

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA

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ADAM BURNS.

LAST autumn, Mr. Adam Burns, Vice-Chairman of our Board of Governors, left his business and his home in the city and went abroad in search of health. His disease was incurable, but he fought out the losing fight to the last, with all the determination of a strong nature. The change of air, for a time, wrought apparently a great improvement, and his letters gave his friends reason for hopefulness. Then the end came, and he passed away in a London hotel, on Sunday, February 21st. His remains were taken to his native Scotland for burial.

Mr. Burns was first and foremost a successful merchant and man of business. He was the architect of his own fortunes, and his unusual success was due chiefly to those traits of character which mark the Scot all over the world, industry, intelligence, integrity. He had the respect and esteem of the whole community, and not seldom was his fund of practical wisdom drawn on for the benefit of the community. At the same time, he never allowed himself to be so entirely absorbed in business as to lose sight of other interests. His reading in the departments of philosophy, science and travel was extensive; and his outlook of life any-

thing but narrow. He was warmly interested in education. Dalhousie had no truer friend on the Board of Governors. Anyone who approached him on any question connected with the management or development of the College, was certain of a patient hearing, and of ready, comprehending sympathy. His power of rapidly penetrating any new question was quite unusual; and he was tolerant of views opposed to his, if urged with frankness and good feeling.

As a man, he was reserved, but his feelings for those nearest and dearest to him were very deep. His private life was known to only a few valued friends. Publicity of any kind he utterly disliked; and well-meant efforts to induce him to take a more prominent part in the affairs of the state, or the community, always broke down. His reserved manner gave him a reputation for cynicism quite unmerited. He was a good speaker on occasion, possessing a fund of drollery which gave a distinct character to his impromptus. Although he had reached the age of seventy-two, he never seemed like an old man. Until the last there was no sign of feebleness in mind or body. To the very last he retained his zest and interest in life.

In the community, and in the affairs of the College Adam Burns will long be missed and regretted. But it is Dalhousie, with whom he was most closely bound, which will miss him most and longest.

FOR FOUNDER'S AND BENEFACTORS' DAY.

AS far as anything indicates it in life at Dalhousie, no one would know that the college once had a founder; nor would the outsider coming in to visit us ever suspect that it is to the beneficence of more than one friend that the University owes its continued existence. The timely aid of the late George Munroe, it is hardly exaggeration to say, saved our institution from certain failure; therefore every Dalhousian cherishes the memory of George Munroe. But before ever his interest was awakened the College then owed its existence to the benefactions of others. Finally we trace our history back to the day when Lord Dalhousie founded Dalhousie College; yet we have no founder's day to commemorate this fact, nor have we a benefactors' day set aside in their memory. Hence we have to suggest in this issue of the GAZETTE the establishment of a founder's and benefactors' day.

We do not, however, advocate the institution of an extra holiday; that would be unpopular among the students, and, as expressing the sentiments of the students, we oppose it. But there are two already existing holidays which claim our attention as eligible for change from their present purpose to that of the one under consideration. We do not strongly recommend that the first of these, George Munroe day, be renamed; for he is conspicuous among benefactors, we have grown accustomed to recognize the day as belonging to our greatest benefactor, and although it already to some extent represents a benefactors' day, and might easily and appropriately be called by that name, and although it would only require another step, to add "founder's" to it, and call it "founder's and benefactors' day," yet we prefer to let George Munroe day remain George Munroe day, and accordingly we pass it over and consider the second existing holiday whose designation might not without reason be changed.

This is Ash Wednesday. There is no reason why Dalhousie should observe Ash Wednesday as such. It is a church festival, yet we hardly understand why an inter-denominational, or rather a non-denominational institution such as ours, should recognize it. It may be that some good benefactor of the past has so desired that the day be kept; in that case it will still have to be kept. Or it may be that the day is observed for the convenience of churchmen, in which case it would not be out of reason to continue granting the holiday for their benefit, while changing the name, as we have proposed. Certainly the change in the name of either one of these holidays is entitled to consideration. If not, certainly a new holiday ought to be observed, bearing the name of "founder's and benefactors' day." It is at any rate customary to so remember founders in other colleges; and if we remember one benefactor, surely the others are entitled to consideration; and if they are, why not the one who was instrumental in bringing the College into existence? We leave the matter for the present with the suggestion.

NOT wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers.
From its smoking hill of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A NIGHT WITH SEA-GULLS.

The long cold winter was wearing pleasantly away. More than five months had passed since the last trading-vessel had left our ice-bound shores. One bright morning towards the end of March we saw from the top of a high cliff, a light column of smoke rising serenely from an ice floe which extended beyond our horizon. It betokened a sealing steamer beating her way through the heavy masses of ice, and was to us the first signal of life from the outside world. In an hour or two it had gone, and an indefinable feeling of separation again crept over us. Six weeks more passed before our winter quiet was again disturbed, this time by the arrival of the first trading-vessel of the season. Still the time wore away happily in our little community of twenty-five families, for we had long begun to feel as though we were a little world of our own.

In the second week of May signs of approaching spring were quite manifest. Not indeed that fields were taking on a garb of green, nor were trees yet bursting their buds—for the former are unknown in Labrador, and the latter are found only far up the deep and sheltered bays, where no one lives except in mid-winter. But the scraggy cliffs of the little islands that so thickly stud the coast were now appearing through the melting snows; and what, for some months, had looked more like stranded icebergs than islands, now assumed their true aspect—unclad of their wintry robes. The heavy ice that had so long formed our bridge was yielding to the force of the ocean-swell, and the dogs and komatics gave place to boats as our only means of conveyance.

The writer had planned a trip of one hundred and twenty miles down the coast, to the Strait of Belle Isle, as soon as the floating ice would be sufficiently dispersed to insure safety. I had at my disposal, what I considered the best and prettiest boat on the coast, though, of course, other people thought differently. By the middle of June she was painted, launched, and rigged outright, ready for the trip. Though only about twenty feet keel, the beam alone was so constructed as to require three tons of ballast to enable her to successfully meet the heavy winds and seas. As she was to be practically my home, by night as well as by day, for more than two months I took every care to make her as homelike as possible.

With high hopes I sailed out of Harrington Harbour on a fine June day. I filled the triple office of captain, mate and able bodied seaman, and when necessity compelled me, I also discharged the duties of cook and chaplain—after a fashion. The wind was favourable and I hoped to reach Mutton Bay, twenty-five miles distant, in about four hours. Alas! it was just one week before I arrived there.

As I rounded Whale Head, already ten miles on my course, the wind began to freshen and the sea ran high. A bay twelve miles wide was before me—a snug little harbor was near at hand. Sailor-like, I scorned the harbour, for the good boat was acting well in that her first trip to sea. White caps were beginning to crest the billows. Careless of that, for the wind was fair abaft, I determined to cross the bay. All went well for a few miles further. The wind, however, was rising all the while. Just as I was beginning to think seriously of reefing sail, a heavy sea, foam-crowned, roared behind me. In a second I was on its summit, then the boat fell into the succeeding hollow. Before we rose, the little extra force on the tiller, required at that moment to keep her on her course, snapped the rudder-head just below the tying rope, and with dismay I saw my rudder float away on the billows.

It was now blowing too hard to launch my little jolly boat to regain the rudder, and the sea was running too high for the use of an oar in steering, so I had recourse to the sails alone. In my haste in lowering them to reef, I dropped the jib halliard and it reeved to the upper block. This necessitated my climbing the mast with no aid but the wire stays that supported it. But having with difficulty mounted to my little masthead, the boat tossed and swung so much with the sea, that I was unable to let go either hand. Fortunately, however, I could just reach the lost rope with my teeth and in this way brought it to the deck. I soon had the satisfaction of seeing, that by my manipulating the sails in a certain way I was approaching a small island rock about three miles up the bay. Then thick sea-fog surrounded me, but with the compass I was still able to hold on my course until I anchored in safety on the lee of the little isle.

I now saw cause for thankfulness even in my loss. For had such fog enveloped me while I was out in bay, I could never have made the land in such a gale of wind, and my only means of safety would have been to stand off to sea and pass the night baffling with the waves.

