

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

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

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 6, 1877.

NEW No. 4.
WHOLE No. 86.

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THE RIVER IS FLOWING PAST.

The river is flowing past;
Its eddies are circling fast;
The bubble that floats on its ruffled face
In a moment breaks, and leaves no trace,
And the river flows swiftly past.

My life is hastening past;
Its minutes are flying fast;
The joys of my heart for a moment gleam,
Then vanish as bubbles upon a stream,
And my life is gliding past.

Ills on illis are coming fast;
My hopes swiftly flitting past;
In youth they were thick as the stars and bright,
But clouds and darkness have hidden their light,
And my hopes are flitting past.

But a hope doth still remain
When sorrow and sadness reign,
Like the cloudless beam of the king of day,
It burns with a pure celestial ray,—
Then let my life hasten past.

SCIENTIFIC STUDY.

THE noblest work of God, of which we have any direct knowledge, is a well-educated man. He is noblest from every point of view—in beauty of face, in power of intellect, in moral character, in love for his species, for beauty, for his God. On the other hand, the most pitiable spectacle in the universe, the most direct inversion of the object of creation is an uneducated man—uneducated in every sense of the term. What then can that be, which produces in two beings of the same race, the widest difference possible?

On looking at St. Paul's Cathedral in London, or St. Peter's at Rome, one is struck with the perfect proportion of all its parts—the glorious symmetry manifested. So it is with the man perfectly educated. We particularly admire the harmoniousness of the development of his complex nature. Such an ideal of man, every true educationist keeps constantly before him.

Education may be said to consist of three parts,—the Instrumental, under which are included Reading, Writing, Theory of Numbers, &c., which might be compared to the tools put into the hands of the architect. The Practical, embracing Science, Practice of Numbers, and such like subjects, which correspond to the edifice produced. The Aesthetical, comprising Music, Painting, and Literature—the ornamentation of the edifice.

Far from underrating the importance of the Instrumental, I believe that, as a rule, no educational superstructure of any importance, can be raised without such indispensable tools—yet they are only the tools by which the mind is properly trained, and made to grow in knowledge. Nor do I fail to appreciate the value of the Aesthetical. But accomplishments without a *practical* education I consider worthless.

As a general rule, the education of the present day does not ignore its first and third departments, though it almost wholly neglects the second,—a part which is certainly of equal or superior importance to the others, just as the building is of more importance than its cornices. And hence the object of the writer, to give it the prominent position it demands.

Consider, then, the many direct benefits which we derive from Science. It enables us to converse, or to transact business with our friends in Washington or St. Petersburg, almost as readily as if they resided at Point Pleasant. Electricity—her messenger—outstripping the coming hurricane, informs us of its movements, and enables us to anticipate its arrival and to be prepared. It heads the escaping criminal, rendering his occupation more perilous, and our lives and property in the same proportion more safe. Science changes the toilsome journey of weeks, into the pleasure of sleeping or reading in a Pullman car, for a few hours. It makes every tropical country your hothouse, every nation your next door neighbour. Though you may be accounted poor, it gives you comforts and luxuries, such as

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kings of a few centuries ago did not dream of possessing. Though humble and despised by your pretentious neighbours, Science has made it possible for you to enjoy the society of the wise, and the really great of all ages and countries,—a blessed company, which will afford you rational enjoyment, without noticing the bare walls, or commenting upon the thread-bare carpet. In short, like the atmosphere you breathe, Science surrounds you, and upholds you at every step, and to it modern civilization owes its vitality.

But more particularly. How useful a general knowledge of the laws of matter, and the habit of scientific thought would be to the Mechanic. His work would be pleasant and rational, for it would be done intelligently. His work is now so often done in ignorance, that frequently he becomes almost as mechanical as the machine that he works. A scientific mechanic has before him possibilities of success, equal or superior to those of any other man. Inventions which enrich the inventor, and benefit the world, are not the accidental thoughts of careless men. They are the result of patient and enlightened endeavour. An educated mechanic can get double or treble the wages, for it is found that he can do more work, and do it more economically, as his work is not a succession of awkward and extravagant experiments.

The Farmer is a man largely to be benefited by the training for which I plead. No farther proof of this is needed, than to point to the fact, that the best educated farmers in the world—those of Scotland and Massachusetts—have changed the rocky deserts of their respective countries into the richest gardens; while some of the most fertile countries of the East have become deserts, through the ignorance and vice of their people.

Science contributes much, also, to our comfort in a well regulated kitchen. There is not a finer laboratory anywhere. There, a knowledge of Pneumatics regulates the temperature, and saves the fuel and flour. Chemical reactions develop the most agreeable flavours, from the plainest and most healthful food materials. The trained eye and the delicate touch make success a certainty, preserving the bread from sourness, and the cake from flatness.

