

Dalhousie

Gazette.

Vol. VII. Halifax, Nova Scotia. No. 3.

A. & W. MACKINLAY,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

Bronze Medal awarded for Geographical Apparatus, Paris Exposition, 1867. First Prize awarded at Nova Scotia Exhibition, 1868, for Educational Books & Apparatus, Superiority of Blank Books, and Superiority of Printing and Binding.

BLANK BOOKS, GENERAL STATIONERY AND SCHOOL BOOKS, WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

BROCKLY & CO.

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,

Dealers in English and American Pianos, Organs, and all kinds of Musical Merchandize,

107 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

M. J. MURPHY,

IMPORTER OF

BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER,

Wholesale and Retail.

115 GRANVILLE STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

THOMSON & CO.

LONDON HOUSE,

Granville Street.

Wholesale & Retail

DRY GOODS,

Stock always complete in every

DEPARTMENT.

J. B. ELLIOT & CO.

132 & 134 GRANVILLE ST.

HALIFAX, N. S.

GENERAL DRY GOODS

AND

OUTFITTING WAREHOUSE.

Mantles and Millinery,

SHIRTS AND COLLARS MADE TO ORDER.

NOTE THE ADDRESS.

PROVINCIAL BOOKSTORE,

GRANVILLE ST.

Fownes', Bowman's and Wilson's Chemistry.

Brewster's & Parkinson's Optics.

Ganot's Physics.

Macadam's Practical Chemistry.

Drew's Conic Sections.

Galbraith & Haughton's Optics, Mechanics, Hydrostatics and Astronomy.

Todhunter's Equations, Plane Trigonometry.

Differential Calculus, Algebra, Conic Sections and Spherical Trigonometry; Pujol's French Grammar; Otto's French & German Grammars; Spiers and Surenne's French Dictionary; Marsh's Students' English Language; March's Anglo-Saxon Reader; Lewis' History of Philosophy; Greek and Latin Classics in Oxford and Weale's Series.

BOOKS OF ALL KINDS IMPORTED TO ORDER.

Subscriptions received for all English and American Magazines and Newspapers.

A. P. KATZMANN.

BEST VALUE FOR MONEY.

Boys' & Men's Clothing,

MEN'S OVERCOATS, \$5.00, \$6.25, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$14.00,

Pilot, Beaver and Whitney.

MEN'S REEFERS FROM \$4 TO \$10,

Boys' & Youths' Clothing in great variety.

Men's Hudson Bay Coats, Snow Coats and Ulsters, all prices.

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

OXFORD SHIRTS, &c.

CLAYTON & SONS,

CLOTHIERS,

228 Argyle Street, Halifax, N. S.

COLFORD BRO'S.

IMPORTERS OF

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

AND

Smokers' Articles.

Gent's' Toilet Articles, Travelling Requisites,

&c. &c.

Agents for Thurston Screw Knob Co. Manufacturers of Hat and Closet Pins, Door and Picture Knobs, &c., &c.

HESLEIN BUILDING, 123 HOLLIS ST.,

HALIFAX, N. S.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING EMPORIUM,

163 HOLLIS STREET,

Opposite Halifax Club.

FREEMAN ELLIOT

Would call the attention of the Public to his Winter Stock of

FURNISHING GOODS

AND

READY MADE CLOTHING.

NEW GOODS EVERY MAIL STEAMER.

All First Class Goods sold here.

G. E. MORTON & CO.

DEALERS IN ALL

PERIODICALS & BOOKS,

Distributors of Postage and Revenue Stamps,

No. 195 Hollis Street,

(NEAR THE POST OFFICE.)

HALIFAX, N. S.

MORTON'S MAGAZINE LIBRARY,

Open daily. Terms made known on application.

A Supply of all kinds of Reading Matter, Weekly Papers, Magazines, &c.

WILLIAM GOSSIP,
United Service Book & Stationery Warehouse,

No. 103 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX.

Imports and deals in all kinds of

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL BOOKS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Books, Stationery, Paper Hangings, Borderings, Plain and Figured Paper Window Blinds.

Mathematical Instruments, Surveyors' Chains and Tapes and Engineers' supplies always on hand.

Special attention given to the Importation and sale of Artists' Materials, from the Best houses in the world; all the materials for Wax Work constantly on hand.

Printing, Bookbinding and Copper Plate Printing done to order and with despatch.

Books, &c., Imported to order, from Great Britain and the United States with the greatest punctuality.

Enquire particularly for

WILLIAM GOSSIP.

103 Granville Street.

SIRCOM & MARSHALL,

Successors to Duffus & Co. Established 1826.

IMPORTERS OF

SILKS, LACES, SHAWLS, MANTLES,

Hosiery, Gloves, Haberdashery, Flowers, &c.

GENERAL HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Mourning Goods, Wedding Outfits, &c.

New No. 155 Granville Street,

OLD No. 2,

HALIFAX, N. S.

159 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

W. G. ROSS,

Watch  **Maker,**

And dealer in Waltham, Elgin, English and Swiss

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND CLOCKS,

159 Hollis St., Opposite Telegraph Office, Halifax, N. S.

BRITISH WAREHOUSE,

Corner of Granville and Duke Streets,

M. KEARNEY

Importer of every description of British, Canadian and Foreign

DRY GOODS,

A Large Stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

And Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. Canada Tweeds, Blankets, Flannels, Shirts, Drawers, Hosiery, &c.

AMERICAN GREY COTTONS in all Grades.

The above is offered Wholesale and Retail at the lowest prices for Cash.

Call and see prices and qualities of Goods before purchasing elsewhere.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

ORA ET LABORA.

Vol. VII.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 19, 1874.

No. 3.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT NATURE.

NATURE is most perplexing and deceiving. It is a common custom with moralists, who want to point an argument against man's depravity, to personify and eulogize her as chaste, temperate, peaceful. Now we can call a thing chaste or unchaste, only when we have some recognised standard of purity with which to compare it, but as, without revelation, we have nothing with which to bring Nature into comparison,—for there can be but one constitution of things—how can we call her, *per se*, either chaste or unchaste, temperate or intemperate? Whereas, if when we attribute to inanimate nature these laudable qualities, we mean, that according to the eternal ideas of purity, &c., as existing in our moral constitution, and recognized by our conscience, the actions of created existences are always chaste and temperate, we strain the truth a little too far. These philosophers would practically assert, that the lower creatures are better behaved, and have a greater sense of decency than ourselves, which is a downright libel upon humanity. We recognise wisdom in the instruction which bids the sluggard go to the Ant, and be wise, and in the voice which enjoins us to consider the lilies, how they grow, just as we do when forbidden to act like the dog who returns to his vomit, or the sow which goes back to her wallowing in the mire: but, when all Nature is thrust before our eyes, and held up to us as a pattern of all that is pure and good, our fault finding spirit is apt to get the better of us. And then without doubt, we can make some telling points against our detractors. Are we to be clean as the sow is clean, or to take a lesson in purity and temperance from the beasts of the field? Are we to feed on each other like reptiles, or war on our weaker neighbours like wild animals? Are we to spend our existence like the sloth, or will we be induced to abstain from gluttony by imitating the polyp—a creature which thinks nothing of turning its stomach inside out that it may take in a fresh meal? Then as to the uniformity of Nature's operations, we might as well be asked to copy the oscillations of a pendulum; or, if metamorphosed into a piece of machinery and set in motion, could or should we emulate her precision and regularity, qualities for which she deserves neither praise nor blame?

