

The Dalhousie Gazette.



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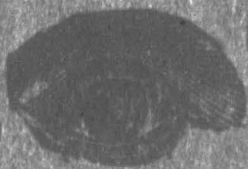
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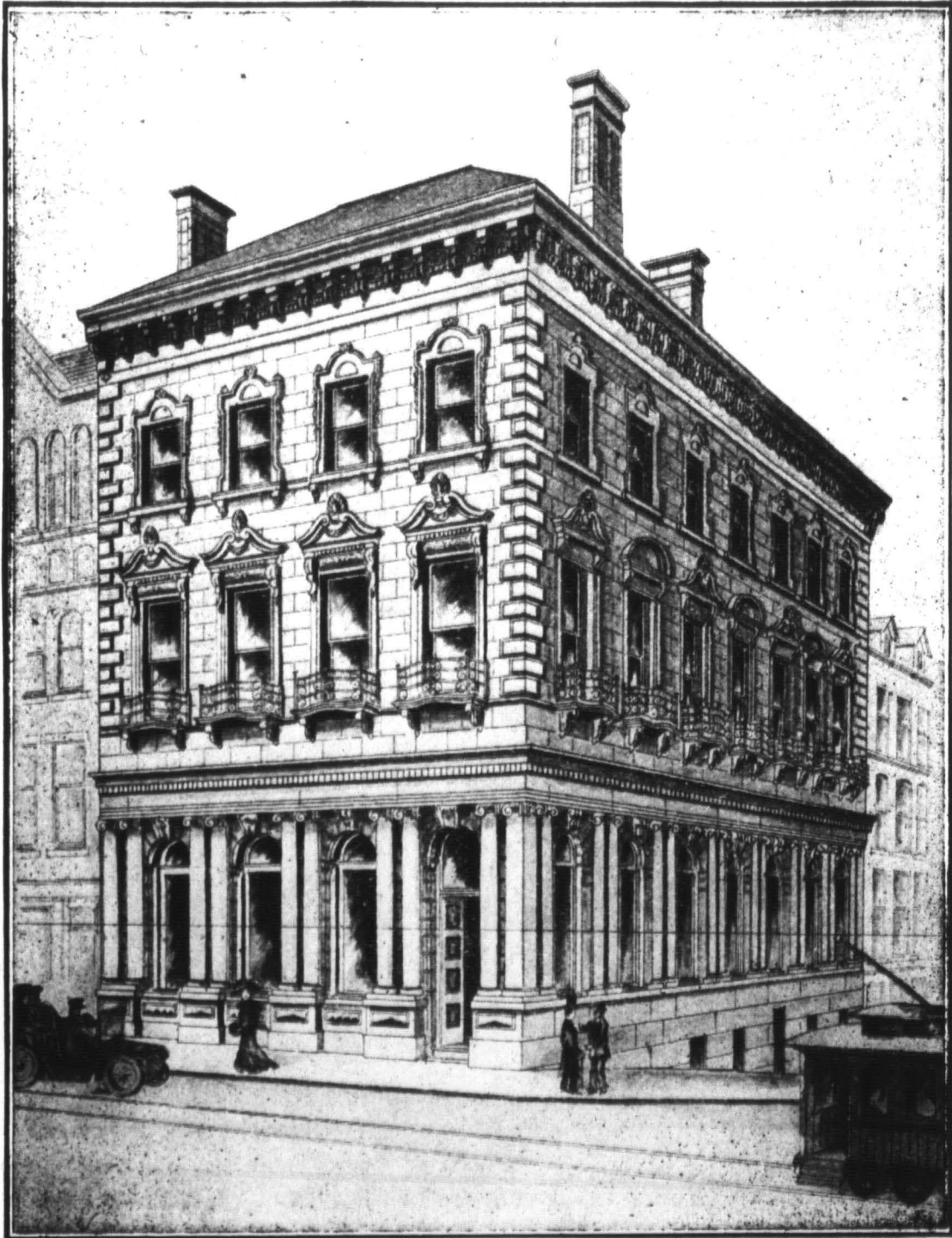
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CONTENTS.

<i>Editorial, ..</i>	27
<i>The Nova Scotia Technical College, ..</i>	29
<i>A Cruise to Iere, ..</i>	32
<i>Library Notes, ..</i>	49
<i>Personals, ..</i>	51
<i>Around the Halls, ..</i>	54
<i>Football, ..</i>	55
<i>Tennis, ..</i>	56
<i>College Notes, ..</i>	57
<i>The Law School, ..</i>	63
<i>Exchanges, ..</i>	65
<i>Dalhousiensia, ..</i>	67
<i>Business Notices, ..</i>	70
<i>Acknowledgments, ..</i>	71

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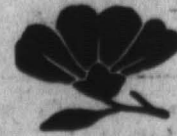
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"ORA ET LABORA."

Vol. XLII.

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Editorial.

EVERY five years Dalhousie issues a Calendar, which contains a synopsis of the whole history of the university. In the back is the list of graduates, and after some are a number of figures and queer looking signs very puzzling at first. But the meaning of these is given at the first, thus, x Mr—12 28 means that he graduated with high honors and a medal and is now in y if y is worth mention.

There is a great deal of food for thought in this calendar. We have often pondered over some things it shows. In the first place, most of those considered worth mention are honour or distinction graduates, are now College professors or are connected with the teaching profession. It is true that here and there some others have burst into eminence, and some high honour and medal men are silent, but for the most part it is the men who won distinction and are now in the teaching profession, whom the calendar marks successful. But what of the plain B. A.'s. and the silent honour men, where are they?

We have learned considerable from this calendar. These plain B. A's are very often worth following. There are some kinds of success that cannot be marked down in figures, though some might be pretty well summed up in dollars and cents. It is safe to say that many of Dalhousie's most successful graduates are those who stand as plain Mr.— in the calendar. Here is one now a successful Lawyers in New England, or here is a Doctor who is universally respected in his profession, or, but these are fewer, here is a wealthy business man, and so they go. They have not vanished ; follow them one by one, and you will find out that in a way which will impress you. We are not depreciating the value of the calendar, but remember this when you read it, that the best success of a life cannot be expressed by a couple of figures after a name or a sentence at the bottom of the page.

ONE of the most pleasing features of this year is the almost enthusiastic interest shown in the various college societies, especially in public speaking and debating. This is a theme for congratulation. It is true College Societies demand time and the time of a student is precious, yet as it has often been said and cannot be too often repeated, it is here that a student receives perhaps the most valuable part of his training.

Of all the accomplishments which are likely to be of service in after life perhaps there is none greater than the ability to clearly and forcibly express ones ideas and opinions in public. Yet public speaking is a science, Oratory an art. They are not learned in a moment and cannot be learned by instruction though it is valuable. There is only one way practise, *practise* PRACTISE.

WE wish to remind the students that the GAZETTE is their paper and that we cannot make a good GAZETTE unless we get contributions of all kinds. Send in whatever you have.



Photo by Climo.

A Typical Transit Party Scene, N. S. T. College Camp, 1909.



Photo by Climo.

General Group, N. S. T. College Camp—French Village.

The Nova Scotia Technical College Engineering Camp.

This year Dalhousie has given up her course in Engineering for the third and fourth years to the new Technical College. Thus it was that about the middle of August we received a notice from Prof. Sexton, stating that we were eligible for Engineering Camp and fixing the date from September fourth to twenty-fifth. Rumour had it, that it was to be held near Truro, then again at Hammonds Plains and all pictured to themselves selecting a flat granite boulder to sleep on and a blueberry patch to shorten the weary hours of toil. However, when on Saturday, September fourth, we met for enrolment at 197 Hollis Street, our destination was found to be French Village Station.

Thus it was that the new Technical School began, as one by one the old supporters of Dalhousie, Mt. Allison and Kings met our new Professors and registered. Some would call it a poor beginning, but they would soon change their opinions, if they could have seen the way the work progressed and difficulties were surmounted during the next three weeks at camp.

Monday the sixth, camp was started. It was a beautiful location, a green field on the side of a hill, on one of the many beautiful arms of St. Margaret's Bay, before us to the south and East, while behind and above, stretched a splendid oak and spruce forest. Only too soon were we to know the hidden mysteries of those woods and understand something of the hardships of our forefathers in making our grand heritage here. The first day somehow things seemed strange, but when our ecclesiastic scholar arrived next day, the missing something was found and the old crowd lamented the fact, that this year it would not be so easy to make expenses at Bug, as there were not so many greenhorns as usual. We were very fortunate in having our old cook Abraham with us again. He was ably seconded in his efforts to satisfy the inner man in Jim, the cookee. This was a hard task to do in spite of our Professor's well directed efforts to convert us to the vegetarian diet of

prunes and raisins. Jim was a great hand at making political speeches and of telling us what he was going to show us. About the only fault he had was, that he insisted on the offenders bringing back of any pie plates they may have taken. It was quite remarkable, in spite of this resolution, that almost at any time one could find various dishes in the tent occupied by Dump and Charlie.