Let us now consider Scientific Education in its relation to health. Our bodies and minds are wonderfully sensitive to influences from the external world. Many of these, whether for good

or for evil, are very silent but very steady in their operation, and therefore the accumulated effect becomes very marked in time. Hence the different races of mankind. Hence the difference of the average term of life in different localities. The slow and insidious poisoning of the system, by breathing a vitiated atmosphere, by using tobacco, by want of cleanliness, by ill-cooked food, renders each of these causes as fatal to man as the butchery of war, or the madness of drunkenness. If a proper knowledge of the mechanism of the body, of the laws and conditions of health, and the properties of matter existed in the mind of every person, very little disease would exist, and the average term of human life would be doubled before the end of the third generation succeeding us. From those who are older than ourselves we often hear the injunction, "Be careful of your health; put on another shawl, or a pair of rubbers." We smile at them; but before we arrive at their age, nature will have taught us by lessons at which we will not smile, that their counsels were true wisdom derived from experience. Let us see then, that we acquire the most accurate scientific knowledge obtainable, regarding the climatic influences which surround us, the air we breathe, the clothing we wear, the food we eat, the beverages we drink, the houses in which we live, the occupations which we pursue, the diseases to which we are subject, the mental emotions which effect our bodies,—and acting in accordance with the knowledge thus obtained, Nature will meet us with a kindly and beneficent smile.

We come now to the indirect value of a Scientific Education. In the first place, it engenders correct habits of thinking, reasoning, and arriving at truth. In olden times men were wont to imagine that Plato, Aristotle, and a few others, were the repositories of all knowledge, that endless syllogisms and deductions from propositions laid down by those philosophers constituted a man great and learned. Such a philosophy brought about some curious results and no fruits, until Bacon showed a more excellent way—the Inductive method.

Our senses, observation, and experiment were to be our schoolmasters instead of the ancients, and they were to be invested with an authority more complete. Nature and man, and their ways, he gave us for our books. We do not thus get all our knowledge second hand, but going to the fountain, we obtain it pure and unadulterated. Such then being the method of

study in use in the daily battle of life, let us begin this method betimes, that we may become familiar with its use, and let us pursue such studies as shall particularly call it into exercise. Pre-eminently Science is such a study.

Again Science opens up to us pleasures before unknown to us or unappreciated by us. The student of nature sees beauties and wonders continually, in the most common objects around him. The simplest plant presents to him, in its internal organization, its cellular structure, its vitality, its chemical forces, more of beauty and deeper mysteries, than the entire vegetable kingdom does to the uneducated. To the Geologist, the pebble on the sea shore tells true histories more charming than fairy tales.

How lovely to be able to read with the understanding the great volume of the Book of Nature! Such an one is never lonely. He is not dependent on the excitements of society to keep up his spirits, and is therefore less liable to its temptations.

Being convinced of the utility of the study of science, from every point of view, it becomes an important question to whom it ought to be taught. The answer "To every one," is so clear as to need no proof. It is simply a corollary to the proposition already laid down. No one can shirk the responsibility. No one can escape the penalties of neglect.

But it may be objected by some, that there is not time and opportunity to teach it, without neglecting other important branches. The erroneousness of that idea consists in not knowing that natural knowledge is so great a stimulant to the student's interest, and intellect, as to make him acquire other knowledge more easily, and to a greater degree, thereby giving him the advantage of both with the same labour.

How should science be taught? By all means not as book knowledge, or it loses its distinctive value. Says an eminent writer, "All that literature has to bestow may be obtained by reading, and by practical exercise in writing and speaking; but I do not exaggerate when I say that none of the best gifts of science are to be won by these means. On the contrary, the great benefit which a scientific education has to bestow, whether as training or as knowledge, is dependent upon the extent to which the mind of the student is brought into immediate contact with facts, from the degree to which he learns the habit of appealing to Nature, and of acquiring through the senses concrete images of those

properties of things which are, and always will be but approximately expressed in human language. Our way of looking at Nature, and of speaking about her varies from year to year, but a fact once seen, a relation of cause and effect once demonstratively apprehended, are possessions which neither change nor pass away, but on the contrary form fixed centres about which other truths aggregate by natural affinity.

Therefore the great business of every scientific teacher is to imprint the fundamental irrefragable facts of his science, not only by words upon the mind, but by sensible impressions on the eye, and ear, and touch of the student, in so complete a manner that every term used or law enunciated, should afterwards call up vivid images of the particular structure, or other fact which furnishes the demonstration of the law, or the illustration of term." Let us, therefore, students of one of the best Colleges in the Province, make it our earnest endeavour to pursue this noble study, and see to it that we acquire a good Scientific Education. B. McK.

TO COLLEGE.

ONE morning in the month of October, a young man might have been seen leisurely pacing the platform at one of the stations of the W. and A. Railway, patiently awaiting the departure of the train for Halifax. Presently the loud clear voice of the Conductor pealed out the familiar phrase "all aboard." My friend's countenance wore a slight aspect of emotion as he hastily bade adieu to the friends around him and stepped aboard a car. Having entered and taken a seat in one corner he for a few seconds, scrutinized the faces of his fellow travellers, then settling into the most comfortable position, allowed his thoughts to wander away in unbidden reveries, roaming through fields of the past, or getting lost in vainly endeavoring to traverse the intricate paths of the future. Presently he is aroused by a change in the dull monotonous sound with which his ear has become familiarized, for he is being transported across the lofty bridge that spans the turbulent St. Croix which far beneath is eddying round, or leaping from rock to rock in its narrow channel, impatient to reach the sea, only to be lost in the surrounding world of waters, never again to be distinguished, acting out the part of the self-important ambitious boy, who thinks the trammels of youth are odious, and longs for the

period of maturer years when he will be the wonder of all, but who finds after he has reached the longed for age, that, like the noisy river he is wholly unnoticed, distinguished only for his blustering youth.