So weary was I when I reached this shelter, that, after putting on some dry clothes, I lay down in the little cabin and soon fell fast asleep. At five o'clock I awakened, having had about two hours rest, and began preparations for passing the night as comfortably as possible. There was every appearance of a big storm, and as the boat was not in a harbour, but only on the lee side of a rock, I deemed it imprudent to remain on board all night. First I made the yacht as secure as possible with two heavy anchors and about fifty fathoms of cable, and then I took my little boat and went ashore to explore the island. I was welcomed only by the wild screaming of a cloud of sea-gulls. These, with many ducks, that I unintentionally disturbed from their nests in my search for a bed-room, were the only companions I

had during that dreary night. Having at length found a suitable place beneath a projecting rock, hither I brought my straw mattress and other valuables.

The dense fog hastened the night and I retired early. Strange to say I was soon in the arms of "Nature's soft nurse," and only once during those pleasant hours did she unfold her gentle clasp. It was just midnight. I looked up. Truly "Egyptian darkness" prevailed, and behind the awful weirdness was the loud roaring of the sea as it beat angrily upon the windward side of my island home. One sea-gull, the watchman of his fellows, I suppose, gave a feeble cry, alarmed by the lighted match which I used to see the time. I thought of Napoleon on St. Helena, of Crusoe in his lonely retreat, and, quite content with my lot, I sank back to rest and knew no more until the sentinel on the rock announced the breaking day. It was not time to get up, so with a groan of contentment I rolled over and took my usual morning nap.

About half-past eight I breakfasted. Instead of tea I had red berry syrup, a very pleasant, though, on that occasion, a somewhat chilling drink. In the absence of any dishes in which to heat water, I roasted some fresh gull-eggs, of which there was an abundance on the cliffs around, on a flat rock heated by a fire kindled from drift wood. Some hard-tack served as a relish.

By ten o'clock the fog cleared away, and I had the satisfaction of seeing that the boat was still riding safe at anchor. As there was nothing to be gained by remaining longer on the rock, I again made ready for sea. I knew there was a French house about six miles distant, and from the chart I laid out my course thither. A short route lay through a large group of islands and shoals, but with a disabled boat it was advisable to keep as far as possible from sunken rocks, and I decided to take the "outside" course.

As the wind had fallen and the sea was smooth, I could steer, somewhat awkwardly, however, with an oar. But I had scarcely gotten under weigh when I espied a small boat about two miles distant on my lee quarter. I waved the signal of distress, (my oil jacket tied to the tiller) and it had the desired effect, for the boat changed her course and bore down upon me. She was manned by three Frenchmen, who, though they knew very little English, understood my situation, and one kindly came on board and piloted me through the shoals to the home of my hospitable friend, Dan Mosher. When Dan saw us coming he and his dogs came down to the water's edge to welcome us ashore. In him I found a true sympathizer as I told my story by his pleasant fire-side. This, in turn, was interpreted to the women of the house, who showed their sympathy in a most practical way by preparing a good hot dinner, which I tackled manfully and overcame.

By five o'clock we had a new rudder shipped and I was ready to continue my voyage, but as it was a little late to start across the bay, my host prevailed on me to stay the night. Then followed several days of such unfavourable weather that I did not reach Mutton until just one week from the time I first set out. It is not well, in Labrador, to make plans too far ahead. It is worse to set your hopes upon them. W. F.

"IN MEMORIAM."

(Continued.)

When first starting out to write, the poet seems to be overwhelmed by the blow which has fallen upon him. And he writes merely because the exercise of writing numbs the pain of grief. See, for example, in the 5th poem :

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

And then a little further on, the thought seems to come of singing in the memory of his friend, for he says :

I sing to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

But his full purpose in writing is given in poem 26. I quote the whole poem :

Still onward winds the dreary way ;
I with it ; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

Here we have disclosed the poet's full purpose. Life as life and love as love demand more than an earthly existence.

Otherwise might we as well meet with death before to-morrow's sun begins to dawn. With life a mere temporal appearance, with love a vanishing dream leaving nothing but stinging memory, then were life indeed not worth living. And so Tennyson sets out with the longing

to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love.

And what is the result of this inquiry? What is the issue of the poem? Turning to near the close, to the 120th poem, we there see:

I trust I have not wasted breath;
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with death.

This, then, is the issue, this the result of all the buffetings of despair and doubt and hope. We are not wholly brain, magnetic mockeries. We are more than that—immortal souls.

But linked with this purpose, the poem as a whole gives expression to the various moods of love. It is not a philosophic discussion; it is not a piece of metaphysical hair-splitting; but it is a setting forth of the intuitive demands of a nature capable of love. It is the poet's method of proof, and none the less true on that account. And at the close, as he looks back over the road along which he has been journeying, and as he thinks of his fears and his questionings, and again of his hopes and his faith, the poet sees that these are but the various moods of the Love which he has enthroned as his Lord and King:

Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there.

Passing on, we now proceed to notice the structure of *In Memoriam*. This is not obvious; and I suppose there has been many a superficial reader who has laid the poem down with the feeling that it consists of a number of disconnected poems, many of them obscure, and some of them without meaning. That this is not true to fact is evident from what I have already said. Every poem has its place in the great whole. But the structure is not evident to the careless reader. It only reveals itself after careful study. It takes more than a fool to thoroughly understand this poem. Parts of it have always been favorites with

people. While time and opportunity have prevented many from making a thorough study of it from the beginning to the end, there are certain portions with which every man is familiar. This is perhaps one of the reasons of its popularity. Each of these short sections is, in a sense, complete in itself. They form beautiful expressions of sorrow, of love, of faith. Yet when viewed only thus, a great deal of their beauty is of necessity lost. Beautiful in themselves, that beauty is intensified when we consider them in relation to one another and to the whole.

We must remember that the poem is a growth. Seventeen years elapsed between the death of Hallam and its publication. During these years we may depend the poet was ever writing or improving. The Prologue, like the preface of a book, was the last written and bears the date 1849. So that it embodies in it truths which were sought for in the poem itself. The Epilogue assumes the form of an Epithalamium. The occasion of this was the marriage of Tennyson's own sister which took place in the year 1842. Looking at the poem proper there are several recurring notes of the seasons of the year, and these enable us to mark the time in the progress of the poet's thought (not his writing, mark you, but his thought). For example, we have the Christmas season coming in three times. Anniversaries of Hallam's birthday are mentioned. Twice the fatal day of his death passes by. So we can tell the various seasons as they come and go. These points are important. By noting them we see that the poem is the continuous story of two and one-half years. It is well to keep the dates in our mind for they throw light upon the progress of the poem. The poem begins in September, 1833, when the crushing blow of Hallam's death came to the poet. In the 28th poem we have the approach of the first Christmas. In the 72nd, we have the first anniversary of Hallam's death. Thus these seventy-two poems represent a period of one year. In the 78th, we have the second Christmas; and in the 83rd, the New Year following. Then there comes in the 99th, the second anniversary of Hallam's death. In the 104th, the third Christmas, and in the 106th, the New Year. Then comes Hallam's birthday in February, and after that spring time. So that the poem proper closes in April in 1836—two and one-half years after Hallam's death. They have been two and one-half years of struggle with doubts and difficulties, but the issue is well. I have seen a part of the 107th Psalm quoted as a good commentary on the turmoil of the poet's thought during that period. Speaking of those who are tossed about on the stormy billows of the ocean, the Psalmist says: "They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul melteth away because of trouble. They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves

thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet: so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

Thus is it with the bereaved soul in *In Memoriam*. He is tossed about on the sea of doubt and despair, but in the end the storm is made a calm, and he is brought unto his desired haven.

Let me now pass on to give you, somewhat in detail, an idea of the argument, as it would be called in older works. Let us trace the course of thought.

