

# DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. II.  
OLD SERIES—VOL. IX.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 23, 1876.

NEW No. 3.  
WHOLE No. 85.

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DALHOUSIE  
GAZETTE.

NEW SERIES—VOL. II.  
OLD SERIES—VOL. IX.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 23, 1876.

NEW No. 3.  
WHOLE No. 83.

(Translated from the German of Brucker.)

THE HEAVENS A LETTER.

The heav'ns supported by Almighty Power,  
Their lovely tints of azure blue retain;  
Upon that tinted groundwork clear and full  
A sacred letter evcr will remain.

In this aethereal letter lies concealed,  
Mysterious writings from the God of grace;  
The glorious sun encircling, is the seal  
Which hides these writings from the human race.

Now pow'rful night in gloomy majesty,  
Removes the seal which closed the distant brief;  
The eye now reads in myriad characters;  
But only yet in mystic hieroglyph.

These words in blazing characters appear—  
"Our God is love, and love can never lie."  
But characters mysterious and sublime,  
For human understanding far too high.

R. L.

A LITTLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE spring of 187-- found your humble servant considerably in need of recruiting, as regarded both his physical and his mental condition. A heavy winter's work, followed by the horrors of the Sessional examination had brought me to the state best known and described as "seedy." A tonic of some sort was most decidedly required, and what that tonic was to be I had decided long before hand. Of all means whereby the weariness to the flesh consequent upon much study can be dissipated the best, in my humble judgment, is the "gentle pastime" lauded by Izaak Walton and a legion of enthusiastic anglers since that estimable old gentleman's day. It is not a mere individual liking that causes me to prefer this manner of driving dull care away to all others. I am prepared to show that my preference is based upon good grounds, to give reasons for the faith that is in me. But at the present time, were I to enter upon the discussion of such an

engrossing topic by way of digression, I should much overstep the limits allowed me for this paper. Possibly I may tax the reader's patience on some future occasion, by a profound dissertation on angling as a mental relaxation. For the present I will tax but their sympathies by an account of the haps and mishaps of two ill-starred disciples of Walton, on a particular expedition in the aforesaid spring of 187--.

Various circumstances detained me in Halifax longer than I had intended, and it was the first week in June before I found myself ready to leave for the home of a friend in the Western part of the Province, with whom I was to spend a few days in fishing. Suppose the journey thither completed, preparation for a day's sport all made, and myself and friend fairly started upon our mission of destruction. Assuredly two "harder" looking specimens of masculine humanity it would have been difficult to find. An old grey homespun coat, that had served as a study coat all winter, covered my back. Delapidated old trousers of the same material did the same good office for my nether extremities. A bad soft brown felt hat with the orthodox "cast" twisted round it surmounted my head. And my boots had no reason to be ashamed of the company in which they found themselves. And here let me remark, parenthetically, that it is nonsense to take good water-tight boots on a fishing expedition. Unless you intend to fish for sea trout on the flats—such as are at Cole Harbor in Halifax County—long boots are much too heavy and cumbersome. They are not at all adapted to scrambling among bushes, or to taking flying leaps from rock to rock in the midst of a rapid. Stout lace boots would do very well if you could be sure of never going into water above your instep, (an hypothesis which will be received with a smile of derision by every angler in the Province). I have found nothing answer so well as an old pair of lace boots, with a sole stout enough to protect your feet from sharp



rocks, and with an abundance of air holes in the upper leather. You are sure of getting a wet foot no matter what boot you wear. In a tight boot your feet become clammy, swell, and after a time are very sore. But in an old pair the feet have plenty of room, the water squeezes out at the sides and your feet are much more comfortable than in any other covering. In summer time, when the brooks are almost lukewarm, wet feet are rather pleasant than otherwise, if you have on an easy old pair of boots out of which the water runs as fast as it pours in. Such then was my general make up; and my companion was like unto me, or rather worse; for he was at home and had the ransacking of a dozen old closets in order to give his equipment "a gaudy outcast" appearance like that of Huck Pineo in Mark Twain's famous novel. Thus adorned, we entered our wagon, and drove away about seven o'clock, down the Southern side of the Annapolis river. Four miles brought us to a side road by which we turned off to the South, and began to ascend the South Mountain. An hour's weary plodding brought us to the top, a few hundred yards more to the end of *wagonable* road. A small farm house, with a smaller shed attached, enabled us to put up the mare for the rest of the day; and rod in hand we started to walk. Two miles scrambling over the rocks and holes of an old wood-road brought us to the brook which was to be the scene of our days sport, or, as it unhappily turned out, of our humiliation. It was drawing towards noon by the time we fairly found ourselves on the banks of the stream, and we were both much too hot and lazy to do anything more than put our rods together and take a few casts off a bridge crossing a big still-water. Our efforts, such as they were, were not crowned by any remarkable success. So, failing to catch any fish, we turned fish ourselves and swam about in the tepid water with intense satisfaction. By the time we had dressed, our stomachs, as well as our watches, announced feeding time, and we betook ourselves to the house of a half farmer, half lumberman, a short distance from the place where we had our swim. Here we got a cup of tea to wash down our sandwiches with. And *then*, at last, we started up the brook to kill and to slay. A—, as I will call my friend, had been very sanguine in his anticipations. Four dozen fish would be rather a disappointment to him than otherwise. Your humble servant, whose fishing had been

