

G. Cameron.



The Dalhousie **Gazette.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
EDITORIALS - - - - -	183-186
Sonnet - - - - -	186
Coleridge as Poet - - - - -	186
"Chris" - - - - -	190
Vergil's <i>Æneid</i> II., vv. 268-295 - - - - -	197
Football—East and West - - - - -	198
The Luck of Law - - - - -	200
The Class of 1902 - - - - -	202
Charles Macdonald Memorial - - - - -	204
Consolidation - - - - -	205
Law Results - - - - -	205
Glee Club Concert - - - - -	206
College Notes - - - - -	207
Personals - - - - -	211
Exchanges - - - - -	212
Dallusiensia - - - - -	212

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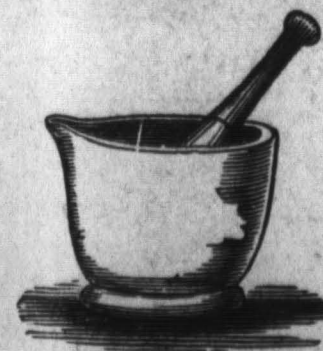
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"ORA ET LABORA."

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THE Gymnasium Closing in Orpheus Hall marks the end of the College year as far as Athletics is concerned. In many respects the year has been very successful. Several departures from the ways of former years have taken place, and all of these have been attended with a fair measure of success. The Field Day, which had been neglected for some years, was revived. Its success promises well for the future when such a day becomes a feature of every College year.

The cooperation of the Athletic Club and the Senate in the interests of the Gymnasium has worked well. Two classes have been conducted by Sergt.-Major Long through the greater part of the term. The closing Exhibition which they gave with the assistance of the Ladies' Class, showed what good work had been done. A Dalhousie Assault-at-Arms next year ought to be successful in every way.

We are particularly fortunate in our instructor. We could not easily find one more efficient than Sergt.-Major Long, and his enthusiasm means much for the success of the Gymnasium. Those students who have the opportunity of a four year's course of instruction under Sergt.-Major Long may have a training which they will prize all their lives.

Our record in Hockey has not been such as we would like to see it, but this was our first year in the League, and our team could not be expected to make a great showing. We may well be pleased, however, to think that we have been supporting an amateur team, that always played a clean,

manly game. The influence of a College team for or against good sport is very great, and it is a matter of pride with us that ours has such a good record in that respect.

Notwithstanding how well we may do in other departments, we really judge the year's success or failure by the position of the Trophy, and this year it rests securely in Dalhousie. The reason for this is not to be found in the hard training which the team underwent, but we have had probably the strongest combination of players in the history of football in Halifax. To have lost the Trophy with such a team would have been a disgrace. The outlook for the future is very bright. Many of our best players will be away next season, but there is still left a good foundation for a strong team. We know that the new captain, Mr. Malcolm, can be relied on to do his best, and judging by his work in the past that will be a great deal.

An interesting discussion might be raised as to the status of our Maritime teams in relation to Canadian Football generally. We notice that the Champion Team in the Upper Provinces calls its team "Canadian Rugby Champions." Under this title they take to themselves the credit of being football champions of the Dominion, though they have never met and defeated a team from the East.

We of the Halifax Football League are affiliated with the English Rugby Union, and as such we might claim the right for the winning team of our League to be styled "English Rugby Champions of Canada," and, further, the fact that an All-Halifax team was the only one that defeated the Irish team in 1899 might give us the right to be considered even alongside the mighty men of Ontario and Quebec.

WHATEVER failures we have to bemoan—and they are not few—there is one unqualified success to be proud of, the Y. M. C. A. Sunday Lecture Course. Although these lectures have been given for several years there has been no slackening of interest, and the present year has been the most successful of all. Not only the students have learned the value of the addresses, but many of the citizens also show their appreciation by attending regularly.

And no wonder. The lecturers are the strongest men of our province, and they give us the best of their thought. The fact that they come to us often at a personal sacrifice, gives their words greater weight. For our part, we can assure them that they never speak in vain.

Of one drawback we are painfully conscious. Our accommodations are very inadequate. The Munro Room is small, its lighting is bad, its ventilation worse. But, being the best we have, we must, perforce, be content for the present. When the day of better things comes we will know how to value it.

THE refusal of our petition for permission to use the College Building for dancing at Convocation time is not pleasing to us. It is not that the request is refused. The Senate had a perfect right to do that, and it can hardly be said that anything else was generally expected. But we might reasonably have expected expression of sympathy with our attempts to make Convocation more interesting, and in spite of private promises of help in our Class-Day, the result has been to discourage the efforts of the students for a more attractive Convocation. But still let us not grow weary, but rather go forward, hoping for better things in the future.

THE death of Dr. William Scott Muir occurred at Truro, on March tenth, after four days illness. Dr. Muir entered the Medical College in 1870, and completed his course in 1874, but not being of age did not receive his degree until the next year. In 1874 he won the Avery prize in Clinical Medicine. After graduation Dr. Muir was House Surgeon in what is now the Victoria General Hospital. In 1877 he went to Edinburgh and obtained the degrees of L. R. C. P. and L. R. C. S. from Edinburgh. He also did graduate work in 1879 and in 1891, at London. In 1892 Dr. Muir was appointed examiner in Materia Medica and Therapeutics. "Dr. Will" was one of the most popular doctors

in the provinces. He was very successful in his practice and was a foremost member in all medical gatherings, last year being President of the Maritime Medical Association. We join in grief with his many friends and his relatives.

SONNET.

"So shines a good deed in this naughty world."—*Merch. of Venice*.

As two twin stars, which peering o'er the plain
Of billows, heaving 'neath the wings of night,
Creep from the dim horizon, till their light
Seen by some mariner storm-seized in the strain
Of thund'ring surges, on the wide wild main,
Points him his course, while he from height to height
Of toppling sea-hills, scanning their lustre bright
Marks how to steer,—and steering, hopes again :

So may our work, unflagging thro' the years,
Faint flickering now, with star-like brightness shine
On life's wild ocean, so that he who steers
A pathless voyage may, by thy light and mine,
(Searching the darkened sky till it appears)
To nobler thoughts and happier aims incline.

COLERIDGE AS POET.

An acquaintance with Coleridge as poet cannot be obtained in a surer and more interesting way than by bringing our insight and intelligence to work upon the best known of his poems, viz, "The Ancient Mariner." Through this poem alone, I feel I am justified in saying, he has earned for himself the position of one of the prominent poets of the nineteenth century.

The number of great poets at the beginning of the century is surprisingly large. Each illustrates a particular phase of the change from the preceding age. We have the fervid earnestness of Wordsworth; the even deeper earnestness, more passionate and despairing longing of Shelley; Scott's love of nature as a thing for enjoyment, not a theme for moralizing, united with a strong interest in the antique and legendary; while romance of the purest imagination, creatures of dreams and fancies are presented to us with all

the fervor and fascination of such an imagination as that of Coleridge.

The three most distinguished of Coleridge's poems deal with supernatural subjects. Confining our attention for a time to the "Ancient Mariner," we shall not only be able to study Coleridge at his best when employing purely imaginative material, but Coleridge at his best in every sense of the word.

