

*Prof. W. C. Murray*

DECEMBER 18th, 1895.

THE

Dalhousie

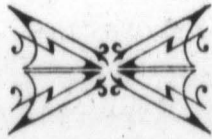
Gazette.

Christmas Number

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

Vol. xxviii.

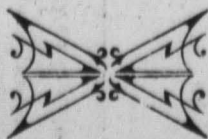
No. 4.



# CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CHRISTMAS (Poem) . . . . .	105
THE MISANTHROPE . . . . .	106
A TALE, MOSTLY TRUE . . . . .	108
THE QUEST OF THE HAMMER . . . . .	112
THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND VENEZUELA . . . . .	115
SUNDAY TALKS, NO. 2 . . . . .	117
MY LADY OF DREAMS (Poem).. . . . .	121
NEEDS OF DALHOUSIE. By D. A. Murray... . . . .	121
CLOSER UNION . . . . .	127
SOME SCRAPS AND SNAPS.. . . . .	128
LEGAL FICTIONS AS A METHOD OF LAW REFORM . . . . .	129
PICTOVIAN REMINISCENCES, NO. IV . . . . .	132
EDITORIALS :—Christmas Greeting, p. 135 ; Professor McDonald, p. 136 ; Higher Education, p. 136 ; At it Again . . . . .	137
FOOTBALL. . . . .	138
MOCK PARLIAMENT..... . . . .	142
VARSIY NOTES ... . . . .	144
COLLEGE SOCIETIES . . . . .	145
FACETIÆ.. . . . .	147
PERSONALS..... . . . .	151



→\*C. G. SCHULZE,\*←

Practical Watch and Chronometer Maker.

—IMPORTER OF—

Fine Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, Fine Jewelry and Optical Goods. Chronometers for Sale, for Hire, and Repaired. Rates determined by Transit Observations. Special attention given to repairing Fine Watches.

165 BARRINGTON STREET, - - HALIFAX, N. S.

ALBERT H. BUCKLEY, PH. M.,

Chemist,

49 Spring Garden Road, - HALIFAX.

CLAYTON & SONS,

Tailors and Clothiers,

11 JACOB ST.,

Try our \$4.75 PANTS.

M. S. BROWN & CO.,

128 & 130 Granville Street.

Manufacturing Jewellers, Watchmakers and Engravers.

ALL WORK done on our own Premises by EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.

DANIEL FAULKNER,

25 Spring Garden Road,

Dealer in Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods.

CUSTOM WORK MADE TO ORDER FROM ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND DOMESTIC STOCK.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. • • ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

E. MAXWELL & SON,

Merchant Tailors,

132 GRANVILLE STREET.

PHONE 867.

HALIFAX, N. S.

ELITE STUDIO.

GAUVIN & GENTZEL,

Photographic Artists,

16 Spring Garden Road,

HALIFAX, N. S.

BARNSTEAD & SUTHERLAND,

Will call the attention of all to their large and well-assorted stock of

Dry Goods and Furnishings.

145 BARRINGTON STREET. 147

CAHILL & GALLAGHER'S

Hair Dressing Parlors,

UNGAR BUILDING.

THE MOST COMMODIOUS & BEST EQUIPPED IN THE CITY.

SIX BARBERS.

POMPADOUR HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

Use Cahill & Gallagher's "BALM OF WITCH HAZEL" for the Complexion.

68 and 70 Barrington St., - HALIFAX, N. S.

MRS. E. MILLIKEN

168 Spring Garden Road,

Near Robie Street.

HAS A FULL LINE OF

Choice Groceries.

—ALSO—

CANNED GOODS IN VARIETY.

Tobaccos, Cigars and Cigarettes,

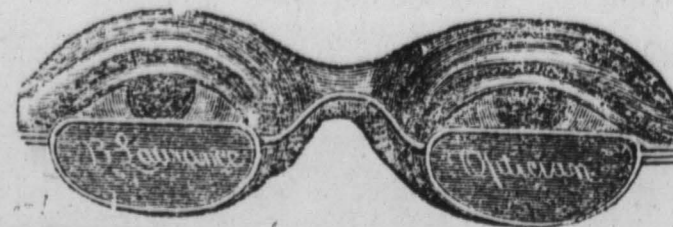
Ginger Beer, Cider, Lemonade,

Fruits, Confectionery.

HOMEMADE JAMS A SPECIALTY.

GOODS DELIVERED.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.



STUDENTS who apply themselves closely to their studies are apt, at times, to feel their eyes pain. To prevent this a pair of

B. Laurance's Axis-Cut Pebble Spectacles

Should be worn, which are very restful to the eyes. These glasses are fitted on scientific principles at the Agency,

LONDON DRUG STORE,

147 HOLLIS ST.

J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, Prop.

Student's Shades in Stock.

(1)

# DALHOUSIE COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY,



SESSION,

1895-96.

## FACULTY OF ARTS.

- REV. PRESIDENT FORREST, D. D., F. S. C., (Lond., D.C.L. (Vind.), George Munro Professor of History and Political Economy.  
 CHARLES MACDONALD, M.A., (Aber.), Professor of Mathematics.  
 JOHN JOHNSON, M.A., (Dub.), Emeritus Professor of Classics.  
 GEORGE LAWSON, PH.D., LL.D., F.I.C., F.R.S.C., Emeritus McLeod Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy.  
 JAMES LIECHTI, M.A., (Vind.), McLeod Professor of Modern Languages.  
 JAMES GORDON MACGREGOR, M. A., (Dal.), D.S.C., (Lond.), F.R.S.S.E.&C., George Munro Professor of Physics.  
 ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, B.A., (Tor.), PH.D., (J. H. U.), George Munro Professor of English Language and Literature.  
 WALTER C. MURRAY, M.A., (Edin.), George Munro Professor of Philosophy.  
 HOWARD MURRAY, B.A., (Lond.), McLeod Professor of Classics.  
 W. J. KARSLAKE, PH. D. (J. H. U.), Lecturer in Chemistry.  
 PROFESSOR W. C. MURRAY, Librarian.  
 SERGT. KELLY, Instructor in Gymnastics.

## FACULTY OF PURE & APPLIED SCIENCE.

- THE PRESIDENT (*ex officio*).  
 CHARLES MACDONALD, M.A., Professor of Mathematics.  
 GEORGE LAWSON, PH.D., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Chemistry, and Lecturer in Mineralogy and Litology, and Botany.  
 JAMES LIECHTI, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages.  
 J. GORDON MACGREGOR, D.S.C., Professor of Physics, Lecturer in Applied Mechanics.  
 ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, B.A., P.H.D., Professor of English Language and Literature.  
 WALTER C. MURRAY, M.A., Professor of Mental Science.  
 MARTIN MURPHY, D.S.C., (Vind.), C.E., Provincial Government Engineer; Lecturer on Civil Engineering.  
 EDWIN GILPIN, JR., A.M., (Vind.), F.G.S., F.R.S.C., Inspector of Mines, Lecturer on Mining.  
 F. W. W. DOANE, C.E., Halifax City Engineer, Lecturer on Municipal Engineering.  
 C. E. W. DODWELL, B.A., M.J.C.E., M.C.S.C.E., Resident Engineer Public Works of Canada, Lecturer on Hydraulic Engineering.  
 ALEX. MCKAY, Esq., Supervisor of Schools, Lecturer on History of Education.  
 A. W. H. LINDSAY, M.D., Professor of Anatomy.  
 RODERICK MCCOLL, C.E., Asst. Provincial Engineer, Lecturer on Surveying.  
 S. A. MORTON, M.A., Lecturer on Descriptive Geometry.  
 PROF. MACGREGOR, Dean of the Faculty.  
 PROF. LIECHTI, Registrar of the Faculty.

## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

- President, PROF. HOWARD MURRAY, B.A.; Vice-Presidents, R. J. WILSON, Esq.; J. C. SHAW, M.A.; GEORGE G. PATTERSON, M.A., LL.B.; W. B. WALLACE, LL.B.; JOHN MONTGOMERY, B.L., LL.B.; Secretary, R. H. MCLLREITH, LL.B.; Treasurer, WM. D. CAMERON, Esq.; Executive Committee, PROF. J. G. MACGREGOR, D.S.C.; C. H. CAHAN, B.A., LL.B.; J. A. MCKINNON, B.A., LL.B.; W. E. THOMPSON, LL.B.; J. W. LOGAN, B.A.; S. A. MORTON, M. A.

## FACULTY OF LAW.

- THE PRESIDENT (*ex officio*).  
 RICHARD CHAPMAN WELDON, A.M., (Mt. All.), PH.D., (Yale), q.c., George Munro Professor of International and Commercial Law, Crimes, Shipping and Insurance.  
 BENJAMIN RUSSELL, A.M., (Mt. All.), q.c., Professor of Contracts, Lecturer on Bills and Notes, Sales and Equity Jurisprudence.  
 C. SYDNEY HARRINGTON, q.c., Lecturer on Evidence, Partnerships and Companies.  
 GEORGE RITCHIE, LL.B., Lecturer on Real Property and Conveyancing.  
 ALFRED SILVER, LL.B., Lecturer on Equity Jurisprudence.  
 HECTOR MCINNIS, Lecturer on Procedure.  
 H. MELLISH, B.A., LL.B., Lecturer on Torts.  
 R. S. MCKAY, Librarian.

## FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

- THE PRESIDENT (*ex officio*).  
 GEORGE LAWSON, PH.D., LL.D.  
 JOHN SOMERS, M.D., (Bell. Hosp. Med. Coll., N. Y.), Examiner in Medicine.  
 D. A. CAMPBELL, M.D., C.M., (Dal.), Examiner in Materia Medica and Therapeutics and Pathology.  
 A. W. H. LINDSAY, B.A., (Dal., M.D., C.M., (Dal.), M.B., C.M., (Edin.), Examiner in Anatomy and Practical Anatomy.  
 JOHN STEWART, M.B., C.M., (Edin.), Examiner in Surgery.  
 A. W. PAGE, M.D., (Harv.), President N. S. Med. Board, Examiner in Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.  
 HON. D. MCN. PARKER, M.D., (Edin.), L.R.C.S., (Edin.), Examiner in Medicine.  
 EDWARD FARRELL, M.D., (Coll. P. and S., N. Y.), Examiner in Surgery.  
 ANDREW J. COWIE, M.D., (Univ. Penn., M.R.C.P., (Lond.), Examiner in Clinical Medicine.  
 JOHN F. BLACK, M.D., (Coll. P. and S., N. Y.), Examiner in Clinical Surgery.  
 ALEXANDER P. REID, M.D., C.M., (McGill), L.R.C.S., (Edin.), L.C.P. and S., Can., Supt. V. G. Hospital, Examiner in Medical Jurisprudence.  
 M. A. CURRY, M.D., (Univ. N. Y.), Examiner in Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.  
 MURRAY MCLARREN, M.D., Examiner in Physiology and Histology.  
 WM. S. MUIR, M.D., C.M., (Dal.), L.R.C.P. and S., (Edin.), Examiner in Materia Medica and Therapeutics.  
 H. MCD. HENRY, q.c., Judge of Supreme Court, Examiner in Medical Jurisprudence.  
 WM. TOBIN, F.R.S.C. (Ireland), Examiner in Ophthalmology, Otology and Laryngology.  
 L. M. SILVER, M.B., C.M., (Edin.), Examiner in Physiology and Histology.  
 FRED W. GOODWIN, Lecturer on Materia Medica.

COLWELL BROS., 123 Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, HATS, CAPS.

Importers of Waterproof Coats and Custom Shirt Makers.

97 - BARRINGTON STREET, - 101  
 HALIFAX.

MAHON BROS., Importers.

The Largest Retail Dry Goods House in the City.

### A Brilliant Student.

Head of the class, perfect recitations, and examinations, envied by all. To attain such honor a good memory is necessary. The new physiological discovery, *MEMORY RESTORATIVE TABLETS*, quickly and permanently increase the memory two to ten fold, and greatly augment intellectual power. Difficult studies, lectures, etc., easily mastered; truly marvellous, highly endorsed, your success assured. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Send for circular.

MEMORY ELEMENTS CO.,

1 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

JULIUS G. SIEVERT,

Wholesale & Retail Tobacconist.

189 HOLLIS STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Laws of the Game of Ball as played by Dalhousie Foot Ball Club, 10 cents each, or 90 cents per dozen, post paid.

### NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES

Beautifully Embossed, with name of Dalhousie College and University, at same price as plain paper.

COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS Imported to Order, cheaper than any other place in the city.

KNOWLES' BOOKSTORE, A. M. HOARE, Manager, Cor. George and Granville Streets.

## Halifax Medical College.

WINTER SESSION,—SIX MONTHS' OCTOBER TO APRIL.

For copies of Annual Announcement, and all information, address:

DR. CARLETON JONES, Secretary,

136 Hollis St., HALIFAX, N. S.

(3)

**KNIGHT & CO.**

**Booksellers and Stationers,**

118 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

We make a specialty of supplying the wants of **STUDENTS**, and keep a well-assorted stock of **BOOKS** and **STATIONERY** for Students' use.

COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS NOT IN STOCK OBTAINED PROMPTLY TO ORDER.

PRICE OUR TEXT BOOKS BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

The Waterman and the Wirt Fountain Pens are the Best. Try them.

**KNIGHT & CO.**

**The Notman Studio.**

**Special Rates always given DALHOUSIE COLLEGE STUDENTS.**

Call in at the Studio when passing.

**39 GEORGE STREET.**

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**



SPECTACLES & EYEGLASSES, the most complete stock in the city. Eyes tested free of charge by Graduate Optician.

**H. W. CAMERON,**

**Chemist and Druggist,**

219½ BRUNSWICK STREET,

OPF. GARRISON CHURCH.

Keeps everything you require in the **DRUG LINE**, and gives a Special Discount to Dalhousie Students.

**ICE CREAM.**

Public and Private Receptions Supplied at Short Notice.

NOTE THE VARIETY TO CHOOSE FROM:

CHOCOLATE, GINGER, CARAMEL, VANILLA, LEMON, ORANGE, PINE APPLE, PISTACHE, COFFEE, BROWN BREAD, PEACH, STRAWBERRY.

Also—WATER ICES, &c., &c.

Large Assortment of **CONFECTIONERY**. **FRUITS** of all kinds in their Season.

**HUBLEY, TEAS & CO.,**

82 and 84 Barrington Street,

Telephone 788.

HALIFAX, N. S.