In the field we were divided into two parties, the "Reds" and the Blues." The "Reds" were Dimock, McColough, Ralston, Mylius, Chapman, Collingwood, Stairs and Logan, and the "Blues" McAulay, Kent, McKay, McKenzie, Creighton, Chisholm, Lumsden and Thurber. The object of both parties was to locate a railway line from a point at or near French Village station to a point about two miles below St. Margaret's Bay station, on the H. & S. W. Ry. The first day all hands were taken over the country by a guide and several possible routes were located. That evening the two most feasible ones were chosen, one by either party, and next day work commenced in real earnest. Our hours were from 7 a. m. until 6 p. m. for field work, and Draughting in the evenings. This necessitated breakfast at 6.15 a. m. and working till 10 or 11 p. m. In fact, during the last week, few were in their bunks before 11 or 12 o'clock every night. The work during the day was perhaps exceptionally hard in places, mainly due to the thick underbrush in the woods. Strict regulations were passed regarding the cutting of large trees and the destroying of property. This made it more difficult as numerous expedients had to be taken to pass these obstacles. The "Red Party" finished their Preliminary survey slightly before the "Blues" but during the remainder of the camp the latter party did some excellent work and finally finished a few hours ahead of their rivals. The work consisted wholly of running a complete railroad survey and in all, nearly 6 miles of preliminary, topography, location and cross-sectioning were completed in fourteen days of actual work.

A peculiar incident in the location of the Blue Line was the manner in which it was turned, on all possible occasions, towards the Prince Wales Hotel, in spite of Prof. Hewardine's advice that there was a better route somewhat distant. That there were

strong attractions there for some was proven conclusively when, after the first day we reached the Hotel, one of them placed his porridge on the wrong side of his plate. The other party however seemed to delight in running near the Post Office, perhaps to get the mail; but it seemed strange, there being only one mail a day, that after passing there four times during one day, Reg. and Chipper should go for the mail after dark.

It was unanimously resolved by Tent No. 1, that in future Camps, Punk should have a tent by himself or have a "Maxim Silencer" attached to his nasal organ. The first Saturday those that had various engagements in Halifax besought the Professor to allow them to go in for Sunday. In fact, during the whole camp Chapman seemed to be exceptionally well informed as to what was going on in Halifax. Ralston even went so far as to leave us after the first week.

The weather man treated us exceptionally well, for during the three weeks we only had one half day of rain. It was rumoured, however, that Chisholm claimed it to have rained in Tent No. 1, the night before leaving.

The camp was a splendid success, viewed at from the point of work accomplished, and from the above it may be seen that we were not without our fun. Our Professor, T. S. Hewardine, who had charge of the camp, believes in the strenuous life, and that he practices it as well, was shown by his walking from Halifax late one afternoon and surprising all who had made arrangements for a night at the old game.

Saturday morning, the instructions for breaking camp were issued, and all embarked on the ten o'clock train for Halifax. We were sorry to leave, the weary long hours of toil being forgotten, while the little mirth provoking incidents were accentuated as the time passed. On arriving in the City all took a car for the new college, and standing on the main entrance steps, the first students of the Nova Scotia Technical College gave the new yell.

Well!
Yell, Yell, Yell!
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Wow!!!
Engineers—

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Travellers by water may be divided into two classes—sea-sick and others. Others who sailed from Halifax on the good ship "Najah", bound for the West Indies, on a certain hazy September night, sat late on deck watching the lights of the city as they glided by, and the occasional steamers that departed east or south. Each came in for its share of comment, an Italian warship at anchor was especially admired, lying so low in the water that she seemed smaller than the Najah, though in reality three times as large. When the last gleam from Sambro, had faded, they went below, dreaming of the enchanted land before them. The night was calm, the sky overcast, the sea running in a long swell.

Next day the swell was greater. Passengers about the deck settled down to make the best of the weather and each other. The only break in the monotony was the putting up of awnings upon the hurricane deck. These were hauled down in the afternoon, affording food for grumbling and foreboding. Heavy rain clouds banked against the horizon, and in the distance an incipient water spout appeared. That night the lights went out. There were no stars, and it was a weird thing to stand astern and feel the ship fall from the big waves. It was less romantic and more comfortable when the dynamos got to work again.

Tuesday the wind increased all day, and by night was blowing a gale. Those who at noon enjoyed the experience by night thought of the comforts of home. The captain took little dinner, and hurried again to the bridge. Gradually the passengers realized that they had met a hurricane. The ship was stout, but their high spirits were not quite proof against the thunderous crashes from the bow as it fell into the trough of the sea and met the oncoming billow. The ports were of course ordered closed. Those who in the privacy of their staterooms dared to disobey orders, suffered a wetting and enjoyed a rare treat. The wind shrieked past at sixty miles an hour. The big boat was headed into it and fighting straight on.

Steadily she climbed over the water mountains, rising, balancing, then with a swift rush plunging into the next wave. Now the sea was twenty feet below, now slapping one in the face, falling back with a cruel phosphorescent sparkle. From the south came brilliant flashes that lighted the seething turmoil around.

The gale reached its maximum Wednesday morning. There were doleful predictions of seeing Bermuda via the whale's belly. "Where are we mate?" "Somewhere in the West Atlantic," returned that officer; with the considerate afterword "we're riding it like a duck." From the smoker one man swore that he saw Bermuda. Others sympathised, but had only normal vision. The connecting gear between rudder and bridge broke, and Najah lay to for three hours pitching in the heavy sea. The sea-sick wife of a military man sent from time to time to learn what the trouble was, and was answered that the captain was taking the sun. In time the gear was mended, the gale abated, and the hopes of the passengers revived.

That afternoon some of the ladies ventured to try the hurricane deck again. They could only stand and hold by the railing. Thus they stood looking southward, while the men carefully balanced themselves upon their seats. All of a sudden the officer sighted land; whereupon the little company began remarking what a great experience it all was, and how they would surprise their friends with the tale. They took turns at studying Bermuda through an opera glass.

It was hard to distinguish the lowlying islands from the bank of cloud that yet settled heavily against the horizon. The ship had gone thirty miles off her course, and was approaching the island at an unusual angle. The sea was much calmer, partly because the gale had somewhat abated, partly because even at that distance Bermuda served as a wave break. In the distance the surf crashed high and ominous on the coral reefs. The islands loomed steadily up, nearer and plainer. A shore, bluff though low, with one or two tall lighthouses, while other white buildings were just becoming visible. Closer in, they stood out finely, some of them large and imposing. The water beneath changed suddenly from dark blue to pale green. The

captain said the change was due to the abundance of white sand which had been churned up into the shallow water by the violence of the waves. The boat halted irresolute. Men gathered forward and looked eagerly ahead for the pilot boat. It hove in sight at last, a small, dark, ugly craft, seaworthy in all weathers. It approached rapidly, and sent the pilot off in a small dingy. He came up the ladder, a swarthy chap, long and lean, seeming to the passengers Tom Edison and Merlin together, with power to take the ship safe around the thousand turns of the tortuous channel that leads into Hamilton. Even he, however, could only do the trick by daylight, and the ship lay to for the night in Mooridge's anchorage. Long as daylight lasted, the northerners feasted eager eyes upon the romantic oasis of the ocean that has fascinated English philosophers, Irish poets, and American millionaires. Next morning the *Najah* stood farther in, to a place called Grassy Bay. Many lingering glances rested upon the dockyard a mile or two distant on the starboard quarter. The sparkling bay, the long arm of land crowned with stone structures of military appearance, the immense bulk of the largest floating dock in the world; all these things lured travellers on to explore their wonders; but fate and the captain of the tug called another way.

The *Najah* was to lie outside and repair her injured machinery by the aid of skilled workmen from the dockyard. Visitors to the inner regions of the islands were to pass in through a narrower channel to Hamilton beyond. As the tug puffed up the channel, the minute beauties of Bermuda became visible. The place seemed all one vast pleasure ground, Islands of every size lay on every hand. Some were barren, save for the stunted cedar that abounds. Others were artistically adorned with neat dwellings, while miniature bridges connected one with another or with the larger islands that form a mainland. The channel in one place narrows down to a few yards; and it became clear why the captain refused to trust the dislocated machinery as far as the wharf. A short distance beyond this passage lies Hamilton.

To say that Hamilton strikes the eye is no mere figure of speech. Unless the wary traveller protects it, that organ

receives a blow that causes it to throb for long. The white quay gleams like burnished brass. The streets are polished white, reminding one of Mark Twain's sea captain, who was ashamed to chew tobacco there. The houses and shops, chiefly white stone, search for and distil into the eyes of the traveller any rays of extra strength that may happen along.

The best view in the island may be obtained from the summit of the tower of the Anglican Cathedral. The Cathedral was not finished, and workmen were sawing stone for building with a cross cut saw. But the tower had reached its height. From its elevation of about a hundred and fifty feet a varied panorama extends before the eye. The general shape of the miniature archipelago is that of a giant shepherd's crook. The prevailing tint is the green of the stunted cedar, beautifully relieved by the white houses and patches of the cultivated ground, while the shade of palms and bananas is a pleasant variation. Outside the town roofs of country houses are visible, and fields of lilies. Beyond on all sides the sea sparkles, and in the west the breakers send up their perpetual foam.

Descending from the tower, it is pleasant to walk out through the palm shaded streets away from the water front. The northerner finds the air hot, but peculiarly balmy and refreshing. The darkest thing in the country is the majority of the population. He learns a distinction between black and coloured. In the north a man is white or coloured. In the West Indian nomenclature obtains, and a man is white, coloured or black, while the coloured man thinks himself several grades above the black. Nobody is in a hurry. The Bermudian business man, alderman, or leader in affairs will cheerfully leave his office to accompany a stranger about the place. Partly this may be due to the fact that he has plenty of clerks, humanity being the most abundant thing in the island; but partly it is due to innate courtesy and a sane habit of living.

Hamilton contains about four thousand inhabitants; the number of residents varies much with the season of the year. It is a quaint place, looking smaller than it is; a peculiarity of of southern towns which becomes more striking farther south. The Cathedral is the most prominent public building. The

Council Chambers and the public library deserve a visit. Various curious and interesting facts of Bermudian history may be gleaned there. But such things are common to every town, and the charms of Bermuda are those which nature has provided.