principally confined to Haligonian lakes and streams, had expressed his determination to rest satisfied with two dozen, a smallness of ambition at which A— scoffed openly. Our ill success so far was easily explainable,—the long walk, the hot sun, our own laziness—no end of valid excuses. But now once fairly started with our noses pointed up stream, there was to be no remissness on our part, we were to slay and spare not. A few minutes brought us once more to the banks of the brook, above the big still-water before mentioned. Here we commenced operations in earnest. And certainly so far as mere looks went, never did angler gaze upon a fairer prospect than that which lay before us that whole afternoon. The brook was a large one, and, like all the brooks in Annapolis County, of unusual variety and beauty. At one place it would pour trembling and frothing down some headlong rapid, dashing itself wildly against big mossy boulders that obstinately barred its passage. In other places it would run swiftly and smoothly among large flint stones, winding in and out among them, and forming those swirls and eddies so dear to the heart of every well constituted trout. And in other spots the brook would settle itself down in some deep, quiet hole, as though resting before starting a fresh series of runs and rapids. In fact, I have never seen a brook so likely to be swarming with trout, and still am convinced that our ill success that day was no measure of the number of its finny inhabitants.

Once fairly at work, we fished carefully up the brook, sedulously whipping every spot likely to be chosen by a luxurious trout for his afternoon nap. But not so much as a rise rewarded our exertions, and the hopes of four dozen on A—'s part and two dozen on mine, began to seem as unsubstantial as the shadows that the afternoon sun began to make with the maple and birches on the banks. Still we fished on, hoping to do better as the sun got lower, and hoping also that the fish resembled ourselves in getting very hungry about tea time. Moreover A—, who had fished over the brook before, was loud in the praise of a wonderful spot a couple of miles up stream, known as the "Meadows," where we were certain of getting ample compensation for all previous disappointments. So we kept on steadily up stream, trying as we went the more likely places. It was not till very nearly four in the afternoon that either of us caught a fish. If I remember right, A— was the first to make

a capture of a couple of tiny fish, not over three inches in length. Next came my turn. A large flat stone lay in the middle of the brook, where the stream took a sharp turn, squeezed itself madly between two big rocks, and then spread itself out again, giggling and laughing in curious little dimples, as though highly amused at the mad freak it had just been playing. From this pool an easy throw of the rod would cover the whole of the run and the pool below. On this stone I took my stand, and had the satisfaction of hooking, in the space of about five minutes, three very respectable trout. For the benefit of those interested in the angler's art, I would say, that one was taken by the ordinary blue and gray "Jenny Lind," and the two others by a fly with red fuzzy body and turkey wings, vulgarly known as the "soger," which fly, though hideously ugly, and, so far as my knowledge of entomology extends, not made in the likeness of any insect in the heavens above, I have, nevertheless, always found to possess a very seductive influence on the mind of the average trout. Had I been by myself I would have stayed here some time longer, at least until such time as the fish ceased to bite freely. But my chum, who had gone higher up the brook, and had met as yet with no luck, called out to come along and get up to the "Meadows." So, somewhat against my will, I put up my line and started. And now our trouble began in earnest. The brook was drawing nearer its source, and though the volume of water was apparently undiminished, the stream had become much more rapid. The banks, too, were clad with a thicker undergrowth, which we, burdened with our slender fly-rods and waving lines, were scarcely able to work through. To expedite progress we took to the brook, and the more rapid, if more risky mode of progression, of jumping from stone to stone. Friend A— came to grief. A splash, and an exclamation of a character not encouraged in Sunday Schools, caused me to look sharply round, and I beheld, I must confess, to my great amusement, my luckless friend standing up to his waist in a pool, into which he had fallen while attempting to straddle from one boulder to another. My merriment was destined to come to a premature grave. A few minutes later, while jumping from a rock to a small moss-covered stone under water, my feet slipped and a moment later I found myself in a rather peculiar position—my feet on top of the stone *on* which I had jumped,

my back resting against the stone *from* which I had made my spring, and the intervening portion of my body forming a most admirable water course for the brook. In short, I was sitting (to quote one of Coleman's pieces) "on my heads' antipodes bolt upright in the bed" of the brook, gazing complacently now at the sky, now at my toes on the rock before me, and now at my three trout floating down stream. Of course I need not add that A— returned my laugh with interest. After a few more experiences of a similar nature, we came at last to A—'s Land of Promise—the "Meadows." A wide expanse of flat land, covered with scrub bushes, completely submerged in the spring freshets, but at that time having not more than six inches of water at their roots, and six inches of black mud below that. Through this we waded painfully and heavily to where a small brook poured a black and sullen tribute of waters into the main stream, and where A— was sure of making ample amends for all past misfortunes. But alas! this last hope was ruthlessly dissipated. A— got a couple of diminutive wretches with a worm, but the fly they (if any were there at all) ignored with sublime contempt. But if the fish declined to bite, assuredly the mosquitoes did not. All the afternoon we had been hadgered and beset by Black Flies, and we were already bleeding freely about the face and neck. I had always thought the woods and swamps of Halifax County bad enough, but this surpassed anything I had hitherto met with. So thick were the abominable tormentors that the grey clothes I had on were rendered almost "pepper and salt" in appearance by the swarming myriads crawling over them. Nevertheless, as the bite of the Black Fly is not so painful at the time it is inflicted as some little time afterward, we had endured our suffering so far well enough. But here in the the swamp the mosquitoes were entirely too much for us. The Black Flies ceased to give any concern. Reader, you know the torment that one mosquito can inflict on a victim by night. Imagine, then, what it must have been to stand by that brook, both hands occupied in tending your rod and line, and fully five hundred of the buzzing fiends wheeling about your head. They were not long in making it much too hot for us; so, packing up our rods in a hurry, we struck across the "Meadows" to an old wood road and by it out to a wagon road running South in a direction parallel to the