Making a tour through an adjoining car for time-passing and observation, my friend saw what might be truly called an object of pity, for there sitting by a window was a young man with a downcast look, gazing dreamily out on the different objects as they passed before him, to all of which he was soon to bid farewell. Instead of the flower, the forest and the sky, his eye would rest on the dark cold walls of a prison, and instead of the familiar voices of friends, he would hear the stern command of the keeper, for his hands were shackled, an officer of justice stood beside him and he was on his way to the penitentiary for theft. Who can describe the feelings of that indulgent father who had supplied his every want, at seeing his only son thus so early self-disgraced, or depict the anguish of that kind and loving mother who had nursed him in childhood, cared for him in boyhood, and thought with pride on his growing manhood, at having all her cherished hopes at once thus so suddenly blasted. But the train has stopped and we contemplate the surrounding country. The view is quite extended and far as can be seen, Windsor Junction will compare favorably with any part of the Province in the abundance, size and variety of its rocks. Soil is scarce, barely producing herbage enough to satisfy the appetites of a few wandering goats, an aged patriarch of which was seen mounted on the summit of a huge boulder, his uncropped beard waving in the breeze, a tear glistening in his eye, wistfully gazing towards the west, like Moses on Mount Pisgah, with the exception that he could not see the "fruitful fields beyond." We are off again, thundering along over the iron rails. Bedford has occupied the several positions of future, present and past, and now we are curving round the shore of the Basin on which George Brown won for himself such world-wide fame. How beautiful it looks, the sun reflected from its bosom, and tiny ripples playing on the pebbly beach.

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible: each zone
Obeys thee: thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."

Richmond depot is reached at last. Forth

steps my friend. Never since the day he wore pants did he feel so proud, honoured and important. And with good reason, for here were a score of men, each endeavouring to exceed the other in attention, performing their most winning bows, calling "Mr." in a most respectful manner, and showing their interest and thoughtfulness by politely enquiring about baggage, and offering to convey it and its owner into the city. He was utterly confounded by such disinterestedness in this busy, selfish world of ours. The "Dodge Club" never had more servants in Venice. He smiled on all, chose his man, and left, wondering to himself whether or not we might soon expect the millennium. If, during the drive into the city, he did not observe every object on the street, no blame could be attached to the teamster. By and by the carriage stopped, the door opened and my friend stepped on the side-walk. After he had paid that cabman, he was seen to take out his note book and write:—

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given."

Next morning he is slowly trudging along Argyle Street, a gown of black lustre under one arm, a lead pencil in his hand, and a blank book in each pocket, humming in an under tone the pathetic ditty called "Old Sam Simons." At length his step resounds on the solid stone of Dalhousie's hall, his mirth and humor are all gone. Time passes on. He has forgotten how to laugh. He wanders about dejectedly, overtaken with work,—a poor Freshman, the butt of every practical joke, the object of Sophomore's ridicule; Junior's distrust; Senior's contempt; Professor's sarcasm; Editor's wit.

H. H. W.

THE TIDE.

I do not purpose giving a dissertation on the attraction of the moon and its connection with the movements of the ocean. Let the wise-acres do that. There are tides over which the moon has not the slightest control. You can find them in almost any brook. For example, there are tides of popularity, tides of success, tides of opposition, tides of revolution and a great many other metaphorical tides.

Shakspeare tells us that

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

And this is the tide about which I wish to say a few words. You can find nothing about it in

the almanac. The most weather-wise philosopher does not pretend to be able to tell you when it will be "at the flood." The man who succeeds in giving us some definite information regarding its ebb and flow will confer a lasting benefit on the race. The finding of the philosopher's stone seems insignificant compared with such a discovery. In plain language, the Great Dramatist just means to say that there is a period in every man's life in which, if he bestir himself, his life will be a success. No doubt, in his own case, the tide was "at the flood" when he quarrelled with his employer and resolved to seek his livelihood on the stage. Had he still kept on bartering in fleeces, he might never have had a "Lear" or a "Hamlet." His example speaks louder than his words. The future could not have looked promising to him; but he did not hesitate. He manfully "took up arms against a sea of troubles," and all the world knows with what result. Success is not, as has often been said, the offspring of chance. A man who deserves to be successful generally succeeds. Bright jewels may lie hidden for a long time in the earth, but they eventually come to light. Their very brightness compels us to see them through the heaps of rubbish that cover them.

How often do we see men go round the world whining that their efforts do not meet with success, when, to all appearance, their efforts are not such that they deserve to meet with anything but failure. Society is, for the most part, frank and honest in its dealings with men. True enough, at first acquaintance, she sometimes treats them with coldness, and a mixture of suspicion; but consider before you blame her for this, how often her great expectations have been dashed to the ground, how often her confidence has been abused! Hugh Miller could only be confined for a time in the stone quarries of Scotland. Science had other work for him to do simply because he was fitted to do it. She permitted him to remain in the quarry swinging the mason's hammer and hewing sandstone and thinking until his mind, as well as his body, became brawny, and then she invited him into her ranks.