But again, when we ask Philosophers how we should act, or what it is necessary for us to do in order to obtain happiness, we are told to "live conformably to Nature." A learned and convenient phrase truly! It may mean three things: (1.) That its advocate is in a quandary; (2.) that he wants us not to transgress the laws of our being,—transgressing which, we immediately cease to live; (3.) that we are to obey our natural desires and inborn appetites. In the first case he is childish, in the second, silly, in the third, knavish. The late Mr. Mill in his last work, a treatise on Religion, amid much that is highly objectionable, well shows, that every act of man must be a protest against, and a conquest of, some natural desire. He lives most conformably to Nature who eats, and sleeps, and fights, as the brutes that

perish; he least, but best, who overcomes his inborn corruptions, mortifies the deeds of his body, and strives after a holier and a happier life. No man ever achieved a renowned act, or won a glorious name for himself, without resisting the pleadings of his flesh until energy and perseverance, through the force of habit, became a second and better nature.

There can be little doubt that of late years the argument for the existence of a God from the proofs of design in Nature, has not met with so general an acceptance as formerly. And perhaps the theory was pushed too far by the Theologians and Philosophers of a past generation. In calculating the evidences of design and benevolence apparent in the universe, it is quite possible that they closed their eyes to whatever was of a contrary nature. But in the world there is mixed good and evil; and it is therefore at least improbable that everything should seem perfect and made with a benevolent design. Those ancient Persians were more unbiassed in their theories, who held that the world was a constant struggle between good and evil principles; whereas, if modern investigators are to be believed, whatever is, is right; everything is good, benevolently and wisely planned. It is common for philosophers when speaking of the soul to represent it as in many respects, a "temple in ruins," by considering which some idea of its pristine glory may be made apparent. But they are not so candid with Nature; little wonder then that there is now a reaction, and that the great subject discussed with many, is the want of evidences of a Creator.

We assume however, that an examination of external nature, and, more particularly, of our mental and moral constitution will suffice, without any aid from Revelation, to convince us of the existence of a great and invisible Designer and Lawgiver. And the question is, guided by the light of nature, could we ever gain anything more than the most shadowy idea of this Being? It does not necessarily follow that because it is not apparent to our senses, we should never arrive at a clear conception of Him. We can easily imagine that in former ages, when physical science was as yet unknown to the investigator of Nature, there were many indications of the power and majesty of the Great Spirit, of whose existence he had heard through tradition and legends. In the rolling of the thunder he could hear His voice, in comets or signs read His warnings or exhortations, in the gathering clouds see His frown, and in the various phenomena of Nature proofs of His wisdom, power and benevolence. The stern Romans and imaginative Greeks peopled their woods with fawns and sylvan deities, their streams with water-nymphs and nereids, and the skies above with gods and goddesses of different degrees. These creations of their fancy were to them a necessity. They could not explain the processes continually going on in Nature, except on the assumption that each manifestation was caused and presided over by some particular spirit, in whose existence and attributes they firmly believed. But the case is different now. We cannot so believe if we would. Modern science steps in and dispels such fancies. She proclaims that the thunder

can bellow without Jove, the corn grow independently of Ceres, the billows roar and the winds whistle, without a Neptune or an Eolus; that the rain shower, the eclipse, the earthquake and all physical phenomena, are but the result of natural laws to which they can safely be entrusted without the intervention of any officious deity whatever. The tendency of modern science is to remove God more and more into the background; while some of its professors in their wisdom even think that they can dispense with him altogether.

However, it is the orthodox custom for Ethicists to contend, that a consideration of Nature and her phenomena will lead to our investing Deity with at least the following attributes: Benevolence, Omnipotence, Wisdom, Oneness. With this object they point to the stars above us, and the earth beneath us, to the skillful adaptation of means to ends, to the evidences of design and foreseeing arrangement in all the manifestations and operations of Nature. Ignoring the element of evil in the world, they think their point is lost if every fact and phenomenon cannot be proved, an example of wisdom and benevolence. Let us look at the other side of the subject.

Every shriek that goes up to Heaven, every tear that falls from the eye, every hurt received and pain inflicted, seems to protest against either the benevolence, or the power, or the foresight of God. We take a walk through the fields. The grass elastic beneath our tread, the flowers sending forth their sweet perfume, the rivulet babbling betwixt moss-bordered banks, the birds carolling their roundelays, fill us with a sense of joy, and out of the abundance of the heart our mouth speaking, we exclaim, "Every work of God is good!" But we proceed farther: and a new element intrudes itself, an unwelcome visitant into our thoughts. On the brow of yon hill we see, brought to bay by relentless hounds, a lordly stag, bleeding, panting, suffering. We enter a forest, and find it the arena of conflict and the stage of death. Here, in the ground trampled into mire and the herbage dyed crimson with blood, we see the scene of a mortal contest; then a heap of bones still warm and gory, proclaims the fate of the weaker of the combatants. Here in a thicket may be seen some aged animal in his death agonies, and not far distant a female in the pangs of parturition. Everywhere around us, if we will but open our eyes, are the signs of a great and terrible struggle for existence. The lion's claw, the bear's tusk, the tiger's teeth, the tentacles of the cuttle fish, the sting of the wasp, are eternal protests against the peacefulness and harmony said to exist in Nature. It was from the consideration of such facts as these that Mr. Mill, in his essay on Religion, was induced to say that to an unbiased enquirer, the existing order of things would appear as much the work of a demon as of a benevolent God.

Then as to our being convinced from Nature, that there can be but one God, since there can be but one omnipotence, omniscience &c., this is by no means clear. Our world is but a small part of the universe and whatever we might deduce from it could not be considered a logical deduction from the whole. We could at most, show that an all powerful God rules here: would that necessarily exclude the existence of another as powerful Deity elsewhere? Pluto may be absolute and supreme ruler of the lower regions, while Neptune presides over his watery realm, and Jove omnipotent thunders in the skies. And in fact, we find that the mythology of pagan nations, nations who had little more than nature and tradition as guides, fables into existence not one God, but a multiplicity of deities, each ruler in some special sphere. To assume that without Revelation we would be wiser than they, is a gratuitous supposition.

Of such value in our investigations is Nature. Standing before the dark mystery of existence, we ask for a guide to

explore its recesses. Nature appears responsive to our summons, and we follow her flickering light thinking we are treading the road to truth,—only at last to discover that, an *ignis fatuus*, she flits before us but to mock and lead astray.

But we take a Bible in our hand, and find we have now a light steady and reliable. To change the metaphor, Revelation is the golden key which opens up the mystery of nature, and as the bolts draw back and the doors give way, we enter into the very secrets of the universe.

