

*C. H. Murray*  
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# The Dalhousie Gazette.

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# The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

Vol. XXXIV. HALIFAX, N. S., - APRIL 30, 1902. No. 8.

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THE time seems ripe for something definite to be done about Maritime intercollegiate debating. All through the year the matter has been treated in a favorable spirit by our contemporaries, who, we are assured, express the sentiments of their colleges. Mount Allison and U. N. B. did something practical by holding a most successful debate. As for Dalhousie, we are pleased to note that Sodales has appointed a committee to do its part in the good work.

If anything is to be done at all, we hope it will be done well. And while the various committees are about it, why not put matters on a permanent basis by forming a Maritime Debating Union. It seems to us that an organization might be formed, to be called, say, "The Intercollegiate Commission," which body shall consist of a representative from each college entering the league, and the duty of which shall be the general management of intercollegiate debate. If such a scheme is practicable, and we think it is, there may perhaps be an end to our fruitless dreaming and equally fruitless talk.

Our sister journals, especially the *Athenaeum* and the *Argosy*, have lately set forth the benefits of such debate so adequately that we may take it all as said. One thing will



bear a little more emphasis, as far as concerns ourselves, and that is the stimulating effects on the individual societies. The Sodales Club needs to be stirred up, as the Executive of this year know only too well, and a Debating League would afford a stimulus both wholesome and abiding.

IN this issue of the GAZETTE we insert a letter received from one who is interested in the subject of Alumni representation on the Board of Governors. It is proposed that this matter shall be discussed at the Alumni meeting, to be held on the day before Convocation, and a request for representation be sent in to the Governors.

We hope that this proposition will be favourably received. While in no way deteriorating in the quality of its work, the Alumni Association has not, of late years, received the official recognition which it deserves; and, doubtless owing to this fact largely, the graduates have not been giving it a proper amount of support. This year, however, the Alumni are making a special struggle towards adequate recognition. They propose, in addition to the above request, to ask for representation on the GAZETTE staff, and there is every reason to believe that both propositions will be favourably considered. Thus represented both in the student body and on the Board of Management, the Alumni Association would be one in which every Dalhousie graduate should take an active interest.

THE GAZETTE records with sorrow the death of Mr. J. M. Carmichael, B. A., '72, who died at New Glasgow, March 29th. He was a son of Senator Carmichael, and a member of the firm of J. W. Carmichael & Co. For years he has been known as one who took a prominent part in all affairs of his town and country.

#### THE LATE REV. DR. SMITH.

The GAZETTE records with deep regret the death of the Rev. T. Watson Smith, D. D., LL. D., which occurred at Halifax, March 8th. Dr. Smith was born at Windsor, 1836. There he received his education, being a pupil of the late Dr. Curren. In 1857, he entered the Methodist ministry, and for eighteen years he was in the active service of the church, resigning his duties because of ill-health.

He was Editor of the *Wesleyan* from 1880 to 1886, when he finally retired from active church-work.

Always a great student of history he now set himself to original historical research, which resulted in two very important works, "The History of Methodism in Eastern Nova Scotia," and "The History of Slavery in Canada." Both works cover a previously unopened field. Besides, he has been a frequent contributor to the publications of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. His work is noted for its exhaustive method of treatment and strict accuracy of detail.

Dr. Smith's labours were widely recognized. He held the degrees of Doctor of Divinity from Mount Allison, and Doctor of Laws from Dalhousie. Had he lived, he was to have been elected Fellow of Royal Society of Canada.

Dalhousie has always been sparing of her honorary degrees, granting them only to the most worthy. Dr. Smith was one who held the degree right worthily, and Dalhousie is proud that his name is enrolled among her graduates. But the loss is not ours alone. The Methodist Church has lost a great personal force, and the country a good citizen.

#### TO LEUCONOE.

Seek not, 'tis a thing forbidden, what our destined doom may be,  
Trust no false Chaldean numbers, calmly bide, Leuconoe,  
Careless whether God hath granted life for many winters more,  
Or the last the Tuscan surge is dashing on the rockbound shore!  
Yield to Wisdom; let the wine cup sparkle dealing death to Care;  
All too brief the span of life and hope deferred is but despair.  
While we speak the envious hours hurry by on pauseless wing,—  
Seize to-day, all unregarding what to-morrow's sun may bring!

E. B.



## ANGLOPHOBIA.

The poet Burns deserves the praise of every right thinking man for writing

"O 'wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us,"

but probably the most humble among us would draw the line at the manner in which the German press undertakes to discharge this good office on our behalf. The other day, while sitting in a restaurant, I chanced to pick up a paper which devotes itself pretty largely to this charitable work and contained several articles on the South African war, one of which I have transcribed in part below. I do not give it because it has any particular merit in itself—not even that of being true—but as the footnote explains it has had rather a significant part in the discussion of the subject here, and shows what German ingenuity can do, when necessary to prove its case.

This article purports to be from the pen of an English officer serving in the field who describes the type of soldier that he meets there. His first work is to disabuse people's minds of the popular notion that the British soldier is a model of honor and valour, and having done this he passes on to a description of the soldier as he actually is. It is as follows:—"In the eyes of these soldiers lying, thieving and drunkenness are nothing amiss. They steal like the ravens, no one's possessions—not even a comrade's—are secure while they are near. To pilfer is their daily work. Lying also is practiced with the same zeal. In fact to "lie like a trooper" has become proverbial. A soldier for example will return from headquarters saying that he has seen the last despatch and giving full particulars. Yet when one comes to look into the matter there is not even the trace of a despatch. Another continuous sort of amusement for Tommy is plundering, not only for the sake of gain but for the desire of destroying things. You can often see him dressed in woman's clothes, dancing around amidst the ruin he has made. Then he will take up a heavy stone, and with one fell swoop down it comes on a piano, smashing it to fragments." Here the writer becomes even more coarse in his description.

In a footnote the following explanation of the source and purpose of the letter is given. "Chief characteristics of the English Soldiers. Transmitted by one of their own officers.—One of the chief documents upon which Herr Liebermann

von Sounenberg based his speech delivered in the Reichstag, refuting Balfour's panegyric of the English Army." This was the man, who not long ago created such a sensation in the Reichstag by his fierce denunciation of Chamberlain and the South African war, and who, although officially rebuked, received afterwards an ovation in the lobbies of the house.

If such sentiments as these were found only in the yellow journals or were expressed only by such men as Herr Liebermann, the matter would not be worth much consideration. But such is not the case. The evidence is only too clear that such ideas as these have the sympathy of a large proportion of the German people, and this fact has set many speculating as to the cause of this intense anti-English feeling.

Various theories of course are proposed. The Boer War is the most common and at first sight the most plausible, but quite short of the mark. It is rather the occasion than the cause of such a general outburst of feeling. As a matter of fact the enmity existed long before the war broke out—the latter being exploited more as a basis of attack than as representing the source of our difficulties. Besides if the Germans had really regarded this as the source of all the evil, they would probably have taken more active steps and not have remained contented with merely maligning our methods of warfare.

Commercial relations between the two countries has also been suggested as explaining the situation. But rivalry in trade need not necessarily beget unfriendly race feelings, indeed to judge by facts the opposite would seem to be the case. Never before has England felt the commercial rivalry of the United States as during the past few years, yet never has the friendship of the two countries been more noticeable than during this time. Germany too has felt this rivalry, and is in a worse position to withstand it than England, yet at present Germany can find no means of expressing fully its gratitude to the American people. Moreover it would only be natural to suppose, that providing the difference was one of trade relations, the feeling would be mutual and England would hate Germany as Germany hates England. This is not the case. It is only lately that England has been conscious of this unfriendliness and having discovered it, it is very doubtful whether it will affect opinion in any very appreciable manner. Diplomacy will be conducted perhaps a little more warily, but the two nations will go on their way much the same as ever.

