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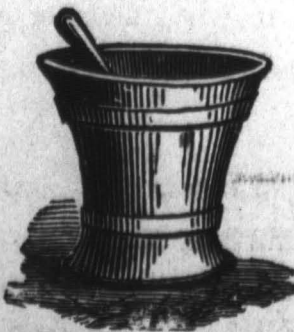
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The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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Editorial.

ITERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING.—The time is rapidly drawing near for Dalhousie's first debate in the Intercollegiate Series. Sodales has chosen its team, and three men of U. N. B. are ready to defend the honour of their Alma Mater. Dalhousie trusts that in this new venture she may be as successful as in her football meets with the collegians of the "Celestial City." But for some years no sister college has held a debate with us. Interest in debating, in consequence, showed a marked decline, and it was only when the contest was in sight, that the college began to show concern or enthusiasm on this important matter. The results of the past few months give promise of keen competition for positions on the debating team in future years.

Sodales found itself somewhat hampered in the selection of speakers. The promoters of the Intercollegiate Debating Union found it necessary to enforce what is known in football as the "Undergraduate Rule." No man who has a college degree of any kind is eligible for a position on the team. Dalhousie has in the various faculties of the University many men who have taken the Arts course both here and in other colleges. Several of these men are good debaters and zealous

members of Sodales. Needless to say their services are not available, and a seeming injustice is done to the University. No team under the circumstances can fully represent the college, but only those in attendance who do not already hold degrees. Of course the same rule applies to all the other colleges, but is particularly pressing on Dalhousie. The fairness of the rule we do not question for a moment, but it designedly takes from our University any advantages she might have from her superior numbers.

Should Dalhousie lose a debate to a smaller and less extensive university, her prestige might undeservedly suffer in the minds of those who do not know the conditions of the Union. However much confidence we may have in our present team, it is undeniable that we have and probably will have in the future many good debaters trained for four years in our own and other societies, whose services we cannot use, be they ever so competent. It is not that we have any undue desire of winning, but we do wish Dalhousie to appear before the public in its proper light, and, since we can never under the existing rules put a completely representative team in the field, we wish the friends of the college to have a clear understanding of the case. This explanation, we think, is due also in justice to those of our debaters who are not eligible for the honor or the burden of upholding their college before the public.

THE editorial staff regret keenly the illness of the Editor-in-Chief, W. H. Coffin. Early in February Mr. Coffin contracted a severe cold which later developed into pneumonia. Under the careful attendance of the nurses of the Victoria General Hospital, he is slowly gaining back health and strength. The editors hope that he will soon occupy the editorial chair with all his old-time energy.

The Imperialist, et al.

An American critic has been taunting us with the assertion that there is not and cannot be any Canadian literature as such; that no one can distinguish life in our North-west, for example, from life in Montana, or happenings in Ontario from happenings in Michigan. This is also the favorite thesis of Goldwin Smith. There are superficial resemblances between the two peoples, it is true; but to thoughtful observers on both sides of the line, the differences run deeper and are growing more and more apparent as the younger and more diffident northern nationality increases in age and strength.

One mark of this growing strength is the fact that various writers are trying to picture Canadian life in prose fiction. Twenty-five years ago, almost the only Canadian novel was "Le Chien D'Or." This dealt with history in our romantic age, the French *régime*. De Mille's work was largely concerned with life in England, Italy and the United States: Haliburton's collections of good stories, satire and character sketches are none of them truly novels. Since then, Roberts, Sir Gilbert Parker, "Ralph Connor," and Mrs. Cotes have given us work that deserves the most careful consideration of all who are interested in our national progress. Parker and Ralph O'Connor lead in popularity; the causes of which are not far to seek. Parker is sentimental, romantic, a sort of minor Hall Caine. His Canada never existed. It is a sort of La Scribie, a theatrical world of impossible people, speaking and acting in an impossible way. His short stories especially are simply Bret Harte and water. "Ralph Connor" is even more popular than Parker. His chosen domain is the wild west which he knows well. His aim is pure; the forces of Ahriman always triumph over the forces of Ormuzd, too regularly, however, for truth. He has conviction; he is deeply in earnest, but his tendency is to darken the shadows and heighten the lights in his pictures till the conscientious observer must ask himself, "Is this the representation of reality?" "The Prospector," his latest and strongest work, is convincing in its broad outlines, the devotion of the young missionary in the west, his trials, disappointments, the consciousness of

failure within, the fightings without, the sudden, strange, tragic things that happen in frontier life; but when we examine closer, the "society" mother, the selfish parson, even the collegians and the football match, we feel a little shiver down the back. These are not real things. Nor is the cast-iron head of "Shock." Nor his Harveyized steel body. Several scenes are taken from the typical melodrama so dear to the popular heart. "Ralph Connor" can do better. Roberts has two happy hunting-grounds, old Acadie and the primeval forest. His French romances are the work of a poet, giving old times the thoughts and ways of the present. His "Beast-epics" are the work of a poet, who is also an expert in woodcraft and the learning the hunter gathers on the trail of savage creatures.

But one really Canadian novel has been written. What astonishes me is that all Canada is not ringing with its praises from Halifax to Vancouver. Mrs. Cotes served a long apprenticeship to the art of writing in journalistic drudgery: but she has learned it thoroughly. She has enjoyed the great advantage of early travel, round the world with Orthodocia, in London with the Jay Pennes, in India with the Mem-Sahib, and in the United States with those delightful Americans, to say nothing of a voyage of consolation through Europe. She has a sense of international values, peculiarly her own, and when she writes of the life of her own province, "the life we know and love," she approaches the subject unblinded by parochial prejudices. She elects to write not of the romantic French, not of Acadie, not of the stirring West, but of plain, common-place, bourgeois, modern, money-getting Ontario; not of the farms or the forest, but of the town, the humdrum little town that grows slowly and steadily in wealth and population, where nothing ever happens more exciting than an election or a tea-meeting. She knows her world. A trained observer, a penetrating wit, a mistress of expression, she represents life not as it might be, or ought to be, or never was or will be, but as it is. Her eye is unerring, and her record simply true and right. I recommended "The Imperialist" to a friend, for I said, "I have lived in Elgin, an Elgin. I know and recognize every one in it." "Auch Ich war in Arkadien geboren." I am a native of Ontario. The next time he saw

me, he said, "I enjoyed the book, but aren't you wrong about the place? Elgin is in Prince Edward Island. I know it."