brook we had so laboriously ascended. Here, then, our fishing excursion came to an end. My fish, as I said before, had parted company from me in the brook; A— had half-a-dozen of so contemptible a size and appearance, that he flung them into the bushes. Half an hour of smart walking brought us to the place where we had lunched. Another half-hour to the place where we had left our wagon. We harnessed up and drove home through the darkness, and thus ended our little disappointment.

I may just add in conclusion, that it was fully a week before my face and neck came down to their natural size, or the irritation of the bites ceased to trouble me.

PISCATOR.

"MEMOIR OF NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.

BY DONALD MACLEOD, B. A."

WE have read this work with pleasure. There are very few books of the same nature that we have seen, so well calculated to awaken a lively interest in the mind of the reader, and fully engage his attention to the end. The compiler of this charming volume is the brother of the late Dr. McLeod. This relationship, and the lifelong intimacy that naturally existed between them, eminently fitted the author for the work which he undertook, and by placing all the necessary information within his grasp, enabled him to produce a history worthy of the man whose life he has portrayed. From leading journals in Great Britain this work has received the most favourable notices, and the press on our own side of the Atlantic has endorsed their decision without hesitation. As far as we are aware it has received no adverse criticism, a fact that speaks much for a book in those days, when, in the field of censure, the labourers are not few. The merit of the work does not depend so much on the quantity, or quality, of what the author himself has written—although we do not at all wish to detract from its worth—as on the modesty with which he has kept himself out of view, and as a good dramatist who wishes his characters to be thoroughly known, lets each of the persons represented speak for himself, and use his own words, so he, when he has once introduced his *persona dramatis*, lets him as much as possible act his own part, and tell his own story. Almost all memoirs will to some extent assume the form of autobiography. This book is no

exception. The biographical part does not make up much more than a fourth of the whole work. The mass of the reading matter is made up of extracts from the Doctor's private journal and his letters. Mr. McLeod could, no doubt, from the material at his disposal, have produced a very ably written, interesting, and original narrative, transcribing very little *verbatim*; but it would not be so relishable, the metal would have been debased in the reminting; the tender plants transferred from their native soil would have withered and perished. He could never by reconstruction of his material, have brought out the fulness of the original, something of its rich flavour would have been lost in spite of all care and ingenuity. The joyous humor of the man, his buoyant wit, his straightforward honesty and manliness, are qualities which he could never have shown forth as clearly as we find them in his letters. He could never have given us such an insight into the workings of the unseen mind, nor thrown so much light upon the whole private history of his subject as Dr. McLeod's own private journal does. There we find recorded his struggles and secret cares, forming a striking contrast with the seeming jollity of his nature, his self-improvements and efforts for self-improvement; hidden springs whence flowed the actions of his public life. The author did wisely to give us those extracts and letters unaltered. In them the man himself holds up the mirror upon which the reflection of his own mind is cast, giving to the world a clearer and more comprehensive view of himself than any one else could. To this mode of compilation the book owes much of its interest. We are never tired out with long prosy disquisitions on any single subject, nor bored with monotony of style. There is constant variety and freshness. Something racy and rare we find almost on every page. Some graphic sketch, an amusing story, a rollicking letter or humorous poem we light upon at every step. We turn leaf after leaf with unflagging eagerness till the end is reached, and we are sorry it is reached so soon. Almost any person, whatever his literary taste may be, will find something in this book to interest him. The lover of simple narrative will be satisfied here. There is something to suit the fancy of the follower of Mark Twain and his school. The student of nature will find here recorded the thoughts of a kindred nature, of one whose fondness for his native mountains, lochs, and mountains amounted to a passion. The poetic

mind finds a portion here, nor is the lover of serious reading left without food for his devout meditation. This diversity in matter and style renders the book so attractive, that, by us at least, the pages of Gulliver's Travels or Nicholas Nickleby have not been read with more interest.