Putting aside the rather prosaic source and gradual development of the poem, let us consider it as it stands—as a whole—with all its beauty of thought and phrasing; its imagery, so realistic and of almost unequalled splendor. At times gorgeous in the extreme, full of colour, of sound; again, if you will allow the expression, merely an imagery of emotions. We, like the wedding guest, are transfixed with a horrible fascination; we shudder and recoil at the weirdness expressed in almost every line, yet that glittering eye still holds us, and we cannot choose but hear.

It is not in setting before us the conception of an existence of a race of supernatural beings interested in our natural world and in human actions, that Coleridge's imaginative power is displayed; but in the conception of a man being placed by his own crime within the grasp, and at the mercy of these supernatural beings, till he unwittingly blesses the "living happy things," thus procuring the interference of divine compassion, which slowly works out a release.

Moreover, the ordinary physical phenomena of earth are presented to us in such a way that they no longer seem the same, but appear actuated by supernatural impulses. He has used only natural phenomena, but has so encircled them by the vividness of his imagination that we become unconscious of the world around us, and more with Coleridge in the world of his imagination—the "supernatural."

The spirits which he introduces appear to us as natural enough in the world created for them, so consistent is the poem throughout.

The supernatural has been made the natural. It seems perfectly consistent, in fact necessary, that the mariner should ultimately be guided home by some agency other than natural. In some way, as Mr. Chase puts it, "he must have a peculiar mark upon his forehead," and have a weighty duty to fulfil. Hence, the mariner must "pass like night from land to land," and "have strange powers of speech." Call it by what name we please, poetic truth or dramatic truth, the feelings are such as naturally arise within us under the circumstances the poet brings before us.

The supernatural elements are undoubtedly the recognized machinery of the poem. The skeleton ship, the woman and her mate playing dice, the silence of the sea, the curse on the man, the spirits, the dead men wakening, etc., are all settings for the supernatural.

In looking more closely at the poem, we notice how Coleridge by the use of a phrase thrown in here or there, or even by one word, can produce a marvellous effect, and this is characteristic of the poetry of Coleridge at large. For instance, in his description of the water-snakes—

“ And when they reared, the *elfish light*
Fell off in hoary flakes,

Or

“ The moonlight *steeped in silentness.*”

Or again, speaking of the ocean, we have that magnificent conception—

His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast.”

What could be finer, more realistic and suggestive than the description of the quick succession of day and night in the tropics!

“ The sun’s rim dips ; the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark.”

Then the “ star-dogged ” moon, “ the slimy things that crawl with legs upon the slimy sea,” the description of “ Life in Death ”—

“ Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man’s blood with cold.”

are nowhere excelled in their vividness and in realism of details.

Notice, too, another characteristic of Coleridge—his lavish use of colour, so much more marked than in others of his school. Wordsworth for instance. The copper sky, the bloody sun, water burnt green and blue and white, the rich attire of the water-snakes.

“ Blue, glassy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.”

Sound forms an important element with Coleridge, sounds divided by subtle distinctions, not by contrast. Notice the variety of sounds in the following stanzas—

“ Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

“ Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

“ And now ’twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel’s song,
That makes the heavens be mute.”

The marvellous acuteness of the poet’s ear is emphasized still further by his employment of different vowel sounds to produce certain desired effects, keeping within a certain range as it were, or like avoiding certain colours which would cause lack of unity.

“ Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea ! ”

Or again,

“ The moving moon went up the sky,
But nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.”

Hear, too, his masterly handling of f and s sounds—

“ The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free,
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”

Coleridge’s choice of imagery shows remarkable foresight, and strengthens the main influence on the sensibilities caused by the supernatural in his poem. All work together for particular ends. I cannot pass on without drawing your attention to that splendid figure beginning—

“ Once more

I viewed the ocean green.

* * * * *

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

We might also remark in what a peculiar and subtle way he makes use of the moon, the time it takes to rise in the heavens ; also, apart from the music, the emotional effect of the sky-lark ; the wonderful sustaining of interest throughout ; the simpleness, directness and remarkable terseness of the language.

Now, before closing, just a word regarding the objection raised that there is no proportion between the crime and the punishment. We must be careful to bear in mind that it is not left to a modern court of justice to decide the question ; if so, the punishment would be absurd in the extreme. It seems that the poet takes the decision as to the moral guilt of the act out of the hands of man, and puts it into those of higher and clearer-sighted beings, viz :—into the hands of the spirits that he has introduced so effectively.

He maintains that the spirits sympathize with wronged Nature and become her instruments of punishment, because, being higher natures than ours, they see more clearly the moral guilt of a crime that may indeed appear to us very trivial.

The poem has its defects, what poem has not ? But they are over-shadowed by its very many evident good qualities. As a whole, it is unique. It has never been imitated. Here the supernatural element reached its highest manifestation, and I think those who have studied the poem will agree with me in saying, its complete justification.

“CHRIS.”

Hunter Pirie was one of those men in whom all humanity instinctively reposes confidence, cheerful, but not so cheerfully enthusiastic as cheerfully tolerating ; going grey at the temples ; grey of eye, too, with a speck of light in the grey-ness. During the siege he seemed to be everywhere at once ; attending to everybody ; laughing at, laughing with, sympathising with everybody ; the doctor's easy going, everlasting vitality, under a strain that crushed many younger men, was remarkable.

There was a general impression about that the siege would now soon be over. Such an impression had been about on previous occasions, and nothing tangible had come of it.

A scouting patrol had been sent out further than any had ventured yet. They went sitting straight in the saddle,

smiling back to friends, seeming to promise by their very confidence a favourable result of their expedition. The little group gathered around the doctor—who had a peculiar knack of drawing such groups around him—fluttered and waved, and smiled back, cheerfully and tearfully. One of them—the youngest, and, some said, the prettiest of them—had a wistful air in her smile ; you would have said that hope in her case was largely discounted by fear, nervousness, or, at the least, concern. Chris Anson was not pretty. The word would have been wasted upon her—or she wasted upon it. There was in her beauty an ingenuousness, a simplicity, a seriousness that laughed at such a description, that would have suited a child, or a kitten. You would not call a rose pretty, for even the most technically imperfect rose is beautiful. It was like this with Chris.

Four days later the patrol returned, and much the same little group hovered around the doctor and discussed the fast-flying rumours. The men arrived—five of them—where there had been six. The little group closed in, silently, and listened. The expedition had been almost uneventful ; but there were discovered indications that might yet prove to be favourable. Then the recital halted. There was a palpable hesitation.

The Doctor spoke.

“ You have met with a casualty, I see, Scott,” he said to the leader.

“ Yes, Doctor, we did, though we never saw the enemy at anything like quarters. Pritchard was always keen to get away on his own, and last night he got his chance.”

There was a short silence. The group breathed hard.

“ Here's his pocket-book, Doctor, and his watch. We buried him all right.” He swung on to his mount in the complete silence that followed his short speech. Nobody moved.

The Doctor glanced around the little circle, scanning each face with his sharp professional eyes. The only face that got a second glance was the fair, calm, inscrutable one of Chris Anson. The Doctor saw there the look that would have spelt fainting in another woman. On the constrained silence her voice fell, sounding as casual, and altogether as indifferent, as if the question might only be one of common humanity.

“ Wouldn't it have been—better—to have brought the body home ?”

The scout halted, turned, and saluted. “ We'd have

We might also remark in what a peculiar and subtle way he makes use of the moon, the time it takes to rise in the heavens; also, apart from the music, the emotional effect of the sky-lark; the wonderful sustaining of interest throughout; the simpleness, directness and remarkable terseness of the language.

