholesome thing. The object of this article is just such a criticism of the mode of procedure used in conducting the oral exams. required in our medical course. At present, the time required to examine the whole class orally is about three hours; as each one is necessarily examined individually for say twenty minutes. These examinations are usually held from 3 to 6 P. M. The students are notified to appear at 3 P. M. When all the class assembles they are hustled, in a very undignified manner, into a class-room, there to await their doom. A man guards the door and announces the name of each victim as his time arrives. The time which elapses between the student's arrival in this room, and the call to go to the examination hall, depends upon the initial letter of his name; as the roll is usually called in alphabetical order. The writer was penned up in this room one time for two hours and forty minutes, before he was commanded to appear before the judgment seat, the remaining twenty minutes were spent in being examined.

Now, I claim that our system of oral examinations is wrong. Twenty minutes at the end of the term can give but a very inadequate idea of the amount of knowledge a student has obtained of any subject that he has studied for six months. Yet this is the test that is required of us, and in this twenty minutes we are required to make 50 per cent. of our total aggregate.

Many a man has passed creditably in a written examination, only to be plucked when orally examined in the same subject. The questions are put to the student in a way that gives him little time to think. He must answer them on the spur of the moment, or they are marked against him. In the written examinations they give us three hours, and this is quite enough. The questions are generally fair ones, the student has time to think and can acquit himself creditably. In the oral examinations the student often gets rattled, does not do himself justice, and leaves the impression that he has not that grasp of the subject which his examiner requires. Now, this is often due to diffidence from being placed in such a position, and the feeling that he is now on trial for his medical life.

I understand that the result of the twenty minutes' examination is given the same value as that of the three hours' exam., and enter this mild protest, sincerely believing that the practice is an unjust one. Now for a remedy—Abolish the oral exams.

that are now held at the end of the term, and institute in their stead monthly exams., which will count, and give this term work a place in totalling up the students' marks in the Spring. This, I believe, would be the most effectual way of teaching any of our subjects. It would give the student a better grasp of the subject, and obviate the necessity of so much plugging for the finals in the Spring.

If this is too great an innovation for our conservative system, let us have at least more value for our written exams. and less for the oral. Give us SOMETHING in compensation for being cooped up for three mortal hours, and for our trepidation at being introduced into the examination room, where, if we get rattled, we are, figuratively speaking, slaughtered, to make a Roman holiday.

Yours, etc.,

Feb. 2nd, 1897.

REFORM.

#### CHEMISTRY IN THE MEDICAL CURRICULUM.

I SUPPOSE that the readers of the Medical Department will think that they have been treated to an exhibition of presumption when the writer of this article makes suggestions as to how the Medical Curriculum might be improved, but I excuse myself on the grounds that I voice not only my own sentiments but those of many others, when I call attention to some defects in our Course in Chemistry. We have had, and still have able and experienced teachers of Chemistry, but do we spend as much time under their instruction, especially in Laboratory work, as the importance of the subject demands?

Dr. Eben McKay, in an able paper which he read before the Medical Society a few weeks ago, traced the growth of the sciences of Chemistry and Medicine from the days of the alchemists down to the present, and showed that whatever stimulated the study of Chemistry had the same effect on Medicine. Wöhler, by showing that Organic Compounds could be made by a sympathetic process in the laboratory, overthrew the theory of "vital force," and a new era of progress in Medical Science was ushered in.

If Chemistry and Medicine, then, have always been and still are closely related, is it not important that the Doctor Medicine should have a good ground-work in the former, and can a good knowledge of Practical Medical Chemistry be obtained by sixty-six hours (the time which we devote to it) work in a Chemical laboratory? The older medical colleges on the continent think not, and have Practical Chemistry in two years of their course, and require of the student between 150 and 200 hours work in the Chemical laboratory in his first two years, as well as Clinical Chemistry in his third year.

But the question may be fairly asked: How could time be found to devote more attention to Medical Chemistry, when our

students are already groaning under the burden of the number of studies placed upon them by the course of study constituted as it is now? In reply to such a question I shall endeavour to point out changes which might be made in our first year's work which would give the student time for the purpose above indicated. One of the subjects prescribed for the work of the first year student is Inorganic Chemistry. He is required to attend three lectures a week on this subject irregardless of the amount of attention which he has given it before entering college. Some unsophisticated individuals have been known to inform the "powers that be" that they have studied Inorganic Chemistry in the county academy and in college, and have passed creditable examinations on it, and on these grounds have asked to be allowed to take some other subject in their first year instead. They were replied to with Spartan brevity: "*You have never taken it as a Medical subject.*" What additional value Inorganic Chemistry had when taken as a Medical subject was not made known.