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

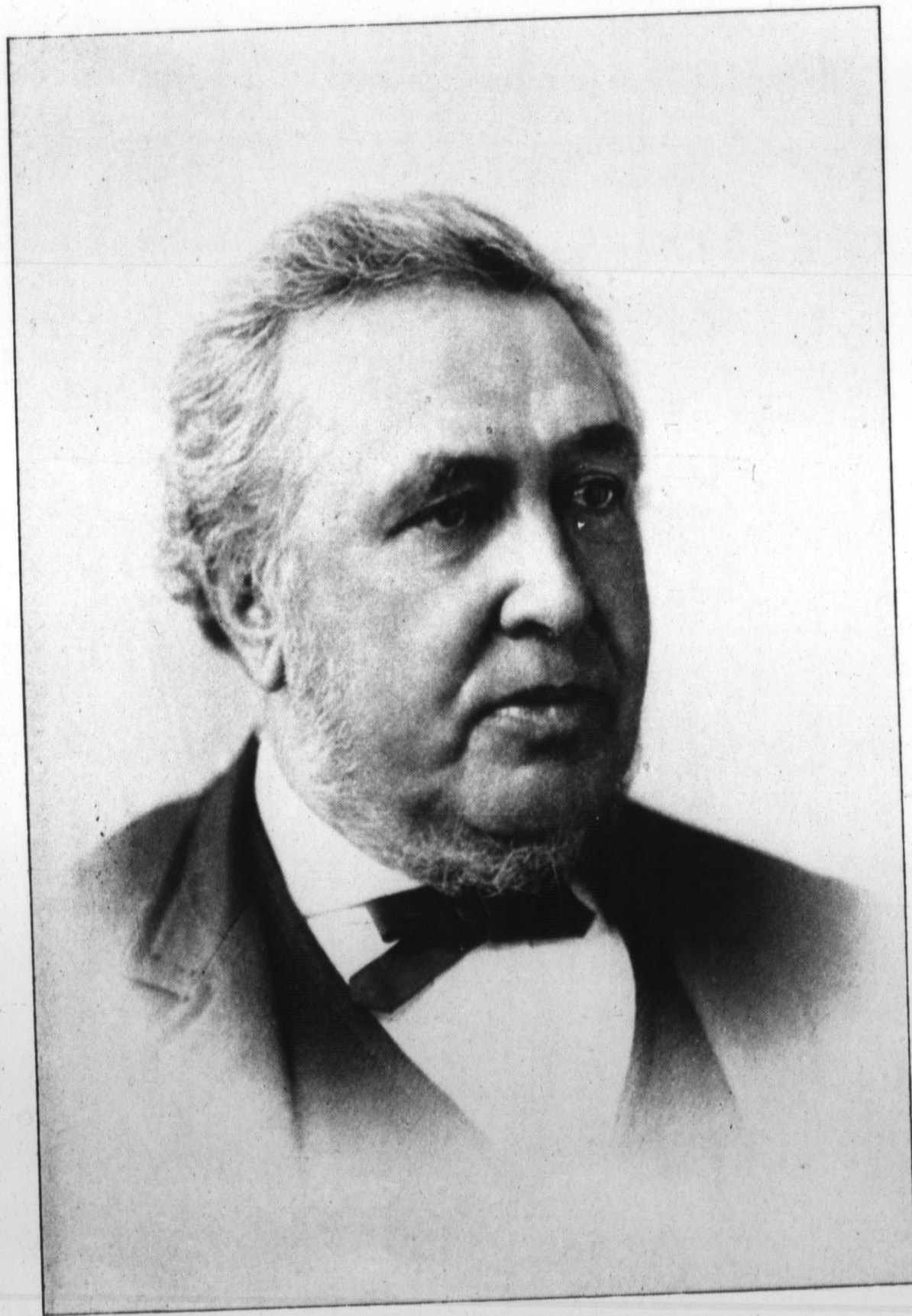
"ORA ET LABORA."

VOL. XXVIII. HALIFAX, N. S., - DECEMBER 18, 1895. No. 4.

## CHRISTMAS.



OW will our Christmas come  
Woven from time's great loom?  
In whirling, piling, woolly snow  
That curves and folds and holds all tints,  
And makes the fleecy clouds of June  
A carpet underneath our feet?  
Or in a dark and misty blow  
With foggy air and southern hints,  
With dim light glimmering out of tune  
And winds filled up with winter heat?  
With joyous greetings for each man,  
With promptings loud for new desire,  
To spurn and curb the ignobler self,  
To crush the serpent and the beast?  
With firmer purpose, nobler plan,  
To leave the low and have the higher  
By holding truth in scorn of pelf,  
And choosing brave deeds love the least?  
Or will it bring us weary days  
When thro' the dark red passion sky,  
The war that weakens virtue's wall  
Is waged within hearts fit for love  
When fires slow burn the cords and stays  
Of life's best sails, and we ne'er try  
To quench the flame nor hear the call  
That bids us walk with men above?  
To shew us duty is our work,  
To call us to a scorn of ease,  
That finding in the humblest hour  
The germ of life's eternal tree,  
We may accept and never shirk  
The task that takes more than we please,  
And finds us in the sun or shower  
Self conscious toilers brave and free.  
The tear of sorrow some shall shed  
A bitter tear torn from the heart,  
As by the fireside in the gloom  
The mother will not stay her tears,  
For sacred is the hour when wed  
With mother love, grief sits apart  
And weaves with weary time's tired loom  
The fortitude that battles fears.



CHARLES MACDONALD, M.A.  
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS, DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY,  
HALIFAX, N.S.

Howe'er it comes it still shall tell  
 The truth that gives an endless lie  
 To all that crawls and winds with sense,  
 To all that loves the light the less.  
 And if it dawn with jingling bell  
 Or baleful mist or tearful eye,  
 Or wanderings in darkness dense ;  
 This one clear truth it will confess  
 That Christ was born the Babe Divine,  
 This truth that bids man ne'er repine.

MACL.

---

 THE MISANTHROPE.

HOW he came to be at odds with the rest of humanity is of no present consequence. Let it suffice that instead of loving his neighbour as himself, he felt towards him that degree of detestation which must express itself in overt acts. Nor was his controversy with individuals merely, but with the whole human world about him, and henceforth the only source of gratification open to him was to be found in the misery of others.

To him in this condition of mind had come the power of obtaining for others the boons they craved most eagerly. Life having been one bitter disappointment, a desolating record of blasted hopes, and blighted ambitions, the Prince of the Power of the Air had in a moment of ironic inspiration appointed him a special agent for the undoing of his fellows by enabling them to achieve what they most desired, and with sinister alacrity he accepted the commission.

How the fact became known matters not, but presently there came to him, one by one seeking his aid, those whose lives were full of longing for objects they saw not their way to obtain.

The first applicant was a young man who would fain be rich. He had known nothing but cramping poverty all his days, and the iron was eating into his soul, altho' the long hard struggle was developing all the nobler traits of his nature. "Your wish is granted," said the Misanthrope, scarce concealing a smile of sardonic satisfaction. "You will have gold beyond reckoning."

Thenceforth it seemed as though the touch of Midas were his and he took rank among the merchant princes of the world. But the more he had, the weaker grew the impulse to do aught for others—the more he got, the harder he found it to give. And love left him to be replaced by mercenary eye-service, and he became blind to the beauty, and stolid to the pathos, and irresponsible to the humor of life, a mere money-making machine,

not so far removed from that wonderful apparatus which tests the sovereigns in the Bank of England with almost human intelligence. And the Misanthrope rubbed his hands together gleefully saying: "My work is done with him."

Then there came to him a beautiful girl who had bestowed her love where it was not returned, and to her the Misanthrope said: "Sigh no more. He shall soon be at your feet."

In due time it so fell out, and the two were wed, but the years brought such bitter disenchantment that the cry went up from the woman's heart that she had better have died than have had her way—and the Misanthrope shook his head with knowing significance muttering: "I knew it would be so."

Again it was a young man fascinated by the glare and glitter of public life, and believing that he had the gift of oratory that would enable him to weave sweet words, and melt mutable minds of wise men as with fire. And to him the Misanthrope spoke: "Go forth! thou shalt sway the multitude as the summer wind the full-eared wheat."

He rose to the highest pinnacle of political power, but his upward path was strewn with the noble ideals and lofty aspirations which had been his at the start, but which he had cast aside one by one, for they were impediments to him,—all those things that were pure, and honest, and of good report had left behind, and without faith in his fellows, or pride in himself, he stood at the summit only to look back regretfully to the foot of the way, and to murmur: "Oh! that I were a boy again, and that this had never been!"

Others came by scores and by hundreds, and to all the Misanthrope granted the desires of their heart, and in every instance these proved to be but apples of Sodom turning to ashes in the mouths of the eager biters. It was all rare sport to him, for was he not settling his account with humanity after a method so novel and original, that he had good right to take double delight therein?

One day there appeared before him a man who, strange to say, had naught to ask of him, save a question—no ambition to be satisfied, no prize to be won, no selfish end to be served—nothing but this question: "What think you, Misanthrope. Is the world the worse or better for your work?"

Right promptly and jubilantly the Misanthrope responded: "Dullard! how can you be in doubt? What have my clients reaped but chagrin and carking regrets?"

"Ay—so be it for them," retorted the questioner. "But I spoke not of them, but of the world. From that man of millions it learned the powerlessness of mere wealth to make the owner happy; in that unhappy woman it saw the folly of ill-placed passion; by that politician's barren brilliance, it learned the

emptiness of public honour; thus has the world been made wiser, and the way been opened to better things."

And the Misanthrope was silent, for the bitterest of all the apples of Sodom was the one which had thus been pressed to his own lips.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

A TALE, MOSTLY TRUE.

THE sun was shining in all his splendour, touching with silver the caps of the waves on a beautiful lake in Colchester County, which bore the very prosaic and every day name of "Short's Lake," gleaming white on the sail of a small boat, and throwing into deep shadow the figures of four men who, with pipes in mouth, had given themselves up to the fullest enjoyment of doing nothing. Three of the occupants of the boat were young men, scarcely entered on manhood, the other was a man of about sixty-five, tall, erect, and vigorous, and showing in his every movement as well as his face and figure the old soldier. How he came to be with the youngsters, seeing that he was in no way connected with them, has no bearing on the story I am about to relate. One of the young men was speaking, "Will, do you remember the night we were upset in the surf at Cow Bay?" Will, the youngest of the party, laughed, "I do not imagine that I shall ever forget that night, and I do not think I would wish to; or the next day either. I was the only one," he added, turning to the others, "who had an extra suit of clothes, so, of course, they made me do all the work around the camp, while they sat around in blankets and laughed at me." "You were orderly man then," said the old man. That set us talking of camp experiences, of which the old soldier had a great store. "Sergeant-Major," said the writer, "cannot you tell us of some of your Crimean experiences?" "Why, my dear lad, it would take me hours." "Well, we have lots of time to spare," said John, who was steering.

"Well," said the old man, "we landed at Kimish on the morning of the 14th day of November, 1854, just after the battle of Inkerman, and I can show you that on the next morning there were only two tents left standing in the whole regiment. The rest had been blown down by a gale, which raged all that night.

"Then we had three miles to cut our way to Sebastapol,—not three miles straight, you understand, but three miles of zigzag trenching. Oh, those days and nights in the trenches! Lads, I tell you, it was not the fighting, nor the bloodshed, that made that campaign one of the hardest a British soldier ever knew. It was the hunger and cold and privations in

the trenches. There was no wood to be got, except in the ravine, where it was worth a man's life to go for it, consequently nearly all our meals were eaten raw, even our coffee was served out to us unroasted, and I can show you that, for eleven months, from the 14th of November, 1854, to the middle of October, 1855, we never put our clothes off, but slept every man with his accoutrements on his back and his musket on his arm. Day and night we were in those horrible trenches, slowly digging our way toward the Russian position. The night work was the worst, of course, for almost every night the Russians made a sortie to drive us from our position and prevent our working.

"One night I remember well. It was a cold night; rain had been falling all day, and was still falling, a cold, nasty drizzle and we all wore our gray great coats. We were working in the advance trench and were anxiously awaiting our relief, when the sentry, posted to give alarm of any Russian attack, suddenly called out, 'Look out, boys, they are coming,' and fell dead with a bullet through his heart, and the Russians were on us. We had scarce time to throw down our spades and catch up our arms; and there, for what seemed hours, we fought them hand to hand, using our bayonets as daggers, but the Russians would not give way. They could not see our scarlet jackets on account of our great coats, and, thinking we were the French, for whom they cared nothing, they would not give way. Just when things were at their bluest, and we were fighting desperately in the dark, and scarcely knowing whether we were striking friend or foe, the order came to cheer. When they heard the British cheer, they knew where they were and then they gave way quick enough. After that the order came, 'Hot or cold, rain or shine, turn out in scarlet.' There were no more great coats in the trenches after that night."

Here the Sergeant-Major paused with a smile of pride, and, pulling up his coat sleeve, showed us the scar where a Russian bayonet had pierced his arm on that terrible night in the trenches before Sebastapol. Then, his pipe having gone out in the telling of the tale, he proceeded to refill it, and John, turning to the writer, asked, "Where do we land for lunch?" "Just in that little cove," I replied, and the boat's head was turned in silence toward the land. Landing, a fire was built, coffee prepared, and a good lunch enjoyed. After the things had been repacked in the boat, we lay around on the grass in utter laziness. Lying there on that pleasant knoll, gazing lazily on the dancing water, and letting the eye travel slowly to the opposite shore of the lake, where lay Brennan's snug farm house and orchard, with the sweep of sunny cultivated fields, and children at play on the lake shore, it seemed hard, amid a scene whose every light and shadow spoke of peace and happiness, to realize that one of our number had passed through such an experience as that to which we had been listening. But with a



young man's reverence for all things martial, especially when the outcome was the final triumph of the British arms, we turned once again to the old man where he lay at full length, his old briar sending up clouds of fragrant smoke, and his intelligent, deeply lined face wearing a look of utter contentment, and asked for yet another tale; for our friend was fond of talking to us of his soldier days, and of how his regiment had lined the streets of Halifax for the Prince of Wales.

"One night," said he, "we were told to storm the Redan. And now I must explain to you just how it was. The Malakof was the key to Sebastapol, and in front of it lay the French position. The Redan was in front of us, and the Malakof could play into the Redan, but the Redan could not play into the Malakof, the latter being on higher ground. The plan of action was that the English should storm the Redan for the purpose of taking the attention of the Russians off the Malakof, while the French should storm it. Our orders were to take the Redan, and hold it for three-quarters of an hour, by which time, it was calculated, the French flag would be flying on the Malakof.

"The night before the attack, we were drawn up in a ravine, and the colonel said to us, 'Men, I am glad to inform you that we form the storming party to-morrow.' There were many anxious faces then, for in a storming party death is frightfully busy. That night, since it might be the last on earth for us, we had a party at the sergeants' mess. I was color-sergeant then, and a merry time we had, in spite of the morrow, for we had grown used to death, and it had lost nearly all its terrors. Familiarity breeds contempt. There were two sergeants in my regiment named Holmes, brothers, of whom one was in my company. As the party broke up, Holmes said to me, 'Tom, one of the Holmes is to die to-morrow, and I'm the one.' 'Nonsense, Bob,' said I, 'You have been drinking too much.' But he insisted that he knew he was to be killed.

"Well, lads, the next morning the attack took place. There were only fifteen hundred of us in the storming party, and we had two hundred and forty yards to run between our advance trench and the Redan. Two hundred and forty yards of open ground, without a bit of shelter, and swept by grape and canister. Over this we advanced at a run, men falling thick, but with never a faltering in the line. At the end of this terrible two hundred and forty yard dash, we came to a trench, thirty feet wide and twenty feet deep, which guarded the Redan. This was passed by means of scaling ladders; and it was here that the melancholy presentiment of Sergeant Holmes was fulfilled, for, just as he reached the top of the trench, he was struck by a ball, and fell back into that frightful ditch, dead, I sincerely hope. Then, boys, I don't know how, but we were in the fort, and fighting the Russians as if it were the only joy in life. Back, and still back, we pressed them, until, almost before we

knew it, we were masters of the Redan. Now we were in, and, English like, we would not come out. Our orders were, 'Hold it for three quarters of an hour'; we held it for an hour and a half. Then reinforcements arrived for the Russians, and we were, in our turn, driven out, still fighting,—but at last the French flag flew on the Malakof.

"Back over the wall of the fort we went, back over that awful trench, and, lads, you may think I'm lying, but as there's a God above us, and never a word of a lie in it, that trench, which we had crossed with ladders in our advance, in our retreat we crossed on a bridge made of the bodies of our dead and dying comrades. Yes, boys, that trench was bank full, a horrible, heaving, moaning mass; and one had to step very carefully, for the bayonets were sticking up like quills on a porcupine. Then we still had that two hundred and forty yards to do, and the Russians were again playing it with grape and canister; but we did it somehow; but of the fifteen hundred men who had gone out that morning, not three hundred came back. Well, I'll show you. I was sergeant of my company, and that morning I served out forty-eight grogs; that night I served out eight. The rest, God help them, were in the fort or in that living grave the trench."

The sun had been slowly sinking, and the breeze was falling, so with a sigh for the days that had been, and a proud beat of the heart for the glory of the British army, we left the spot for the boat. I took the tiller, and with the slowly failing breeze, we started for home, John softly repeating:—

"Give us a song,' the soldier cried,  
The outer trenches guarding;  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.  
And the dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening under,  
And the tawny mound of the Malakof  
No longer belched its thunder.  
There was a pause, a guardsman said,—  
'We storm the forts to-morrow;  
'Sing, while we may, another day  
'Will bring enough of sorrow.'"