Nova Scotia's great Statesman, Howe, is said to have been first brought into public notice by a sort of accident, but don't forget that he himself was the cause of that accident, and, after all, it only gave him an opportunity of displaying that ability which would soon have found vent in some other way. He simply took the "tide at the flood."

The world, we have said, estimates men, generally, at what they are worth. In fact the tendency is to place them far above their actual value. It is doubtful if there ever was a time when quack lawyers, and quack doctors, and quack theologians, and quack philosophers enjoyed as much favor and patronage, as they do at present. But however it may be deceived and gulled by quacks, society continually holds out its hand to the man of ability, and invites him to come up higher. Place is seldom wanting to the man who is able to fill it well. A man's family connections do not give him a position now as they once did. Men are more disposed to do reverence to the aristocracy of genius than that of blood. We judge men by what they are themselves, not by what their fathers were. The man of gentle birth, who looks down upon his honest and successful neighbor to-day because he belongs to the so-called lower class of society, only makes himself ridiculous. The 19th century has adopted with less hesitation than any previous one, the principle that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

It is quite evident that the elements of success must be found within the man himself. Men talk much these times about natural cleverness and talent; but, after all, push is the main thing. The man who would be successful must, above all things, be energetic. When the tide is "at the flood," he must not stand idly on the shore watching the waves as they dash against the rocks, he must not spend his time in gathering shells along the beach, nor should he try to launch a palace steam-boat when his abilities are only calculated for managing a skiff, else the sea may retreat back to its ancient bed, and he be left high and dry upon the beach.

Our text seems to have reference to some important period of a man's life, to some particular time when the tide is at the flood. It is true that many a man, by the decision of a moment, has made himself famous, by the work of an hour has made the world his debtor, but such cases are few. Success, as a rule, is the result of long and earnest toil. There may, indeed, be some moment when the tide is higher than at any other; yet if a man have sufficient ballast aboard to ensure him against squalls, and understands thoroughly the art of steering, he need not be long delayed for want of tide, for it is high enough, at almost any period of his life, to bear him up, and float him safely into port.

RUSTICUS.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

HALIFAX, N. S., JANUARY 6, 1877.

EDITORS.

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

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OURS is an age of growth; the car of progress is ever moving onwards, bringing us nearer to perfection. We see advancement all around us. Changes are daily taking place, in politics, in religion, in science and in arts. Change is the order of the day. But in the midst of all this mutation, there is one thing that does not change, namely, the character of our teachers' examination; there is one thing that does not grow, that is, teachers' pay in Nova Scotia.

We do not mean to assert that examinations are the same from year to year, or that since 1864 the standards by which men are admitted into the teaching profession, have not been raised; but this we will say, that the standards are too low for the present day, and that they have not been raised in the ratio which the educational advantages of our Province might warrant. At the time when the new Education Act came into force first, it was necessary to make the examinations easy, in order that the supply of teachers would be equal to the demand, but no such necessity now exists. The system embodied in that Act has for over twelve years

been in successful operation, and the intellectual status of the country has been advancing with rapid strides. Have examinations, then, been made correspondingly difficult? We think not. If we look over the questions submitted to candidates in 1865, and compare them with those given in 1875, we find that ten years produced no great change in their character. With the questions themselves we have one fault to find; they are generally too superficial. They are too often of such a nature that a person can answer them, if he knows next to nothing about his subject. Now, is a teacher, who obtains a license on the strength of questions answered, which he understood not, fit to teach? How can he teach what he does not comprehend? If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch? We want as teachers, thorough men, men who have an intelligent knowledge of what they teach; but until examinations are such that smattering cannot avail candidates, we may expect shallowness to abound in the teaching profession.

In the syllabus for examination, we find put down requirements for Grade E. We think it is time this grade should be done away with. We will venture to say, that in the whole length and breadth of Nova Scotia, there is not a single community in which the youthful population is so benighted, that a teacher with such requirements as the syllabus lays down for this grade, could teach them; or, granting there is such a locality, how much better would a person of higher qualifications be suited to enlighten them. Grade D should also be done away with. Three ranks of teachers in place of five would be a decided improvement. To our mind, it seems more injurious than otherwise to the cause of education, to have men of lower standing than Grade C on the teaching staff. Teachers of the two lower Grades lack the experience and mental training necessary to ensure efficiency, and in the majority of cases, they are not capable of taking charge of a school with any marked advantage to the pupils. But as long

as we have them they will be employed, for evidently the "irrefragable" logic "they will hire cheap" is still all powerful with the mass of people. These Grades abolished, the standards of examination should be raised to an extent tallying with the educational progress made, and should continue to be raised from year to year as learning advances.

But these changes alone are not a sufficient guarantee for efficiency in the teaching profession. The teacher's pay must also be enlarged. His present salary is "slim" enough, without asking him to do additional labour to fit himself for his work, at the same rate of wages. To increase the difficulty of obtaining a license, without a corresponding increase of salary would simply be ruinous to the cause of education, for no teacher would spend time and money in preparing himself better for his office, if the pecuniary benefits to be derived therefrom were not to be in some degree proportionate to his trouble.