As I said, the Prologue assumes what the poem proves. It is that part of the poem which was last written. It therefore views the poem as essentially complete, and gathers into itself the greatest and highest achievement of its thought. In fact we have in the first stanza an outline of the whole succeeding thought.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

Love is from its nature immortal. God is love. And the strong Son of God, revealing the Father, reveals also the true depth of love. Him we embrace by faith.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it come from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

The magnificent verses of this Prologue form in reality a prayer. He whose nature is Love will have sympathy with weak man, his creature. He has entered into close relation with us—is human as well as divine. He is our ideal—

The highest, holiest manhood, thou.

And our duty to him is to be in perfect accord with His will.

Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Viewed now from this standpoint of a Divine Faith of Love, there appears to be an emptiness in the wild and wandering cries to which he had given utterance. And was there not also a rebellion against the ways of Providence in so despairing? And so he closes the Prologue with a prayer.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair,
I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

Turning to the poem proper we find that it begins at the point where tidings are first received of Arthur Hallam's death. The first six poems are somewhat introductory. The blow has

fallen upon him; what does it mean? The truth set forth in the first stanza,

That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things,

is now to be tested. Looking at the old yew tree standing over the graves of the dead, despair seems to seize the poet. Then questionings begin to arise. And in the fourth poem resolution comes. The will is aroused to action with the cry,

"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

Then he tells one season why he writes. Pain is deadened by this task. It eases his grief to give expression to it in words.

The temptation to quote is very strong, but I suppose for the sake of your patience it must be restrained. But how true to life are the verses of the 6th poem, where he is speaking of the universality of sorrow.

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

And he gives sad cases of such sorrow:—

O Father, wheresoe'er thou be
Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother praying God will save
Thy sailor—while thy head is bowed
His heavy shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

And so the poet was looking to the return of his friend, and in his mind was following him on his journey as he was here to-day and would be there to-morrow, and so on. How great then the shock. And he tells of a maiden decking her hair and arranging her toilet to please her lover—putting the roses and the ribbands where he would like to have them, and even then—just then—an accident befalls her future lord that causes his death. And he compares her feelings with his own.

O what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

He stands once more at the door of Hallam's house in London. But now everything is changed for him. There is no warm hand to greet him. The joy is taken out of everything. The old familiar spots where he and Hallam used to meet are different now. But he takes his little flower of posey to plant it on his friend's tomb.

Hallam's body is placed on board a vessel bound to England. The poet follows the vessel in her voyage and wishes her well.

I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

He can scarcely believe that Hallam is dead. And to him it would seem not at all strange should his friend disembark at the quay among the other passengers and shake hands with him, "and ask a thousand things of home."

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain;

And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

The wind rises, and the poet fears for the ship. It is an autumn storm that whirls away the last red leaf. Surely the ship shall safely come. In No. 17 we are told of her arrival. In the following poem is expressed the poet's thankfulness that his friend's body is resting in England. It is little to be thankful for, but yet it is something. Violets may grow from his ashes. He rests in a quiet place. And a description is given of his grave. The bereaved mind feels its sorrow keenly. The servants in a desolated house can speak their master's praises volubly; but the children who love more are silent. So it is with this heavy grief. He sits by the grave of his friend and sings to him his song of sorrow. Those passing by have little sympathy with him in his loss. Some are vexed, some accuse him of making a parade of his grief, some are angry with him for so giving way to his sorrow when scientific discoveries claim every man's attention. But they do not know.

Behold, ye speak an idle thing :
Ye never knew the sacred dust ;
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing :

And one is glad : her note is gay
For now her little ones have ranged ;
And one is sad ; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stolen away.

And he thinks of his five years companionship with Hallam. Bright years they were and full of joy. Viewed now from the standpoint of sorrow the glory and pleasure of these years seem almost too great to be real. He asks how it is that the past can be invested with such a glory? Is it because of the contrast with his present grief? The answer is that in these days of uninterrupted communion with Hallam, Love turned every burden into a joy.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier birds in air :
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of love :

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

This is a beautiful thought—how love diminishes our burdens while it increases our joys.

(To be continued.)

KIPLING AND THE GAELIC-SPEAKING NEGRO COOK.

Kipling has introduced into one of his latest tales—"Captains Courageous"—a negro cook from Cape Breton who speaks Gaelic, and is endowed with the second sight. To persons unfamiliar with the circumstances, it may seem that Kipling has wandered from the regions of reality and even gone beyond the bounds of probability in constructing this rather anomalous character. In some Scotch Settlements there are a few negroes who speak Gaelic remarkably well. Indeed, strange as it may seem, there are some who can scarcely speak a word in any other language.

With regard to the second sight, it is notorious that many of the Scotch have a firm belief that some persons are possessed of this peculiar faculty. And seeing that negroes—themselves a rather superstitious race—have lived near them and mingled with them for several generations, it is only natural that they should come to believe that some of them also were endowed with the gift of seeing the invisible.

The following rather gruesome anecdote, told by one who knew but a few words of Gaelic, adds confirmation to the assertion that some of these negroes do speak the Gaelic language. A negro farmer who had been away from his home for a short time, found on his return that a swing had been set up in the barn during his absence. This was done by the eldest of his two sons, contrary to a previous command of their father. The boy however, denied that he had anything to do with setting up the swing. But his younger brother informed on him, and the consequence was that his father treated the culprit to a sound drubbing, not only for disobedience, but for falsehood as well.

Not long afterward, the father had occasion to leave home again. And now the eldest son was determined to be revenged. Taking his weaker brother, he strung him up in the old fashioned chimney over a blazing fire. The unfortunate victim of his vengeance, uttered shriek after shriek as the flames seized on his flesh, but the fiendish perpetrator of this cruelty only laughed at his cries as he answered: "Sgread thusa nis; innis ormsa ris." (You shriek now; tell on me again.) Whether the story be true or not, the fact that the person who related it gave the words of the boy in Gaelic serves to show that it was commonly believed that some negroes did speak Gaelic.

(MACNEACAIL.)

E LIBRO RUBICUNDO.

*A Night in
the Woods.*

A few years ago, in the early part of May, a friend and myself had an experience which we are not likely soon to forget. It was a night in the woods, during a rainstorm. This seems neither striking nor startling; but as we had made no other shelter against the rain than one rubber coat it was no joke.

We set out early in the morning from B—— for a brook twelve miles away, noted for its trout. As we knew this from experience, and the weather appeared promising, we had high hopes for a successful and pleasant fishing trip. The brook was reached sometime before noon, and after having something to eat we were soon busy dangling the fly. We completely lost ourselves in the sport that followed. It was our intention to build a sort of camp of brushwood, the back of which sloping to the wind would serve as a shelter, the sides also to be closed with brush and the whole front to be left open. This enables you to keep quite close to you a good log fire to which you can place your feet, while the upper part of the body is protected from the falling dew. Only those that have tried this device, and have camped within the sound of the tumbling and rushing waters of a restless brook, can understand the comfort and enjoyment with which you may spend a night almost under the open heavens. But in the excitement at our unusually large catch, we forgot all about making preparations for the night.

We were surprised, and awakened to our senses by a sudden and heavy shower of rain. The day was well spent, everything including ourselves was soon drenched, while the nearest dwelling was four miles away; these things made our situation rather serious. Each asked the other, what would or could we do? We soon decided to remain where we were, and to make the best of the situation. We hurriedly built a canopy of wet brush, having a high cliff at the back, and a fir tree to one side. But since there was no wind and the rain fell straight downward, this sheltered spot was of little service. We soon found it was utterly impossible to make a water-tight covering. Both of us looked longingly at the rubber coat. The unselfishness of my friend, to whom it belonged, led him to offer it to be used for our common benefit. After some time and trouble, we arranged it above our heads under the brush covering. This afforded a comparatively dry space of a few square feet, of course not sufficient to recline on; but we found that it would accommodate both of us in a sitting posture, and also shelter our food which we had kept dry with the coat. In the meantime we had started a fire after repeated efforts, and now found it necessary to provide something to sit on. We selected a suitable log, hewed

it flat on one side and putting it into position under the coat, we took our places on it. All this while the rain was simply pouring down, and even now we did not wholly escape it. However, we were cheerful and hopeful, and after again taking something to eat we started to talk the night away. It was now about 9 p. m. For a few hours the time passed at about its usual rate, but as mental and physical fatigue overtook us, for it was already 'bed-time' and our fixed position was almost unbearable, it began to lag. We tried all sorts of ways to 'kill time,' but in spite of our efforts the hours grew longer and longer. Without closing an eye or changing our position further than now and again to crawl out into the wet and dark to replenish the fire, we sat huddled together on that log the whole night through.

