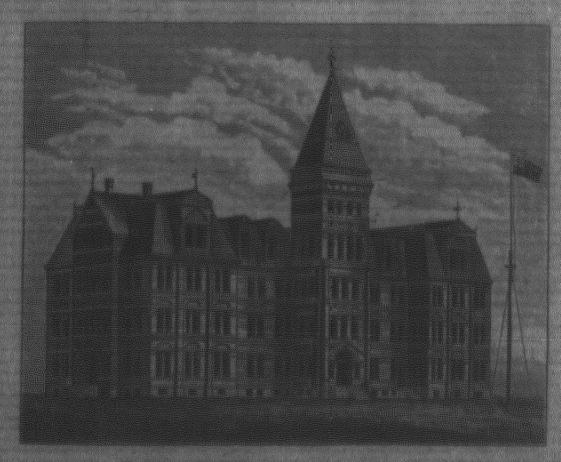
Dalhousi Gazette.

Ora et Labora. V



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"ORA ET LABORA."

HALIFAX, N. S., FEBRUARY 20, 1890

 $No, \ G$

VOL. XXII.

CURIOSITY AND MIRTH

(Translated from Hermann and Dorothen.)

BY A STEDENT,

Thereon replied the wise and noble pastor, He who was held the city's pride; a youth --Yet nearer grown to manhood. Well he knew The needs and circumstances of his flock; Deep filled in heart with love of Holy Writ. Which unto man his inmost self reveals; Acquainted too with writings secular. And thus he said : - " I find no fault with any

- "Harmless impulse, which good Mother Nature
- " Hath, in her kindness unto mortals given.
- "For many things which Reason cannot do,
- "Nor Understanding ever bring to pass,
- " May be accomplished by the happy force
- "Of Instinct, drawing us with power irresistible,
- "How, I ask, were he not led by charming
- "Curiosity, could man e'er learn e'en
- "The relations of the things of earth? for,
- "First the New he much desires to know; then
- "Seeks the Useful with unwearied zeal; last,
- "Clasps the Good which elevates and blesses,
- "In youth, Lightheartedness is his companion:
- "By whom surrounding dangers all are hid,
- "And the deep footprints of his painful ills
- "Washed out of sight almost as soon as made.
- "All praise to him, who in his riper years,
- "Changes this frisky mirth for solid wisdom;
- "And who, in fortune or adversity,
- "Doth never cease from full activity.
- " For thus are means of future case procured,
- "And the past's grievous losses soon restored."

DE ROBERVAL "-A DRAMA

A little over a year ago, there issued from the publishing house of McMillan & Co., of St. John, N. B., a work which has not been duly honored in our columns. We refer to the unique and interesting drama, " De Roberval," by Lieut, Col. John Hunter Duvar, of Alberton, Prince Edward Island

As its name implies, the drama deals with a subject in early Canadian history. This should be sufficient to make it of special interest to Canadians; while for us, an additional value attaches to it as being the production of a native of the Maritime Provinces.

The historical account of De Roberval's expedition to New France is imperfect, depending on the confused narratives of Hakluyt and Thevet, which, in turn, are drawn from hearsay and from disconnected notes in the log-book of Jean Alfonse. pilot of the fleet. The commission is still extant, according to which Jehan Francoys de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval was authorised to lead a colony into Canada. Titles were showered on " the little king of Vimieu," which far outshone any glory heretofore attaching to the house of the Picardian gentleman. De Roberval was created Lord of Norembega (Acadia), Viceroy of Belle Isle, Carpunt, Labrador, and the Great Bay. With him it was ordained that Jacques Cartier should sail as Captain General. "We have resolved," says Francis, "to send him again to the lands of Canada and Hochelaga, which form the extremity of Asia towards the west." King Francis' prime object was, of course, the planting of a French colony which should act as a check on

the growth of Spanish power in the New World, and enable him to reap some of the advantages accruing from discovery of new ocean routes to the East. In the royal commission, however, the despotic libertine declares his sole motive to be the conversion of the Indians, who are described as "creatures without knowledge of God or use of reason."

To aid in this compassionate and meritorious work, criminals were taken from the prisons and delivered into the hands of Roberval, "as many as may seem to him necessary to carry to the aforesaid countries." On board the ships which set sail from LaRochelle in April, 1542, were also a few Catholic Missionaries, besides a number of gentlemen-adventurers attracted by the novelty of the enterprise and hope of gain. Many of the latter were of noble birth, and with them went their vassals and retainers,—officers and soldiers, with their wives and children.

A two month's voyage carried De Roberval to the bounds of his new vice-royalty, in the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland. Here, to his amazement and chagrin, the Captain General of the fleet deserted with five vessels. Undaunted, the Viceroy of Canada and Norembega turned his prows northward; made the difficult passage through the Straits of Belle Isle; passed in safety the dreaded Isle of Demon's; and steered his ships across the lone waters of the Great Bay.

Off the Isle of Demons, however, a tragic incident had occurred. The shores of this island although comely to behold, had long been a source of terror to sailors. Navigators who had visited these waters, declared, and even the old geographer Thevet, tells us that there could be heard at any time the din of infernal orgies, and the confused, inarticulate clamor of the fiends who infested the unsanctified island. On these inhospitable shores, the stern viceroy doomed to exile his niece Marguerite, a maiden only in her teens. During the voyage out, she had scandalized and enraged him by an unconcealed and shameless passion for a young adventurer on board of her uncle's ship. Off the dreaded isle the vessel was hove to; a boat was lowered from the side, and the young

girl was left to row ashore, accompanied only by her old Norman nurse who to the last remained loyal to her charge. Her lover gallantly threw himself into the sea from the receding vessel, and by a desperate effort gained the shore, eager to share with his loved one imprisonment in the unholy place.

De Roberval held his course up the St. Lawrence, and soon dropped anchor off Cap Rouge; but the affair at Isle of Demons augured ill for the enterprise. The details of the attempt at colonization are not well known. Theret gives a very cheerless account: famine and disease wasted the settlers; the iron rule of the commander was hardly sufficient to curb the mutinous desires of the soldiery; and, finally, the colony broke up in 1543, De Roberval eagerly catching at the suggestion that the king needed him in the wars at home.