We were all silent, and the ripple of the water under the bow of the boat made a pleasing accompaniment to the rise and fall of our comrade's full, rich voice. He had just reached,—

"Sleep, soldier! still in honor drest,  
Thy truth and valor wearing,  
The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring,"—

when our boat's bow touched the wharf at the mill, with a touch so gentle that it almost seemed that it was itself aware that the moment was one for silence.

With a hearty shake of the hand, and an assurance of welcome at any time, we left our old friend, and took our way to camp, feeling that if war is terrible it is also magnificent.

R. B. G.

## THE QUEST OF THE HAMMER.

(FROM THE OLD ICELANDIC OF THRYMSQVITHA.)

"The mightiest of the gods is Thor, strongest of gods and men. He has a car drawn by two goats; and he likewise possesses three very precious things. The first of these is a mallet called Mjollni, which the Frost Giants and the Berg Giants both know to their cost. \* \* \* \* 'There is still another,' continued Har, 'reckoned in the number of the deities, whom some call the slanderer of the gods, 'perpetrator of all fraud and mischief, and the disgrace of gods and men. His name is Loki,'"—EDDA, *passim*.



WROTH now was Wing-Thor when, awakening,  
His hammer he had not, Mollni was missing;  
Long beard a-shaking, locks tossing angerly,  
Counselled Son of Earth where to seek it.

Fell first of all this forth from his lips:  
"Hear thou now, Loki, what I shall tell thee,  
"Which none on earth anywhere wotteth,  
"Nor in high heaven: stolen is my hammer."

Forthwith to Freya, fair one, went they,  
Meted his message measured swiftly:  
"Wilt thou me, Freya, feather-coat lend?  
"Fain would I Mollni, my mallet, have."

## Quoth Freya:

"Yet would I give it thee, golden tho' it e'en were  
"Have it shouldst thou were 't even of silver."

Flew then Loki, feather-mail resounded,  
Till from gods' abode far had flown he,  
Till into giant-land far had winged he.

Lo, on a mound sat lord of giants,  
Greyhound bound he, gold the bonds were,  
His mare's coat sleeked he, mane he straightened.

## Quoth Thrym:

"What troubles gods now? What troubles goblins?  
"Why art thou hither come to Jotunheim?"

## Quoth Loki:

"Ill fares with gods now, ill fares with goblins;  
"Hast thou the hammer of Thunderer hidden?"

## Quoth Thrym:

"Yea have I hidden the hammer of Thund'rer;  
"Deep down lies it in leagues of earth eight;  
"Speeding bears it hence brood of man none,  
"Lest back fare with him Freya to wed me."

Flew then Loki, feather-mail resounded,  
Till from Jotunheim far had flown he,  
Till to Asgard far had winged he,  
Met he Thor there throned in high hall,  
Meted his message in measure hurried.

## Quoth Loki:

"Told is tale of thine, earned thine errand;  
"Thrym thy hammer has, thieving giant;  
"Hardly will brood of man hither bring it  
"Lest with him fare hence Freya to wed."

Forthwith to Freya, fair one, went they;  
Quickly his wishes worded he forth:  
"Bind thou thy brows with bridal linen!  
"With me to journey to Jotunheim.

Wroth then was Freya, fuming, furious,  
Trembled the high hall, home of the Aesir,  
Ripped with her raging her ringed necklace:  
"Me deem'st thou, mayhap, man-desirous,  
"That I with thee journey to Jotunheim!"

Thereupon gathered gods to council,  
Goddesses there, too, gathered at bidding,  
Counsel they meted, mighty rulera,  
How they might Thunderer's hammer retrieve.

Whereupon Heimdallr, hoary immortal  
(He compasses future, care of the Vanir):  
"Bind we Thor there with bridal linen,  
"Let him wear the necklace, the well-known Brising,  
"Necklace of Freya, fairing famous!"

"House-keys give him at girdle falling,  
"And his knees cover with kirtle of maid,  
"On his broad breast brightest jewels,  
"His twining locks in twisted ringlets."

Hereupon Thor, hero mighty:  
"Me shall immortals meanly reckon,  
"If I let bind myself in bridal linen."

Then spake up Loki, Leafyisle's son:  
"Forthwith be silent, Thor, from such-like words;  
"Shortly must the jotuns sway in Asgard,  
"Haply if thy hammer hither home not."

Bind they then Thor there with bridal headress,  
Wearth he Brising, well-known jewel,  
House-keys they give him from girdle falling,  
On his bosom broad bright jewels  
His twining locks in twisted top-knot.

Quoth thereat Loki, Leafyisle's offspring;  
 "Meet is it for me handmaid to go;  
 "Ride we both journeying to Jotunheim.

Forthwith from field were fetched the he-goats,  
 Straightly to shafts came, speeding swiftly;  
 Crashing crags over, flame at felloes,  
 Rode son of Odin Jotunheim into.

Loudly laughed Thrym then, lord of giants:  
 "Up, stand up, strong ones, strew the benches!  
 "Now there fares to me Freya to wed.

"Come to my courtyard cows golden horned,  
 "Oxen all coal-black, game for my jotuns;  
 "Lack I not treasure, lack I not trinkets,  
 "Nought but the fair one, Freya, fails me."

Was then at evening early the ale brought,  
 Soon to the giants served at table;  
 Ox of full growth ate Sif's husband,\*  
 Eight of Salmon, tid-bits many,  
 Morsels dainty which a maiden fancies,  
 Drank of mead alone measures full three.

Marvelled Thrym much then, mighty jotun:  
 "When saw one bride e'er bite so keenly?  
 "Saw I bride ne'er bite so broadly,  
 "Nor so much of mead a maid make way with."

Reded the handmaid, ready-witted,  
 Quickly the word found in falsehood fitting:  
 "Nought has she eaten eight of evenings,  
 "Pining for pleasures of jotuns' household."

Loosed Thrym linen cap, longing to kiss her,  
 Leaped away quickly length of the hall:  
 "Why are they fierce-like, Freya's eyeballs?  
 Leaping flames of fire flash from them forth."

Reded the handmaid, ready-witted,  
 Found she the word in falsehood fitting:  
 "Slept not at all she nights eight running,  
 "Languishing longingly for land of jotuns."

In came the squalid sister of jotuns,  
 Beggd she bride-fee boldly asking:  
 "Loose from thy fore-arm fiery bracelet,  
 "If thou haply my wholesome favour  
 "Gift-worthy deemest, delight of all."

i. e., Thor.

Spake then aloud Thrym, lord of giants:  
 "Bear hither hammer bridal to hallow!  
 "Lay there Mjollni on maiden's knee!  
 "Plight we our troth here, twain hands clasping."

Loud thereat Thunderer laughed in his bosom,  
 When, hard-hearted, held he his hammer;  
 Low laid he straightway the lord of jotuns,  
 Family of giants fully felled he,—

Spared not to slaughter sister of jotuns,  
 She who bride-fee had boldly begged;  
 Score of strokes for shillings gat she,  
 Blows of hammer for bracelets ruddy.

Came thus Odin's son soon by his hammer.

DAVID SOLOAN.

#### THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND VENEZUELA.

**I**T is a peculiar coincidence that England should have been the instigator of the Monroe Doctrine; that it was at Canning's suggestion that President Monroe gave utterance to the doctrine which has since been designated by his name; and that in most of the cases in which it has been brought up since, it has been invoked against England. The United States again invoke the Monroe Doctrine in the Venezuela dispute. To us as English students—perhaps we may be biassed—It seems amusing that the United States should seriously invoke this doctrine in every petty dispute which any European country has with any country on this side of the Atlantic. Whether it be the Hawaiian affair, the Nicaraguan trouble, or the Venezuela dispute, the Americans consider themselves a party to the question, and the Monroe Doctrine is paraded to the front, and twisted to the flexible use of any case that may arise. At present it is the Venezuela case in which it is brought up. Newspapers, magazines and politicians are all busily engaged in decrying England as invading the Monroe Doctrine. Senator Chandler of Vermont, wants to go to war at once over it, while the less excitable demagogues put it in this way "we have lost standing among the nations of the earth by the course we have already taken, and in the failures already manifested, and we had infinitely better surrender all pretence of adherence to the Monroe Doctrine and abandon the American continent to the ravages of European aggression than to any longer pretend to uphold it, and yet be guilty of the failures of the past two years."

Others again, with less prejudiced minds, doubting the application of the Monroe Doctrine, urge that Secretary Olney and President Cleveland establish a Cleveland Doctrine for the purpose of settling the present difficulty. But it is not our purpose to speculate on the results in the event of a Cleveland Doctrine being advanced, or the International propriety of one country interfering with another's disputes, but to see how the Monroe Doctrine applies in the present case.

It is certainly encouraging and tending to destroy our doubts of bias as Englishmen, to see such an International authority as the *New York Post* give an opinion that the Monroe Doctrine doesn't apply in the present case. But Secretary Olney, in his late correspondence with the British authorities, maintains that the Monroe Doctrine is applicable to the boundary dispute in Venezuela, for, he says "the Monroe Doctrine is that no European power shall enlarge its territorial dominion on the American continent by force." But, to begin with, his premise is wrong, that England is trying to enlarge her territorial dominions by force. Of course the Americans, to bring it even within that interpretation, have to say that she is. But it is a matter of history to prove the title to the disputed territory, and if history proves the title against England, England has no desire to claim what is not hers. But the fact is that England's title is well founded, which perhaps needs no further proof to us than that Dr. Straight for twenty-eight years American consul at Georgetown, British Guiana, a man well adapted to look after the American interests, has, after careful consideration, come to the conclusion that the limits of British Guiana extend even further north of what England now claims. He laughs at the idea of arbitration, a thing which he says the United States in similar circumstances would scorn.

But even were it so, that England wanted those lands, hitherto unoccupied, it is a new phase of the Monroe Doctrine to say that it applies in such a case. True the message of President Monroe in 1823, "That we should consider any attempt (on the part of the European countries) to extend their system to any part of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," is wide enough to include most anything: but read, as it must be read, in the light of circumstances at the time it was uttered, it was meant to prevent foreign interference, intended to alter the constitution or form of government in an American State; that is, if there is a revolution in any of the American States, European powers are not to interfere, and if they do, the United States will regard it as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards them. Mr. Calhoun in interpreting the doctrine in 1848 says, "The principle which lies at the bottom of the President's recommendation is that when any power

on this continent becomes involved in *internal* warfare (the italics are our own), and the weaker side chooses to make application to us for support, we are bound to give them support for fear the offer of the sovereignty of the country may be made to some other power and accepted."

And so read in the light of the circumstances at the time it was uttered (and it was declared for the purpose of preventing the European powers from assisting Spain in bringing back the Spanish colonies into subjection to the mother countries, the independence of which colonies the United States had recognized), how is it possible that the Monroe Doctrine should include the principle that the acquisition of unoccupied territory on this continent by any European power cannot be allowed by the United States?

Perhaps England is doing wrong in not submitting to arbitration, but it must be borne in mind, that from her point of view Great Britain has never attempted to encroach upon Venezuela. If she has done so, when the demands of Venezuela become reasonable enough to allow of a boundary commission, she will be very willing to submit.

---

SUNDAY TALKS, No. 2.

---

REVELATIONS.

**W**NE Labrador Sunday makes an ordinary mortal thankful that it is a comparatively rare article. One a week taxes human frailty to its utmost. It is a day given to thought and sleep—two very wearisome things. How our dear old covenanting forefathers would have revelled in the blissful luxuriousness of so sanctified a Sabbath. Alas! how times are changed since their days. The stomach of the present generation is weaker than that of old, and cannot stand such rich food.

The particular Sunday of which I am thinking was the longest of the year, and I believe the longest in my life. I shall not tell how it was spent, but merely remark that withal it had been rather a pleasant day. Perhaps a stray commandment or two, that had carelessly stood in our way, lay mangled and broken behind us. But what can you expect of poor unfortunates who, from very loneliness, dare not let their minds recall the pleasantness of home, or wander over some stretch of treasured memory.

The lingering twilight had at last drawn towards dark, and some of us sitting forlornly in the little cabin of the *Mottcott* with the smoke from our well seasoned pipes curling, twisting and mingling above our heads, had already cast

glances at the curtained bunks behind us, and thought of sleep; not that we were at all sleepy; but slumber meant oblivion, and that was welcome. For even on that stern and dreary shore, sheltered beneath its mountain rim of rugged rock bare as Eden, swung gently by the swell of the sea, and crooned by its murmur, a dream comes doubly sweet of a more verdant country and its cherished ties; old associations, memories and might-have-beens roll back unrebuked, hallowed as heaven by distance and time. Too soon comes the harsh awakening at the morning's dawn, with the exciting hustle and bustle and chattering of trade.

Brisk trade has its charms, as one flits ceaselessly from harbor to harbor, daily meeting dealers who are oddities, differing one from another in history, life, and in eccentricity of character, speech, and dress; listening in the rush to their tales of trouble and trial and event; putting, as one dashes frantically around supplying their varied demands, the salve of a honied tongue upon their wounds; laughing slyly at their foibles and weaknesses, pitying their bigoted ignorance, wondering at the patience of man, and marvelling at the wonderful goodness and long-suffering kindness of God. Yes! trade has its own peculiar charms. It is life crystallized and focused beneath the eye. It is business; not philanthropy. Dealers are but mortals, with their own big share of human frailty. He who trades must ever keep before his mind the interests of his employers, and be wise. But I have wandered.

The old patriarch had been sitting strangely silent. His little peering eyes, half closed, seemed to be peering far beyond into the infinite. As he was a Baptist deacon in good standing, a pillar and prop in the sanctuary of his little home, I made no attempt to disturb his meditations. Man too seldom leaves his sordid, selfish, hypocritical self and rises into the blissful heaven of untrammelled thought; moments on its stellar height are more precious than rubies—and just as scarce. These were my sentiments. Could I disturb him? No: my heart was full of a sympathy almost divine. I kept silent and smoked softly on.

At last he gave unmistakable evidence that his musing spell was over. A rattle and a scrape in his throat, two or three short clearing coughs, then a spit which, nicely aimed and deftly propelled, shot from his mouth, flew meteorlike across the room, and struck an old dilapidated spittoon some yards away, were signs not to be misinterpreted. That spit was a masterpiece of markmanship, and he glanced at it complacently and grunted.

Slowly he drew himself up from his posture of thought until he reminded one of some noble oak, so much dignity seemed to cling to him. He glanced king-like upon the silent admiring group before him, turned his eyes patronizingly on me, stared steadfastly a few moments, then with one majestic sweep of his

big red hand he broke forth earnestly, but with all the dignity and assurance of a Sounanese slave driver: "Mister, I've aheard as larned men sez as this 'eer world are round. It seems werry strange, werry strange. Yes! werry peculiarlike."

A sympathetic grunt, toned with a soft enquiring note, was what the occasion required from me. Proud and pleased am I even yet when I look back and recall my neat and beautiful rendering of that part which so severely tested my powers of tact and self-control.

"Doesn't they say as a feller kin start from one port in his wessel, an keepin right on asailin an' asailin on the one course, kin git right round the world and strike the same port again."

"Too much land in the way, Captain," I answered, with ill-beseeming levity. "If one found the right starting point he *might* do it."

Loudly, harshly, and not without a faint note of contempt, he asked imperiously: "Look 'ee here, Mister. What does yer think yerself? Are it a round buddy, or are it not?"

This was my golden opportunity, and I embraced it eagerly. I gave him, with many a gesture and flourish, that theory threshed into my very being with such vigor and zeal in the days of my youth, that the sight of a Calkin's Geography to this day fills my soul with pain and bitterness. I passed to the voyages of Hawkins, Drake and Magellan, talked of trans-continental railways and transoceanic steamship lines, held forth on cables, etc., etc., until the old man groaned. When words failed me, or when breath grew short, I imitated my hearer and waved my hands as frantically as the rickety fans of an old fashioned wind mill sweeping the air at sixty revolutions per minute.

I was proud of my argument, but the old skipper despised it. He! He! He! Haw! Haw! Haw! Well, doesn't it beat the dogs. Oh, those larned men! Deary me! Deary me! He! He! He! They sez as they kin go round the world!"; and here the old majestic tone and pompous look came back; "but *we* knows as they haven't adone it yit. Yes, no one hev adone of it yit. No trouble about that."