Perhaps the most marked peculiarity in the character of Dr. Norman Macleod was his mirthfulness of spirit. With a keen sense of the ludicrous, his letters, poems, and, as his brother tells us, especially his conversation abounded in the drollest humour. His love of boyish fun he carried with him all through life. Often when weary with the study and cares of the day, in the evening he would lay aside his book and go for a romp with his children. On such occasions the youngest of them could not exceed him in frolicsomeness. He never felt it *infra dig.* for him to join in their sports and games, but would laugh and play with them as if still a boy. His way of training his children, too, is worthy imitation, and teaches a lesson that many parents would do well to imitate. He never tired them with long lectures on behaviour and morals, but strove rather to induce them to follow in his own footsteps by his example and kindly influence. He associated with them as an equal and companion, encouraging them in their studies, and mingling in their sports, not as a master among his slaves, scowling and browbeating, terrifying them into submission and feigned respect. When he wished to teach them some lesson, or illustrate a moral principle, he would relate to them some wonderful legend, or old Scottish story, into which the truth to be enforced was carefully interwoven. By this method he gave them at the same time entertainment and instruction, and taught them to be good and wise, not impelling them by fear, but drawing them with the cords of love.

Another most prominent characteristic of his nature must here be referred to, namely, the spirit of broad Christian liberality, which marked his whole life. He hated narrowness and stolid intolerance with all the hatred of a large manly soul. When a young man he had spent some time both in England and Germany as tutor to the son of an English gentleman. His acquaintanceship at that period, with various denominations and diverse religious opinions may probably have tended somewhat to produce in him that Catholicity of so spirit, so apparent in after years. However that may have been, his constant and earnest wish was, that ministers of his

own Church should have more liberty of thought and action. As for himself, as he declared in his celebrated speech on missions, he wished to "be as broad as the charity of God Almighty." He was not one of those who lay down their own dogmas and creeds, and who pronounce their Anathema Maranatha against every one who will not believe as they do. As might be expected from a person of such a temperament he was an honest hater of shams, affectation and Pharisaism. He thoroughly despised that class of men who outwardly put on a garb of extreme devotion, who say, "stand aside, I am holier than thou," but who really have very little reason to thank God that they are not as other men.

As a preacher he succeeded better with unwritten sermons than with those discourses which he wrote out and carefully elaborated. His enthusiasm and warmth of manner in his offhand addresses were more powerful in convincing the minds of his hearers than rounded periods and flowery oratory. On the platform, where his wit and imagination could have fuller sway than in the pulpit, he was always popular.

Of his college career very little is said in his biography. He entered the University of Glasgow at the age of fourteen. It does not appear that he ever took a regular Arts' course, or ever received a degree, at least we have no mention of it in this book. He seems to have rather disliked the drudgery of college life, and to have given more attention to general reading, nor need we wonder that a young man of such a genial and mirth-loving nature would prefer social meetings and the gayety of the supper table to poring over dry Greek and Latin. He studied theology under Dr. Chalmers. All through life that celebrated divine was regarded by him with the greatest veneration, even after the great schism that rent the Church asunder had placed them in opposite and contending factions.

We intended to refer to one or two chapters of this work which are especially interesting, but our space will not allow us. We must content ourselves with having merely indicated the general nature of the book. In touching on a few of the most marked traits of character of the subject of this memoir we have kept in mind the injunction, "Speak nothing but good of the dead," leaving the business of finding faults with those who have advanced a long way on the road towards perfection.



## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER 23, 1876.

## EDITORS.

J. McD. SCOTT, '77. J. H. CAMERON, '78.  
W. SCOTT WHITTIER. EDWIN CROWELL, '79.  
H. H. HAMILTON, '77, Secretary.

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WITHIN the past few years the study of Anglo-Saxon has been added to the Rhetoric Course, and later still, the study of early English in the writers of the fourteenth century. We think this a step in the right direction, and, by the way, if the University of Halifax is to have any tendency to cut off these little developments and bring us back to a standard of venerable humdrum and classicity, the less we have to do with it the better. But this is not our object now. We wish to urge upon the Freshmen the advisability of giving much of their attention to these subjects. One of the indispensables in a good education is the command of a good vocabulary. This is one object attained by the study of Latin and Greek. A knowledge of the etymology of a word and of the way in which it came to have its present meaning, will very often enable us to apply it with greater force and precision. But, manifestly, the classics are, as a means to this end, very much inferior to English. To acquire a complete knowledge of any language, we must study it in its plastic and formative stages, and

our own is no exception. Too often the Freshman comes to College with the notion firmly embedded in his mind that classics are the centre and essence of all that is really scholarly, and that Anglo-Saxon, although it may be very well for some people to know, has little or no connection with true learning. He looks upon it as something altogether impertinent and is inclined to neglect it as much as possible. We would raise a loud voice of re-monstrance. Scholarship is not a mere matter of reputation. It is a matter of practical utility. That education is the best for us which is the most useful, and in this point of view Anglo-Saxon will yield to no branch of study in our curriculum. Such ideas are not confined to Freshmen. They are too common among our students generally, although we think they are often greatly modified during the four years we spend here. It is precisely for this reason that we wish Freshmen to attend to the matter now.

We need not speak of its value in a scientific or philological point of view. Language in formation is the special province of the philologist. To address ourselves for a little to our authorities, would it not be advisable, if it be possible, to add a further course in Anglo-Saxon or early English among the optionals of the third and fourth years? At all events, we hope that as soon as they may be able to extend the limits of choice, they will consider this subject favorably.