It must be left to your imagination to grasp our situation; how tedious we found the hours, and with what feelings the grey dawn was welcomed since the rain ceased with its coming.

*A Haul of
Mackerel.*

It was a beautiful July day. A westerly breeze was blowing and the water was comparatively smooth. A number of us decided to go mackerel fishing about a mile off the mouth of the G—— Harbor. We supplied ourselves with hooks and bait, lines, &c., and shortly after dinner, pushed off from the wharf, and ran out of the harbour before the wind, to the fishing grounds. When we got there, we found other boats anchored about, with their sails furled and everything ready for fishing. We rounded up some little distance from one of them, thinking we would have a better chance there than at a distance. We trusted that those in the other boats knew the grounds for we knew little about them.

The duty of throwing the bait devolved on the one in the stern, who did not spare it for he thought the more bait the more fish. His plan worked well. We did not wait long before our lines tightened. The mackerel had struck. We had some beautiful fat ones in the boat at once. Each of us fished with two lines and was kept busy, for no sooner had one mackerel been shaken off than the other line was ready to pull up. It was an exciting time. None of us had ever been fishing when the mackerel seemed to revel in being caught. In our hurry to bring our victims into the boat, our lines would often slip through our fingers and go cutting through the water,—the hook being in the fish's mouth. Not unfrequently did we tangle each others lines. However, the principal thing seemed to be to get the fish on board the boat; the proper way of pulling them up never seemed to bother us.

The fishing in this glorious fashion did not last for more than

fifteen minutes. The mackerel slackened, probably because we had neglected to throw bait, in our excitement never thinking that they required more than what was on our hooks. But finding out the probable reason why they left us the bait was again thrown lavishly on both sides of the boat. Soon we were busy again attending to our lines, for the bait brought the mackerel. We now kept them about the boat for a somewhat longer time than before, but no amount of bait could induce them to stay very long.

This irregular fishing told us the mackerel were schooling. And later in the afternoon when the water became calm, the wind having died away, they came to the surface. The ripple here and there on the perfectly calm water indicated schools. The water seemed literally alive with fish. They would often "break" quite near the boats. Several times did we, following the example of the other boats, sink small schools by throwing balls of bait, which invariably caused the mackerel to go down. Then, in order to draw them to our lines, we would throw a train of bait from the boat to where the mackerel broke. Having successfully accomplished this, the result was another spell of brisk fishing with its accompaniment of tangling lines.

As it grew later the mackerel grew less hungry and instead of biting greedily at our baited hooks, swam about the boat a few yards below the surface of the water. We admired their green backs among the bait, but those safe in the tubs and the bottom of the boat we admired more. By this time the sun was setting. The evening shadows were beginning to fall, and we hoisted anchor for the harbour. We left the sail furled, for there was not a breath of wind, and seated ourselves for the three-mile row. Our most sanguine expectations had been more than realized. And that does not always happen with the fishing.

OH ! listen man !

A voice within us speaks that startling word
 "Man thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
 Hymn it unto our souls; according harps
 By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still
 The song of our great Immortality;
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
 Join in the solemn, universal song.
 Oh ! listen ye, our spirits; drink it in
 From all the air 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
 'Tis floating midst day's setting glories! Night,
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
 Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
 By an unseen, living Hand: and conscious chords
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.

DANA, ON "IMMORTALITY."

OUR HOCKEY TEAM AT SACKVILLE.

On Friday afternoon, February 19th last, the college Hockey team, accompanied by a few other Dalhousians, started for Sackville to cross sticks with the Mount Allison University boys. Arriving there about 8 p. m. we were met at the station by "Dingie" Allison—son of the president of the institution, and an old school-mate of some of the Halifax boys on the team—and were driven to the Hotel Brunswick, where the Mount Allison boys had supper awaiting us.

After supper we togged up as best we could, and were driven to the boys' residence, where the Senior's "At Home" was then at its height. Our first introduction to the "At Home" was rather bewildering. Numbers of pretty young ladies, dressed in yellow, light blue and white, were walking up and down the bright, roomy corridors, arm in arm with young gentlemen in black suits and white ties. We had a slight feeling of embarrassment when we looked at our hockey costumes, but these were forgotten when we got into the swing of the "At Home." Soon we were strutting up and down the corridors, like the rest of the company, as if we were part and parcel of the institution. Some of the more youthful members of the team think they made serious impressions on certain of the "White House," young ladies, during the evening, but of this we are unable to judge.

We were all put up at the College residence. This is a most commodious, well-planned building. The students, as a rule, room two together and have two connecting apartments, one for sleeping and one for loafing or working. We noticed that the boys in this building were not under very much restraint, and we asked some of them if they did not find it a noisy place in which to work. The answer they all gave was "that the affair was self-regulating."

The hockey match was advertised to take place at 2 p. m. standard,—and by the way, standard time is always followed up there—and at that hour the teams lined up as follows:

<i>Mount Allison.</i>	<i>Goal.</i>	<i>Dalhousie.</i>
Brooks,	<i>Point.</i>	Douglas.
Webb,	<i>Cover Point.</i>	McKenzie.
Roach,	<i>Rover.</i>	Reynolds.
Lucas,		Mont
Johnson, }	<i>Forwards.</i>	{ Black.
Jardine, }		{ Cumming
Butler, }		{ Murray

The referee, Mr. Wood, a Sackville boy, was most impartial. As the game progressed, both teams, to the spectator, appeared to be well-matched as far as individual players were concerned, but the Dalhousie boys, besides being all excellent individual

players, knew the value of combination team work, and in this respect the Mount Allison boys did not appear to be well coached. The game ended seven goals to four in favor of Dalhousie.

Let me say here that our Athletic Club made a great blunder in not entering a team in the Halifax Hockey League this season. With such excellent material as the Sackville game showed that we have in the College, our chances would have been the best. The night before leaving for Sackville, the same team, with absolutely no practice together, were defeated by the Wanderers' League team only by a score of four goals to three—but this is a digression.

All through the game there was the most friendly feeling between the opposing teams, and on three or four occasions when Mont, Reynolds, or other of the Dalhousie boys made an especially brilliant play, we actually heard the spectators give our own college yell. Indeed during our whole visit the Mount Allison boys made us feel thoroughly at home. They could not possibly have treated us more kindly. Perhaps the best way this can be expressed is to say that the Mount Allison boys treated us "white."

IVANHOE.

Editors Dalhousie Gazette:

Sirs,—The increasing interest of the contributions of higher criticism to scriptural literature, and the recent utterances of such men as Dr. Lyman Abbot and Dr. Buckley on inspiration, bring emphatically before the minds of thinking men the importance of Bible study. The Bible is "the book," and surely a knowledge of its contents is an essential part of education—at least of that part of education which, for want of a better name, I shall call "book-learning." The Bible and Shakespeare are confessedly the corner-stones of English literature. College-bred men are ashamed to betray ignorance of the works of the great dramatist. Should not a want of acquaintance with the English Bible be esteemed a mark of even grosser illiteracy? That such illiteracy prevails among some college students is evidenced by the results of an examination of a First Year class published by a college president in the *Independent*. Let us hope the Freshmen of Dalhousie are not in the same "Egyptian darkness."