We go forth into the world, and see all around us the agency of evil. A reference to our Talisman shows us that the world is different now from what it was at its creation, when its Maker pronounced it good. In man's fall and degradation all nature had a share. Since that unhappy event the world has laboured under the curse of God, Satan having entered it, it exhibits the handiwork of a demon as well as the footsteps of Deity. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." Apart, however, from the sins and miseries of humanity there is mystery in nature which Revelation alone can solve. We go forth to the fields and see the workman labouring in the sweat of his brow to gain a scanty and precarious livelihood, and our wonder at such a dispensation of a benevolent Providence ceases as we read of the pristine curse, bestowed as a legacy upon man, as the result of his fall. We go into the wood and see wild beasts warring against and preying on one another: and our former perplexity as to how the pain and suffering thus inflicted is compatible with benevolence on the part of the Creator, is at least greatly lessened as we read in Genesis, that before the Fall, to both man and beast was given as food, "every green herb"—and the green and insensate herb alone. We enter a sick room, and lo! a newborn babe and a dead mother; and as we wonder why every fresh entrance into this world should cause such pangs and suffering, we see in it the result of the curse bestowed upon woman. We observe a man revelling in corruption, and recollect that such was not the end for which he was designed by God, in whose likeness and ways he was made. We see the brave hunter fall before the terrible "man-eater" of the jungle, and reflect that but for his fall he would have dominion over the creatures. We see the ground bringing forth noxious weeds and poisonous herbs: and bethink ourselves that it was cursed for man's sake. We see a funeral pass, and remember who said, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." And as a serpent glides across our path, and we first shudder at and then kill him, we think of the prophetic declaration in which he is concerned.

Now without the Bible, each of these cases would present an enigma to us. With it, if we do not still understand the essence and origin of evil we see at least that all nature was involved in the fall of man, and that both it and he differ now from what they did then. At the creation, nature would with no uncertain sound proclaim herself to be indeed the handiwork of God, worthy of his approbation and blessing. Then was benevolence and divine wisdom apparent in everything visible: now how different! Sin and death are intruders into this world, bringing in their train as natural consequences, misery, degradation, labour, and the curse of God. And it appears from prophetic declarations that a time shall come when this world will experience a partial return of pristine harmony and happiness: when during this joyous millenium, Satan being bound, or evil restrained, the passions of men shall subside, and the wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the kid, the calf and the young lion and the falling shall dwell together in amity, a little child leading them.

* It is Josephus I think, who with great *naïveté* remarks, that as the result of the curse pronounced upon the serpent, man whenever he sees this reptile, hastens to bruise and crush its head with his heel.

We will conclude before we drift into speculation. Like the soul of man, Nature is a temple, built by God, but now lying in ruins: nor should we rely too much on it for evidences of its builder. For these have been ruthlessly defaced, and are now scarcely more numerous or patent than are the impressions of the destroyer's fingers. Starting indeed with the knowledge of its great Architect, we can trace his handiwork in pillar and cornice, ceiling and floor: but with our own unguided reason we could never regard it as in all its parts a fitting monument of Omnipotence and Wisdom divine.

True, it is the language, not of the inspired penman alone but of every candid observer, that the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork: but the royal psalmist takes care not to commit himself, and hastes, turning away from Nature to a surer and more glorious subject, to pour forth a still more sublime eulogy upon the word of God. Nature is puzzling and of dubious interpretation: Revelation sublime and authoritative. Nature furnishes us with no solution of the enigmas of life: Revelation reveals the essential truths of existence to every humble enquirer.

We end as we began: Nature is deceiving and perplexing and they who without the aid of Revelation, seek to ascertain through her the mysteries of Being become themselves deceived and confounded.

H

Correspondence.

DEAR GAZETTE,—Having been through the Dalhousie mill, and having had my grist ground, I wish to find fault with some of the machinery. To drop the metaphor,—if metaphor it can be called,—I am going to say something about the manner in which the Modern Languages are taught in Dalhousie.

No one can successfully deny the importance and utility of a knowledge of one or more languages besides one's mother tongue. German, as a means of mental training, is inferior to no other language, unless it be the ancient languages generally known to us as the Classics, and many are of opinion that, in this respect, it is fully equal to Latin. French, as well as German, is of direct practical benefit. A fair knowledge of these two languages opens up to the student a vast, an inexhaustible field of the finest literature, from which one who can read only his native English is forever debarred. Translations can convey no adequate idea of the beauties of a work. What would become of Dickens or Sir Walter Scott if rendered into German? Whither would the humour and pathos of Fritz Reuter disappear, in an English version of his tales? The incident, the story, would be found in the one as well as the other; but all the finer touches, all that makes the work what it is, would be gone. What translation could give the faintest idea of the beauties of Schiller's "Würde der Frauen," or "Das Lied von der Glocke"? Would a German see any beauty, or anything to cause a laugh in Tom Hood's works, unless he read them in the original? In fact to appreciate the vivacity and life of French Prose, and the thousand beauties of German Poetry, one must read French and German. If then, a knowledge of one or both of these languages is necessary to make a man of culture, they should certainly find a place, and more than that, a prominent place, in a University Curriculum. Every graduate of a College should be able to read works in these languages, with considerable facility, so that at least he

will not need to consult the Dictionary for the meaning of every second word.

Is this the case with our *Artium Baccalauri*? I am sorry to say, No. On the contrary, I know of no graduate of Dalhousie, who, unless he had some knowledge of the modern languages before studying them here, possessed even a passable acquaintance with them at the time he took his degree.

What then is the reason of this? It certainly does not lie in the teaching, for we have a good tutor. Where then is it to be found? In the want of previous study on the part of the students. It is ridiculous to suppose, that a student can in two short sessions, with lectures twice a week, go from the A, B, C, of a language to the limit of what a tutor can teach him. Such a course of instruction is too much in such a space of time to demand of any man. College is not the place to learn the a, b, ab and the b, a, ba of any language, living or dead. I consider it fully as ridiculous, to study French and German at College, without any previous acquaintance with their rudiments, as it would be for a Freshman, who could not decline "penna" or conjugate "tupto," to expect to obtain any benefit from the First Year lectures in Classics. If there is a matriculation examination in Classics, why should there not be a preliminary examination in one or both of the modern languages taught here, on entrance into the Third Year of the course? With a fair knowledge of the grammar or grammars, the students would profit more by our tutor's teaching, than they do at present. I have heard my class-mates grumble and complain, that they got no good from the explanations and remarks made in the modern languages class. The fault, old chums, lay not at the tutor's door, but at your own. It would be highly unjust, both to the teacher himself, and to those of the class who, through having some previous knowledge of the subject, demand a more advanced form of instruction, to force him to descend from his quasi-professorial position to that of a school teacher, hammer "moi" "toi" "soi" "en" and "y," or "guter" "gute" into the heads of the grumblers and critics. The long and short of it is just this—In order to have Modern Languages taught and studied here as they should be, we should have a Professor instead of a Tutor, who, through his influence as a member of the Senate, could gain for this subject that prominence which is its due, whereby more time could be devoted to it, and a preliminary examination enforced. One thing more and I have done with my fault-finding. The way in which the prize for Modern Languages has hitherto been awarded is a most flagrant piece of injustice, and it needs nothing but a simple statement to show this. If A. B. make a score of 75 per cent. in French and 85 in German, and C. D. make 77 in French and nothing in German,—C. D. lucky man, gets the prize in Modern Languages, and the credit of being the best linguist in the year. The thing speaks for itself.