There is another point connected with these examinations on which we would like to say a few words. The step between Grades B and A is in our estimation, entirely too long. A man of ordinary ability and pluck can, in a very short time, make his way up to Grade B, but when he looks at the requirements expected of a candidate for an Academic license, he is thunderstruck at the volumes of classics which he must be master of, together with the Greek and Latin grammars and prose composition, not taking into consideration the other extra branches, and the accuracy with which he is required to do his work. Might not some alteration be beneficial here? We think the difficulty might to a very large extent be obviated by making it necessary for teachers of Grade B to be acquainted with the classical grammars, and to be able to read at least one easy Greek and Latin author. This would confer a double benefit on our first-class teachers. It would give them all the advantages of the severe mental training which the study of classics affords, and place the possession of an Academic license more

within the range of their ambition, making the position of Head Master a height not too giddy for perseverance to climb to.

The manner in which teachers' examinations are conducted in the various counties is in general very commendable, and examiners do their duties strictly and honestly, but in some places, improvement is still, perhaps, within the bounds of possibility. We have attended examinations ere now at which we saw books plentifully used. One case in particular we know of, where a bright (?) youth, before we entered the room, asked us for a Geometry, and when we told him we never did bring books to such places, he replied that to his mind, the only difficulty in the matter was, that it took too long a time to turn up a proposition and it was very tedious to copy down. A short time after, the same illustrious candidate for the ferule, could be seen, with his head bent low under his desk, busily copying a theorem from Euclid. Nor was he alone in his glory, for when we looked around we saw several others similarly engaged. Some who were not so fortunate as to have books were speaking to those nearest them, and uttering the Macedonian cry, "come over and help us." If the examiner saw all that was going on he said nothing about it. He probably thought his candidates were honest and could be trusted, but as the millennium has not yet come, we would advise that examiner and all others, if they wish to do justice to all, to watch.

THE first Convocation of the University of Halifax was held in the Legislative Council Chamber on the 27th ult. Hon. S. L. Shannon presided. Mr. B. H. Eaton was elected Clerk, and Mr. M. B. Daly, Chairman, for three years. The fee for admission to membership was fixed at \$2.00. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to draft regulations and bye-laws for the government of Convocation. Dr. B. Curren, *Convener*; D. C. Fraser, W. Taylor, E. D. King, and J. Y. Payzant.

A committee on law amendments was appointed, consisting of L. G. Power, *Convener*; B. H. Eaton, B. Russell, R. Sedgewick, and J. G. McGregor. Several important resolutions suggesting amendments in the new University Act were referred to this committee. Mr. Sedgewick noticed the necessity of amending the 11th clause of the Act whereby it is enacted that no person who has graduated in any of our existing Universities during the three years immediately preceding the expiration of the first year after the Act went into operation, can register his name as a member of the Convocation and moved that the Convocation call the attention of the Senate to the subject.

This objectionable clause has lately been reviewed by a student in our columns, and we are glad to see that it has been made the subject of some discussion at the Convocation. The insertion of that proviso into the Act was shortsighted, to say the least of it, and we would like to see it cancelled. The committee on law amendments will no doubt do their best to obviate the difficulty.

Mr. Sedgewick also offered a resolution that the Convocation call attention to the necessity of provision being made for such persons as shall have passed examinations in any of the existing colleges, and yet shall not have graduated before the Senate of the University of Halifax begins to examine. This Convocation is of opinion that either such persons should be allowed to graduate in their respective colleges, and to register as members of the Convocation, or that the examination which they shall have passed shall be reckoned as equivalent to the corresponding examination of this University.

We agree in the main with this resolution, especially in so far as it would effect undergraduates who are on the eve of completing their arts' course in any of the existing colleges. We do not think the privilege of membership in the Convocation should be withheld from these, if, after they have received a degree from their own Institution they do not feel inclined to at-

tend the examinations of the Halifax University. The same right need not, however, be extended to students who are in their first years, for affiliated colleges will so change their curricula as to harmonize as much as possible with the syllabus of the new University, so that undergraduates of only one or two years standing in them, can thus be prepared to meet its examinations.

On the 17th inst. Convocation will meet again.

The Senate met on Thursday the 28th ult., and there was a full attendance, Chancellor Hill presiding. The subjects for Matriculation Examination were fixed, Classics—Latin and Greek—Mathematics and English being compulsory, and either Natural Philosophy, French or German as an equivalent, in matriculating for degrees others than in Arts, for Greek.

The subjects for the First B. A. Examination were defined to be Latin and Greek, Mathematics, Chemistry and Logic.

For the Final B. A. Examination Mathematics and Physics and Classics were made compulsory, and also two of the following subjects—French or German or Hebrew, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and Constitutional History and Political Economy.

The following Fellows were appointed a Committee to consider the propriety of granting degrees in Science, and, if thought desirable to prepare and report to the Senate a scheme of Examination:—Prof. Lawson, *Convener*; Prof. Higgins, Prof. Inch, Dr. A. P. Reid and Rev. J. Ambrose.