TRAVEL has always had its charms and its uses: its importance grows as knowledge advances. Our fathers cannot bequeath us their experiences; we must go abroad to study men and things for ourselves. No better time can be expected for this than the summer vacation. Fortune has been kind to those who have the desire and the means, before chained for life to some post of duty, to improve by foreign travel. Few things do more to fit a man for usefulness. Johnson says that "the use of travelling is to regulate the imagination by reality, and, instead

of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are." It does many other things as well. It teaches the doubting to walk with confidence, and to argue safely on facts.

"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,  
*I've seen, and sure I ought to know."*

By travel one acquires a readiness in combining to advantage whatever materials are within his reach. Thrown into unexpected and often extreme states of society, he learns to alight on his feet. Away from home standing, he not only finds his own relative weight, but learns to form opinions of others, based on the level of human kinship. He can study all sorts of people, without forming troublesome acquaintances. All the various glories of nature speak to him. The bald-headed crag, standing knee deep in brushwood, showing how it has been gashed by the lightnings and gnawed by the frost, preaches to him of calm endurance and unyielding grit. As the old sea moves and grunts, and, never satisfied, never improves, it has its sermon too.

Of those collected for the Term within the walls of Dalhousie, a considerable part seem, for the time being, to care no more about the outside world than to find the most direct way to and from College. But with spring comes a desire to know more about the distant parts of the footstool. Every summer finds our students scattered over the Dominion and the Eastern States, frequently in Scotland or Germany, and occasionally "doing" the Alps and Italy.

Without presuming to give directions, it is safe to say that no part of the expense attending a cruise gives a better return than writing out. More will be seen, and everything of a noteworthy character will be impressed upon the memory, if you have charged yourself with the task of some day committing to paper. Telling about things will not do, for talk is always lawless. But to give a sober account of a ramble compels connected thought. If you can put things in a graceful, pithy or glaring way, many will be gratified. Those who have travelled

will enjoy the treat, though they know many of your pen-built joys would break down under the test of experiment. Those who have never wandered will be delighted (dear thankful souls!) to find that so great a man will write for them. Even if you never suffer your lines to get into the hands of the printer, the outline will be of after interest to yourself, besides having given you some useful practice and having been the occasion of your re-visit to many of the most sunny parts in all the past.

## COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

If there is any other subject in addition to the tides of the Bay of Fundy on which Nova Scotians like to boast, it is our School System. Our public men seem to be proud of Nova Scotia in this respect. More than once a Nova Scotian has surprised our cousins across the water by saying that the government provides a free common school education for every child in our Province. The yearly Report concerning the state of education always shows that a large proportion of the children of our country are attending, and being educated at, our public schools. Now, in the first place, it may be well to notice that the children stated as attending school may either have been present during the whole year, or they may have been present one week, and the five days composing that week may have been scattered over six or eight weeks. Very often a pupil comes to school and is registered, whom we see but seldom during the year, yet still he is included among those "attending school." Not more than fifty per cent. of enrolled pupils are daily present on an average, in many of our schools, while in some it is even far below this. Again, schools are often open not more than six months out of the year. We see by this then, that when we read in the "School Report" that 96,000 of the children throughout the Province are attending school we must deduct very largely from this to find out the average number who have been present during even six months out of the year.

Now, go where you will throughout Nova Scotia, and the universal complaint of teachers is the irregularity of attendance. We make a boast of having free schools, and it is a great boon to have such schools; but if the children



do not attend regularly, no difference how good a teacher may be employed, the progress will not be such as he would wish it to be. Suppose for example, that a teacher possessing ability and experience is engaged to teach in a certain section. Now, one of the first things that he will have to do is to classify the pupils. He does so. During the first fortnight everything goes on smoothly and pleasantly, and now the school is in good working order. The Geometry class have perhaps mastered six or seven propositions of Euclid, the Grammar class can explain the difference between a noun and a verb, the History class find out that William I., defeated Harold. On the following Monday, however, two pupils are absent and do not return during the week. Both, however, come back in ten days or so, and find the rest of the pupils considerably in advance of them. They can not go on in the Geometry class, and the teacher does not wish to keep the other members of the class back. The Grammar class has commenced parsing, they know nothing about that kind of work, and of course can't do it. They have forgotten whether William conquered Harold or *vice versa*. The teacher does what he thinks best in the circumstances; but he has hardly got the classes in working order again when three other members of the class find it convenient to absent themselves for a few days. When they return, ten chances to one the Geometry class begin again to construct the equilateral triangle. By the time they arrive at the point which they had before reached, haying has come, and of course all study is laid aside.

Now, the end of the term draws nigh, and during the last fortnight parents wake up to the belief that they are not discharging their duty in keeping their children at home, and accordingly send them again off to school, to make a display at the examination, at which time, by the way, they often display their ignorance immensely, at which the parents aforesaid are greatly surprised, and pronounce the teacher a humbug.