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There was a general impression about that the siege would now soon be over. Such an impression had been about on previous occasions, and nothing tangible had come of it.

A scouting patrol had been sent out further than any had ventured yet. They went sitting straight in the saddle,

smiling back to friends, seeming to promise by their very confidence a favourable result of their expedition. The little group gathered around the doctor—who had a peculiar knack of drawing such groups around him—fluttered and waved, and smiled back, cheerfully and tearfully. One of them—the youngest, and, some said, the prettiest of them—had a wistful air in her smile; you would have said that hope in her case was largely discounted by fear, nervousness, or, at the least, concern. Chris Anson was not pretty. The word would have been wasted upon her—or she wasted upon it. There was in her beauty an ingenuousness, a simplicity, a seriousness that laughed at such a description, that would have suited a child, or a kitten. You would not call a rose pretty, for even the most technically imperfect rose is beautiful. It was like this with Chris.

Four days later the patrol returned, and much the same little group hovered around the doctor and discussed the fast-flying rumours. The men arrived—five of them—where there had been six. The little group closed in, silently, and listened. The expedition had been almost uneventful; but there were discovered indications that might yet prove to be favourable. Then the recital halted. There was a palpable hesitation.

The Doctor spoke.

“You have met with a casualty, I see, Scott,” he said to the leader.

“Yes, Doctor, we did, though we never saw the enemy at anything like quarters. Pritchard was always keen to get away on his own, and last night he got his chance.”

There was a short silence. The group breathed hard.

“Here's his pocket-book, Doctor, and his watch. We buried him all right.” He swung on to his mount in the complete silence that followed his short speech. Nobody moved.

The Doctor glanced around the little circle, scanning each face with his sharp professional eyes. The only face that got a second glance was the fair, calm, inscrutable one of Chris Anson. The Doctor saw there the look that would have spelt fainting in another woman. On the constrained silence her voice fell, sounding as casual, and altogether as indifferent, as if the question might only be one of common humanity.

“Wouldn't it have been—better—to have brought the body home?”

The scout halted, turned, and saluted. “We'd have

done so, Miss Anson, if it had been possible, and if Pritchard himself had not asked us to forbear attempting it. He had just strength to make the request."

The Doctor turned away, by his action dismissing the crowd. He walked along with Chris Anson; the pocket-book and watch of the dead man he had slipped away out of sight.

"The fortunes of war," he said, breaking the silence that seemed to have resolved itself into a painful actuality. The girl raised her head suddenly. Her eyes flashed into the Doctor's for a moment; their strained look was on the verge of tears. She had very beautiful eyes.

"Are you going to examine the pocket-book?" She asked, very low.

Without answering he took it from his pocket, opened it, and ran his fingers lightly through the contents. There were a few miscellaneous papers, and in one compartment a narrow oval photograph. Without disturbing the paper protection he handed it to the girl.

"Here, my dear," he said. "And may Heaven help you to be as brave—as you have been to-day."

Her eyes flashed up again, with a glorious light in their depths. Her vivid colour receded, then returned again in a flood. Chris Anson might have been trying to prove that she was, after all, a brilliantly beautiful woman.

"Oh Doctor Pirie, never speak of this!" She broke out. "Thank you for your good opinion—but you do not understand. After a trembling pause, she added; "When you give up the pocket-book, you need not—mention this, need you?"

"Not in the least," he returned, quickly. "I must leave you here. Go for a hard walk, but not out of bounds, you know! It's a splendid tonic. We'll all have something to forget after this siege."

He went away, his kind smiling eyes dwelling for a moment on her burning ones. People were used to obeying Doctor Pirie. Chris took the long walk, within the prescribed limits; she returned fagged, weary, spiritless; but in her eyes the unnatural, eager fire of hysteria was utterly quenched.

Have you ever experienced the sensation of an outbreak of long pent-up joy? I mean of happiness so full of pain, of hope deferred, of heart-wearing suspense, that the very joy at first is indistinguishable from the keenest of sorrows? If you have, you can understand the feelings of these people,

who greeted their rescuers after months of checked hopes, cruel losses, and miserable privations.

Their joy was too deep for cheers, too great for laughter. A trembling activity was all that indicated it at the beginning. Men shook hands with each other silently, and women watched their children at play with a tearless sobbing of relief. It was too big a thing to be expressed. It needed a little silent joy.

Later the town awoke. Absolute stagnation, the strain of constant armed watchfulness, were changed for the movement, stir, and excitement of a big camp. Camp stories went round; men who had starved, ate, smoked, and drank, and revelled in the fact that they lived and that they had not surrendered.

One man in French's Division interested Dr. Pirie particularly. He was a Captain in Roberts' Horse, tall, dark, hard-riding, whose training as a soldier had all been got shooting small game on the veldt and stalking big game, which is not such bad training for a soldier, as some may think, more especially if the soldier is to be a fighter of Boers. The young Irregular was obviously an old friend of Chris Anson's. He asked for her immediately upon his arrival and was often seen strolling with her afterward. Possibly his interest was great in many of the spots made famous by the siege.

Once, particularly, the doctor met them, to be more exact, he espied them, the pale tint of the girl's dress and the yellow khaki of the man's uniform ahead of him a few hundred yards, where some tailings-heaps made a delightful retreat for a man and a maid.

A trooper of Leffleur's Squadron approached them rapidly from the camp, delivered a message which caused the Captain to take a hasty farewell and quickly wend his way to where his regiment was lying.

The doctor went forward. For awhile the tailings hid her figure, then suddenly he came upon her. He stood quite still, and drew his breath hard. Chris lay on the chippy uneven tailings, face downward, sobbing convulsively. The doctor was as unable as the majority of men to see a woman cry. He stepped forth, purposely and noisily disturbing the tailings, but Chris did not hear him. Her grief was all-absorbing. Very gently he stooped down and lifted her.

"Come," he said, "I thought you were braver than this. Remember the Siege."

Straightening herself, and bringing her beautiful eyes to meet his with a great effort of will, she replied :

" I do, Doctor, that's just what is wrong."

" Ah ! I see, you do remember it, and one day that you—"

She flushed painfully. " Oh, pardon me ! I am a callous brute, Miss Anson, I know it. Don't tell me anything if you would rather not . . . but I should rather like the privilege of helping you."

He turned half away from her, and gazed over the country at the brown veldt stretching away to the grey-white sky beyond. She eyed him rapidly, looking at him in small glances. The silvering hair at his temples loosened her tongue, or her heartstrings, and she spoke in a low voice :

" I believe you know it all already. I believe you could read a woman's—or a man's inmost thoughts. But I will tell you. You remember the photograph you gave me ?"

" Yes, my dear girl."

" I was engaged to marry Harry Leffleur long ago, in Johannesburg, before I came here, or he joined Roberts' Horse at Cape Town. He is a splendid fellow, you believe that, don't you ?"

" I know it," he replied, quietly.

" My people are all at Aowe ; I was staying on the Rand with my cousin, who is the wife of a mine-manager there. Everybody is very anxious for me to marry Harry, they all like him."

" So do I," he put in, looking at her.

" You could not help it. One question more. Did you know Dick Pritchard ?"

" Yes."