We have quoted the above sketch of the first day's proceedings from the *Witness*. On the second day the curriculum of Medicine was decided on. The date of the Medical examinations was fixed for the first Tuesday in May. The date of the examinations in Arts was left to the Committee on Examiners in Arts. Committees on Examiners in Law and Medicine were appointed. They are, in Law—Hon. S. L. Shannon, Hon. Judge Johnston, and L. G. Power; in Medicine—Dr. R. S. Black, Dr. A. P. Reid and Dr. E. Farrell. \$200 were voted to be given in four prizes of \$75, \$50, \$40 and \$35, to be competed for at the first B. A. Examination, and \$100 were offered by Hon. P. C. Hill and Vice-Chancellor Stairs as prizes for candidates for Matriculation. On motion of Prof.

A WORD FOR DIRT.

Among the maxims and sayings which have been piled around us by the combined wisdom and folly of our elders, there are many, whose mission it is to advocate cleanliness. Of these the purport is, that dirt is to be shunned, and dirtiness to be abhorred; that to be clean is to be virtuous and not to be so, is vicious. Some of the wise ones have gone further than that, and have boldly asserted that "Cleanliness is akin to Godliness;" for instance hear what Longfellow makes Prince Henry in "The Golden Legend" say,—

"If from the outer man we judge the inner,
And *cleanliness is Godliness*, I fear
A hopeless reprobate, a hardened sinner
Must be that Carmelite now passing near."

Now, I seriously object to this sort of thing. If to be clean is to be godly, let us tear down our churches and build bath-houses in their places, let us have sponges instead of Bibles, and send washerwomen to the heathen instead of missionaries. If cleanliness is godliness, dirtiness is devilish.

All this is wrong. It is the mission of this paper to show how great is the sin and folly of treating dirt as we are taught to do.

1st. It is unfilial. We ought to honour our parents. We are so commanded. There is not in the whole category of crime any sin for which so little allowance is made as the violation of this law. And there is none that should be more strongly condemned. But Earth is our mother—not the big round world made up of clay, water, fire and we know not what, but the red earth from which we were formed; the substance we call dust when it is dry, and mud when wet. This is our true mother, and as such is entitled to our regard and esteem. Why, we do not deserve to have a mother if we do not treat her with some respect, not to mention kindness, especially now that she is growing old. Yet here we are, banishing her from our homes, administering to her noxious compounds of ammonia, glycerine, soap and water, and all that sort of thing, beating her around from pillar to post with brooms and goose-wings, insulting her with abusive epithets, and setting the rest of her family against her by repeating in her presence the various uncomplimentary maxims and sayings already noticed. We do all this and claim credit for it.

Lawson, it was resolved that for the present the Matriculation examination be dispensed with in the case of students who have matriculated at any of the connected colleges.

The University is certainly showing a good pulse and giving indications of vigorous life. We hope they will not be too much influenced by the fear of making their degrees difficult to obtain, and so discouraging students. It will be a far worse evil to make them valueless.

OUR thanks are due to the Y. M. C. Association for the receipt of tickets for what promises to be a very interesting and instructive series of meetings. Their prospectus for 1876-7 includes six "Lectures" and two "Literary Olios." The first Olio, which was held in the Association Hall on the evening of the 26th ult., was well attended. Dr. J. G. McGregor gave an address on "Development." His remarks were brief, but pointed, and were well received by the audience. A reading by J. S. Carruthers, Esq., was by no means the least amusing part of the programme. George Johnson Esq. read a paper entitled "Jottings by the way." Music was supplied by young gentlemen connected with the Association. Their performances were very creditable, and gave additional zest to the entertainment of the evening. The first Lecture of the season will be given by Hon. P. C. Hill, on the 16th of January, subject—"A visit to Rome and Pompeii."

THROUGH the kindness of the railway authorities the students received an extension of the ordinary holiday privileges, so that they were able to use return tickets at a single fare for a few days earlier and later than the advertised time. We tender our heartiest thanks. We regret to say that owing to a slight misunderstanding about the certificates, only a limited number were able to avail themselves of this generosity, and several had to consider the dilemma of paying an additional half fare on the one side and of disappointing their friends at the station on the other.

The term dirty is used figuratively as an expression of contempt, when in the very nature of things it ought to be complimentary. I earnestly entreat any to whom this may come to stop for one moment and consider the enormity of the crime of undutifulness, before he literally washes his hands of his mother.

2nd. It is unnatural, We have two natures, one the true nature born in us, the other artificial, the result of our education. When I say that this aversion is unnatural, I mean that it is opposed to our true nature. Children love dirt, they hate to be washed. This is a part of their nature. You find your child in a mudhole, her face is dirty, so are her clothes,—but the child is happy. She grasps whole handfuls of the precious substance, and laughs and chuckles over it as her old grandfather gloats over his hoarded gold; and what wonder that there should be a resemblance. The old man is in his second childhood. Both are playing with dust. But in the one case you call it *frugality*, in the other *filthiness*. You hold up your hands in holy horror at the depravity of your child because she would rather play in the dirt than out of it. But you don't understand her. Notice the expression on her face. Does not that fond look, do not those evidences of affection tell you that she sees something besides red earth in her hands? Who knows but the infant fresh from the hands of nature knows and feels the relationship, and those are but the natural expressions of affection coming straight from the simple, loving, warm child heart, a heart yet unchilled by the icebergs of precedent and form which its educators will place around its path by and by, to freeze up the simple impulses which make the infant so attractive to us all.

"Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,"

should not be despised. Yes it is a part of our true nature to love dirt and hate water. Cleanliness is not natural. It is so perhaps when we grow up, but it is only when

"Custom lies upon us with a weight,
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

Even then there is nothing half so hearty as the childish joy with which we made mudpies. Oh! how we did love dirt in those days, didn't we? 'Tis true

"There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

Yes when we declare war against dirt we quarrel with our mother and fight against our nature. Why should we be matricides and suicides for an idea.

3rd. It is malicious. Has dirt done anything to merit this treatment? Then let us know what it is. If it has done anything worthy of stripes let it have them; but if not, let us stop this thing at once. It shows spite, and we should not be spiteful.

4th. It is useless and ultimately must fail. It is nonsense to engage in a struggle in which we are sure to be beaten in the end. Dirt is matter. You may move matter but you cannot annihilate it. Dust is omnipresent, drive it away and it comes again. Like the blood spot on Bluebeard's key, the more you wash it the more it wont come off. Wash yourself and you get dirty again, *ad infinitum*. Scour and scrub all your life, determined to be clean, and yet a good deal of the time you will be dirty. But fight it out to the bitter end if you will. Death will make you throw up the sponge, literally and figuratively, and then dirt triumphs. The preacher says "Earth to Earth." Your long-insulted, yet ever forgiving parent opens her arms and you fall into her embrace. Those lips of yours, which once curled so scornfully at sight of her, are now passive while she greets them with her dusty kisses. History repeats itself. Those hands which in early childhood gathered up the soil so affectionately, are now filled with it again. First nature, then custom, then nature again. We submit to her in childhood, then we refuse her her rights, finally she asserts them. The battle is then over. Dirt has gained the victory without striking a blow. "For dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."
S. D. S.

PEOPLE WE MEET.

As we walk through this wilderness world, we often meet with men of a certain class whom, for convenience sake, we may designate as belonging to the society called the "Verdant Green Brethren." They generally try to conceal from the eyes of the world their connection with that brotherhood, but in vain. They may wear a *collare erectum* of the greatest altitude, swing a *baculum* of the most fantastic make, and don a plug hat of the latest shape and stiffest material, but in spite of all these accoutre-

ments, their *native hue* will appear. They are a "crop that never fails." Their viridity is perennial. No frosts can blight their bloom, no acid can change their colour. They come upon us when we least want them, and greet us with their most impertinent greeting. If we are having a confidential talk with a friend, one of those fellows comes up and pokes his head in between us, and it is only the quality of mercy which is strained from us by a consideration of his ignorance that withholds us from hitting from the shoulder. If we are reading a private letter in the niche of a window, or writing a note, he comes gazing over our shoulder with neck outstretched, and wide open as to his mouth, as if in his eagerness to swallow the contents of our paper, he had brought that peculiarly absorptive organ to aid the ocular. If you try to give them a hint, you find you cannot. They never dream that they are guilty of any impropriety of conduct. All your insinuations and suggestions roll off them like rain off a duck's back. You are left to their mercy, and you can only fume inwardly, and bewail the cruel fate that ordained such hard things for you. Should any friend of ours detect the smallest degree of similitude between this picture and his own phiz, we would like to warn him, lest some unlucky day he may be punished, as was a certain Irishman, in a story which Joe Millar relates:—"An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house; and, perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the *curious impertinent*, he thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words: 'I would say more, but a d—d tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write.' " "You lie, you scoundrel," said the self-convicted Irishman."

OBSERVER.

DAY DREAMING.

THE habit of day dreaming is commonly spoken against as a sort of mental dissipation; and there can be little doubt that the charge is for the most part true. Any habit which tends to give a man wrong views, to prevent him from seeing ordinary circumstances in their proper light, to render him dissatisfied with his con-

dition, and make him the victim of chronic disappointment, ought to be strictly guarded against. Not only does day dreaming do all this, but it requires much time for its indulgence, and is peculiarly liable to gain the mastery over its possessor. The man who spends a large part of his time in an imaginary world, peopled by creatures of his own fancy who move obedient to his own wish, can hardly be so well fitted to make his way through this real and very obstinate world, as he whose prosaic and calculating mind enables him to see things with his natural eyes and estimate their value by their natural effects. Yet since habits tending to enjoyment are extremely liable to be carried so far as to become injurious, it is our duty to consider carefully whether the evil results flowing from them are due to the habits themselves or to their excessive indulgence.

A moment's thought will enable the reader to perceive that day dreaming is not in itself necessarily injurious. When indulged in with moderation it is nothing more than the legitimate employment of one of the highest of our faculties—the Imagination. No other faculty has greater influence in softening and elevating the character; yet none is so commonly neglected or misused. No scheme of education makes provision for the proper training of this faculty; and with reason, for it is too subtle and too capricious to be conformed to fixed rules. It can be restrained and regulated; but the restraint and the rules must come from within, not from without. Only when controlled by the will and guided by the reason can it attain its full value. A man's first duty to himself is to train all his faculties to the highest possible perfection. None requires this training more, and repays it better than the imagination.