Such are the chief incidents of the first expedition, and these are adhered to closely in the drama. Following LeClerc's account, the author makes De Roberval return six years later to reassume his viceroyalty. His tragic end forms the closing scene of the drama. Act V., Scene III.

(Off the roast of Newfoundland. Long seas rolling in after a storm. Mermaids singing:)

"A gallant fleet sailed out to sea With pennons streaming merrily.

On the hulls the tempest lit,
And the great ships split
In the gale;
And the feaming fierce sea-horses
Hurled the fragments in their forces
To the ocean deeps
Where the kraken sleeps,
And the whale.

The men are in the ledges' clefts, Dead, but with motion of living guise; Their bodies are rocking there.

Monstrous sea-fish and efts
Stare at them with glassy eyes,
As their limbs are stirred
And their hair.

Moan, O sea!
O death at once and the grave,
And sorrow in passing, O cruel wave!
Let the resonant sea caves ring,
And the sorrowful surges sing,
For the dead men rest but restlessly.

We do keep account of them And sing an ocean requiem For the brave.

The drama, as the author explains, is not intended for the stage. It might more properly be called a dramatic poem, rather than a drama. The dramatic force is weakened by the length of the picce,—it is nearly as long again as an ordinary play,—and through excess of detail. A host of minor personages are introduced, types of priests soldiers and gentlemen of the sixteenth century. The chief actors are however drawn with considerable care, although little character is displayed in action.

The writer's aim is apparently not so much to effect a highly dramatic work, as to accurately reproduce "the gay and chivalrous, but somewhat flippant times of the first Francis." We are carried back to a period corresponding in character to that of Queen Elizabeth in English history, an age of transition, to which the romantic and chivalrous sentiment of the previous century still clung. As Roberval understood it,—

"We live now at the juncture of two times, Two eras—cultures, worlds, or what you will."

In the course of their Italian expeditions, the knights of Charles VIII and Louis XII had brought back to their gloomy Feudal keeps, the rembrance and the taste for the elegant civilisation which flourished beyond the Alps. This was the beginning of the Ronaissance in France. Encouraged by that profligate but refined monarch, Francis I, the New Learning effected a return to the healthy tradition of taste and veneration of the beautiful, after many centuries of barbarism. Art was glorified by the brushes of DaVinci and Andrea Del Sarto. The poets Alemanni and Clement Marot enjoyed royal favour. King Francis himself vied with his courtiers in addressing conventional love sonnets to mistresses real or imaginary. Even the rough sailor Jacques Cartier, in spare moments, cultivated the muse. De Roberval is of a rougher material. He inveighs against the over-refinement, which, he believes, is sapping the manhood of the nation.

"In our Italian campaigns we learned ill,— Women and squalling eunuchs elbow us, Abbeys with general's pay are given to fee Menders of broken pots and image vendors, And all is changed since Bayard's chivalric time, That Bayard from whose most reproachless sword The king himself took knighthoed." "And, if it please God and good St. Riquier, A stout prohibitory tariff shall Exclude from the New France I mean to found All but the fashions of old Picardie."

A life of action, in contact with physical forces is more to his liking; something to risk, and something to exert one's self for.

Of late I have been tired and jaded out. By keeping tally like a commissary. Biscuit and beef have been upon my brain, And I've tapped casks like any woodpecker; Have dealt in clothing like the wandering Jew, Moses, the son of Aeron, and so on; Docquets and clearing-oaths have irritated Till I have longed to sack the custom-house. I want fresh air, I want the smell of sea, The lip lap of the water in the calm, The racing of the bracing waves in storm; I want my foot upon an oaken floor, With but an inch between me and the brine.

Quotation from a drama is necessarily scrappy and inadequate. Many scenes in "De Roberval" are so dramatic and so well done, that they ought to be quoted entire. We can only hint at the many poetic beauties, the quiet humor, the genial spirit, displayed continually. The lyrics, too, scattered here and there, are exceedingly graceful; especially the "Adieu to France," in Act I., and the drinking song of the soldiers carousing within the citadel at Quebec, the latter of which has a swing and abandon altogether admirable.

The story loses interest at times. But the language throughout is so natural, and so free from swagger and exaggeration; the verse is so smooth and flowing; and there is so much variety in the dramatis personæ and in the situations, that the reading can never become dull.

In the same volume as "De Roberval," are two poems of considerable length: "The Triumph of Constancy, a Romaunt; and an extremely pretty piece of fancy, "The Emigration of the Fairies." The latter, which is as quaint and charming as anything can be, tells

"—— how the fairy folks
Unwitting driven by fate—Fate is not blind—
Now dance 'neath maples, stead of English oaks,
And how, obeying colonisation's laws,
The genial fairies came to Canada.

And have resumed their frolicsome old habits, As lithe as squirrels and as smug as rabbits. "So that 'tis not uncommon now to see, On quiet restful nights, at full o' the moon, When all things are outlined so charmingly, In the chaste spleador of the nights' white moon, And light and shade the May-flowered moss besmirches, Fairy processions 'mong the white stemmed birches."

"The Triumph of Constancy" recalls the subject of Book VI of " The Facric Queen," Spenser's unfinished legend of Mutabilitie. Constancy is personified in Sir Pallinor, surnamed the Faithless, who, in a series of adventures redeems his character and dies the Faithful. Originality is not aimed at in the treatment of the theme. The story is related glibly and artlessly, and with more of geniality than of sententiousness. Mediæval language and tone are reproduced with the utmost ease and grace of style. Here are sweetness of verse and sensuous description :-

"Day grow till noon, when o'er the green champaign, All forestless, there rose as from a sea An isle of ancient lime trees, creamy.tipped With hyacinthine spikes of honey-bells, All blossoming and haunted by the bees, That made a kind of drowsy melody Winding in different notes their tiny horns : Here seeing none, and deeming this was but Some place of pleasance for the summer time, He loosed his steed and sought where he might rest An honr or tway in shadow from the sun."