To find the real root of the matter we must go even deeper



yet, and this, it seems to me, will be found in the ideals of the two nations. These, it must be admitted, are very different. For Germany the ideal has been,—the conserving of national strength for national aggrandizement. Above all things the Germans believe in possessing the fruits of their own labours. Accordingly they have set to work to make out of their land the best that is possible, and with the resources at their disposal it was reasonable to expect that the result would be great. How far they succeeded may be inferred from the fact that in science, music, social and economic institutions we look to them as our teachers. But to get the benefit of these things you must go to Germany—the German will not come to you, for while he gladly permits you a share of what he has, it must be understood that your doings shall in no way interfere with his enjoying the privileges the Fatherland has provided for him.

Far different has been England's ideal when it is rightly understood. Generally speaking it has been to strengthen herself by strengthening others. In commerce she has demanded that the world shall share advantages with her on equal footing. The freedom of her laws and institutions she has conferred upon her colonies and to some extent to other lands less willing to acknowledge the favour. Had England restricted the movements of her subjects, and kept them within hail of colleges and libraries, the scientific spirit that characterizes Germany might have been England's in equal degree. Instead of this she has given of her best and brightest to India, Africa, Australia, and in earlier days to America, and through their efforts, liberty and law have obtained as in the home land. For years the policy had seemed a barren one, yet in these later years it has brought forth its fruit. The imperialism of to-day is the proof that the efforts of the past have not been in vain.

Imperialism is the name that Germany hates and fears. A new power has arisen—the product of a broader principle than that which has sustained the Fatherland, and every German is conscious, in some degree, of what it must accomplish. That the imperialism of Germany has done much—anyone who compares the Prussia of to-day with that of forty years ago will see, but that ours will accomplish more, we cannot for a moment doubt. Meanwhile we can afford to wait, assured of the fact that enmity such as we have seen and felt is but the proof that the work that has been done is worthy, and the reward near.

*Berlin, March 8, 1902.*

G. D.

### WAGER OF BATTLE.

No barn raising in Tomah Settlement was complete without the presence of Abner McClinton. He had the eye of a master builder and knew every detail of barn construction from under-pinning to ridge-pole. Thirty odd years of the lumber camp and river drive had left his face trenched, the finger joints distorted to unnatural size, the frame lean as a greyhound; but the form was unbent and the whole bony outline told of seasoned strength and endurance.

Man or early accident had left McClinton marked for life. From forehead to nape ran a hideous, jagged scar more than an inch in width, the scalp having been torn clear almost to the skull leaving only a thin covering of flesh. Of this disfigurement McClinton seemed painfully conscious. One inquisitive neighbor, it was told, had raised him to a blaze of fury with a question as to its origin. Few of the Settlement folk had ever seen him with head uncovered, which only drew increased attention to what he wished to conceal and made him and his scar a never-ending subject of discussion wherever two or three of the Tomah people were gathered together. Some of these, indeed, even professed to doubt the existence of any unusual scar, his constant hat wearing and habitual shyness being put down to a general "queerness" in the man. Among us younger ones the question was debated almost awesomely. We never came in McClinton's way but our eyes immediately sought what our tongues had talked of in secret; but one look from him made us shrink away shamefacedly. Such eyes as his are not born to men. As he sat apart in quiet brooding, light and shadow, as soft and subdued as in a pine forest, came and went; lights of other days before tribute had been exacted of the heart and shadows of things old, far-off and unhappy. At times again they looked dark with smouldering wrath or flaming with heat of passion.

While all knew of the scar none could tell certainly how Abner came by it. However, this much was known. It was there, when, as a young man of thirty-five or thereabout, he came to the settlement as foreman for the Speduc River Lumber Company. Among the men of the different camps, in the freshet of after supper talk when pipes were alight, many accounts could be heard of the way the mark had been received. A drunken river drivers' brawl, ending in a



terrific fight with axes and peavies, was the one commonly accepted. No one had sure knowledge, however, for McClinton let fall no word which would throw light on his early life; and so the mystery grew until it became a settled conviction in the minds of his acquaintances that the scar had much to do with the veil he had thrown over his past.

Had it not been for Neil McGrath and his barn raising the story of the scar had probably never been told. McGrath, it was said, professed to know something of McClinton's earlier years and occasionally hinted obscurely of doings which would not stand the light. He could not foresee that Fate, in her own tragic way, would make him the instrument of the truth.

The drive being safely boomed and the river men home, the new barn became easily first in our neighbourly gossip that spring. Seth Bowles, who had the contract, had promised to be ready for the swale and intervale hay as the old barn could scarcely contain the upland cut; but McGrath's ambition grew as the work progressed, until it was well on into October before the raising took place.

Preparations for it were on a scale hitherto unheard of. Even the adjacent settlement of Canouse sent a delegation, the event being of more than local importance. A week previous, the word went around that McClinton would not take charge and whispers of an old feeling between him and McGrath were on every tongue; but the night before Seth was smilingly triumphant: "Stars and garters," he ejaculated, "he fired up hot when I first asked him. Said he wouldn't have a thing to do with it. I've got him now though sure. Went over to his place to-day and said as how the boys all wanted him and at last he 'greed to come; but he won't eat a bite or drink a drop, mind you, on Neil's premises."

Full sixty men were on hand the following morning, brawny, big-fisted giants, with muscles hard as hornbeam, mighty with axe and peavy, lumbermen or farmers, according to season. No one was missing, and in command of all was McClinton, speaking gravely now and then to one and another or examining the frame timbers with critical eye. The sills of heavy spruce, squared to twenty inches, were already laid, resting on the under-pinning of unquarried stone. First came the erection of the four corner posts. These, with the stud posts, supported the heavy rafter plates and were held in position by deep mortises in the sills. Before being raised the studs with two of the corner posts

were joined to each rafter plate by mortises in it, the whole framing a skeleton side which was put up as one piece. Once upright this was held steady till each tennon was over its own sill mortise, the weight of the plate then forcing them home. The two sides up the gable-end beams came next, holding the rafter plates at either end. This was the method followed till the wire nail, spike and scantling came and made barn framing and raising a science of the past.

"Now men, all ready," sang out McClinton. Each man took his place at the rafter plate lying on the ground. "Heave away!" A mighty "heave" came from the long line followed by a giant straining of back muscles and a creaking of heavy timbers as the studs and two corner posts, capped by the rafter plate, rose in the air. "Steady, men," McClinton cautioned when the perpendicular was reached. "A shade more. Just a hair. Ready with pins there." Down shot the tennons into the deep sill mortises and in a trice was pinned solidly.

With such zeal did the men work that dinner hour found the frame of the four walls in place, always the delicate part in a raising. After dinner came pipes and whisky. McClinton had no share in the eating and drinking, having gone to his own home in spite of protests from the men. McGrath being appealed to only grunted: "Leave him go. His room's better nor his company any day." The lighter timbers, rafters, ribs, braces and collar beams fell to the afternoon's work. Along with the adjusting and pinning of these, boarding in the walls went on, the whole place ringing to the sound of mallet, hammer and saw.