He who has gained control over his imagination, who has learned to subject it to his will, to restrain or set it free at his pleasure, possesses unlimited means of enjoyment. He has a never failing source of happiness, independent of health, or wealth, or friends, or outward circumstances. Under conditions where other men would sicken of *ennui*, or be driven to sensual dissipation, he is calm and happy. He has a world of his own to live in which he can mould to suit his fancy, and rule with undisputed sway. When harassed and disappointed, instead of turning, when the day's work is over, to the flowing bowl for comfort, he can give free play to his imagination. He

wanders through flowery meadows, beside babbling brooks, where trout play in the pools; bees hum musically about his feet, birds warble in the air and among the trees, bright eyes gaze fondly upon him, soft hands are linked with his, and his whole nature is refreshed and elevated amid the gorgeous scenes conjured up by his fancy. "Such tricks hath strong imagination," that, in a single moment, its possessor can step out of this disappointing world, and walk in the Elysium fields.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Niagara Index* is a lively paper. Its Editorials are written, for the most part, in a brisk and pleasing style. The poetry mill at Niagara grinds largely. We find no less than five effusions in one issue, one of these on "Home Recollections" is perhaps above the average. It likes to see college papers noticing Exchanges, and practices what it preaches in the following style:—

"There's the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, for example. It never attempts a criticism on its college friends. And yet it is everlastingly poking into some musty encyclopedia, and drawing therefrom articles which no one will read. Is the *Scholastic* past reform? If it be not, we expect soon to see it enriched with an exchange column."

The last number of the *College Olio* put it down "O Sempora! O Moses!" If this was intentional on the part of the Editors, and put in just for fun, we have no remarks to make. If not, we ought to be reading the obituary of some Western printer one of these days. In an article on "Talent and Genius," the writer says: "We all have talents and we must improve them." This is very true, but at the same time we think somebody passed a remark something like that before.

Dallusiansia.

We were lately told by a student of some advancement in Moral Philosophy that Locke added to the maxim, "Nihil est in intellectu, nisi prius in sensu," the important modification, "praeter sensus ipse." He seems to have that "general knowledge" of the subject which means "definite and dense ignorance."

A Freshman has lately exchanged his beard for four large scars. The paths of barbarism.

One of our freshmen the other day summed up human happiness. The following were the four essential items:—A cigar, a hot stove whereon to spit, a mantelpiece whereon to place his legs and nothing to do.

Many clever reasons have been given why it was that after Jacob kissed Rachel he lifted up his voice and wept, but that lately given by a junior seems to us the most likely to be true. He says that Jacob had thirty or forty lectures of Physics to get up, and that he cried because he could not go and kiss her every night.

One of our Sophs. has been lately in love, with the following result:

"Her brow it is white as the driven snow,
That from the Nor-Nor-West doth blow.
Her eyes they are large and blue and dreamy,
Her hair it is black as the back of the chimney,
Her voice it is like to the sound of the brook
When we go out in summer to fish with a hook."

Satis est O Soph.—Try prose.

We have been informed on very competent authority that some seniors of the French class have had a relapse, and have forgotten all their French.—O! Happy seniors.

There were three of them in the hall, and they were late for class. One gown only remained for their accommodation, and it consisted of a collar and one ragged tail behind. Each claimed an equal share in the garment, and they knew not how it was to be divided. At last one of them, a senior, makes a proposition. "I'll take the collar, you'll have the tail, and you, the armholes, and straightway the vesture was portioned off as suggested. The first two were allowed to enter with the skin of their teeth, but the third could be seen down stairs between the hours of ten and eleven, a. m., unburdening his mind of sundry adjectives, and cheering his disconsolate spirit with a cigarette.

Personals.

LOUIS H. JORDAN, a graduate of 1875, is studying theology at Princeton Seminary.

J. R. K. LAW, a Sophomore of last Session, is attending College at Glasgow, Scotland.

W. P. SCOTT, a Freshman of Class '75, is at his home at Margaret's Bay, Lunenburg.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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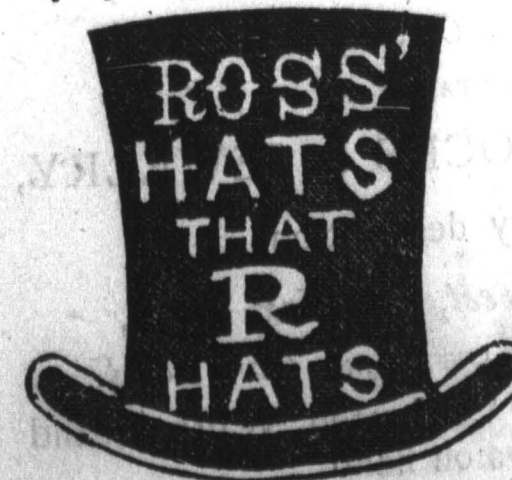
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