

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 17, 1877.

NEW No. 9.
WHOLE No. 91.

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GAZETTE.

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HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 17, 1877.

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MY TRIP.

SOME five years ago I thought to go down to a seaport town to breathe the salt air and row over the salt water. About a week after I had come, I one day rowed out alone to the other side of the lighthouse. It was a pleasant day with an October sun. When I got outside the harbor, I saw at some distance an object which I cannot describe to you. It looked something like a bird, and in the centre was a house half like a small shed and half like some kind of fowl. It had large windows on the two sides towards me. When I came nearer it I saw a man on it shouting as if to attract my attention. Presently, when I came up, he called to me to take him off this raft, as he was afraid he would be dashed against the rocks. In my hurry I did not notice that it was strange he should be floating in such a thing as that. He asked me to come on board and see this raft of his. I should think he was about forty years old. He had thick black hair and something in his face a person could not help noticing. Strength of body, of mind, of character was indicated in every feature. I stepped on board and went inside his bird-like cavity. I had not time to ask more than two or three questions when I heard a great noise as though a thunder storm was coming on with rapid gusts of wind. Jumping up, I saw that the winglike objects I had noticed were moving up and down and that we were rising moderately fast.

After about half an hour we heard a noise as if a thick mist were striking our frame. He informed me that we were passing through the clouds which had arisen. He then went to a cupboard which I had not noticed and took from it a black powder and a white crumbling substance and put them in a large copper flask. Beside it there was another jar of a different kind. In this he put two other substances. Heat was applied and a sort of gas came off slowly. From each of these jars came a tube,

and these uniting formed a larger tube. There was a stopper on each of these and likewise on the larger one. Then he stopped the windows with boards and glasses and a sticky substance round their edges to prevent the escape of the gas. As it was now late he promised to tell me what he was and who he was and what he had to do with me next day. I had thought of overpowering him in his sleep, but on reflecting that I could not bring the machine down I refrained. About ten next day I reminded him of his promise. Our craft had meanwhile been going rapidly onwards. He told me his history, which was as follows: Being possessed of a competence, he had thought of constructing a machine to go through the air. He had made it a rule not to speak or think of anything but his scheme for some hours each day. Here I interrupted him and told him it was impossible, for the mind being taken up with a new thought had not power to control itself. He said he had succeeded after some time, and that he thought many mysteries might be explained if people would so devote themselves to one subject. He then explained to me the working of the thing, and how it was I never could have dreamed. The wings closing compressed the air and sent his craft upwards, and moving backwards slightly acted like the paddles of a steamer. He said he did not keep it balanced by weights, as that would drag him down, but by hydrogen gas, which he could shift at a moment's notice. This was held in a skin under the craft. The craft was made of wood like that which the natives in the South Seas use for spades—hard as iron although it is very light. The wings were moved like the wheels of a steam engine, not by steam, but by electricity. I exclaimed in surprise, how could that be? He said I had no doubt noticed that electricity often knocked down chimneys and tiles without setting them on fire; so by using a metal that was not acted on by electricity and letting off the extra force by numerous tubes,

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he obtained the proper motion. The carbonic acid which we breathed off was taken up by a complicated thing made from potassium. He said there was only one thing he regretted,—the want of air to send him to the moon, for he could not move without some air. I think, if I remember aright, I was not sorry. He said he had entrapped me for company. I once said to him that I had read somewhere that there was no such thing as progress. I only heard him say something about "obfuscated brains," inasmuch as the wings were making a great noise outside. He had a fascinating manner and was an agreeable companion. I learned that he knew many languages, having been a hard student in youth. I asked him if he knew Greek, for I thought if he did I should deem him infallible. He did not know it. I do not purpose to tell all the incidents of the journey, but I wish to mention one thing which he treated me to. He played on the flute solely by ear. It was a large one; the like of which I had never seen before. He had learned to imitate the elements. From his battery he caused streams of electricity to come and presented the following scene: The wind rose shrieking, then came in rapid gusts; the rain fell, the thunders roared and the lightnings flashed. The thunder threatened, the lightning smote. Then came sorrow in the wind and peace in the rain and harmony in all, soothing and subduing the rebellious elements. Enough! We landed on the Pacific coast, having gone round outside the region of the clouds to avoid the gales, in one month.

I feel that I ought to beg the pardon of this Society, for having tried a subject so high, in the air and otherwise, but I did not know of anything else nor could I think of anything better to write about than something I had actually gone through.

Read before *Excelsior* by F. CHAMBERS.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY DAYS.

I WONDER who was the first to talk about the happy days of childhood. This is one of many cases where the mere repetition of the words of sentiment has made it a part of our Creed. We have opinions on a thousand subjects of which we have never thought once. They seem to wear their way into us by constant friction. But this is not a good way to form opinions. It may be well in the case of such statements

as "This world is all a fleeting show," or such maxims as "Honesty is the best policy,"—matters involving much philosophical research. But this romance about childhood is different. We do not live so long that we need forget about our younger days. When we have experimental knowledge of anything, we ought not to depend on what we have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us concerning it. If we were asked wherein consisted this happiness peculiar to child life, we should be sure to say,—“O we were so free, so careless, so innocent then.” Anything further which we would say would be included probably under one of these heads. So we will consider them:

Were we freer when we were little than we are now that we are big?