I was dumb, for his harsh voice bristled with fierceness. Argument, or even difference of opinion, were clearly intolerable. But at this juncture he dropped his heroic air, and mellowed down into an old-fashioned prayer-meeting whine, which made my backbone tingle and chilled my very blood. "Yahs! Yahs! Yahs! Its werry strange. Yahs! werry strange isn't it, Mister? How these larned men gits aweaned from the Word. It aint good enough for 'em, an' they tries to git a way of their own, an' they so big and puffed up with 'emselves, yer knows, that they goes to splain everything what they aknows nothin' about, an' they wont come to the Word for it, ther so

proud like; but they goes asposin' and asposin', an' aguessin' an' aguessin', till at last they gits awallerin, and awallerin', an' they doesn't know where they are. No, adon't know where they are. Noosnesses, sir. Yes, passel of noosnesses, every one of 'em. Noosnesses, nuthin' but noosnesses. Now, if they'd only astick to the Word they'd be all right. No doubt about that, not a morsel. I believes as everythin' as we awants to find out is there fer us if we'd only b'lieve and look fer it."

He breathed long, then with his lengthy arms, with those great clumsy red hands pawing the air in dangerous and intimidating sweeps an inch or two from my precious nose, he proceeded with all the majesty, the grandeur, the proud pomp of a judge whom none dare contradict, declaring the whole truth and nothing but the truth: "It all depends whether that 'ere sun are amovin' round the earth, or this 'ere earth are awolvin' round the sun. If the world here are a fixed planet, then the sun must be amovin' round the earth—anyone can see that. But if that 'ere sun are a fixed planet, the earth must be turnin' round the sun on its axles—peecizely."

At this moment the swelling dignity of my ancient friend nearly reached the bursting point. The danger of my loved nose at the same time reached its climax. "We reads in Joshuie—I may remark that he couldn't read his own name in capital letters—We reads in Joshuie as He atold the sun to stop. Yes, atold the sun to stop. It must have been amovin' then, it must have been aturnin', eh?" "Now," he finished triumphantly, "I doesn't read anywhere in the Word where it were ever atold to start arunnin' again. No, can't find that anywhere. I should say from that 'at the sun are a fixed planet, an' 'at the earth here amoves round it, awolvin' on its own axles. Can't make anything else out of that, accordin' to the Word."

When I could trust my feeble voice, I said: "Captain, I can't argue with you, but didn't you commence to prove the earth a round body, and finish with proving that it is a moving body, revolving around the sun?"

"Well, Mister, I doesn't spec I'm jist as eddicated as you is, but I can see as a thing kin move round without abein' round. Seems to me I wouldn't need much eddication to know that."

Silence to me at that moment was golden. I left him to his theory. It is still his, and no one has attempted to rob him of his treasure. No doubt the men of science, whose darkness has been brought to light, may attempt to cast spiteful reflections upon him and his ideas. I may tell them he will not be troubled. They cannot change his opinions—for have I not tried? The tenor of his way lies fair and smooth before him. In another world where the mists are cleared away, he may see with a clearer vision,—but perhaps he may not worry. EK.

## MY LADY OF DREAMS.

LAST Sabbath morn, I listen'd in the church;  
The organ whisper'd music soft and low,  
Pierced thro' with half-hush'd wailings. And I seem'd  
To hear silk draperies lightly near me sweep,  
And feel the breath of some one moving by.  
But vain in shadow and half gloom the search  
For shape or vision. Veil'd to outward eye,  
Soft as the sighings of a babe in sleep,  
The gracious Presence came of one I know,  
And long have lov'd. My lover's dream I dream'd,  
With eyes wide open, in my carven stall.

Wavering the dim air down, the sweet sounds fell,  
Gathering body of an airy form,  
That to my side, a living likeness, stole,  
And nestled in my arm, against my heart,  
With tender trust a-tremble, shy and warm.  
That moment's sweetness, tongue can never tell.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thus, Best-Belovéd, Love is all in all,  
And Love, the perfect music of thy soul,  
And thy life, my life, tho' we breathe apart.

*Saint's Day, '95.*

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

*To the Editors of the Gazette.*

GENTLEMEN,—Your plan of publishing communications in the GAZETTE about the needs of Dalhousie is a good one. That she is in need of many things is sadly true; but this statement is too vague to attract attention, and too generally applicable throughout all the college world to succeed in arousing particular sympathy. One result of the interchange of ideas on the subject may be the arrival at a definite and clear notion as to what really are the immediate and most pressing needs of our *Alma Mater*. Our opinions, while not likely to be found identical, will probably be in harmony; and so when efforts are made to promote the interests of the college, we will be placed at least in the position of so much vantage as comes from knowing exactly what we want the most. In what follows, the Academic department only will be considered, because I think that Dalhousie's chief end is to give to the young people of the Maritime Provinces, who come under her care, an undergraduate course in Arts and Science, broadening and liberalizing in its effect and rigorous in its training. That department needs a larger share of two things that are often, but erroneously, held to be equivalent, namely, time and

money. What does Dalhousie lack most that can be supplied with money? A glance at the second page of advertisements in this GAZETTE will tell us. Looking there we see that the college has Professors as follows:

Philosophy.....1	History and Political Economy..1
English.....1	Mathematics.....1
Modern Languages.....1	Physics.....1
Classics.....1	Chemistry.....1

The above constitutes all of the teaching staff in the general courses. The weakest side of the Faculty is evidently the Scientific side. Astronomy, Biology, Geology, Botany, the whole range of the so-called Natural Sciences, are yet to be provided for. Of course, by certain makeshifts, such as having the Professor of Chemistry teach Botany, or Mineralogy, and the Professor of Mathematics, or the Professor of Physics take Astronomy, a little better appearance may be made. But the lamentable fact stands out that the extensive domain of Science, (the word is here used in its popular sense) is represented by only two men. The most urgent need of the college then is another chair in Science.

As Dalhousie cannot offer many courses, it is the more important that the work she does should be thoroughly well done. Classics and Mathematics may be called the staples among her courses, and they are subjects, that, more than others, require hand to hand work on the part of teacher and taught. The first and second year classes are growing too large for that kind of work to be done by one man, and instructors in those departments are necessary. Besides making possible the formation of small sections, and thus the giving of the proper individual attention required by the students, the appointment of assistants will enable the professors to have more advanced classes than present conditions permit. The work therefore that lies nearest to the officers, Alumni, and friends of our college, work demanding immediate action, is the raising of funds for another Science professorship, and two instructorships. An endowment capable of yielding a yearly income of thirty-five hundred dollars, about seventy thousand dollars, would suffice for this purpose.

Is it unreasonable to expect that a vigorous effort would accomplish this within a year? The story of higher education in the Maritime Provinces during the past fifteen years is an encouraging one. In that time it has been Dalhousie's good fortune to have had able friends, who, unsolicited, have come with noble generosity to her aid. To realize how great that aid has been we have only to imagine that the names of Mr. Munro, Sir William Young, Mr. McLeod, and the list of their benefactions were blotted out of the college record,—in fact, she would then

appear to have lost ground, since she would be minus the chair that was held by the late Professor Lyall. But her sister colleges, with one exception, although not so favoured by a capricious fortune, have by their sturdy endeavours to improve a poor financial condition, made marked progress. The latter fact would seem to encourage the hope that the endowment fund referred to above may be soon raised: what others have done, we are able to do.

Many of us have experienced the kind of enjoyment that is to be had in thinking out plans of spending money when there was nothing but the plans in hand. Not with that idle end in view, but for the purpose of realising what the college should set herself to do within, say the next ten years, if she is to take a respectable place among the lesser seats of learning, let us consider what further steps are necessary, after the endowment above mentioned will have been raised.

If I were doubly blessed with a large fortune, a very large fortune of course, and a generous heart, I would be in doubt whether to found another chair in Natural Science, or one in History and Political Science. Both would have urgent claims. The weakness of the former in the college, the consideration of the large place it occupies in the ordinary work-a-day world, and of the alertness that its training tends to give the mind, would call on the one side. On the other would be the thought of the wide fields of history, ancient, mediaeval, and modern, European and American (and for us, Canadian), and of the many branches of social and political science now being pursued. Moreover, the desire to see the influence of its colleges strongly felt in the public affairs of Canada, and a belief in the political value of history expressed by Mr. Lecky in the words, "He who has learnt to understand the true character and tendencies of many preceding ages is not likely to go very far wrong in estimating his own," would plead for another professorship in History and Political Science. Earnest and energetic as the present professor is, the wide range of history and politics, past and present, the deduction of their lessons and the setting forth of their practical applications, demand the services of at least two men. The plea for another man with whom to share this vast field is doubly strong when we remember that the superintendence of the college, the guidance of her policy, and the leadership in advancing her interests, also devolves upon him. I might, if the fortune were large enough and other obligations permitted, provide the funds for both of these chairs; or, after the manner of Mr. Rockefeller, might compromise by offering to cover whatever sum would be raised for endowment, to the amount of say, fifty thousand dollars. Those chairs being established, then both for the sake of thoroughness of work, and expansion of the departments, there should be instructorships in

Modern Languages, English, and Philosophy. Assistants would also be wanted in the laboratories, and in the other classes. If several fellowships were founded, with three hundred a year, conditioned on the holders giving a few hours help a week in the laboratories or class rooms, these assistants could probably be obtained among students willing to stay a fifth year working for the Master's degree.

—Is it beyond the bounds of hope, that in ten years the staff of Dalhousie may stand thus?

Philosophy.....	1	Professor and 1	Instructor.
English.....	1	“	“ 1 “
Modern Languages.....	1	“	“ 1 “
Classics.....	1	“	“ 1 “
History and Political Science.....	2	Professors.	
Mathematics.....	1	Professor and 1	Instructor.
Physics.....	1	“	“ Asst. Fellow.
Chemistry.....	1	“	“ “
Other branches of Science.....	2	Professors.	
Fellows.....			

Of course there would have to be a corresponding increase in library and laboratory facilities. Comparing this with the present staff we see that it means an addition of 3 professors, 5 instructors, and several fellows. An income of about twelve thousand a year would provide this addition, and Dalhousie would then have a fair position among the smaller colleges on this side of the Atlantic.

This increase in the efficiency of Dalhousie would also be of advantage to her sister colleges, as their friends would thereby be stirred up to new undertakings on their behalf. Consequently the standard and means of higher education all over the Maritime Provinces would be raised and improved. This would react on and greatly benefit the schools. Thus not only the needs of our institution alone, but the general interests of education, collegiate and common school, could be made the basis of an appeal to the public for help. By “the public” is practically meant our own constituency. The other colleges have constituencies; we should find one and nurse it as carefully as they nurse theirs. For our public we should claim the City of Halifax because of the local interests, and the Presbyterians of the Lower Provinces, because of the training that their theological students receive from our professors. To the average Presbyterian there, the question, whether Dalhousie is an annex of Pine Hill, or Pine Hill an annex of Dalhousie, seems merely one of the fine-point kind, one that is in no practical need of an answer. In a contented kind of way, he looks upon Dalhousie as his college; he should be encouraged and strengthened in that view and braced up with a sense of responsibility. If there are any other people “unattached,” we should try to get them to enrol themselves among our supporters.

Pages three and four of the Calendar for the current year furnish the text for my remarks on the other of Dalhousie's needs, more time. The following extracts therefrom refer to the Arts Faculty:

1895.	Sept. 10.	Registration of Candidates for Matriculation. Entrance Examinations.
	Sept. 19.	Lectures begin.
	Dec. 11.	Last day of Lectures. Examinations
	Dec. 20.	No Lectures. Christmas vacation begins.
1896.	Jan. 8.	Lectures resumed.
	Apl. 7.	Last day of Lectures. Examinations.
	Apl 28.	Convocation.

From this it appears that there are 12 weeks of instruction before Christmas and 13 weeks after, that 39 days are spent in examinations, and 19 days given for the winter vacation. In other words, that in the 33 weeks of the college year there are 25 weeks less 2 days devoted to instruction, and 8 weeks and 2 days, one fourth of the college year, taken up in examinations and recess. The latter is too much time to be taken out of a short college year for such purposes. It is easy to see where the waste is made. By lessening the holidays by a week and assigning a fortnight instead of three weeks to the final examinations and closing exercises—this time being amply sufficient—a gain of two weeks would be obtained for teaching, which could be made of more service to the students than is the present arrangement. The college year would then consist of 27 weeks of teaching, and 6 weeks of examinations and recess.

If lectures were to be continued until near the middle of May, Convocation in that case being about the first of June, there would be a year of 38 weeks. This means an addition to the present year of 6 or 7 teaching weeks, practically, the addition of a year to the present four year course. An increase in thoroughness and in the amount of work done, would undoubtedly follow, and Dalhousie in the matter of time would be on a par with almost all educational institutions in America. She owes it to her students and to her own good name, to make this change in her calendar.

The conditions for matriculation have a good deal to do with the question, how the students and the Faculty may make best use of the the time. The academies have greatly improved during the last twenty years, but the requirements for entrance have not been proportionately increased. So much lower are they than the present status of the high schools warrant, that a fairly well prepared boy finds that no small part of his first year's work in college is merely a review of what he has already done in school. Admitting that such review is beneficial and affords opportunities for correcting errors of previous training, still, the question



arises, would it not be more profitable for college work to begin at the point where the academy leaves off.

I have said that Dalhousie needs more time, and have shown where it can be found. Certain steps in the way of progress have also been indicated, the taking of which will cost at least three hundred thousand dollars, but as to the possibility, the where and the how of raising that sum, I am in ignorance. To say that thirty-five cents apiece from everyone in the Provinces by the sea would make it up, shows a little knowledge of arithmetic but does not help the case. Fortunes, in those Provinces, even small ones, are few; probable individual subscriptions of more than a thousand dollars are fewer still. If the wished for money is to be obtained in N. S., N. B., and P. E. I., (where else should it, or can we expect it to be got), it will be mainly by modest subscription of tens and the small hundreds. Obviously then a large number of people must be made to feel an active interest in the College. To attain this, and will require systematic, persistent, and patient effort on the part of Governors, Faculty, and Alumni, it may be, for years. There will, of necessity, be much casting of the bread upon the waters, but the labour will not be in vain. However long it may take to reach the desired goal, in this way only, progress lies. The general public must become better acquainted with the college, and more impressed with the idea of the influence it may have in bettering the condition of the country; for this, long-continued, vigorous, missionary effort is needed. The higher their conception of the duties which they owe to the people, and the fuller and livelier the knowledge of the people concerning the benefits to be derived from them, the more prosperous will the colleges of the Maritime Provinces become. These benefits, and by implication, the corresponding obligations on the part of the universities, (in our case the colleges), are thus described by the practical minded editor of the "Nation":

"So that the benefits which the country derives from the universities consists mainly in the refining and elevating influences which they create, in the taste for study and research which they diffuse, in the social and political ideals which they frame and hold up for admiration, in the confidence in the power of knowledge, which they indirectly spread among the people, and in the small though steady contributions which they make to that reverence for 'things not seen' in which the soul of the state may be said to lie, and without which it is nothing better than a factory or an insurance company."

The opinions concerning the needs of Dalhousie given in this letter have been reached after many conversations with her Alumni at Cornell and elsewhere, who have the interests of their *Alma Mater* at heart.

Yours etc.,

D. A. MURRAY.

Cornell University, Dec. 2, 1895.

### CLOSER UNION.

**W**HILST the needs of Dalhousie are being discussed in the columns of the GAZETTE, the time is opportune to refer to the subject of closer social union between the students of the several Faculties, and the development of a more healthy University spirit. We think the matter is of sufficient importance to demand the earnest consideration of all loyal students, and to enlist their help and sympathy in an honest attempt at a remedy. To this end, social gatherings have been mooted, but on every occasion the interests of the University at large have been sacrificed to the whims and caprices of individuals. In other words, because the ideas of one or another individual, or sets of individuals, in regard to the particular nature of such functions could not be carried into effect, the proposed remedy has failed. But, is there really no common ground on which all might meet and enjoy pleasant social intercourse? Cast aside prejudice and selfishness and we have a solution of the much vexed question.