The following reference to the author is from Mr. Lighthall's " Songs of the Great Dominion:" John Hunter Duvar, the author of "De Roberval," and Squire of Hernwood, in Prince Edward Island, described in the "Emigration of the Fairies," derives his verse largely from the life and legends of the surrounding regions, shaped by his library. He is of Scottish-English parentage; was born 29th August, 1830; educated in Scotland; and is in the Fisheries Department of the Canadian Civil Service. His tastes are little classical, but he has given much attention to the older French and Italian literatures. Many of his lyrics are affoat in the Canadian press. Has printed for private circulation "John a'Var, his Lays," being a number of lyrics strung on the thread of a troubadour's adventures; and has published "The Enamorado," a fine, light drama of the Spanish school; and recently, a purely Canadian drama, "De Roberval."

AN ADVICE TO STUDENTS

Each year since " 85" the Gazette Editors assure me their "columns are open to my pen," and are gracious to add that its past work has been in every instance pleasing to the Students. I trust this year will prove no exception to the welcome, but the additional gracious clause may be wanting again. This time I have no "pleasing article," nothing but a few plain " remarks,"-I make them, because 'a'ad summut to saky," and I "saky" it to the

Why do you not take more interest in the history of Nova Scotia?

It is a lamentable fact, and a lamentable want in this generation behind us, that so few remember or care to remember the past. To-day and tomorrow is their cry, never yesterday! It has been my work this last year to collect incidents, events, legends-whatever you may term them, connected with the early settlement of Nova Scotia; and the few who have heard them, the fewer who have taken pains to preserve them intact, and the multitude of intelligent men and women who are ignorant of the simple historical incidents of the places in which they live, has called my attention to this want in our own Province.

Of course you Students learned the Nova Scotia History - so did I. That small green book, how little there was in it, and yet how much! little, in comparison with the wealth of knowledge that might have been added, and much, in the light of the little we learned of what there was. What a good teacher we deemed him who "skipped the fine print "and let us learn only the coarse type topics ! I found one of the books a while ago, and before I opened it, racked my memory for one event that had fastened itself upon my mind from its pages, some one bit that I could remember having learned. What do you think it was, the only part of it I had retained? " With three small ships Columbus set sail for America."

And this out of a Nova Scotia history proper! I opened the book then, and from cover to cover read it through. Was it conceit? but I wished as I closed it, that I could teach a class of

boys and girls that book. It seemed to me I could illuminate every page with some story to localize and fix it upon their minds, and make those long names, so hard and so foreign, and removed to us as children, living and moving personages. They were good teachers I had, they are clergymen and doctors and lawyers now, and I honor them-but, they did not know much Nova Scotia history, when as young men they taught it to me.

Is it as Mrs. Burnet puts it, when her Fair Barbarian is reproved at a dinner party, by the great Lady, with the remark "It is much more important that you should know about England than we about America?" We need assuredly to know of England, and America, and the Dominion, but let us have an equal knowledge of the history of our own Province. And it is not alone the history from the books that I mean, but these stories of the old folks, of the first settlers, of the Indians, the French, their wars and their times of peace, these tales that have been perpetuated by word of mouth—it is this, that we want to preserve and the plains, ever see it?" said one gentleman to me. make our own. All Nova Scotia history did not begin and end with the Expulsion of the Acadians, nor was that mandate of tyrannical necessity her one tragedy. - Now do not in a flush of enthusiasm rush down to the Provincial Library and ensconse yourself with the three volumes of Murdock's history in a safe and quiet corner from ten till four. Your exclamations will dot every page, for the leaves are bristling with incidents of interest: but from such a feast you will rise in a muddle, nothing very clear except that Nova Scotia was "more of a place than you thought,"

Do not do this. But go to the old men. They are the links between the past and the present. Talk with them. Ask them questions, and learn of them, if they have much to tell.

Take the county in which you were born, or the county in which you live, or the county where you are to spend your summer vacation. Find out its earliest history, the names of the chief men who settled it, the places of interest, the buildings of age and of note; go to the old men for this, someone will know. It need not hinder your teaching, your study, your preaching or your | ied," he says.

business; but in your leisure hours talk a little less football and a little more of this-and you will be apt to make just as sharp a run at the next contest.

When the old men have told you their stories, go to the histories and see how much of it is substantiated there. Sift it - it will need sifting; then, what you have left you will not simply have learned from a book, you will know-and when you know it, tell it again.

You need not be pedantic, and with a blio turn of mind and blio cast of face, buttonhole every comrade you meet with, "I could a tale unfold!" or "there was a man!" But speak when there is opportunity and need, and best of all know when someone asks you who wants to know.

If you had met with the ignorance I have, the careless ignorance, you would appreciate knowledge such as you could give. Until you " want to know" you will never understand how little people know

"There is an old French Burying ground on " Hundreds of them buried there!"

"When?" I ask, "and why did they die there? there was no Settlement on the plains. Was it a fight? Were they native French?" But none of this does he know. Over and over again I ask the questions, from old men and young men, from farmers and lawyers and doctors, and from them all I get the same reply "I can not tell you," varied in every instance with more or less parasitical stories of ghosts and buried money, but not from one of them a real account of the burying ground.

"My grandfather used to tell it," says one, " but I someway never cared to remember."

The burying ground is there though, I have been over the sandy ridges, have been shown arms, buckles, money and swords digged from its white soil: They do not tell the tale.

"There is a great oak cross standing on a point of land that makes out from the southern coast line of the Bay of Fundy directly opposite Isle Haut," says another informant.

"Why is it there?" I ask.

"To mark the place where the French are bur-

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

"But what French? Why were they there on the coast, away from the settlements? Who erected the cross?"

" Don't know," he says. "They call the place French Cross though yet."

I scatter my enquiries over the valley, till ignoring the mazy and hazy paths of remembrance, I find my way at last to the shore, and the cross, and from that to the man who erected it in place of the old one put there one hundred and thirty years ago.