I hope that the Senate, if this should come under their eyes, will at least take some thought on the matter, which I have thus ventured to bring to their notice.

Lastly, ye Sophomores, hearken to the voice of a B. A. who was once a Sophomore. If ye would derive pleasure and profit from Herr Liecht's lectures, do not neglect learning during the summer vacation the grammar of the language, which you purpose studying next winter. Moreover, if possible, study both French and German. If you can only undertake one, let that one be German. I assure you you will never regret it.

Thanking you dear GAZETTE, or rather, dear Editors, for inserting this letter, for I have vanity enough to take it for granted that you will insert it.

I remain, Yours faithfully,
GRADUATE

Dalhousie Gazette.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 19, 1874.

EDITORS.

L. H. JORDAN, '75. F. H. BELL, '76.
J. MCG. STEWART, '76. JAMES McLEAN, '77.

FINANCIAL COMMITTEE.

BURGESS MCKITTRICK, '76. R. E. CHAMBERS, '77.
J. H. SINCLAIR, '77. W. KENNEDY, '78.
W. A. MILLS, '76, Secretary and Treasurer.

CONTENTS.

A few words about Nature.....	17
Correspondence.....	19
Editorial.....	20
Our Advertisements.....	20
Reflections on Ben Nevis.....	21
A Chat about Faces.....	22
A Paper University.....	23
Dallusianism.....	24

In spite of exhortation, admonition, and advice administered gratis and in copious supply, the attendance upon the debating societies is but scanty. Especially is this the case with the Kritosophian or senior society. Out of two years, numbering between them over twenty students, scarcely half a dozen individuals can be prevailed upon to give a couple of hours on Friday evenings, to the improvement of their speaking powers. What the cause of this state of things can be we utterly fail to conceive. The subjects thus far chosen for discussion have been good, stirring questions of historical and practical interest, quite suited to draw forth the most varied talents—much more varied, truly, than have hitherto been displayed. It is almost incredible that young men bent upon entering one or other of the talking professions can exhibit such complete apathy to what must necessarily be their chief concern in life. What would we think of a mechanic who should spend his time in reading the "Scientific American" to the entire neglect of his work-bench and the implements of his handicraft? Or what would be our opinion of the man who should offer himself as shipmaster, having diligently crammed himself with treatises on seamanship and navigation, but who had never handled a ship, even in the calmest weather? Yet is the conduct of these men one whit more preposterous than that of a student, who, hoping to make a figure at the bar or in the pulpit, should study the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes without making a single effort at the practical cultivation of his own powers? We have known students who have gone through their four years course without having once honored (1) the debating society with their presence. Doubtless they spent the time thus gained (or lost) in cramming most diligently; nevertheless we cannot call to mind any instance in which one of this species made a particularly brilliant display at examination. In fact we have generally observed the contrary. The best students of the year are generally the most faithful attendants

upon the debates. How those students who pursue a contrary system expect to succeed in their professions we cannot see. They must be possessed of the most sublime conceit if they fancy their oratorical abilities are of such excellence as to dispense with all cultivation. Do these students ever reflect upon the matter at all? Do they ever consider that they will be called upon at the bar to face able and unscrupulous antagonists, or in the pulpit to keep an audience intent and interested for a considerable length of time? Really, gentlemen, if you think that without cultivation of your powers of public speaking you will attain to any degree of success in either law or divinity you must, in this respect, be little less than geniuses or (which is more probable) little better than fools. Of course you one and all will deny that you think any such thing; but what other inference can be drawn from your conduct, it is hard to say.

Perhaps you are only desirous of preaching to empty benches, or of being a tuppenny-hapenny pettifogger. If so you are doing your best to qualify yourself for such a position. If you enter the ministry you will have the mortification of being supplanted by some one, perhaps of inferior abilities, but who has not neglected to cultivate his powers as a public speaker. If you become a member of the legal fraternity you will have an opportunity of displaying patience and self-restraint, while wincing under the glib sarcasm and invective of some fluent advocate. We entreat these students to give a thought to this matter. Let them remember that their opportunities for attending a debating club will soon be gone. The greatest masters of the *ars loquendi* have only acquired their power by the most assiduous practice. Charles James Fox, "the greatest master of the art of logical fence that England has ever seen," as Macaulay calls him, "the most Demosthenian speaker since Demosthenes" as Burke called him, said of himself that he owed all his power to his having spoken every night for five years in succession. Our geniuses hope to become proficients by *not* speaking once in four years. Last year the Kritosophian Society collapsed ignominiously for want of supporters. We hope the same will not happen this session. There is a good subject for discussion to-night. Come along at once; keep up the practice, and, our word for it, you will be glad of it all your lives.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

OUR Musical Friends will not fail to notice BROOKLY & Co.'s advertisement on our first page.

M. J. MURPHY has the best and cheapest assortment of Nova Scotian Boots in the city.

We advise all our friends who wish to get Furnishing Goods of the very best description, to call at J. B. ELLIOT'S Outfitting Warehouse, Granville Street. Advertisement 1st page.

If a man will smoke, let him smoke the best "weed." COLFORD BROS. have it. Advertisement, 2nd page.

At THOMSON & Co.'s, SIMCOCK & MARSHALL'S, the BRITISH WAREHOUSE, and the BRITISH WOOLLEN HALL, you will be sure to get what you want in the Dry Goods' line. See advertisements.

GEO. A. KENT keeps the best English Boots in the city. Advertisement, 3rd page.

GEO. Y. YOUNG & Co., have an excellent assortment of Goods. See 3rd page.

If your watch does not keep time, take it to W. G. ROSS, 159 Hollis Street, and he'll "fix" it for you.

At CLAYTON & SONS, 228 Argyle Street, fashionably made Clothes can be obtained at the very cheapest rates. Advertisement, 2nd page.

FREEMAN ELLIOT, 163 Hollis Street, receives a fresh assortment of the best Furnishing Goods by every British Mail Steamer.

T. J. COAKLEY, 145 Barrington Street, has always on hand a full supply of the best Cloths, which he makes up to order in first-class style.

REFLECTIONS ON BEN NEVIS.