This is a book we have been waiting for. It was a reconstructed Englishman, (I say it to my shame) who recommended it to me. What struck him was the truth of it. It carried conviction with it, although he did not know Elgin. One thing he did know, the attitude of the "new chum" Englishman towards Canada, and things Canadian; and in Hesketh, he recognized an old attitude of his own. He thought him delightful, and told me that if I would admit the Canadians, he would admit Hesketh. In truth, Hesketh is delightful. He has no prejudices against the country he is going to make his home. Quite the contrary. He wishes to identify himself with it, at once, and tried to help his friend the hero, Lorne Murchison in his election. His speech to the honest electors of Fox County is delicious. It must be read to be appreciated. "The Englishman in Canada," Mr. Racey's clever cartoons in *The Star* are the caricature, but Hesketh is the simple truth, nothing extenuated nor aught set down in malice. We think at once of Miss Austen, the incomparable Jane.

The people are all real people. The Murchison family is typical. The taciturn, sober, reading, church-going Scottish father, who builds up a good business: the thrifty house-mother, who pities the man who will marry her daughter, who reads Browning, but cannot make her bed properly, at twenty-five; the other daughter who marries sensibly; the pert youngest sister, the spoiled "Baby," while slightly sketched, are true in every line, to the last sweep of the pencil.

The minister is the most elaborated protrait. I think I know the original. He is alive.

But truthful observation wittily recorded will not make a book. Mrs. Cotes, remembers her old province with deep affection; and perceives that life nowhere is really common-place. Humdrum Ontario begets a strange ideal, a passionate romantic attachment to a far-away Queen, and the founding of a world-empire based on truth and righteousness, in which Canada will play no weak or petty part. So thinks the hero, Lorne Murchison, the representative of what is purest and strongest in the life of Canada to day. He drees the usual

weird of the unselfish idealist, disappointment, disillusion, heart-breaking failure. With a great idea possessing him, he finds little men of little minds rising up against him, stupidity, triviality, selfishness thwarting him. Our dirty politics are not spared. Perhaps the bitterest touch of all, is that Lorne Murchison, the representative of all that is good in our political life is refused a second nomination, by his own party managers in favor of a man who represents all that is bad, solely because the latter will not scruple to use "human means" to carry the county.

That Lorne Murchison fails rather than succeeds, has a deeper significance. "The Imperialist" is a tract for the times. Canada is at the parting of the ways. One leading to closer union with the mother land; the other to absorption in the United States. The writer cries, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!"

ARCH'D MACMECHAN.

The Hope of Menelaus.

Desolate the throne of Sparta;
Only dread the moments bring;
Lamentation fills the city,
For the anguish of her king:
Helen, whom I vainly cherished,
Daughter of the gods above,
Die would I to save thine honor,
Mighty queen of mighty love!

Drifts the day from dreary Sparta;
Low in dust her great renown,—
Let no gods and men declare it,
'Twas thy hand that razed it down!—
Ere thy country knew dishonor,
Blackest shame, or bitter strife,
Thou wast bride to king of Sparta—
Love betrayed, thou still art wife.

Helen! Helen! Let them curse thee
Who know not the word forgive!—
Life runs stagnant,—let them perish!—
Loveless, lifeless, let them live!
Let them live unfamed in battle!—
Let them die a death unknown!—
Let them rave of dying Sparta,
Raging o'er her rifted throne!

Life was barren, ere the sunlight
Shed by thee fell on my heart;
'Twas not by thy will, Beloved,
It was fate that bade us part.
Fools are they who blindly dream it—
Ne'er can fade love's subtle flame!—
Troy herself shall sink in ashes,
Kindled by the fires of shame.

Trojan fools to breathe of triumph!—
Walls of Troy shall madly burn!—
Grecian courage yet shall conquer—
Spartan Helen yet return!
Though war's iron bolts of ruin
Rend Olympian heights above,
I can bear its depths of horror,
If they but restore thy love!

A. K. P.

Le Libro Rubicundo.

The Musquodoboit River takes its rise from a lake, in the eastern part of Halifax County. It runs westerly for twenty-five or thirty miles, then turns south, and after a course "a-fishing" of about forty miles more, falls into the Atlantic.

The river has long been noted as being an excellent one for trout. About the end of June if there happens to be a freshet, the trout come in from the sea. As every angler knows, these trout like to lie in cold water, and accordingly they always select some deep shady pool, if possible, one where cold springs issue from the bottom.

There are many such places in the river, but one near my own home is, perhaps, the best of all. From its depth it has been called Deep Hole. At that place, the river expands into a small lake. On one side there is a small open meadow, but all the rest is surrounded by woods.

I have spent many hours there, trying to decoy the trout from their hiding places, but I remember one time distinctly. A friend called and told me that "the big trout were up"! I decided to try my luck. The Deep Hole was the nearest place, and thither I went, early one morning in June.

It was a calm summer morning, a fine mist hung over the water, and away in the East, the sky was just reddening. I quickly fastened my line, attached a fly and, after seeing that

all was in order, I made a throw. Then I began to draw the line slowly towards me, and watching very closely, I saw a slight ripple in the water a few feet away from my line, which told me that I had a trout in pursuit.

I saw, however, that I was too near the shore to hope to capture the trout on that throw, so very slowly I brought the fly toward me, and when it was close to the shore, drew it out and sent it whistling toward the centre.

Just as I expected, the trout, when his attention was taken from the fly, found himself in shallow water. He turned and swam out, and there, right before him, was that fly again! It was then, that he determined to rush matters. With one dart he had *it* and I had *him*, with the hook somewhere in his interior.