A recent proposal in regard to a change in the form of the GAZETTE, namely, the doing away with distinctive departments—Arts, Law and Medicine—met with a cruel fate at the hands of the last General Student's Meeting. It certainly deserved better treatment, and we believe that, had the nature of the change been more generally known among the students, and the weather permitted a more representative meeting, the result would have been different. Many think the change too radical. In the opinion of the writer, it might be made even more radical and yet result in a benefit to the University. The matter is of significance sufficient to call for reconsideration, and it is hoped that those who, from the highest motives, we believe, moved in the matter, will not weary in well doing, as their efforts must ultimately meet with success.

The reason why such distinction exists may be sought for partly at least in the fact that many of the law and medical students have been connected in the past with sister colleges, and now find it difficult to maintain allegiance to both old and new. Scripture tells us that it is impossible to serve two *masters*, but it is ominously silent with regard to two *mothers*. Allegiance to *Alma Maters*, when their interests do not conflict, is by no means incompatible. It therefore lies within the power of every student of the University to help eradicate these unnecessary lines of demarkation.

MEDICUS.

FOUND the welcome cheer for the season's cheer:

'Tis the time of gladness, let us banish sadness:

Bid the past good bye as its shadows die:

Let the future come with a brighter bloom.

—MACL.

## SOME SCRAPS AND SNAPS.

THE woman that is liberated is lost.

THE new woman is generally a little old.

A REPUTATION that is boomed is doomed.

FOR a stock company a receiver is sometimes worse than a thief.

ARE none of the minor Canadian poets ever going to attain their majority?

HEATHEN are apt to accept the maxims of Christianity enforced by Maxim guns.

"*Experto ne crede*," said a jurymen, after the experts had been contradicting each other for six days.

"AMBITION," explained the disappointed actor, "egged me on to the stage and 'the gods' egged me off it."

"A SAFE robber is not always a safe robber," observed the jocular bobby as he emerged from his hiding place in the vault and invited the burglar to hold up his hands.

"My lawyer's charge was magnificent, but it was not wary," observed a successful litigant. "At least it has lost him my custom, for another such victory would be ruin."

"I REGRET," said the heartless boss, "that the state of business compels me to reduce my staff. Messrs. A, B, C, and D will please step up to the cashier's desk and be cashiered. The foregoing clerks are the four going clerks." And he sniggered ruthlessly.

"COULD you not find some better way of rejoicing for Christmas than by getting full?" asked the passing parson.

"'Fraid you don't understand the fulness of joy!" hiccoughed the drunken sexton.

"But you are so drunk that you can hardly move or speak."

"That's only 'cause I'm rejoicing with joy unspeakable."

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

## LEGAL FICTIONS AS A METHOD OF LAW REFORM.

IN the study of jurisprudence, even of our modern English system, we are struck and often puzzled by the many fictions which pervade our legal rules. We often assume a state of facts to exist which plainly has no real existence whatever, and to this false state of facts we apply our legal principles and give judgment.

Tho' Messrs. Doe and Roe have now ceased to carry on litigation in our courts we still have a large element of fiction in our law. The whole doctrine of Estoppel rests on fiction. Consideration in the law of contract is often fictional. The remedy given in *quasi contract* by which a plaintiff is allowed to sue in assumpsit and allege that the thief who stole his money *promised* to return it is a glaring fiction.

Why do these fictions exist in our law? What purpose do they serve and how did they originate? Why do we not make our rules of law to correspond with the actual facts, and not by this awkward method change the facts to bring them within the rule of law?

There is a popular idea that legal fictions were introduced by the lawyers for the express purpose of making the law complex and hard to be understood by those uninitiated into its mysteries; that thereby the exclusiveness of the legal profession might be maintained and the emoluments of its members increased. We shall see that legal fictions have had a quite different origin and have served a much better purpose than this.

The origin, use and import of legal fictions seem not to have been rightly understood until Sir Henry Maine wrote his book on *Ancient Law*. The older writers on jurisprudence have missed their meaning entirely. Bentham condemned them as absurdities, and Austin did not perceive their utility. Since Maine it all seems so clear that we wonder why it was not pointed out before. Let us see then, what are the reasons for the presence of this peculiar element in our law.

In all early society, law and religion are closely connected and the rules of law as well as the rules of religion are thought to be of divine origin, and both are believed to be final. In the early community it is considered as great impiety to think of changing the laws as of changing the religious creed. Among such a people it is almost impossible to introduce a new rule and get it established and obeyed. Innovation is not possible. It is contrary to the whole habit of thought among a primitive people.

But still conditions change, new circumstances arise, and the rule of law applicable to these new situations is felt to work injustice. To make a new rule, or to amend the old one, is not to be thought of, and the only alternative possible is adopted, namely, the changing of the facts so as to make the old rule applicable. Legal fiction, then, is the resultant of two conflicting tendencies: first, the tendency among all early peoples to consider the existing legal rules a finality; second, the feeling, never absent, that justice should, somehow, be done. Legal fiction is the earliest method of law reform. It presented the only practicable means by which the laws could be brought into harmony with more enlightened ethical ideas, and adapted to new circumstances.

At a later stage of social development, when society can bear the open recognition of the fact that it is changing, the part played by fiction begins to dwindle, and equity becomes important. It is hard to see how, without legal fiction, society could have progressed at all. The fiction of adoption was the fundamental fiction, which led to, and made possible, the development of society. Before the introduction of this fiction, the limit of legal rights was the limit of kinship. He who was without the family was without the protection of the law.

Fictions, though first introduced to conceal changes in the law, at a time when innovation was impossible, were, at a later time, found an efficient means of affecting such modifications as really amounted to judicial legislation. At a time previous to the activity of legislatures, when the development of law was left almost entirely to courts, bound down as they were by the doctrine of *stare decisis*, fictions were found most convenient.

The extension of the doctrine of benefit of clergy is an illustration in point. We have heard optimistic orators discourse with great learning on the wonderful improvement in criminal law which has taken place since Blackstone's time, and citing as proof thereof the great number of capital offences specified in the commentaries of that learned jurist; but, unfortunately, neglecting to take into account the facts that in the majority of these cases, anyone who could read a few lines was a clergyman, and entitled to benefit, by which he escaped hanging. Thus the rigor of the old law had long been mollified through the operation of fiction.

Another good illustration of the way in which legal fiction was used to effect a reform in law, is found in the extension of the definition of murder by this method. The definition laid down by the courts was as follows,—“Murder is the killing of a reasonable creature in being in the king's peace with malice aforethought.” This definition plainly does not include, for example, the case of a highway robber who attacks his victim with no intention but that of obtaining his valuables, yet kills

him accidentally in the fight which ensues. The malice aforethought is in such case wanting. The courts got over the difficulty by fiction. They said,—“While it is true there must be malice aforethought, there are, nevertheless, two kinds of malice aforethought; first, there is *express* malice aforethought, and, second, there is *implied* malice aforethought. Express malice aforethought exists where such malice is actually proved, and implied malice aforethought exists where it is conclusively presumed to exist.” The case of the highway robber is a case of the latter. Thus the courts, without effecting any change in the form of the definition, or departing from the precedents, effected a very important reform in the substantive law.

It is scarcely necessary to say that legal fictions are by no means peculiar to English law. They are found as well in the Roman system, though in England, on account of the binding authority of precedents, and the late introduction of equity, they have assumed a greater variety than elsewhere. The fiction by which the English courts acquired jurisdiction over contracts entered into in a foreign country was borrowed from the Roman law. The allegation in the declaration was that “A. B. and C. D., in the town of Bordeaux, in France, in the County of Middlesex, entered into,” etc. The allegation that France was in the County of Middlesex, was held not to be traversable.

In these days of legislation there is no necessity for resorting to the round-about method of fiction to effect a modification in our laws and to the modern law student unacquainted with the history of jurisprudence most of the fictions which he meets seem unnecessary and some of them grotesque. It is only by understanding the social conditions under which fictions come into use, and the existing laws at that time that we can know the reasons for their existence.

It is interesting in connection with this subject to consider the use of fiction in theology. In this branch of learning so long connected with law, fictions have served the same purpose as in the latter, namely the bringing of religious doctrines received as finalities into accord with the moral notions of society. But the discussion of theological fictions, though very interesting, does not fall within our purpose, and may well be left to the theologians.


S. J.

—•••—  
 ☞ E noble, and in being that  
 You are the best thing on God's earth;  
 And you will sit where kings have sat,  
 For men will love you for your worth,  
 And bless the day that saw your birth.

—MACL.

## PICTOVIAN REMINISCENCES—No. IV.

“IN THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.”

HE good citizens of Pictou celebrated Her Majesty's Jubilee in most loyal fashion. In the early morning a salute was fired, at no little risk to life and property, from the guns on Battery Hill. At noonday there were speeches in the square, and a procession of school children; and, in the evening, illuminations, other processions, and the like. The Academy students formed the van of the procession of school-children, much to the disgust of the senior classes, who, throughout the proceedings, tried to assume a look of wonder as to how they came to be there, and well-bred surprise that they had become mixed up with those children. Through the length of the dusty streets marched the comet-like procession, with its nucleus of haughty seniors and its straggling tail of gaudy, dust-begrimed third graders. Out from the Academy gates, along through the green hedges, down Deacon's Hill, through Water street, on to the Custom House square, and disperse, with their honourable dust, *collegisse juvat*, thick upon them.

What a scorching day it was! How our collars and flowers had wilted; how our little stomachs (they were little then) erstwhile bravely protruded, had collapsed; poor little tired soles, butchered to make a British Holiday!

Among the illuminations which we had carried, the largest was one of canvas, about four feet square, enclosed on five sides, and bearing on the front the words, “We are jolly students,” and on the reverse side, “God Save the Queen.” After the festivities were over, this was carried up to the Academy, and placed temporarily on the platform in the Convocation hall, a room which corresponded to the examination morgue in Dalhousie.

\* \* \* \* \*

I presume nearly everybody has a good reason for objecting to German, as a language. With us it used to be an optional subject, and why any person ever undertook it, when there was no compulsion, was a mystery.

There were two students in attendance at this time named Hopkins and Wilson—that is, one was named Hopkins and the other Wilson; though, for aught I know, the family name may have been on the bi-cameral system, Hopkins-Wilson, and they used half each for economy; they looked enough alike to render this at least probable. Anyway, they resembled one another in this—their perfect and undying hatred of the German language.

“You know,” the Hopkins half would say apologetically, “it's not my fault that I took up German. I never could see any sense in it. There is always some chump, who is apparently a deaf-mute blind idiot, asking after his clothes, or his pen, or his hat, or something he has lost. Or else he is boasting about the people he knows. He himself has ‘been once in the company of the Earl’; his father-in-law raises him one, for ‘twice has he been in the company of the King’; as to his nephew, he is comparatively small potatoes, for only once has he been in company at all, and then it was simply ‘in the company of the Physician.’ I should not go in to class at all, only it's natural to take some interest in the ultimate fate of ‘the Tailor.’ Will he be successful in the undertaking? I have followed him in his exploits from the time when he began, in a comparatively small way, to give pens, watches, gardens, and other trifles, to the Son of the King. He has advanced by means of letters written to the Earl, until he and the King are going into an ‘undertaking’ together. The King will probably furnish the corpses; or maybe this is simply a legitimate expansion of their former enterprise, when, with the aid of the ‘rich merchant,’ they were trafficking in ‘large glasses of fresh, sweet milk.’”

“Then why do you study it?” we would ask.

“Because my mother says she doesn't see any use in the dead languages. But there is one thing in their favor—they are dead and wont arise from their graves and begin to fire questions at you. They do, occasionally, remark in a mild way that ‘sleep and death are brothers,’ or that ‘they had joyfully helped Balbus,’ but you don't mind that.”

Thus it happened that, on the day after the Jubilee, Hopkins and Wilson, who were of one mind in the matter, had skipped German and betaken themselves to the Convocation hall to while away an hour. The platform, which also served as a stage on occasion, ran quite along the end of the hall, which was oblong. There was a trap-door in the platform, which was a staple and much used stage property. They sat down on the stage near the transparency.

“This,” said Hopkins, “is better than German, isn't it?”

“Yes,” said Wilson, slowly, “but we've been out an awful lot lately. He will begin to notice it soon. We shall have to go in next day.”

“No fear; he wouldn't notice it if we never went in. I don't believe he has much respect for the language himself. But we will go in when the Dodos' nest again.”

“Who are the Dodos'?” asked Wilson.

"I dodo; but you'll know in a minute, for I think I hear one coming upstairs."

Steps approached, and they knew by the sound of the slippers that it was the Principal on a still hunt. Looking around for some place of concealment, they spied the transparency, and, raising it up, they both crawled under as well as they could, and concealed themselves. Peeping through a rent in the canvas, they saw him enter with a long pole, ordinarily used for opening ventilators, but sometimes, as now, serving as a shepherd's crook to garner in stray sheep. With rare instinct he moved up to the platform, and the watchers inside the canvas held their breath for a time. But though hot on the scent, he drew a more well-known cover first; one where he had often before found the quarry lurking. This was the trap-door in the floor, which he opened and probed with his pole. But he found nothing, and as he arose and closed the door, the hunted breathed easier. But they were vulnerable in pretty much the same way as Achilles is said to have been. Wilson was cursed with particularly long legs, and he habitually wore his trousers cut decollette at the boots end.

In their haste they had been unable to make themselves so secure as they could have wished, and, as a consequence, one of Wilson's long and willowy legs protruded beneath the transparency. Being on the least conspicuous side, he had hoped it might escape notice; but this hope was ill-founded, for as the Principal arose the first thing to catch his eye was Wilson's leg. He at once recognized it as the property of its owner. He had noticed the frequent absence from German of this grand pair, and at once surmised who the occupants of the box were likely to be. Walking slowly up, he regarded the canvas with a quizzical air, and began leisurely to read "God Save the Queen." "Yes, a most patriotic sentiment." Then he walked carelessly around to the other side: "We are Jolly Students." "I wonder would I find any jolly students if I were to lift up this box?"

He found two, but they were not jolly.

T. M. F.

—♦♦♦—  
**C**HEER thee friend afar!  
 Faint the evening bell in the snow clad dell  
 Tells the same sweet tale  
 Of a Christmas morn.  
 And the filling sail,  
 And the morning star,  
 Are for thee new-born.

—MACL.

## The Dalhousie Gazette.

### EDITORS:

R. M. MACGREGOR, '96, *Editor-in-Chief.*

A. F. ROBB, '96.	H. V. BIGELOW, B. A. '96, (Law).
J. S. M. MORRISON, '96.	A. D. GUNN, B. L., '97, (Law).
D. McODRUM, '97.	W. F. O'CONNOR, '98, (Law).
J. T. MURRAY, '97.	O. C. DORMAN, '97, (Med.)
R. DAVIS, '98.	C. E. MACMILLAN, B. A., '99, (Med).

Financial Editor... A. MASSIE HILL, '96.

### Assistants:

W. J. LOGGIE, '96, (Law).      DUNCAN MURRAY, '96, (Med).

All Business Communications should be addressed A. M. HILL, Box 114, Halifax.  
 Literary Contributions to Editors of Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

The management earnestly request that the students patronize their advertisers.

### CHRISTMAS GREETING.

"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment"



**G**AIN the flighty months bring us to the joyful Christmas season, when peace and good-will reign o'er all the world, and it becomes the agreeable duty of the editor, before laying down his quill for a brief time, to send out to our readers and friends a Merry Christmas Greeting. The Christmas season is welcome to us all. The Arts student, after passing through the quagmires of examinations, feels that he is well entitled to a temporary leave of absence, and who can enjoy a holiday more than one who has been wrestling with examinations? The Law student, without the freedom of conscience of his Arts brother, goes out to fortify himself for the fray. The Medical goes out to look for cadavers, or gather in the bones; but all alike return with renewed vigor for their work. We have tried to present to our patrons a suitable Christmas number of the GAZETTE. It remains for them to judge our efforts. We have sacrificed much of our regular college news in order to make place for literary articles, and although the old graduate may miss some of the looked for happenings at his *alma mater*, we feel confident that a creditable Christmas number will be welcome.