Starting from Oban one bright morning, by the pretty paddle steamer "Pioneer" we sailed up the Firth of Lorn into Loch Linnhe, passing the beautifully old and ivy-crept ruins of Dunolly and Dunstaffnage Castles. Proceeding up this Loch, we saw old towers and remains of former grandeur, on either side, every little while; those crumbling walls elevated on a lofty hill, marking the spot where Castle Duart once stood, calling forth particular attention from the tourist. Farther on we passed Ardschiel, a famous residence of Sir Walter Scott in his boyhood; from this spot we got a view of the mountains which enclose the "Pass of Glencoe" and a glimpse up the wild Glen. Loch Eil now showed itself, into which the steamer smoothly glided; and nine miles further on we arrived at Fort William. It being then too late to attempt the climb of Ben Nevis, I, in company with some friends, paid a visit to the grand old ruin of Inverlochy Castle, two miles out of the village. This afforded enough of interest to keep us there until twilight cast its sombre shades over the country.

On the following morning we arose prepared to make the ascent, but imagine our disappointment and disgust at finding that the rain was coming down in torrents; also on looking out of the windows we saw that monarch of Scotch hills, with all his sublimity and grandeur, enveloped in a mist. Sweet fortune favoured us however, for about ten o'clock the rain ceased, the mist vanished, the sun scattered the dark clouds and lit up the earth with brightness. Guides soon put in an appearance to see if any of the tourists wished to make the climb. How gladly we hurried to make the necessary arrangements. Our party was composed of about twelve, among whom were several young ladies, who rode round the mountain on horses so as to be able to ascend part without walking. When we started we thought it was going to be first rate fun climbing, but soon we found out what a great mistake such a supposition was; I for one can say with truth I never undertook such toil in my life before.

The northern part of the Mountain seems to be divided into two terraces, on the top of the lowest about 1700 ft. up, we came to a desolate lake. Here the ladies joined us and then they too had to walk, and soon they got enough of it. As we climbed on up the path over sharp rocks, (for we had left vegetation when we left the lake,) a thick fog obscured the way, and we were compelled to stick close to the heels of the guides. When pretty near the top, the fog rose and we suddenly found ourselves on the brink of a tremendous precipice, in the cavities of which snow is to be seen all the year round. Of course we had all to make snow balls, it being

such a luxury to handle snow in mid-summer. But what horror I feel, when I think of that yawning chasm, the depth of which is estimated at one third of the height of the Mountain; never shall I forget the horrible echo its sides thundered forth as the guides threw rocks down its gaping jaws, nor how my blood curdled as some rash person approached very near the brink to look down that giddy slope; and with what delight I left it, although tired and footsore, to trudge on to the summit. When I reached this, all my weariness vanished, for I looked on a scene below me which fully repaid me for all my toil in gaining the spot where I now stood. Expressions of delight were to be heard on all sides; but let me try to paint a little of the picture.

The scene commanded a vast expanse of lake, mountain, ocean, plane and vale, whilst mountains heaped upon mountains in another direction, rose in great grandeur of form. The lakes all around were set like mirrors in the sublime landscape beneath, and the rivers ran serpentine about in many beautiful curves. The view extended across the whole Island, from the German Ocean on the East, to the Atlantic on the West. Looking toward the North, numerous lakes meet your eye, forming the chain occupying the bottom of the Great Glen. Huge mountain peaks confront your gaze, turn which way you may. Ben Nevis seems to be a grand centre, whilst all around as far as the eye can radiate is a circle of lofty summits. The scene stretches 170 miles from the sea of Moray Firth on the North East, to the Island of Colonsay on the South West, which seems to rise from the sea like a dim mist over the opening of the sound of Mull. The eye lingers longer on this shore, as there the variety is more equally divided; clearly the eye can trace the course of noble rivers and mark the position of lakes and islands, and the ocean indenting the coast with its firths and bays.

The rugged and scraggy cliffs around rear their massive walls high in space; the hills tower up on every side, whilst the valleys between look the picture of peace. My thoughts wandered back to the glorious old days of Scotland's heroes, these hills and glens linked themselves with my memory. Away to the South Ben Lomond lifts his proud head, towering over the Lake beneath, whilst still farther on lies the scene of Bruce's glorious battle of Bannockburn. It is the region also of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Unfortunately, however, the eye cannot see Loch Katrine, since the hills which surround it keep it for themselves. But around you on all sides, every spot is associated with the history of the land. Almost at the foot of Ben Nevis towards Benavie, Inverlochy Castle proclaims itself a trophy, dating as far back as the time of the Picts.

Since all Scotland's glory has been sung by such men as Robbie Burns and Scott, both in prose and verse, what presumption it would be in me, were I to attempt to touch on it now; so I will act as becomes me, leaving such themes in the hands of men capable of dealing with them.

To return to the scene,—The vistas, formed by the mountains separating, so that one can get a peep between, are very grand, as these mountains tower up like ramparts on either side. It was a glorious sight to watch the little stream oozing from the mountain peak, gurgling softly on, till by numberless additions we saw the brook babbling over its pebbly bed, which, with renewed strength, expanded, bounded down the mountains side, a mighty river dashing its crystal spray over the rugged cliffs mid the lofty mountain, or meandering majestically through verdent glens. What wonder if a Scotchman is proud of his country!—A country so wild, and yet so grand. The rugged, fearful and even horrible scenery is to be found here, and yet blending so harmoniously to form the beautiful, that all the separate emotions seem to settle into one grand peaceful feeling. One would feel content to linger here forever, gazing on such a scene as was

strewn before me. A stillness loitered in the air, which seemed to cast a slumbering halo on the vision, for it was almost such. Happiness and contentment seemed to be the garbs Nature had bedecked herself in, whilst Beauty was her couch. The Heavens appeared almost to smile on the picture. Never, perhaps, shall I behold a spot so calculated to awaken ones finer feelings. Standing there, as I was, 4406 feet above sea level, at my feet, below me, lay most exquisite scenery. The scene was perfect, distance enhancing the view. It was almost a poetical conception, for here

"Blue corridors were linking
Sea and sky, and stars and Sun."

Surely, no one could stand there without having some emotion awakened! Could anyone looking thus on Nature clothed in such beauty, believe that here there was no arrangement, no adaptation of means to an end, that this was all the result of blind force? Surely they must have been awakened from their darkened foolishness and own the fiat of the Creator, who spoke and it was done, who from an shapeless chaos formed such beauty:—

"With his visible work so mighty,
With his splendor spread abroad,
What must be the secret places
Of the Palace of our God."

As I watched, a change came o'er the scene. The sun had lowered himself into his own glorious beams, and the soft twilight shadows hung over the resting world, saying to those who had toiled all day, "Enough." Never, perhaps, was I so impressed with the three first lines of Milton's address to evening:—

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey,
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
Silence accompanied."

Would that I were able to wield my pen, so as to describe the transformation as the sun sank behind those hills, filling the glens and lighting up the landscape with his golden beams! Nature seemed to adorn herself anew; the lofty hills seemed to weep for the little rivulets sparkled, as they trickled down their sides; the valleys and glens appeared as if they sought to hide themselves beneath the shadows now cast upon them. My very soul seemed to expand and my thoughts essayed to traverse the region of the ideal. As I pondered thus, the association of ideas brought my wandering thoughts from their lofty flight, and memory appeared to travel like an avenging spirit whispering in my ear in the midst of happiness. My past life loomed up before me like a huge mountain; I lived it over, again; the present also arose helping to disturb my peacefulness; then I strained my eyes in an endeavour to pierce the veil which obscures the future. I thought of man, the greatest of God's creatures, his frailties, his follies; but here I feel, moralising is foreign. Whilst these thoughts engross me, a change has again come o'er the scene.