Then the sport began in earnest. The trout, when he found that he had been hooked, started right away for the opposite shore. I let him go, but when near the centre, he changed his course and started down the stream. I knew that if he continued in that direction, he would carry the line across a sunken log, and would break it like a straw, so I put on the break. At once the trout leaped from the water, and I had a chance to survey my prize. Never before, had I seen so large a trout, and to my excited fancy, he seemed to be as large as a good sized salmon.

The fight which that trout made for his life, was splendid! With lightning-like rapidity, he darted this way and that, now diving deep, then leaping from the surface, in a vain effort to throw off that terrible thread, which clung so closely to him. By degrees, however, I drew him towards me, and with one quick dip of the scoop-net, I had him safe.

I do not remember what became of my rod and line after that—perhaps I left them behind—but one thing I am sure of—I did not waste much time in getting home. But quick as I was, I was just in time to meet my brother, as he came in from doing the morning's work. He was not very well pleased at my absence, but wisely refrained from saying anything, lest he might not get a share of the trout.

When weighed, it tipped the balance at the five pound notch, but, though I had made such a fine catch, I always kept quiet

about it, for once when I told it, one of my listeners said; "I remember now, my grandfather told me that, long ago, there were sharks in that place".

M. G. B.

Divinity.

Second Prize Poem, by T. A. HUBLEY.

Great Power on high! Eternal Fount
Whence wisdom, truth, and mercy flow,
Oh help us nearer Thee to mount!
That, when at last we're called to go,
Our hearts may be entirely Thine.

We cannot pierce Thy mystery,
But surely he, who reason hath,
Can find in every flower and tree
By highway broad and mountain path,
The evidence of thought divine.

The flowers rare: mark how they grow,
With rainbow hues which always please,
The seasons as they come and go,
Did chaos perfect works like these,
That far surpass the art of man?

It cannot be, that random force
Could plant the mountains where they stand,
Or shape the rivers in their course,
Or separate the sea from land;
It must have been a Master's plan.

The Ocean with its ceaseless roll,
The countless wonders of the earth,
And man, his reason, thought, and soul,
Do these not owe to God their birth
And point to His divinity?

Whence come the thoughts that war with lusts,
Which every heart has sometimes known?
The faith that in a future trusts
When earthly hopes and joys have flown?
Their source must have Infinity.

"Without Compensation."

SECOND PRIZE STORY.

Maurice Bowman entered his room hastily, he wore a sullen expression, and without speaking, threw a crumpled telegram to his college chum, John Redford.

Redford was lying on a lounge, an almost finished cigar between his fingers. He rose lazily, yawned, took a few farewell puffs at the cigar, then listlessly reached for the yellow paper, smoothed it out, and read:

"Meet cousin Louise on arrival of 24. She will explain."

STEPHEN BOWMAN.

"Well," he said, sinking back on his elbow, "you seem to have found something disagreeable in that. I don't see it."

"I do." Bowman had gone to the window and stood scowling at the street. "No. 24 arrives at nine this evening, and I'm down for a theatre party."

"Sorry, but you will have to go to the station."

"No." Bowman spoke decidedly, "I won't. This cousin of mine I haven't seen for years; she is known to me through frequent photos, and I am, similarly, though not so well known to her." "Now," he continued, turning from the window, and shaking his forefinger at his chum: "Do you suppose for two parts of a second that I intend to miss a theatre party, one of whose members will be Beatrice, for such a cousin as that."

"It's hard, no doubt, but there's only one choice, old man. Stephen Bowman, I wouldn't displease, if I were you; he is rather an important factor in your welfare. Then there is Louise."

"Confound Louise. Say, we'll have to do something."

"There is pen, ink and paper; send your regrets. No man with but an atom of sense would do otherwise."

"I mean to do otherwise." It was not so much determinedly, but rather with desperation that Maurice now spoke. "Fool or no fool, I'm not going to miss this theatre party tonight. You have brains if you want to use them; help me out of this muddle."

"I see only one solution," he said, "Meet your cousin."

Maurice was pacing up and down the room; a boot lay in his way, and he gave it a savage kick to the furthest corner. One moment he was running his hands through his hair, the next he plunged them deep into his pockets. After some minutes of such agitation he sat down, so suddenly and so hard that he almost broke the spring in the well-used lounge.

"Look here, Redford," he said, leaning over to his friend, "you can meet this cousin of mine."

"What! Impersonate you?"

"Yes. It won't be hard. You are not unlike me in build, and you will have the night and the crowd to help you. I know more of Louise's appearance than she does of mine; girls are fonder of photos; the last one she has of me was taken four years ago. I can cram you up on my relatives and personal affairs, so you will be able to talk to her. She is likely going to meet friends and will leave on the steamer tomorrow; the ordeal won't be long." Still seeing the quizzical look on his friend's face, he continued: "I'm in dead downright earnest, more serious than I ever was. Come, you can do this."

Redford was not convinced. The objections were many. Perhaps they could devise something better. He was now so far interested that he assisted his friend in proposing schemes. For more than half an hour they called upon all their powers of ingenuity. One plan after another was submitted for approval, and after consideration, rejected. To lie, and say they had not received the telegram was the easiest, but neither had the heart to sacrifice Louise. That was the invariable point of return.

"Look here, Jack," Maurice was speaking in a tone of finality, "this is the one and only thing to do, you see that."

"No. The one and only thing to do is to give up the theatre party."

Maurice scarcely heeded him. The obstacles in his way had only strengthened his determination not to forego the company of Beatrice. He now stormed at his friend, now endeavored to talk calmly and reason with him, until Redford was forced by sheer distraction to surrender.

"Well," he said, in a tone of mingled weariness and warning, "don't blame me if there are complications."

"Hang the complications! Let me get to the theatre to-night and we'll find out how to manage the rest," was the unreasoning reply.

The next hour was one in which Maurice played the diligent instructor, and his friend the attentive pupil. All Maurice's photographs of Louise had been left at home, and he was compelled to rely solely on his powers of description. Names, ages and occupations, family history and personal anecdote, were all poured into Redford's ear, until he could mentally picture with more or less completeness of outline the whole of the Bowmans through two generations. Louise and Louise's family, the Robertsons, received no less minuteness of description. She had but one living parent, her father, she was sister to a (of course) most remarkable brother; all this the patient Redford heard, and endeavored to assimilate in that hour of information. His examiner awarded him ninety-five per cent.