To one and all, President, Professors, fellow students, graduates, and all its friends, the GAZETTE extends its best wishes for a joyous Christmas and a happy New Year.

Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall,  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome merry Christmas.

---

PROFESSOR MACDONALD.

**W**ITH this issue of the GAZETTE we present, as a supplement, an engraving of our much loved Professor of Mathematics. Of the teaching staff of Dalhousie at the re-opening in 1863, Prof. Macdonald alone remains in active discharge of his duties and, after his thirty-two years of arduous and faithful work, seems to have lost none of his youthful vigour and enthusiasm. Old students from the Atlantic to the Pacific will gaze with delight on the outlines of the familiar face, and recall many pleasant memories of happy days spent in the Mathematical class-room of Old Dalhousie. That Prof. Macdonald may be long spared to us and to the cause of higher education in his adopted home, is the heartfelt wish of all.

---

HIGHER EDUCATION.

**T**HERE is no subject more earnestly and critically discussed in these latter days than that of Higher Education for the masses. Since the battle for free common schools was fought and won, the extension of that system has been continuous, till to-day a collegiate training is within reach of the very humblest citizen. With the increase and wider dispersion of knowledge has come a corresponding diffusion of wealth and comfort, resulting in a more equitable division of luxuries, and a tendency to more general happiness.

Notwithstanding, there are not wanting those who affirm that the masses are being educated "beyond their position," "above their masters," or "outside of their sphere." A reaction, in certain quarters, seems to be setting in, seeking to limit the

knowledge imparted by the state to the merest rudiments and, we are told by some even in enlightened Nova Scotia, that to educate the people is simply to make them discontented and eventually drive them from the country. The former proposition we need not discuss. Its weakness is specially apparent at the present time when, by the introduction of scientific skill into every department of life, mere muscular force has been to so large an extent displaced by technical knowledge. True, there may be much passing current as education that is trashy and useless, but there never was a time when the demand for brainy, intelligent men was so great. An individual possessing only brute force has now little chance of rising far in the world.

As to the second charge, statistics can alone decide. As far as Dalhousie is concerned, of the large number of her graduates still alive, *only seven per cent* have their permanent residence outside of Canada. Though there has been a regrettable tendency on the part of the people of these Maritime Provinces to migrate to the United States, it is noticeable that of Dalhousie's graduates, *nearly as many* have settled in Manitoba and the North-West, and are helping build up a Canadian nationality there, as have followed the multitude flocking across the border.

These are facts that deserve attention, and go far to disprove the assertion that the educated classes are leaving the country. With us, the reverse is certainly the correct view, and we have no doubt that figures from other Canadian colleges would point in the same direction. In any case, it would be interesting to hear from sister universities on the subject.

---

AT IT AGAIN!

**T**HAT the *Acadian Recorder* still retains its ancient enmity to Dalhousie and all things Dalhousian is apparent from the cruelly critical tone of its remarks anent certain articles in the last GAZETTE. It is not our intention to enter into any lengthy discussion of the matter, as we feel it rather beneath the dignity of a college journal to lower itself to an equal level with a sensational newspaper of the *Recorder* type. However, we would like to point out one thing, viz., that no attempt is made to deny the main fact

stated in our editorial "City Reporters," that the *Chronicle's* account of the final match in the football league exhibited a pronounced bias against the college. Furthermore, the letter from "Senior No 2" was not directed against city students in general, much less against city members of our football team, but was simply the expression of a very healthy and growing sentiment of disgust at certain "cads" whom Halifax very generously furnishes to the university. We do not in the least object to Dalhousie students favoring the Wanderers or any other club if they had previous interests in them, but we do object to exceedingly obnoxious expressions of their views to fellow-students. But our quarrel was with the *Chronicle* particularly, not the *Recorder*, and that over a question of fact. Our belief that the result on a fine day and a dry field might have been different is merely an *opinion*, which the *Recorder* will surely be charitable enough to permit us to hold considering the fact that we need consolation.

FOOTBALL.

THE annual game between Dalhousie and Acadia always excites interest, and is as good a drawing card as any match between the Wanderers and the College. This year our men expected a good game, and were not disappointed. The visiting team arrived in the city on Friday evening, November 15th. Next morning our boys and their Acadia brethren drove around the city seeing the sights, and endeavouring to excel each other in giving their particular college yell. The day was fine, and almost two thousand spectators assembled to see the match, which began at 2.15 p. m. The following were the teams:—

<i>Acadia.</i>		<i>Dalhousie.</i>
Fenwick	..... Full back .....	Turner.
McLeod.	} ..... Half backs. ....	Maxwell.
Dimock.		McNairn.
Parsons.		Wood.
Purdy.		McIntosh (Capt.)
Moore.	} ..... Quarter backs.....	Barnstead.
Moffat.		McLean, C.
Rose.		Grant, D. K.
Rhodes.	} ..... Forwards.....	McLean, L.
Cutten (Capt.)		McRae.
Tufts.		Archibald.
Foster.		Robb.
Hall.		Cooke.
Jonah.		Putnam.
Tupper.		Read.

Dalhousie won the toss and elected to defend the western goal. The sun was in their backs, and a slight wind blew in their favor. The kick off by Acadia was poorly returned, and a scrimmage took place in Dalhousie's territory. The yellow and black players worked hard, and soon the oval was down to Acadia's 25 yard line. D. K. Grant did some excellent dribbling, and was well supported by Maxwell, Barnstead and McNairn. Maxwell got the ball on a pass but was downed by Dimock. A scrimmage was formed, and our boys rushed over the line, but the referee could not decide to whom the ball belonged, and ordered a scrim at five yards. A grand fight was now witnessed. Again and again a Dalhousian dived forward with the leather, only to be tackled by the ever watchful players opposite. After some time, Purdy made a short run, and the ball was scrimmaged at Acadia's 25 yard line; but "Cliffy," supported by McRae and Grant, soon brought it back to the visitors 5 yard line. The Acadia men, among them McLeod, Moore and Purdy, worked hard, but the ball was soon forced over the line, and Acadia touched for safety. Wood returned the kick off by kicking into touch at Acadia's 25 yard line. The visitors gained some ground from the throw in, but soon lost it, and once more, in spite of excellent playing by Moffat, Parsons and Morse, the "yellow and black" forwards crossed Acadia's line, only to have the ball brought out and scrimmaged at 5 yards. From the kick off the visitors rushed the pig-skin down the field, and a series of mauls took place about centre field. Parsons got the ball and made a splendid run before he was tackled. The play was about centre field for some time, but the Dalhousie players, by hard work, forced their opponents back, and were within a few yards of Acadia's goal when half time was called.

Refreshed by lemon juice, the boys of both teams fought hard in the second half. After the kick off, the ball was scrimmaged at Acadia's 40 yard line. From the scrim, Cutten, who is a strong dribbler, worked the ball down almost to Dalhousie's 25 yard line. A free kick was given the home team, but very little ground was gained by it. Dalhousie slowly forced the ball back to their 40 yard line, and the hardest scrimmaging of the day was now seen. Maul followed maul, but Robb made a break. Cutten fell on the ball. Some sharp play was now indulged in, McIntosh, Maxwell and Grant for Dalhousie, Purdy, Moffat and Tupper for Acadia, did excellent work. Morse passed the ball to Parsons, who made a long kick. Turner failed to return promptly, and when he did so it struck the Acadia forwards and bounded back against Dalhousie's dead ball line. After the kick off, the leather was scrimmaged at centre, but soon Acadia forced it back, and it went into touch. From the throw in, Morse carried it to Dalhousie's 25 yard

line. He was injured, and, "praying fervently all the time," had to leave the field. "Cliffy" got the ball from the scrimmage, passed to McNairn, who, before he was tackled, passed to Wood. The latter had a clear field ahead of him, but fumbled the ball, so Dalhousie's best chance to score was lost. McLeod dribbled down the field to Dalhousie's 40 yard line. Once more the "yellow and black" players made a rush, and carried the ball back into Acadia's territory, but Purdy and Parsons made up the lost ground, and the last scrimmage was formed at Dalhousie's 25 yard line. The game ended in a draw, neither side scoring. W. G. Robertson was referee, and John McKinnon and Lockhart were touch judges. It was distinctly a forward game, and McVicar's absence was severely felt by our team. The best of feeling prevailed throughout the match. Twelve games have now been played between the two colleges, and the record stands:—

Dalhousie, won.....	4	games.
Acadia, won.....	2	"
Draws.....	4	"
Games in dispute.....	2	"

The annual game with Acadia had been looked forward to as the close of the football season, but the end was not yet. Thanksgiving and Munro Day were coming together, and the idea of utilizing them by taking a trip to St. John and Sackville led to a hurried correspondence with the lovers of Rugby in those places, with the result that, at 1.15 p. m. on Wednesday, November 20th, our first fifteen, accompanied by their manager and a few followers, took the train at North street depot and arrived at the former city after a smooth and uneventful run of about eleven hours duration. The boys put up at the Dufferin Hotel, where they were made to feel very much at home. Not only was the accommodation all that could be desired, but throughout their stay the "yellow and black" streamed out saucily from the very flagstaff. The forenoon of Thanksgiving was pleasantly spent in seeing St. John. To their credit be it said, a goodly proportion of the team, that day, avoided the very appearance of evil by going quietly to public worship, the calm of the morning being broken only by a mighty chorus of church bells.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the players were driven to the St. John A. A. A. grounds. The day was bitterly cold, and the number of spectators small to what it would otherwise have been. The St. John grounds are below the regulation size, and on this occasion were very muddy after the recent rains: but, nevertheless, a splendid game was played. St. John has a heavy team, which comprises many first class footballists, among whom are Shaw and Fairweather, old Dalhousians

and well known players here. The Dalhousie team was the same as that which played against Acadia, except that George Wood had taken Johnnie's place at half back, the latter acting as touch judge. Our popular manager, McIlreith, was selected as referee, and he discharged his critical duties in a manner that gave satisfaction to all. St. John had the kick off, and by quick work caused the ball to be held in Dalhousie territory. Gradually it was worked back by some stubborn scrimmages, with good dribbling on the part of Dalhousie. When near the St. John goal line, and after about fifteen minutes play, Barnstead secured the ball as it came from a scrimmage, and, after a sharp dash, he had eluded every opponent, and made a try against the home team. Maxwell failed to kick a goal, and no further scoring was done throughout the game. The remainder of the first half was spiritedly fought, the ball for the most part hovering about the center of the field. During the second half, the weather turned so cold that the ground was freezing fast and the ball became coated with ice. Nevertheless, the game waxed very sharp, and the halves on both sides got in some fine work. Several of the St. John players showed up well in their ability to make long, judicious kicks, the work of Jones, Hansard and Markham in this respect being of a high order. Toward the end of the game the St. John forwards betrayed some lack of training, and were out-played in the mauls. The victory was clearly deserved by Dalhousie, but she had proven worthy of her steel.

Space would fail to tell of the kindly manner in which the St. John boys treated the visiting team. The Bicycle Club gave the boys an invitation to their rooms. Almost reluctantly they took the train next morning at 7 o'clock, and upon arriving in Sackville about noon, were cordially received at the railway station by a large delegation of the Mount Allison students, who had them driven to their lodge, sumptuously dined, and well looked after until three o'clock, when the game began. The day was clear, but very cold. The Mount Allison boys have very poor and rough grounds, upon a high, wind-swept hill, some distance out of town. That they play good football under such disabilities is very much to their credit.

Dalhousie kicked off, and the ball was well returned. For the first few minutes of the game, honors were about even, but soon the ball was forced into Mount Allison territory, and, after a stubborn defence on the part of the home team, Dalhousie forwards rushed it across the line and made a try, from which no goal resulted. No further points were scored by either side, and the game thereafter, though sharp and fast, was uneventful through the inability of the Mount Allison boys to keep the ball for any length of time within their opponents' territory. The



defence, however, of the home team was excellent, and of their quick, severe tackling too much cannot be said. Of the Dalhousie players it would be unjust to mention any one above the others of the team. They played a uniformly good game, especially in view of the fact that they had been riding all forenoon in the cars after having met St. John in a stubborn match the day before. Cutten, the giant forward of Acadia, refereed the match at Sackville very satisfactorily.

Until the train drew out that evening for Halifax, the Mount Allison boys heaped every hospitality upon "their friends, the enemy." Mount Allison is sure of a good welcome if ever she comes here on a football mission. The Dalhousie team arrived here shortly after midnight the same evening, somewhat fatigued by the journey, but cheered since by the congratulations of their friends upon the result of their trip to New Brunswick.

JUNIOR.—The second Wanderers defeated our second team in the play-off game, and so are the winners of the Junior Trophy. There is excellent material in both the above teams, and many of the players will be seen next year playing in their respective first fifteens.

#### MOCK PARLIAMENT.

**S**INCE last reporting a great change has taken place in the *personnel* of the government of our fair Dominion. After the resignation of the Bigelow administration an appeal to the country became necessary, and this resulted in the return of a Liberal administration. The premier of the new government is the ex-leader of the opposition; a grizzled veteran of a thousand political wars; a statesman of vast and imposing prominence. Mr. McKay's first move in the direction of good government was to introduce into the House a bill having for its object the encouragement of trade with the mother country. The bill stated that "Inasmuch as Great Britain allows the exports of Canada into her ports, free of duty," therefore the duty on imports from Great Britain into Canada should be "materially reduced."

The discussion on this measure has been of great interest. The number of Hon. gentlemen who have taken the floor to uphold or assail the bill has been unusually large, and the speeches excellent in some cases, and in the main of very great merit. Four sittings have been held,—the first on Oct 26th, and weekly to date. The cabinet ministers of the new government are

Premier and Minister of Justice..... HON. R. S. MCKAY.  
 Minister of Public Works..... HON. H. PUTNAM.  
 Minister of Finance..... HON. A. D. GUNN.  
 Minister of Marine and Fisheries..... HON. JOHN HOOD.

The premier, Mr. McKay, introduced the bill with a few well spoken words. Canada had been carrying on a process of discrimination against

the mother country for many years. We buy less goods from England than from the United States, but we tax the imports from England much higher than those from the neighboring republic. He would like to see some of the superfluous loyalty of the Conservative members of the government made manifest in the support of the bill before the house.

HON. MR. PHELAN, North Sydney, spoke briefly to the measure in reply.

HON. MR. SULLIVAN, Halifax, created a very favorable impression with a short speech in support of the bill.

HON. MR. McCART, Spring Hill Mines, ably replied to the last speaker. The Hon. gentleman furnished valuable information as to the state of the farming population of Nova Scotia.

HON. MR. CUMMINGS of Colchester, spoke in favor of the bill, and was the last speaker of the sitting.

HON. MR. PARSONS, Sable Island, opened up the proceedings on the second night of the debate with a 10 minute speech of considerable merit.

HON. MR. MILLS, St. Croix, replied in his usual inimitable manner, supporting the Liberal government as he can always be depended upon to do.

HON. MR. LEAHY, Halifax West, followed, dealing principally with the loyalty question. He in turn, was followed by MR. DUNN, Bathurst, supporting the government.

HON. MR. BIGELOW, ex-prime minister, assailed the Liberal party on the ground of inconsistency. He also dealt with the trade question.

HON. MR. O'CONNOR, Halifax North, had "a few words to say," and he said them. He held the floor in the government's favor till the time for adjournment.

On the third night the member for Halifax North concluded his speech, and then gave place to HON. MR. MCKINNON of Antigonish, who spoke briefly, taking exception to the bill *in toto*.

The Hon. Minister of Finance MR. GUNN, made an excellent effort, mainly in reply to the speech of the Hon. Mr. Bigelow on "Consistency."

HON. MR. LOGGIE, Northumberland, severely criticized the remarks of preceding speakers, and threw much new light upon the subject under discussion.

HON. MR. MACGREGOR, New Glasgow, here announced that although he had always been a staunch supporter of the government, and his convictions were decidedly liberal, he would vote for no change in tariff designed for preferential trade with any nation. He would vote free trade to the world, or a reduction in tariff to the world, but nothing else.