Define freedom as you like, it means simply the privilege of doing what we please.

If we trusted to our memory or even to our common sense instead of letting a perverted imagination run away with us we would never talk of the "wild freedom of those happy days." But we are so used to this that we never notice the incongruity when a fond father indulges in reminiscences of his boyhood, with a passing allusion to the free, wild jollity of his boy life, while his own boy sits on a chair in the corner, a figure composed of three straight lines and two right angles—without counting his feet—sitting in the same place and position where his father put him when he commenced to tell his story—"to keep him out of mischief." Children under ten or twelve years of age are the veriest slaves in existence.

Every well regulated house is a despotism. The parents are the rulers; the children the subjects. The little creatures are foolish and always wanting to do what it is not right they should do. Therefore it follows they should not be free, and fortunately they are not. They have to go to school, which no properly constituted child will do if he can help it. They have to pick chips which they hate to do. They must not tear their clothes which they love to do. They have to wait at table till the blessing is asked, when they want to commence eating. They want to stay up till big folks go to bed, but they are sent off earlier.

Of course it is right that this should be so; but it is none the less painful for the boy or girl of independent spirit to bear, more especially

when the regulations are enforced by punishment of so humiliating a nature as they have to submit to.

But children are careless say the traditions, and consequently happy,—I believe that carelessness is conducive to happiness.

I have seen careless men in my day and a few careless women, and have been quite careless myself occasionally, though generally quite the opposite. But a careless child is a phenomenon which I have never seen and never expect to see. Here is the way we make this mistake. We know that the little folks have not many grievances which would affect a grown person, and we blindly infer that they are not troubled by them. The fact is that while we are sighing for the happy days of childhood, the little things are crying all around us. A healthy boy of six years will cry on an average about seventeen times a day, a girl of the same age sixteen times. Are they likely to cry about anything they don't care about? I assert that any energetic, active, promising child, one who has indications of genius in him—such a boy as we were when we were little, will be in trouble nearly all the time. The loss of a toy horse is to him of as much importance as the loss of a real horse would be to us, and the little girl feels the same sorrow over the departure of her doll as her mother does for the death of a relative, with this difference that while the mother can philosophise about her loss, the child don't know how.

Of course their sorrow don't last long, but the wounded heart only heals in time to be stricken again.

I readily admit that the child's father has some few cares which the child has not, but they are far more than balanced by those peculiar to the "father to the man."

But all this nonsense reaches the climax of absurdity, when shutting our eyes and ears to the juvenile world around us and steadfastly refusing to remember our own past, we begin to talk about the innocence of childhood.

To us who believe in human progress, "this is the most unkindest cut of all."

But the most ridiculous feature in this is that while we believe or profess it, instead of sitting at their feet learning lessons of virtue, we are continually correcting them and teaching them the great lessons of morality. Either we are preaching to our betters or we are better than they. It sounds well enough in theory—inno-

cent as a prattling child—but practically, such of us as have raised a young family, know right well that the average child occupies a position rather nearer the satanic than the angelic. Let us be candid about it. Many of us, doubtless most of us, were children once. Were we not always quarrelling? Did we not tell mean lies to get out of scrapes? We were cruel and stoned cats and birds and made dogs fight and enjoyed watching the death struggle of squirrels and woodchucks. We were dishonest and stole sugar from our mother and apples from our neighbour's orchard, and blamed the cat for the one and the Indians for the other. Children incessantly lord it over each other. Every playground has its little tyrant; every household its despot. I maintain that the average child is a worse character than the average grown person. We must not suppose that *greenness* is innocence. Children are bad—only very, very young babies are not.

There is a kind of suffering which is almost peculiar to children, but which we manage to forget in our riper years. If I were asked what was my idea of the greatest possible degree of misery, I should say fright—physical fright. Now children are timid—afraid of the dark, of comets, ghosts, bears, ugly looking people, hornets, geese, the rod, and thunder.

I remember when I was very little, an old woman who had a habit of chopping bushes came up by the house with an axe. She asked me if I wanted my head cut off. Of course I did not. What healthy, good looking boy who has had his dinner would be so blind to his own interests and those of the world at large? I suggested that I didn't. But I was terribly alarmed. There was no joke about that. I remember the old lady yet and her axe with a blue string tied around the handle. The effect on me then was the same as it would be now, were I standing at the cannon's mouth, only that there was no "bubble reputation" to balance the account. These childish fears are realities and should be considered when we wish we were children again.

"I can't dwell," as the auctioneers say. I only say that I was as happy as most children are, and yet I would not wish to live my boyhood over again unless I could have the privilege of taking back with me the freedom, the thoughtlessness and innocence of my maturer years. A circumstance over which we have no

control makes it necessary as well as advisable that we should reach manhood and womanhood through the intermediate stage of childhood.

We are safely through it. Like the measles it is pleasant to look back upon; yet we ought to be thankful that we don't pass through either more than once. The phrase, "second childhood," is a misnomer; there is no such thing, I am happy to inform you. We should be careful not to say in the presence of children that the days of childhood were the happiest of our life, for the dearest hope of the child is to escape misery by growing up. Happily they are slow to believe it, else they would probably give up the battle of life in disgust.