At seven-fifty Maurice went out to join his party; and Redford left alone, and advancing from a dimness of supposition to clearness of conviction, concluded that he, John Redford, was a fool. But time called and he bravely made his way to the station. As he neared it, his uneasiness did not lessen. He discovered in himself a traitorous wish that he would fail—fail, that is, at the outset—for of all things he most dreaded a partial, and only a partial success.

The possible character of Miss Robertson worried him. She might prove a girl of the superiorly clever sort, and the superiorly clever girl, Redford's life-long antagonist, dumb-founded him in fact. What if he were to lose his tongue, or forget his lesson? "Well," he muttered, as he took a position which the passengers from Number 24 would have to pass. "My name is safe at any rate."

Number 24 was a long train and well filled; and Redford grew nervous, and yet, in spite of himself, relieved, as he perceived more and more clearly how easy it would be to miss even one's mother in the bustling crowd. "Perhaps," he thought, "it would be the best thing to miss her after all."

The passengers pushed by, and the end was nearly reached, and still there was no Louise. He had almost concluded that

she had passed him when both his hopes and his fears revived at the sight of a lady's face in the last group of passengers.

"There she is," he thought, "no, I'm not sure, she seems taller and darker than Maurice described her."

The young lady had almost passed, before Redford, stepping forward, lifted his hat, and said: "Miss Robertson, I believe?"

"Yes," she replied, and on noticing his willingness to relieve her of her parcels, added: "I'm so glad there is someone here to meet me, It is very good of you. I had directions how to find the way myself, but I dreaded it awfully."

Redford now silently blessed the crowd and the noise; they prevented further conversation for the time. After conducting Miss Robertson to a carriage, he took her checks, and went after the baggage. There were a trunk and two grips of different sizes. On all three was marked: "Miss Robertson, 19 Mumford Street." As he glanced at the labels a difficulty overlooked by both the plotters flashed upon him. He could not go into the house; he must invent some excuse. He stood gazing abstractedly around him, and only a sharp warning prevented him from being knocked over by a heavily loaded baggage truck. Thus awakened, he collected his ideas, and telling the baggage-master he would call back for the small grip, he had the trunk and the larger grip taken to the cab. "That's it" he ejaculated, and he slapped his thigh; "I can leave her at the house," he thought, "pretend I had forgotten the small grip, go back for it, and send it in with the driver without going in myself."

Mumford Street was not more than ten minutes drive distant; yet Redford ran no risks. He took care to keep the lead in the conversation, and avoided personal and family topics. He was a good talker, and the house was reached without any slips. With trepidation he put forward his plan of escape, it succeeded, and he found himself bowling back rapidly to the station, enjoying a sense of deeply felt relief. After giving the grip to the driver, and telling him how to deliver it, he went home delighted with himself, John Redford, on terms of more than his usual friendliness with Maurice Bowman, and much pleased with Miss Louise Robertson, who had not proved to be the superiorly clever girl.

The strain of acting, added to the dread of discovery, had tired him; and after a short read, he went to bed, leaving the following note for Maurice:

"Went off swimmingly. Tell you in the morning. Don't wake me."

Notwithstanding the concluding mandate, he took the precaution to lock the door.

Redford rose early and without awakening Maurice, set himself to study. On returning from breakfast he found a boy waiting with a note, addressed to his still sleeping friend. A note so early in the morning was unusual, and he immediately woke Maurice, who half-asleep, opened the envelope. A glance took in the message. For a moment bewilderment sat on Maurice's face, then alarm, and he sprang quickly from bed.

"This is simply woful: What's the time?" he shouted, beginning to dress.

Redford was reading the note. It ran:

"Hotel Brunswick, 8.45 A. M.

Maurice Bowman,

I arrived in the city unexpectedly at midnight, and having a few hours to spare this morning, I'm going to take Louise for a drive. I want you to come, so call at the hotel at ten. Make no excuses, for I want to see you anyhow.

Your father,

Stephen Bowman.

"Looks like complications," was Redford's remark.

"Worse than complications. What's the time? My watch has stopped. Nine-thirty."

"Nine-thirty! Only half an hour. That boy must have been confoundedly slow. What are we to do?" Maurice queried excitedly.

"We? It is your affair. I disclaimed any part in the complications."

"Oh come; stop that rot. Louise will know that I am not you, and father knows that you are not I. What are we to do?"

Redford remained silent.

"Do you know the number of the boy?" Maurice continued.

"Ring up the office, and bribe him to say that I was out."

"Didn't notice the number. No other plan?" asked Redford.

Maurice was in haste and of course lost time. He broke the laces in his boots, and his collar was unusually obstinate. His annoyance of the previous evening was but a shadow of his present agitation. Expletives were hurled at his clothes, at his friend, at his furniture. Redford was a second time alternately coaxed and threatened; but not even his cooler mind could break through the surrounding barrier of circumstance. Maurice, dressed at last and somewhat less excited, sat down opposite his friend, determined to find a gateway of escape.

"We're a pair of dolts," he said with an air of wisdom. "Let us tackle this thing systematically, begin at the beginning. Plainly, the first thing to do is to separate father and Louise."

"Quite correct," came from the easy chair opposite. "Then," Maurice was musing, "Let me see,—we'll have to give him some explanation,—yes, that's certain. What can we invent?" The inventor's eyes were seeking ideas in the carpet.

"Better clear the first hurdle before you try the second," Redford sarcastically interposed.

"What are you talking about?"

"Why you haven't yet separated your father and Louise."

"Oh, that's easy."

"Is it?"

"Yes. I'll pretend to being unwell. You can 'phone him to come and see me. By Jove, that will explain the whole business. Quick, ring him up." Maurice jumped from the chair, and seizing his friend by the shoulder, endeavoured to hurry him to the door.

Redford did not move. "Were you sick last night too?" he quietly asked.

