

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

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AT EASTER TIME.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world is glad to hear your chime.
Across wide fields of melting snow
The winds of summer softly blow,
And birds and streams repeat the chime
Of Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
The world takes up your chant sublime,
"The Lord is risen!" The night of fear
Has passed away, and heaven draws near;
We breathe the air of that blest clime
At Easter time.

Ring, happy bells of Easter time!
Our happy hearts give back your chime.
"The Lord is risen!" We die no more;
He opens wide the heavenly door;
He meets us, while to Him we climb,
At Easter time!

L. L.

WHILE the students of other colleges are spending a few happy holidays at home, and the world is busy with the

successful invasion of the Philippines and the partition of Samoa, we at Dalhousie are settling down to hard work under the shadow of the coming examinations. But we do not forget the Easter time, with all its associations, and have all taken advantage of the special Easter services in the city churches. We have abandoned our pranks in good old Dalhousie for this year, and having celebrated our good deeds in parody we wish our professors peace.

It is most gratifying at this season of the year to know that Great Britain, our mother country, is doing so much for the peace of the world. The offer of an arbitration treaty with the United States, the appointment of a commission to consider and confirm the Czar's proposal of disarmament, peace overtures to France, Germany and Italy, as well as strenuous efforts to preserve peace in China, are all unmistakable signs of England's desire for integrity and peace. Let us, who, though only college students now, will some day have a controlling voice in the affairs of our Empire as well as of our Canada, consider these things and carry from college our determination to do all we can for the furtherance of peace.

IT is seldom our painful duty to mention the death of one of our students. JOHN D. NOBLE of the class of '98, died suddenly at V. G. Hospital on the morning of April 3rd. The only son of a widowed mother his death is doubly sad. He was a quiet, unassuming student, but well known and well liked by all his classes. His record was, as the record of an honest student is bound to be, good. His death has cast a gloom over the whole Arts faculty and the students at Pine Hill.

The memorial service was held at Fort Massey on April

4th at 7 P. M., by Rev. Mr. Gandier and was attended by the whole student body.

We extend to his mother and friends our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, knowing that our friend has gone home to eternal rest and peace.

WE are very fortunate in procuring the biography of Mr. R. L. Borden for this issue of the GAZETTE. Mr. Borden is well known to the student body of Dalhousie. Though he has never taken or given lectures as a professor in the College, yet his addresses to us from time to time have been received as great intellectual treats. Mr. Borden has taken a great interest in Dalhousie, and has become one of the largest subscribers to its endowment fund. We are much indebted to Mr. Borden, and can the more appreciate this biography as written by a leading barrister of Halifax.

ROBERT L. BORDEN, Q. C., M. P.

Robert Laird Borden was born at Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, on the 25th of June, 1854, and is the eldest son of Andrew Borden, Esq., and his wife, Eunice Laird. His forefathers lived in New England. His great-grandfather on the maternal side was John Lothrop, the law partner of Pierrepont Edwards, whose firm conducted an extensive business at New Haven, Conn., before the Revolutionary War. On his father's side he is of United Empire Loyalist stock. Mr. Borden began at a very early age to attend the Acadia Villa Academy at Horton in his native county, and when only fourteen years of age was appointed one of the teachers of that well-known educational establishment, and shortly afterwards became professor in the Glenwood Institute, New Jersey. Returning to Nova Scotia, he began the study of law in 1874 in the office of Messrs. Weatherbe and Graham, Halifax, and was called to the Bar in 1878. The gentlemen with whom he studied law, both of whom are now judges of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, declare that as a student Mr. Borden was already distinguished for those qualities

which contributed so largely to his success as a practitioner, namely, great industry, careful attention to every detail of his work, and a firm grasp of legal principles.

A few months subsequent to his admission to the Bar he was offered a partnership by Mr. J. P. Chipman, of Kentville, now a County Court Judge of the midland district of Nova Scotia, and under the firm name of Chipman & Borden they carried on a large and lucrative practice at Kentville down to the year 1882. Upon the appointment in that year of the late Sir John Thompson as Judge of the Supreme Court, the firm of Thompson, Graham & Tupper became the firm of Graham, Tupper & Borden, Mr. Borden having joined as junior partner. Further changes occurred in the firm by the accession of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper to the Cabinet of Sir John A. Macdonald and the subsequent appointment of Mr. Graham to be Judge in Equity for the Province of Nova Scotia, whereby Mr. Borden became senior member of the firm under the style of Borden, Ritchie, Parker & Chisholm.

Mr. Borden is now, and has been for several years past, President of the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society, and as such has taken great care in framing and watching legislation affecting his profession. Since 1882 he has been engaged in almost every important case that has arisen in Nova Scotia. He was counsel for the Dominion Government in the well-known case of *The Queen v. The David J. Adams*, which arose out of the enforcement of the treaty of 1818 and the seizure of the above-mentioned American fishing schooner for infraction of the provisions of the treaty. Mr. Borden was retained as counsel by the Government of Nova Scotia in the well-known constitutional case of *Thomas v. Haliburton*, and he has several times argued appeals before the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council, one of the most important appeals argued by him being that of *The Municipality of the County of Pictou v. Geldert* (1893) A.C. 524, a case which overruled previous decisions of the Supreme Court of Canada and established the principle that municipalities are liable for injuries from mis-feasance, but not for injuries resulting from non-feasance, on their public highways.

Mr. Borden has attained his present position as head of the Bar of Nova Scotia by hard, unremitting and conscientious work. To the smallest and most unimportant matter entrusted to him he gives as careful attention as he does to a matter involving large interests. He goes to a trial with every detail thoroughly prepared, knowing how he must prove every fact

on his own side and keenly attack the case of his opponents. If genius be, as Carlyle once defined it, the capacity for taking infinite pains, then Mr. Borden does not fall far short of being a genius.

To wide and accurate knowledge of the law, fertility of resource and firmness of purpose, Mr. Borden unites a dignified and courteous manner which wins for him the friendship as well as the confidence of his clientele. In court he is respectful to a degree to the Bench, the opposing counsel and the witnesses, and under no amount of provocation will he permit his good temper to forsake him.

Mr. Borden first entered public life in 1896, when he was nominated as one of the Conservative candidates for Halifax County, for which he now sits, and was returned at the head of the poll. He has already taken a prominent place in Parliament, and is consulted by the leaders of his party in all important matters coming up for consideration. Notwithstanding his devotion to his professional and Parliamentary work, Mr. Borden finds time for the cultivation of his literary tastes, and is well read in the best English literature. This is noticeable in all his arguments and speeches, for there is a style and finish to his work that shews that all his reading is not confined to the law reports. In September, 1889, he married Laura, youngest daughter of the late T. H. Bond, Esq., of Halifax.

THE COLOURS.

"I'll wear the colours in my cap,
Thy picture at my Heart."

—GRAHAM OF GARTMORE.

The colours!

Why should they cheer the eye and warm the heart? Black and yellow is the livery of the tiger, made, the scientific tell us, by the rays of tropical sunshine piercing the deep shadows in which the silken killer moved. It is the livery of the wasp, and, as our friends the enemy fail not to remind us, of the convict. Yellow stands for gold, I should imagine, but what has gold to do with students, or students with gold? Black, perhaps, may stand for original sin; but that virus a course at Dal. Coll. neutralizes.

Black and yellow; yellow and black!

Some say they come naturally to us because we are Pr-sb-t-r-ns (but we are *not*), and point to Princeton. But Princeton's colours are really orange, for Orange, Veocaesariensis, I imagine, and ultimately William of Orange. Perhaps the local historian will explain who invented them and when they were first worn. The colours for a Scottish college ought to be the

good old buff and blue. The Earl of Dalhousie's colours are really red and black—black eagle on a white shield, said eagle with beak and claws gales.

They are a symbol.

They represent the college and all it stands for :

—"those companions true I left behind me at the University of —"

They stand for fun, and friendship, and work, for four years of Life—the best four years of the three-score and ten.