Let us also reflect that happiness is not an accident of time or place; but as health is to the body but freedom from disease, so happiness is but the absence of misery. From our childhood we have been looking forward to these times, and when we should begin to live. When we are old we will assuredly look back on our College life, and remembering only the good times, while we discreetly forget about Greek roots and surds, will dwell with rapture on the glorious times we had at Dalhousie. Thus our life is always looking before and after for happiness. Better is it that we

"Enjoy the fragrance of our youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For time will teach us soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest."

S. D. S.

FOR MAN'S ILLUSION.

THE transition from boyhood to manhood—the period of youth—is emphatically the period of disappointments. Men never get disappointed; they are disappointed; and the disappointments of children are like the morning cloud and the early dew. They leave no effect. But the disappointments of youth are real. Their hopes are strong as children's and their spirits are unbroken; but their memories are those of children no more. They cannot forget totally as they once could. Their feelings are mature and the wound in them remains. Youth, too, is the time in which we begin to learn something of the world and to find out those "Truths which it wrings the unpractised heart to learn," and which, more than anything else, make life seem for ardent souls one grand disappointment.

But it is not my purpose to enter into a philosophical disquisition upon disappointments in general. I wish to say a word or two about a particular class, in some respects the worst class of all. Their most striking feature is that "forsan et hæc," and so forth, cannot be written over them. There is nothing about them that we would wish to remember. There is a pleasure in real grief; but in these cases it is neutralised by a tincture of the absurd. Disappointment is commingled with disgust, and our only wish in the matter is a wish for forgetfulness.

A good illustration may be found in the way in which we are sometimes left in the lurch by such non-malicious and innocent-seeming things as words. Perhaps it is not really so much the words as certain people; but at any rate words are the occasion. An example will show clearly what I mean. I quote from Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. vi., page 120. "Lest I should forget to mention it, I put down here a rebuke which, later in his life, Sir Walter once gave in my hearing to his daughter Annè. She happened to say of something, I forget what, that she could not abide it—it was *vulgar*." "My love," said her father, "you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar*? 'Tis only *common*; nothing that is *common*, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in the world is *uncommon*." How the poor young lady must have been crushed! And everybody else said "*vulgar*" just as she did; why should it fail her in this awful way? It is probably beyond the reach of history to discover the nature and extent of Sir Walter's dinner upon this particular day. Could it be known, it would, I fancy, teach a highly interesting and useful lesson. He was evidently dyspeptic. For "the meaning of this word *vulgar*" is not "only *common*." It has a meaning of its own and a claim and title to it as indisputable as the word *common*. Even in the Latin "*vulgus*" is a much less respectable term than "*plebs*." Who ever said "*profana plebs*" or "*ignobilis*." Besides, custom and not etymology is the final authority in the meaning of words, and custom has decided the meaning of "*vulgar*" very emphatically. All this Sir Walter Scott knew, or might and ought to have known very well. It

lessens our respect for him to find him thus needlessly and wrongfully inflicting pain on a weak and defenceless woman. That a stupid pietist who felt his own sanctity and was anxious (merely from a feeling that it was nothing more than his due) that the world might feel it also, should speak so would seem perfectly natural, but that a man with the genius and penetration of the mighty novelist should be guilty of such barbarity, is simply revolting;—revolting for its intense stupidity, for its heartless cruelty, for its childish querulousness. This same "*vulgar*" is an old offender. It has slain its tens of thousands. Probably most of us have suffered from it some time in our history. Sweet indeed would be my sleep, if I could think that by the above remarks, I have furnished anyone on whom it may be practised in future, with the means of a retort with a vengeance.

An anecdote of a somewhat similar character is told of Napoleon. He was one day with a friend in an art gallery in the Louvre admiring some sculpture. "That is a fine statue, Denon," said he, "Immortal, Sir." After a moment he said, "How long will it last?" "Probably about five thousand years," was the answer. "And this," said he, "you call immortality." Now this may have been said with a smile, signifying "O yes, I know what you mean; but immortality is a humbug, isn't it?" But my authority rather indicates that it was what I suppose he and Lockhart would call a rebuke. Napoleon spoke "sharply." Now Denon merely used a very common and justifiable mode of speech, and if Napoleon was disappointed—as I imagine he was—at finding immortality not so long as he expected, it was miserable weakness in him to vent his spleen upon his courtier.

I was lately tripped up myself by a very innocent looking phrase. I had said without paying much attention to my words, that a certain article was original. A critical friend observed that it was rather a precarious thing to say, unless my reading was pretty extensive, for how could I tell whether anybody had said anything like it before or not. Now I take it the word originality has two meanings which may be best shown by their contradictories. These are first platitude, or commonplace, and second, plagiarism. Now to say that anything in these modern days is not plagiarism would indeed be bold, even supposing the *Morning Herald* were not in existence. No one, I think, save Macaulay, would venture to say of anything,

that there was "nothing like it in the whole range of literature." Our belief in the originality of an article in this sense will depend wholly upon the author's veracity and our knowledge of the circumstances under which it was written. But we may affirm that thought is original when it strikes out in a vein new to us, when it is independent and fresh. In this sense, I think any person of ordinary intelligence—and I have always considered myself such a one since I became a Sophomore and a contributor to the GAZETTE—is privileged to predicate originality of an article. We can all of us notice the slightest variation from those same eternal platitudes which are and will till the end of time be repeated by the same eternal succession of blockheads who live to dream of fame and die to be forgotten.