"That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,"

begins slowly to climb the Heavens, walking in her brightness in the midst of stars bespangling the deep blue vault, casting her silvery shadows on the landscape around, and lending a new beauty to the scene.

And now the guides compel us to descend. Oh how unwillingly we obey! In the descent the dusky shades of evening envelope us, and now impressions are all that is left of this magnificently beautiful scene. But kind memory will never fail to reproduce these, until I am again able to feast my eyes on such a charming portrait of beautiful Nature.

A CHAT ABOUT FACES.

THERE is a great deal in a face. All the interest of life depends on face and accordingly the study of the human countenance has always possessed for the thoughtfully observing a peculiar fascination. The face presents so unrestrained a field of study, a field in which we require no guide save our own common sense and our own observation. The importance of faces cannot be over-estimated, in fact it is a difficult thing to imagine what we should do without them. We have no sympathy for living beings that are wanting in this particular. To illustrate our meaning. We all know that not one man in a thousand can deliberately stick a knife into the throat of a lamb, it has such a pretty innocent face, but the mildest of men can remorselessly slaughter oysters by the barrel. They are wrenched out of their shells without the slightest compunction. They have no faces though they are credited with beards, they exhibit no mournful countenance to plead for them, and consequently no one pities them. I myself, have not only connived at, but have been the principal in the slaughter of bivalves innumerable, yet I am sure, I would rather turn vegetarian than personally conduct the murder of that tender little creature whose devotion to Mary has become historic. The fact is, faces interest us far more than deeds, and our actions are frequently more the result of impulse communicated by that medium than the consequence of any impression created by accomplished performances. What a parcel of hypocrisy is all our pity for the negroes, all our pretence to humanity, all our prevention-of-cruelty-to-animals agitation! It is nothing more than sympathy with face. The vagrants at our door, begging alms, may reckon almost with certainty upon a liberal response, if so fortunate as to possess an interesting countenance, in whose lineaments are written helpless poverty, and not well-fed indolence.

It was just this sympathy with face that so deeply moved Jaques as he watched the panting stag "that from the hunters aim had ta'en a hurt," lie down to die on the banks of the stream while—

"The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase,"

and mingled with the waters running past. Our pity is almost excited to tears even when we read it, and if eels had such faces as mermaids, there is not a fishwife "alongshore" who would dare to skin one, but the poor vermicular fishes are so much alike at both ends that nobody pities them. Then what a wondrous depth of pathos does Mark Antony attain in his address to the body of the murdered Caesar when he exclaims—

"Over thy wounds now do I prophesy
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips."

Here we have a metaphor of face, bringing before us with startling vividness, the countenance of one wounded even to death. It was Shakespeare's experience of the universal sympathy with face that led him to this figure of speech, and it is a telling one.

In illustration of what can be done by mere facial expression, I need only refer my readers to the stage, where the various characters assumed require the adoption of certain definite casts of countenance on the part of the actors, and success to a large extent depends upon the skill with which this is accomplished. Hamlet must be of sober thoughtful visage but Grimaldi, must laugh with every feature in his face. By the way, they managed matters somewhat differently in the good old times. The actors of those days, not presuming on the faculty of extempore face-making, trusted not to their own passion or feeling for the expression of the character,

but wore ready made countenances. And thus the impression, whether joyous or mournful, whether crafty or simple, whether calm or passionate, was continually and uninterruptedly sustained in the minds of the spectators, and as some characters required a change of expression, masks were made for them with a different expression on either profile, so that by turning this or that side to the audience, an effect was produced of joy or sorrow as the case demanded. Hence perhaps, I offer the suggestion on its own merits, the origin of the saying to laugh on the wrong side of your mouth. Before proceeding to glance at faces in another light, I will again refer to Shakespeare for another striking example of the effect with which he plays upon the sympathy a face awakens even in the coldest breasts. Macbeth, excusing his reluctance to carry out the bloody designs of his wife, says:—

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it."

And now turning away from that marvellous anatomist of his fellow-being's inner life, let us endeavour to look into our own minds for the images which constitute our thoughts concerning those around us, and our interest in them, and we shall find memory's tablet covered with faces. The face is not only the medium of compassionate feeling, but also the instrument of wisdom. No man can be thoroughly and utterly stupid that has much to do with the human face, and therefore barbers ought to be, as they are, better informed men than shoemakers. This however is digressing. Perhaps of all sights that are seen, there is no one so amusing and interesting as the sight of human faces in large numbers. The audience is an important part of the play, and at a comic lecture we enjoy the effect produced upon our neighbours almost as much as the cause of their hilarity. And even if these opportunities of studying the human countenance in its different moods be denied us, yet we always have the public streets wherein to amuse ourselves. While sauntering along we may exercise our invention with various and curious conjectures as to the pursuit, temper, and tastes of the individuals whom we encounter. This ever-changing portrait gallery reveals to us some of the peculiar phases of human nature. Here for the most part people are alone and tolerably unartificial but when two acquaintances suddenly meet, it is curious to observe the change which their faces undergo; they drop their personality and begin to act immediately, an artificial expression is assumed that is laid aside as soon as the interview terminates. Very entertaining it is to see these faces glide by like the slides of a magic lantern. Although strange at first sight, it is nevertheless true that grave or gay, there is always something to laugh at in the human countenance; if gay we burst into the laugh of sympathy, if grave our risibilities are tickled by the very solemnity of visage. However, as for Democritus to laugh over, there is something in the sight of certain faces which more readily calls forth the tear than the smile. Who can look at a face on which time's furrows have been deepened by adversity without a feeling of compassion? And then there are faces, each in its own way the most beautiful on earth, around which cling feelings and associations, separate from and more sacred than all these. A man can only have two such engraved on the tablet of his memory, and if once erased, or blurred by distracting images, they can never be restored in all their pristine distinctness and perfection. George Eliot has exquisitely blended these purest of sympathies with face when she writes "we look in the face of the one little woman we love, as we looked at the face of our mother in childhood, and see all sorts of answers to our own yearnings."

Faces are serious things, be they new or be they old, be they young or be they aged. We feel a grave interest in an

old face, for there we see more than a mere face, "it is a chronicle of the past, one of life's clocks that tell us how it is, we connect some particular history to all its varied aspects," and it seems to say "I could a tale unfold" and to carry us back with it into the misty by gone years. But we take a different kind of interest in young faces. They attract us with a magnetism that is irresistible, and we could not dislike them if we would, for the Ruler of the universe has made children helpless so that their elders might not envy them. There is nothing which disarms all evil feeling like helplessness and dependence. Children are like flowers, one may never think or care about them, but we cannot imagine anyone actively hating them. They are so pretty and helpless, that if we think about them at all, we must per force love them. The very young and the very old are alike to us in their feebleness and utter dependence, we have a feeling of tenderness for the young and of pity for the infirm, and pity is akin to love.