Now, in order that the teacher can have a fair chance to do good work, the pupils should be in their places every day unless detained by sickness. The Spartans, in olden time, took the children when quite young and trained them to serve the State, and the parents had no power to keep them at home, but handed them over to the military school. Now, we should have the power of compelling the

children of the land to attend school during at least eight months out of the year, from the time they are seven years of age, until they have arrived at the age of fourteen years unless detained at home by sickness. This is the best gift that we can give them, and that which will best fit them to become useful members of society, and enable them to serve the State.

Our Free Schools will never accomplish the end for which they were intended until a compulsory law is placed on our statute books. The Government has spent money, first of all, in dividing the Province into school sections. The people have placed school houses all over the country. Apparatus has been provided for the successful working of many of the schools. The Superintendent of Education, Inspectors of Schools, School Commissioners, and Teachers have received, and are now receiving a great deal of money from the public treasury. After all this trouble has been taken for the education of the children of our land, all this money expended for the accomplishment of this end, should not the Government have the power to compel the attendance of the children at school during at least eight months of the year? But, says some one, a compulsory law would not work in Nova Scotia. The principle of compulsion they maintain to be a wrong principle. In answer to the first objection we need only refer to Germany, where a compulsory law is in force, and the German people are noted the world over as an educated, industrious, and upright people. It is also an admitted fact that there is less of wickedness and misery among an educated people than among the uneducated. In reference to the second objection it is not so much compulsion that we see in it, as that it enables the youth of the land to demand as a right what they now enjoy by the favour of their parents or guardians.

Until some such law is placed upon our statute books, we can never expect to have a population that can read and write; but if every child was compelled to spend eight months out of each year till he or she had reached the age of fourteen years, the State would have performed its duty, and we would have in a few years a more intelligent class of people throughout our country than we have at present. It is an admitted fact that nearly all our doctors, lawyers, and clergymen come to us from the country, and unless they have a good common school education in their youth, when they grow

up and decide for a profession, they can not carry out their wish successfully. The profession of teaching is looked upon by some as a miserable one, and they only take it up from necessity. The reason of this dislike very often arises from the dissatisfaction that one feels with the work of the term. One feels that he has not had a fair chance to do good work in the school owing in almost every case to irregular attendance on the part of the pupils.

Frequent changes of teachers are often very injurious to the success of the school. In place of two terms during the year, one long term beginning about the 1st of September and ending about the last of June might be an improvement. The two hottest months would thus be given to the children for out-door exercise. All who have taught in the summer know how hard it is to get children to work during the hot months of July and August, and it is an injury to keep them shut up in the school-room all day. By this long term of ten months one teacher would be able to do far more work than two teachers in the same time and do the work better. This plan would not suit some of our students who spend the summer in teaching, but it would be a better system for the real advancement of education in our public schools; add to this a trained staff of teachers of not lower standing than Grade C, who feel that their calling is an honorable one, and we may look for a greater degree of success than is at present apparent.

F. W. A.

#### COUNTY ACADEMIES.

In the last Annual Report on Education there are some true comments on our County Academies. Nearly all the Special Academies are doing good work, most of the others are disgracefully unworthy the name. Their Trustees, generally, do not know what constitutes an Academy, and take little or no interest in them. Their teachers, however well qualified for their proper duty, cannot without the aid, or with the opposition of trustees, make them what they ought to be. They have insufficient apparatus for teaching natural sciences, too low standards, few students in any, and none in many of the higher branches of education. Consequently, few pupils throughout the counties know the benefits of Academical training, and those few commonly have to go to the Special Academies.

Many of those Academies are no better than, and a few are inferior to, some Common Schools, of which they subserve the purpose in the sections where they are situated. This is not only denying the county the means of higher education, but providing gratuitously Common Schools for the most wealthy sections.

Of the pupils in the County Academies last year, only 25 per cent studied Latin, 8 per cent. translating authors, only 9 per cent. Greek, 11 per cent. French, 37 per cent. Natural Sciences,—which, except in Cumberland Academy, means a smattering of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. A very few in some Academies studied Roman and Grecian History. Trigonometry and even Algebra and Geometry are much neglected. This state of matters is likely to continue as long as Academies are under the entire control of sectional, temporary trustees. As the average salary of a Head Master is only \$600, it is a very cheap method of maintaining a public school.

How can these Academies be made sufficient in teaching more of the higher branches of education to a greater number, and in linking the Common Schools of each county with the Colleges? Trustees should be compelled to fulfil their contract of providing sufficient apparatus and proper grading. They should be partially under the control of County Trustees or the School Boards, which commonly consist of educated men. There should be a common fixed standard by which to examine pupils entering the Academies; as the Fundamental Rules in Algebra; the first 25 Propositions of Book I. of Euclid; Arithmetic, and a good knowledge of British and American History, General Geography and English Language. Pupils thus would be prepared to enter upon the studies proper to the Academy, and not waste time in studying what should be taught in every Common School.

Also, there should be certain fixed, if not compulsory studies in all the Academies, as Latin, Greek, Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry, Composition, Universal History, Chemistry, Botany or Natural Philosophy. This would secure large classes in all these branches, and in a few years these Institutions would take their proper position in the school system, become stepping stones to the Colleges, besides saving time, talent, and money, now uselessly expended on what are called County Academies.

THETA.



## OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Queen's College Journal* has not a very effective look, from the fact that it is printed in triple-column pages. Its first page of "Selected" is generally good, but of course we might find it elsewhere. We observe that Martin Farquhar Tupper has been reading in Kingston. Why can we not have him here? We would like to hear him once, just once.

The *Niagara Index* is also printed in three-column pages. The literary department is well filled. An editorial on "Grammar and Spelling" says: "The matter is not so slight as to be out of place in our editorial columns." We hope not. These things always appeared to us as matters of some importance. The editorial is carelessly written. We find sentences like this: "The Niagara student of to-day, if he be not foolishly fastidious, has not the least possible ground of complaint."

The *Wabash* is a new exchange. It is awkwardly got up in eight large pages. The two first articles are by Professors. The editorial is medium. The writer of "Notes on Horace" gives "stans uno pede" as a quotation and the sentiment "The success of art is the concealment of all art" as his own.

The *College Journal* is well printed on good paper. We fail to find anything worthy of remark in its contents except that its personals are *extremely* personal.

The *Williams Athenæum* is no bad representation of the college which educated Bryant. Its editorial department is strong and good. We cannot say so much for the literary. The one prose article will not much more than pay for its reading. Its title is a "recondite Latin phrase" "Multum ex nihil." Whether it be "recondite" or not, it is surely a little singular both in sense and Latinity.

The *Illini*, in magazine form, is a valuable exchange. The literary articles are mostly short and fairly written. The editors do their work very well. We think, and our opinion is based upon our own experience and observation of our exchanges, that the first paragraph of an opening editorial is the most difficult paragraph imaginable to write—every variety of character comes out in it. The *Illini* succeeds well, is neither stiff nor silly.

ANOTHER of our graduates has obtained the distinction of Doctorate of Philosophy in Germany, viz: H. A. Bayne, M. A. Dr. Bayne went to Germany three years ago to prosecute the study of Chemistry. He worked at first under Wiedemann and Kalbe of Leipzig, and having thus laid a firm general foundation, he went to Heidelberg to study special departments of the Inorganic branch of his subject, under Bunsen. There he remained eighteen months, and the most of that time has been devoted to a valuable original investigation of the physical contents of the rarest metals. Of one or two of these Dr. Bayne obtained larger specimens than had ever been seen before, and he was thus enabled to make accurate determinations of their specific gravity and other physical properties. Having graduated at Heidelberg "post comprobata examine rigorosa praecepta in chemia insigni cum laude superato doctrinam," Dr. Bayne has gone to Berlin, where he intends to study special departments of Organic Chemistry in Hoffman's Laboratory. We tender him our heartiest congratulations. Dalhousie rejoices in his success.

THERE has been added to the apparatus in the Balance Room of the Chemical Laboratory a large and very fine Oertling's Balance, with 14 inch beam, to carry 1500 grains in each pan, and indicate when loaded 1-1000 of a grain; the beam is constructed with agate edges, the pans are suspended by agate plates, and the centre of the beam works upon a single agate plane, so that all the working parts of the instrument are most effectually protected against the fumes of the Laboratory and the effects of the damp. There is an apparatus for steadying the pans connected with the same axis which moves the beam, so that one movement of the handle first releases the pans and then the beam. Each half of the beam is divided into 10ths and 50ths, with apparatus for moving the sliding weights which are of gold. The other weights are of aluminium, platinum and brass.

## Selections.

UNDER this heading, we intend to make occasional extracts from our College exchanges, for the benefit of our readers who seldom see any College paper except our own. We choose such passages as are representative of the papers from which they are taken, or are in any way striking:—

"We want to offer some suggestions about the matter presented for our pages. In the first place, please remember that we are students and that our magazine should be a students' magazine. We want it studentish, if we may use the word. We want the subjects in its pages treated as you look at them, and not as some one else looks at them, or as you imagine you *ought* to look at them. We do not want the ILLINI to ape the exponent of some philosophical society or organization of eminent scholars. We cannot do it yet, whatever we may hope to do in the future. Don't try to write in too grand a style. Don't try to be too poetical. Don't try to be too scientific in your writing. Just give in your thoughts naturally expressed. Give us your own knowledge arranged in your own way. Don't go to the north pole for a subject, or chase a few thoughts through the realms of imagination for our benefit when you have a topic of interest in your own society and before your own eyes. There are matters pertaining to the college government, manners of reading and acquiring knowledge, comparisons of our way of doing things with that of other institutions and a multitude of like subjects for which our columns shall be open."—*Illini*.

A JUNIOR reflects the high moral tone of his class by advertising that he has picked up a pen knife, and his conscience is restless! More still, no owner can be found!! This in an Undenominational College!!!

ESSAYS:—In the competition for the Alumni Prizes, the Essays in the First Year are to count equal to one-fourth of the Rhetoric Course; and in the Third Year as one-fifth of the work in Metaphysics.

There are the usual arrangements for levelling by adjustable screws, pan for specific gravities, &c., &c. Students in quantitative analysis can have no excuse for errors now.