There were 34 present at the examination, and 22 extracts from Tennyson, each containing a scriptural allusion, were set before the class for explanation. Only 328 correct answers were received to the 748 questions. Eleven in the class failed to apprehend the meaning of "the manna in the wilderness." Sixteen were ignorant of the significance of striking the rock. Thirty-two had never heard of the shadow turning back on the dial for Hezekiah's lengthening life. Twenty-six knew nothing of Joshua's moon. Twenty-two couldn't explain the reference to Baal. Twenty-eight knew nothing of Jonah's gourd. Twenty-two could not understand the allusion in "For I have flung thee

pearls, and found thee swine." Twenty-seven were paralyzed by the phrase, "a whole Peter's sheet." Eighteen could not explain the meaning of "Pharaoh's darkness." Nineteen had not read the idyl of Ruth and Boaz. Other details are given in the article mentioned, but a sufficient number of examples have been given to show the extent and depth of Bible ignorance—ignorance that must have been remarkable even to the examiner.

All the members of the class were church-members but one. All were, presumably, intelligent young men. What, then, was the reason for this lamentable ignorance of an English classic? The only possible reason—want of study. These men would doubtless have admitted the claims of Bible study, and yet, even by most of those who acknowledge its importance, no book is so badly treated as the Bible. We thumb over our Virgils and our Euclids, we buy a novel and read it through from title page to "finis," skipping nothing and hardly omitting the advertisements at the end; but how different is our treatment of the greatest book in the world. By most of us it is only picked up at irregular intervals, and some pretty familiar passage is skimmed through in a slipshod manner. No one ever thinks of taking up the Bible freshly, like any other book, and reading it through from the beginning in Genesis to the end in Revelations.

I do not speak of the moral beauty of the teaching of the Bible, nor its revelations of spiritual mysteries. I want to deal in this letter only with the human side of the Scriptures. In a human sense the Bible is invaluable as a literary treasure. Even those who regard it as man's work recommend it as the best book in the world. Prof. Drummond considers it, even as literature, more worthy of study than Shakespeare. It is a library—a collection of masterpieces. The books are not all of equal value. Some are historical only. "Ian MacLaren" compares the Scriptures to a field of wheat. "There is the stem," says he, "that holds the ear, that is the historical part of the Bible; and there is the wheat, the bread of life, that is the gospel, wherever it is found from Genesis to Revelation." This library comprises all forms of literature, and the purity of the English in all the works is unexcelled. John Ruskin, that master of style, says that to his early knowledge of the Bible he owes the best part of his taste in literature, and the most precious, and on the whole the most essential, part of his education.

The Bible, then, is one of the best examples of the English language in its pristine purity. To drink from a well of English pure and undefiled, one need only turn to the first chapter of John. The Bible is regarded by all intelligent people as a masterpiece of literature. Where, then, is the consistency of excluding the English Bible from our college curriculum? Would it degrade the Bible to make it a text-book in a college course? Does it not degrade it more to display such dense ignorance of its teaching, while acknowledging its worth, as was displayed by

the class we have above cited? Do we feel that Plato is degraded by being made an ethical text-book? If the Bible can only be revered by being pedestalled amid the mists of ignorance, it is better that it should lack such reverence. At least it would suffer little at the hands of those who might choose Bible Study as an optional and as an optional, the subject of Bible Study has found place in several American Colleges. In many theological colleges across the border, it has been found necessary to provide instruction on the Bible itself. Students were expected to come with sufficient knowledge of the Scriptures to allow them to enter on a course of systematic theology. But this expectation has been proved unfounded, and a class in Bible Study has supplemented the advanced work.

In Brown University the Bible is the basis of eleven courses of study, each covering three hours a week, for one-third of the year.

Amherst College is one of the institutions which led the way in the systematic study of the Bible as a regular text-book. Biblical literature ranks in the Junior and Senior years with the other optionals in the course, and is chosen by from ten to forty men in each class.

In Bowdoin College, four hours a week for one term of the Freshman year, are devoted to the study of one of the Gospels in Greek as a basis for the study of the life of Christ.

Williamstown College, Mass., offers as an optional in each year, a class in Bible Study.

Optional classes in Bible Study are offered in the Arts course at Boston University, and the number availing themselves of them is larger than ever this session.

The Bible has been used as a text-book in Wellesley College ever since its opening.

The Bible is coming to be recognized in the college curricula across the border. What University in Canada will be the first to cease to ignore the "book of books." Should a class in Bible Literature be allowed as an option in Dalhousie? It would be interesting to hear an expression of opinion on this matter from the different years.

Thanking you for space,
I am yours, etc., E. W. FORBES, '93.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence, round me,—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die; but see, again
Now, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms—These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors
Moulder beneath them.

W. C. BRYANT.

RESULTS OF THE LAW EXAMS.

At one o'clock Tuesday it was learned that the results of the recent law exams, were soon to be posted. Accordingly quite a number of anxious students sniffed about the crack of the professors' waiting-room door and seemed hungry for the truth, envying, meantime, the reporters who were admitted to copy it. Before two o'clock it was revealed.

Departing from the usual custom this year we print the results of these examinations just after their publication, instead of waiting until the last number of the volume to print them along with the announcements from the other faculties. The list is as follows:—

TORTS.		CRIMES.	
<i>Class I.</i>		<i>Class I.</i>	
Burchell,	Bent,	Mahon,	Bent,
Matheson,	Nichols, E. H.,	Matheson,	Oakes,
Murphy,	Oakes,	McMillan,	Lamb,
MacIntyre,	Gray,		Murphy.
	Waddell.		
<i>Class II.</i>		<i>Class II.</i>	
Fawcett,	Purdy,	Newcombe,	Nichols, E. H.,
Lamb,	Slater,	Purdy,	McKay, H. S.,
Sergeant,	Parsons, G. H.,	MacIntyre,	McDonald,
McDonald,	Newcombe,	Cameron,	Footo,
Harris,	Madden,		Sergeant.
Mahon,	O'Mullin,		
Anderson,	Church,		
	McKay, J. J.		
<i>Pass (in alphabetical order).</i>		<i>Pass (in alphabetical order).</i>	
Ayre,	McKay, H. S.,	Anderson,	Madden,
Cameron,	McMillan,	Ayre,	McKay, J. J.,
Cummings,	Schurman,	Church,	Nichols, G. E.,
Footo,	Sesley,	Cummings,	O'Mullin,
Johnstone,	Tufts.	Fawcett,	Parsons, G. H.,
		Gray,	Parsons, W. R.
		Harris,	Schurman,
		Johnstone,	Tufts.
INTERNATIONAL LAW.			
<i>Class I.</i>			
		McKinnon,	Ferguson,
		O'Donoghue,	Knight,
		Morrison, Met.,	Morrison, F. A.
<i>Class II.</i>			
		McKay, J. W.,	McKenzie,
			Vernon.
<i>Pass (in alphabetical order).</i>			
		Aitken,	Moseley,
		Gunn,	Putnam,
		McPhee,	Ross.
SHIPPING.			
<i>Class I.</i>			
		O'Donoghue,	Ferguson,
		Vernon,	Knight,
		Morrison, Met.,	McKenzie.
<i>Class II.</i>			
		McKinnon,	Morrison, F. A.
		Ross,	McKay, J. W.,
		McPhee,	Phalen.

Pass (alphabetically).
Aitken, Gunn,
Moseley.

SALES.
Class I.
Knight, Putnam,
O'Connor, Robertson,
Vernon, Morrison, F. A.,
McKinnon, Finn,
O'Donoghue, Phalen.

Class II.
Ross, Oakes,
Bent, McEchen,
McLeod, Ferguson,
McKenzie, Mahon,
Morrison, Met., McKay, J. W.,
Nichols, T. E. H., Purney,
Jamieson, Dunn,
McLatchey.

Pass (alphabetically).
Aitken, Moseley,
Boyd, McKay, J. W.,
Cumming, McPhee,
Foote, Parsons, G. H.,
Gunn, Parsons, W. R.,
Johnstone, Purdy,
Leahy, Seeley,
Mills, Tufts.

EQUITY.
Class I.
Finn, Jamieson,
McKinnon, Aitken,
Purney, Johnstone,
O'Connor, Vernon,
Phalen, O'Donoghue,
McKenzie, Mills.