I always think kindlier of anyone I see with the badge. The sight of the scrap of yellow ribbon is like a glint of sunshine on a cloudy day. There is one girl in particular who crossed Barrington street to speak to her red-and-black friend, whom I want to thank. It was just after the last sad match last fall, and Her friend wanted to know why She wore those colours now. Yellow-and-black sparkled and laughed and did not see why she should desert her friends just because they were beaten.

"I blest Her unawares."

However, I should like to make a sumptuary law and confine the privilege of wearing the badge to the Remnant. Any cripple can join an athletic club on paying a fee; but only the lad (and lass) o' pairts can hope to be a collegian. Sympathizers would not be forbidden to mount the colours in football time, but only the Elect should wear them all the year through.

Those who should have the right by statute to wear the ribbon should be :

I. Members of the university.

II. Their *Schatzes*.

I would not make it compulsory on the staff nor require an oath from new appointments to wear it. Our constitution forbids it. Regiments are very particular about their ribbons and the wearers of them. An officer's signature is necessary to get them from the "A. & N. stores."

"And I judged that being sae moiny hundred miles frae hame, your Grace's heart wad warm to the tartan."

"You judged quite right," said the Duke.

"MacCallummore's heart will be as cold as death can make it, when it does *not* warm to the tartan!"

It is rather quiet about the College without the law students, especially as the Arts examinations are drawing near. The "lawites" express much regret at the action of some of the Arts men in submitting so meekly to a fine imposed to remedy damage done by a quick-tempered professor.

DALHOUSIANS ABROAD.

IN BERLIN.

NOTE.—The following extract from a letter of Mr. Soloan's to a member of the college is too good to be kept private. It will serve as an introduction to his excellent article :

"It would be rather trite to tell you that Germany is a delightful country. Nevertheless, the thousand and one things that render it so pleasing are each and all interesting. We did the Rhine as far as Mainz, and then started awheel through the Thuringer Wald and Weimar and Eisenach, and a lot of other delightful places to Berlin. May I live long enough and thrive sufficiently to be able to repeat this little tour. The University is both colossal and simple. One gets his bearings in a very few days, and the institution and the gay German capital so grow on one that he is loath to leave. Probably I shall remain here for another semester, contrary to my previous intention. That stiffness and out-and-out official character which I was prepared to find in the University and its professors, as indeed everywhere in Europe, is, I was delighted to find, purely mythical. There is not a single feature of German civilization that could prove irksome to the most fault-finding American. The German student is a jolly, slashing, duelling roysterer at his best, hardly ever a prig, in some cases a hard student; but by no means, as a rule, the profoundly scholarly person we trembling Englishmen have been threatened with. I like him first rate. To my mind, the graduate of one of our academies who has spent a year or two at Dalhousie is easily his equal, and may be his superior—certainly in some lines. National spirit among the students and among the intelligent classes generally runs high, and is an agreeable thing to contemplate; and underneath a good deal of annoyance at England's prosperity there is a wholesome admiration of J. B.'s going and taking a thing when he wants it, proving property if called on, by trial of combat. Then, what is quite as much to be admired in this civilization is the freedom of thought to which I have made reference in the sketch of Paulsen, and which characterizes the lectures of the philosophers, theologians and historians.

HONOLULU LETTER.

Honolulu, H. I., Feb. 10th, 1899.

The course of study requires each school to make three excursions a year, and we made one to a sugar mill last Friday, intending to get what geological lore we could at the same time. There were some interesting sights along the road, too.

Before we were out of the city we saw a Chinaman ploughing his rice patch, knee-deep in mud and water, with a Chinese

ox, buffalo-like in colour and shape. They tell me that common oxen groan piteously when they are compelled to draw a plough through these marshy rice patches, but the Chinese ox seems made for the work. Farther on we saw one sowing his rice much as farmers used to sow grain before they had seed sowers to do it with. When rice attains a growth of six or eight inches they take it up and transplant it in rows, very thin; but it looks a heavy crop when it is full grown. Then, as the stranger passes along, he wonders why all those strings running from side to side of the patch about six inches above the rice with strips of white cotton hanging from them at intervals of about a foot. We know that these, as well as the scare-crows, go to keep away the birds; and such a racket as is made about the rice patches every morning and evening for the same purpose! The Chinese pay high rent for marshy land on which they grow rice or vegetables, or in some cases, make ponds and keep ducks. Throughout the cultivation and growth of rice water stands on the land.

Farther on we saw two apiaries with perhaps two hundred hives in each. This is surely a fine country for bees, for flowers abound. The next novelty was a pine apple plantation, which looks much like a field of turnips, except that pine apple tops are much more narrow and thicker than turnip leaves. They are almost as thick as some varieties of cactus leaves when the latter are very small. To propagate pine apples people cut off the leaves with a little of the top of the pine apple and stick that in the ground. Taro is propagated in the same way. Bananas and bread-fruit are propagated by means of suckers, the former producing only one crop.

But at last we have come to the plantation and see that land prepared for cane is treated as if it were being prepared for turnips, only the hills are much greater and the cane is planted in the hollows. When the land is irrigated the ditches are half full of water. Cane takes about eighteen months to mature, and many stalks grow from one root. These stalks are larger and longer than broomsticks, and many-jointed. Each of these joints buried, would send forth roots. Cane needs to be planted for only every second or third crop; for the others they *ratoon* it, i. e., leave the root and some of the cane when they cut the crop. A railroad runs through the plantation and cane is drawn on cars to the mill. There it is passed through two or three sets of rollers, each exerting a pressure of 350 or 400 tons. Some mills have as few as four rollers, others as many as nine. The refuse cane makes fuel for the furnace, and what is not so needed is used to fertilize the land. From the rollers the juice is conveyed to huge vats, where it is boiled. Layers of pipes into which steam at a temperature of 300° or 400° Fabr. is passed lie in the bottom of these vats. Lime is put in to combine with

the impurities in the juice. From these the clean and the dirty juices are conducted by separate troughs to other vats, where the juice is again boiled, but at a lower temperature. Finally it comes to a large vat, where the sugar-boiler attends to the crystallization of it. Then it is sent to the centrifugals and driven round at a furious rate—250 revolutions a minute, I think—to separate the sugar from the molasses. As the sugar passes from these it is put in bags for market.

The Chinese New Year began yesterday. It is a sort of movable feast determined by the moon, and is the one time of year when the Chinamen take a holiday. A party of us went to a Chinese club-house and we were very well received. They placed chairs for us when we entered and gave us the best they had to eat and drink. The drink was a most stealthy intoxicant, not like any other drink that I know. It came from China. Their nuts and confectionery were most peculiar, too. There was a candied fruit of some sort and jars of preserved ginger. Then we asked to be shown to the josh house, but they did not understand, so I knelt and said, "All same this," and they understood at once, and one man went with us. There sat the god in a recess, and the entrance to his nook was guarded on either side by a bronze lion to defend him against evil spirits. Everything about was brought from China. Chinese sacred lilies growing in water on pebbles brought from China were abundant. The evil spirits get much attention from the Chinese. For the space of a week one hears fire-crackers going off on every side, and the remains of them are all over the city. A Chinese funeral is very noisy too. It seems as if every conceivable thing that will make a noise is used to frighten away the evil spirits. Thrifty and economical as the Chinese are, they spare no expense in making gifts at this season of the year, and part of the gift is sure to be a jar of preserved ginger and a bag of lichi (pronounced lichee) nuts. The Chinese here are certainly remarkably peaceable and thrifty. The land they cultivate would not be used by anyone else, and they grow rice enough for home use and much to export.