From him I get the whole thrilling tale. He had it from his father, and his father had it from one of the Frenchmen who survived and lived with the Indians. It is an interesting story, but O the

trouble to gather it!

And the Province is teeming with such stories-Port Royal, LaHave, Shelburne and Chignecto They are full of historic interest. If you do not believe in ignorance as I have pictured it, begin your asking. Begin with Halifax. You Freshmen might ask of the Sophs: they have been assuring you in many ways that they have absorbed much wisdom in the year behind them. Ask them about the settlement of Halifax. When Saint Paul's church was built, and where the frame came from. Ask what the oldest building in the city is. What those rings fastened in the masses of rocks above Pernett's Island are for. And when you once commence asking you will think of a hundred and one other questions.

"Who founded Kings? and when was it founded?" I asked one of her brightest and most promising students. " I never thought to ask," he says, "So long as they found it time enough for me to be here, that is all I care—and by jove," he added, "I hit it about right too, it must have been found just this way, for it has never grown any that I can see __ no evolution about it; " and satisfied that he had not only parried my question, but had con-vinced me of his familiarity with the problems of the age, he absorbed himself again in his book.

I wonder how many of you students know when Dalhousie was founded and its history. How many as they read this can stop and in three minutes give a concise and satisfactory history of the old Institution.

It is all this, this knowledge that is not so much of books, that we should know. I do not seek for it a paramount place, but it should go a little hand in hand with Classics and football. the sons of Dalhousie ever winning honours for And it needs not years, nor professor, nor tutors | their Alma Mater.

to teach it: it is for your asking, if you ask patiently and long.

There is imminent danger of much of it being lost in the ten years to come. If you students rescue it, absorb it, and diffuse it, it need never be lost. When you find an incident of interest, of people or place or building, take an hour and tell it in an attractive style, and send it to your county newspaper. The editor will snatch at it, and his subscribers will read it, for the same reason they read the murders and scandals-because it is "in our paper." Do this for the sake of preserving it. You will remember it better for writing it, and many will read it who would never think to ask. Try it.

I do not speak from any height of knowledge I have myself attained. It is rather that toiling up the hill, I see the need of many more, and new finger-posts to replace the old fast falling ones: it is from my own difficulties I voice the need, from my own discouragements this entreaty is born; and that it may be easier for others who may be "going this way," I urge you to be up and asking.

D. D.

Dersonals.

E. H. Armstrong, LL. B., '88, who was at one time Financial Editor of the GAZETTE, has for the last year been practicing Law in Weymouth, Digby Co. He is now editor of the Weymouth Press. Earnest has our best wishes.

Robie L. Reid, undergraduate in Law during the years '87 and '88, has been admitted as junior partner in the firm of McLellan & Reid, Fair Haven, Washington Terr.

Elliot and Kent, two of our Medical Students have been appointed Clinical Clerks in Victoria General Hospital, Halifax.

The GAZETTE wishes to congratulate them on their appointment.

Charles Stanley Bruce, general student of last year, was one of the successful candidates for "Grade A" last summer, and is now Principal of Lunenburg Academy.

A. S. MacKenzie, B. A., '85, and Munro Tutor in Mathematics during the years 1887-9, has been awarded a scholarship in Johns Hopkins University for excellence in Physics. Thus are

RAMBLINGS

Somebody, Punch I think, has told us in these latter days that we " ought to live up to our blue china." This oracle is to be best understood in my humble opinion, by considering that particular species of blue ware, known as the willow pattern. How many collectors of bric-a-brac and professed lovers of ceramics ever piece together the disjointed romance of unhappy love, the Chinese Romeo and Juliet, to be read in any specimen of this world famous design? How many giddy misses, how many chronic pessimists pause to reflect that their breakfast plates or afternoon tea-cups reflect, in a most striking way, the universal sadness of life?

Yet it is to be read there in charactery of no double meaning. 'Tis true the gifted artist represents the events of the story as happening at one time, instead of showing us their due succession. The ardent young Chinese crossed the river every night in his light carque or junk to visit the daughter of the proud mandarin who lived in the gorgeous tea-box house under the shadow of the massive fruit trees. She was rich and he was poor, probably, and the match was not to be thought of. It came to her father's knowledge that his daughter encouraged a young man on the sly, so arming himself and his myrmidons with this poem. In my poor judgment, it outweighs scimitars he led them one fine night, across the bridge to the summer-house where the lovers were exchanging vows of eternal fidelity. He had them both ling-chied on the spot and their souls flew off, in the shape of two doves, to the Chinese heaven to be happy forevermore. This touching tale is transmitted in verse by oral tradition, as my nurse taught it to me.

" Two little birds soaring high, A little boat passing by, Three men upon a bridge, If not four : A willow-tree hanging o'er! The tree with many apples on, The wicket gate to hang you on!

The close is startling and has baffled all attempts at explanation. The willow is of the weeping variety; hence its fitness in this tale of

Our blue china may teach us the uncertain tenure of life, as well. I am not the first moralist who has read that lesson in the "willow pattern." Thus Hood mourns in versicles that deserve to be better known, over "The Broken Dish."

" What's life but full of care and doubt. For all its fine humanities"! With parasols we walk about, Long pigtails and such vanities. We plant pomegranate trees and things, And go in gardens sporting. With toys and fans of peacock's wings, To painted ladies courting. We gather flowers of every hue, And fish in boats for fishes, Build summer-houses, painted blue-But life's as frail as dishes. Walking about their groves of trees, Blue bridges and blue rivers. How little thought them two Chinese They'd both be smashed to shivers!"

It is an ungrateful task to explain poetry. It ought to explain itself to the understanding heart, without the aid of an interpreter. So I shall not pause in my ramblings, to point out the charm of all the "Ballades in Blue China," ever written.