Class II.
Morrison, F. A., Ferguson,
Leahy, Seeley,
Morrison, Met., McPhee,
Ross, Putnam,
McKay, J. W., Boyd,
Gunn, Mahon,
Knight.

Pass (alphabetically).
Bent, Nichols, G. E.,
Dunn, Nichols, E. H.,
Foote, Oakes,
Lamb, Parsons, G. H.,
McEchen, Parsons, W. R.,
McLeod, Purdy,
McLatchy, Robertson,
Moseley, Tufts.

CONTRACTS.
Class I.
Gray, MacIntyre,
Burchell, Matheson.

Class II.
Sergeant, Waddell,
Newcombe, McKay, J. J.

Pass (alphabetically).
Ayre, McDonald,
Cameron, McKay, H. S.,
Church, Murphy,
Cumming, McMillan,
Fawcett, O'Mullin,
Slater.

EVIDENCE.
Class I.
O'Donoghue, Putnam,
McKinnon, Ferguson,
Aitken, Seeley,
Jamieson, Phalen,
Nichols, E. H.

Class II.
McLeod, Mills,
Morrison, Met., Bent,
Boyd, Finn,
McKenzie, McKay, J. W.,
Purney, Parsons, W. R.

Pass (alphabetically).
Cumming, McEchen,
Dunn, McLatchy,
Foote, McPhee,
Gunn, Nichols, G. C.,
Johnstone, Oakes,
Knight, O'Connor,
Lamb, Parsons, G. H.,
Leahy, Robertson,
Mahon, Ross, H. S.,
Morrison, F. A., Tufts,
Moseley, Vernon.

WILLS.
Class I.
Purney, Robertson,
McKinnon, O'Connor,
Morrison, Met., Tufts,
Leahy, McLeod,
Mills.

Class II.
Boyd, Nichols, E. H.,
Vernon, Purdy,
Putnam, Seeley,
Oakes, Dunn.

Pass (alphabetically).
Aitken, Lamb,
Bent, Mahon,
Finn, McLatchy,
Foote, Parsons, G. H.,
Jamieson, Parsons, W. R.,
Johnstone, Slater.

CONFLICT OF LAWS.
Class I.
Purney, McLeod,
Boyd.

Class II.
Putnam, Leahy,
Jamieson, McEchen,
Dunn, Knight,
Finn, Mahon,
Oakes, O'Connor.

Pass (alphabetically).
Johnstone, Nichols, G. E.,
McLatchy, Parsons, W. R.,
Mills, Robertson,
Seeley.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.
Class I.
Burchell, Purney,
Purdy.

Class II.
Dunn, Nichols, E. H.,
Waddell, McEchen.

McLeod, Jamieson,
Boyd, O'Connor,
Finn, Parsons, W. R.,
Mills, Leahy.

Pass (alphabetically).
McLatchy, Robertson,
Nichols, G. E., Parsons, G. H.,
Tufts.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.
Class I.
Gray, McIntyre,
McRae, McDonald,
Sergeant.

Class II.
Ayre, Newcombe,
Matheson, Hattie,
Church, Murphy,
Cameron.

Pass (alphabetically).
Anderson, Madden,
Fawcett, McKay, J. J.,
Harris, O'Mullin,
Shaw.

College Societies.

THE annual concert of the College Glee Club will be held in the Exam. Hall on Thursday evening, March 18th. A program is being prepared that will bring credit to the Club, and one that will be enjoyed and appreciated by all students and their friends. In response to the Club's request for original parodies, some excellent ones have been received. The best of the many good ones will be sung at the concert. Please remember the date. Tickets will be issued at once and may be had from any member of the Executive Committee.

Y. M. C. A.—A. F. Robb, B. A., who was president of the Y. M. C. A. last year, led our devotional meeting Saturday evening, Feb. 20th. The subject was "Prayer for the Power of the Holy Spirit." The leader's helpful words cheered us on to higher purposes, and the prayers and short addresses from others who followed, breathed the sentiment of a greater desire for that power which alone gives life. After the regular meeting, the Young Men's Training Class met for three quarters of an hour. The object of their meeting is to receive mutual help as to how to use God's word in the work of His own vineyard. It is one of the most helpful classes in connection with our Y. M. C. A. work, and we would advise as many of the members as possible to attend.

Sabbath afternoon, Feb. 28th, we listened to a lecture delivered by Rev. A. Morton. Subject: "Israel my Servant." The address

which certainly had "the right royal ring about it," was one of the very best to which we have had the pleasure of listening during the present session. Is England—is Canada, the servant of Jehovah? Then must we not be true? Country is greater than party. We need faith—stronger, purer faith in our soul, in ourselves, in our country, in our opponents. It is when our nation's God given Mission appears plain, and as the conviction of our country's God delegative office, among the peoples of the earth becomes deep that we rise to true salvation.

MISSIONARY MEETING.—On Saturday evening, Feb. 27th, a most enjoyable and profitable meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held in the Munroe Room. It was a Missionary night, and the three papers read by Miss Alma Hobrecker, Mr. J. D. Noble and Mr. Alonzo Smith, were intensely interesting and instructive. Mr. Noble first gave a short sketch of the life, work and character of that devoted pioneer of Christianity in the New Hebrides, Dr. Paton. The picture so graphically presented was a skilful blending of humor and pathos, and accomplished the object for which our missionary sketches are intended. Mr. Smith followed with an exhaustive and well written paper on the life of Judson, the Baptist missionary to the Burmese. This was supplemented by a short biography of Judson's wife, by Miss Hobrecker. We have no hesitation in saying that this was one of the best and largest missionary meetings of the year. A notable feature of the evening was the large number of ladies present. We are always glad to see them.

THE day of class debates has begun at Dalhousie. At the last meeting of the Sodales the Sophomore-Freshman debate established a precedent which was not only "good in itself" but is also interesting, as indicating the more universal spirit of discussion which is pervading our university. For this is only the first of a number of class and inter-faculty debates which will be held next year. Previous to this the discussions have been participated in by individual students and, although success attended their efforts, yet the benefits accrued to the few. The popularity of the new movement was shown by the unusually large number of students and their friends who attended the meeting of the society. The resolution brought forward by the Sophomores was, "Resolved that the present school curriculum of Nova Scotia is commendable." The subject is significant, and no one can doubt but that good must come out of such discussion. For, although no very radical opinions were advanced by either side, yet the free expression of thought on this subject will cause more universal thinking and so ought to bear fruit in an even better curriculum in years to come. The resolution was introduced by Mr. Outhit of the second year. He was supported by Messrs. Anderson, Messenger, McLeod and Hebb. Mr. McLeod,

of the first year, opposed the resolution and was aided by Messrs. Main, Weldon, McKenzie and Ferguson. The principle point of attack and defence of the curriculum was the unduly large number of subjects which each pupil is compelled to study. The Sophomores defended this variety of subjects because it afforded a sphere for the varying genius of the pupils and gave to each a more thorough grasp of truth by presenting it in many aspects. Their opponents, however, claimed that the overcrowding of the curriculum tended to produce confusion and superficiality, and was baneful to the physical constitution of our youth. The general impression was that the ideal of the curriculum is good, but the means are not perfectly adopted to the present circumstances. Whilst the Freshmen advanced several unanswerable objections, and Mr. Ferguson's vigorous attack, the best speech of the evening, yet the more systematic defence of the Sophomores, carried greater weight and decided the debate in their favour. The result of the vote was a tie, 58 voting for the resolution, and an equal number against it. The president gave the casting vote in favour of the resolution. Messrs. Oakes, Morrison and Munro acted as judges, and announced that although they were not agreed, yet the majority opinion was that the Sophomores had won the debate. Mr. Ira McKay acted as critic, and read one of the most able and witty critiques we have ever heard. The meeting was undoubtedly the most successful ever held by the society.

Personals.

REV. J. A. MCGLASHEN, B. A., '91, was in the city on the way to and from the United States, a couple of weeks ago. Embracing the opportunity he renewed his acquaintance with both Dalhousie and Pine Hill.

GORDON DICKIE, honorman in English and German last spring, is now preaching at Shediac, New Brunswick. He intends to follow in the steps of his father, and enter the ministry.