M. S. R.

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

On a wet morning in early June I found myself at St. Pancras station in London, waiting for the Cambridge train. Presently I secured my seat—the English traveller who is selfish as well as experienced always tries to get a corner seat in his compartment—and the shrill little shriek, which universally in England does duty for both one engine bell and engine whistle, announced that we were about to start. I suppose that the first observations a Canadian traveller on an English railway train is likely to make are that English trains

run very smoothly and very fast, and that the English country is very lovely; for in fifteen or twenty minutes London's vast wilderness of chimney-pots is left behind and we are speeding through country lanes and hedgerows, past red brick farmhouses and brick walled farmyards of inimitable trimness, past fields waving with wheat, or scarlet with poppies, or dotted with grazing herds, past quiet, quaint, little tile-roofed villages, past rural churches with their great, square, grey-stone towers, past hills and gentle slopes crowned with hall or castle—the stately homes of England—of whose turrets the traveller catches fleeting glimpses through the trees as he dashes on. The English landscape has flowers and trees everywhere. To a Nova Scotian it is apt to suggest the contrast presented by too many bits of his own country, where fields and hills not one whit less fertile or less picturesque than these give only the impression of barrenness and bleakness, because they have been denuded of their trees. The early settlers in Nova Scotian forests might be pardoned for looking upon trees as their natural enemies. They stood in the way of cultivating even the meagerest patch of soil, and to get rid of them involved a great deal of hard labour. Times have changed, however; our forests are rapidly disappearing; the forest primeval is all but extinct; and the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks" that remain seem to be ever awaiting the dirge of their departed comrades. But the active hostility to trees that has already wrought such havoc, and the utter disregard of their value and beauty that results in neglecting to cultivate them or in looking with indifference upon their destruction, we have with us still as is witnessed by many a treeless hillside and bleak unsheltered farmhouse. The Irishman's parting words to his son about to pay his first visit to the Donnybrook Fair, "Wherever you see a head, hit it;" has still too often its counterpart in the attitude of Nova Scotians toward the beautiful trees of their native country.

But I must not forget that I am on my way to Cambridge and, moreover, that the morning is wet and foggy so that on this occasion I see very little of the country we are passing through. It is not one of the picturesque parts of England; it is a flat country whose streams, filling their banks to the brim, flow sluggishly and smoothly to the sea. The only elevations in the neighbourhood of Cambridge are the low Gogmagog Hills, and these are only called hills by courtesy.

At the Cambridge station I met an old Dalhousian and immediately I felt at home. And to my friend's inexhaustible kindness and to his equally inexhaustible knowledge of Cambridge, which I soon found to be like Mr. Weller's knowledge of London—"extensive and peculiar,"—I owe most of my present ideas of Cambridge and its Colleges as well as of the pleasantest recollections of my life.

A traveller passing Cambridge by train would see little or nothing of interest—except, perhaps, a glimpse of the barn at the place where the races are held. The colleges are nearly all half a mile or more distant from the station. On our way to the colleges we pass Hobson's conduit, named after the livery-stable keeper, whose strict adherence to principle in the matter of letting out horses has immortalized. Just here we turn into one of the main streets of Cambridge and the one on which are most of the colleges. Like many English streets—and like our own Barrington Street—it changes its name so frequently that one fancies it must have lived at some time in its life in terror of being identified by the police. Here it is called Trumpington Street; farther down it becomes the King's Parade—commonly known as the "K. P.;" then it is Trinity Street, then St. John's Street; and finally, it ends its troubled career by uniting itself with another thoroughfare and losing its identity entirely. Its general course is parallel to the Cam, which here runs in a northerly direction. Many of the colleges are on the side next the river, that is, on the left as we go north—the direction we now suppose ourselves to be taking. Facing the street we have the grey stone walls and sculptured ivy-covered gateways of the colleges; and between the latter and the river, gently sloping to the water's edge, are exquisite lawns of richest green, forming the "backs" for which Cambridge is famous.

Let us now follow Trumpington Street and its several aliases in order to gain what I may call a cabman's knowledge of our surroundings. First of the University buildings, on our left, is the Fitzwilliam Museum, a handsome modern building with a façade of stately Corinthian pillars, in which is housed the valuable collection of painting and sculpture bequeathed to the University; and then comes next still on our left the grey, weather-beaten walls of the oldest of the Cambridge Colleges, St. Peter's or Peterhouse, known to the undergraduates as "Pothouse." It was founded more than six hundred years ago; but the present building, although portions of it may claim a very respectable age, is not so old as that. Looking back at the college, one observes outside one of the windows in the northern wall a curious arrangement of iron bars suggestive of a fire-escape. This is a window of the room once occupied by one of Peterhouse's most famous sons, the poet Gray, author of the immortal *Elegy*; and the story is that the poet, having a nervous horror of fire, had this contrivance constructed to make his escape easier in case of accident. Across the street from Peterhouse is Pembroke College, or "Pem" in undergraduate dialect; and just beyond we find ourselves surrounded by places whose names, at all events, are perfectly familiar. Just on our left are the buildings of the Cambridge University Press, whence issue numerous volumes of which the majority of Dalhousians will

always retain recollections—of some sort. Almost adjoining is St. Catharine's College, commonly, if a little irreverently called "Cats." Between it and the Cam stands Queens' College, associated with the great name of Erasmus; and opposite St. Catharine's is Corpus, behind which are the handsome modern buildings of the University laboratories of physics, chemistry, botany and anatomy. A few steps now bring us to the King's Parade, the very heart of the Scholastic Cambridge. Immediately in front of us is the senate-house where graduation ceremonies and other University functions are held, and on the doors of which are posted the names of successful competitors for honours in the University examinations. Here on a certain morning each year appears the list, at the head of which stands the name of the senior wrangler for the year—the man who has won the most coveted academical honours which the University has to bestow. There is no need that I should try to picture an audience of students, the kind of crowd that on such occasions as this gathers in front of the senate-house steps.

Between the King's Parade and the river lie the courts and lawns of King's College. Its splendid gateway is flanked on either side by an elegant screen of open stone-work, separating the great court of the College from the street. Passing into this court we find ourselves in front of the chief architectural glory of Cambridge, the magnificent chapel of King's College. Let us interrupt our ramble at this point for a little while in order to look about us. King's College chapel is not a modern building. Its long range of flying buttresses and fretted pinnacles have stood as they now stand some five hundred years. It is a grand and imposing exterior, but it is when we enter that we see the full beauty of the building. The long vista of its lofty decorated arches, the many-hued light streaming down from its great windows, the exquisite carving of its black oak stalls and screens make this one of the most beautiful and impressive interiors in England. The chapel, however, is notable for more than its locality; it is scarcely less famous for the music of its services. So it happened that I found myself there frequently. And when, as at a Sunday service, the great nave is well filled with undergraduates in their white surplices, the sight is one of the most impressive that Cambridge has to offer; and as the music of the organ swells through the long aisle and the exquisite voices of the choristers rise in chant or hymn, we easily yield to the spell of the place and lose ourselves in memories of the illustrious departed. The long roll of those who in the course of four centuries have worshipped here and who even now we could almost fancy are silently present.

But we linger. We must retrace our steps to the King's Parade and continue our ramble. So with a backward glance at the lawn sloping down to the river's edge, and at the plain

but imposing buildings of Clare College bounding it on the northern shore and shutting out our view down to the river, we return to the senate-house. Just beyond we pass Gonville and Caius College—called "Keys" in Cambridge—which numbers among its illustrious alumni, Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and which at the present time is largely resorted to by medical students. A little further on we reach, on Trinity Street, the great King's gateway of Trinity College, the largest and most famous of the Cambridge Colleges. Let us defer our exploration of its quadrangles to a more convenient season and in the meantime pass on to St. John's College known as "John's," or frequently as "Lady Margaret's," from its founder, Lady Margaret Beauport, mother of Henry Seventh. The buildings of John's occupy both sides of the river where waters here wash its brick walls on either side. Passing through the quadrangles around which cluster memories of Ben Jonson, and Wordsworth of Stillingfleet, and Henry Martyn, and William Wilberforce, of Lord Burleigh, Lord Strafford, and Lord Palmerston, we cross the river from the old to the newer buildings by a covered stone bridge, known to the Cambridge world as the Bridge of Sighs—not because it leads to dungeon cells or even to an examination hall, but because of its likeness to its famous Venetian prototype. The side of the Cam which we have now reached is occupied largely by the gardens and walks of the colleges whose buildings we have been looking at upon the opposite bank. And if we now saunter back through the gardens, or paddle slowly up the placid river, under the shade of graceful elms and limes, by banks overhung with masses of shrubbery or bordered by lawns of inimitable smoothness and verdance, we shall learn something of the charm of the Cambridge "backs." At intervals the river is spanned by arched bridges, and standing upon these the view up and down the stream is always interesting and often of unsurpassed beauty. On a sunny day one always sees a certain number of college men lounging in various attitudes upon the lawns or drifting lazily in some sort of craft upon the water. They are "slacking on the backs" in Cambridge dialect, which being interpreted means that they are "loafing." Occasionally one sees a man combining business with pleasure and doing his morning's reading comfortably propped up in his boat, but whether his book is a treatise on differential equations or the latest novel it is not always possible to say.