The *Najah*, weighed anchor early Thursday morning and threaded again the labyrinth of buoys that leads to the safe deep sea beyond. Bermuda soon sank in the north, and for four days no more land was seen. The morning was clear, the swell had gone down, and a thousand miles of clear, bright water lay before the next port. The only serious business was in watching the posting of the daily run, for diversions reading, smoking and cards. Once or twice a school of porpoises cut across the bows, with their strange swift leap, going straight into the wind; the sailors say, Once or twice a school of flying fish glittering silver, rose around the ship with a sound like a miniature cataract. But for the most part, quiet, too pleasant for monotony while the ship held her way through water smooth as oil, and the travellers sat gazing, heavy with the somnolent fascination of a calm and sparkling sea.

The first island sighted after Bermuda was Sombrero. This lonely light station a square mile in size, rises abruptly from a bottom eighteen thousand feet below the surface. It was hard to realize that this was one of the West Indies, and in longitude lower than Cuba's. But more land appeared, and from that time until the anchor dropped off Port of Spain, islands were usually in sight, Anguilla, St. Martins, and St. Bartholmeu lay to the west and dead ahead Saba loomed up with Statia beyond it.

The former is a remarkable little island. The story of its Dutch settlers who are perfect boat-builders and have no use for sails, is written at large in the guide books. As the *Najah* approached it from the north, it stood up finely through the clouds, a sugar loaf, three thousand feet high. Coming nearer, the white red-roofed houses showed plainly, nestling into the side of the hill with their little patches of cultivated ground. There is no harbour. On the east a sheer wall of rock rises fifteen hundred feet. As the *Najah* passed, a large American

tern schooner, under full sail, was standing in close ashore, looking a mere mite under the lofty cliff.

Statia is an interesting island, larger than Saba. The scenery is soft and clear as all tropical scenery is. Here may be seen a volcanic peak and fields of sugar-cane. But coming between Saba and St. Kitts, it received scant attention.

St. Kitts is a profanely shortened form of St. Christopher, further contracted by illiterate inhabitants into Sinkits. The scenery is very fine. In its two peaks the imaginative may detect the resemblance that drew forth its ecclesiastical title from the zeal of Columbus. To the historically minded the most interesting feature is Brimstone Hill, a mound rising six or seven hundred feet in the shadow of the mountain, formerly fortified, but now dismantled and garrisoned only by a caretaker. It is full of memories of Rodney and the French, and good old times when sea fights were won by men and not by machines. Canadians of agricultural antecedents found much of interest in the sugar cane fields, which show only little rows of vegetation against the dark soil, to the solid, heavy green of the fields of mature cane, twelve or fifteen feet high and thick as jungle. Here and there a palm tree stood out in silhouette against the clear horizon. There are few finer trees than the palm; except the spruce covered with snow. The difference between these two is the difference between Greek and Gothic in architecture, between classic and romantic in literature, between Plato and Hanel in philosophy.

Banister, St. Kitts.—There is another in Guadeloupe justifies its name. It lies along the shore a few feet above the water front, protected and half hidden by rows of palms that fringe the shore, and from the distance appear to line the streets. The town looks to a northerner like a village of a thousand or two, he learns from the guide books that it contains nine or ten. It was dark when the *Najah* cast anchor at a distance of a mile or so from the shore, and the cargo was unloaded during the night by lighters. Some white people come off to the ship to meet their relations. The crew chiefly Portuguese, and brought aboard the West Indian account. It is full of words and emotional shades unknown to the north. It is hard to realize

that the people were brought up to speak English from infancy until one recalls the contract between Halifax and Cape Code. One lady was heard to inform an inquiring stranger that St. Kitts had responsible government. "The governor," he is *responsible* to the colonial office. And when he goes away he appoints an administrator who is *responsible* to him. We have responsible government in St. Kitts, yes.

Next morning the *Najah* headed for Antigua. On the way she passed around the little island of Nevis, which seems a bit clipped off St. Kitts. Passengers besought the officers to point out the church where Nelson was married, and were gratified with a glance at what they thought was the spire. The island has a little town, Georgetown, is clothed with sugar cane, and except for the tall chimneys of the usines—sugar factories—looked peaceful and idyllic.

The next port of call was St. Johns, Antigua. To one who visits this port in a steamer the directions are: stop the ship in the ocean five miles from the town and allow yourself to be rowed ashore by some of the black boatmen who scent the steamer like wolves, and fleece the unwary passenger in the same manner. The sun was too hot and the passengers too torpid to try the experiment, though the cathedral towers promised sights and legends beyond.

After Antigua, Montserrat. The *Najah* called at this island for mails about the hour of midnight. So all that was seen of interest here was the island of Redonda, a rocky point a mile or so in circumference, that stands out in the ocean north east of Montserrat, looking like a monstrous full stop. It contains mines of some sort; and its sides are so precipitous that people are hoisted up and down by a trolley.

The next course was south by east for Dominica and Barbadoes. Guadeloupe was passed before daylight and at breakfast, the harbour of Roseau was in full sight. Each of the West Indian Islands has its own peculiar title to beauty, and Dominica's is its mountains. The peaks rise one above the other, a multitude of pyramidal cone-climbing skyward, verdure enshrouded to the topmost pinnacle. At the foot of these pyramids close to the bay, lies the little town of Roseau. The

ship stood much closer to shore than at the other islands, and was surrounded before the anchor was down, by a fleet of small boats, manned by Africans, clad in a few rags and much sunshine. There were few passengers aboard, and the bolder spirits thought it a shame for so many boatmen to go unrewarded. Whereupon they manned one craft and ventured ashore.

It takes no long time for one to learn that the people of Roseau are very black, speak imperfect French and less perfect English, and sell all manner of odd goods from funny, dirty little shops lying along narrow old streets. There is a market place, roughly paved with stone, where black women wearing the "Dominica hitch" and black men leading donkeys, call the names of tropical fruits in barbarous French. Sometimes—not often—a white man may be met. There is a cathedral containing various paintings, which look to one unskilled in art to be very good. It takes a very short time to see the town, for as usual it looks no larger than a northern village. Yet the old inhabitant allows it has sixteen thousand population, and official records sometimes like half that number.

The sun near midday impresses one unused to the tropics rather more than the strange sights; and the resolute souls who had braved the heat of the day were not sorry to get back under the awnings of the *Najah*. The good ship sailed away for Barbadoes soon after noon, and everyone was eager to see Mt. Pelee and the ruins of St. Pierre. The *Najah* stood only a mile or so from the Martinique shore affording a good chance for sightseers.

The excited imagination easily conjures up strange sights and sounds in connection with this celebrated volcano; but the mountain is usually on its good behaviour, though it is said to give off puffs of smoke yet, and to have in some of its crevices a temperature above nine hundred. When the *Najah* passed, it stood quietly enough with a cloud wreath around its summit. Around its base near the sea lay the mass of lava which concealed the ruins of St. Pierre. Further down the shore houses may be seen, with signs of habitation, showing that the home instinct is stronger than the forces of physical nature. Where now the lava lies thickest, before the eruption a river

flowed. The lava is not yet overgrown, there are no signs of life farther back in the island, and the whole scene is weird and dismal rather than grand. As the passengers of the *Najah* gazed upon the shore, imaging to themselves the appearance of the place at the time of the catastrophe, a white figure rose over the forest behind and above the desolated city. For half an hour the figure, which appeared that of a woman heavily draped in white, glided easily above the treetops, now disappearing, now reappearing. She is known as the White Lady of Martinique; and while it must, in deference to science, be admitted that she appears only under certain atmospheric conditions, people were content at that time to accept her without any prosaic explanation.

Rounding the southern point of Martinique, the travellers stared earnestly into the mist, and were rewarded by the merest outline of the north of St. Lucia, which in clear weather is quite distinct. No trace of the Pitous was visible. The ship took on her quarter the heaviest swell she had met since leaving Bermuda. Late that night a group sat around the captain on the hurricane deck, as he puffed reminiscently into the darkness and told choice stories of Spaniards and pirates and cities sacked and treasure trove and deeds of daring and cruelty of the seadogs who haunted the islands of the Caribbean or sought their El Dorado beyond the Spanish Main.

At dawn Barbados was in sight, lowly and insignificant compared with the last two islands. Bridgetown however was stretched out in full splendor, and with its arrays of shipping, its breakwater, its college and its business edifices it appeared quite metropolitan beside such cities as Roseau and Basseterre. Before the anchor grounded the steamer was surrounded by boats galore, containing more than the usual contingent of half-naked black humanity. "Here comes the divers," was the cry as two little boats put off, containing each two negroes more nearly naked than any of their fellows. The whole world has heard of Barbados divers; how they plunge in for a penny, and swim under the steamer for a silver piece. Nor are these tales myths. The negroes were cautiously experimented upon. They did plunge in for pennies and catch them before reaching the

bottom. When a coin is thrown, one man holds the oars while the other sits poised for a dive. The oarsman waits long enough to see the direction in which the arm moves, then gives a few strong strokes. The other fellow leaps in, and if his momentum will not carry him, swims down frog-fashion. The boat waits near to pick him up. The water is clear, and the whole manoeuvre can be distinctly seen. After a few turns, oarsman and diver change occupations. The expression of a man who has been beguiled into diving for a Canadian cent is very ludicrous. This coin is not at par in Bridgetown, and the divers face shows a curious mixture of wrath at the cheat and anxious desire for more pennies.