Her head was bent very low. Her voice was absolutely toneless, monotonous, almost stupid. " I will not try to explain to you the feeling I had for him ; the feeling we had for each other. I never saw him till I met him here ; as you probably know, I saw him every day here till —"

The Doctor turned to her. " Don't say any more," he said gently and firmly, " I understand. I knew him, and it is easy to understand, Miss Anson. You closed a very beautiful page of your life the day I gave you that photograph ; you have given your happiest moments to your country, and I honour you for it."

He stopped, and gently took her hand before he went on again : " But that is no reason why there should be no beauty in your life at all, no earthly reason why you should

make that splendid fellow, Leffleur, miserable. He knows nothing of this —"

" That is where I need your help !" she interrupted, impulsively. " All you have said harmonizes with my own views. But this—shall I tell him ? He knows nothing now. Need the fact that I have suffered, in common with thousands of other women, make it necessary to cast a shadow on his happiness ? Need I tell him ?"

" I think not," he replied, earnestly ; " Certainly not, if you will promise one thing."

" And that is ?"

" To remember that your suffering is *past*. Do not let it overtake you again—never let it overpower you as—as it did to-day."

The colour flew to her face. " I shall be schooled in time," she answered. " Remember how recent it all is, . . . and I may not mourn, nor think of him, nor —." She stopped the words in her teeth. " It will be hard but —."

" But you will do it. I know you. Now that this is arranged let me congratulate you upon your engagement. There's not a man in the service I would rather—. Ah ! here he is himself, so I had better stop that flattering speech. Come here, Captain, and be congratulated."

There was almost a rueful expression dominating the light in his eyes as he advanced, a rueful expression battling with a fierce light of joy.

" Yes, congratulate me," he said ; " congratulate me twice, I have just had the most glorious news, Chris, can you guess ?"

She shook her head slowly, he seated himself beside her. The doctor rose.

" A moment, Doc, don't go. You shall hear the news, We are to stop next to no time. Our division is to make forced marches till we succeed in heading off Cronje on the north. And if we can move quickly enough we may succeed eventually in capturing his whole force. " C " squadron will be in at the death of Brother Cronje after all."

The doctor stood up, congratulated him, and left them.

But, after all, Captain Leffleur was not " in at the death " of Old Fox. An accident of war prevented that. Enough fighting occurred before the cordon, so skilfully drawn by Lord Roberts, was complete, to evolve a tragedy for a few men and those who loved that few.

Leffleur's name, tacked on to somebody else's initials, was in one of the first casualty lists that reached Kimberly

from Paardeberg. In spite of the initials, and in the absence of all details, Chris knew that it was he, and that it was no error that put him amongst the "killed." Perhaps a woman knows instinctively when she is loved by a hero.

Later on the details arrived; the initials were corrected; the correspondents put in a warm-hearted little paragraph about Leffleur's good qualities, and the manner in which he had met his death, as if it were not a matter of the merest business to them. Perhaps the circumstances of the case had struck them—the brilliant dash of two Squadrons of Roberts' Horse magnificently led by the young Colonial officers. They pointed to Leffleur having been a typical example of the South African Irregular soldier—hard-riding, fear-scorn- ing, and not too cautious.

Chris had a letter from a trooper of "C" Squadron who had been beside his Captain when he was hit. The doctor came upon her reading it. She looked up; he held out his hand. He had learned when a case could only be adequately met by silence.

"Thank you, Doctor," she said, as she grasped the hand.

"Certainly," he said lightly; "but what for?"


"For advising me not to tell him, you see how he died; he would have lived if he had been less reckless, the correspondents call it 'magnificent bravery.' Well, if he had known, I should have told myself, I should have imagined—"

"Don't," he broke in. "He was real grit clear through, a soldier and a hero."

"Yes, and so I am glad he died happy. He deserved happiness, you know." Her voice broke.

The Doctor smiled sadly, and was silent. He fancied he knew someone else who deserved happiness, and who had twice almost possessed, only to lose it.

—HENRY ALAN DICKIE, (Law '04.) (INS.)

 *The Financial Editor would like all those in arrears to make payment as soon as possible.*

VERGIL'S ÆNEID II. vv. 268-295.

[Tempus erat]

On the night of the fall of Troy the ghost of slain Hector appears in a vision to Aeneas, apprizes him of the city's doom, and vaguely foretells to him his future destiny.

It was the time when o'er man's soul, with toil and care bespent,
Steals heavy sleep that blessed boon by kindly Heaven sent.
In dreamland's realm before mine eyes, lo, Hector's form appears,
With visage sad while from his eyes rains down a flood of tears.
Still foul with bloody dust he seemed as then when dragged along
Behind the Car: still swoln his feet where passed the cruel thong.
Alas! in what dire plight he was! How changed he met my sight
From that heroic prince we met returning from the fight
Clad in Achilles' helm and shield, reft from the foeman slain,
Or when he burnt the fleet and came in triumph home again.
An unkempt beard he had and hair all foul and stiff with gore,
Still had he too those wounds he got his city's walls before.
In eager haste I thus began (while tears my cheeks bedew)
The hero to address, and sad words from my heart I drew:
"Oh light of dark Dardania, Troy's hope e'er sure and fast,
What long delay has hindered thee? Oh Hector, whence at last,
Long-looked for com'st thou now? With what glad eyes we see thy
face
When down to bitter death have gone so many of thy race!
When all thy city groans beneath the throes of war. Yet say
What cruel blows have marred those features fair? In what grim fray
Hast thou received such wounds?"

No answering words to such vain cries,
But sad as from a heart deep-troubled thus the ghost replies:
"Fly, heaven-born hero, fly! Escape the advancing flames. The foe
Holds sway within thy walls. Troy's once high-mounting towers
lie low.

Enough has now been done by thee for King and Father-land:
Had Troy's defence been human power, it had been my right hand.
The city's holy relics now thy Troy commits to thee—
The gods who ruled thy house—they take to share thy destiny:
For them trace wide their city's walls upon a distant shore,
Where thou shalt find another home, thy long sea-wanderings o'er."

X.

FOOTBALL—EAST AND WEST.

"How would that team fare at the hands of one of your crack eastern aggregations?" asked a friend as we walked away from the campus upon which Ottawa College had just won the Canadian Championship. Such a question had often occurred to me, and the answer—well, it must be left largely to conjecture. Why? Simply because the style of game played here differs widely from our good old English Rugby as played in Nova Scotia.

For the purposes of comparison, let us take Dalhousie and Ottawa Colleges as representing the highest types of Rugby foot-ball science—each in its own sphere. Now for the line up: on the Ottawa end of the field you will see *one* full back, *three* halves, *one* quarter, *three* centre men, and *six* wings. When the whistle blows for the kick-off, the scene is not unlike that which may be witnessed at any of the big eastern games, but when a "scrum" is called, there ensues a scene which beggars description. The three scrummagers on either side *form up*, the *centre* holding the ball in his hands: the wings—words fail to describe what they are about. Their principal occupation seems to be *scragging*, for all kinds of interference is permitted, which in our game, if perpetrated upon a player who did not possess the ball, would be punished as *foul*. "Scragging on the wings" is one of the many difficulties with which the referee has to contend, and as long as the present rules stand it is difficult to see how this disagreeable feature can be eliminated. In our game all the forwards are scrummagers, and they are too fully occupied in watching the ball to spare any time for fighting. All they can do is to kick in the *scrum*, but a vigilant referee quickly detects such tactics.