I am coming now to the matter which started this train of ideas in my head. It is the way some people will dodge you on the word temperance. I am not so wholly given over to temperance doctrines that I cannot have some little respect for those who do not advocate the total abstinence theory; but I do like to see them standing up to their principles and not beating about the bush with some pious nonsense or other about being temperate in all things. Don't you see that it is only a pun, paronomasia, if you like? Puns are wretched enough as jokes; what shall we say of them as moral arguments?

These words are the sworn enemies of careless youths who are more given to saying what they think than to thinking what they say. Heedless ones, I warn you. Ever and anon will you stumble through one of these pitfalls to find some holier than thou standing over you and administering with due solemnity and severity stern rebuke. There is no hope of escape. Submit with what grace you can to the inevitable
McD.

"FROM the *Journal of the University of Halifax* we gather that there is a clause in the University Act which forbids the senate 'to do, or cause, or suffer to be done, anything that would render it necessary or advisable, with a view to academic success or distinction, that any person should pursue the study of any materialistic or sceptical system of logic, or Mental or Moral Philosophy.'—*Ox. & Cam. Und. Journal*.

Will any one tell us what the "Journal of the University of Halifax" is?

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 17, 1877.

EDITORS.

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

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THE Seniors little knew as they read our notice last issue of how Death had chilled the heart (so warm till then!) of one of their number, that away off in the Golden State a few mourning friends had already lain in a stranger's grave in Napa city the remains of another of their class-mates, James C. Sutherland. A schoolmaster at Springville, a student in Scotland, a teacher of Classics in Pictou Academy, a student here,—he everywhere won his way like the sunshine. When he left us more than a year ago, barely twenty, we had strong hope that milder climes, if they could not nerve him for our rude winters, might at least nurture one of so much promise far on through the summer of life, but

"Thou hast all the seasons for thine own, O Death!"

And yet another name must be placed on our death roll. Wilbert Johnson, of Bass River, Colchester, a General Student of '74-5, passed over to the other side of the river. Such fatality impresses on us the reflection of the Laureate,—

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness to the core,
And dust and ashes all that is."

WE were present a few days ago at the weekly elocutionary exercises in Prof. De Mille's room, and we find that our present Freshman class is fully up to the average in that department, sev-

ral members displaying considerable declamatory power. The chief object of these exercises is to train the budding orator in modulation and the proper use of gesture, but they are not a whit less useful to give confidence in one's self, and overcome that timidity which almost every speaker at first feels in addressing an audience. Students of the first year should always make it a point to put in an appearance on the rostrum every Wednesday without fail. Any one of them who intends to join himself in future life to any of the speaking professions, by neglecting declamation now, does himself an injury the greatness of which will be known to him only when repentance is too late. We know that to many it feels like taking medicine to go on the platform before their fellow students and recite. We know from experience how trying it is. On Tuesday night the Freshman takes his Reader No. VI., and studies up "Pitt on the American War." Next morning he gets up and perhaps puts on his best pants, gives his hair an extra touch of the brush, boots ditto, looks over his piece to make sure that he knows it, and all is ready for the display. When he enters the classroom the back seats are taken up by a crowd of seniors, juniors and sophomores come in to hear the elocution. His heart sinks into his boots at the sight of them, and he debates with himself whether he will go up or not. His heart beats faster and faster as name after name is called, and his turn comes nearer and nearer. The decisive moment arrives. *His* name is called. All eyes are directed towards him. He jumps up with a strong effort at self control, delivers up his book, and makes for the *bema*. He performs his bow and looks round on the array of grinning, and grimace-distorted faces. He begins. "My Lords, this is a perilous and tremendous moment," but the rest of the speech has vanished like the creatures of a dream. Now his knees tremble and knock against each other. He is prompted, but is soon lost again, and now his knees shake more than ever, his hands are helpless by his

side, while classroom, professor, and all seem to him to swim round and round. In this plight he makes his bow, and moves in the direction of his seat as fast as he can, leaving the whole tail of his gown in his hurry.

Thus ingloriously endeth his first oratorical attempt. We need not wonder that after such an experience as this he makes a resolution never to appear on the platform again. But we would say to any one who may have gone through an ordeal like the above, *nil desperandum*. You will gain confidence with each attempt. Before you have recited half-a-dozen times your knees as well as your voice will be steady enough, and your right hand will no more have forgotten its cunning gestures. Try again and again, is your only cure. Never neglect your elocution because you feel nervous and unpleasant every time you step on the rostrum, for if you can not face a few fellow students, *a fortiori*, you will not be able to stand before a public audience.

THE *Recorder* has misconstrued us when it accuses us of violating the *nisi bonum* rule. We certainly respect the maxim, and feel ourselves bound by it so far as concerns our fellow mortals. Accordingly nothing whatever was said of Howe or McLellan, although the *Recorder* endeavours to drag them into its remarks. We should be the last to say ought but good of either of them. But we were not aware that the principle was of indiscriminate application to all things terrestrial. We fail to see how it could apply to newspapers any more than governments defunct, and we cannot help thinking that the *Recorder's* own hands have not always been perfectly clean in this respect. The *Recorder* is our authority as to McLellan's death.