"Yes, certainly. Don't you see I sent you to take my place. I can tell him that."

"Can you? He will think it rather odd that Miss Robertson did not tell him anything of your indisposition. Redford did not add that Miss Robertson must have been equally astonished at the disappearance of her escort on the previous evening. "Besides," he continued, "your father may bring Louise to visit you. I wish I could see a way to help

you, old chap; but the only thing to do, it seems to me, is to make a clean breast of it to your father, and when the matter is explained to him first, we shall be able to keep Louise out of the way."

Maurice shook his head decidedly. He was not only calmer, but dejected, and sat limp in his chair. Redford was standing with his back to the window, which looked out on the street, his eyes on the floor, his right hand smoothing the back of his head, a mannerism which denoted an effort at concentration of mind. In their search for ideas, neither of the friends had noticed the lapse of time, nor had they heard the sound of carriage wheels stopping at the door. A cough at the foot of the stairs awakened them.

Maurice started. "That's father!" he exclaimed, and added, glancing at his watch. "Whew! It's twenty past ten."

As Maurice spoke, Redford, hearing the clamping of the horses below, had turned his face to the window. He too, started, and for a moment looked stupefied. The sound of footsteps was now heard near the top of the stairs. He had merely time to whisper with unmistakable earnestness: "Tell him you didn't get the telegram—don't know anything about it." He had just sunk into a chair, when Stephen Bowman stood in the doorway.

Bowman senior was a man whom few things disturbed. His critical eye calmly surveyed the room and its occupants. Its tossed up appearance and their uncompleted toilets evidently did not suit him, yet he displayed no displeasure in his voice.

"Good morning, Redford, your friend Bowman appears to be a late riser. Well, young man," now addressing his son, "I am very much pleased indeed with the way in which you carry out my orders; not satisfied with ignoring my telegram, you had evidently no intention of complying with my note."

Mr. Bowman advanced into the room and Redford, having glided behind him, was making emphatic signals to his chum.

"Your note, sir," said the son, "I was just making ready to comply with, I didn't know it was so late; but the telegram"—Redford was signalling vehemently—"I—I don't know anything of a telegram."

"What, you don't know anything of a telegram? I sent you one yesterday afternoon."

"We were out until evening, sir. I didn't find any here on our return, and we didn't stay in long." Maurice was trying to sail as near the truth as possible. The boy had, in fact, met him on the street.

"Its true, I didn't allow you much time, but still—anyhow we'll ferret this matter out later. Hurry up now; I want you to take this drive; you know the city better than I do" and Bowman senior quickly left the room.

Maurice sat still, looking blankly at Redford, who, bubbling over with suppressed excitement, grabbed him energetically by the collar and jerked him to the window, directing his gaze to the carriage below.

"That's your cousin Louise, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, you ought to know."

"Never saw her before," said Redford, resuming his habitua manner.

"What!"

For some minutes Redford enjoyed his friend's astonishment. To Maurice the affair was incomprehensible, and his look of inquiry silently begged an explanation.

"Don't you see?" asked Redford. "There must have been two Miss Robertsons on that train."

"And you met the wrong one?"

"Yes, luckily for you."

"I was extremely lucky," said Maurice ironically, "Beatrice was not at the theatre."

X. Y.

The Drive.

What a beautiful night! The air is bright and clear, with just a suspicion of frost, while from the eaves, overhanging with snow and icicles, may be heard the occasional drip, drip, of the last wandering drops, let loose by the lingering rays of the setting sun.

What a night for a sleigh drive! and just then there breaks upon the air the tinkle of bells and the chatter of many voices. Well! here are some people not "too slow" to take advantage of this beautiful evening.

As the large sleighs dash by, we notice,—but are our eyes deceiving us? No! it is a fact. Three sleigh loads of happy girls, and not a boy along. Even the drivers, poor fellows, were completely surrounded, and wore a look of bewilderment not habitual to these sons of Jehu.

First for the personnel. In the centre of the first sleigh with white fur cap and mittens is the "chieftain." She is their head, and the younger and more timid declare she is large, wise and beautiful. On the right sits the business manager; the one in whose head was concocted this daring plan of having a drive without the boys. How the girls adore her, for "Ted" has lots of "go." Next in order comes she of the pensive gaze and stately walk, who says little, but can always be depended upon in such a thrilling adventure. Who is that in the middle of the sleigh, surrounded by all those smiling faces? Surely we have heard that laugh before. That shadow has obscured a look, but we have it now. It is the genius of the crowd. To-night of all nights they should be gay, and wit and bright repartee flow merrily around, while all eyes beaming with enjoyment, watch the author of merriment. B. M. with dry humour admires the stars, while L., of Hazleton, wishes there was a boy along. Near is the imp of the crowd, which would not be complete without her. She always has her head close to some other person, and she is talking always—ever and anon—for Dora does not know when to stop. E-l and G-d-s occupy the greater part of one seat, while P-m-e on the opposite side, grasps firmly one side of the robe and tries to preserve her share. A-a is smiling and trying to enjoy herself by holding one of the girl's hands and murmuring—"how perfectly lovely"—under her breath. C-s-e is contentedly viewing the passing lamp posts, seated on J-s-e's feet, but is suddenly awakened from her dream by the removal of her comfortable cushion.

The second sleigh contains the chaperone and—horrors! there is only one among forty—the utter recklessness of these girls and the courage of Mrs. S—, while we know the position is admirably filled by this lady, yet we cannot help feeling that one chaperone is too few, and it must be her native ideas of independence which now uphold her in this trying position. This part of the drive was not so merry. Timid M-n-e and her

small classmate along with Miss H.—, who is always so pleasant, uphold the medical dignity, yet they all miss M-l-e's sunny ways and regret that press of senior work interferes with her social duties. In one corner sit the two inseparables discussing their latest conquest at the last party, or the colour that matches. J-y-e is here, who only in Dalhousie for two years, is nevertheless considered one of the girls. Time will hardly permit me to tell of Pat, M. P. P. and many others who are new girls, and quiet, yet who are only to be known to be appreciated.