The western system of scoring, too, is different from ours. For instance, when the ball is punted over the dead-ball line of the opposing team, one point is counted, as is also the case when the ball goes into touch-in-goal, or when what we call a "safety-touch" (*rouge*) is made. This is only as it should be, and in my humble opinion, our Eastern Leagues would do well, in this particular, to take a leaf from the western book.

The western men seem to be weak in running, catching, and passing. They have not acquired the knack of taking the ball on the fly, and making straight strong dashes. I could not but contrast the splendid headlong charges of Cock with the vacillating circular runs of the Ottawa half-back who seldom seems to realize that there is some one to whom

he might *pass* for a good gain. The passing game does not seem to be in very great favor here. At any rate I looked in vain for that precision of passing and catching which characterized the beautiful combination work of Cock, Hebb, Cameron and Campbell.

The tackling in all the games that I saw here was of a very inferior order. Instead of *laying his man* by the heels, the tackler invariably attempted to hurl him to earth by the nape of the neck, or by jumping on his back—result, when near the line, a score.

Your Upper Canada pig-skin chaser depends much upon punting, and sooth to say, he is certainly a beautiful kicker. The punting of Gleeson and Hardisty last year was little short of phenomenal. The development of this feature is doubtless the outcome of the system of scoring noted above. Given a strong gale and a generalissimo like Gleeson, this is a very successful style of game, but I seriously doubt its effectiveness if used against Dalhousians, for the latter are sure catchers, and a punt by Ottawa would be succeeded by a dashing piece of combination play which would inevitably result in bringing the ball far up the gridiron.

In the mind of any fair person who has seen both teams play, there is little room for doubt that Dalhousians are the better ball-handlers. In the western game, however, the formation of the "scrum" would permit a clever aggregation to control the ball almost at will. As already stated, the *centre* holds the ball in his hands instead of its being thrown in by the referee or quarter. When the whistle blows it is a very simple matter for him to give the ball a rolling motion to the rear. The "Wright scrimmage," of which you heard so much last year, was a direct result of this style of play. The way of it was thus:—the two "scrum" men "got in," after which "Joe," the big Argonaut centre, stood behind. Of course, when he put the ball in play, it fell directly behind the feet of his men, and *heeling out* was a regular *cinch*. In one game that I witnessed, Ottawa College vs. Brockville, during the whole of the first half with a strong wind against them, College managed to prevent Brockville from getting the ball more than two or three times. I am still half inclined to the belief that the "Wright scrim" played no small part in that game. Of course, the scrim which made Wright famous is nothing but a glaring *off-side*, but the defectiveness of the rules coupled with the untiring vigilance the referee was compelled to exercise towards the wings, resulted in making the play "go" about nine times out of ten.

Dribbling seems to be an unknown art here. Anyone who has seen one of those magnificent rushes led by Hall, and noted the fruitless efforts put forth to stem it by a team not "to the manner born," could well imagine its demoralizing effect upon an aggregation of players who had never seen the like before.

From a spectator's point of view, I think that Rugby as played in Halifax is a far more pleasing game than the so-called Canadian Rugby, which combines all the undesirable and none of the commendable features of the American College game, of which it is a modification. The Western is preëminently a *loose* game, and it lacks the closeness, precision and cleanness of the Eastern game. In a word, it is less scientific.

As to the men themselves, I think that those who have upheld the honor of old Dalhousie have nothing to fear from comparison with Ottawa College. The forwards are fully as heavy and as strong. The backs are surer, and as a rule, speedier and better tacklers. 'Tis true that Ottawa College has had two or three "Kings," but I think there is a tendency here to exaggerate the abilities of a few "stars." What about "King" Jardine, "King" Cock, "King" Campbell, and a score more of Dalhousie "Kings" that I might name?

On the whole, I think, that Dalhousie's foot-ball team compares more than favorably with that of Ottawa College, and should a meeting between these gladiators ever take place—"a consummation devoutly to be wished"—I should have no hesitation in placing my nickels upon the yellow and black—the good old "tigers" who hold the proud distinction of being mainly responsible for the only defeat suffered by the renowned Irish Champions during their world's tour a few short years ago.

M. G. MACNEIL, L.L.B., OI.

Ottawa, Feb. 17th, 1902.

THE LUCK OF LAW.

To the young man who is just beginning the study of law, and even to the ordinary layman, an ideal lawyer is one who is a great orator. In the days of Webster and Burke it might be said that such a gift was a *sine qua non* to a lawyer's success. But in this enlightened age of advancement and learning, when knowledge is power, and a man's success depends wholly upon his ability to perform the task assigned him on sound commercial, business-like principles, the old

argument as regards a lawyer is entirely misplaced. It is only within the last dozen years that the change has come about, and it is now quite apparent that evidence, and not eloquence, prevails; in other words, the science of success in law is rapidly changing to business principles. An active, energetic and determined lawyer will succeed in his business only in proportion to the energy he expends in his calling. It is the business-lawyer with character and judgment, a common sense view of general subjects, not the stickler on trifles who makes his mark in the courts and in the world. In almost nine cases out of ten, questions of fact and not law will arise, and the man well armed with his facts will carry the day every time. An earnest and constant attention to details, systematic arrangement of evidence, combined with brevity and clearness of argument and a reliance on reason rather than the highly imaginative opinion of your overzealous client is sure to bring success.

The luck of law is work, plain and simple, tact and genius coupled with a fair amount of discretion and logic. There is no room for guesswork. It has been well said that the knowledge of how and the will to do *constitute* success, but that thorough preparation and then honest effort is the *price* of success. The chariot of progress advances, crushing under its wheels all who would dare impede its progress; so with the man who is determined. The man who says "I will be a lawyer and a good one, I will succeed, and I will live happily" must make a bright mark some day, as this kind of man is never a failure; he is heard of and always remembered.

In this connection we take liberty to refer to our graduates in law. The flood-gates of Dalhousie have once more been opened and this year witnesses the departure of eleven young lawyers who go out into the world to strike a blow for fame and fortune and take a front place in the battle of life. To attain this end, confidence in oneself is the one thing absolutely essential; a feeling of the "I will" is everything. We have only to look at the leaders of great enterprises to-day in order to illustrate this. They care little for competition; the majority of them are sharpened by it. Their great aim is to be first and the first is ever just ahead of them. Think to the front and you will get to the front; lag to the rear and you will always find it ready for your coming.

It is gratifying to know that all over the Dominion of Canada to-day, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, graduates of the Dalhousie Law School hold a foremost place amongst those who are leading and guiding the thought of their country and their time. In the Courts and on the floors of

Parliament some of the brightest orbs in the sky of political and legal distinction are Dalhousians. Similar positions are open for the young man who sets his heel down with emphasis in a determination to win. A mighty poor ambition it is, indeed, to sit down and brood over the prospects of personal failure. The man who gives up in this manner is always half way on the journey to doom. To anticipate success and annihilate all opposition should be the ambition of all who desire promotion in their chosen profession. It has been said that the law is not a mere scramble for bread money, for lawyers are charged with the safety of property and the progress of society. Those who do something useful and of benefit are the ones who will be remembered as having lived and made good use of their time. But in the desperate dashes for fortune which are now made, one is led to ponder whether everything is not reduced to a money-making science. The answer to this question is left to the tender mercies of those who will have to consider the proposition in the future.