Some peculiar people hold that it is a sort of sin to be discursive. They have no mercy on the preacher who wanders from his text, or the argumentative being who does not stick to his point. They think a man should not be counted a human being who reasons in a circle; I have no doubt they would condemn a rambling old house or a stray fancy. Such people should not waste their precious time over this column. If any shouldlet them not be wroth, for I have not led them far afield, in fact, not beyond the rim of a blue china plate.

The Rambler.

The Dalhousie Gazette.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 20th, 1890.

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TERMS;

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HE words of one of the College delegates at the Munro Dinner suggests to us a subject of some importance. The gentleman referred to began his address as follows:—"Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of Dalhousie; or, I might say, Gentlemen of Pictou County." These words afford us additional evidence of a mistaken notion which is abroad concerning the make-up of Dalhousie students, and we cannot let slip this opportunity of saying something on this question.

It is a fact that, in the past, Dalhousie has had very much sympathy and support from the country. The students have been principally from the rural districts, and Pictou County has especially contributed to swell the numbers. George Munro, too, our great benefactor, hails from the same part of the Province. On the other hand, the number of City students attending Dalhousie has, in the past, been very small compared with the others; showing a deplorable lack of interest on the part of those in our immediate neighbourhood, which was often alluded to in the columns of this paper. But, latterly, the scene has changed. Halifax seems to be waking up to the advantages it possesses from the location of our University, and is beginning to realize that it has some duties to fulfil towards Dalhousie. No longer do Haligonians treat us with chilling neglect; no longer are they sending their sons and daughters to other institutions to get poorer instruction than Dalhousie affords; but they are now beginning to recognize Dalhousie much more fully than ever before.

In support of this, a few figures will not be out of place. Out of last year's graduating class of 15 members, 5 were from Halifax, one-third of the number. Out of about 100 undergraduates in the Arts department in the present session fully one-fifth or 20 students, belong to the City; Senior year, 2; Junior year, 6; Sophomore year, 4; Freshman year, 8. In the law department too about the same percentage is found. In addition to these undergraduates, there is the usual number of general students attending from the city.

The only object which we have in view in referring to these facts is to give encouragement to ourselves and others by them. Surely no one will deny that the co-operation of Halifax is necessary to the development of our University. Where shall we look to for financial assistance from time to time if not to the wealthy merchants of the metropolis, whose sons have been educated or who themselves have been benefited by our University? That we have received such assistance in the past let the honoured names of Sir Wm. Young and Alexander McLeod, bear witness. That we will receive more such help in the future, we think is promised by the increased interest which is now being taken in our University by city people.

BY the death of Dr. Lyall, the chair of Logic and Psychology has become vacant. Professor Seth has undertaken the work of that chair for the remainder of the session. But what about succeeding sessions? Is it the intention of the Governors or Senate to amalgamate the two professorships in Philosophy? We hope not, and for several important reasons, which are vital to the interests of Dalhousie as a college and university.

In the first place, the present incumbent of the chair in Metaphysics and Ethics cannot satisfactorily overtake the work of both professorships.

In the next place, Psychology is a subject which has made such rapid strides within the last few years, that if the students are to be benefitted by a study of this increasingly important subject, they must have a professor, who has made a special study of Psychology.

Psychology, now a recognized science, is so far removed from Philosophy, that the professor or student, who has devoted his attention to Mental and Moral Philosophy, can but give the outlines of this subject, that is so rapidly growing, and which, from present appearances, is destined hand in hand with Physiology to give the most satisfactory and definite knowledge of mind and its phenomena.

In the last and most important place, Dalhousie will lose prestige among the sister colleges of the Dominion. For a number of years this university was the only institution in Canada, that supported two chairs in Philosophy. It is only within the last year, that the universities of Toronto and Queens have founded additional chairs in philosophy. If then our Governors suffer this chair to become extinct, the Upper Canada colleges will not be slow to let the world know it. Heretofore Dalhousie has had the name and reputation of having as efficient and well equipped Faculty of Arts, as any institution of learning in the Dominion. The other colleges cannot be blamed for pointing out the advantage in efficiency in this department.

What then do we think should be done in the light of the foregoing statements?

The Governors and Senate should appeal to the friends and graduates of Dalhousie for aid to endow this chair. Fifty thousand dollars would be a sufficient endowment, and would command a first-class professor in the subject.

Let the friends of Dalhousie know the state of things:—that an attempt is being made to keep up this professorship, without which it is almost impossible to carry on the subject.

Surely there a sufficient number of well-disposed people in our province and abroad, to set all fears at rest concerning the future fate of this highly important professorship in Logic and Psychology.

AFTER a break of two weeks, caused by the death of Dr. Lyall, the sophomore class have again taken up their work in Logic. Prof. Seth has kindly undertaken to complete this year's course of lectures in that subject.

Before beginning his first lecture, Prof. Seth made the following beautiful reference to our much esteemed and late lamented Prof:—

"I cannot begin my work with you without some expression, however feeble or inadequate, of my deep regret, which I am sure you all share, at the sad event which has brought us together. Perhaps the best tribute of respect which we can pay to the memory of your late honoured professor, and the fittest attitude in presence of his sudden removal from our midst, is reverent silence. I think that is what is most in keeping with the quiet and sensitive dignity of his nature. Nor did I know him long enough to warrant many words from me. And yet I had learned -as you, I doubt not, had learned too -not only to respect, but to love him. The many conversations I had with him are among my pleasantest and most profitable experiences in connection with this University. I could not but be struck, and never more so than on the last of these occasions, ten days before the end, with the almost youthful ardour and earnestness of his mind in dealing, not only with subjects within his peculiar province, but in the wider fields of human and literary interest. I was also always impressed with the warm and personal interest he took in his students, and with the keenness of his appreciation of any response on their part to this interest in their welfare.

"In particular, the considerate kindness of this class and of last year's, in making his work easier to him during the severe weather, was, I know, the source of much gratification to him."

"He has left his course unfinished, and we sorrowfully take up the broken thread. But he has left us a lesson better than all the lessons of the philosophy he so loved to teach—the example of a pure and noble life."