The Hon. member for Kraungee, MR. O'DONOGHUE, welcomed the hon. member from New Glasgow, to the ranks of the Conservative party, regardless of the fact that said gentleman had expressed chagrin at being forced into such company. He hoped, and expected to watch the light of wisdom dawn on many others. Mr. O'Donoghue, as usual made a ringing, interesting speech, in no way inferior to such as would be heard on the floors of any other house. He is by far the most formidable governmental opponent in the house.

Several good speeches were made on the concluding night of the debate, and the bill eventually was carried by a small majority.

The speaker here stated that there was present in the gallery, a distinguished warrior and statesman, in the person of General D. O'C. O'Leary, M. D., E. T. C., and he would call upon the gentleman to accept a seat at his right.

GENERAL O'LEARY thanked the speaker for the honor, in language eloquent and impressive. He complimented the members upon their "antithripobian garrulosity, and instantaneous comatitiveness." Such eloquent phraseology he had never heard before, without the precincts of the House of Lords.

### Varsity Notes.

MR. SILVER, of Silver & Payzant, is lecturing on Trusts.

MISS AUSTEN was at home to the Juniors on Thursday evening, 22nd ult. A large number of additional invitations were issued, and all were delighted with the charming programme arranged by the hostess.

IF the students will persist in walking over the grass instead of keeping on the gravelled walks around the College, our lawns will have to be disfigured with "keep off the grass" notices.

THE first year have had their "photo taken." The Sophomore kindly assisted, and succeeded in getting a delay of a half hour, so that some of the children might appear with combed hair and clean faces.

SOME light-fingered fiend is causing considerable annoyance to first and second year men. From the Histology room cover slips are taken, and from the desks of the Chemical Laboratory lockers, &c., mysteriously disappear.

THE article in last issue regarding the supply of material for the Practical Anatomy room had the desired effect. The powers-that-be appear quite competent to handle subjects in such a way that students have all they can do in the Practical Anatomy Class.

THE general students meeting was held on the 3rd inst. The night was unfavourable, but a larger number of students should nevertheless have been present. When will all the students feel it is as much their duty to attend these meetings as to come to the lectures? Never, we fear, unless they have some of the true college spirit.

A most enjoyable event was the occasion of an oyster supper given by Mrs. Hector McInnes to the students of the Procedure class on the evening of Nov. 20th. Mine host, Mr. McInnes, entertained in his usual genial way, and the Order of the Gool Time was revived with music and feasting. All unite in the expression of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. McInnes for the pleasure of the occasion.

OUR old friend George Price, LL. D., was not forgotten by his friends when Thanksgiving came around. On the evening of the 20th inst, he was escorted to the Law Library and presented with an address and purse of money. The genial "guardian of freshmen" replied in a most becoming manner, and wished his many friends "success in their business." What's the matter with the Doctor? He's all right.

THE attendance at the meetings of the Medical Society has been fairly good thus far, yet we see no reason why it should not be much better. A student requires an evening in the week for recreation, and he could not do better than attend the meeting of the society, which is held every Friday night. Come then boys! Tear yourselves away from your beloved text-books and enthuse the society by helping to increase its numbers. Also, do not forget to become a member of the Society. It only costs the small sum of 50 cents, yet it will help to swell the funds of the Society, which is always pleasing to its well-wishers.

IT is far easier to criticize than suggest methods of improvement. So customary has it of late become to complain that one is loth to air another grievance. But the matter of which we intend to speak cannot be overlooked. Everyone has surely noticed the large number of students that are accustomed to use the English-exercise-books of the First and Second years. First, of course, there are the writers themselves, but they form only an unimportant factor of the many who now consult these little works. To numbers from both the Junior and Senior years, a perusal of their pages is found both helpful and interesting. These readers assert that much information is thereby obtained. Information always remarkable, sometimes ever extraordinary. They further claim that the knowledge is of a kind so peculiar as to be nowhere else found. Being unique, it accordingly gives the possessor great prestige, especially amongst the owners of the books, for the writers seem unanimously desirous that their literary productions be not spread abroad as popular phrases and current humour. Now no one would claim that the wishes of these writers should be for a moment considered, and all readily admit, that the convenience of those who don't own the books, must be consulted. Therefore we ask that the books be put on a place of more easy access. At present knowledge seekers are compelled to seize erratic moments between the lectures for their interesting study, and even then are often interrupted by the entrance of one of the Faculty. It is ridiculous in the extreme that Dalhousie College can afford no better facilities for such a laudable pursuit, and we are sure that if the students who use these books for reference were to present a suitable petition to the Faculty, *signed with their names in full*, in future they would be placed where none excepting the rightful owners could see them.

### College Societies.

PHILOMATHIC SOCIETY met on Nov. 15th. Prof. MacMechan occupied the chair, and in a neat speech introduced the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Leonowens. Her subject was "Sanskrit Literature." Her address showed extensive knowledge of the subject, and her acquaintance with the land of India enabled her to set her sketches of Sanskrit religion, poetry and philosophy in an attractive background. At the close Mr. MacGregor moved a vote of thanks in eloquent terms, and his encomiums were heartily endorsed by those present.

The Society met again on Nov. 29th. "Scotch Authors" was the topic of the evening. The first paper was on "Crockett," and was read

by R. E. Crockett. He did full justice to himself and to his namesake. His character sketch was good, his history light and racy, his descriptions vivid and his quotations apt.

Miss Montgomery followed with a paper on "Ian McLaren." It was very well written, and was read with the enthusiasm the subject demanded. The writings of this author draw forth eulogy rather than criticism. Miss Montgomery's paper proved to be no exception to the rule, and many fine points were brought out.

Mr. F. S. Simpson, B. A., discussed "Barrie," and succeeded in sustaining his former reputation as an essayist. He depicted Barrie and his works both in his beauty and his weaknesses in language, that was clear, forcible and sometimes humorous.

Messrs. Putnam, McKay, Milligan and Davidson took part in the discussion which followed. After thanking the writers the Society adjourned.

Y. M. C. A.—Africa, "the Dark Continent," was the subject for consideration at the Missionary Meeting on Saturday evening, Nov. 30. The papers read were most interesting. Mr. A. B. Blanchard described the people and told what has been done towards Christianizing them and what remains to be done. Miss A. V. Reid told the story of the heroic life of "McKay of Uganda." And Mr. A. H. Campbell narrated the rise of Samuel Crowther from slave-boy to bishop.

On the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 1st., Rev. Clarence McKinnon, B. D., of Middle Stewiacke, gave a most interesting and practical lecture on "The Prophet and his Message." This is not the first nor the second time that Mr. McKinnon has been asked by the Association to fill a place on their lecture programme. And the best part of it is that the more he is heard the better is he liked. The Munro Room was filled to overflowing on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. McKinnon has the valuable faculty of being able to make what he is saying, touch close to the lives and consciences of those to whom he is speaking. In another's hands the subject might have been somewhat uninteresting. But not so here. The schools of the Prophets were the forecasting of our modern universities. The large buildings and magnificent equipments might have been wanting, but there was the spirit of truth and duty. The prophet was not one raised up to predict the future, nor was he but a mere instrument in the hands of the Deity. He was one filled with the Spirit—bubbling over—one who saw it to be his mission not to live for self, but to preach and teach for the good of mankind. So let the successors of the noble men of old go forth into the world, not as selfish doctors, or lawyers, or ministers, but as men who have a message from God, who see that they owe more to those about them than they are owed.

STUDENTS MEDICAL SOCIETY.—This society at its meeting of Oct. 29th, listened with much interest to a paper by Dr. G. Carleton Jones on "Medical Colleges of London." Dr. Jones, who is a member of the College of Surgeons of London, gave in a pleasing manner a historical sketch of this organization and of the more ancient College of physicians, giving many facts in connection with the lives of many noted medical men who have held the honored position of President of one or the

other of these institutions, and whose names are often met with by the student of medicine.

In presenting to the speaker the thanks of the society, the President, Mr. McEwen, availed himself of the opportunity to thank Dr. Jones on behalf of the students for his efforts in the matter of better Library accommodation.

The meeting of Dec. 6th was characterized by a rather warm discussion as to how the Christmas break-up should be celebrated, resulting in the decision to have no celebration. The programme of the evening was postponed on account of the lateness of the hour.

### Facetiæ.

Is the air of a freshman *fresh* air?

NOW R. P. you cannot *cozen* us in such a common manner.

WHY is Wood a good footballist? Because he tackles *Low*.

WHERE was he of the *Strong-Arm* when the doctor called to see him.

WHAT was the matter with the P. E. I. girl when she *chased* her roommate through the window?

THE young medical was thoroughly in *earnest* when he *bent* his energies to sing "Her GOLDEN HAIR was hanging *down her back*."

FRESHMAN MCK-Y was slightly confused the other night and began dissecting with a razor instead of a scalpel.

SINCE Adam has lost his better half his sleep is not quite so profound. He now is occasionally known to respond when addressed sharply.

DEAR friend Macdonald, grow another one quick, you looked better before this mutilation.

RU-T-EDGE (listening to chimes in "Faust")—"Say old fellow! Aren't St. Mary's chimes very distant to-night."

GIVEN that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," can "Pa" infer that the proof of the Freshman's song is in Norman's pocket.

SOPH (reviewing his Chemistry) "Let me see. CH<sub>4</sub> Methane, C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>6</sub> Ethane, C<sub>3</sub>H<sub>8</sub> Profane. Oh! that is not so hard after all."

THE three Cornwallis lads are rivals for the hand of a fair Halifax damsel. Sh-w is coming out ahead, with D-k-y a close second, M-rt-n is simply "not in it."

OUR festive law librarian has recently developed quite a craze for sewing circles. He weekly performs the duties of night *escort(t)* for some of the young ladies. Go ahead Mac! Its all in a life time.

LADY (to confidential friend)—"I call him Mr. K-d-y, but Jane calls him "Dug" you know."

Note.—Curious how things get spread around isn't it.

THE flute which so often sent its variegated discords echoing through the halls of the V. G. H. is now hung upon a weeping willow. The player is following in his day dreams the wandering of his beloved (Eva)ngeline.

AN interesting debate between two Sophs regarding the ownership of a beaker, was recently listened to by the other member of the class. As a result one of these gentlemen will study the eighth commandment, the other will give up medicine and study law.

WHAT is the difference between a sailor on a voyage and a Soph at the "Green" market. "One sails the sea, the other sees the sale."

DIVINE (at an "at home"). "So Mr. M-cn-l, I hear you are soon to join this family circle." Her Tupto "blushed a lovely red."

PROF. of Anatomy—Mr. S-h-w, what do you call this? "The valve of *Vesuvius*, sir." The *outburst* which followed was tremendous.

MR. R-U-E (addressing Demonstrator)—"Will you please tell me the nerve supply of the brain?"

IT is reported that M-t-n is engaged to *Till* the soil during the coming season in the neighbourhood of Halifax.

SOPH (to sobbing Freshie, who has lost his nurse)—Never mind my little man, don't cry like that.

Sobbing Freshie—Well blame it, how will I cry?

OUR jocund Soph Sh-w is of the opinion that the banker down town, who was making surgical experiments on the tail of his canine, should "be bound over to keep the *piece*."

L-NGE—"When I was a boy and studied Latin at the Halifax Academy we had a special class which met in the afternoon, and at which gentlemen only were admitted."

GA-D-ER—"Gee Whiz!" "How was it you were allowed to attend."

A. F. B.—(much perplexed and despairing of being ever able to recall those technical medical terms)—"Stand aside boys! Much learning hath made me mad."

DR. SEXTON'S recent remarks regarding man's wicked nature being the result of a depression of the skull, suggested operation for the relief of such condition. The Freshmen evidently acting on this suggestion are nearly every day seen hovering around the operating room at the Victoria General Hospital.

A FRESHMAN recently smiled the smile of scorn at the idea of his accepting a programme of the Students Medical Society. He may *curry* favor with the Wanderers if he chooses to do so, but such an action is not likely to raise him in the estimation of his fellow students.

SCENE, Church Social—Mr. D-k-y having asked for more pie.

Young Lady—"Mr. D-k-y, you have eaten more pie than I have."

Mr. D.—"Well, what of that. You must remember you were eating pie before I was born. You might give a fellow a fair start."

AN alopectic junior is making such rapid strides in his surgical studies and is becoming so much attached to some members of the household staff, that it is feared the consulting physician will soon be compelled to step down and out.

BENTLEY—Ross, please give me a chew?

Ross—(Producing a piece of concentrated essence of molasses and nicotine) "Oh, excuse me, I will give you a decent piece. This I keep for B s-s-t." (Putting his liberal hand down deeper in same pocket and bringing forth another piece of darker complexion) "This is G-t-e-s" "My own is in my vest pocket, here you go."

#### NOTICE.

WILL the Dalhousian who borrowed the knife to cut the Wanderers' button off a young lady's coat at Fort Massey Social please return it to the owner.

P. S.—We do not wish any Dalhousian to be *c-aught larking* like that.  
--ED.

NEWS BOY—Mail, sir?

Soph (impatiently)—No, no.

N. B.—Female?

#### GREENIE CORDINER IN CHURCH.

FEMALE FRIEND—"You naughty boy! Why didn't you put that cent I gave you on the plate?"

G. C.—"Cos that fellow didn't look very poor. He had a plateful of white money and I wish my centie to buy candy."

#### THE SOPHMORE'S SOLILOQUY.

To scrim or not to scrim, that is the question.  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The taunts and greenness of outrageous freshmen;  
Or to take arms against this pack of verdants  
And by our bouncing cool them. To scrim, to scrim,  
To bounce, and by good bouncing end the importance  
And the thousand assumed airs, that freshie's heir to,  
Tis a consumation devoutly to be wished. To yell, to scrim,  
To bounce. Perchance pay fines, ay there's the rub;  
For in the scrim what awful forms appear,  
When we have borne aloft the freshman green,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of a good scrim,  
For who would bear the little freshie's strut,  
The sophomore's wrongs the greenman's contumely,  
When we ourselves might their quietus make  
With a good scrimmage.  
But that the dread of something afterwards,  
That all empowered senate from whose bourne  
No fines are ere returned, empties the purse  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Then fly to others that we know not of.

#### THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

He came into our boarding house with a face as meek as milk,  
His eye was mild and soft and kind, his voice as smooth as silk,  
Not one of us suspected that concealed within his pocket  
Was a shoulder blade, a child's back-bone a piece of skull and socket.

'Till one day he up and told us, in his calm and easy tones,  
That he always carried round with him his pocket full of bones.  
He got them at the college, when he went there to dissect,  
And he brought them out at meal time for the boarders to inspect.

I wandered to his room one night to see what he was at,  
To my surprise he was dissecting the carcass of a cat,  
He was removing, so he told me, for his private information,  
A part he designated as the epidermis portion.

He cut the cranium off the cat and laid the body by,  
And then he showed me what he called the *Torcular Herophili*.  
He made an incision down the face from the forehead to the jaw,  
And then he made another from the ear to *Zygoma*.

I stood there in amazement as he cut that cat asunder,  
And the names he had for different parts made my eyes bulge out with wonder,  
There was *Scalenus Auticus*, and the belly of *Digastric*,  
*Muscular cutaneous nerves* and veins galore elastic.

Who could have such wondrous knowledge and not a Pasteur be?  
Is he not now his equal? Is what occurred to me,  
Some day I'm sure his fame will rise as the fame of that departed,  
And where he practices there'll be no death, or broken-hearted.

SCENE (Blair reading, enter W. A. M.)

W. A. M.—“Blair, what be ‘A. J.’?”

Blair—“Look in Dictionary.”

W. A. M.—“So I have, and it says ‘A Jay’ is a little blue bird. You be mean Blair not to tell me I was a *pretty* little blue bird.”

IMMEDIATELY after Xmas. the Whiskers Club is to be reorganized, and it is desirable that due notice be given. Application blanks can be had from the Secretary at any time. A rigid preliminary examination will be held before the first meeting. *Freshmen* are not eligible. Further particulars may be had on application to the Most Worthy Grand High Priest and Past Master,—Brehm.