These bridges across the Cam, like most things in Cambridge, have, some of them, little bits of legend attached to them. Here, on Clare bridge, the parapet is ornamented by a number of large balls carved in stone. And as solicitude for the proper education of Freshmen characterizes some Cambridge students, as it also characterizes some students elsewhere,—so it is stated—it is

a common thing for a young man just entering upon his Cambridge career to be enticed to this bridge and carelessly asked to count the number of balls. He promptly makes it "twelve," secretly proud, it may be, of his mathematical quickness. But the correct answer is, I believe, eleven seven eighths; for Lord Byron in one of his escapades shot about an eighth of one of the balls away; and the unsuspecting Freshman, who has fallen into the trap, is obliged to retire in confusion.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

The Editors of the Dalhousie Gazette:

Some time ago one of your number asked me to contribute an article to the GAZETTE on the Administrative System of Harvard University. I think the subject a most appropriate one, for the system has many points which commend themselves to those interested in college administration.

The governing bodies are two in number—the President and Fellows, generally known as the Corporation, and the Board of Overseers.

The corporation consists of the president of the University, *ex-officio* chairman, with deciding vote in case of a tie; the treasurer of the University, and five others called Fellows. They have no fixed tenure of office, and when a vacancy occurs the remaining members, or a majority of them, "procuring the presence of the overseers and by their counsel and consent," fill the place. Any person, not a member of the Board of Overseers nor an officer of instruction or administration in the University, is eligible for a seat in the corporation.

The Board of Overseers consists of the president of the University *ex-officio* chairman with deciding vote in case of a tie; the treasurer of the University, and thirty others, divided into six classes of five each, and elected as follows:

On Commencement Day (Spring Convocation) an election is held in Cambridge, at which those have the right to vote who are either A. B.'s of at least five years' standing or A. M.'s or holders of Honorary degrees, of the University, the exceptions being those who are members of the Corporation, Board of Overseers, or officers of instruction or administration in the University. The five men receiving the largest number of votes at this election form a class, elected to serve for a term of six years. Vacancies that may occur in the Board during the year are not filled till Commencement Day. Then, if they do not occur in the class whose term expires on that day, they are filled by electing the man having the sixth largest number of votes to fill the vacancy in the class having the longest term yet to serve,

the man having the seventh largest number of votes to fill the vacancy in the class having the next longest term to serve, and so on.

Any person, not an officer of instruction or administration in the University, is eligible for a seat on the Board of Overseers.

The Corporation transacts the financial business and has control over all officers in connection with the University, but all their acts must be approved by the Board of Overseers.

The organizations directly responsible to the Corporation and the Board of Overseers are the University Council and the several Faculties.

The University Council consists of the professors and associate and assistant professors in the University. They consider questions which concern more than one Faculty and questions of University policy.

The several Faculties are: The Faculty of Arts and Sciences, having jurisdiction over the college, the graduate school and the Lawrence Scientific School; the Faculties of Law, of Medicine, of Divinity, of Dental Medicine, of Veterinary Medicine, of the Bussey Institution (an agricultural school), of the Astronomical Observatory, and of Radcliffe College (the Ladies' College). They are composed of the professors, associate and assistant professors, tutors, and those instructors who hold their appointment for more than one year. Of all except the last named the president of the University is *ex-officio* chairman.

The officers of administration are the Librarian and Bursar, directly responsible to the Corporation and Board of Overseers; the Recorder, responsible to the Faculty of Arts and Sciences; and the several secretaries responsible to their Faculty.

This is an outline of the Harvard administrative system. It would be of comparatively little interest to GAZETTE readers if it did not contain several features which they would like to see incorporated into the Dalhousie system. To three of these I wish to call particular attention. First: *the appointment of the Board of Overseers, and hence indirectly of the Corporation also, is in the hands of the graduates of the University.*

This method of election, it seems to me, has an advantage over the one employed in Dalhousie in two respects. First, it removes all grounds for friction between the graduates and Board of Governors. Under the Dalhousie system, these two bodies of men are entirely independent of each other. Consequently, no matter how carefully the Board may study the wishes of the graduates, there cannot be that harmony between the two which would exist if the Board were entirely under the control of the graduate body. Second, it is one of the most important factors in stimulating the graduates to greater interest in the University.

It is a common remark that when a student graduates from Dalhousie he immediately loses interest in the College. This is an unjust accusation. He does not lose interest in it. He has its welfare as much at heart as the graduate of any other college has that of his *alma mater*. He simply sees that, no matter what ideas he may have concerning college administration, he has no chance to make these ideas felt. Hence he refrains from expressing himself. In Harvard the clubs (of which I shall have something to say later) are the sources from which the ideas for the guidance of the institution, to a great extent, spring. The graduates meet there and discuss matters of interest to the University. Then when Commencement Day comes they have an opportunity to put the ideas thus gained into effect. An election day at Harvard is one of almost as much excitement among the graduates as a day of political election is among other electors. The best interests of the college are being discussed everywhere, and the result is that no graduate can attend Commencement Day without feeling that, to a certain extent, the best interests of the University are entrusted to his care. Second: *the election to the Board of Overseers is for a period of years.*

This enables the Board to get rid of any person whose private affairs may have so changed since his election that it is inconvenient for him to give such time to the University as its best interests may require. It also provides for an election each year. Third: *the President is, ex-officio, chairman of both governing boards and of every board directly responsible to them.*

In other words, the President is the controlling influence of the whole University. Nothing of any consequence can be done without him, as chairman of that body of men, knowing all about it. This ought to compare favorably with the Dalhousie system, where the president of the University bears almost the same relation to the Board of Governors that a school-teacher does to the Board of Trustees, the only difference being that he *happens* to be a member of the Board.

There is another feature of Harvard's government which, although not official, ought not to be passed over in an account of her administrative system. It is the Harvard clubs.

In almost every city in the country is a club whose membership is limited to Harvard men. They vary from modest little groups to the fashionable New York Harvard Club, which has one of the finest club-rooms in the city. But whatever may be their social status, the aims of all are the same. They exist for the purpose of giving Harvard men a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other, and of promoting Harvard sentiment in the community. When the President of the

University or one of the leading professors visits the city the fact is made known in the club and the members gather about him the wealth and culture of the community. Then Harvard's ideals, attainments and needs are discussed by little groups of earnest, thoughtful men, and the result is that these club-rooms are the places in which many of the suggestions for the improvement of the University originate, especially those that carry gifts or bequests with them.

Nor is Harvard alone in this arrangement. Every denominational college in the country has just such a scheme. When the president of the college visits the community the church becomes the club-room for the time being. The pastor of the congregation assumes the office of president of the club. And this is the Harvard system in all its details.

Dalhousie being undenominational cannot have in any community a body of men whose creed keeps them loyal to her. It remains for the graduates to fill the vacancy. Why is there not in Halifax a club whose membership is restricted to men holding a degree in some department of Dalhousie. There are enough such men in the city alone to sustain a social club equal to the very best one now in it. Then graduates from the country would be willing to become associate members, on payment of a moderate fee, for the privileges the club would give them while in the city. Such an institution would be the centre not only of Dalhousie sentiment, but of thought in general. As a means of educating the people to the advantages of having a thoroughly equipped University in their midst, it ought to be superior to the College itself.

Then in almost all the smaller towns in the province why are there not little Dalhousie Clubs? If there are not enough graduates in the town to support a club-room, there ought to be at least an organization, so that concerted action could be taken when the best interests of the College would require it.

Dalhousie needs money. She needs it in the worst possible way. But better for her than another "Munro era" would be the earnest, sympathetic, organized support of her graduates, and this in my opinion can only be brought about by an adoption of the Harvard system of administration and the Harvard system of clubs. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind but that under this system it would be said of Dalhousie in a few years, as it is now said of Toronto, "every time the president makes a call for money he gets as much of it as he wants."