In the last sleigh came the younger people, very quiet and looking wise, and wishing themselves safely at home. Down under the driver's seat is crowded one unfortunate, who bitterly bemoans being a special girl, with few rights and privileges. On Victoria Road they tried the cheer 1, 2, 3, etc., but the freshettes were just a little afraid. It is all so new. Just then there descended upon them a shower of peanuts. A thoughtful and generous freshette had purchased a bag from the "hot oven" by the P. O. and kept it up her sleeve for such an emergency. Immediately a chorus pronounced her a "brick," when a solemn voice said: "Girls, that is slang, and since we are starting on our college course to gain much lore in the correct use of English, and as such expressions as that which you have used are slang, we had better cut it out." Silence followed, broken only by the snap of peanut shells and a long-drawn sigh from Miss Hop.

The teams halted in front of Dr. Goodwin's, and for an hour they all enjoyed a real good time—at lunch—then each little girl bravely tramped home, saying to herself: "Never had such a time in my life, and don't want another."

ANON.

Cordelia.

"So young, so true" she stands among her sisters,
About her father's throne. A group Teutonic
And in outward favour, fair as high.
But ah, the poet-sculptor knows that all
Of beauty, may be but the "outer wall",
Concealing motives base and passions dark.
With chisel just he "bodies forth", when, lo!
Cordelia stands, white, glistening, alone:

High-raised above those who but serve
 To hold and ornament her pedestal:
 As marbled serpents hiss about the base
 Of many an ornate column.
 Her lips are full yet firm: untaught to speak
 The thing that is not, or of all that is,
 As if the rising flood of gratitude
 Which from her loving heart must e'er expand,
 Reaching her lips, were frozen; and thence fell
 In icy drops, which, warm received, would yield
 A precious liquid, filial love distilled.
 "No cause, no cause" though shorn of her estate,
 Banished her home without one word to bless
 And comfort a full heart that could not speak!

Why must the hand
 That graved thee, matchless, 'mongst his best and fairest,
 Wreath at thy feet, with sister's cruel arms,
 The hangman's cord—equal to serve thy doom?
 Yet, *at thy feet*, Cordelia! Triumphed o'er,
 By thy bright spirit, willing thus to show,
 Howe'er the heartless word may please the ear,
 The silenced heart, will love, and love, and die.

M. J. H.

The Song Book.

Last summer when the Glee Club decided to publish a song book, it was not anticipated that Mr. Weikel would be leaving the city so soon. We thought then that the book would make its appearance before Christmas. This, however, was impossible. Mr. Weikel left us in September to take up his arduous duties at the Emma Willard Conservatory and since then has been so busy that it is only lately that he has found leisure to take the work up in real earnest. The time has not been wasted, however. Mr. Weikel has been keeping his eyes open, and we know him well enough to be sure that nothing suitable to our book has escaped his notice.

The following letter explains itself:

1824 FIFTH AVE., Troy, N. Y.,
 February 13th, '05.

MY DEAR MR. BAILLIE:

It was gratifying to hear of the interest the students are taking in the forthcoming "Dalhousie Song Book," and you may be sure that I am as sorry as anyone that the book is not ready for the market now, and that it is only the desire to have a book that both the college and I may be proud of that

delays it. It would be easy enough to throw it together hastily, but I don't think that anybody concerned is anxious to have it done in that way.

I should like to say though, that if those who are clamoring for it would get down to work and turn out some lyrics for me to put to music it would be more to the point. This is a request I have made a number of times, but there seems to be no one sufficiently ambitious to make himself famous by turning out Dalhousie verses—grave or gay. There has been just one lyric sent me, and it is a Dalhousie hymn you will all be proud of. I wish there were others, for I never knew of a college song book gotten up before by the "united work of one man."

The book is to be arranged in three parts: the college hymns, national anthems and songs in the first part, the college songs next, taking up the greater part of the book, and the third part will be devoted to about a dozen good choruses and part songs that will be suitable for the Glee Club.

There are to be lots of old favourites, and the new things will depend largely on the MSS I receive during the next few weeks.

Yours, very sincerely,

CHARLES B. WEIKEL.

The subscription list necessary for publication is hardly complete. Those who have not yet handed in their names and intend doing so will facilitate matters by notifying one of the following: Frank Archibald, Alister Munro.

C. T. B.

"It's a way we have at Dalhousie."

It must have often been forced upon the attention of many students at Dalhousie when attending meetings of the Students' Council, that the finances of this important society are not managed in a way creditable to those who will some day be "the Dominion's men of power." The present system of raising funds has proved itself insufficient and unsatisfactory. Money is never available when needed to meet any pressing demand, while the secretary's books frequently show a healthy balance in the shape of unpaid bills, handed on to the next comers, as a token of the activity of their predecessors in college affairs. It must not be thought, however, that the officials of this body have been in fault. They were simply

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 To hold and ornament her pedestal:
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doing the utmost in their power to meet the demands made upon them, at the same time holding fast by the traditions of the past. That they have had such a large measure of success has been due to untiring work on the part of the several secretaries, and to no virtue in the system under which they worked.

The expense incurred by this body is not large, and can be foretold at the beginning of any year with a fair degree of accuracy. Yet no attempt is made to raise a fund sufficient to meet current expenses. Should a few dollars be needed for a trifling bill, a levy is imposed on some three hundred students, which, if collected, would realize several times the amount required. Very few pay this levy, for with admirable self-denial each student desires to give his fellows all the opportunities possible in this sphere of college life. The smallness of the amount necessary is an incentive to carelessness in its payment. But some few will always pay, and the trouble is past.

Then comes another bill and another levy is ordered. The same results follow as in the former case, and the treasury is enriched by payments, as a rule, from the same individuals. If the amounts imposed in any one year were paid by even one-half the male students, a sum would be raised three times as great as required. No one doubts that a fair and just levy would be paid as a whole, if an effort was made at the beginning of each year toward its collection. An assessment could be recommended by the various vice-presidents at the first meeting of the year, sufficient to meet ordinary expenses. Each class or faculty could be assessed to pay a sum proportional to the number of students, and to the extent to which it is benefited by the schemes of the council. These sums could then be collected and paid over by the class secretaries, and a report of the payments submitted to the annual meeting. Class levies as such are always paid much better than the general levies, and class pride would be an additional incentive. Any committee, which might be appointed, could then be voted a sum necessary for its expenses, and a great gain would be made in efficiency and promptness. At any rate, no system could be worse than the present, and this certainly merits a trial.