Steadily the barn took shape till the rafters were up and ready for the ridge-pole. With it secured the day's work was finished. Here and there a pin was driven or a bit of brace inserted, but the raising was at an end. Already the sun was dropping behind the wall of forest to the west, tipping the pine tops with golden light. Warmed by the liquor and conscious of a task well done, the men seated themselves on the sills or sprawled full-length on the dry ground, discussing the new barn. McGrath, in high spirits, passed the bottle freely. McClinton had met each offer with a curt refusal; but now McGrath became insistent. "Be sociable like Abner and take a taste with the boys" he urged. "Seems to me you don't jibe well to-day. I like to see all alike, no man feeling better nor another. That's the kind of a hair-pin I am." McClinton's face darkened with anger as McGrath laid hold of his arm. "Get out of my way," he



said fiercely, attempting to pass and McGrath still clinging he thrust him aside roughly and went on.

"Look at that boys," jeered Neil. "It's high and mighty he is, ain't he? Jealous of me and my barn I guess. A taste might do your old head good," he called after him mockingly.

McClinton wheeled in his tracks, his eyes a blaze of fire. The men rose instinctively. A few swift steps and he was within reach of McGrath. His right arm went out with a quick elbow drive straight into the mocking face. McGrath staggered back a pace but did not fall. He was no coward or stripling, and recovering himself quickly he slipped off his "jumper" and was on guard. Without a word the men drew near. The scent of battle was incense in their nostrils. With fury in his face McClinton rushed on his antagonist, who met him with a straight right hand jolt on the chin, stepping warily aside to avoid the onset. The blow seemed to cool McClinton. He came back at his man slowly with cat-like crouch. McGrath shot under his guard as they closed and again found his mark with a savage blow on the mouth, bringing the blood in a gush. But McClinton stood unshaken, and before his adversary could withdraw had sent his head back with a fearful downward smash, cleaving the eyebrow to the skull; then springing forward at the swaying form he found his opening. Swiftly the flail-like arm swung out, the bony fist smiting the staggering man with crushing force on neck and jaw. McGrath dropped as though felled with an axe; a quivering ran along the muscles, the body twitched convulsively, then lay limp and motionless. McClinton gazed a moment on his fallen foe, the light of battle still shining in his eyes, then turned and strode from the place.

The men stood about speechless, so fierce had been the encounter and so sudden the ending. In fearful expectancy they bent over McGrath's body for signs of life. He stirred not, for death had come with that awful blow. With horror-struck faces they bore him to the house and each man asked his neighbour what should be done.

Remote as the Settlement was, they were not a lawless people, nor was human life held lightly among them. It was no easy thing for these men to sit in judgment on one knit to them by ties of fellow hardships and toil of frontier life; but respect for law was with them a duty and they were men who did their duty unhesitatingly.

Early the following day an inquest was held. It lasted

scarce an hour. After the verdict, a charge was at once laid against McClinton before "Squire" Macdonald, the only Justice of the Peace in that section. Niceties of procedure as to appearance had no place in his court, and the same afternoon was set for the hearing.

The examination was held in the Squire's own house, McClinton walking to it with the constable who had been sent to summon him. Seats made of planks resting on blocks of wood ran around the four sides of the "spare" room, which was soon filled with roughly dressed men, bareheaded and intensely silent, McClinton conspicuous with hat on head sitting to the magistrate's right. Witness after witness was sworn and told in few words the story of the fight, Macdonald's pen laboring painfully over the foolscap as he took down the testimony of each. This was then read over to the witness and its truth signed to by him. Only some half dozen were heard and when the last had done, Macdonald paused, drew the sleeve of his homespun shirt across his sweaty brow and turned to McClinton, who had sat unmoved throughout:

"Abner ye've heard the evidence. Have ye anything to say? You're not bound to say a word but ye can if ye like ye know, and I'll take it down."

There was a squeaking of heavy boots as the men on the seats leaned forward expectantly. A full minute went by; then McClinton arose and looking at Macdonald, began in a low even voice. "What I'm going to say you'll not need take down maybe, but when you hear it, maybe you and the neighbours won't think too hard of me. All that's been told's true enough, only there's something back of it. Quite awhile ago, and before I came to these parts, I had a sister, a sister as any man might be proud on." McClinton paused; his eyes far away, as those other years filled his memory. "She was all I had, and we two got along happy and contented till the man who's now dead came. I mistrusted him from the first; but he was full of fine words to her, and spoke free and fair like till she believed him all he made himself out to be. What with the logging and driving I was away near all the time and he lost no chance to come betwixt us. At last, one spring when I came home, I found him gone, and her with him. I followed them from one place to another all that summer, afraid all the time something would happen her. Then I lost them all that winter, but the next spring I found her in a shanty along the Snowshoe, sick and him gone, and no one to tend her but strangers. That was a Monday and



a Thursday night she died. Then I swore I would kill him as he did her. I tracked him all that summer till I found him at the old place living as if he'd never gone away. I went straight to his house and would have killed him then maybe, but he took me foul with a peavy."

He bared his head and showed the long scar where the peavy point had torn its way. His voice, which had risen as he told the story of his wrongs, was now tremulous with suppressed passion.

"He left me for dead and when I got round after a fortnight he was gone again. I dogged him for a matter of two years and then I heard he was here and that is how I come to the Settlement. All these years I've been feeling that blow, and often in the nights I've thought how I would take him and make him suffer as she suffered, but I couldn't bring myself to do it in cold blood. I've kept out of his way all I could; and yesterday every time he came round I thought of her, and when he tried to make me drink, I was blind-like with hate. Maybe its all wrong, but she was all I had and he killed her. I'm an old, spent man, and don't rightly know, but he brought it on himself and I leave the Almighty to judge betwixt us."

A long undrawn sigh went over the room as McClinton ceased. No one had moved during the recital; and Macdonald had got no farther than "Statement of accused, Abner McClinton." Shuffling awkwardly in his chair, he arose.

"Abner I don't doubt all ye say is true and the boys believe ye too," throwing his glance over the room. "As magistrate though, I'll have to send ye up for high court; but we'll do all we can to make it easy for ye and help ye out. Steve will drive ye down to the Forks to-night and the rest of the way to-morrow, so ye won't have long to wait for court."

The day—the Settlement people still speak of it and good reason they have to remember it—was fast ending as McClinton drove off. It had opened calm and cloudless, but the sun hung like a yellow, flaring ball in the lifeless air. Towards noon, long streamers of dull, leaden clouds went sailing across the sky, shutting it up darkly. A far-off booming was borne from the forests, though as yet they stood silent and motionless, grim keepers of deep mysteries. Then the wind crept up with low ground mutterings, the birds ceased to sing, while the cattle, filled with vague forebodings, lowed dolorously, refusing shelter of woods or barn. The forests boomed with a hoarser note, the pine tops heaving

in long, green undulations as the wind, now high in air, came roaring on its course; clouds spat spiteful dashes of rain and the timid birds darted hither and thither in screaming flight. Still higher rose the wind, sweeping on with a yet fiercer rush, levelling the trees like a field of grain and hurling staunch buildings from their foundations.

When night closed down the great gale foretold by Saxeby had come in its might. As it came so it went. By midnight the earth was still and passionless again; and the large yellow moon peered out, looking weird and unreal, as it hung above the dark edge of the trees. The story of that storm was writ large in every forest and settlement from Passamaquoddy to the Restigouche. Even to this day its path may be traced by the grey, recumbent forms of moss-grown, rotting trees ripped from the earth that wild October night.