Their antics are about the pleasantest thing in Barbadian boatmen. It is, as Macaulay somewhat profoundly observes, dangerous to assert a negative; but the risk is infinitesimal in stating that, considering their limited opportunity, there are under the canopy no more finished swindlers than these same aquatic gentlemen. One favourite dodge is to take the unwary traveller ashore and charge him heavily for return passage about the time the steamer is ready to start. The traveller, however, experiences none of their vices except their Wall Street ethics. It is worth running greater risks to get ashore in Barbados, the business men are most courteous, the sights interesting. Narrow and crowded streets, wherein the dusky tide of humanity flow by in bold relief against pavements and walls gloring under a tropical sun, spacious business houses wherein men contrive to keep cool and make money, cars drawn by mules, captained by solemn darkies, a miniature statue of Nelson, a fine post-office: these things the casual traveller remembered of Bridgetown. Then farewell to Barbados and a little stretch of open sea, before the *Najah* reached her destination.

The first glimpse of Trinidad was disappointing. In the morning three or four miles to port, could be seen a long strip of somewhat high but monotonous land. Travellers with minds full of Kingsley, felt that the enchanted land was exceedingly prosaic at dawn. But as the ship ran obliquely closer, the mist lifted, the sun rose in its swift, gorgeous, torpical fashion, and

La Trinidad displayed herself in all her chorus. What at a distance seemed flat, uniform country, was really an elevated tract abounding in picturesque valleys, clothed with richest vegetation of varied hue.

The bouncing of the steamer called attention to the sea beneath. The water was no longer deep blue rolling in long swells, but muddy green, choppy, bringing strange odours from the Orinoco. From the volume of water that this river pours around Trinidad, Columbus argued the existence of the continent in which so mighty a stream must take its rise. The boat kept urging her course nearer shore, and it was argued that the captain meant to take her through the Boca Monas. This channel is the narrowest, most dangerous, and nearest to Port of Spain of the four channels which lie between that city and Venezuela. This Boca Monas is not attempted by every ship, though many pass through it from the Caribbean to the Gulf of Paria; on each of which the crew swears that their ship alone navigates these dangerous waters. But the tide from the ocean and the Orinoco, foaming lustily, though strong and vicious to those who know only Neptune's normal habits, is tame to those who have sailed the Bay of Fundy and watched the sea boil through its rockbound passage from Annapolis Basin.

Someone cried out, "Look at Venezuela," and tides and passages were forgotten. As the ship neared the Boca, the Venezuela coast stood out distinctly at twelve miles, wild and strange and beautiful. The present faded away, and one could see again the ships that sailed the Caribbean three centuries ago, Raleigh in the van; one expected Spaniards to issue from the gulf, or gentlemen of fortune flying the Jolly Roger.

Venezuela vanished for a time as the Najah pushed on into Boca Monas. Along the seaward end of the Boca, the scenery is somewhat grand and rugged, steep cliffs, with long, rough creepers hanging over them. But in toward the gulf is a picture of dreamy beauty. One can see ahead the islands. The islands, par excellence the favourite haunt of Trinidadian magnates, supposed to be fever proof, a panacea for all the ills of the malarial island. The vegetation is wonderful, the

smallest and rudest hut being wreathed and festooned beyond description.

A few miles now and the anchor dropped at a long distance from Port of Spain. Not once since leaving Halifax had the Najah lain at a wharf; nor could she have done so except at Hamilton. The usual shallow water intervened, the usual host of small craft hovered near and several passengers bade farewell to the steamer.

From the water Port of Spain is seen to be in the orthodox West Indian position, close to the sea at the foot of a mountain.

Having reached the quay, the travellers ascended into a customs house, black, gloomy, noisy and full of stenches like the forecourt of Hades. Beyond was a persistent and vociferous crowd of blacks who wished to hire cabs, rusty, ancient and treacherous in appearance. These same vehicles, however, sometimes bring one safely to one's journey's end.

Driving slowly through Port of Spain is an experience. The cab jogs hubs with every sort of conveyance from a motor bus to a two wheeled donkey cart. In a short mile one can, in Creole phrase "meet up" with every nation of the earth. The strangest one of all the throng is the East Indian, with his heavy turban and his involved though scanty nether garments swathed in apparently inextricable folds around his dusky limbs. Here may be seen every shade of the African, from the delicate cream of the octoroon to the thick darkness of the aboriginal negro. Here are Spanish, French, and Portuguese galore. The ruling and influential classes are of course largely English and Scotch. And one who cares to penetrate into byways can find a specimen of every nationality known to the old world and the new, except only the Esquimaux and the North American Indian. This concentrated cosmopolitanism pours along the narrow streets in calm defiance of the vertical sun which melts the northerner into an old rag. Perspiration streams from every pore, runs through his starched collar, and down into his boots. The experience is peculiarly charming to those who wear glasses. Beads gather upon the eyelashes and throw spray upon the lenses. And the native calmly chats, remarking that one might have seen hot weather the previous week.

The glories of Trinidad are known to English readers via Kingsley's. His book paints a truthful picture of the whole, though his fervid temper exaggerates details. The island is one of the richest spots on earth. There are three mountain ranges, a northern, central, and southern. Between the central and southern ranges lies the Naporima plain, a district of many square miles solidly packed with sugar cane. Cocoa is largely raised in the centre and north. There is at least one rubber plantation of thirty thousand trees. Every sort of vegetation known to the tropics grows in profusion. The fauna and flora bear a great resemblance to those of Venezuela rather than of any of the islands. It is especially rich in birds; the humming bird in particular abounds, and from his carib name "Iere" comes the old name of the island.

The scenery is superb and voluptuous. From San Fernando Hill in the south west one may see to the north the long spur of Venezuela jutting out boldly, and growing dimmer and dimmer as it recedes until earth and sea and sky meet together and dissolve upon the borders of El Dorado. On the east of this spur Trinidad's northern mountains stretch toward South America, break off abruptly at Boca Monas, throw out farther three islands, Monos Huenos, and Chocacacore, and are finally barred by the Boca Grande. These mountains loom up distinct at forty miles, a series of low irregular peaks. Nearer lie the Monserret hills, ruddy with immortelles; nearer still, sugar plantations then lofty palms, and every sort of tropical foliage that in reckless profusion shades and almost hides the little town of San Fernando, that clings in picturesque confusion around the base of the hill, a curious, isolated peak, six hundred feet high, still dense with jungle. Standing here one may see the sun set over La Brea, with its gloomy lake of pitch, and its legends of cruel foreign tribes that killed the harmless birds and were engulfed in the Stygian mud that in judgement from the gods swallowed their beautiful village; In the south a long black bank of clouds hangs above the northern mouth of the Orinoco. Over these glories the sun casts its last rays, gilding the sky with beauty the north can never reach, then drops swift behind the distant main. Night follows quickly. The crescent

moon rides bright through mid heaven, touching all this fairy land with new and tender radiance. Low in the north hangs the familiar dipper, opposite across the blue vault the Southern Cross. On shore the banks of foliage sparkle with dew, and in the distance the gulf gleams faintly. The sphere music is a low restless moan from nature, here never quiet or at peace.

The population of the island is slightly above three hundred thousand. Of this number Indians make up rather more than one third. Probably rather more than another third consists of pure negroes. There may be in the whole island three or four thousand pure whites. The remainder are made up of gradations between pure black and pure white, with some specimens of all races in the world thrown in.

The white minority does the ruling, aided and controlled from London. They are for the most part rather well educated and as a rule with charming manners. The climate, in spite of Kingsley, is unfavourable to mental exertion: And they pass a great part of their time at games, particularly tennis. The liver prescribes exertion of some kind, and the heat forbids anything violent. Hence it is common to see on most plantations a tennis court set apart and religiously cared for. Among them all colour counts. A white skin is a valuable possession. Some few dark shades are tolerated in society, but not plenty, as the creoles say.

This term Creole is somewhat loosely applied with slightly varying signification in different islands, originally it seems to have been used to denote West Indians born of European parents. It is employed in Trinidad to signify all nations, with an implied exception of the Indians, Trinidad born Indians would be referred to as Creole Indians.

The dark Creole population are good natured and unprogressive, courteous and idle. They live for the most part the life of the senses. Their habits of work are well suited to their nature and climate. They have a great love of display. One may on Sunday see staunch old Ethiopians in tall hats and black coats going to church; and on Monday find the same men wondering around barefooted and ragged.

The whole Creole population is deeply tinctured with superstition. The practice of Obeah is not yet wholly dead. The Obeah is form of magic Art, probably transplanted from Africa. The wizards of this art practised with cunning and poisons upon the receptive African. A favourite "bad medicine" was the cock's head; and this may still be sometimes found before a house to strike fear into the inmates. Among the most ignorant their religion partakes largely of superstition. Once a year throngs of people flock to the Siparia fête in the southern end of the island. Here there is an image said originally to have represented the Virgin Mary and to have been brought from Venezuela. It is credited with mysterious powers. The fête lasts for several days, a gala time for nominal Catholics, heathen Indians, sight seers and rowdies. Mordi Gras, too is celebrated with great zeal though it fostered rather by love of noise and display than of actual licence. Good Friday on the other hand is observed with great solemnity, the quietest day in the year. It is interesting to note that one favourite festival disguise of the Creole is the North American Indian, and another the devil. Such is the Creole black, emotional, volatile, somewhat sensual, not devoid of intellect, but caring little for its exercise.