College Notes.

ARTS AND SCIENCE STUDENTS' SOCIETY.—The weekly debate of this society, was held on February 8th, at 5 o'clock, p. m. The subject had been announced as follows:—"Resolved that organ-grinders should be prohibited from playing on the public streets." Mr. Cumming and Mr. Robertson upheld the resolution, while Mr. Patterson and Mr. W. H. Sweet presented the opposite side of the question. After various members had discussed this important matter, it was decided by vote that the resolution had been lost. Mr. Payzant made a good critic.

On Wednesday, February 15th, the question before the meeting was: "Resolved that Canada should contribute to the naval defence of the Empire". Messrs. Payzant and J. E. Read had been appointed to move the resolution. They were opposed by Messrs. Layton and Grant. Messrs. Cahan, Matthews and Sweet took part in the discussion. An original and careful critique was read by Mr. Nicholls.

The regular debate was held on February 22nd, on the subject:—"Resolved that Canada would benefit by annexation to United States." E. C. McKenzie opened for the affirmative, and was followed by R. A. Watson for the negative. Then came J. T. Arcibald and W. K. Reid, respectively. J. E. Read, H. F. McRae, P. Layton, R. McLeod and J. C. Barnett, made short speeches. W. H. Sweet read an instructive critique.

D. A. A. C.—The Annual meeting of the Athletic Club, was held on Tuesday evening, February 21st, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business. The Treasurer reported a substantial balance on hand, and it was decided to place one hundred dollars of this balance on deposit towards buying a football field. The meeting also recommended that this field should be regarded, if the Senate approved of the scheme, as a memorial to the late Jas. Malcolm. An amendment was passed to the by-laws making the Captain of the second-team a member of the executive, in all matters relating to his team. The following officers were then elected:—

Hon. President, Dr. Forrest; President, G. M. J. McKay; Vice-President, J. C. Ballem, B. A.

Executive, Dr. Geo. Campbell, D. R. McRae, M. A. Lindsay, B. Sc., Prof. Sexton, J. W. Hudson. Treasurer, W. C. Ross; Secretary, W. K. Power, B. A.; Auditing Committee, H. S. Patterson, F. Archibald; Trophy Committee, G. M. J. MacKay, Captain of First Team; Ground Committee, R. T. MacIlreith, LL. B.; J. C. O'Mullin, LL. B.; J. A. McKinnon, B. A., LL. B.

Hockey.

Although, at the time of writing, all the games in the inter-class league have not been played, yet the championship has been settled, and for the second year in succession Law has been victorious. The champions kept nearly all their players of the previous season, and passed through the season of 1905 without losing a game, and with but one draw, that with Medicine. The standing of the other teams is not yet determined.

On February 11th the two Art teams met for the second time, and '06 and '08 were again winners by a score of 4-2.

On the 13th, Law defeated Arts, '07 and '05, by a score of 7-1. On the 15th, '05 and '07 defeated Medicine 6-1.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS:

	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Law	4	—	1	9
Arts '06 and '08.	3	2	—	6
Arts '05 and '07.	1	4	—	2
Medicine	—	2	1	1

Exchanges.

"No faltering footsteps marked his fearless climb,
No fluttering beat his spirit's pulse did trace,
His age had scarce o'er-reached its boyhood's prime,
It was but yester-year he entered on the race."

The Student.

We of Dalhousie had a comrade such as this one. He died early, but his memory will live on with those of us who were his fellow-students.

"The causes of the Russo-Japanese War, in the *O. A. C. Review* is a very clear, and we believe, fair review of the conditions which preceded the struggle in the East.

The *O. A. C. Review* has reached a very high position among College papers. It is with a good deal of gratification, that we see the name of Miss Lottie Ross, one of our last year's editors, on the staff of so excellent a publication.

Mr. Bates seems to be influencing thought at his Alma Mater. Immediately following the publication of his really excellent poem, we have a prose article, on "A Glimpse into the Unknown". There is nothing gloomy about the tone of the article, and it is well worth reading.

Acta Victoriana is rapidly leaving the ordinary college paper far behind. Already it is printed better and contains more interesting matter than many of our monthly magazines. There is danger here, however. The first function of a college paper is, as one of our contemporaries expressed it "to reflect the college life". When it has ceased to do this, it has ceased to be a college paper.

Judging from the stories published this month, the editors of *McMaster University Monthly*, must have been thoroughly satisfied with the results of their prize story competition. Both stories are well written and interesting.

SNOWFARERS.

As passers near a corner lamp at night,
When flickering snow-flakes sting the eyelids down,
Peer under gathered brows for sight
Of some familiar face,
And cannot tell, for blindness, if this might
Be one unknown or known,—
So you and I are nearing at slow pace
With muffled steps, and vaguely 'neath the rim
Of eyelash lowered for the blinding snow,
Peer in each other's eyes, and onward go
Uncertain if the face we saw so dim,
Were that of friend or stranger. Answer me,
If then I call to you and bid you stand
Closer beneath the light, and touch your hand,
Saying, "Look again, for there may be
Chance in this moment for eternity,"
Is it enough to go
Together, onward through the night,
Or are your eyes still blinded by the snow?"

SWINBURNE HALE, in *Harvard Monthly*.—MITRE.

The Rev. Jenkins Burkholder's article in "*Manitoba College Journal*," carries us back to a question which attracted more attention during the last generation than it does at the present time,—the Oxford Movement. The article is interesting and well worth reading, if only to gain a more intimate knowledge of the author of "Lead Kindly Light."

"Some relations of Drama and Opera" in the *Argosy* is bright and original.