To one at least the Saxeby gale came as a friend and helper. Steve never reached the shire town with his prisoner. All went well till the heart of the Government Block—a ten mile belt of solid forest—was reached. To the darkness of the night was now added the fury of the wind as it roared through the dark depths, sending the trees reeling and crashing on all sides and driving terror to the heart of man and beast. Mad with fright the horse reared and plunged on the narrow, ill-made road, till a huge trunk hurled bodily across his path, sent him bolting away in a frenzy of fear. Both men were thrown to the ground; McClinton, unhurt, leaped to his feet and in an instant was gone in the inky blackness.

Upon Steve's return next day, a party was at once sent to the place. All around, the trees stood tore and dismantled from last night's mad rage; far and wide they searched all that week and many weeks to come, but never found a trace of what they sought. A few pines, century old, stand there still, towering high above the newer growth, and somewhere beneath them his bones lie, but their resting place is known to none.

The barn was swept from its foundations and the timbers twisted and split into splinters by the storm of that night. To-day a heap of scattered stone is all that marks the site. The grizzled few who witnessed these things point to it and call to mind McClinton's appeal to the Almighty to judge his cause.

F. A. M.



## A YARN CONCERNING "THE SIRDAR."

Examinations were drawing nigh, and the process of "plugging"—which resembles most strikingly the "cramming" of poultry for the market—was in full swing.

At the Academy, on Friday evening, I met the "Sirdar"—a classmate—who was a lean and tough bird, like unto myself.

After due appreciation of the histrionic ability displayed by "the best girl in this town," and scathing criticism of the other players, my friend suddenly turned to me with:—

"What do you say, Henry, to coming round to my rooms tomorrow morning and getting up some work together?"

It was a startling proposition.

Now the Sirdar was keeping house.

Many of Dalhousie's students "board"—others there are that "lodge"—few there are that "keep house."

Curious to see the inner workings of this phase of undergraduate life, I accepted the invitation.

Next morning at ten o'clock I presented myself at the address he had given me. The door was opened by a smiling maid in a neat cap and apron, whose name, I learned later was Annette.

Breakfast was on the table. Declining the Sirdar's cordial invitation to join him at breakfast, I drew up a chair to the fire and began reading the morning paper.

Annette knelt and continued toasting some bread before the red coals.

Presently my friend spoke: "Annette, did you put a log of wood on the fire last night, after I went out?"

"A log of wood, monsieur, what do you mean?"

"One would suppose I asked you the question in Gaelic," came the retort. "When I left the room last night at a quarter to eight there were two logs on the fire, quite sufficient to last for the remainder of the evening. I now see the charred ends of three logs; and how could there be three if you had not put on another?"

"I'm sure I don't remember whether there were two or three," replied Annette.

For a space the Sirdar was silent, then—

"This milk is not good; there is very little cream on it, and I don't think the milk man gives good measure. The

jug ought to hold a certain quantity, and then we should know. Have you a jug on purpose for the milk?"

"No, monsieur."

"Don't you think I am right, Henry? By having always the same jug we should know whether we got a full quart of milk."

"Yes, get a jug—two jugs, if you like—only let me read in peace."

"I did not say two; I said one; it will not cost much. I know where I can buy a nice one for twelve cents. Ah! this butter is not good. How much do you pay for it, Annette?"

"Thirty cents, monsieur."

"The pound?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Much too dear! I ate some the day before yesterday, when I lunched with one of my friends, which was far better than this, and cost but twenty-seven cents."

"Then monsieur asked his friend to tell him the price?"

This drew my attention to the maid.

"Of course. Why not?"

Annette was withdrawing, with a shrug of her shoulders, but her master stopped her.

"What had you for your breakfast, Annette?"

"Some of the cold leg of mutton, monsieur."

"Ah! Was not there some of the beef remaining?"

"It was finished long ago, monsieur."

Annette retired, her master muttering to himself: "I think some of the beef ought to be there still."

When the Sirdar had finished breakfast, we settled down to—inter alia—"plugging."

At a quarter to one he brushed aside his notes and strode into the kitchen. There he took an affectionate survey of the pots, sauce-pans, and frying-pans, with their contents.

"What is this, Annette?" he asked.

"A fricasee of chicken, monsieur."

"Are there mushrooms in it?"

"Certainly, monsieur."

"Very odd—I can't see them! Ah, yes, there they are! Have you vegetable soup to-day?"

"Yes, monsieur; here it is."

"I see. But you put in too many carrots; how many are there now in this soup?"

"Ma foi! Monsieur, how can I remember?"



"You ought to do so. I'll venture to say there are at least six in that pot," and the Sirdar stooped gravely over the steaming soup and tried, with very indifferent success, to count the vegetables; the while Annette, amusement flickering in her eyes, goes through the motion of pinning a dish-cloth to the tail of her master's coat.

Two weeks ago, in the daily papers, appeared the notice of the Sirdar's admission, as junior partner, into a large manufacturing company with headquarters in Dartmouth. About the same time came the formal announcement of his engagement to a charming Dartmouth maid. May I offer on behalf of my class joyous congratulations, adding the hope that the details of domestic management will soon be transferred to dainty feminine hands. Then will eclipse the star of Annette.

HENRY ALAN DICKIE, LAW '04.

#### THE COMIC ELEMENTS IN HENRY THE FIFTH AND TWELFTH NIGHT.

Pistol is the comic centre of *Henry the Fifth*. Nym and Bardolph are merely his satellites. Fluellen, intrinsically little inferior to Pistol as a comic character, will always be associated with that worthy. Jamy and Macmorris, though they never come into direct contact with Pistol, have yet a definite relation to him. With reference to him, their characters are drawn in relieving color.

Pistol is an "empty vessel." He has the bombastic *Magnum loqui*. His mouth is full of high-sounding words and phrases. He never deigns to use ordinary language. But there is neither truth, courage, or discernment in him. It is the contrast between his words and his deeds that makes him essentially comic material. And the task to which the dramatist set himself was to make this contrast as forcible as possible.

The merely placing him in a drama like *Henry the Fifth* went far to this end. *Henry the Fifth* is a poem of action. The King himself is the ideal of a practical man, a man always ready to cope with events, and with a mind always resourceful in times of peril. Pistol was probably introduced into the play as a foil to the King, but the King also acts as a foil to Pistol. As Henry is, of course, the dominating character of the drama, and the whole play takes its color from him. Pistol is placed against a background, which brings out most clearly his follies and defects.

Nym and Bardolph are lesser Pistols. They have neither Pistol's gift of turgid oratory, nor his brazen impudence. They are liars, cowards, and mean thieves. It is of their cowardice that Shakespeare makes most comic capital. Their other qualities are too despicable to provoke laughter. They and the shallow Mrs. Quickly show us of what stuff the admirers and imitators of Pistol are made, and by thus setting his real character in a truer light contribute to the comic effect of his exposure.

Against the group made up of Pistol and his attendants is set the one containing Fluellen, Jamy and Macmorris. The characters composing the former group are essentially worthless, but one of them is pretentious and imposing. The Welshman, the Irishman, and the Scotchman, on the other hand, have characters, solid, at bottom, but encrusted with oddities. They all speak peculiar English. Fluellen is pedantic, and exceedingly wordy, and argumentative. Jamy impassive, and Macmorris impulsive. Their comic qualities are brought out strikingly in the scene before Harfleur. It is a time for action, and the prolix, theoretic Welshman wishes to discuss; the sedate Jamy is quite ready to listen contentedly; while the eager Macmorris is as immoderately anxious to fight, as Fluellen is to debate. No doubt all three would prove good soldiers when brought to the test.