D. F. CAMPBELL, '90.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 7th, 1899.

"LIFE" IN A COLLEGE RESIDENCE.

To those who have never had the pleasure of living with a large number of students, this short article can give but a poor and inadequate conception of the many advantages and enjoyments of such a life. In a large residence where a hundred or more students live and eat together, friendships are formed that nothing can break. So too, the character of each is known to every other, and the tendency of this is to make truer and stronger characters. It is the purpose of this paper to briefly narrate a few incidents as they occur to the mind of the writer, incidents of life in an old college "Lodge," now a thing of the past and condemned as fit only for a warehouse.

The lodge is the old college building of thirty years ago, and the lecture rooms are there yet, some used to live in, others as reading room or society rooms. We had no dining-room, but we took our meals in the dining-hall of another institution not far away. At meals we did as we pleased. Fourteen of the Freshmen had a table to themselves, as did also members of other classes. There was a football table and a table for the students and teachers of the other institution. None of our professors dined with us. And the manager of the dining-room we good naturedly called "P." P. got excited at times, but none of us were ever expelled for the little fun we sometimes had there at his expense.

Let us go back and visit some of our friends in that old college lodge and with them have a good time just to "drive dull care away." We will observe their tricks and preparations, enter into their fun and be one of them.

It is the first of October, and two of us—Freshmen, have been providentially put in a room together. Strangers to each other but soon to be made close friends by a common danger, we sit on the single iron beds allotted to us and talk over our situation. It is a warm day, but that room might not be so comfortable in a cold wind. Around the room to a height of four or five feet runs a wainscot of boards lengthwise with good cracks between them and no plaster behind. It might be draughty. The floor is quite bare—made of a single layer of planks worn down half an inch. The nails and knots are at their original height—the wide cracks are filled with dust, ready to help on the least commotion. We have bed clothes and towels, washstand, two tables, two wooden chairs and a stove, but no bureau or other furnishings. We have heard of hazing but they tell us that there is none of that done here now. However we should have a lock, and early after tea we procure one, but alas, there are many keys to fit it. We find a screw-driver and start to fasten the lock on the door—two clumsy Freshmen, and the lock drops and breaks in pieces—

two lucky Freshmen. No time that night to go way down town in the dark for another. The knots on the floor are strong. We can brace the door. Soon a good board is found and we go to bed early, but not so soon to sleep. There is a quiet knock—unanswered; a quiet voice asking admittance, then whispering, and then quiet. By-and-bye we hear a key in the key-hole and we chuckle. They cannot pick that lock—they kick the door, they shove—that lock will not give or break. They swear and stamp. We tremble but feel quite secure. It is quiet again. Then there is the sound of a hammer. A board drops outside. What are they doing? Lashing a rope to something,—hear it strain. We tremble and shake but the door stays there and finally we sleep. In the morning we remove the brace. The door is fast. We are in a prison. It is no use to make a noise, no "prof." in the lodge. Soon all the boys have gone to breakfast; we can't break the door; it will not fall out. Two Seniors are late getting up and they come to our rescue; a few strong kicks from the outside put that door into splinters and our first night in college is ended.

We had tea at half-past five to-night as usual, bread and butter, treacle, tea and ginger snaps. We have been studying hard ever since and now at a quarter to ten we all go into someone's room for a short prayer-meeting of fifteen minutes, as our custom is prayers before bed every night. We have a nice sing and come out feeling good—but we are lucky Freshmen if we can get back to our rooms without a ducking. Woe to the man that appears in the halls between ten and eleven. It is water, clean and dirty, halls and staircases flowing and dripping. Now it is that fun is in charge. Put on your old clothes and tie a towel around your neck. One of us knocks quickly at the door of another Freshman and whispers that he is alone. The door is opened and in rush half a dozen and close the door. Some lie on the beds, some sit on trunks, and all talk. The unhappy occupants of the room feel uneasy and move slowly towards the water pitcher. A Freshman is sitting on the table, suddenly the lamp goes out, over goes a bed and the fun has commenced. The wary host has seized the pitcher and his room-mate guards the other bed. It is dark and so quite easy to move around. There is a struggle and then a great spill of water. Someone puts the lamp in the closet and then over go the tables and the room-mate with his bed; the picnic is at its height. We try to get out of the room and carry a little wood and the oil can with us but the host has the door too well guarded. Finally the light is lit and only two or three persons are visible. Some are wound up in bedclothes in the corners, others under overcoats behind trunks, and perhaps one or two are in the closet. It is only a joke and each one has to take his turn as host some other night. So things are put good naturedly

together and a good sing closes the pleasant hour between prayers and bed time.

"Dave has been down town to-night," is the word that passes around in the early part of a Monday evening. Dave is a big strong fellow who takes charge of the football field when feeling inclined that way. He has been getting a little hard cider to-night and is quite gay. He comes in and finds a big Freshman talking in our doorway. The big Freshman should be to bed and Dave will help him. The big Freshman is not in it for Dave is strong. All the boys rush out to see the fun. There is a tussle and big Freshie marches noisily and hastily down the hall and is fired into his room with some good advice from Dave. Dave has a big bottle hanging from the centre of his ceiling and he asks a few in to tell them about it. His room is just opposite the stairs on the second flat—the Freshmen's flat. Soon big pieces of wood come flying down against his door. The boys get up a week's supply of that article every Saturday from the cellar for we burn wood in our box stoves, and cut our own kindling if we are not wealthy enough to use oil for the purpose. Besides wood comes down to-night an occasional bucket of ashes with a frequent deluge of water. It is hard work carrying up wood from the cellar, water from the first flat and oil from the shop on the corner, so "faking" these articles from a neighbour's room is frequently resorted to. To-night we Freshmen are thinking of our empty wood boxes filled only two days ago, and it is quite interesting to see how we move that wood from Dave's door without being caught. It is hot work but we have learnt to drink from the water pitcher and a little dust only adds to its taste. Before we are down to work again it is 9.45 and we must go to prayers. The room is full and an eloquent theologian is praying earnestly for showers of blessing—some half dozen of us are kneeling across one of the single beds. There is a suspicious hole just above in the ceiling, and suddenly through it comes a flood that is more than a shower. We get wet but that is nothing. Even the theologians have to laugh for you know "the Sophomores did it."

It is great fun being flooded out. You are studying hard when you hear a little noise and a small hole appears in the ceiling. A little water trickles through, then some plaster drops and every pitcher on the third flat is emptied quickly right there. You fly about the room to get things out of the way. Your impulsive room-mate seizes a great piece of hard wood and flies up the stairs—to find the whole Sophomore class right in the room above.

But we got square with the Sophs. We had a class meeting and one week later they followed our example. Pasted firmly on the wall of the lower hall appeared that night several sheets of divine poetry describing that wonderful Sophomore

meeting and every member of the class. One of that class was a distinguished minister named B— and so the poem ran:—

"Up rose a bony member tall
With hair both red and thin,"

and so on. The Freshman class was too big to lick, and no one knew who wrote those verses. Oh, how the air of that lodge stifled one for a week after! It was blue. The stairs groaned under the angry stamps of Sammie. But it was no use. The freshmen had the best of it.

We have great food over across the road. Come over and take tea with us. This morning we woke up to find deep snow outside. We bravely tied our trousers tightly around our ankles and waded in snow over our knees to the road, then the snow was deeper and we all took the top rail of a fence the rest of the way. It was cold getting out of bed into that snow. But we had some good warm porridge after it. We had a great time at dinner. We had corn-beef, the part that was not good enough for the occupants of the Ladies' College down the road. We ate some of it. Had some beets too and then tapioca pudding. The butter was strong so we had to nail it down. We put all the dishes in a long row down the middle of the table, and spread the butter evenly on all, fastening it down with nails, matches and tooth-picks. The water pitcher we filled with beet juice and gravey and put all the silverware in to soak, just to help the servant girls. This we did after we were through, while waiting for the dismissing thanks of P—. The table was very wet, but that was nothing. Only two freshmen got into a row when we first sat down—one gave the other his glass full of water and had a pitcherful returned with thanks. This is a good supper to-night. See we have cake, enough to go around too; nice yellow cake, good and solid, some of it a little burnt, but that is nothing. I tell you it is a great treat and P— is kind to-night. We have treacle, have it quite often. They make it here of brown sugar and lots of water, etc. That corncake is good—fill your plate with treacle then take a piece of corncake gently with your whole hand and drop it on your plate. Looks like sawdust, but it is good. Have a roll. We only eat the crust of the roll—the inside makes nice dough. See how we do it. Two balls of dough and a match or two make quite a man. Look out, it hurts when you get the soft round middle of a roll in the ear. Sometimes we bring in fancy biscuits or boiled eggs with us, but it makes P— mad. Then we have to cheek him a little and make fun of his treacle and chicken feed. And he calls us names and threatens a little. But he always apologizes afterwards.