R. A. R., Law, 1902.

THE CLASS OF 1902.

ARTS AND SCIENCE.

Less than one-half of those who entered as undergraduates in 1898 will receive degrees in Science and Arts in April next. 32 entered then; only 14 are coming up for examination in April. In addition a large number entered as general students. They were like spring in March.

The following tables indicate gains and losses in each session :—

1898-1899	1899-1900	1900-1901	1901-1902
32	22	16	14
..	11	10	7
..	..	6	5
..	3
—	—	—	—
32	33	32	29

Of the original 32, 10 dropped out after the first year, 6 more after the second, and two more after the third. Of the 11 who entered the second year, 1 dropped out at the end of that year, and 3 at the end of the third year. Of the 6 who entered the third year, one dropped out in the last year. The 3 who entered in the fourth bid fair to persevere unto the end. Thus the class with 32 undergraduates in '98-99 grew

to 33 in '99-00, relapsed to 32 in '00-01 and sank to 29 in '01-02. Of the future no man can speak.

Let us now look at the gains and see how they were made.

	1899-1900	1900-1901	1901-1902
From other classes.....	..	5	3
From without	11	1	..

Thus 5 who had been out of college for one or more years came back in 1900-01; and 3 who had taken part of their course elsewhere became candidates for degrees in 1901-02. At the senior matriculation in 1899-1900, 11 candidates appeared and were admitted as undergraduates, nearly all by certificate. One was admitted in 1900-01 from another college.

The losses are even more interesting than the gains. Let us take the original 32.

	1899-1900	1900-01	1901-02
In the class.....	22	16	14
In other classes...	2	3	..
Abandoned college	9	3	1
Out for a year....	1

In the second year one went into medicine and one took the class over again, and 9 left college; in the third year 2 dropped out for one year but are now back in another class, and one went into a higher class. Of those who abandoned their course one went away to study medicine, and one for engineering. The rest gave up study for various reasons.

Of the 11 who entered the second year there were :—

	1899-1900	1900-1	1901-2
In class.....	11	10	7
In another class.....	1
Out for a year or more	1	2

It is worthy of notice that though not more than one-third as many enter by the senior matriculation as by the junior, not one of the senior matriculants has abandoned his or her course. The losses are due to the young men staying out for a year or more to teach. The junior matriculants, on the other hand, are either undecided or unaware of their fitness for a college course.

Of the 32 who entered the First year, 7 or 8 had been teaching, *i. e.* about 25 per cent; but of the 11 who entered the second year 9 had been teaching, *i. e.* about 80 per cent; while of the 5 who came into the third year all had been teaching. Of those who abandoned the course not more than 4 were teachers. Out of 22 or 23 teachers only 4 aban-

done their course (one to go to another course) ; while out of the 26 or 27 entering the first, second and third years who had not taught, 9 abandoned their college course. That is 18 per cent of the teachers against 35 per cent of the others. This is over-estimated against the teachers. For one of those who have abandoned college is presumed to be a teacher, and one of those known to have taught and now out of college, is presumed to have abandoned college. That is the number of teachers abandoning college would be reduced to 2 (9 per cent) if the teachers were given the benefit of the doubt.

THE CHARLES MACDONALD MEMORIAL.

THE movement for a Memorial to Prof. Charles Macdonald, which we spoke of in our last issue, has been going on and increasing in strength. The Executive Committee, appointed at the meeting held in the college, has been at work under the chairmanship of Mr. H. B. Stairs, the secretary of the Board of Governors.

The committee has, so far, confined its canvass to the students in college, and those graduates who are now in the Presbyterian College. The result of this canvass, which is not yet completed, is very gratifying. Already \$4500 has been pledged, and the signed pledges are in the hands of the committee. Probably, the amount from the two colleges will increase to at least \$5000.

These subscriptions have not been the result of persistent appeals to the students. All have been willing and glad to help. Many who did not subscribe are only deterred by the fact that they will yet be some years in college. The readiness with which the students responded to the canvass is most encouraging to all who are interested in the success of the scheme.

The committee is much encouraged, too, by the letters which have been received from prominent graduates in all parts of the Dominion and the United States. From all quarters come promises of co-operation. It is reported that the graduates of the college living in Cape Breton are to form a branch of the Alumni Association, and lend organized assistance to the memorial scheme.

The canvass of the graduates will be begun as soon as the college closes. There will be careful organization, and the prospects for success are very bright. The hearty response of the students will lend great weight to the appeal which the committee will make to the graduates.

CONSOLIDATION.

ONE forward step in the direction of University Consolidation has been taken. The Governors of Dalhousie responded favorably to the request of the Governors of King's for a statement on Consolidation. Large committees from each Board met and discussed the subject, with the result that steps will be taken to unite the two colleges of King's and Dalhousie. The whole plan has not been made public, but we learn that the matter was approached by all with a desire to come to such a settlement as would be in the best interests of education. The new university will be called 'The University of King's and Dalhousie,' and will be situated in Halifax. The legislation needed for the change of name, and the merging of the two old institutions into one new one will be applied for at the next session of the Legislature, so that the union ought to be an accomplished fact at the beginning of the term '03-04.

The decision of the committee with respect to endowment has not been made public, but at any rate the result of the consolidation will be a larger staff of instructors than there is at present in either college. Some departments will probably be united and so money will be available for some new chairs.

There is no doubt that this is a movement in the right direction. The University of King's and Dalhousie will be a stronger institution than the two old colleges, and will be able to do better work. Interests that have been separated will be united. The new university will have a larger constituency and increased prestige.

The union seems to be certain. We hope those in authority will lose no time in inaugurating a strong forward movement to put every department of the new college in a position to do the work that these provinces so much require.

LAW RESULTS.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.—*Class I.*—Robertson ; Carroll ; Cheese ; MacKay ; Cameron, J. M. ; MacKenzie, W. R. ; Landry. *Passed*—Bell ; Brunt ; Cameron, J. J. ; Haviland ; Harrington ; Meagher ; Nicholson ; Redmond ; Scrimgeour ; Young, A. McG.

CRIMES.—*Class I.*—Robertson ; Haviland ; Manning ; Cheese ; Redmond ; (Meagher ; Miller ; MacKay ;) Cameron, J. M. ; Carroll ; Harrington. *Passed*.—Bell ; Cameron, J. J. ; Dickie ; Landry ; Viets.

TORTS.—*Class I.*—Robertson ; Harrington ; Cheese ; Manning ; Redmond ; Landry. *Passed*—Bell ; Carroll ; Cameron, J. M. ;

Cameron, J. J.; Dickie; Macdonald, E.; MacKay; Meagher; Nicholson.

CONTRACTS.—*Class I.*—Robertson; Cameron, J. M.; Cheese; Redmond; Carroll; MacKay; Haviland. *Passed.*—Bell; Cameron, J. J.; Dickie; Harrington; Landry; Macdonald, E.; Meagher; Nicholson.

REAL PROPERTY.—*Passed.*—Bell; Cameron, J. M.; Cameron, J. J.; Carroll; Cheese; Dickie; Harrington; Haviland; Landry; Macdonald, E.; MacKay; Manning; Meagher; Moulton; Nicholson; Redmond; Robertson.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.—*Class I.*—MacLeod, E. A.; Weldon; Rhodes. *Passed.*—Bill; Haviland; Murray; Phelan; Savary.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.—*Class I.*—Reid; Harris; Squires. *Passed.*—Calder, Chipman.