Fluellen connects the two comic groups. Pistol was far too unworthy to be exposed by his antithesis, the King. And far greater dramatic effect is obtained by making the Welshman, whom Pistol laughed at and scorned for his superficial oddities, the instrument of that exposure. Pistol's degradation is thus made perfect and complete—all the more, because Fluellen shows the most ludicrous side of his character in the very act of punishment.

In *Twelfth Night* only three characters are essentially comic—Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Malvolio. The peculiar situation of circumstances may make us laugh at some of the others, but that is through no defect of theirs. It would be the same with any one in such a position. Feste and Maria make us laugh, but it is *with* them not *at* them. But Malvolio, Sir Andrew and Sir Toby would make us laugh, whatever circumstances they were placed in, by reason of their comic idiosyncrasies.

As the background of *Henry the Fifth* is the one best suited to make Pistol ridiculous, so the background of *Twelfth Night* seems almost to have been created to set off



Malvolio. *Twelfth Night* is a romantic comedy. Its world is an ideal one. It forgets the formalities and proprieties of ordinary existence. And Malvolio is a man of stiff-starched decorum. Wrapped up in himself, he cannot unbend and mix familiarly with common people. He moves along with demeanour always grave, stately, pompous. He has no sense of humor. His appearance in such a play as *Twelfth Night*, where everything moves along in perfect disregard of the old world's ways, brings out all his absurdity in full relief.

And as the effect of Pistol's downfall is heightened by the character of its agent, so is Malvolio's. From his selfish conceit, he looks down on the jolly, riotous Sir Toby, and the foolish Sir Andrew. Strangely enough, it is in Sir Andrew's empty brain that the thought of playing a trick upon Malvolio first originates. And, if Sir Toby did not carry the idea into execution, it is not very likely that it would have been done but for him; since Maria was, we may well believe, animated as much by a desire to please her merry knight, as by her own ill-will to Malvolio.

Sir Toby is Malvolio's opposite. He errs almost as much on the side of riotous merriment in his social intercourse, as Malvolio does on the side of decorum. Sir Toby does not care who the person is with whom he jokes, whether a foolish knight, a waiting-maid or a clown. His desire of fun and his drunkenness ultimately get him a broken head and a waiting-maid for his wife. For his own amusement he eggs on Sir Andrew into a duel, and, as a result, has to call for Dick Surgeon himself. To make the dramatic fitness of things still more striking, he gets his punishment from the future lord of the household in which he has been making disturbance by his immoderate revelry.

Sir Andrew is a perfect fool and coward with a simple confidence in his own cleverness and courage. He thinks himself fit to engage in the rapier play of repartee with Maria and Feste, and exhibits his brainlessness in the most diverting manner. He speaks of challenges in a most off-hand way, as if they were matters of daily occurrence with him, and when brought face to face with a stripling—a trembling woman in disguise—his valor is shown to be of a piece with his wit. But his cowardice does not need to be exposed to make us laugh at Sir Andrew. His perfect simplicity makes his every action laughable.

We have seen the perfect harmony with which Shakespeare has arranged the comic elements in *Henry the Fifth*

and *Twelfth Night*. The dominant note of the former drama is that of action. And in it the peculiarities of men of action are exhibited to us. At the same time, the man who can give utterance to large words and high-sounding speeches, but who has no real merit—such a man, as is most apt to deceive educated people—is made to reveal all his worthlessness and cowardice. In like manner, in *Twelfth Night*, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew show us the comic characters and situations which result from the ideal freedom, which is the main idea of the play; while Malvolio, in whom the opposite principle is the ruling power, exhibits all its ludicrous and absurd features.

#### AS I THINK.

(Neither the Gazette nor the writer is responsible for these opinions.)

I'd like to be the Professor Devilsdutch that we were hearing about in Fourth English the other day, Professor of Everythingingeneral.

[The sentence that I left out here reminded me that regularity in appearing doesn't unspice my life. But I did regularly begin an "Article," capital A, for each Gazette. I had a beautiful starter for Thoughts on Lent: Text, Put on Charity, i. e., be chary with things; Practical Lesson, Let us find a way of getting rid of the ridiculous profusion with which senior classes distribute their photographs *inter se*, as Cicero would say—but I got lazy and didn't finish anything. Which is criminal, hardly less so than not beginning. (You see I'm an editor or I wouldn't be so anxious to fill up space. By the way the telegram for the boss the other day that all Fourth Englishers are dying to know about was an offer of a story! An Epoch!)]

But to moralize instead of parenthesize, I am an ardent reformer. There isn't a thing out of place but what I could fit it again into the eternal harmony of things.

For example, when I was a Sophomore I was honored with personal mention in Dalh—you know what I mean. The guilty editor was small, the offence was not repeated. Don't you think my dignity was a pretty mean affair to be troubled by such a thing? This year there have been complaints from several different parties, and there is danger of the GAZETTE not having a last page any more; and venting its talent for polite abuse in politics. Prove your own selves.



Talking about petty dignity, petty curiosity is worse. I was peeking through a door-crack the other day, and that made me think of it. There's a certain floor under the old red tower (eugh) where you can hardly walk along the hall but a head will pop out of a doorway, or foregather two or three in a room but a head will pop in the doorway, beg pardon, retreat. And do you know, twice this year parcels that came to me in the mail have been explored. I merely mention this to ease my feelings, you needn't draw a moral. I don't know who did it, and don't care to know them. I like to choose my acquaintances.

Just feeling fine now for writing, but altruism must prevail.

I THINKER.

#### THE FOG MAN OF BURGEO.

"Good ev'nin', young man, 'tis looking wedderish agin." And the old fisherman raised his head to his sea-bronzed brow and peered out across the land and into the sundown haze that hung athwart the offing. The stranger, who now found himself at Burgeo on the southern coast of "The Tenth Island", had not noticed any standard indications of impending "wedder"; and, not being possessed of a pocket barometer, a medical almanac, or a knowledge of local conditions, he asked of the old man a reason for the faith that was in him. "He's after bein' heard for twicet a'ready, an' dis will be t'ree times gone if he bawls to-night. He most times can bring it de first time o' callin'; 'specially if he's been disturbed like and comes out in de day time. But we seldom sees him clear; for he keeps well into de mist."

The stranger thought, half audibly, that there were mists and mists. He looked as if he did not quite understand, and, noting this, the fisherman paused in his explanation, and, in effect, appended thereto a preface.

It seems that before a storm or a spell of foul and foggy weather the hazy outlines of a strange dory bearing a lone and aged boatman were wont to appear upon the bay. Whence he came the fisher did not know. Where he dwelt when not "on duty", unless with Davy Jones, was subject for conjecture. Passing in and out among the little islands or skirting around behind the fog banks, as if preferring to be

heard rather than seen, this ancient and uncanny mariner would raise his voice in the blended notes of a roar, a shriek and a wail. "Some tragedy, behind all this", thought the stranger. "Man, the sea and the gods are oft-times cruel; had all been pitted against some poor unfortunate? or was it a case of the curse that comes not causeless"? But the fisherman did not moralize. To him and his neighbors the cries were simply a warning of coming bad weather.