The East Indian is of another stamp. Originally labourers were introduced from India by Lord Harris, after the emancipation of the slaves, August 1st, 1838. In seventy years they have increased to a community, sufficient to present on a miniature scale, the customs and life of their native country. The importation still continues, and without it the sugar plantations would fare ill. The emigrant leaves India with the understanding that he shall work five years at twenty-five cents per day and at the end of that time, receive a return passage or a free grant of land. Some go home, but more remain. Most of them cling nominally to their old religion, though the Canadian Mission has a large influential and increasing number of adherents. This mission is expressly for the benefit of the East Indian. The Brahmin is forbidden by the laws of his caste to leave India, but sometimes slips his castes and sails for Trinidad. Here he retains some influence, though not so much as at home. Fakirs or salebrous wander about the country,

some of them genuinely poor, pious and fanatical, but most of them greedy beggars. Occasionally a Brahmin establishes himself on the street of a Trinidad town and grows rich. He chants his sacred books, makes barbarous music, and entices the guileless Hindoo to pay down his hard-earned pence, perhaps granting him the ineffable boon of washing his holy feet or rubbing his sacred back. Even among zealous Christian Indians occasional trace of their father's belief may remain; quite frequently in the form of a refusal to eat beef, the meat of our mother the cow, or a desire to contribute a lamp extra to a church. For Ag, or Fire is sacred to them.

In his home life, the Indian is a fairly promising citizen. He builds unto himself a house of grass or mud or even of boards on the borders of the estate upon which he works. He is industrious and thrifty, with good intellect of a somewhat mystical sort. He is a good family man, loves his children moderately and does not take the cutlass to his wife unless he is drunk or she unfaithful. On ordinary occasions he does nothing worse than beat her. An Indian village in the early evening is a pleasant sight; the men smoking, talking or walking about with an naked infant astride the hip; the women pounding or unioning reel and chatting voluble Hindi; the children semi-nude running about with endless "Salaams" mixed indifferently with "good morning" or "good evening" for whoever cares to listen. All around donkeys, cows, goats, dogs and hens complete the domestic bliss. The Canadian mission has placed schools in many of the villages, and the children are not slow to take advantage of them.

The language of both Creoles and Creolized Indians has some peculiar idioms. "It has" for "there is", "them are" is very common, showing French influence. "Just now" is used meaning usually "directly" but also applied to any future time. "Man," or "mon" as they pronounce it is very common as a vocative. It is applied to all things male and female, animate and inanimate. "Jennie, mon out the lamp," is the sentence one young lady addressed to another when she wished the lamp to be extinguished. Far back in the country where labourer is repairing the roads with oxen he addresses his beasts with the

same title. Verbs are invented or changed in every odd way. Sapodillas are put away "to ripe." "When you have a large family, someone is deading all the time." These gems are genuine. Among the Hindoos the love of metaphor and oriental colouring assests itself. Twilight is "the dawn of evening." A dead man has "gone down to the depressed shades." These samples are from examination papers which called only for bold literal statement.

Over this heterogeneous conglomeration of peoples of every race and religion the British emblem flies. It is a question what would happen if it should be withdrawn. One can foresee the flaring out of private feuds, social hatred, greed for gain, ultimate choice. Among some of the West India islands a sentiment in favour of annexation with Canada has been expressed. Among observers opinions differ. An English captain observed, "Canada hasn't a d—d word to say in the matter. She must do as she is told." A Canadian professional man remarked, "the old country can't refuse." One may be a good Canadian and admit that the captain's speech in its first part is right. It is necessary to travel among these islands to realize what they owe to England. Whether Downing Street imposes on them a tariff high as that of the United States or grants them absolute free trade, they are far better off than they could hope to be without Downing St. and the wiser among them know it. Six miles accross the Boca Grande from Trinidad lies Venezuela with climate and resources much like those of Trinidad and population naturally in no way inferior. In the one place there are constant political uphevals, and for the most part neither law, order, nor justice. In Trinidad the government may be arbitrary, the minor officials ignorant of their duty, and the whole civil service overstocked with idle and incompetent favourites, while deserving men without a pull may starve. It is sometimes so; but the fact remains that life and property are about as safe on the island as in the City of Halifax, and safer, if reports are trustworthy, than in New York. The same may be said of other British islands, The difference lies in

British law and administration; and one need be no Anglo-maniac to point out that a system which secures such results must be somewhere, somehow good.

E. W. N.

Library Notes.

"Bibliotheca a Dallusia valde desiderata,"
MECAN., Opusc, l. vi. Cap. i.

SITE.—An interesting experiment was recently made. Gaherty ('09), now building dams in British Columbia, prepared a careful plan of the lot on which the college stands, the field in front which has been so generously offered by the city, the Poor House and Hospital property and the square to the east of Summer St. It is a neat piece of work: even the line of the intended boulevard is marked. The ground plan of the present building is of course included. Then another accomplished engineer, who shall be nameless, made a plan to the scale of the proposed Macdonald Memorial Library out of card-board, and the Science building (to house Chemistry and Physics), which is sure to come next. Such a building must be the shape of a capital H, and measure about one hundred feet by fifty. Three others of similar shape and dimensions were also prepared, because Dalhousie is bound to grow, and the next buildings she will undoubtedly require are a gymnasium and residences for men and women. This is the immediate and minimum requirement, already within sight. The problem then was to arrange these five buildings on the available ground, so as to secure proper lighting and avoid crowding. Another condition was proper grouping, so as to avoid erecting an eye-sore. Up to date the problem has not been solved.

CONGESTION.—This difficulty is as great as ever. The present accommodation is taxed to the utmost, to provide room for the new accessions. Some relief has been effected by shelving the small room by the Law School entrance, and arranging the books that had been heaped on the floor. Part of this work was done last spring. Twenty-five cases of books,

chiefly periodicals and pamphlets, have been packed in boxes and transferred to the attic. These cases have been all numbered and their contents noted in a book kept for that purpose. When it is necessary to move them into the new building, the Librarian will be able to lay his hand at once on what is wanted. The room is used for unpacking and clerical work.

OLD "GAZETTES."—The *Gazette* is, in all probability, the oldest college paper in Canada. The first number appeared on Jan. 25, 1869 and the paper has been published without a single break for forty years. Forty years is a most respectable age for any paper. This is a record to be proud of. The *Gazette* under all its forms, has been a faithful mirror of college life; and its forty volumes constitute a unique history of our progress. The coming and going of Professors, the changes in the Board of Governors, the various "forward movements" find notice there. The quality of the contributed articles, when they are reviewed for forty years, is remarkable. Kent Power, who was making some time ago, a study of college journalism in Canada, was struck by the superiority of the *Gazette* to its Canadian rivals. The college possesses one in perfect file and should have another. For some time, the Librarian has been working to complete a second set. The result is given below.

COMPLETE VOLUMES.—The following volumes have been fished out of the rubbish of the "Annex" and the attic:—5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 31, 33, 34, 36, 37, 40, or, in all, twenty-two volumes. A whole box of duplicates has been packed for the attic, in case there is ever a demand for them on the part of graduates, wishing to make up sets.

WANTS.—The following volumes are incomplete:—

Vol. I	- -	Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
" II	- -	" 9, 10, 11, 12.
" III	- -	" 2, 12.
" IV	- -	" 10, 11, 12.
" X	- -	" 12.
" XI	- -	" 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12.
" XII	- -	" 1, 2, 4, 8, 11.
" XIII	- -	" 10, 11(?), 12(?).

" XVI	- -	" 12(?).
" XXIV	- -	" 2, 4.
" XXV	- -	" 5, 6, 9, 10.
" XXVIII	- -	" 10.
" XXIX	- -	" 10.
" XXX	- -	" 10.
" XXXII	- -	" 4.
" XXXV	- -	" 4, 5, 9.
" XXXVIII	- -	" 9, 10.
" XXXIX	- -	" 7.
" XL	- -	" 9, 10.

It will be noticed that in many cases only one number is necessary to complete the volume. Will not old graduates look over their sets and send in the missing numbers? The intention is to have the complete set strongly bound, with all the covers and advertisements preserved, and placed in the Library for permanent reference. Will not all good Dalhousians help?

Personals.

ARTS,

Miss Amelia Creelman is principal of the school in Great Village.

Miss Margaret Chase is attending the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph.

Miss Ruby Hill is principal of the school at River Hibbert.

Miss Maycock and Miss Lizzie Walker are both teaching in British Columbia; Miss Maycock at Dewdney, and Miss Walker at Vancouver.

Miss Madge MacDonald and Miss Effie Thompson are at their homes in the city.

Miss Mable McLeod is teaching at Campbellton, N. B.

Miss Victoria MacMillan is teaching at Glace Bay, C. B.

Miss Clare Murphy has entered the Order of the Sacred Heart.

Miss Grace Tupper and Miss Sadie Porter are taking their "A" at Normal School, Truro.

Miss Lena Sibley obtained a scholarship to Wellesley and is now taking a post graduate course in English there.

Miss Clare Giffin will spend the winter in Montrea.

F. R. Archibald is attending the Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax.

W. R. Armitage is teaching Latin and Geometry in Western Canada College, Calgary, Alberta.

Charles G. Black is at his home in Oxford, N. S.

S. W. Crowell is Concrete Inspector on the Transcontinental Railway in Ontario.

John Doull is attending the Dalhousie Law School.

R. E. Inglis is teaching in the Academy in Yarmouth, N. S.

George W. Irvine is teaching English in Napanee College, Port of Spain, Trinidad.

A. J. Lawrence is attending the Dalhousie Law School.

Alexander McKay, who was at Dalhousie, N. B. during the summer, will soon resume his course in Theology at Pine Hill.

Alex. G. McKay is at his home in Dartmouth.

John McNeil is attending the Dalhousie Law School.

W. W. Malcolm is in the city and will resume his course in Theology when Pine Hill College opens.

James B. Muise is attending the Normal School in Truro.

Kenneth M. Munro was during the summer at Cape North, C. B., and will attend Pine Hill this winter.