The Exchanges this month are particularly interesting, and we regret that we are unable, through lack of space to review those which follow—*The Varsity*, *The Queen's University Journal*, *The University Monthly*, *Allisonia*, *Prince of Wales College Observer*, *The Oak Lily and Ivy*, *The Roaring Branch*, *The Regis*, *The Tiltonian*, *The Presbyterian*, *Trinity University Monthly*, *King's College Record*, *The Truro Daily News*, *Sydney Academy Record*, *The Trinidad Presbyterian*, *Brandon College Monthly*, *Niagara Index*, *The Suburban*.

Dallusiensia.

Prof. W-It-r (during a lecture on habits.) "A certain bird in the London Zoological Gardens was noticed, after a hearty meal of fish, to pat the ground with its feet. Now what would you infer from that?"

Voice (from back of room.) "It had dyspepsia."

Prof. W-It-r—"Mr. Sw-t, can you give an example of a syllogism where what is asserted of the class, is said to be true of the individual?"

Sw-t—"All the Sophomores can push all the Freshmen.

The Big Chief is a Sophomore.

Therefore the Big Chief can push all the Freshmen."

Prof. W-It-r—"Yes, Mr. Sw-t, the example is all right, but the ethics is very bad."

THE FRESHMAN'S APPEAL TO L-RD J-HN.

(After the battle of "Freshman Run.")

My Lord, I do deny no scrim,
But I remember, when the class was done,
When I into the halls did make my way,
Saw I some men, (some five or six in all),
With lowered heads all ready for a rush.

I, then, all faint, not knowing what to do,
Simply stood back and leaned against the wall,
Like all our men; and still they call'd out "Scrim!"
And, as we stood there, shivering in our boots,
They call'd us *freshmen*, *green*, and *innocents*,
That we should stand, our backs against the wall,
The Dean at home, and given a chance like this.
That they last year had lined up every day,
Nor ever yet had failed to give a scrim
When chance occur'd. In fact they said that they
Last year had rushed the Sophs and scattered them
Under the very eyes of H-w-rd himself,
Nor had been fined. Then without more ado,—
Oh sick'ning sight!—they rushed; but lo: when now
Their ranks had almost touched our foremost men,
They swerved and to the reading room they ran.
My heart then sighed relief; I straightened up,
When, at a sullen roar, I turned my head
And saw,—it must have been a thousand men,
Their heads bowed down, their arms entwined about
Each others necks, each like an elephant
In size. My brain, (if brain I have at all),
Could stand no more, and so I turned and fled;
Whither I know not; only this I know,
That when my sense returned to me, I was
Into the office being led by your
Kind hands. This, then, my lord, is all I know,
And, I beseech you, let not their report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

They were walking down the street and the Freshman said in half confidential, half know-it-all, air, to the Junior: "I don't see why they persist in calling us "freshmen." I'm sure we aren't half as fresh as lots of those sophs."

The junior smelt a good thing a long piece off, so he said sympathetically: "No, of course. It's only custom, you know. Were you thinking of any one in particular."

In a burst of confidence the freshman answered: "Well now, I'm not half as fresh as some of them myself. Do you think so yourself?" But the Junior was smiling abstractedly at the stars.

RONALD'S LAMENT.

Come into the basement, Bung,
For the last mad Soph has flown;
Come into the basement Bung,
I am here in the "Gym" alone:
And a load, too heavy for one so young,
Is mine; and—I'm almost blown.

You know there's a rumor abroad
That our chief has disappeared,
I thought at first it was all a fraud,
But the worst is to be feared.
'Tis the truth, my friend, there has been no fraud,
And it seems to me almost weird.

For only yesterday night,
At his door I saw him stand,
And, as I passed beneath the light,
He waved to me with his hand ;
Since then McK—g—n has dropped from sight
And I am next in command.

I've searched for him high and low
In every part of the town ;
I've had the freshmen on the go,
But we've failed to run him down.
I fear the worst : he is green, you know,
Though our whole class fears his frown.

But a tale I heard last hour
(And to this. Bung, pay good heed !)
That our chief was drawn by some outside power
To desert us in our need.
You know his *weakness*—I fear our tower
Of strength is a broken reed.

Oh Bung, I am sick with grief,
Weary and worn with care :
If I don't hear soon from our amorous chief,
I shall give up in despair.
The burden I bear is too heavy—in brief—
While he's in—the Lord knows where.

N. B.

Freshman (seeing a quotation signed *Ibid*), "Say, Alec, who was this *Ibid* anyhow?"

Soph. R-tt-e.—"Ibid? Oh, *Ibid* was a contemporary of Shakespere!" (aside) "By gum! Those freshmen don't know much!"

Prof. W-lt-r.—(Explaining a difficulty in Philosophy to Miss W-ll-ce.)—"And *his* pleasures, and *his* joys can never be the same as yours."

Miss W-ll-ce is said not to believe in this Positive Philosophy.

MAC'S RIDE.

I sprang to the cab, and the other and she,
We galloped—we galloped—we galloped all three.
"The Florence"! I shouted, as northward we flew,
"Stop"! shouted a cop to us galloping through.
Behind lay the city; the lights sank to rest;
And into the darkness we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace,
The hoofs of the steeds flung the mud in my face.
I turned in my seat, and jammed my hat tight,
Then spread out my coat-tails and fixed my tie right,
And yelled to the cabby to slacken the bit,
Nor galloped less steady our horses a whit.

'Twas sunset at starting; but, as we drew near
To Fairview, the eve's star appeared and shone clear.
At Rockingham came a fair maid out to see;
At the Lodge it was seven, as clear as could be;
And from Bedford church-steeple we heard the bell chime,
So Ch—y broke silence with "yet there is time."

Then I cast loose my raglan, each cushion let fall;
Shook off both my slippers, let go cuffs and all;
Leaned out of the window and caught cabby's ear,
And called him pet names and doubled the fare;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise bad or good,
Till at length to the Florence we galloped and stood.

J.

TUTOR (in classics)—"Ladies, this is the difference between these meanings."

Amavi { I have loved (definite)
 { I loved (indefinite)

and he wondered why the freshettes giggled.

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