Now, my contention is that Inorganic Chemistry should be made a subject for matriculation. It is taught in the county academies and colleges where the candidate fits himself for his preliminary examination, and when he has passed successfully he would be ready to begin his laboratory work and devote to it the time which he by the present arrangement, is obliged to give to Inorganic Chemistry.

Furthermore, can any good reason be given why Botany should not also be a subject for matriculation. If Botany is a *sine qua non* to the medical man—and I cannot see that it is—why not have the embryo medical student study it in the summer months while preparing for his matriculation exam, when Botany could be studied in a scientific manner, instead of obliging him to pore over botanical text books in the dreary winter months, as under the present system? Why not, then, eliminate both Inorganic Chemistry and Botany from the course of study for the first year in Medicine, and give the study an opportunity to pay more attention to the important subject known in most colleges as Medical Chemistry? JUVENIS.

February 6th, 1897.

#### MEDICAL BRIEFS.

G-DW-N and M-nr-e, the well-known alchemists, have discovered a process for making Tinct. Camph. Co. without using Camphor.

BREHM'S Materia Medica haunts him no more. At present he studies the idiosyncrasies of a budding maiden at the Academy.

DR. FORBES' prescription of "Eager's Wine of Rennet" as a "hair-grower," is having a marked effect upon T-l-r's moustache.

T-VL-R was so badly rattled by the recent Histology exams., that he arose next morning at 3 o'clock in a state of somnambulism, and attempted to divest his room-mate of some squamous Epithelium.

S-L-T-R is about to publish a paper upon the "ossification of the clavicle."

SOPH ATK-NS N say that the only way to get familiar with drugs is by tasting them, and he acts upon his theory in the Pharmacy class. At— is a good fellow, but we fear that we shall lose him.

R-VN-LDS, of the first year, who is engaged in Dartmouth in business in connection with the ferry service, says he has about completed arrangements for bi-hourly trips from 1 to 3 A. M. on Mondays and Fridays.

IT is said that M—ler, who aspires to honours in chemistry, was heard to volunteer his orbital cavity, as a test tube in which to conduct the neutralization of an acid.

OUR inveterate pluggers are getting in their work. McKenzie, by dint of hard labor, gets in 23 hours out of the 24, while Brehm, to make up the even 24, cuts the first ten minutes off of each class.

WE all know of the Senior's soliloquy upon the number of loaves that had passed through the Foramen Magnum, of a skull under consideration; but this was revised a few days ago by P-n-g-t-n, who, when asked by the Prof. to name the structures transmitted by the foramen, scratched his head and replied, "The vertebral column, Sir!"

STUDENT.—"Doctor, can you resuscitate a drowned patient by holding the tongue from the mouth?"

Prof.—"You know, Mr T-m-s-n, it is exceedingly difficult to hold the tongue."

MOTHER.—"Maudie, did you kiss that young medical student last evening?"

Maudie, (the Fakir's girl)—"Yes, Mamma."

Mother.—"Don't you know that is wrong?"

Maudie.—"Oh, pshaw, mamma, I applied the antiseptic immediately."

DEDICATED TO G-D-W-N AND T-M-S-N

These are the faces familiar: the ears, and the noses, and mouths and chins lighted with smiles; yet unknown to their class-mates are they. They stand like druids of old - (or more like "modern priests.") Like unto "Li Hung Chang" without beards over their bosoms. And in the class-room quiet, buzzing surprise is heard, As these seeming strangers answer to names long since well-known. These are the faces, familiar, but where are the beards that upon them Waved in the breeze, when was heard in the distance the voice of the south wind.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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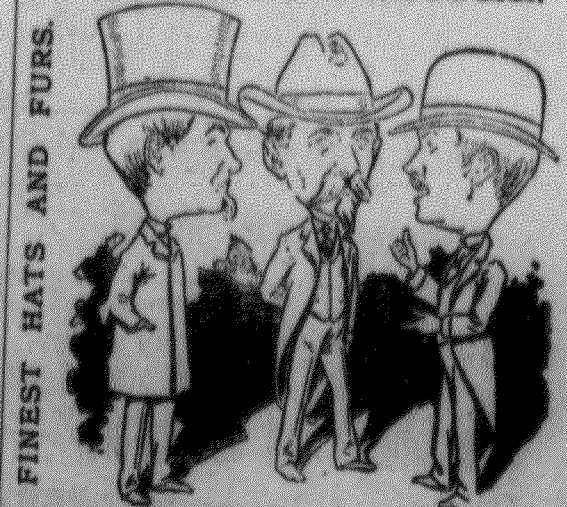
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