Here however, the length of my paper warns me that I shall have a great deal of face if I protract this chat any farther, so with the last dip of my pen let me ask my readers if to the mind of man and the man of mind, all nature is not redolent of face. We talk of the face of the earth, the face of the waters, and the face of the sky, and we even carry face into politics and discuss the face of affairs, so that in fact everything appears to be an affair of face, and therefore as long as we can put a good face on any matter all will go well with us. J. M. O.

A PAPER UNIVERSITY.

Among the various schemes that have been proposed for the improvement of the higher education in our Province, not the least prominent is the paper-university scheme. Its advocates and supporters offer it as a kind of compromise between the one Provincial university, and the present anomalous, semi-academic, semi-collegiate system. The substance of their argument runs somewhat thus: "We admit that the present state of college education in Nova Scotia is not satisfactory, but we think that centralization is impossible. The only thing immediately feasible is an organization similar to the London University. Let there be an examining board, who shall yearly or half yearly, at convenient seasons, examine students from all our colleges. Let all degree-conferring power be vested in this board, so that there shall be a uniform standard of graduation." It is argued that the adoption of the scheme would create a generous rivalry among our existing collegiate institutions, and increase their efficiency in every way. It would prevent the anomaly of men bearing university degrees, who possess an amount of intellectual culture, very little if at all above the ordinary high school grade. Of necessity, therefore, the proposed central examining board would require to adopt a standard of examination, higher than exists in any of our colleges. Otherwise the object of the scheme would not be accomplished. We doubt very much, whether a large enough number of thoroughly impartial and capable men could be found to work this scheme; but we will give its advocates the benefit of the doubt. Suppose then that the proper men are found, that the board is constituted, and everything is in thorough working order. We think we may safely predict, that if progress could be made thus far to the satisfaction of all parties, and if all our colleges could be induced to fall in with the arrangement, the result of the first examination would be, if the tests were rigidly applied, that at least one half of the candidates would be rejected. Our prediction is founded upon data afforded by the statistics of the University of London. The more efficient and complete the work

ing of the scheme, the more disastrous would be the result. What would such a result prove? The answer seems ready; the inefficiency of our college instruction. Not necessarily; for the same logic would apply to the case of the University of London, where the candidates come from the most thoroughly equipped colleges in the world. We would, however, be justified in concluding that it is utterly impracticable to separate examination, except of the most general character, from class drill and method. The subjects prescribed by such an examining board would require to be prepared by private study, and this in addition to the ordinary studies of the student's regular curriculum, is next to impossible. If all our colleges would adopt a uniform curriculum of studies, with a view to prepare students for these examinations, then there would be a fair trial of strength and efficiency.

The college which contributed the largest per centage of successful candidates, would in course of time largely deplete the attendance on the weaker colleges. The fittest would survive in this inter-collegiate struggle. Or, on the supposition that the various colleges would be pretty evenly matched, where is the use of being at the trouble and expense of maintaining the machinery of an examination board to do work that could as well be done by the Senates and official boards of the colleges. Only on the ground of supposed impartiality, could the degree of the central board possess any more value than the college degree. We confess that we would rather have the present unsatisfactory state of matters than the proposed board. It would be a vexation and a nuisance. We do not think that our college authorities would enter into such an arrangement. The scheme is wholly impracticable and unworkable. Such a board has no right to call itself a University; it is a misnomer. A university is an institution which has a local habitation; which is linked with associations and memories of class intercourse, student fellowship, and generous intellectual rivalry. True, under the proposed regime, the student would not be deprived of these things. But what possible enthusiasm could one arouse over a number of men, with whom his only acquaintance is perhaps that of the examination hall. His degree would no longer be the source of pride to him as the gift of his loved Alma Mater, increasing in value as the lustre of her fame grew brighter, but a mere index of a process of vigorous and successful examining. All students value their degree in proportion to the fame of their university, which does not consist so much in the toughness of examination papers, as in an efficient and full professoriate, and an abundance of the appliances of intellectual culture. It may be and has been urged, that this paper university scheme is the only practicable one to give increased efficiency to our existing collegiate institutions. It might temporarily accomplish this result, but in the long run far other consequences would follow. The weaker colleges, as we have already hinted, would suffer a decrease of students, and would therefore become paralysed and languid. Dissatisfaction and discontent would arise among the students. The number coming up to examination would yearly decrease. The college degrees would be sought for (if the colleges still retained the degree-conferring power) and the old state of things revived.

What we want is not such a nondescript thing as a paper university, but one consisting of good and spacious buildings, with able professors to teach in the class-rooms, and having full equipment to give a technical and special, as well as a general training,—in a word, a Provincial University. We want a university of which we can be proud, not merely as Presbyterians, or Wesleyans, or Baptists, or Episcopalians, but as Nova Scotians; one embodying the broad and catholic spirit of the higher education. The cancer of denominational prejudice has long enough eaten at the vitals of our educational system. We are told, that we cannot

soon expect a change for the better, and indications from various quarters seem to confirm the truth of this statement. We have faith in the younger generation, however, that seeing the need of their country, and imbibing the patriotic and progressive spirit of the age, they will unite their efforts to remove her reproach, and give her sons opportunities of university education worthy of her resources and her fair fame.

Dalhusiensia.

THE Professor Scholarships were won this year by Messrs. John T. George and John Stewart. Both these gentlemen, we believe, received their preparatory education at Pictou Academy. This institution has always proved an excellent feeder to Dalhousie. Every year it sends at least one Scholarship man, while, for the last two years, it has sent two. We would strongly advise all young men who purpose entering college at some future time, to attend Pictou Academy at least one term before doing so. We are glad to learn that under the present teachers, the very high character it acquired under Messrs. Bayne and McKenzie is being fully sustained. Pictonians have reason to be proud of their academy; and the friends of that institution should be gratified to learn of the success of its students.

ON DIT—That two Arts' students, wishing to explore the mysteries of the dissecting room, recently found the door leading to that apartment open, and went up to examine. Before they had been gone long, some medicals coming out of their class room, found the door open, and locking it sent the key down to the janitor. The feelings of our friends, finding themselves locked in, may be more easily imagined than described. Their position, however, having been referred to the janitor by one of their fellow-students who had been watching the proceedings, they were liberated. They say their curiosity, in that direction, is fully gratified.

WE clip we following from the *Edin. Scotman*—
"The name of James Gordon Macgregor, Edinburgh University, appears in the first division pass list of the second B. Sc. examination in London."

Dalhousie has reason to be proud of Mr. Macgregor.

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

TERMS:

One Collegiate year (IN ADVANCE)	\$0.50
Single copies (each)	05
Gazette and Reading Room, to Students	1.00
To Graduates	1.00

To be had at the Bookstores of Morton & Co., T. P. Connolly, E. Kelly, & Co., Wm. Gossip, and Miss Katzmann.