A. M. Porter was during the summer at Country Harbor, N. S., and will attend Toronto University this winter.

John E. Read obtained a scholarship and is now studying Law in Columbia University, N. Y.

W. B. Rosborough, who was at Wobana, Nfld. during the summer, is spending the month of October at his home in North Sydney, and will spend the winter in some part of New Brunswick.

D. C. Sinclair is attending the Dalhousie Law School.

James McG. Stewart is Tutor in Latin and Greek in Dalhousie University.

Arthur O. Thomas is attending the Dalhousie Law School.

ENGINEERS.

C. J. McKenzie is at his home in St. Stephen, N. B.

Harry Cavanagh is in Roanoke, Virginia, U. S. A., at Engineering work.

G. L. Crichton is on the Government Hydrographic survey on the Great Lakes.

H. W. Flemming was during the summer on the Geological Survey near Bathurst, N. B.

Fred C. Knight is at his home in Bedford, N. S.

D. Stairs and G. A. Gaherty are on the Railway Survey in British Columbia.

C. C. Wallace, B. Sc., is at his home in the city.

We regret to hear that A. A. Cameron is not well this year, and hope that his health will speedily improve.

A. W. Robertson is not able to come back this year, owing to his health.

ALUMNI.

Mr. G. M. J. MacKay, Arts '05, has accepted a better position with the Sydney Cement Co., the firm he has been connected with for the last year, and has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to study American cement methods.

Around the Halls.

What do you think of our new cover?

Quiet prevails in the corridors; no flour, ochre, or any such pernicious substance is seen, and no sound of scirms causes a quickening of the stately tread of the Professors in the halls.

Did the freshmen have their picture taken? Early in the morning—

Near the first of the term, a dire rumor arose that the number of "At Homes" would be decreased to three or four. Consternation prevailed. A meeting of the U. S. C. was held, and a delegation was sent to the Senate, with the result that the number of Social Functions was finally fixed at eight.

All who have not been stung by the slot machine please hold up your hands.—Senate included.

Wonder how many had to pay the extra dollar for being late at registration?

Where is Arts in the class football? Oh what sports!

Football,

DALHOUSIE VERSUS CRESCENTS.

Dalhousie is again in the lead.

Many have been the conjectures concerning the football situation this season, but the opening game gave little clue to the future position of the football trophy. The opening fifteen minutes looked black for Dalhousie but the memory of her fast brilliant finishes left the result always in doubt. It cannot be said that the Crescents were much improved. Dalhousie certainly was for the time being weaker. She had the team but she lacked the spirit, which seems to be the life and soul of football. What the game lacked in quality was however made up for in the interest it called forth. The spectators were always on the Qui Vive and it took the final whistle to bring many back to earth. The day was far too warm for good football. Even the spectators were complaining. The Crescents started in to rush matters, and they certainly did so for before three minutes of play Dalhousie was forced to touch for safety. Two minutes later, Phillips and Bourne carried the ball over for a try which was converted, Fortune seemed to favour the Crescents for less than ten minutes later Walker scored the second try. This was not converted, 8-0. The college certainly had received an unpleasant surprise. Play waxed fast and furious, the Crescent territory was invaded but their sharp tackling blocked all efforts for a score. Only eight minutes of the first half remained when "Norm" finally eluded the many embraces offered him and scored Dalhousie's first goal. The try was not converted. During the remainder of the half, the play was in Crescents territory but Dalhousie halves were too anxious and the Crescents' tackling was too sharp for any further score. The second half opened with Dalhousie rushing things, and in four minutes Flemming by a pretty run got a try which was converted, 8-8. The north bleacher went mad while a tense silence reigned on the Crescent's stand. A number of free kicks were exchanged and many good runs made, but the result hung in the balance and few openings were given. Within ten

minutes of "time" the Crescents were awarded a free kick. The distance was long but Phillips boosted the ball fairly between the posts and the south bleacher rejoiced.

It was a time of intense excitement for Dalhousie followers. Would she be true to her traditions and pull up on the home stretch? It seemed not. Only a few minutes were left when Ross intercepted and was away. He passed to Little who went over for the final try, which was converted making the score 13—11.

Dr. Corston refereed in a very efficient manner. His position was made difficult by the rugged and off-side play.

The line up was as follows:

Dalhousie.		Crescents.
Kent	Back	Smith
Crowe	} Halves	{ Hunter
Flemming		{ Bowser
Ross		{ Phillips
Little		{ Eckersley
Kenny	} Quarters	{ Brown
Ralston		{ Bourne
Archibald	} Forwards	{ McQuillan
McDaniels		{ Walker
Collie		{ Robinson
Burris, (Capt.)		{ DeBou
McKensie		{ MacDougall
Forbes		{ Montgomery
Nicholson		{ Setchell
Davis		{ Bevis

Referee:—Dr. Corston.

Touch Judges:—J. J. McDonald, Bruce McDonald.

Tennis.

Dalhousie held its Annual Tennis Tournament on St. George's Grounds, Dartmouth, September 28th. Fine weather prevailed throughout the competition.

The following is a result of the finals:—

Ladies' Singles,—Miss M. Silver defeated Miss B. Silver.

Ladies' Doubles,—Misses D. Gorham and M. Silver, defeated

Misses B. Silver and E. Fraser.

Mixed Doubles,—Miss M. Silver and J. Cutler, defeated Miss B. Silver and P. Flemming.

Gentlemen's Singles,—G. Wiswell, defeated J. Cutler.

Gentlemen's Doubles,—Gerald Grant and Gordon Wiswell, defeated

P. Flemming and J. Cutler.

College Notes.

DELTA GAMMA.—The first meeting of Delta Gamma was held at Mrs. H. P. Jones', Carleton St. Saturday evening, October 9th. The meeting was a purely business one. The executive committee consisting of Miss McGregor, '11; Miss Lantz, '12; Miss Umlah '13, was elected, and the question of a Delta Gamma at home was discussed. After the business was finished, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Jones, and the meeting adjourned.

Y. W. C. A.—The first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. of Dalhousie was held in the Munro Room Thursday, September 23rd, with the President in the chair. After the opening exercises, Miss Smith heartily welcomed the new girls to the Y. W. C. A. meetings, and then gave us an account of her trip to Muskoka this summer, as a delegate to the Canadian Y. W. C. A. conference. We caught so much enthusiasm from her glowing account of the convention that we decided to endeavour to send two, if not more, delegates to Muskoka next year.

The following Thursday, Rev. Mr. Newcombe gave us an address on the Bible. His purpose was to show us how important in our college life was a knowledge of the Bible, and urged us to take it up as one of our regular studies, by forming Bible study classes. At the close of his address an opportunity was given to those who wished to sign for a class to do so, and a large number of girls did so. Some will attend the class, others will follow the work of the class at home.

Miss Latter, one of our secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement, conducted the meeting the following week. Miss Latter has been visiting the Maritime Colleges in the interests of a convention of student volunteers to be held at Rochester during the Christmas vacation. She very kindly gave us the story of her own call of a student volunteer, while at college. A committee consisting of five members was appointed to look after the raising of money and the choosing of a delegate. A reception for Miss Latter held that evening at the Y. W. C. A. Hollis St., gave the girls a very welcome opportunity of seeing her.

It has been very encouraging to see so many, particularly the new girls, attend the meeting, and it is hoped that this interest in Y. W. C. A. will continue throughout the year.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.—October 16th. The speaker at this meeting was Mr. Calquhoun, Canadian Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. His very practical address on "Life, and what may be done with it" was highly enjoyed by the comparatively large number of students who were so fortunate as to be present.

The chairman of the meeting was Hugh W. Schwartz.

Y. M. C. A. AT HOME.—The Y. M. C. A. as has been its custom in the past, gave to the students the first 'At Home' of the season, on Friday evening, Oct. 1st; the Munro room was simply and fittingly decorated for the sociable occasion.

The large assemblage of the College students and their friends who attended, was received in the Munro room by Mrs. M. McNeil and Mrs. H. P. Jones. The programme, which was up to its usual excellence, consisted of an inaugural address by Mr. Davis, President of the Y. M. C. A., a beautifully rendered violin solo by Miss Crichton, Dr. Forrest's address of welcome to the students, and a highly appreciated piano solo by Miss Smith. We take this opportunity to thank Misses Crichton and Smith for the excellent musical entertainment which they so willingly provided.

The drafting room on the second floor was also for a time the centre of attraction—the refreshments were served there.

About twelve, the reception which was enjoyed by all came to an end.

JUNIORS' MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.—On Monday evening Oct. 4th, the Juniors, accompanied by Prof. and Mrs. McNeil, were out on a moonlight excursion on the harbor. After the sail, the joyous party visited Teas and Co's ice-cream parlors, where ample justice was done to the good things provided by that well known firm.

After a short programme of songs and short speeches, followed by three cheers to Prof. and Mrs. McNeil, and climaxed by the college yell, the happy excursionists wended their way homeward.

FRESHIE-SOPH AT HOME.—One of the important functions held annually at the college,—important because it marks the cessation of hostilities between the Lordly Sophomores and the Humble Freshies—is the Freshie Soph 'At Home.' This year it was held on Friday evening, Oct. 8th.

To make the evening the very enjoyable one which it was, there were topics provided, interspersed with dancing.

The programme and refreshments occasioned a very pleasant break in the various pursuits of the evening. After the president of the Sophomore class had, in a short witty speech, welcomed the freshmen and given them some very sound and beneficial advice, Dr. Magill was called upon; he spoke in his usual happy and humorous style, after which a Gaelic song was given by Messrs Nicholson, McKay, McMillian, and Murchison.

Somewhere in the vicinity of twelve the gay party broke up, all glad that they had attended the Freshie-Soph 'At Home.'