> "I had a dream the other night. Whon everything was still I dreamed that each subscriber Came up and paid his bill. Each wore a look of honesty. And smiles were round each eye; And as they handed me the stamps, They yelled! 'How's that for high!"

> > -Dalhousie Gazette, May, 1871

We have still over \$300 out in unpaid subscriptions. Many of our graduates owe for one, two or three years back. Please pay up, for the sake of Alma Mater!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT in our last number called attention to the fact, that the "Avery" was not offered for competition at the approaching sessionals. May we not still hope that some means of raising the necessary money will yet be found.

LAST year the Faculty and students were indebted to the Alumni for the amount. Perhaps it would not be too much to ask them-or at least to throw out a gentle hint. But no doubt the generosity of some member or members of the Faculty will render the aforesaid hint unnecesary.

WE took occasion in a former number of the GAZETTE to call the attention of the Governors to the small amount of advertising of the college which they seem to think it necessary to do, the advertisement in the GAZETTE and Educational Review being the only ones in existence so far as we know. How could money be better expended than in furthering the interests of our Alma Mater by advertising the inducements she offers far and wide!

ALL the leading weeklies should contain an advertisement during the summer months, when for the most part young men and women are making up their minds where to take a college course. The leading paper of each county should also be made a medium for letting Dalhousie's special advantages and inducements be known, Much is to be gained, nothing lost, by adopting such a policy. Then why do not the Governors make provision for this very necessary expendi-

In a number of the GAZETTE of 1889-90 a correspondent proposed a "novel scheme" to raise a substantial permanent endowment for Dalhousie. His plan was for graduates to insure their lives in favor of the college. No one seemed to take hold of the idea, and the matter was dropped. But it may have caused some to think at the time and we merely call attention to it to refresh their memories. It is well worth serious consideration.

And so is the plan proposed by a speaker at the Munro Dinner. His scheme was that those who have received pecuniary aid from the advantages that the college offers be asked to pledge themselves to return the amount received as soon as they are in a position to do so. We think there is nothing unreasonable in this suggestion. Many have been fitted for the battles of life by the assistance thus given and have been placed in a position to make more than a mere living. Many could not have taken advantage of a college training at all, if it had not been for this timely assistance. Then why should they not lend a helping hand to their Alma Mater, since she did not forget them in their time of need. Will not some of the more thoughtful consider the matter and prepare some definite plan. Let us hear from you.

As the sessionals are rapidly approaching, we begin to feel very anxious for the species of student technically called a "plugger." We have searched the Dictionaries in vain for a definition of this expressive term, and we have concluded that Lexicographers have not yet been able to

grasp the idea conveyed by this sample of college it from a common sense standpoint. That If a student wishes to go through college with student, who always has his lessons prepared, merriment, is the one who generally receives the name; while he, who through the greater part of the term shirks his work, and schemes to hide the fact from the Professor, and who, when the sessionals are a few weeks off, suddenly becomes a recluse, burns the midnight oil in preparing work which should have been done all through the term, and who, when sessionals are over, comes out of the trial a mere shadow, is the one who most deserves the name But the latter is the first to apply the epithet to his more judicious fellow student, who gave each day its peculiar task. If such a course pursued earns for him the name of "plugger," he need not be ashamed of it. But in this case a distinction should be drawn between the recluse, who takes no part nor interest in any college society or sport, whom not even an intercollegiate game of foot-ball can draw to the field, and the faithful student who attends to his work and also finds time to take part and interest in anything that is going on among the " boys," and who on account of this, is better able to cope with mathematical problems or knotty points in Latin and Greek. Our opinion is that he is a plugger who spends the life of a hermit throughout the term, but that he is more a plugger who "plugs" up the work of the session in the last few weeks of it. We may be wrong. We are still open to conviction.

THERE have been students and there are some now, who have ruined and are ruining their health by carelessness in their habits of study and of taking exercise. It is by no means always the hardest student who undermines his health. It is moreapt to be those who suddenly become diligent towards the latter part of the term, and who. from enjoying abundance of fresh air, shut themselves up in their room in heroic efforts to overtake the back work. The sudden change is often more than

they can stand, and when examinations are over terms. We do not propose to attempt to give a they look and feel worse than those who have concise definition of the word, but we will discuss have been faithful workers throughout the term. health unimpaired, he must not attempt to do the who wastes no time in idle and perhaps harmful work of the sesion in a few weeks, but he must give each week its proper portion, and attend to systematic daily exercise. Not only must the muscles be brought into action, but the mind must have relaxation. What can be be better for the mind than to turn after hours of study at Mathematics and Classics to the pages of Punch or Grip and there to enjoy the "quips and quiddities," which their pages afford. He who will not rest his mind-nay give it recreation, is in danger of finding a home, sooner or later, at Mount Hope.

GEORGE MUNRO DINNER

The great event of the year to which Dalhousie students look forward is the celebration of Munro Day, which this year took place on January

For some days previous there had been much discussion among the students as to how they should best do honour to Dalhousie's greatest benefactor. After several plans had been proposed and considered, it was decided to follow the established custom of having a dinner in his honour; and as there was no opportunity for a sleigh-drive out of town, the streets being bare, the Halifax Hotel was chosen as the most suitable resort.

Accordingly about 8 o'clock in the evening of Munro Day was to be seen a crowd of hungry though happy students seated around the tables in the spacious dining-hall of the Halifax, anxiously awaiting the introduction by the Chairman of the delegates from the "Sister Colleges." Their entrance to the hall was greeted by a cheer such as students alone know how to give. D. C. Mackintosh acted as Chairman, while J. W. Brehaut fulfilled the duties of Vice-Chairman, To the right of the Chairman were ranged the delegates from Acadia and Mt. Allison with Tutor Shaw, while to his left were seated the King's

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

Representative and Tutor Morrison. Our host did not long detain us, and a scene of carnage and consumption followed which we are quite unable to describe. The dinner itself was superior to those of former years, as may be seen by reference to the following:

MENU.