The GAZETTE is forwarded to all Subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance, and until all arrears are paid.

Payments to be made to W. A. Mills, Financial Secretary, and all communications to be addressed to "Editors DALHOUSIE GAZETTE," Halifax, Nova Scotia. Anonymous communications can receive no attention.

Printed by the NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY, corner Sackville and Granville Streets, Halifax, N. S.

T. J. COAKLEY, TAILOR and CLOTHIER,

145 Barrington Street,
Has always on hand a splendid assortment of West of England Broadcloths & Doeskins, BEAVERS, PILOTS, ELYSIANS, ENGLISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS, Which he makes up to order in First-Class Style. **READY-MADE CLOTHING of his own Manufacture.**

A COMPLETE STOCK OF **GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.**

INSPECTION INVITED.

GEO. A. KENT,

IMPORTER OF FIRST CLASS English, French and American **BOOTS, SHOES, &c.** DEALER IN

All kinds of Domestic Manufactured Boots, TRUNKS, VALISES, &c. **153 GRANVILLE ST.,**

(2 doors south of Messrs. Duffus & Co.) **HALIFAX, N. S.**

Gentlemen's Furnishing Store.

GEO. Y. YOUNG & CO.

IMPORTERS OF SHIRTS, GLOVES, BRACES, Hosiery, Ties, Ready-Made Clothing, UMBRELLAS, PORTMANTEAUS, VALISES, &c.

A full assortment of Oxford Flannel and White Shirts. Also—A large variety of **SNOW COATS** on hand. A Liberal Discount given Students and Clergymen.

126 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

DAVIDSON BROTHERS, Commission Merchants,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in **GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c.**

Consignments of Country Produce promptly attended to.

Orders from Students filled at Lowest Rates.

No. 226 ARGYLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

BRITISH WOOLLEN HALL, 152 and 154 Granville Street.

Our New Autumn & Fall Stock of **BRITISH AND FOREIGN**

DRY GOODS!

will now be found complete in every department, and embraces all the latest Novelties and Styles in the trade, which have been personally selected by one of our firm in the best markets of the United Kingdom.

We have on hand a splendid Stock of **GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,** and Men's, Youth's' and Boys'

READY MADE CLOTHING,


warranted of good sound material and workmanship of the best London styles.

Our country customers will please send us their orders early; and buyers generally will find it to their advantage to give us a call. Both Wholesale and Retail at the lowest prices.

JENNINGS & CLAY.

OSBORN

THE CELEBRATED IMPROVED OSBORN. IMPROVED SHUTTLE, LOCKSTITCH. **FIRST PRIZE.**



THE OSBORN

Having all its working parts made of Steel and case-hardened Iron, is very strong and durable. It runs the lightest, has the most perfect tension, and fills the Bobbin without removing the work. Every Machine is furnished with a set of Castors.

CRAWFORD BROTHERS, 64 Granville Street. General Agents for Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. P.S.—Sewing Machines Repaired. Agents Wanted.

E. KELLY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN **COLLEGE STATIONERY,** SCHOOL BOOKS,

In all departments.

MEDICAL CLASS BOOKS,

Used in the College at Halifax. ALSO, a

Large Stock of other Goods usually found in our Line.

ADDRESS: **37 GEORGE STREET, HALIFAX.**

Books in every Department of Literature.
Bibles, Prayers, Church Services, Hymn Books, School and College Text Books, Music Books, &c.

STATIONERY

of every description.
Blank Books, Memorandum, Copy, Drawing, and Pocket Books.

**BUCKLEY'S
ENGLISH & AMERICAN
BOOK STORE**

101 GRANVILLE STR. — HALIFAX, N. S.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
the best Stock in Lower Provinces.

FANCY ARTICLES in great variety, for Wedding, Birthday & other

PRESENTS.

Writing Desks, Writing Cases, Work Boxes, Ladies' Companions, Opera Glasses, Stereoscopes & Slides.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,

3, 4 & 5, Ordnance Square,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Importers and General Dealers

Drugs, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Spices, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Combs, Soaps, Pomades, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, &c.

SURGICAL AND DISSECTING INSTRUMENTS, ETC., ETC.,
In great variety.

Manufacturers of
Tinctures, Chemicals, Essences, Perfumery, &c., &c.

LONDON HAT, CAP AND FUR STORE,
158 Granville Street.

Manufacturer and Importer of

HATS, CAPS & FURS,
TRUNKS, RUBBER GOODS,
MOROCCO AND LEATHER BAGS.

S. W. DeWOLF : : : Proprietor.

J. B. BENNETT,

The Sole Agent for Halifax,

For the sale of the

CELEBRATED GLASSES

LAZARUS & MORRIS,

Begs to call the attention of the public to their merits, as the use of Common Spectacles prove so injurious to the eye.

Always on hand, an immense Stock of

WATCHES & JEWELLERY,

which are of guaranteed quality, and always prove satisfactory to purchasers.

Jewellery Manufactured and Repaired

under personal supervision, and every care taken to satisfy all who patronize.

WATCHES & CLOCKS

PROPERLY REPAIRED.



ARE THE ONLY KIND ADAPTED TO EVERY-CONDITION OF HUMAN VISION.

Their Copyright system of fitting is an unerring guide for ascertaining the exact requirements of all who need Optical aid.

YOUNG OR OLD, FAR OR NEAR-SIGHTED

A full and complete assortment always on hand

FRESH ARRIVALS AT THE "BEE HIVE."

My Fall Stock of Tweeds, Clothes, Coatings, Beavers, Pilots and Doeskins, all of which will be made up to order in the most fashionable styles and best workmanship. All who require good fits and reasonable prices will please call.

JAMES K. MUNNIS, Upper Water St., cor. Jacob.

JUST RECEIVED AT THE "BEE HIVE,"

The largest Stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c. All in want of Fashionable and Cheap Goods will please call and examine.

JAMES K. MUNNIS, 114 Upper Water St., Corner Jacob.

THOS. P. CONNOLLY,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
HALIFAX.

College, Academy, and Common SCHOOL BOOKS always on hand and imported to order.

BLANK NOTE BOOKS, all Sizes and Bindings.

We make a specialty of the MEDICAL BOOKS now in use at Dalhousie; a stock of the different authors always on hand.

Note, Letter, and Foolscap Envelopes, Papers, Pens, Ink, Pencils, &c., together with all SMALL WARES usually found in the Trade.

THOS. P. CONNOLLY,

Central Book Store, Corner of George & Granville Streets.

GRANVILLE ST.

Gold Watches,
Silver Watches,

English, American & Geneva Movements.

GOLD AND SILVER

CHAINS,

Gold Brooches and Ear Rings,
Silver Brooches and Ear Rings,
Sleeve Links, Shirt Studs, Ladies' and Gentlemen's

RINGS,

NOVA SCOTIA GOLD

Wedding Rings,

Electro-Plated Ware; English, French and American.

CLOCKS,

Jet and Rubber Jewellery, Card Cases, Bouquet Holders, and all goods usually found in a Jeweller's Stock.