"When we hears the Fog Man we knows what to expect and we acts accordingly. An' he's not to be trifled wit' neider, that's for a fact. Most folks is skeered to try it, but one young feller t'ought, or said he t'ought, it wasn't e'er a t'ing but shuperstition. He used to pertend 'twas only talk about de callin' from de sea. He was a wild devil, that was. Well, one day he was out wit' me in de boat; we was comin' in about dusk an' de fog was settlin' down; all to oncet we heard a soun' like it was a man's voice hollerin' in de distance, an' Jim he yells back, 'Bawl agin'. We could hear de ole man quite plain the nex' time he called, an' I wanted Jim to stop. But he says as loud as he can, 'Bawl agin old man.' Dis time dere was no mistake an' a terrible voice came back like it was right near an' terr'ble angry. De young feller' was gettin' excity now and he stood up in de boat and yelled a fearful oath an' told whoever was answerin' back to bawl his loudest. Quick as he said it dere come a t'underin' roar like a hundred bears was on us, an' de boat trembled an' rocked, an' de sea splashed over it, an' I t'ought we was goin' down for sure. When it was over you never see a frightender man than Jim. He was nigh skeert dead. 'Twas de end of his misdoubtin' about de old man an' his warnin' calls. No, dese t'ings is not to be trifled wit', an' for my part, when I hears de warnin' I just takes it for a fact and knows it's comin' 'round wedderish."

This is the short story the young stranger had from the old fisher, the substance of which the writer had from the stranger, and which he now passes on to the gentle reader; and when the second last named of these pays a visit to Burgeo, he is minded to carry along with their accessories, some extra rapid dry-plates and a waxen cylinder in the hope of catching and immortalizing, if they yet exist, the form and voice of the Fearsome Fog Man.

In the meantime doubt on, O incredulous Science, and blink still, O graping World!

S. E. W.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. GAZETTE:—

I'm cross. And if you had just finished getting three or four layers of college dust out of your best coat, you'd be cross too. If this were the first time, my temper might have been controlled, but a similar performance kept me from a class on Friday, made me late for church on Sunday, and almost caused my ring to be sent back to me, because I missed an appointment on Tuesday. Poor frail humanity can't stand much more.

And there are others. Ladies first: of the Ladies Waiting Room there is, I think, but one tale to unfold—how each day its occupants feel like coming out of their rooms crying Unclean, Unclean. All those who take classes are like-minded. At lectures, especially on Sunday afternoons, one has to excavate a place for his hat, and then get a dug-out made for himself. The philosophy of this is that it is hard on clothes, nerves, temper, good-will, piety, and thereby generally conducive to a deadening of our physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual sensibilities.

The remedy is simple. If Dr. P. was roused to a greater sense of his responsibility, he would be stirred up to nobler deeds. His well-known brisk movements would then be seen to better advantage. And our reproach would be taken away, for our enemies say,—Woe is Dalhousie, for she is a building of unclean walls and unwashed floors.

Yours truly,

PETER KATHARSIS.

## ALUMNI REPRESENTATION.

*Dear Gazette:*—As the College wheel of '01-'02 spins round and now has almost completed its annual revolution, one looks forward to our spring Convocation and to other University meetings that take place at that time. The Alumni Association has then a regular semi-annual meeting and it is concerning this that these lines are penned.

The Association is, or at least should be, the link connecting the graduates with the university management on the one hand and the graduates with the students on the other. But the connection of late years in either case seems weak and the link appears burst at both ends. Not long ago this organization had representation on the College Board of Governors and as in most other institutions the Alumni had some voice in the management of its Alma Mater's affairs. It is not necessary to go back farther than 1890 to find members of the Board, the present Deputy Minister of Justice and Dr. D. A. Campbell, representing the Alumni and these continued to act up to 1893, when the former retired, and the latter was retained as a Governor. In succession to them two new ones were appointed,

who are yet members of the body. Then the custom was for the Association to elect two men who would act for two years and retire every second year. It seems that the men so appointed proved their worth, for of the above mentioned four, three still remain Governors, and the fourth, receiving a position outside the city, was compelled to retire. In thus refusing to allow the representatives to retire the Association lost its right of representation. This is quite conclusive evidence of the efficiency of the Alumni members on the university directorate.

The Alumni at present is a struggling organization, struggling in the sense of getting hold of the students as they graduate from the College. There is a fairly large membership, and the work done by this body is of a very worthy character. What is received in the way of fees is expended to a large extent in a grant to the much needing Science Department, but the work involved in this connection is very slight. An attempt has been made time and again to enlarge this body and frequently the number of members has increased, but their interest is not held. There is a lack of work in the Association, and consequently there is little to engage the attention of its members.

A revival of the old right to Alumni representation on the Board of Governors would to some degree go toward giving graduates and Alumni an interest in the affairs of their Alma Mater. In many universities the selection is made by a vote of the whole Alumni, whether such Alumnus belongs to the parent or branch Association. This creates an interest in College affairs and lends some inducement to the graduate to belong to the Association.

It may be urged as it has been in the past that such representation would be of no use. Words are hardly necessary to combat this argument. The university sends out into the world every year about seventy-five students, all of whom should be members of the Alumni Association, and as such members, interested in the affairs of their Alma Mater, should have some word in the administration of the College. It seems, to put it mildly, that this is nothing more than an equitable right that should be granted, and towards the securing of which the Association should take some steps at its coming meeting. In this way only can the Board of Management keep in touch with the student body, whose ideas and suggestions are not wholly unimportant as the recent movement towards a Macdonald Memorial will testify.

Perhaps enough has been said to call attention to this important matter, and it is hoped that the subject will be taken up at the April meeting. Certainly benefit will result both to the Board and to the Association if Alumni representation is once secured.

ALUMNUS.



## COLLEGE NOTES.

THE canvass for the Macdonald Memorial Fund is about to begin. The committee are much encouraged by the assurances of support received from many prominent graduates. The Undergraduates' subscriptions have passed the \$5000 mark.

THE Y. W. C. A. officers elected for the next session are :

*President*.....MISS W. M. WEBSTER.  
*Vice-President* .....MISS F. BLACKWOOD.  
*Recording Secretary*...MISS E. BURRIS.  
*Corres. Secretary*.....MISS F. J. LINDSAY.  
*Treasurer*.....MISS R. M. McCURDY.

CONVOCATION week promises to be a most interesting time this year. The programme is as follows :

Saturday Night.—Senior At Home.  
 Sunday.—Baccalaureate Sermon by REV. J. FALCONER.  
 Monday Afternoon.—Class Day Exercises.  
 Monday Night.—Students Dance.  
 Tuesday Afternoon.—Convocation.

AT the annual business meeting on March 31st. Sodales elected the following officers for the ensuing year :

*Hon. President*.....PROF. J. LIECHTI.  
*President*.....J. W. WELDON, B. A.  
*Vice-President* .....D. McLEAN.  
*Secretary*.....JOHN BARNETT.  
*Treasurer* .....C. J. CROWDIS.

*Executive Committee*.. {  
 A. R. MCBAIN, Arts.  
 W. C. ROBERTSON, Law.  
 J. S. LAYTON, B. A., Med.  
 W. M. BAXTER, Sci.

*Lecture Course Com*... {  
 E. A. McLEOD, B. A.  
 D. W. MCKENZIE, B. A.  
 R. C. WELDON, JR.  
 T. W. LANGILLE.  
 H. H. BLOIS.

J. A. Scrimgeour gave notice of a motion to change the usual programme of Sodales into a Series of Inter-Class and Inter-Faculty Debates. H. D. Brunt gave notice of a motion to change the Constitution so as to have Sodales meet weekly instead of fortnightly. The newly elected Pres. and Sec'y were appointed a committee to confer with the Debating Societies of the other Colleges as soon as convenient, with a view to the establishment of an Inter-Collegiate Debating Union.