It is Friday night and there are several parties and entertainments about, and we freshmen are left alone in charge of the lodge. We will have some fun. Two crowds are soon made up

and old clothes are donned. We arm ourselves with pitchers of water from the Sophs' rooms. What splashing and ducking! At last we have driven the other crowd down to the first flat and we have manned the staircase. Suddenly someone makes a great rush up the stairs. They can't catch us that way, for some half dozen pitchers and buckets of water dash over the luckless victim. Ah, the consternation, the terror! It is a Senior in a dress suit returning early from a party. He looks nice now though. Of course we explain and the good natured Senior lets us off, but the other crowd have the laugh on us.

We make up for it the next night. P— announces at tea time that there will be a reception in the Ladies' College. We rush to our dirty room, and soon out of chaos appears the polished freshman and ladies' man. We go early to get the right girls. "Glad to meet you Miss Jones, third topic?" "Had a great girl for number two. Where is Miss Jones? You say there is no such person here." Poor freshman. But we will get square with that fellow and do better next time. We have a nice girl for the last topic. We had refreshments and she had to pass cake for a few minutes and will come back. But she doesn't. Oh well, we have a good time all the same and go home with fast beating hearts. It is too early to spoil the fun, so we soon have a crowd in our own room and start a French eight. Four of us tie handkerchiefs around left arms. Then the room is gay for a good hour, till we are choked with dust, and a little sore about the feet, remembering that there are nails and knots on the floor of that palatial ball-room.

(The narrator rests.)

A COURSE IN ARCHITECTURE.

A Dalhousian who has recently spent some little time in England writes regarding one of the "needs of the college," as follows:

"It is this" (breadth of view) "more than a heavier curriculum that the average Dalhousian needs. I do not think our Canadian student, other things being equal, is as *narrow* as the Oxford student or the Edinburgh student—but the shoe pinches here: the Home student can afford to ignore me, but I cannot afford to ignore him and his surroundings. He has little to lose by his ignorance, but I have almost everything. Of course I do not mean he has nothing to learn from our side. Is not "Imperialism" peculiarly a native of Canada, and indeed of Nova Scotia? But on our part there is the greater room for improvement. We may give to him a widening of view—but he can give us everything, almost, that makes for culture in the more refined stages. Pardon my writing in this fashion to a professor—but this is one

aspect of the comparison that suggested itself to a Dalhousie student in Oxford for even a few days.

I think it is a great misfortune for one to set out on the "grand tour" without some discriminating knowledge of architecture. With this his enjoyment of the magnificent cathedrals will be so much more intense. A little knowledge of the varying stages through which the art of building ran in the different periods of our earlier history will be so delightful a commentary on those great Books of Stone. And if there will be any in Dalhousie who have the "tour" in view, this ought to be impressed on them. One or two lectures on the Greek, Roman or Gothic styles, with some of their variations, would open up the subject for one. I am sorry I had not had the advantage of such a series of lectures before I had my sight of the cathedrals and colleges of Britain. As O. W. Holmes says of one's reading of Shakespeare, the more one takes to him, the more ONE will take away.

ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE ON THE BACONIAN THEORY.

That eminent and erudite society, the expositors of the "Baconian theory" of Shakespeare's plays, may pardon a few points of evidence that seem to have eluded their vigilance. To that society, to whom the lines of Pope: "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," may be aptly applied, we offering the following:

All students of English history know what an important epoch in our national life the times of Oliver Cromwell form, and it is remarkable that heretofore no inferences have been drawn from this period in discussing "Shakespeare's" plays. In all the range of that remarkable series of national historical dramas, not only is there no play in which the great protector is the central figure, but not once is his name mentioned. It may be truly objected that Shakespeare did not possess a regular history of that time; indeed we have reason to believe that during the "great dramatist's" life no authentic history of the "great rebellion" appeared, and we all understand his prejudice in favor of themes familiar to the reading public, yet a more valid reason is found for his silence.¹ Suppose Bacon to be the author of these plays. Bacon as the real writer of these plays knew he was liable to detection, and possessed by that insatiable craving for office that never satisfied desire for power,

¹There is, it is true, a play extant, "The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell," in which the great protector's name appears, but we do not believe it refers to the great Oliver. Indeed, we leave our verdict to the sanction of any intelligent reader of the play, believing that it is none too emphatic that *the play in no way refers to Oliver Cromwell*. Anyway, the ablest critics do not attribute the play to Shakespeare, and it seems reasonable enough that since he got Bacon to write all his other dramas that he would never have left his lucrative agricultural pursuits in order to write such an insignificant play as this.

place and self, did not care to jeopardize his chances for position. It was prejudicial enough to his chances to be liable to discovery as the author of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" without anything further. After the publication of the "Novum Organum" and his averred preference for Latin he must have been a notable rival against Milton for the position of Latin Secretary.¹ Indeed the conspicuous absence of his name from Milton's Epics, including as they do the whole range of history from before creation to the final day of doom, is remarkable. Some good reason must be found for such a significant omission, and what reason is so palpable as this, that Bacon was the averred rival of Milton for the post of Latin Secretary. Bacon dare not hand over to Shakespeare a play glorifying Cromwell (anyway Shakespeare was dead, which is additional evidence), for Cromwell as the exponent of Puritanism could never accept flattery from the stage.

On the other hand, there can be found no good reason for Shakespeare neglecting to write a drama on such a fruitful subject.² Indeed, if he ever wrote a play at all this was the period of national history likely to engross his attention. Our conclusion must be patent to every reasonable thinker. *It is absurd and preposterous to consider Shakespeare to have been the author of his own works, as long as there is one possibility that Bacon wrote them.*

Correspondence.

Dear Editors:

Football has for many years been a live topic at Dalhousie. By means of this game the students have been made to feel a greater interest in their *alma mater* and in one another. While this interest, or college sport, as it is called, has already reached very appreciable proportions, yet the aim of each and every Dalhousian should be to ever increase this patriotism. The universal opinions of collegians is that as Dalhousie succeeds in football, so will the "college spirit" grow. And as ideal college life cannot exist without true college spirit, it is essential that football should receive support from all the students.

How may this support be greatest? The answer is plain. By having all the students play the game. Under existing circumstances this is impossible. Many students have gone out to practice and have had to retire because it wasn't practicable for more than thirty men to play. After a few such disappointments the most zealous will fail to show up. Again, most of the students are ignorant of the game when they come to college, and are diffident about playing against chosen men.

¹ The writer seems to confuse dates here, but it really matters little in discussing the Baconian theory.

² Probably no political reason would be a more correct statement.

The problem, then, is how to give a chance to a zealous man for whom there is not room at the practices of the college teams and how to bring out and develop the many good men who are, at present, ignorant of the game or diffident about starting. To this also a solution is at hand. A man's class has a closer, if not a greater, hold on him and knows him better than his college, and consequently may develop him, while the college could not reach him. This is so because each individual holds a more conspicuous place in his class than in college, and his presence is more essential. Inter-class football is a plausible solution of the problem.

Time will not allow to dwell on many of the advantages to be gained in this way. However, a few instances will show sufficient advantages to warrant a trial of the scheme. In the first place, toward the end of the past season it was necessary to draw from the second team to supply vacancies in the first. In the meantime those players who had come out early in the season, but failed to get places on the teams, had dropped out. The result was that the second team was so weakened that they all but lost the junior trophy.