J. D. LOGAN, better known as "Mashie," whose career at Dalhousie and Harvard was so conspicuous, has received the reward of his scholarship, in the appointment to the chair of English and Philosophy in Ursinus College, Pennsylvania. He has already been engaged in the work there for a month or two. Think of "Mashie" as a don. Then clothe him with befitting dignity, and will he be "Mashie"?

AMONG the latest announcements by MacMillan & Co. we notice that of a work on Logic by Professor Creighton of Cornell. Prof. Creighton, it will be remembered, is another of the great philosophers turned out by Dalhousie, who are continually making themselves prominent in the intellectual world. He graduated in 1887 with high honors in Philosophy taking at the same time the Governor-General's silver medal.

IT has already been noticed in the GAZETTE this session that Miss Ethel Muir, M. L., '91, was successful in obtaining her Doctors degree in Philosophy from Cornell. We are pleased to inform our readers that she has been recently appointed to the chair of Philosophy in Mount Holyoke College. She is now at Wellesley College studying in the Psychological laboratory of that institution. Her duties commence next September.

Dallusiensia.

IN McL-d's estimation pro-hi-bition comes *high*.

WHO ever though Mr. Lee would ask the prof. where dimples are found.

A FAMOUS philosopher recently discovered that a telephone post was an object because it wasn't in his head.

PROF.—Oh, just let him alone Mr. McK—y, he won't hurt anybody; and besides we've all seen dogs before anyway.

A. W. R. translating "my lad" by "mon fils"

Prof.—Now Mr. R—tl—dge, "mon fils" is only used by the clergy.

WHEN Dalhousians see such staid old stagers as R—m—y acting as *escort* they begin to feel that truly this is a giddy word.

AND-RS-N, C. W., had a miraculous escape from death. He received a *box on the ears* from a gentle hand while encouraging our hockey players at Sackville.

WE certainly thought that Hebb, "Junior," otherwise known as "the ghost" registered as a Presbyterian. We find, however, that he strongly *inclines* toward a little dark-eyed piece of Methodism. Young man, beware!

M—N says that in the N. B. Schools they spend considerable time in developing the pupil's physical corporation. His boarding-mistress reports that since coming to Dalhousie he continues to strive, to an alarming extent, after this New Brunswick development.

WE fear Dalhousie is about to loose one of her famous sons. V—r—n is showing a burning desire to join the *garrison*. He takes tea at the Mess on Sabbath evening and then parades to church, while a certain city youth grinds his teeth and wonders *Watt* he can do to get the coveted position.

STEWART M—RR—V wants a ring,

As cheap as can be made

For he is smitten very bad,

Upon a college maid.

The ring is wanted at once. Freshmen only are debarred from applying.

"Luther! LUTHER!" rang wild and shrill upon the "startled ear of night." Then followed a silence intense, deep, almost oppressive, to those wondering students seated in their quiet boarding-house. But hark! Again the silence is broken, this time by a small bit of ice striking the window, while immediately following they again hear that plaintive, heart-rending cry, "Luther! Are you there Luther?"

With one accord these warm-hearted students rushed out to respond to that wail of distress. The leader, as he opened the door, suddenly found himself enveloped in three pairs of stout arms while down upon his devoted face rained * * *. After a brief struggle he managed to tear himself from their grasp, and stepped back to view his assailants. They, however, were again rushing to the attack, when they caught a glimpse of his face. With three maidenly shrieks uttered as one, they paused, murmured "Oh, we thought it was Luther M—k—r—e," and fled into the darkness of the night. We would advise pa to have a special guard appointed to protect this youthful reformer from such murderous attacks.

BL—CK, (recalling the good time he had at Sackville).—Oh, Norman, Luther, can't you really tell me the name of the girl whom I skated with the third band? She was just a fairy.

Luther, (aside to Norman).—Black seems excited. I think cupid is hovering near. We had better move, for they say his arrows are dangerous.

PROF.—His successor was Musher Dumas.

D—n—n—How do you spell that first name, please?

Prof.—Oh, ah, er—Dumas, you mean?

D—n—n.—No, no, not that name, his Christian name. (General laugh.)

Prof.—Oh, his name was just Musher Dumas; Musher you know, the French for Mr

A FISHMONGER called at a students' lodging house some days ago and E. McD—ld (freshman) came down to survey his piscatorial specimens. Following is the dialogue which ensued:—

Fishmonger: "Good-day, sir. Want to buy some fish?"

McD.: "What's the price of dem fish?"

F.: "Twenty cents a dozen, sir."

McD.: "How old is dem fish?"

This question the fishmonger could not answer, but stood surprised expecting that the next question would probably be, "What have you been feeding them on?"

McD., however, seemed to think that the age and quality of a fish could best be told at the table, for he bought a few on trial.

THE FRESHMEN'S TRIUMPH.

The day had been a *stormy* one in the college. Throughout the morning there had been heard above the din of battle, the fierce yell of fan-madened students, mingled with the wild clatter of professional bores. At length, however, the barricade had been thrown down, the attacking party had rushed in, and the erstwhile besieged and now vanquished garrison had been put to utter rout. Already many of the heroes had suffered punishment for their misdirected zeal, the ring-leaders having been summarily acquitted, while to some of the non-combatants and camp-followers had come that death-dealing sentence, "Two dollars and ten days." And now at two o'clock silence and peace have spread their gentle wings and glided down upon the heaving bosom of the startled air, shuddering everywhere their calming and soothing influence. The old historic pile seems again in their shade and the day moves on apace. But hark! What evil omen breaks in upon the solitude of that blissful hour. Alas! It is a portion of the lowering party, three wild and wicked freshmen, known to their companions as Tommy, Johnny and Genesee, eager to do some deed of valor upon their walls and dead wood. Grim and silent they stand in the scene of the late encounter. Here all is still. Suddenly Johnny, who appears to be the leader in this daring expedition, darts forward and grapples the table which, seeing the determined light in his eye, makes no movement. Then he motions to his comrades who hold it firmly in a vice-like grasp, and he opens the side door of the furnace while some bright gleams from some feature of his expressive countenance. "But," you may ask, "what is their intention?" Simply this. For the residents they are going to incense this table in the deepest danger. As long the deed is done, and the three friends return, Johnny is in the lead hurrying with gusto, that even if he cannot conquer men he can at least smash his antagonists upon incense furniture. His comrades however follow.

Medical Department.

IN the last issue of the GAZETTE we published two letters, signed "Reform" and "Juvenus" respectively, the trend of both of which was to point out disadvantages in our medical course as established.

While not agreeing *in toto* with the ideas of these, our correspondents, yet the main features of their letters meet with our hearty approval. Examinations, whether written or oral, are perhaps necessary evils, and at an oral examination, especially the clever, and conscientious but diffident student is often badly handicapped.

The suggestion of "Reform" as to how this system could be improved,—namely by having monthly exams. of which a record would be kept, seems to us to be a good one. Weekly examinations would be even better and practicable in small classes. At any rate let the student have an opportunity of satisfying his instructors occasionally that he is doing that good, conscientious work from week to week or month to month by means of which the only true mental culture or professional knowledge can be obtained. If the faculty then deem it proper to supplement such an arrangement as this by a written examination, it is their privilege to do so.

The writers of these letters bring the charge of conservatism against our system,—a charge which we do not think can be very well substantiated. One has but to compare our course of study of five or six years ago with that of the present to observe that many radical changes have been made, all of which were to make our training more efficient and thorough. In fact we are sure that our faculty is ready and willing to make any change or changes which are in their power to make and which will tend to advance the interests of our students.

THE MARITIME MEDICAL NEWS.

WITH the beginning of the present year the *Maritime Medical News* appears in an enlarged form, and with a change in its editorial staff. Dr. G. M. Campbell has retired and the new editors appointed in his place are Doctors W. H. Hattie and James Ross, both of this city. All the other former editors, including members of the profession in Halifax, St. John and Charlottetown, remain on the staff. Dr. Hattie has charge of the literary department, and Dr. Ross is business manager, and edits a department in Dermatology. The *News* is a monthly journal devoted to medical and surgical subjects. We have received the first and second numbers of the volume of '97 and they are brimful of matter, all of which is exceedingly interesting to the student of medicine and the medical practitioner.