THE Delta Gamma Society met Saturday, March 29th, at Mrs. Moody's, Robie Street. On account of the small number present no business was transacted except the election of a committee to appoint officers for the coming year. The report of the committee was submitted Thursday, March 20th. The following officers were appointed :

*President*.....E. M. MACDOUGALL.  
*Vice-President* .....PRIMROSE CAMPBELL.  
*Secretary*.....HARRIET M. BAYER.  
*Treasurer* .....JOYCE HARRIS.

## EXCHANGES.

WE acknowledge receipt of a copy of the Prince of Wales' Guildhall Address from the Provincial Secretary, and the *Journal of Education* from the Education Office.

*Varsity*, No. 19, publishes a cut of a new Medical Building for Toronto to cost \$125,000. In this issue also, there is a proposal to institute permanent class organizations. Dalhousie has had these for years.

THE *Ottawa Review* justly scores several of its exchanges for unpleasant references to its church. We agree that college journalism, at least, should be free from the spirit of intolerance. But perhaps the *Review* should pull a mote or two out of its own eye.

The *Westminster* is a veritable second Aaron's rod. Though only in its sixth year of publication, it has already swallowed three journals and is now about to take in a fourth—*The Presbyterian Review* of Toronto. The *Westminster* is now one of the strongest religious magazines of the continent. Long may it continue to be so.

'Consolidation' is the word with Toronto University Journalism. The various publications of the undergraduates are to be merged into *Varsity*, which will thus be made the organ of the University and all affiliated institutions. The new *Varsity*, says the last editorial of the old, has success already assured for it. *Floreat*.

TALKING about debates, what think you of the pow-wow between the four Scots Universities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, when they decided "That the Present Government is worthy of the confidence of the Country"? Or of Edinburgh and Cambridge discussing whether or not a British Academy should be founded? One would like to be over there occasionally.

THE *Westminster* for March is a fine number. This month its special articles deal with the Student Volunteer Convention, which it tells of in a most satisfying way. Speaking editorially of the Convention, it says:—"This Convention of 2,296 students, and 212 professors from 465 colleges and universities, represented more possibility and potentiality than any gathering of any kind we have ever



seen in Canada. One could not but be impressed by the convention. It moved on a high level from first to last. There was nothing feverish in its emotion or factitious in its appeal. Its outlook on the world was absolutely cosmopolitan, and its standpoint was historical. All this marked a very distinct advance, and made the meetings impressive not only to the delegates but also to the thoughtful onlookers."

COLLEGE Notes and Personal paragraphs have been unusually bright in *Acta Victoriana's* later issues, though *Acta* continues to be rather a general everybody-nobody's magazine. An editorial on examinations is a sensible and good review of the matter. In the opinion of the writer, exams. should be largely replaced by professional "observation of the students' work." A university is not a mere examining institution but a place "where original and patient research is pursued." Further, "When we get beyond thinking of our university as a sort of preliminary school, and begin to look upon it as a centre for enquiry, the result of whose work takes some part in the general world-wide progress of knowledge, then we shall truly take our place as a central and leading influence in our nation, and shall thus rise to the conception of a true university."

ON March 14th, representatives of Mount Allison and U. N. B. debated on "Resolved that trusts are beneficial to the community." U. N. B. won.

"When we begin to consider what in the last analysis resolves itself into a competition between the Maritime Provinces for students, there naturally arises the question, now so prominent, of University Amalgamation. Why cannot the colleges of the Maritime Provinces form a "Trust" and do away with the "wastes of competition?" A specialization in each of the several colleges of one of the departments now pursued in all would increase their efficiency through a concentration of the energies now so widely dissipated. There are a great many difficulties confronting the man bold enough to draw up a plan on some such basis as that suggested above; but great issues never lack great men to deal with them, and some man may soon arise with wisdom and tact enough to reconcile all while favouring none."—*The Argosy*.

#### AMONG THE COLLEGES.

HARVARD and Yale are trying to arrange a debate with Oxford and Cambridge.

MORE Union! It is reported that Trinity will affiliate with Toronto, and that Bishop's College will affiliate with McGill.

MULTIPLY the Gilchrist benefactions by  $x^n$  and one can form an idea of the effect the Rhodes scholarships will likely have in stimulating students. These scholarships are given not to the British Empire alone, but to the *whole Anglo-Saxon Teutonic world*.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN of Cornell (1882-86, Professor of Philosophy at Dalhousie) will receive the degree of Doctor of Laws at the coming convocation of Edinburgh University.

THE fund for the 'Grant Hall' at Queen's now exceeds \$25,000. Of this, over \$13,000 has been subscribed by the students. The promoters of the scheme hope to present subscriptions for \$30,000 to the Governors on April 30th.

THE University of New Brunswick senate to-night (April 9) appointed a committee to wait on the Provincial Government to ascertain whether the Government would approve of confederation of the University with other colleges of the Maritime Provinces as is proposed.—*Morning Chronicle*.

"How can Canadian universities best benefit the profession of journalism as a means of moulding and elevating public opinion in the Dominion?" For the purpose of obtaining essays on this subject the sum of \$250 is placed in the hands of the Principal of Queen's, to be awarded in three prizes or in a single prize, as may be decided by the judges. The judges are the donor, the Principals of McGill, Queen's and University College, Toronto, and Mr. J. S. Willison, appointed by the Canadian Press Association. Essays must be in the hands of the Registrar of Queen's University, Kingston, on or before the 1st day of December, 1902; must be type-written and contain not more than eight to ten thousand words. They should be signed, not with the writer's name, but with a motto, and accompanied with a sealed letter, enclosing the name in each case.

#### PERSONALS.

REV. J. A. RAMSAY, '99, has been called to Middleton.

AULAY MORRISON, LL. B., '88, M. P., has been visiting his home in Cape Breton. He spent a day in the city on his return.

THROUGH a mistake, for which the GAZETTE is not responsible, Miss Best, '01, was mentioned in the last issue as one of the teachers for South Africa.

THE GAZETTE congratulates Charles M. Woodworth, LL. B., '92, mining-law specialist of Dawson City, on his marriage to Miss Beatrice Start of Calgary, Alberta.

THE friends of Rev. D. M. MacRae, '96, missionary in Corea, will be pleased to know that he is recovering from the fever-attack which was reported to be so serious.

E. H. Archibald, '97, M. Sc., and Murray MacNeill, '96, have both received appointments at McGill, the former as Demonstrator in



Chemistry, the latter as Fellow in Mathematics. There are now four Dalhousians teaching at McGill.

D. F. CAMPBELL, B. A., '90, PH. D., is now at the head of the Mathematical department of the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago. The Institute is one of the foremost of its kind in America.

MORE Dalhousians for South Africa! H. Alan Dickie, Law, '04, holds a commission as Lieutenant in the Fourth Contingent. W. G. MacKeen, '02, A. R. McBain, '04, have enlisted.

REV. A. M. HILL, '96., B. D., was married on March 28th, to Miss Chaloner of Windsor. If the matrimonial rush among Dalhousians continues, the GAZETTE will have to establish a special column to deal with it properly.

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### Dalhousiensta.

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*B-lf-r* is not seen going to the H. L. C. now.

THE Police report finding a small, white-haired, broken-hearted boy crying, at North St., on Thursday, 27th.