For years it has been a thorn in the flesh of Dalhousians to have some of the students filling important positions in the city teams. It is not too much to ask students, for the few years they are at Dalhousie, to play under her colours. These renegades reply that they want to play football and that a chance is not offered at Dalhousie. The class league would set this excuse aside.

All who have played football know the acquaintanceship that grows up between players. Undoubtedly it is true that if one fails to know a fellow on the football field he will never know him. No way will be so successful in making three or four hundred individual students one university as bringing them in touch with one another on the football turf. At the same time we will learn, in so far as is consistent, that there is not so much medical, law, and arts and science colleges as one university.

In conclusion, then, an inter-class league will supply a reserve force for the first and second teams, and thus assist in the foreign games of the college, foster college spirit and materially assist in advertising Dalhousie, as references in provincial papers testify. It will also tend to make Dalhousie a university in more than name. A better acquaintance among the students, the first requisite for college spirit, would be affected. Many of the city players who now play with our opponents would be persuaded to be loyal.

[Correspondence is invited on this subject.—ED. GAZETTE.]

THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

ON Thursday evening, March 30th the Dalhousie Glee Club gave its seventh annual concert in the Conservatory of Music. Needless to say it was a great success as the programme itself will show. The Glee Club certainly excelled itself. But possibly this was due to the fact of it being composed so largely of young ladies, or perhaps the atmosphere of the Ladies' College aided the masculine throats.

While every piece on the programme deserved praise, the male quartette was a special feature. The vocal solos also were well rendered and the violin solo exceptionally fine. The Epicus by Mr. A. M. Macleod et ceteres, and the Lyricus by Mr. George Wood took the house quite by storm and found loud echoes from the ranks of students in the audience. Every great event of the college year found its place in parody—the bell that was not found and the Sophomores who will not be found. The leadership of Mr. Shute was splendidly evidenced by the success of the concert. Miss Bentley is to be specially thanked for her charming accompaniments. The programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Chorus.—“Here in Cool Grot.” *Lord Mornington.*
GLEE CLUB.
2. Piano Solo—Selected
MISS LOUISE TUPPER.
3. Male Quartette
MESSRS. SLAYTER, DYMOND, CONRAD and SHUTE.
4. Vocal Solo.—“Sunset”
MISS LENA MURRAY.
5. Chorus.—“Hey Diddle Diddle” *Vinning.*
GLEE CLUB.
6. Mixed Quartette.—“Sunset” *Conradi.*
MISSSES O'DONNELL and ARCHIBALD, MESSRS. SLAYTER and SHUTE.
7. EPICUS.—“Fama Titinnambuli” *Seorasadhambh Cicero.*
MR. A. M. MACLEOD et ceteres.
8. Solo.—“Heart's Delight” *Gilchrist.*
MISS SUSIE MURRAY.
9. Chorus.—“Where art thou, Beam of Light” *Bishop.*
GLEE CLUB.

PART II.

1. Chorus.—“Sweet and Low” *York.*
2. Violin Solo.—Selected.
MISS LILY FARQUHAR.
3. Vocal Solo.—“The Storm Fiend” *Roeckel.*
MR. W. R. SHUTE

4. Male Chorus.—“The Tinker's Song” *DeKoven.*
GLEE CLUB.
5. Male QUARTETTE.....
MESSRS. SLAYTER, DYMOND, CONRAD and SHUTE.
6. Vocal Solo.—“The Gondolier's Love Song” *Helmund.*
MISS BLANCHE SHUTE.
7. Chorus.—“Sally in our Alley” *Max Vogrich.*
GLEE CLUB.
8. Lyricus.—“Res Dalhousiana” *Ebenus Ferus Mus. Doc.*
MR. GEORGE WOOD.
9. Chorus.—“Three Doughtie Men” *Pearson.*
GLEE CLUB.
“GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”
Director, MR. W. R. SHUTE. Accompanist, MISS ETHEL BENTLEY.

COLLEGE NOTES.

BEHOLD the plugger, bleared as to his eyes and firmly set as to his chin! Now he patteth himself on the back, for he seeth the fruits of his labors.

SOON the exodus will begin, but let every student who can do so make arrangements to remain in town until after Convocation, and let us hope that despite our poet's fears to the contrary, “we shall all meet, &c.”

ON Saturday evening, March 18th, a second game of hockey was played between the law students in the offices of Messrs. Drysdale & McInnes and Borden, Ritchie & Co. This resulted in another victory for the team of the former firm with a score of 11 to 0.

THE senior class in law is quite fortunate this year, as every member of the class will get his degree. Messrs. Slayter, Burchell and Waddell have been admitted to the bar. Mr. Slayter is to be found at the Roy Building in the firm of McLatchy & Slayter, Mr. Burchell has entered into partnership with Chisholm & Crowe, Sydney, and Mr. Waddell remains in the offices of Drysdale & McInnes in the city.

THE last meeting of the Students' Medical Society for the current term was held on Friday evening, March 14th, and was well attended—the seats in front being graced by our ladies and a number of the V. G. H. nurses. A most interesting paper was read by C. E. McMillan, '99, by way of a valedictory for his class. The paper was alike remarkable for the beautiful language in which the thoughts were clothed, for its witty sallies, and for the monstrous claims made for the class of '99. Not only was the

class, that began study in the autumn of '95, the largest in the history of the College, but it, by far, exceeded in ability, valor and beauty (?) all that preceded, as well as all that have (or shall) come after. Just here I may say that the speaker failed to note one important attribute, which rumor—and Skelly—says they possessed in an eminent degree. In fact it was remarked that the trees in the vicinity of their respective homes assumed an unduly withered appearance on that particular autumn—due no doubt to the abstraction from their immediate neighborhood of such a vast quantity of material necessary to their usual summer tint.

The speaker informed us that among the many achievements of his class, a few of the minor were: A complete remodelling of the College building, the erection and equipment of a laboratory, the passage of the Anatomy Act of 1899, some important changes in the teaching staff—and most appreciated of all—the planning of "(H) at 'Omes" for the class of '99. In their great zeal and magnanimous philanthropy, they even waited upon the Legislative Council to secure the insertion of a clause in the Medical Bill now before the House; which, by the way, was already there, and not strangely so either, for it was in the original draft of the bill, and had not been disturbed in passing its several readings!!! Now, most noble Seniors! if the writer may be permitted to make a suggestion, it is this—that those of you who prefer figurative language, as your valedictorian certainly does, will refer to Job xii.: 2. and those of a more prosaic mind may take the fourth verse of the following chapter, as being the sentiments of your confreres at College. But to be serious, we must heartily accord to you the possession of all those attributes which go to make up a manly and intelligent body of good fellows; and we wish you all a most prosperous career in your chosen profession.

Mr. McMillan was followed by Mr. King, '02, who gave an exceptionally good rendering of an extract from Hiawatha.

This was followed by a paper by J. G. Munroe, '99, in which the different members of the graduating class were dealt with in a most witty and masterly way. So deftly did he deal with the delicate task, and so accurately did he combine the corrective of true courtesy, with the purge of "quip and craul," conveying the whole in the vehicle of choicest English, that even the "Big Rat"—who supposedly wrote the article on Mr. Munro, read immediately after,—found it difficult to do the genial "clerk" full justice.

The chair on this occasion was occupied by Vice-President W. P. Reynolds, '00, and if this meeting may be taken as a fair sample of what we may expect under his leadership, we bespeak for the Society a successful course in the coming year.

A vote of thanks was extended to those who took part in the evening's programme, and the last meeting of '98-'99 ended.

Exchanges.

The *McGill Outlook* teems with college news and jokes, but in the late numbers there is little of interest to outsiders.

The Student contains an article on "Goethe," by Dr. Otto Schlapp, which should interest every student of literature.

"Lost in the Laurentides" and "John Willet," from the *University of Ottawa Review*, are stories that are well written and interesting. The same paper contains good editorials on "United States Expansion" and "Yellow Journalism."

King's College Record gives us "The Winter Wigwam," from the pen of Theodore Roberts; also "Pete," a pathetic life-sketch, "Snap-shots at the Parson" and "A 'Fragment' on Browning," to be mentioned more for its brilliance than for its erudition.