REUNION:—Students have for several years gladly taken advantage of the Reading Room and Library, not forgetting the cosy Parlors, so freely thrown open to them by the Y. M. C. A. To all this indebtedness, another item has been added by the Reunion on the evening of the 12th inst., in the Association Hall and adjoining rooms. The decorations, music, readings and entertainment throughout, including bountiful refreshments, were highly artistic, and every correct taste must have been fully gratified.

## Our Societies.

EXCELSIOR held its fifth annual meeting on the 8th inst. It was devoted to a literary entertainment. The Programme for the evening, which was very creditably carried out, consisted of Music by W. T. Kennedy and J. W. McIntosh—Readings by R. Emmerson and A. G. Cameron—Recitations by W. S. Fullerton, W. T. Kennedy and S. J. McKnight. Original papers were read by E. Crowell, C. McLaren and H. A. Whittier.

At the sixth annual meeting of the Society the question "should capital punishment be abolished" was decided in the affirmative by a majority of one.

Although there was an average number present at each of these meetings, yet it is to be regretted that so many are blind to the importance of attending.

THE Kritosophian Society held its weekly meeting on Friday evening, December 15th. The subject for discussion was "Compulsory Education." Jas. McKenzie opened the debate. He spoke against a compulsory law. After an animated discussion it was decided, by a large majority, that a compulsory law ought to be placed on our Statute Book. W. A. Mason then read a "religious" (?) paper on the "cow." Burgess McRittrick also read an article on the importance of the study of science.



*Clips.*

The following direction was on a letter which passed through the post office:—

Wood  
John  
Mass.

A shrewd Postmaster finally decided that it was intended for John Underwood, Andover, Mass.

AN erudite Freshman gives the following report of his first impressions of Reception:—

"Her Deiopean beauty, both of face and figure, rendered her immediately the cynosure of my eyes, and I soon felt my energy to be the victim of a mysterious metamorphosis. My muscles were becoming flabby, my brain and nerves weak, while I was more and more conscious of a vast accumulation of osculant potentiality and philogynic acuteness. But before Cupid had completely worked his enchantment, her nectarean lips broke the silence with the wonted formula: 'Faaweathah—is this youah faast yeah?' The spell was now broken. Some kindly talisman had thwarted my doom, and with a violent pericardial regurgitation, I became a sadder but wiser man."—*Argosy.*

WE find this in several of our exchanges:—

"A young man, applicant for admission to the Cornell University, spilled ink all over his examination papers, rubbed at the blots with his tongue, sucked his pen clean at the end of every sentence; spelled the name of the father of his country "gorg washington," said that "gulus decius Brutus discovered america," and that it was at least 679 miles from the earth to the moon, and nearly twice as far to the sun; but when it was ascertained that the applicant was Robinson, the Union Springs (N. Y.) oarsman, his papers were marked 125 per cent., and he went into the Sophomore Class."—*Burlington Hawke ye.*

WHAT stars never set? Roostars.

*College Notes.*

OXFORD has 441 freshmen this term, which are pretty fairly divided among the several colleges. The largest number in any one college is 41, and the smallest 7.

PROF. W. V. JONES, (of classics) of Acadia, is studying language in Oxford this winter. Prof. Welton, (Theological) is studying at Leipzig. The staff of that College must be abundantly able to fill their position if they can carry on all the work without them.

WABASH COLLEGE, Indiana, has recently received a bequest of \$118,000.

J. F. TUFTS, Professor of History, and Principal of Horton Collegiate Academy, has lately received a communication from the President of Harvard University, offering him a Tutorship in that institution for three years from Sept. 1st, 1876, with the view of a Professorship at the expiration of that period.—*Acadia Athenæum.*

FRESHMEN: at Lafayette, 71; Trinity, 35; Wooster, 54; Williams, 57; Dartmouth, 65; Amherst, 83; Oberlin, 94;

Cornell, 180 (22 ladies); University of New York, 197; University of Michigan, 120; Harvard, 197, University of California, 98.—*The News.*

BILLIARD tables were introduced into Princeton College this term chiefly by the action of President M'Cosh. They have since been removed. They were "deleterious to the moral health of the community."

GIRARD College owns property to the value of \$8,000,000.

*Personals.*

WM. BROWNRIGG, a Junior of '75, fills a pedagogic chair at Stellarton.

HUGH MCKENZIE, M. A., '75, has been admitted as an Attorney and Barrister.

A. C. PATTERSON, Soph. '73, is also a full-fledged Lawyer. He is practising in Truro.

J. STEWART, a Freshman of '75, is at his native place, Scotsburn, Pictou. He is in ill health.

H. MACINTOSH, Freshman '75, has gone to Queen's College, Kingston.

STUDENTS would favour the editors by handing in any personals that they know of.

*Notes.*

IN pencil nearly faded out, perhaps altogether by this time, on the plaster wall of the waiting-room of the station-house at Athol, in Cumberland, are the following lines. Plaster-wall poetry is not generally of the highest order, and the rhythm of this is somewhat defective, but there is in it a strange pathos and beauty, notwithstanding:—

Through the life-road, rough and dirty  
I have walked to three and thirty;  
What have these years left to me?  
Nothing, only thirty-three.

DID you ever observe what a joke there is in the words *patrimony* and *matrimony* as indicating the special objects of paternal and maternal cares?

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