Green Turtle Soup. Petit Pattes aux Huitres, Caribou Cutlets aux Champignon. Fillet of Halibut. Sauce Oporto. Roast Sirloin of Beef with Yorkshire Pudding. Roast Turkey with Cranberry Sauce. Boiled Corned Tongue and Ham. Mashed Potatoes in Cream, Sweet Corn, Green Peas. Plum Pudding. Wine Sauce. Washington Pie, Sandwich Pastry, Strawberry Tartlets. Wine Jelly, Italian Cream. Crackers, Cheese, Colory, &c. Coffee, Temperate Drinks, &c. Apples, Oranges, Assorted Nuts, Raisins, Candied Fruit, Bon-Bons, French Kisses, Pranes, Figs. Grapes, Ginger Snaps, &c.

But all good things must have an end, and so must good appetites. When at last the most voracious had been satisfied, the Chairman announced the "feast of reason and flow of soul" by producing the following:

TOAST LIST.

1.—The Queen								
Chonus.								
- 3.—Other Benefactors	R. Grierson, and Faculty, J. C. Shaw.							
5.—Alma Mater	M. Morrison, Mackintosh,							
For "Kings"Stanley F. For "Acadia"	W. Chipman.							
7.—Our Societies	A. R. Hill.							
Sodales G. D, A. A. C	W. McKeen, R. Grierson.							
Skating Club	G. A. Lear.							
For Kings College Record S. F.	D. D. Hugh. W. Symonds.							
For Acadia Athenaum	. B. Higgins.							
For Dalhousie Gazette J. For City Papers	oresentatives.							

The speeches were fully up to the high standing of former years. George Munro was complimented in a manner befitting his benevolent character, not only by the proposer of the toast in his honour, but also by many other speakers. The Vice-Chairman's eulogy of him, of his paying annually to the college, as he does, an amount equal to the interest on an investment of at least half a million dollars, was greeted by tremendous applause, showing that in the midst of their fun and jollity the students had not forgotten the prime object of the dinner.

The toast to "Sister Colleges" was also enthusiastically honoured, Kings, Acadia, and Mt. Allison each coming in for three rousing cheers as their respective representatives closed their speeches, which were all expressive of the kindly feeling which exists between the students of the Maritime Prozinces.

During the evening a congratulatory telegram was sent to George Munro, and one was received from ex-tutors Murray and MacKenzie, conveying their best wishes to Dalhousie boys.

The speaking ended at a late hour, and the students repaired to their several boardinghouses, all agreeing that it was one of the most enjoyable times ever spent under the auspices of Dalhousie.

MOOT COURT

Plaintiff and Defendant were owners of adjoining lands so situated that the drainage of Defendant's land naturally flowed down upon that of the Plaintiff. To collect the surface water on his land Defendant constructed a large drain which emptied into a slough on his own land and thence found its way into another slough on Defendant's land. This drain accumulated the surface water, but did not take water from any places except such as would naturally drain upon Plaintiff's land. Damage having been occasioned to Plaintiff's crops by this water he brought this action. Sinclair and Huggins for Plaintiff argued that Defendant was liable on the principle of Rylands vs. Fletcher L. R. 3 H. L. that where a man brought on his

land or allowed to accumulate thereon anything, which, if not controlled, would cause injury he was liable. Defendant by building the drain and collecting the water and causing it to come upon the Plaintiff's land in a concentrated form was liable, Addison 238; 3 ont. Rep. 358; 2 ch. D. 700; 3 C. P. D. 168. The concentration of the water and sending it in unusual quantities was an increase of Defendant's easement. Gerrard vs. Cook 3 B. and P. 114; 3 Kent Com. 593.

Roberts and Davison on behalf of Defendant. The Defendant having used his land in the ordinary manner without negligence is not liable, Addison 339; L. R. 9, Ex. 64; 7 H. L. C. 349; 15 C. B., N. S. 376. The water which caused the damage was only the water which would naturally flow upon the plaintiff's land and hence there was no legal injury. Addison 252, 253, 254, 256; 7 C. B. 564. Water flowing in a drain constructed under these circumstances is a natural flow of water, Per Coleridge L. J. in Smith vs. Fletcher L. R 9 Ex. 64.

Boak J. before whom the cause was tried, took time to consider and on a later day filed a judgment for the plaintiff. The judgment is put upon the ground that though the plaintiff was bound to receive the natural surface drainage, he was only bound to receive it in the way in which it had previously flowed. He was not bound to receive it through an artificial channel. The defendant had collected the water and sent it down upon the plaintiff's land in unusual quantities and in a concentrated form by gathering together into a drain water which had formerly spread over the whole of defendant's land. The learned judge relied on the cases of Sutton vs. Clark, 6 Taunt, Williams vs. -, 4 B. and 8157 and the dictum of Lord Crannorth in Rylands vs. Fletcher. He did not think the question one of due care and caution at all, but simply whether the defendant's acts had caused the damage. The defendant was liable, not having acted in accordance with the maxim sie uter tuo ut non alienum laedas.

Judgment for plaintiff with costs.

Erchanges.

University Gazette, never late, never dull, is full to the brim with interest. At present, Feb'y. 3rd, it deals with a bill about to be introduced into the Quebec Legislature granting certain privileges in regard to professional entrance examinations to college graduates. It makes a strong plea for the bill and rightly. We tender our best wishes for its success. Our graduates have the privileges in Nova Scotia and we trust McGill's may soon gain them in Quebec. Surely the standing of McGill should be a sufficient guarantee of the ability and advancement of its graduates.

The University Monthly for February is at a nd. Among other good things we notice an editorial on "A Biographical Record of our Graduates," The intention is a good one and commends itself to all interested in their Alma Mater. Every College should have some such record of men whom they have given to the world and the deeds they have done.

The Argosy -a good college journal-articles up to the average -evidently Sackville is not dead. We note an article on " A Practical Education," somewhat in line with an article in our first issue, for January. The question will come to the front for, we must have practical education even in college in a new country like ours. If as good training can be obtained in studying some practical subject why oppose such education. Shake hands Argosy, we will succeed yet.