The *Herald* in noticing the same article accuses us of "stolen jokes," which is an unqualified falsehood. It is bound in honour either to prove, or retract, or consider itself guilty of wilful misrepresentation. The rest of the *Herald's* abuse is sufficiently harmless under the circumstances.

Each of these papers would have had one mistake less if they had examined our title a little more closely.

IN the *Journal of Education* for February, "Teacher," with the ostensible object of offering advice to the Council of Public Instruction as to the means to be adopted for making our public schools more efficient, really has for the burden of his song, student-teachers "must be destroyed." To any one who knows the facts of the case, the letter of the teacher referred to lacks altogether any evidence that he wishes to promote Educational interests, but rather, that he has no idea at all of what these interests are, and writes only with a desire to prejudice the minds of those who read the *Journal* against students. What reason he may have for this is not so clear. The time for "hungry students" to rush forth from College is drawing near, and, perhaps, "Teacher," in view of his past experience, does not consider his prospects for the coming summer any too bright. Be this as it may, while, where student-teachers are known a discussion of their merits is not necessary, nor do their services to the country need to be vindicated, yet the virulent attack upon a very efficient portion of the profession demands a notice both on account of its bitterness and of the character of the journal in which that attack was published. And first, the looseness of the style of the article in question would lead us to believe that no better opinions could be expected of the writer, while his inconsistencies strengthen the conviction, and manifest the weakness of the position taken.

At the outset it is stated that teachers of the lower grades form a large majority of those engaged, that excellent teachers are like "angels' visits," and that frequently an inexperienced girl is found with a school of fifty or sixty pupils; farther on comes the astounding proposition, "that the country has advanced beyond the necessity or even advisability of having student-teachers in the public schools." And why not? Is any argument advanced to show why they are not capable of teaching, and why, when the Educational interests of the Province are suffering on account of an inexperienced class of teachers, that a large and efficient body, not of boys, but of experienced teachers, most of them of grade B, are to be shut out of their legitimate work, or rather, the country deprived of their

services? None at all. There is a statement that students teach for money, and an intimation that the professionals fear their competition. Certainly this is no disparagement to us. We hope nobody infers that there are any fears of such an absurd proposal, *i. e.*, for the revocation of students' licenses, receiving a moment's notice at the hands of our Executive.

The fact of the matter is this, some teacher who has attended the Normal School and become fully equipped with the sense of teaching ability has gone forth to what he calls his "light" employment, and having found himself outstripped in his own department by others, who, perhaps without the pupil teacher's advantage, have brought to their vocation, tact, diligence, and constant study, he seeks to remedy the defects which are so apparent in himself by pulling down his superiors, and so rushes into print with a cry for proscription.

Without stopping to show the real merits of students as teachers by repeating the encomiums which the Inspectors of the Counties where they are frequently employed have bestowed upon them, we will suggest a few reasons why they should be better than others.

In the first place many of them have a profession in view. There is no literary pursuit in which a knowledge of human nature is not important. A study of its various forms, and the management of different characters is obtained in the intercourse with real life which pertains to the teacher especially. The acquirement of knowledge in this department must be attended by painstaking and interest in the affairs of the taught, and will be followed by corresponding benefit to them. He has yet to learn the alphabet of successful teaching who does not know how to gain the friendship of his pupils, and be their leader in more than name. Again, students may not only be expected to have as thorough a knowledge of what is necessary to be taught, but, from the systematic training which they receive, they are in a position to know the value of it, and to extend its benefits to others, and this reason alone should be a sufficient one when it is considered in contrast to the harum-scarum manner of some professionals. That there may be incapable student teachers we don't deny, but what will "Teacher" think of a County of our Province, which can boast of four male teachers, each of twenty-six years standing, and each with grade D license.

It is no matter of congratulation that these

are not samples of professional teachers, but would there not be more of them if there was no infusion of such an element as students take with them all over our Province, thereby exciting healthful emulation? Then, if we enquire the reason of the comparatively healthy state of the our people on educational matters, as is manifest by the general acceptance of free schools, it will be found that this condition proceeds not so much from the fact that parents without education are aware of their disadvantages, and those with it know its benefits, as that a large part of the professional men have been student teachers; as such, they understand both sides of the question better than any other class, their sympathies are with the earnest teachers, and old hard-earned lessons make them the zealous advocates of the communities in which they may be. Many a section to-day owes its school to the persistent efforts of one worthy man, who, in the days of yore, handled the birch himself. Such men are all over our Province; no class is more the friend of educational institutions, and the reason is that in other days the country has been fortunate enough to have them as student-teachers.

If the "necessity and desirability" of ignoring the student as a teacher could be urged sufficiently to induce our Executive to legalize such a state of affairs, what would be the result? Over fifty of Dalhousie's students are teachers, and we presume the other Colleges have an equal number. Their work is to go out in the summer time and reorganize schools, which have either been untaught, or demoralized by some low-grade, or incompetent professional. Without doubt the number of teachers of grade C and upwards constantly employed, whose term of service may be expected to continue for six or more years, is not enough to satisfy one-fourth of the schools; therefore student-teachers do an important service, and supply to a large extent a very evident need.