The *News* is an excellent medium for the purpose of keeping a physician in touch with everything new and important in the profession, and we cannot see how any practitioner in the Maritime Provinces can afford to be without it. The new management will "make every effort to maintain the *News* a worthy representative of the medical fraternity in this corner of the world," and the GAZETTE wishes them every success.

PROPER NAMES IN ANATOMY.

A French medical journal of a recent date remarks that it has already made a protest against a mania which is tending more and more to take possession of us, that of giving to organs or diseases the names of physicians who have made them the subjects of special study. According to the altogether up-to-date nomenclature, it says, the following will be the description of the biceps given by the students of the future in the lecture room: Klefman's muscle, designated by the old anatomists under the name of brachial biceps, is situated in Cascow's space. At its upper extremity it is provided with two tendons of insertion, one Fouillini's tendon, which is attached above Trombscock's cavity, the other, Mistalievichyt's tendon, at the apex of Truckmann's apophysis. At its lower extremity will be found Fasano's tendon, which is inserted into Tranpmann's tuberosity. This tendon is provided with Wolberg's expansion. Klefman's muscle is innervated by Apelli's nerve, which arises from Pangesmaco's trunk, etc.

MEDICAL STUDENTS' SOCIETY.

The most sanguine expectations of the friends of the Medical Society have been fully realized. The interest of the students generally in the society was aroused at the meeting for reorganization, for reasons referred to in a previous issue of the GAZETTE. Moreover, the society has been fortunate in securing an able corps of lecturers to whom we feel greatly indebted. But notwithstanding the fact that we have had the privilege of listening to lecturers of unquestioned worth and ability, we believe that the most interesting and instructive meetings have been those conducted solely by the students.

The meeting of December 4th proved to be one of special interest. Mr. Thompson moved the following resolution:—*Resolved*, "That women should engage in the medical profession." The negative side was ably defended by Mr. McMillan. The debate was a protracted one, and called forth the speaking talent of the society. At times it would seem that the destiny of the fair sex, whose mind was bent towards medicine, was sealed forever; but upon the vote being taken it was found that it stood, yeas 21, nays 22. The result may influence our young ladies' minds, so that the medical profession will be honoured with a goodly number of our sisters.

On December 11th, Dr. G. C. Jones addressed the society. Dr. J's annual appearance before the society speaks for itself. We expected something good and we did not leave disappointed. The speaker chose for his subject, "The medical man and the militia service." He pointed out the necessity for the training of medical men as military surgeons, and concluded by saying that he hoped that the students of our college would, in the near future, have such a course. On January 15th, Dr. McKay, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy at Dalhousie, spoke on "The relation of Chemistry to Medicine." He traced the growth of the science from its origin in alchemy some three-and-a-half centuries ago until the present. He spoke of the hardships of the student of chemistry during the early history of the science; of those men who during the present century have immortalized their names by their researches. But our lecturer omitted telling us that these worthies of old had bequeathed to the student of chemistry of to-day hardships and failures quite equal to those encountered by themselves. Professor McKay may have thought that a self-evident truth needed no demonstration. Both of these lectures were highly appreciated by the students as shown by their marked attention and hearty applause.

Perhaps one of the most interesting as well as one of the best attended meetings was that of January 22nd. Dr. Forrest was the speaker, and his subject, "Is there any room for me in

the medical profession?" may partially account for the good attendance. President Forrest urged upon the students the necessity of thoroughness along some particular line. He showed by statistics that the percentage of increase among medical men was far below that of almost any other department of industry, hence his conclusion was, that for men of worth there was yet plenty of room.

The writer was not present at the meeting on January 29th, but from current reports it did not lack in interest but compared very favourable with any previous session. A "scrap discussion," participated in by the students generally, was the order of the evening. Topics were discussed that were calculated to be of benefit to the whole society. Freshmen shone brilliantly as exponents of long hidden mysteries; Sophomores with the know-it-all air told of their vast experience in the labyrinths of medical science; Juniors, with but the feeblest ray of forlorn hope of passing in *Materia Medica*, gave sage advice regarding the class in Pharmacy. While the Seniors, with the exception of our genial president, were "conspicuous by their absence."

MEDICAL BRIEFS.

WHY is the freshman class the smartest in the college? Because it has plenty brain(e)s.

WE notice that McK-h-e has overcome his shyness. He now appears regularly at the First Baptist Church accompanied by his lady love.

THE fakir has been somewhat disconsolate for the last two months, but as spring is approaching he is cheering up a bit for he knows the martins will be around soon.

A-MSTR-NG (in chemical laboratory): "Doctor! Can I get the loan of the borax bead?"

Professor (looking surprised): "I think you want the plat(i)num foil Mr. A-mstr-ng."

SCENE (student's waiting room): McK-y (looking at some verses in a daily paper), "I wonder how long it would take a fellow of average intelligence to learn to write poetry."

Bruce, the poet (indignantly): "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*."

FRESHMAN C - - K: "Come Mac, lets go over to the Hospital and see some of the patients."

Soph McK-y: "Alright C - - k. Its a great source of amusement for the patients to have you in view."

THE Freshmen have organized a society for the Propagation of Medical Knowledge. At their last meeting the following papers were read (as we were unable to spell the technical words they kindly wrote out the titles of the respective papers for us):

- I. "A diskission on the retrugade metamorfusis of squamus epithelial cells." By Dr. Dym-nd.
- II. "Compound fraxhtur of the tendo akkillis." By Dr. Alex McN-ill.
- III. "The ligater of the ascending Aorta." By Dr. C-m-r-n.

FRESHMAN B-A-IN (examining a somewhat thin patient at the Dispensary): "Goodness gracious doctor! This patient is dreadfully emancipated!"

TR-N-MAN has lately been preparing a list of the grinds in the different classes and ascertaining the number of hours they work per day. His list at present reads thus:

B-ss-tt (4th year)	19 hours.
Atk-nson (2nd year).....	18 "
Br-hm (3rd year).....	18½ "
Dan McD-n-ld (3rd year).....	10 "
M-rd-ch McL-n (2nd year)	18 "
G-dw-n (2nd year)	17½ "

When he showed us this incomplete list he remarked: "I thought I was something of a 'plagger' myself, but there is a number of fellows that beat me all hollow."

SK-LLY'S SOLILOQUY.

Plots have I laid, schemes have I made
By doleful reports, falsehoods and cetera,
To set the Professor and the Sophs
In deadly hate, the one against the other.
And if he were only as credulous and plastic
As I am vindictive, treacherous and subtle
They would all be *plucked* but two,
C-rry, because he is quiet, and then I'm chivalrous,
Dive thoughts down to my boots; here *he* comes

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

F. G. Zwicker, J. A. Benoit, J. L. McKinnon, A. M. Hebb, Miss Stuart, Miss G. Currie, Miss B. Logan, Miss Bessie Cumming, G. N. McKenzie, J. R. Macleod, Miss E. Maxwell, T. E. Armstrong, F. W. Taylor, Katie Mackay, W. M. Ferguson, — McKay, E. M. Moseley, J. B. Millar, Principal Grant, A. W. Lindsay, M. D., F. A. MacMillan, J. S. Layton, A. L. MacKay, Miss Chisholm, Miss Lawlor, W. P. O'Connor, G. B. Ayre, G. E. E. Nichols, S. J. Burgoyne, Miss Gordon, Miss Hotherington—each \$1. Rev. J. K. Fraser, S. N. Robertson, R. O'Donoghue, Miss Bertha Hebb—each \$2. C. B. Robinson, \$3; Halifax Medical College, \$6.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN MCINTOSH, JR., late of Stellarton, in the County of Pictou, Bank agent, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from this date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

JOHN MCINTOSH, Administrator.

Stellarton, County of Pictou,
January 23rd, 1897

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