The "Ladies' Column" from *Queen's University Journal* contains an amusing article entitled "The Chair of Common Sense" that is both original and witty. Were there such an institution in Dalhousie the Faculty would no doubt wish to control the class lists, and we are afraid there would be many "plucks."

Dalhousie has been called a Scotch college. If this be so every Dalhousian will wish to read the "Religious Message of Robert Burns" in the fourth number of the *Presbyterian College Journal*. "The Ideal Ruler," being the third article of "The Ideals of the Old Testament," is also well worth reading.

The *Acadia Athenæum* contains a paper by Dr. Trotter on the "Incidental Discipline of College Life." He discusses five things which a college education should bring—cultured manners, cultured speech, public address, love of reading and discipline of character. The first two, we fear, are often sadly forgotten. This issue contains also "Milton's Ideal Man" and "Architecture."

The table of contents of *The Manitoba College Journal* is unusually interesting this month. "Snowdon and Vicinity" is an extremely bright and well-written account of a climb to the summit of Snowdon. "Kipling and the School Boys," coming as it does just when we are rejoicing over the great writer's recovery, amuses and interests us. It is an account of how the boy editors of a small magazine called *The Budget* hired Mr. Kipling at two shillings a thousand words, how he wrote six-penny worth, and how the boys have made their fortunes. Among the other articles we might mention "Purple and White," "A Woman," and "The Treatment of Labor in the Georgies of Virgil."

The best article which we remember to have seen in the *Argosy* for quite a time is one "The Golden Age of English Oratory." It deals especially with Burke, Fox and the two Pitts. The paper is well written, and the writer is evidently in sympathy with his subjects, especially with the Pitts, who live again under his really eloquent pen. There is also a description of the Garden of the Tuileries.

In the *University Monthly* "The Early Novelists" is of general interest, and for so short a paper is a good sketch. "A Bicycling Trip on the Teminonata" and "A Canoeing Trip on St. John River" contain bits of quite genuine adventure, while "Whitman, and Poetry in General," and "Dowden on the Study of Shakespeare," bring joy to critical and literary spirits. In reply to our invitation to discuss the value of a college residence, this magazine answers in their favor. It believes that "a residency contributes greatly to the comfort and convenience of the students, unites them more closely to their *alma mater*, and promotes a more general college feeling and college spirit," and it thinks that "any college would be greatly strengthened both internally and before the people by becoming a residential college."

Personals.

MISS KATHERINE MACKAY, '98, has gone to Kentville to study for "A."

MISS E. E. KENNEDY, B. A., '98, who attended the Normal School during the term, is now studying for an A license at Pictou Academy.

H. A. PURDY, LL. B., '98, was admitted to the bar on March 18th, and C. L. Tufts, also LL. B., '98, was admitted on March 30th.

At the convocation of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, April 5th, Rev. A. Falconer, of Pictou, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity (honorary).

WE were pleased to see H. S. Crowe, (Great Distinction, '98), in town during Easter. Henry is a successful member of the staff of Truro Academy.

J. W. G. MORRISON, '00, has been appointed news editor of the *Island Reporter*, Sydney, C. B. The paper will be enlarged and probably published daily.

M. CUMMINGS, '97, has left Truro and accepted a remunerative position in Guelph. We would feel more satisfied if Mell could at some time be able to take Ph. D. work.

PROF. MACGREGOR recently delivered a lecture in Parrsboro. Our Sodales lecture course committee should remember this. If not this year then next year.

A. B. BLANCHARD, one of our honour men of last year, merited and obtained the highest grade certificate granted by the Normal School. Aub. is at present wielding the birch at Bible Hill.

HARRY R. SHINNER, B. A., '97, has been awarded an Academic Rank Diploma at the Normal School, Truro. He now holds a good position on the staff of the American and Canadian Express Company. Harry has only just turned twenty years of age.

Dallustiensta.

Yappy, snapping his fingers to Prof.—"Come here, I want you."

Mr. S-t-v-r-t (first year) rather enjoys the singing at the little Presbyterian church.

T. Wo-d desires if we are to believe his recent translation of Horace "a flowing fountain and a little forest."

Rachie's prolonged absence has given rise to the fear that he has been carried away by a spring freshet(te).

S-d-g-w-ck (the boy philosopher) must remember that it is not permitted unto freshmen to love and be wise.

Miss P——n says there is no show for Ph-nu-y, and that M-sty will have to take a back seat since M-ss-ng-r has become a Visitor.

"Yes," said the preacher, "time was when a man would be hanged for a less offence than he would be fined *two dollars* for to-day."

A. W. R. (Med.), on his return from a recent trip 'to Montreal'—"Say, boys, it isn't every passenger that can have a special 'smoker' put on for his benefit."

H. C. (log.)—"No, H-r-ce, you can't fool the boys with a 'navy cut' can; they have 'smelled a rat' as well as the fumes from your cabbage leaves and there's no go."

She—"I think that is the most beautiful sunset I ever saw."

He—"I think you are slightly mistaken; that brilliant red is but the reflection of M-ll-r's tie. See him just ahead of us?"

Scene: R-bie St., on Camp Hill, 8.30 p. m. K-nn-dy et parvus frater in front of door. H. K.—"You go and ring. If her mother answers, ask if someone else lives there; if SHE comes, W(h)at? I want you to do is to skip."

McK— (reading a letter)—"What does this mean?" (Reads)—"Your picture received. I suppose from the tone of your letter that you have not heard I am married. Be a good boy, Bobbie, and meet me in heaven."

Riser (who has just preached his farewell sermon before vacation—"This vacation is going to be a great rest for me, Miss W——.")

She—"Yes, and for us too, Mr. M——."

The law youngster at the dinner table—"Say, Falstaff, have you heard Kipling's latest—"Brains, hands and stomach; but the greatest of these is stomach?"

Shah—"You young limb of the law, I'll send you up to Acadia to get some brains if you don't stop."

For agès I'd pondered, and asked me this question:

"Where are the peppers—those famed pickled peppers,
Pulled, or pricked, in the past by the late Peter Piper?"

When, one day, like the flash of a cabbage-head bursting
It all came before me, and here's the solution:

Along with some apples, a rattle and candies

He'd stowed them all neatly away in his satchel,

And lo, while he listened attent to the lectures

Some Sophs saw the school-bag, and filled with wild fury,

That such should be carried by even a freshie,

They took—but why linger? details are not called for;

And thus is the mystery cleared up for ever.

A. Kidd, in *Mad(d)er than the Mahdist.*

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS

Tho' the querns of the godlets grind quite slow,
They powder pretty fine.
So I've kept all my yearlings well in tow
And made them toe the line.

—F. A. M., "Mephisto's Train."

Said Mars to his Bellona, "Dear,
Go urge 'em on to scrim."
"Oh, Rutt 'll do that, never fear ;
Just leave the game to him."

—Anon.

I have vamoosed the ranch of Hamid the Dashed ;
Now the semilune charmeth not me ;
The "Tale of the Tap" I have thoroughly crammed,
And next year I shall yell "U-I-I-D." —M-sey.

Talk about your "injia rubber idiot on the spree,"
Why he's not half a fraction of circumstance to me.
If anybody doubts it, just trot him out on deck
And I'll keep my reputation—I have it in the neck.

—T. D. in "It Never Touched Me."

I know of a lad who's fags are bad ;
Who delights in creating panics.
He's taking a course—so much the worse—
'Tis in Pure and Applied Freshmanics.

—N-I McL-n.

Despite dark hints from vulgar sods
And idle talk of clacking clods
(Who cares what gossips tell ?)
I swear by all the classic gods,
Tho' Elm-r becks and Homer nods,
I DID NOT steal that bell.

—H. M-nr-e, "Rape of the Gong."

Alma Mater, Alma Mater,
Since we've wandered far from thee,
Drop, thou, like a hot potater
Hopes of winning that troph-ee.

—G. Z. & F. McFetal.

I do not wear a tag, you see,
I need no such display,
You'd know I was a fresh freshie
Ten thousand feet away.

—H—ll., all'd. by W-ls-n.

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