Lest it should be said that we depreciate the benefits of the Normal School, we may anticipate any such reply and express our confidence in it as well calculated to train its pupils and qualify them for their vocation. But at the same time many of our Students have Normal School diplomas, and in their case what reason could be adduced for nullifying the license?

Really the only objection of a practical character is the frequent change of teachers which is necessitated, and even this has a redeeming feature when it is considered that instead of an

incompetent class having a continual sufferance, its place is supplied one-half of the time by one more efficient.

For some sections are never satisfied. When a teacher shows ability, and adjoining sections become aware of his success, instead of his services being secured for a longer period by his trustees' giving him fair remuneration, he is drawn off somewhere else for better pay; and the over-estimation of an additional twenty or thirty dollars to a section, results in many cases in the loss of school privileges for a time. Other teachers, however, do not deserve an engagement of more than one term anywhere, and may be often found with a better knowledge of the roads and school districts in their own County than of anything else under the sun.

But this change of teachers is no more in vogue where students are than otherwise, for in the Western part of the Province where very few students are found, the practice prevails largely. Changes are sometimes for the better, and we think no school can do better than get a good teacher if it is only for six months.

CROWELL.

THE COLLEGE QUESTION.

II.

In a former article the arguments on the sectarian side of the College Question were enumerated and some of their fallacies exposed. Attention will be here directed to the position of the advocates of undenominational education, and some considerations will be urged in favor of changing the wasteful and inefficient system now in force in this Province.

The proposed plan of concentrating all government grants and other available funds upon the support of one central University offers the two great advantages of cheapness and efficiency.

No man acquainted with the facts of the case, be he prejudiced or otherwise, can honestly deny that at present a large part of the funds devoted to Higher Education in Nova Scotia is unproductive if not misapplied. Including Mount Allison, which belongs rather to this Province than to New Brunswick, we have just now in Nova Scotia six institutions called Universities. Each of these has its separate building, equipment, and staff of professors. The combined

value of the six buildings with their equipment, if applied to the erection and furnishing of one building would supply us with a College structure of which Nova Scotia could well be proud, infinitely better equipped than any we now have with appliances both for teaching and studying, and capable of accommodating with greater convenience a much larger number of students than is now to be found in all our Colleges. And the amount of the salaries at present paid to our professors would enable us to secure a staff of instructors superior to any in the Dominion. We would now possess such an institution had common sense and patriotism been as strong amongst us as the bigotry of warring sects. But past blunders and present stubbornness have effectually shut out the pleasing vision. The small Colleges will not die of their own accord and cannot reasonably be expected to do so. The next best thing, then, is in this case the only feasible one. We have to consider what can be done with the resources at our command. Taking into account the fact that the sectarian Colleges will probably continue to take in a large proportion of our Arts students, and that the new University would receive only such as wish to attain to higher things by a harder road, it may be safely said that the value of the property owned by Dalhousie, supplemented by the donations which are sure to flow with something like liberality for such an object, would be amply sufficient to erect a building capable of meeting the requirements of the Province for several years to come. The grants now paid by the Provincial Government to Colleges over which it has no control, together with the yearly revenue of Dalhousie from its own invested funds, and the interest of the fifty thousand dollars which are being raised for that institution, would suffice to maintain a College equal to any in the Dominion, and capable of satisfying for some years to come the educational wants of the most ambitious of our young men. As its usefulness would become more obvious with advancing years, it would command more enthusiastic support, and would increase in efficiency to meet the increasing requirements of the age. Compared with the quality rather than the quantity of the work done, such an institution would cost but a fraction of the expense now laid upon our people by the small Colleges. These facts may be squarely denied. Happily they

cannot be disproved. They furnish one unanswerable argument in favour of what has been called a Central Teaching University.

The plan we propose has been shown to be in every way much more economical than the present system. There will be less difficulty in proving its superior efficiency. Three things at least are necessary to enable a College to fulfil properly the object of its existence: A strong staff of able professors, the association and mutual rivalry only to be found among a large number of students, and good appliances for teaching and studying. In all these our poverty-stricken Colleges are sadly lacking. A Provincial University—strong in the respect of all classes, raised by its very name to some dignity of rank among learned institutions—would be able to secure the services of first-rate professors, would be sure to draw a large number of the best class of students, and would not be long in want of funds to enable it to keep pace with the progress of the age in any of the branches it professed to teach.

To support, in part, at least, the assertion that small colleges like ours, fail in the most important means of imparting sound education, the opinion of the *Popular Science Monthly* for last August may be cited. Speaking of the United States, many of whose small Colleges are much larger than the strongest of ours, it says:—

"The great injury to Science is done by the unnecessary sub-division of forces. Forty institutions spring up where one is needed, and nearly all of them are necessarily weaklings. Libraries, cabinets, apparatus, buildings, and faculties are foolishly duplicated. Each College lives in a continual struggle for existence, doing inferior work, and paying miserable salaries to an inadequate corps of teachers. If there were such things as Presbyterian Mathematics, Baptist Chemistry, Episcopalian Classics, and Methodist Geology, such a scattering of educational forces would be pardonable; but as matters stand, it is a nuisance for which no valid excuse can be found. Here there seems to be a real conflict, not between religion and science, but between the injudiciousness of religious people and the requirements of scientific research. . . . Every branch of Science is vigorously growing, and can be taught only by one who has the time to keep abreast of its growth. A large number of American College professors are incompetent because the policy of College management keeps them so."