ARTS AND SCIENCE SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the society was held on Sept. 23rd., for the purpose of selecting a captain for the Arts and Science football team. Mr. G. B. Wiswell was chosen for that position; also a committee, consisting of Messrs A. T. McDonald, W. A. Ross, D. J. Nicholson, and N. McKay, was appointed to look after Arts and Science football matters.

On October 1st., the first debate of the session was held. The subject was "Resolved that American Labor Organizations should not be allowed to enter Canada." The resolution was

supported by Messrs. A. D. McDonald and E. J. O. Fraser, and opposed by Messrs. G. C. Livingston and A. A. McKenzie.

Messrs. A. T. McDonald, Fulton, Archibald, and W. McLeod took part in the general discussion. By a vote of the meeting, the resolution was sustained. Mr. H. S. Davis was critic.

At this meeting, it was decided to limit the time of speakers in the general discussion to two minutes each.

On October 8th, the subject for debate was, "Resolved that our present system of hazing should be replaced by a regular initiation."

The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. E. T. Parker and A. T. McDonald, while those for the negative were Messrs. T. M. Creighton and J. S. Roper. Those who took part in the general discussion were Messrs. Bell, Earle, Davis, Harvey, Ross, and Fraser.

The resolution was sustained. Mr. D. C. Harvey, gave an interesting critique.

The subject for the debate, on October 15th, was "Resolved that the right of franchise be extended to women in Canada."

The resolution was upheld by Messrs. C. L. Gass and L. McL. Fulton, and opposed by Messrs. J. D. Vair and J. H. Chateauvert.

The speakers in the general discussion were Messrs. Kemp, Bell, Logan, Davis, Archibald, Blois, Creighton and Mill.

By a standing vote the resolution was lost. Mr. E. T. Parker gave an excellent critique.

SODALES.—The re-opening of the Sodales debating society took place on Thursday evening, Oct. 7th, in the Munro Room. The meeting came to order at 8 p. m. with the President W. V. Coffin in the chair.

The large number of students that crowded into the Munro Room was most gratifying to the officials of the Society, as well as to all those who have its interests at heart. The opening this year was more promising, by far, than that of any year since the society was formed.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and approved, the president gave a brief address in which he called the attention of the students to the claims of 'Sodales' upon them for this term.

Then, Dr. Magill, (the popular Prof. in Philosophy), whom the society was very fortunate to obtain for the occasion, addressed the meeting. In his usual clear, happy, and witty style, he briefly outlined the various student societies which had come under his notice in Ireland, Germany, and Great Britain. He also gave many practical and useful suggestions, which, were they followed, would very greatly improve the art of debating and public speaking by the students.

In the general discussion which followed, short enthusiastic speeches were made by Messrs George Farquhar, Mavor, W. A. McDonald, McIntosh and Calder.

After a vote of thanks to Dr. Magill for having come to address the meeting, business was proceeded with. A committee consisting of messrs D. C. Sinclair, W. A. MacDonald, R. A. Watson, Robert Maclellan and Geo. Farquhar, was appointed, to look after the Inter-collegiate debate for the coming year.

Judging by the large attendance, and the enthusiasm shown at this meeting, Sodales will this year be highly successful.

The first debate of the season took place on Thursday evening, October 14th, between Law and Medicine. The exceptionally large attendance of students showed that the interest and the enthusiasm manifested at the opening of the society are still unabated, and it is to be hoped will continue so.

The subject for debate was, "Resolved that a political union of the Maritime provinces would be in their best interests." Messrs. Mavor and Keefe supported the resolution for Law, while Messrs Titus and Johnson opposed it for Medicine. Those who took part in the general discussion were Messrs W. A. McDonald and Sinclair from Law, and Messrs Creighton and Maclellan from Medicine.

The judges Messrs. Doull, McIntosh and Atlee, decided in favor of Law.

D. C. Sinclair acted as critic.

It was decided at this meeting that a debate with Pine Hill would not take place; and also that a gold medal should be awarded to every student who secured a place on the Inter-collegiate team.

D. A. A. C.—The regular Semi-Annual meeting of this society the was held in the Munro Room, on Oct. 15th.

It was decided to give a shield, in value not to exceed \$1.50, to every foot-ball player who played two games on the second team last year and who will also play two games on the second or one or more on the first team this year.

A committee consisting of Messrs. J. D. McLeod, Murchison, Hall, Chapman, and Patterson, was appointed to lead the "shouting" at the football games.

Messrs. Hall and McArthur were appointed Auditors in place of Messrs. Lindsay and Read.

The attendance was not as large as would be desired.

U. S. C.—A meeting of the U. S. C. was held, on September 28th, to obtain some expression of opinion from the students with regard to the wish of the senate to have the number of "At Homes" reduced to four.

Messrs. Thomas, McNeil, Bell, Coffin, and W. A. McDonald were appointed a committee to request the Senate to give the students the liberty of eight "At Homes" and an extension of time of one week after Xmas., for such "At Homes."

MEDICAL NOTES:—On September 28th, the Medical Society held its Annual Meeting. On motion W. V. Coffin was appointed Chairman, and J. J. MacRitchie, Secretary, pro tem.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

President, W. V. Coffin.

Vice-President, H. W. Schwartz,

Treasurer, A. McKinnon.

Secretary, John F. Reid.

Executive Committee:—J. J. McDonald, John Stewart, J. J. MacRitchie.

Entertainment Committee:—Misses A. Bober, M. Spencer, B. E. Balcom, E. Brison, and Messrs. R. T. Titus, A. M. Johnson, M. G. Burris.

Debating Committee:—A. K. Roy, R. D. Titus, A. M. Johnson.
Foot-ball Captain, H. B. Atlee; Librarian, H. W. Schwartz.

THE CLASS FOOT-BALL LEAGUE:—This league has not created as much interest as in former years. Medicine again has been victorious. All games have been played except one between Arts and Law. The results up to the present time are as follows,

Medicine vs. Law 8-3.

" " " 9-0.

Medicine vs. Arts (Arts forfeited)

" " " (Tie)

Arts vs. Law (Tie)

The Law School.

LAW STUDENTS' SOCIETY.

A special meeting of the Law Student's Society was held in the Moot Court room, on Wednesday morning October 13th, at 10 o'clock.

The subject of the annual function was brought up and gave rise to a great deal of discussion. The suggestion was made and supported by many that a dance be given this year, and many good arguments were educed in favor of that form of an entertainment. But in face of these arguments, the majority of the students seemed to be in favor of a dinner held on the same lines as last year, and upon the motion put to the meeting it was decided that a dinner be held. A committee consisting of W. A. Macdonald, A. O. Thomas, R. S. Dean, President Doull and Secretary Burns, was appointed to make all necessary arrangements.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.—The second sitting of the session came to order at eight o'clock on the evening of October 4th. with Hon. Speaker Richard in the chair. The speaker announced

that the Hon. member from Yarmouth (C. C. McKay) would fill the position of Deputy speaker for the present session. Inquiries and Resolutions were then in order. The Hon. leader of the opposition (N. McArthur) asked the Hon. Minister of Railways and Canals (J. S. Mavor) several questions about the present progress of the G. T. P. and expressed satisfaction at the answers of the Minister. Many more puzzling questions were hurled at the Government by Hon. members on the opposition benches and each time received satisfactory replies from the Hon. Premier (J. G. Cameron), the Hon. Minister of Finance, (John Doull) and other Ministers. The Hon. member from Kings (L. M. Robinson) took up the address from the Throne and dealt it some heavy blows. He moved the adjournment of the debate. The Hon. member from Nipissing (J. S. Ralston) seconded the motion in a speech lauding the Government for its good work in the past. Before the motion was put, the Hon. member from Bonaventure (W. A. Macdonald) spoke in condemnation of the Government and asked it to outline its policy with regard to Naval Defense.

The Hon. Minister of Finance moved the second reading of the bill entitled, "An Act to Settle Labor Disputes." His speech in support of the bill was one of the best ever delivered in the House and brought forth much favorable comment. Others who took part in the debate pro and con the bill were, Hon. Minister of Public Works, (R. S. McLellan); Hon. member from Shelburne-Queen's (F. L. Christie); Hon. leader of opposition (N. McArthur); Hon. Minister of Railways and Canals (J. S. Mavor); Hon. member from King's Albert (G. P. O. Fenwick); Hon. member from Cumberland (R. K. Smith). On motion of Hon. member from Victoria (D. A. McLellan) the debate was adjourned.

The house met at eight o'clock, October 11th. After some inquiries had been answered by the Government, the Hon. member from Cape Breton (A. E. MacKinnon) resumed the debate on the "Labor" bill and spoke very highly of its value to the working man. Hon. member from Brandon (E. R. Richard) opposed the bill. The bill was then put to vote and carried by a large majority.

The Hon. Prime Minister introduced a bill entitled "An Act to Amend the Canada Temperance Act." He made a very able speech in support of this legislation and proved that it was the very best that can be done under the circumstances. Many took part in ensuing debate and included Hon. Minister of Justice, Hon. Leader of opposition, Hon. Minister of Finance.

The Hon. member from Vancouver, (F. P. H. Layton) then moved the adjournment of the debate.

Exchanges.

Extract from address by President Taft.

"It is the duty of every citizen, no matter what his profession, business or trade, to give as much attention as he can to the public weal, and to take as much interest as he can in political matters."

The Intercollegian.

We yield to a habit of forming good intentions, when we should form a habit of yielding to our good intentions.

University Monthly.

As students we think of the time when we shall drive our families around in motor-cars, gazed at by the multitude; as married men we push along the baby-carriage, gaze at the multitude, and think of the good time we had as students.