T. G. MCK. translating *Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit*: "For God makes everything hard for the dry."

FRESHMAN F-RB-S, who with another fellow accompanied *one* girl to hear the Gaelic sermon, did not care much for the Weir(d) music.

ANYONE wishing to purchase a nice bull-dog would do well to see my splendid stock recently purchased. L. B. MACK-Z-E.

P. S.—Dogs bought and sold on commission. L. B. M.

PROF. MATH. explaining Geometrical figures to '05 class: "Three face-angles meeting in a point give us a pyramid. What is the result when two faces meet in a point? *His suggestion*: "Try it and see."

O'Connell,—“After all, Dalhousie ain't in it with St. F. X. The exams are much harder and the standards higher than at Dalhousie.

“Vic.”—“Yes, I suppose you had to come here to get through.”

J. B. (after exam.)—“Say, Johnstone, do you know anything about that ‘radical axis’?”

J. M. (dolefully)—“I know where to find it in the book.”

1ST. GIRL (after At Home).—“Did you have a topic with Mr. A. A. S—?”

2nd. Girl—“No.”

1st. Girl—“Oh, you missed it. He is a dear thing and tells delightful old puns.”

WITTY SOPH CR-WD-S—“What an odd combination is Freshman G-n! He is all ‘green’ except his head, which is both green and yellow.

Freshman G-n—(who overhears the remark):—“O, yass! and what an odd combination is Mr. Cr-wd-s. He is all Soph except his head which is both Soph and soft.”

### SPECIMEN EXAMS.

#### NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.

- 1) By a review of Scott's writings, show (a) his regard for dogs in detail, and b) his probable attitude toward the S. P. C.
- 2) Analyze the character of Goose Gibbie.
- 3) Show, by quoting freely, Tennyson's power over the luscious periphrases.
- 4) Compare Keat's, Shelley's and Byron's treatment of the principle of love.
- 5) After the manner of Browning supply rhymes for 'Jehosaphat', 'scissors', 'Kangaroo'.
- 6) Classify the articles found on Teufeldröck's study table. What would Herr Diogenes probably have done if he had heard cats howling in the "sleeping city?"

#### HISTORY.

- 1) Give a brief account of the coronation of Edward VII.
- 2) "The curtain went up on the Nile?" How?
- 3) How did Henry VIII. treat his wives and what were the results?
- 4) What tune did Nero play when Rome was burning?
- 5) "If Columbus had not discovered America, history would require to have been differently written." Explain.

#### THE FRESHMEN'S REVENGE.

In the 30th year of the reign of Puttnerius a review was held. These came up before Puttnerius to the college which is against the sea, and they were among the mighty men, keepers of the chemist. These were armed with cribs, even with script and book did they come to college. The chief of these was Rankinius, son of Halifax, mighty of valor and terrible in his voice, and of cunning such that keys, even the keys of Puttnerius, could not withhold his hand from the tempting drugs. And of the Islanders there came up Champonius, Jardinius and Laytonius, men of medicine and fit for the examination. Hardius, Milliorius and Stevenius. These were the followers of Rankinius, growers of potatoes. Of the Haligonians were Farcinius and Slato and even the captain Rankinius.

And Daniel was leader of the hosts scattered throughout the land, a man of piety and well versed in scripture. Unto him were given light and darkness, even the sun of Day and the darkness of Jamaica. And unto him were given of the MacDonalo and daughters of Macensius, the fairest of the land, and a messenger bearing the tidings of the struggle, a messenger even of the land of Annapolis.

And these were the numbers that went up, two and twenty of the most valiant sons and daughters of the tribe of Lindsay.

And the leaders and captains of the hosts consulted together and said "Let us hold unto ourselves an examination that we may gather ourselves together for a test." Then there gathered together all the sophomores from the east and the west to be tested of their knowledge. And they carried their cribs in their pockets out of their chambers unto the college, and Rankinius and Daniel led the host. And Daniel and all the host wrote before Puttnerius with pen and pencil.

And when they came to the exam. which is conducted by voice, Rankinius and Daniel put forth their hands to touch the forbidden drug. And the anger of the examiner was kindled against the leaders and he smote them because they had touched the drug, and they were plucked before Puttnerius.



And Rankinius was displeased because a breach had been made in the names of the sophomores. And Daniel brought the paper to his chamber and pondered over it. And when the sophomores heard that their leaders had been slain they were sore vexed and called upon the examiner saying "Surely the hand of our examiner has not been turned against us in this our hour of need. Reverse, we pray thee, thy decision that thou mayst be blessed."

Then the examiner spake unto Daniel the man from over River John, and Rankinius the Haligonian saying 'Surely thou hast been fooled in this thy calamity. Behold I have neither published the results nor examined the papers. Thou hast become the laughter of thy fellows and captives of the freshmen. In the days of Weaverius thou poisoned the sons and daughters of Weaverius and now truly the wrath of that nation has been kindled against you, and they have beaten you with many stripes.' And the fame of the freshman went out over all the land, and they brought upon themselves the fear of the classes.

## LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

## II.

## LOVE, ON YOUR LIFE.

Time after time  
Have I loved and won,  
How I know to philander!  
Many a waist have I found squacious,  
Many red lips like mine rich and luscious,  
But now I have spent on flowers a dime  
And this love really has for me done,  
I love her as my name is Al-x-nder.

With my parlor pose,  
Beside my yellow rose  
I roused Miss P's dander,  
On the sofa love-eyed bent o'er her  
Whiles she praises the flowers I sent for her.  
Next day in the coll, with hat on my nose,  
Met Miss P. "You donkey, you, out you goes!  
M-rdoc- -lexa-d-r, you'd better meander!"

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

W. S. Thompson, LL. B., J. W. G. Morrison, B. A., \$4; Miss Lillian Marshall, B. L., \$3; Rev. J. D. Mackay, Dean Weldon, W. R. McKenzie, Rev. P. M. McDonald, E. E. Jordan, B. A., Miss B. Morrison, W. T. Hallam, B. A., R. M. Hattie, B. A., G. G. Archibald, \$2. W. G. McKeen, A. J. Haliburton, D. G. Davis, J. R. Corston, B. A., H. M. Stramberg, B.A., D. J. Nicholson, R. A. Squires, D. A. Mackay, H. A. Frame, A. D. Watson, W. G. Webb, John Rankine, B. A., Rev. Adams D. Archibald, Rev. A. Denoon, J. A. McKeen, C. C. Archibald, Miss J. Harris, A. J. Moseley, J. A. Campbell, J. L. Potter, Dan Murray, W. L. Kelly, B. J. Wood, B. Sc., Miss J. B. Campbell, Miss Blanche Munro, D. H. McKinnon, B. A., G. A. Hardy, W. C. Neish, W. D. Murray, Dr. W. H. McDonald, Miss P. Campbell, Miss M. Hill, Miss McNiven, Miss Sanderson, K. A. McKenzie, Miss Katherine MacKay, J. L. Cock, W. H. Coffin, W. E. Stewart, B. Sc., M. J. Wardrope, M. D., H. H. Hamilton, B. A., Rev. C. Munro, S. L. Curry, C. V. Christie, R. L. Blackadar, C. P. P. Cameron, J. J. Mackenzie, G. H. Gordon, Alma H. Hobrecker, M.L., D. J. MacRitchie, Miss L. Best, Miss M. M. Austen, Miss M. A. L. Philp, Miss J. A. Cann, Miss M. E. Stuart, \$1 each.

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