After stating, among other examples, that in McCorkle College, Ohio, one man is President, and Professor of Hebrew, Natural, Mental, and Moral Science, and that in New Windsor Col-

lege, Maryland, one man is Professor of Abstruse Science, and Religious Instructor, it continues:—

"Every denomination seems to be imbued with the characteristic anxiety, for display, and the establishment of a new sectarian College is a convenient piece of claptrap to resort to."

No excuse is needed for the long quotation; it describes but too accurately the state of the small Colleges in our own Province.

Some have looked to an Examining University as a remedy for all the ills of our College System. But there is little use in trying to raise the standard of education by means of an examining board. It is like forcing a one-horse team to do the work of a steam engine. Even were every one of our Colleges equal to any on either continent, it is very doubtful whether a Paper University would be of any service to the Province. The *Reporter* has told us during last summer that the opinion of the foremost educationists of Great Britain was asked upon this question, and that the almost unanimous reply was in favour of the examination of students by their own professors. But our Colleges are so wretchedly deficient in teaching power that even the University of London would be helpless for their improvement. It must be borne in mind, too, that in such a Province as this it is impossible to find men outside of the Colleges competent to form an examining board. The statement of Dr. Allison that seven or eight men fit for such a position could be found in Sackville alone, proves merely that Dr. Allison's opinion of the requirements of examiners is not high.

Unless some great change for the better take place in the teaching Colleges, the University of Halifax must prove what its opponents assert it was intended to be—a device on the part of the Government to escape both horns of a disagreeable dilemma. The discrepancy between the requirements of the age and the working power of our Colleges presents a difficulty not to be overcome even by the seven wise men of Sackville.

So far we have but supplemented the opinions repeatedly expressed in the *GAZETTE* during last winter. In July last the *Globe* and the *Nation* treated their readers to several articles on the College Question in Canada, from which a couple of extracts may be taken.

The *Toronto Nation*, of July 7th, 1876, speaking of a proposal to establish an Examining

University for the Dominion, after lamenting the inefficiency of our small Colleges, goes on to say:

"We do not see how this deplorable state of things is to be remedied in the way Dr. Nicolls suggested. No system of competitive examination can supply the fatal want of a sufficient staff of thoroughly trained professors, or adequate scientific apparatus. The examining board cannot infuse accurate scholarship into illiterate teachers, or make a few dozen worthless or antiquated books perform the functions of a library. We should, however, hail with delight the adoption even of this suggestion, for, if properly carried out, it would expose the degrading effects of our University system, and be likely to lead to the ultimate institution of a great National University."

This opinion of the *Nation* is no less weighty than it is emphatic. But the *Globe* is even more definite. Almost in the very words used by the *GAZETTE* last winter, it urges the claims of large Colleges. It says:

"If men are to be efficiently trained, the influences of a great University are necessary. Instead of the variety of mind and opinion to be found at such institutions being an objection, it is one of the greatest recommendations. The denominational school naturally makes the students move in a narrow groove. In the larger institutions it is different. Mind comes into contact with mind, and the faculties are thereby more likely to be developed. The money that is spent in equipping in a very indifferent fashion a denominational University is amply sufficient to furnish all that is requisite for making a Theological Institute complete and successful, while the support now reserved for comparatively feeble sectarian colleges, if given energetically to Universities truly national, would produce results so satisfactory as to make all astonished that it should have taken so long a time to induce men to try a plan so obvious."

There could hardly be a stronger endorsement than this of the opinions advocated in the *GAZETTE* during last winter.

To recapitulate. The facts of the case are well known and easily understood. The authorities we have cited are as unequivocal as they are weighty. We cannot escape the conclusion that our present system of small Colleges results in the maximum of cost combined with the minimum of efficiency. Such being the case the duty of the friends of higher education is not doubtful. Let them use every means in their power towards the establishment of a Central Teaching University, and they will not lack the support of any Nova Scotian patriotic enough to prefer the claims of the Province to the clamours of his sect, and intelligent enough to perceive that on this question the very bread of our intellectual life depends. McG.

IDENTITY OF BRITISH NATION WITH LOST ISRAEL.

We often boast that this is an intelligent age, that known faith and faith in the unanimous verdict of scientists have almost universally superseded superstition. Few can be found to deny the rotundity of the earth or the possibility of predicting an eclipse of the moon, although unable to prove either fact. Nevertheless we find that such a theory as Hines' is very popular. Theories are useful and can stand when there are not contrary facts. But this one cannot commend itself to the intelligent Bible reader or any versed in history or philology. Are we to believe an illiterate person? For such is Hines, who, either for notoriety or financial reasons, dupes so many against the unanimous opinion of the educated. Action upon this principle leads to a modern dark age. We should consider the theory unworthy of notice, but popular belief needs a refutation.

It is unnecessary to criticise in detail the "Identifications," (?) if we can show the impossibility of "the Identity."

First there is the nominal difficulty.