PROF. in Materia Medica, outside examination hall with door locked.—“Where’s Dr. F—t, he promised to have this door open at 8 o’clock.”

Murray—“He’s at the football, sir.”

Prof. G.—“Oh I see, football takes the *precedence*.”

Murray—“That’s a *Good one*.”

SCENE—Anywhere. Time—Any time. Enter T-r-n and K-l-ch.  
K-l-ch (sings)—Tune “Limerick”—

O! T-r-n and K-l-ch are we,  
For the vulgar we don’t give a dee,  
A cerulean flood  
Of the haughtiest blood  
Swiftly courses each main artery.

We look with disdain on the crowd,  
For their pants and their neckties are loud,  
They’re provincial you know,  
Blasted hayseeds, and so  
It is hard for us not to be proud.

But the worst of it is, don’t you know,  
That their language is not *comme il faut*—  
And of chewing tobacco  
There sure is no lack-o—  
And I think back to Harvard I’ll go.

T-r-n (replies)—

Begobs! some vulgar sucker  
Put me timper out of tucker  
He requested me to pay for some “Gazette”—  
But Oi drew meself up haughty  
And Oi asked him if he thought he  
Hadn’t better go outside and take a sweat.

And Oi ups and tells him that  
Oi was wan aristocrat  
Wid a pidigree from here to Dublin Town;  
And Oi wasn’t going to pay;  
So he needn’t look so gay;  
But the vulgar beggar ups and knocks me down.

(Both sing.)

Yes! we scorn the “great unwashed,”  
And we’d like to see them squashed—  
For men of lengthy pedigrees are we:  
And we think it nothing but  
Quite correct that we should cut  
Every common hayseed student that we see.

### THE FRESHMEN BANQUET.

On Thursday, November 20th, the Freshies fortunate enough to remain in the city, attended in a body the banquet prepared in their honour by the children of the Infant’s Home. The tables were spread on the South Common and were loaded down with delicacies. Here is the menu:

Pap. Tortoise. Pinfish.  
Clam Patties. Fillets of Flatfish, a la Herring Cove.  
*Relevés* (cold)

*Plucked Geese* Au Johnny, Jays, Green Birds.  
*Entrees.*

Baronets of goat, *roasted* chickens, tongues a la *Risser*, *calves* sweetbreads,  
*Hebb* de green grass a la *Ancienne*, *Barnes* stuffed with chestnuts.  
*Salade de Cordiner.*

*Entremets.*  
Jelly au *Forbes*, pudding *Freeze*, *Noire* au *Monteau*, Cheese *Leenarius*,  
Infante *Luther*, Ribbons au *McDougall*.

*Ices.*  
Soph Illusion aux Freshies, buns de *West*, porridge au *McIntosh*, teething  
rings, peppermint, lozenges, cloves du *Routledge*, rocking horses.

*Wines.*  
Milk, bean water, cider, ginger tea.

#### REMEDIES

Perry Davis Pain Killer, Mother Siegel’s Soothing Syrup, Mustard Poultices  
a la Old Lady’s Home, Paragoric au *McAskill*, Castoria.

(They got their picture taken in their altered appearance, hence the necessity for seven sittings.)

---

### Personals.

---

W. R. CAMPBELL, B. A., M. A., Pa. The GAZETTE extends congratulations.

MANY of the Medicals spent Thanksgiving at their homes. Mr. Dickie among the number.

ARMSTRONG, of the First Year Medicine, has resumed attendance at classes after a severe attack of measles.

T. M. FRASER, '95, an editor of the GAZETTE last term, is in the city. He has accepted a position with Harris, Henry & Cahan.

D. A. CAMERON, LL. B., '93, of Sydney, C. B., is in town quite often. Business is flourishing according to “Dan.”

WE regret to report our hoary headed law Senior as led from the path of duty to go moose hunting. PINEO left for Thanksgiving holidays a week early, and thus enjoyed some of the rare Nova Scotia sport.

'TIS hard for the genial George to give up football. He still uses his superfluous fat in shoving the opponents of the St. John team. GEORGE SHAW, LL. B., '95, is the latest addition to the legal profession in St. John. He passed his final with flying colors. Success George!

The latest of Dalhousie’s law graduates to join the benedictine ranks is J. AVARD FULTON, who was married to Miss Gould of Halifax. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton will reside in Guysboro where Avard has already a lucrative practice.

OUR sincere thanks are due our anonymous correspondent from St. John. As you are too reserved to give us your name, we can only take this way to offer our thanks. At the same time we would suggest that some more New Brunswick notes would be very acceptable. We can remember the time when we used to have some notes from New Brunswick occasionally, and they were very welcome. Although *Kings College Record* has a law editor on its staff, we look in vain for St. John law notes.

OUR thanks are due to Mr. W. Harry Sedgwick for a prompt response to the request for Nos. 1 and 2, Vol. XVI. of the GAZETTE. No. 1 of Vol. XVIII. is still missing.

DR. JONES' references to the Medical Library at the conclusion of his address were received with hearty applause. Dr. Jones' interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the college is much appreciated by the students.

WE were pleased to see the genial countenance of HARRY GRAHAM, LL.B., '94, once more in our midst. Harry made us a flying visit to see the Acadia-Dalhousie match. He is now a member of the firm of Fraser, Jennison & Graham, in the thriving town of New Glasgow.

DR. WELDON, our Dean, and MR. HARRINGTON were honoured as guests to the annual meeting of the North British Society. Mr. Harrington's response to a toast to the learned professions was regarded as one of the features of the evening. Dr. Weldon responded to the toast to the Dominion Government.

DR. W. F. COGSWELL, whose retirement as House Surgeon of the V. G. Hospital was intimated in last issue, was presented with an address and gold-headed walking-stick by the clinical students just before his departure for the West. Dr. Cogswell was held in high esteem by the students, all of whom will be pleased to learn of his continued success.

THE GAZETTE is in this issue favored with a contribution from the pen of one of Dalhousie's most distinguished sons, J. MACDONALD OXLEY B. A., '74. Mr. Oxley, while enjoying a high reputation as a magazine contributor, is probably best known as a writer of stories for the young. In this department he stands easily first among authors on this side of the water. During the past year, several of his latest works have been brought out by well known English publishers. The place of honor in the coming volume of the *Boys' Own Paper* has been allotted to him, as well as in that of our *Our Young Folks*. Mr. Oxley is connected with the Sun Life Assurance Co., and has, in addition to his already varied duties, undertaken the editorship of an illustrated monthly, to be published by his company. It is gratifying to Dalhousians to hear of the continued success of an alumnus and to know that his ever lively interest in Alma Mater continues unabated.

BELCHER'S FARMER'S ALMANACK FOR THE PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA, for 1896. This is the one standard and indispensable almanack and year book for the people of Nova Scotia. "Belcher's" was first issued in 1824, and from that year to this it has been counsellor, friend and companion to increasing thousands. Its 250 pages are crowded with such information as is daily required—concerning tides, sunrise and sunset, changes of the moon; lists of officers of governments local and federal; magistrates; municipal councils; courts of law; churches, benevolent and national societies; tariff, post offices, railways, light-houses, insurance companies. Evidently the publishers take great pains to secure accuracy in every detail.

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

	TERMS.	
One Collegiate Year (in advance)	.....	\$1 00
Single copies	.....	10

== TAKE A COURSE ==  
— AT —

**WHISTON & FRAZEE'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,**  
95 BARRINGTON STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

== STUDENTS WILL FIND THE ==

BRITISH AMERICAN BOOK AND TRACT DEPOSITORY,

115 GRANVILLE STREET,

The Best Place to procure all kinds of BOOKS that they may need.

ANY BOOK NOT IN STOCK WILL BE ORDERED PROMPTLY.

ROLAND MELLISH, Depository.

**J. CORNELIUS, Jeweller.**

99 Granville Street, HALIFAX, N. S.

Maker of DALHOUSIE CLASS PINS, '94 and '96. DeMILLE GOLD MEDAL. GOVERNORS AND ALUMNI GOLD MEDAL.

MEDALS, CLASS PINS, &c. made to order. DALHOUSIE ENAMELLED FLAG PINS, WATCHES, ALARM CLOCKS, SPECTACLES.

Repairs by our own Workmen.

**P. J. HANIFEN,**

**Merchant Tailor,**

25 BARRINGTON ST.

A Splendid Line of English and Scotch Woollens always on hand.

**LEYDON & McINTOSH,**

**Merchant Tailors,**

160 GRANVILLE ST.,

HALIFAX, N. S.

Importers of West of England Cloths, Coatings, Trouserings, Scotch Tweed Suitings.

— FULL LINES IN —

**FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATINGS.**

Waterproof Coats.

NEW STOCK.

GOODS are Guaranteed, and will be taken back if not waterproof.

10 PER CENT. OFF TO STUDENTS.

**LePINE'S H. G. F. Co.**

199 HOLLIS STREET,

Opp. Province Building.

**CHAS. S. LANE,**

**Hats & Furs.**

WATERPROOF GOODS,

**TRUNKS.**

113 Granville Street,

HALIFAX, N. S.

A. E. SILVER.

J. A. PAYZANT, LL.B.

SILVER & PAYZANT,  
Barristers, \* Solicitors,  
NOTARIES PUBLIC, Etc.

Redden Building, - HALIFAX, N. S.

GEORGE RITCHIE,  
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary.

21. GEORGE ST.,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

W. B. WALLACE, LL.B.

A. A. MACKAY, LL.B.

WALLACE & MACKAY,  
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

74 BEDFORD ROW,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

JOHN H. SINCLAIR.

GEO. PATTERSON, M.A

SINCLAIR & PATTERSON,  
Barristers, Notaries, Etc.,

77 PROVOST STREET,  
NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

DANIEL McNEIL.

ALEX. McNEIL, LL.B.

McNEIL & McNEIL,  
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

HALIFAX, N. S., and PORT HOOD, C. B.

HALIFAX, N. S.: 122 HOLLIS STREET. P. O. Box 292.

HENRY W. C. BOAK, LL.B.

Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Solicitor of Patents, Copyrights, Etc.

74 BEDFORD ROW, HALIFAX.

G. A. R. ROWLINGS, LL.B.

W. E. THOMPSON, LL.B.

ROWLINGS & THOMPSON,  
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

45 SACKVILLE ST.,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

JOHN Y. PAYZANT & SON,  
Barristers and Solicitors,

95 HOLLIS STREET,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

JAMES M. DAVISON,

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office: No. 16 PRINCE ST.,

HALIFAX, N. S.

GO TO

CRAGG BROS. & CO.,

Corner Barrington

and George Sts.

FOR

Razors, Skates, Pocket Knives,

USEFUL WEDDING AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS. KITCHEN AND HOUSEHOLD  
NOVELTIES. MECHANICS' TOOLS, BUILDERS' HARDWARE, &c.

Always Best Goods and Lowest Prices.

Wholesale and Retail.

W. B. ROSS, Q. C.

H. MELLISH, B.A., LL. B.

F. F. MATHERS, LL. B.

ROSS, MELLISH & MATHERS,  
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

74 BEDFORD ROW, - HALIFAX, N. S.

R. E. HARRIS, Q. C.

W. A. HENRY, LL. B.

C. H. CAHAN, LL. B.

HARRIS, HENRY & CAHAN,  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, &c.

MERCHANTS' BANK BUILDING,

21 George Street, - HALIFAX, N. S.

MATTHEW N. DOYLE, LL.B.

Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

Office: 60 BEDFORD ROW,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

B. RUSSELL, Q. C.

JOHN T. ROSS.

RUSSELL & ROSS,  
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors, &c.

52 Bedford Row, HALIFAX.

Cairo Cigarettes.

M. MELACHRINO & CO.

ARE THE

Largest Cigarette Makers in Cairo, Egypt.

And their Cigarettes are the finest in the World. TRY THEM.

H. WOODBURY, D.D.S. F. WOODBURY, D.D.S.

GO TO

DRS. WOODBURY BROS.,

Dentists.

137 HOLLIS STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

PEART'S,

33 George St.

FOR

PICTURE FRAMES, Etc.

MILLER BROTHERS, 101 & 103 BARRINGTON ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

AGENTS FOR THE BEST

American and Canadian Pianos and Organs.

The Karn, Reimer's, Evans Bros., and Ivers & Pond, &c.

AND SEWING MACHINES.

New Raymond, New Williams, and Wheeler & Wilson.

Pianos and Organs Tuned and Repaired.

Sewing Machines Repaired.

TELEPHONE 738.

All work done for Students at

Halifax Steam Laundry,

26 PLEASANT STREET,

Will be Guaranteed not to be TORN, or Flannels SHRUNK.

10 PER CENT DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS ONLY.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

C. SYDNEY HARRINGTON.

J. M. CHISHOLM.

A. DRYSDALE.

HECTOR McINNES, LL.B.

HARRINGTON & CHISHOLM,

DRYSDALE & McINNES,

Barristers & Solicitors,

Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

187 HOLLIS ST., - HALIFAX, N. S.

35 BEDFORD ROW.

PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS NEATLY, CHEAPLY, AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

BY

The Nova Scotia Printing Company,

P. O. Box 24.

40 Sackville St., HALIFAX, N. S.

(8)

Standard Life Assurance Co., Edinburgh.

ESTABLISHED 1825.

ASSURANCE IN FORCE, \$111,500,000.
BONUS DISTRIBUTIONS, 27,000,000.
CANADIAN INVESTMENTS, 12,000,000.
ASSURANCE IN FORCE IN CANADA, 14,100,000.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES are now very popular with Young Men and Women.

For Rates apply to either

JOHN S. SMITH, 24 BLAND ST., HALIFAX.

ALFRED SHORTT, 145 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX.

ROSS.

THE GRANVILLE STREET

Fashionable Hatter,

112 GRANVILLE STREET.

Halifax Ladies' College,

(In Affiliation with Dalhousie College.)

AND

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 12TH.

For Information apply to

HALIFAX, N. S.

REV. R. LAING, M. A.

N. SARRE & CO.,

27 George Street,

DEALERS IN

Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes,

Salmon, Lake, and Sea Trout Tackle.

FOOT BALLS, BASE BALL

AND

Cricketing Goods.

ROBERT STANFORD,

Merchant Tailor,

156 Hollis Street, Halifax, N. S.

DIRECT IMPORTER OF

ENGLISH & FOREIGN GOODS.



**T. C. ALLEN & CO.,** Booksellers, Stationers & Printers,  
124 & 126 GRANVILLE ST.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

STUDENTS' NOTE  
COLLEGE TEXT  
MISCELLANEOUS

**Books.**

STATIONERY AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Fountain Pens, Mathematical Instruments, Pocket Ink Bottles, Artists' Materials.

BOOKS NOT IN STOCK WILL BE PROCURED PROMPTLY TO ORDER.

◀ AGENT FOR GINN & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS. ▶

---

**W. E. HEBB.**

---

**Bookseller and Commercial Stationer.**

---

139 Hollis Street, Cor. Sackville, HALIFAX, N. S.

ALWAYS IN STOCK :

STUDENTS' NOTE BOOKS, ranging in price from 7 to 35 cents each.

PAPER AND ENVELOPES, in boxes, from 12 to 90 cents each.

POCKET INK BOTTLES, from 30 to 45 cents each.

STUDENTS' EYE SHADES.

WATERMAN & CAWS' FOUNTAIN PENS, all prices.

Staple Lines of COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS.

---

Books not in stock will be ordered promptly from Publishers.

---

I MAKE A SPECIALTY OF TRYING HARD TO ACCOMMODATE MY STUDENT FRIENDS.

---

**THE GOODWIN LAW BOOK AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,**

LIMITED (OF TORONTO.)

◆ ————— 120 Victoria Street, TORONTO.

**Law Book Publishers, Importers, Dealers, &c.**

Subscriptions received for all English,  
Canadian and American Law Reports  
and Periodicals . . . . .

All the Recent Text Books Kept in Stock.  
Libraries Valued and Purchased.  
Binding a Specialty.

FULL LINE OF LAW SCHOOL BOOKS ON HAND.