CONFLICT OF LAWS.—*Class I.*—Squires. *Passed.*—Bill; Calder; Chipman; MacDonald, W. R.; Reid; Ritchie; Rhodes; Worsley.

SHIPPING.—*Class I.*—McLeod; Weldon; Phelan. *Passed.*—Manning; Murray; Rhodes; Savary.

BILLS AND NOTES.—*Class I.*—Worsley; MacLeod, E. A.; Reid; Chipman; Murray; Squires. *Passed.*—Bill, Calder, Harris; Lockhart; Manning; Ritchie; Rhodes; Phelan; Savary; Weldon.

EQUITY.—*Class I.*—McDonald; Harris; Miller; MacLeod, E. A.; Ritchie; Squires; Calder; Murray. *Passed.*—Bill; Chipman; Lockhart; Manning; Phelan; Reid; Rhodes; Savary; Viets; Weldon; Worsley.

PARTNERSHIPS AND COMPANIES.—*Class I.*—Reid; Harris; Haviland; MacLeod, E. A. *Passed.*—Bill; Calder; Chipman; Lockhart; Manning; Murray; Phelan; Rhodes; Ritchie; Savary; Squires; Weldon; Worsley.

PROCEDURE.—*Class I.*—(Reid; Worsley;) Chipman; Ritchie. *Passed.*—Bill; Harris; Lockhart; Murray; Phelan; Rhodes.

Class, Order of Merit. Pass Alphabetical.

THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

The Glee Club Concert was held on Thursday, March 20th, in Orpheus Hall. In spite of the bad weather, the Hall was filled with a large and enthusiastic audience. The success of the concert was complete in every way musically and financially.

The following programme was rendered :

- College Song—"Dalhousie" Godfrey.
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.
- Song and Chorus—"Dear Little Dolly O'Dooley" Scott.
MR. HUNTLEY GORDON AND MALE CHORUS.
- Violin Solos—(a) Romanza Rubinstein-Wieniawski.
(b) Farfalla Sauret.
MR. LEO ALTMAN.
- College Songs—(a) "Ned"
(b) "Tis Love"
MALE CHORUS.

- Tenor Song—"Minstrel Boy" Irish.
MR. J. M. SLAYTER.
- Chorus—"With Sheathed Swords," (Naaman) Costa.
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.
- Contralto Song—(a) "Sunset" Buck.
(b) "Where the Lindens Bloom" Buck.
MISS ADA MUSGRAVE.
- Song and Chorus—"Toback" German.
SOLOS A GREGE AND MALE CHORUS.
- Plantation Song—"Nancy, My Yellow Rose," Geibel.
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.
- Violin Solos—(a) "Evening Song" Schumman.
(b) "Hejre Kati" Hubay.
MR. LEO ALTMAN.
- Song and Chorus—"Old Man Moses," Hume.
MR. G. H. SEDGEWICK AND CHORUS.
- Chorus—"With Colors Gaily Flying" Offenbach.
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.

The Club is much indebted to Mr. Leo Altman, Miss Musgrave and Mr. J. Slayter for their able assistance. Mr. Altman's playing was, as it always is, simply wonderful, holding the audience spell-bound and exciting the whole range of emotion. Miss Musgrave and Mr. Slayter were in delightful voice, and both had to respond to recalls. The Club's singing, too, was well received, "Nancy," and "Old Man Moses," eliciting encores. Altogether, it was a pleased audience that left the hall a little after ten o'clock.

To Mr. Wikel is due a great part of the success achieved. He is a splendid teacher, an energetic and enthusiastic conductor. If he will continue to be the Club's director, as all hope he will, success is always assured.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE Herald of March 6 contains the following news from Cape Breton :—

"A movement is on foot here among graduates of Dalhousie College to form an alumni association, and take steps respecting the Macdonald memorial fund. A meeting is to be called shortly in this connection."

The GAZETTE staff for next year, so far as appointed, is as follows:—Arts, '03, Messrs. G. G. Sedgewick, W. H. Coffin and H. J. Fraser; Arts '04, W. M. Corbett, and J. C. Ballem; Arts '05, C. J. Davis. The Law representatives are Messrs. A. H. S. Murray, M. A. and J. W. Weldon, B. A. The editor-in-chief for next year is Mr. G. G. Sedgewick. May their editorial path be as pleasant as they can wish it.

The Alumni Association are going to ask the privilege of

appointing an Alumni editor to the GAZETTE staff. The Council should be glad to grant the appointment. Such a member of the staff would be able to make the GAZETTE more interesting and valuable to the graduates.

THE Class Day has been pretty well arranged for, and if the students give it deserved support the first Dalhousie Class Day will be a success. The committee in charge have commanded the Graduating Classes to appoint historians, poets and valedictorians. They even demand orators for the occasion, and the classes have to provide them. It is also the intention to hold a Conversat in the College the Saturday before Convocation. All these ought to make it worth while for even the undergraduates to wait over till Convocation.

ON March 14th the Sodales Debating Society had the good fortune to hear a lecture from Prof. Howard Murray. This is the second lecture this year under the auspices of the Sodales. We would all enjoy a few more lectures in such a course, but we would not expect much better than we have had this year. The Munro Room was crowded with students and friends; even the door was filled almost to its very top with those who were unable to get seats inside. How many times this year have we had reason to lament our lack of a good lecture hall. Of the lecture we can give no adequate account. It was both witty and weighty. In his inimitable way Prof. Murray placed before the young men the value of a library even as compared with a wife. He did not expect that he would deter any one from taking grave chances with his happiness, but he impressed on the older and more serious of us the necessity of making an early beginning on a library. Messrs. A. H. S. Murray and Theo. Ross moved a vote of thanks which was very heartily given.

SERGT-MAJOR LONG'S Gymnastic Exhibition at the Orpheus Hall was a pronounced success. Events well contested, and a fair-sized but appreciative audience. Very encouraging results for a "starter."

The club-swinging and fencing exercises performed by the ladies were very pretty and graceful, uniformity of motion being very characteristic. The tug-of-war tournament was much more exciting than was expected, the Arts Freshmen winning in the finals. It seemed a trifle unfair to the opposing team, the Second Year Medicine, that they should have to reappear on the stage immediately after two hard pulls, while the Freshmen, having only one short easy tug, and that early in the evening, were in the condition described by their cognomen and consequently won.

The Fencing Competition was won by G. S. Stairs, after a very exciting bout with A. F. Miller, also of the second year medicine. Both men showed good form, and the score stood at two all for some time before Stairs scored the winning point.

The scientific display of the "manly art" afforded much amusement, but was too energetic to last long.

Dr. Forrest pronounced the benediction after presenting the Football Caps.

THE annual meeting of the D. A. A. C. was held on Friday, Feb. 28. Mr. MacIlreith, the treasurer, presented his report which was not so satisfactory as many could wish, for the balance was on the wrong side. Some heavier expenses than usual are to a large extent responsible for the deficit. Mr. MacIlreith retired from the office of Treasurer, and was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. Mr. MacIlreith has always been a good friend to the Club, and we are sure he will retain his interest in its welfare.