In Levi xxii, 26; Deut. iv and xxviii, we find the quotations distinguishing (?) Israel from Judah, applied by Moses to the Twelve Tribes. In Esther we find Jews dispersed throughout 127 Provinces from India to Ethiopia, a "great multitude," and that they slew in one day 75,000 enemies. These must have been the Twelve Tribes. In Acts we find Jews scattered over Greece, Italy, Asia Minor and Africa. We also read of the Twelve Tribes then dispersed. Hence these Jews must have been the Twelve Tribes. Mordecai and Paul, Benjamites, call themselves Jews. Paul includes all men in the classes Jews and Gentiles. Therefore "Jews" and "Israelites" are synonymous. Hence we know not that a Jew is not a Reubenite, Danite, &c., as well as he may be of the tribe of Judah.

Secondly, there is the physical difficulty.

We have the conclusive evidence from engravings, that the features of the ancient Israelites and modern Jews are the same. The features of the English, connecting them with the other Teutonic tribes, materially differ from those of the Jews or Israelites. Hence they cannot be the Lost Tribes.

There is thirdly, the lingual difficulty.

The British are of the Aryan family of languages, the Hebrews of the Semitic. These families essentially differ. There is no evidence that the Jew tribes lost their own and adopted the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Here Hines quotes, "will speak,"—the marginal reading is "hath spoken" The context proves that it is the past tense. But this, were it the future, proves nothing for Hines' theory. If the Anglo-Saxons were Israelites, the Germans, who are of the same origin, must also be Israelites.

Fourthly there is the historical impossibility. The German tribes were in Germany long before the Apostolic age, when the Israelites were scattered through Asia, Africa, Greece, etc.

We see from the above the absurdity of the theory. If necessary, we could enlarge upon each of the impossibilities, and show the utter confusion, inconsistencies, and self-refuting results of the "Forty-seven Identifications."

THETA.

Our Societies.

EXCELSIOR at its last meeting discussed the question, "Was the expulsion of the French Acadians a justifiable act?" and decided it in the affirmative.

THE KRITOSOPHIAN SOCIETY met, as usual, on Friday evening, March 2nd. The subject was, "Should ladies be admitted into Dalhousie?" J. Waddell opened the debate, and took the negative side of the question. F. W. Archibald responded, and a lively discussion took place. On being put to vote, a majority of hands appeared in favour of admitting the ladies. J. A. Forbes then read an essay on "the study of Aesthetics."

Friday evening, March 9th, was devoted exclusively to the reading of essays. E. Thorpe was the first essayist of the evening; he read quite a lengthy article entitled, "Man was made to mourn." He demonstrated clearly that man was a very mournful being, and that Burns was quite right when he said that "man was made to mourn." A. W. Herdman followed with an account of a visit to Cape Breton made by him during the summer vacation. F. W. Archibald then read an article on "Corners."

The subject for the next debate is "Maritime Union," and as this is a "live" question, we hope to have a good attendance. This Society has been in a very prosperous condition during the present session, and no little credit is due to the "Seniors" who ever since their entrance into College have been regular attendants at the debating Society.

Dallusiensia.

FRESHMAN, who sees the House in session for the first time wants to know if that old gentleman carrying the sword is the Lieut. Governor.

What could have been the reason that one of our Juniors said that he would not be responsible for the GAZETTE to Miss _____ any longer?

A Freshman who considers his whiskers a model, visited his friends one very frosty evening. Immediately on his arrival he was congratulated on what they considered his cleanly shaven face. Somehow he can't see it better than they could.

A student who was at a soiree lately, and had some coffee spilt upon his ear, has learned that it was a mistake. He has not learned whether the waiter mistook it for a saucer or a glop-bowl.

A Freshman who attended a Gaelic festival in the city lately, but who is not himself a Gael, said that every person to whom he was introduced said pathetically,—"Gimme hash." He considers it an imposition, seeing he had paid for his tea.

"To what low triumphs will ambition descend," was the remark of a pale-faced student the other day as he observed three of more fallow complexion trying which could cover the largest area of floor with tobacco juice. We fear the quotation is garbled somewhat.

ERRATA.—We regret that several typographical errors found their way into an article in our last issue. On page 86, 1st column, line 1st, for 'inauspiciously' read 'unsuspiciously'; 31st line, for 'curtains, goods, &c.' read 'centaurs, gods, &c.'; page 87, 1st column, for 'another' read 'and the'; 2nd column, 21st line, for 'filled' read 'fixed.' We were very sorry that we could not avoid curtailing the article considerably.

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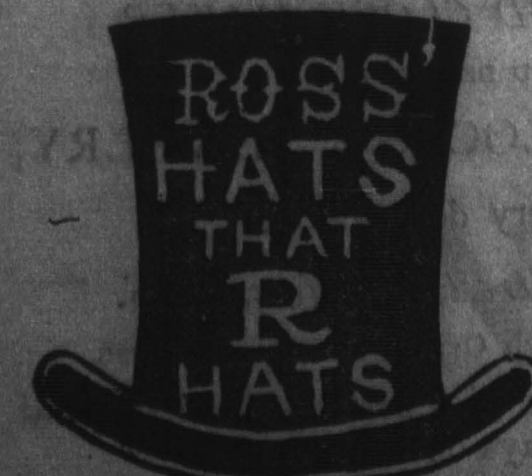
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