University Monthly.

A QUESTION OF HIGHER-ING.

The Lady: "I'll never be able to go to any more dances."

Her Partner: "Why not?"

The Lady: "Oh, my dress is getting too small, and I can't afford a new one. I wish I could sell it."

Her Partner: "Couldn't you—let it out?"

The Student.

ADVICE TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Friends, faculty, fellow-students! Hear me for my cause and be patient that you may hear; believe me for my class and

have respect my class by heeding me; bear with me in my duty; and help me to impart some wisdom to these young minds. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of these children, to him I say, that our love for them is no less than his. If then, that friend demand why we instruct these children, this is my answer,—

Not that we love them less, but that we love the fun more.
Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, lend me your ears;
I come to held you, not to censure you,
That the good we have done, you may do,
That the evil we've escaped you may shun.

The Scroll.

EUPHEMIA.

"Euphemia," said her mamma,

"Yes, ma," said her Euphemia.

"Last night too low the gas did go.
What was the cause I want to know?"

"Why, ma! you really are quite dense,
I turned it low to save expense!"

"You thoughtful daughter!" cried mamma;

"But now, look here, Euphemia:

"Whene'er too low the gas does go,
Pressure increases, don't you know."

"Yes, ma," said her Euphemia.

"And lessened is the waist, mamma!"

From "Queen's College Magazine," Belfast.

We acknowledge with thanks the following: *University Monthly, Intercollegian, Merchistonian, Student, Canadian Mining Journal, Trinity University Riview, Mitre, Revue Canadienne, Allisonia, McGill Martlet, Educational Review, Varsity, Presbyterian, East and West, Fruit Magazine, Free Lance.*

Dalhousiensia.

A-ch-e to C-tl-r, who was endeavouring to be excused of a theme on account of not having a red book. "Haven't you got the price, Mr. C-tl-r?"

Tr-t-s on hearing the freshmen's yell. "Oh, gee!—!"

Dr. MacM. to Walter, Jr. who was blissfully enjoying a wad of "pepsin." "When you have finished your lunch, Mr. M-tch-ll, you might answer my question."

Ch-pm-n, that *eloquent* and *mild-toned* orator of the 1911 class, was procured by the Freshmen at their last class meeting to lecture on the art of yelling at the games.

It is rumoured that R-d-n was heard to swear at football practice the other day.—Naughty boy!

Prof. M-cn- - ll to P-tt-rs-n, asking about a course. "You'll have to see Dr. MacKay about this, Mr. P-tt-rs-n."

P-tt-rs-n: "Dr. MacKay! Who's that? I don't know him."

Prof. M.: "Why, he's your chemistry professor, Mr. P-tt-rs-n."

P-tt-rs-n: "Oh! Eben?"

Ch-teauv-rt always comes into Philosophy just after the ladies do. Wonder why! Perhaps because M-g-ll says he is "not in bad company at all."

Oh! you John!

Freshie S-th-rl-nd, during the first topic at the Y. M. C. A., addressing the fair one: "Say, you'll have to shew me what to do, I was never at one of these things before."

B-ll, at Tea's, after Juniors' Moonlight Excursion: "Three cheers for Professor and Mr. M-cn- - ll!"

Freshie H. A. S—: "Do I lithp, Dr. C-rr-th-rth?" Dr. C. "Yeth, Mither Thmith, you do lithp."

S-th-nd: Starting an impressive debate on womans suffrage. "The foot that rocks the cradle rules the world."

We would like to remind the city girls that it is not only dangerous, but also exceedingly unfair, to take advantage of the freshmen who hail from the country. An especially pitiable and shameful case, is where four fair ones invited "dear little" Collie S-th-rl-nd to the roller rink and made him "foot the bills for the crowd". After such an invitation, Collie is a sadder and a wiser boy.

Dr. A. M.: "It requires imagination to see the relation of a small boy to a red-book theme."

Back-bencher: "Both "bores"!"

M-ln-, a freshman, had a hard hat. "Pop" N-ch-es-n knows the rest.

Freshie M-ln- kept step elegantly with one of the ladies on the stairs the other day. The feat was heartily applauded by the spectators.

Lord J-hn! "What relation was Queen Anne to William III?"

A. A. M-K-ie: "No relation, she was his sister-in-law."

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Professor, passing around red-books in English I: "Mr. S-lt-r." S-lt-r: "Present."

They talk of ways that are dark,
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But no fraud had ever so deep a dye
As that five-cent slot machine.

Freshie MacD-n-ld at afternoon "At Home": "Oh! look at Y-om-n with the dress suit case on."

M-g-ll, emptying slips of paper, on which were the names of the freshmen, out of a shoe-box, "They're not much good for anything."

M-g-ll, calling Philosophy I roll: "Accurst." Who is it?

Professor introducing freshman: "Mr. G— this is my wife."
G—: "Iss it?"

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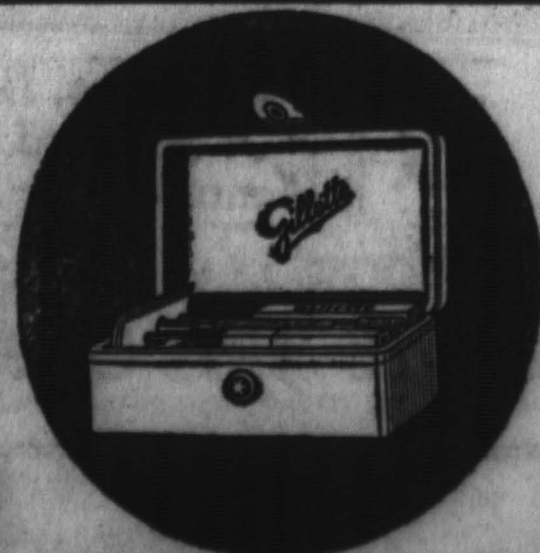
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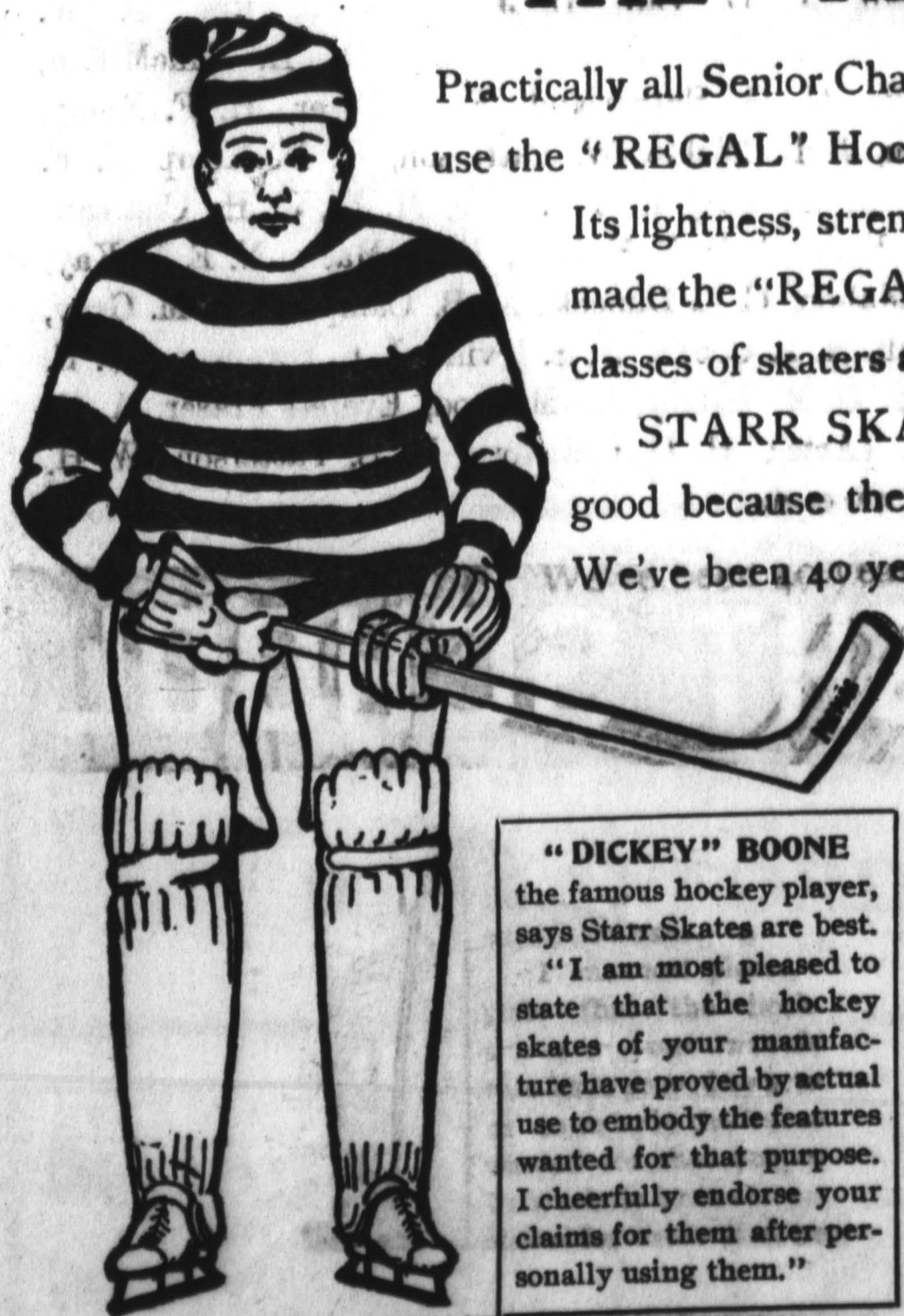
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