The College Times is better in its January number than when we last noticed it in this column. Increase your size and put in more vigour and then success to you fellow students.

On looking at the January copy of the Queen's College Journal we perceive why it has appeared so irregularly this season. The editors were taking along breath in order for a pull all together on this number. Well brother editors, you had a fine subject and we can hardly blame you for making the most of it. We wish Queens all success, and

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

her students, quite a number of whom are from our Lower Provinces, all that life affords. Queens has many friends and an opportunity for a prosperous career.

The College Echoes of St. Andrew's University is so good we wish it were more often on our table. We notice there is a community of interest, as it were, between us in our professors.

The Student is one of our most regular exchanges. The last number contains a short article on Prof. Blackie and an excellent portrait. We always welcome The Student.

From across the line we notice Columbia Spectator with the McGinty fever bad; Harvard Advocate—our first copy for the session; the Niagara Index, in which we came in for a notice.

We note also the Willamette Collegian, a very fair paper but not above the average of college journals. It is a good college news-paper. Willamette is the haven for poor students. We notice their students get board at \$1.60 per week.

The Bema—Union Baptist Seminary—is at hand. We notice that Trefry, Soph 1887-88, is Professor of Mathematics. Bema claims to have sent complimentary copies to all Maritime College papers and that they have only been acknowledged in one case. For ourselves we can say that the first copy of Bema received by us arrived within a week.

The following are on our table as we go to press: Censor, Pennsylvanian, The Student of January, 22nd., the Intercolegian and Acadia Athenaum for February. The Tuftonian, and The Cambridge House Magazine.

Miss Grace Dean McLeod, a young Canadian author, is contributing to Wide Awake a really remarkable series of stories from Acadian old-folk-lore, which she gathers from original sources. "The Kaduskak Giant," in the March number, is a startling illustration of truth stranger than fiction.—Boston Post, Jan. 22nd. 1890.

Dallusiensia.

We wish our Contemporaries to note that this Column is not in tended for the Public, but belongs exclusively to the Students at present attending College, who are alone expected to understand its contents.



ELLISE ON THE WAR PATH.

In several of the class rooms we have noticed this mysterious 'combination of letters':-

A. C. L. O. M. Tres in uno! Cryptogram!!

Who can furnish us with a solution?

Scene-German Class-

Subject-Letter, beginning: "Mein lieber Freund."

Prof. (to rosy-cheeked Junior)—"Is this cor-

Junior (after whispering to the next student.)
"No Sir! it should be Meine etc." Class applauds.
And John does'nt know yet what the joke was.

A much needed clipping for the unclipped :-

"Never in the history of Dalhousie was such attention paid to the cultivation of 'Whiskers' as this session. The whitest down is carefully nurtured and its tension exercised continuously. Day by day the progress is noticed, while success in any particular case incites the rest to increased efforts. Jealous eyes are cast by contending parties at each indication of growth on the faces of their compeers. Woe to the blind barber who attempts to rob them of their choice treasures! Chums agree with each other to note progress, and frankly till any indications of length and change

of colour, or suggest any recipe to increase the growth. "Try, try again," is the cheering encouragement of some to each other, while others have settled down fully convinced that further efforts are of no avail."

We copy the above from a GAZETTE of '70, but it is very applicable to the Law Students of '90, and also to two Seniors in Arts.

A VALENTINE FOR THE GAZETTE.

By the author of " Retaliation,"

Talking late one night
Of the times in which we live,
Of the many famous men
Our century will give,

Our thoughts with one accord
Turn instantly to him,
Of honour English fame
So small, so neat, so trim,
Who, Theologic lore
Intently doth pursue
With which in future days
He many may imbue.

And now behold arise

A form both long and lank,
On whom amazed we gaze,
This awe-inspiring crank.
With learned works of old
His time he doth employ,
Go in lean Saint and win
"And end your course with joy."

Next in our chain of thought
We note the "Missing Link,"
Of oscillating fame
Moustache first-class we think;
To hang upon his lips
Many in crowds appear,
Wherever he may preach
In churches far or near.

From Damon the "Missing Link"
We now to Pythias turn,
Among the "Prophets' Sons"
He midnight oil doth burn,
To elevated heights
We all behold him rise,
And watch his upward flight
With wonder in our eyes.

But time would fail to tell
Of Regulus and the Ghost
And all the other names
Of which our age can boast,

Before the walls of Ilium, ages past,
Brave Hector by Achilles' spear did fall,
And now a second Hector, in these days,
That old-time warrior strongly doth recall,
But with this only difference, that while he
Who lived long since, by man met his D. C's,
This one in sunny bræs and bonny glens
By hand of Helen fair did find release

O-l-v-r! O-l-v-r! Chained in bon(d)s unbreakable art thou. Thou still continuest to kick against the pricks—'And drags't at each remove a lengthening chain'

The following ballad was written after seeing a freshman of tender years escort a young lady from church on Sunday night:—

Now k-f-l-r is a nice young beau
As any girl would wish to know;
In age I ween a trifle green,
For he is just about fifteen;
A trifle too long and a shaving too lean,
But as verdant a Freshie as ever was seen.

We understand that the genial Principal of one of our City Schools meditates a course of study at Acadia College next winter and will likely engage to take the elocution(ist) at the Seminary for better or for worse."

LAW SCHOOL WHISPERS.

That the clerk thought he was dumb.

That his chum gave the joke away

That he was going right home from a lecture

in Partnership.

That he was met at the corner of Coburg Road and Robie Street.

That it was only his sister, you know.

That now he does not always walk from College.

That his lectures in partnership may be of practical benefit in future.

That the eye-glass craze has gone with McGinty. That beards are apparently now in style.

That some are curly, but that of the "Dum-my" is decidedly not built that way.

That the hero of the midnight burglary is fast becoming an expert at pool playing.

That his confidential friend did not retain his confidence.

That M and W stands for Meeson and Welsby. That down home in C. B. board is only a dollar per week.

That buckwheat, pork and fish must be cheap.

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