The following officers were elected :

- Hon. President* PRESIDENT FORREST.
- President* A. H. S. MURRAY, M. A.
- Vice-President* D. M. SMITH.
- Secretary* CHARLES BAILLIE.
- Treasurer* G. S. STAIRS.
- Executive Com.* { CAMPBELL MACDONALD.
L. B. MACKENZIE, B. A.
G. O. CHEESE, B. A.
J. W. WELDON, B. A.
E. A. MACLEOD, B. A.
- Auditors* { J. S. LAYTON, B. A.
W. M. CORBETT.
- Members of Trophy* { JAMES MALCOLM.
- Committee* { G. S. STAIRS.
- Ground Committee.* { J. A. MACKINNON, LL. B.
R. T. MACILREITH, LL. B.
J. C. O'MULLIN, LL. B.

THE last lecture of the Sunday Afternoon Course was "Athleticism and Christianity," by Mr. Geo. Patterson, M. P. P. It is needless for any Dalhousian to be told that every graduate and undergraduate in the city who could be present was present, and that their reward was great.

The lecturer began by saying that there never should have been any conflict between Athletics and Christianity. The Bible, undoubtedly, does enjoin the subjection of the body and of fleshly desires, but clearly the spirit of Scrip-

tural teaching is against regarding the body as altogether evil. Indeed, St. Paul says the "body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." Man's nature is a unity—not soul only—but soul-and-body, and with this recognition of the body as a part of man, there comes necessity of caring for it. Physical exercise, particularly that afforded by games, is necessary, not only for the body's sake, but for mental relaxation and its indirect influence on morals and religion. That athletic sports are often coupled with vicious practices is not the fault of the games, but of the people who attend them. As to waste of time involved and consequent failure in work, the lecturer showed, by citing the case of football players at Dalhousie, that athletics wisely pursued have no such evil results.

Then, athletics have a great direct influence for good. A football player, for instance, must learn temperate habits; he must cultivate his courage and powers of resource; he must banish from his mind all selfishness and snobbishness. Through his play, he learns "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." Again, no friendships are more lasting than those made on the football field; for there one learns proper respect for his fellowmen.

Always it is to be remembered that athletics are not to be pursued for their own sake, but as a means to the great end—noble service for Country, God and Truth.

THE regular Spring meeting of the University Students Council was held in the Munro Room, Feb. 26th. A. H. S. Murray handed in the report of the Break-Up committee, and showed that all bills had been paid, as well as old debts on the "Theatre Night." The report of the Reading Room committee was next read. Among other matters mention was made of some of the students who make a practice of purloining magazines. We were without a Reading Room for one or two years, and now that we have one, surely everybody will show a proper sense of their appreciation of this luxury.

A. M. Hebb, who had been for some years Financial Editor of the GAZETTE, handed in his final financial report for the year 1900-01. Owing to the necessity of issuing the Christmas and Memorial numbers, he showed a balance on the wrong side of \$71.27, but was of the opinion that this would only serve to stimulate the present Financial Editor to greater effort.

The Treasurer of the Council presented the next report, showing the organization to be in debt to the extent of ten cents. This was forthwith subscribed voluntarily by ten of the more wealthy gentlemen contributing one cent each.

The following officers were elected for next year:—

President..... E. A. MACLEOD, B. A.

Vice-Presidents... { W. H. COFFIN.
G. H. GORDON.
J. S. LAYTON, B. A.

Sec.-Treasurer.... G. M. J. MACKAY.

Exec. Committee.. { J. M. MILLAR.
W. M. CORBETT.
J. W. WELDON, B. A.
A. C. GILLIS.

Reading Room Committee:

W. M. CORBETT,	W. H. ROSS,
G. G. SEDGEWICK,	D. W. MACKENZIE, B. A.
A. H. S. MURRAY, M. A.	D. M. SMITH.

A. McG. Young was re-elected Financial Editor, and G. G. Sedgewick and Campbell McDonald were appointed auditors.

After a short discussion, the meeting declared itself in favour of having a "Class Day," all expenses to be defrayed by the Students Council, and a committee of ten was appointed to attend to this.

E. A. MACLEOD gave notice of a motion to be put at the next meeting, to reduce the yearly number of GAZETTES from ten to eight, and also to reduce the number of editors by four; one each from Law, Medicine, Third and Fourth Year Arts.

After listening to several dissertations on GAZETTE matters, especially the subscriptions, the meeting adjourned.

PERSONALS.

R. B. VIETS of the Law Class of '02, has been admitted to the bar. He will practice in Digby.

THE GAZETTE extends hearty congratulations to J. R. Johnston, B. L. '95, LL. B. '98, on his marriage.

REVS. D. A. FRAME, '95, J. A. Ramsay, '99, A. L. Fraser, '98, have returned from a winter's work at Edinburgh.

MISS EUGENIE ARCHIBALD, B. A., '99, lately made quite an extended visit to friends in the city and the College.

R. G. MCKAY of the Arts Class of '00 has undergone a successful operation for appendicitis. He is rapidly recovering.

THE British Columbia School Report for last year contains the usual long list of Dalhousie teachers. C. A. Thompson, '00, is the latest to obtain an academic certificate.

DALHOUSIE is sending out another contingent to South Africa—ladies this time, who go to teach in the Concentration Camps. Among those chosen are Miss Ellen MacKenzie, '94, Miss Bertha Hebb, '94, Miss Blanche Macdonald, '95, Miss DeWolfe '98 and Miss Best '00.

REV. GORDON DICKIE, '96, after his winter's labour at Berlin is breathing the air of quiet in the Hartz Mountains. He will spend the summer at Halle University, where he will be joined by Rev. J. W. A. Nicholson, '98, who has just completed a course of study at Edinburgh.

EXCHANGES.

INTERCOLLEGIATE debating and hockey are still going on in the Upper Canadas. Queen's has carried off the palm in both from Toronto and McGill.

At least one college paper is finely clad, and that is *MacMaster University Monthly*. Its new cover has a most artistic dignity of which *MacMaster* may well be proud; and the designer too, even if his name is Bengough. The contents do their best to match the cover, are interesting and have the spice of variety.

DALLUSIENSIA.

NEW BRUNSWICKER.—“There's a big freshet on the Shore Line.
Innocent Freshie.—“Who is she?”

THERE is a man named M-c-d-m,
Speaking of this I most sad am.
But to College I'll bet
He ne'er paid a debt.
Mac is not worth more than Adam.

SCENE, OPERATING ROOM, V. G. H.

Pa(ul) consoling *Silas*.—“Cheer up *Si*, you may still win.”

Si—“I fear its all over, and the time lost from plugging.”

Pa(ul).—“The resignation may be withdrawn.”

Si.—“I'm afraid she's too 'Eagar' for that. However, I won't give up after so much time 'waisted'; but it will be an up 'Hill' row.”

Pa(ul).—“Let's go consult M-l-r.”

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

(I.)

One Saturday at rink,
Jimmy's four foot nought I think—
Jimmy was skating band number seven
With his fair—who's five and at least eleven
James's legs short and thick
Going too quick
Got mixed, down he sat
While his hat,
Hard felt, felt hard the ice
The maid restored it in a trice,
Grasped him by the armpits to uplift him.
James objected, knees deflected; though she biffed him
Still he kicked. Redder glowed they, gazed the skaters.
The strain grew great. Something gave way, not his gaiters,
And since he could not now brace up, he too gave way.
I say, J-mes M llish, that was De te fabula.

(vii)

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