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EDITORS:

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All Business Communications should be addressed A. M. HILL, Box 114, Halifax.
Literary Contributions to Editors of Dalhousie Gazette, Halifax, N. S.

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CONVOCATION AND THAT SORT OF THING.

WHEN Dr. Forrest addressed the General Students' Meeting some weeks ago in regard to Convocation proceedings, he dwelt at considerable length on a change necessary in the demeanor of the students at such times. Unfortunately, the question of valedictories was the burning topic before the meeting, and this other equally important matter was entirely neglected. We say, *unfortunately*, for to every fair-minded man, be he professor or student, it will appear evident that a change, and a radical change must be made, and made at once, or Public Convocations entirely abolished. The evolutionary process in the department of the students at the Spring University Meeting for conferring degrees has at length reached such a stage that to allow its development to continue would be little less than suicidal. Instead of a hall well-filled with the intelligent and cultured portion of the community—those whose interest in Dalhousie of all others we should seek to

maintain—our audience is in these latter days, excepting a few of the faithful, composed mainly of ladies and children. As the President remarked, it is now practically impossible to persuade any prominent public man to take part in proceedings where even a respectable hearing on the part of the students cannot be guaranteed. Dalhousie needs all the friends she can make, and can ill afford losing any who have hitherto stood by her side. If, however, the present *status* is to be of long continuance, we shall have the encouraging spectacle of conferring our degrees in the presence of noisy infants and street hoodlums who attend for the sole object of seeing the students *perform*. We are loud in professions of love for our Alma Mater and interest in her prosperity, yet by our actions on Convocation Day we lay her open to criticism on all sides. Students are innately hilarious, and the relief when exams are over certainly demands an outlet, yet even this hardly affords sufficient excuse for some of the little less than disgraceful scenes enacted in recent years. Certainly let us have our fun, no one objects to it, but let the senseless, interruptions and pointless vulgarity be unheard in future. While we proudly sing "Long, long may Dalhousie flourish to honor and bless the old town by the sea," let us not forget that this same "town by the sea" watches us never more closely than on Convocation Day, and judges accordingly. The GAZETTE regrets exceedingly having to bring this matter before the students, but hopes that its gentle and timely criticism will not be without result. Possibly, a conference between the Senate and a committee of students would be the best means of effecting some sort of an understanding before the session closes. At all events, let us put our best foot forward on Convocation Day and show the Halifax public that Dalhousians are gentlemen.

OUR READING ROOM.

WE had made up our minds to say nothing about the reading room this session. So much had been written about it, seemingly to so little purpose, that it seemed to be only a waste of time and space for us to keep up the same old din. But the correspondence recently published shews that

the students are in no mind to let the matter drop. That a grievance exists everybody will admit. Dissatisfaction is expressed on every side. Yet, so far, all that has been said has resulted in no improvement.

The reading room, as a writer in this issue points out, is supposed to be under the management of the GAZETTE editors. They last fall appointed a committee to look after it. We regret to have to state that the members of this committee did not to the full perform their duties. But yet the whole fault is far from being theirs. The students who grumble at the condition of the reading room are not those who usually do their best to keep it tidy. If the score or more of persons who burden the windows with their coats and hats, would take the trouble to put the latter in the cloak room below, a step in the right direction would be made. If also more persons would be honest enough to leave the magazines and papers in their proper places, instead of removing them from the room, it would be better. And if, again, the papers and magazines were put on file regularly, that would be a great advance.

The suggestions which are made by the writer above referred to are all good. But there is one difficulty he has left untouched, and that is, perhaps, one of the greatest difficulties. The students have no proper waiting room. Between lectures there is no other place to go to but the reading room. Until such is provided there can never be that quiet in the reading room which would warrant one sitting down to read for any length of time. Indeed the lady students dare not show themselves inside its doors. We do not see why the reading room cannot be kept as quiet as is the library next to it. It is a question whether it could not be run as a part of the library, and the students be given some other room in which to idle away the five minutes interval.

This session is now almost closed, and nothing can be done. But we hope that next year's Board of Editors will grapple with the question and bring it to a satisfactory solution. Perhaps the Faculty might be inclined to assist them. Even if no other room be available as a waiting room, there is no doubt that a far more satisfactory state of affairs might exist with regard to the reading room than does at present.

THE LATE PROF. BLACKIE.

STUDENTS the world over heard with regret of the death, at a "green old age," of John Stuart Blackie of Edinburgh. He was a typical Scotchman of the old school, and had indeed become to students at least one of the "Lights" of the Scottish capital. Prof. Blackie was unquestionably the greatest authority of the day on Ancient Greek, and indeed is said to have been the only contemporary scholar who could converse in that language. Since 1882, when he severed actual connection with the University, he has devoted himself mainly to literature, and the sweets of repose. Whether known to us by writings or only by the amusing sketches of Barrie or Stevenson, we had formed a sort of reverential admiration for the great classical scholar, and join in the outburst of regret at the close of his long and useful career.

IT is with pleasure that we publish in this issue an account of the Battle of Stamford Bridge, translated from the old Norse by a Dalhousie graduate. In a letter to the Editors the writer says:—"The translation from the old Norse I send more as a curiosity than for any other reason, as it gives the Norwegian side of the story. (The odd spellings of Harald, Tosti, and Stanfordbridge are those of the original)."

Contributed.

TWO LYRICS.

(German of Heine.)

I.

OFTEN in a picture gallery
You have seen the form, perchance,
Of a hero armed for battle,
Warward drawn with shield and lance.

Frolic Cupids mock the warrior,
Rob him of his lance and sword,
And with chains of flowers woven
Bind the half-protesting lord.

So with me ; in pleasing fetters
Writhe I with delight and pain,
While for others is the conflict,
And in Time's great strife, the gain.

II.

LATELY saw I where the elf-bands
Rode through moonlit forest glade,
Heard their tiny horns a-blowing,
Heard their elfin music played.

On their little steeds were loaded
Antlered trophies, head and horn ;
Like the rushing flight of wild-swans
Came the noise through woodland borne.

Nodded smilingly the elf-queen
As she passed me swiftly by :
Means that gladness in my wooing,
Or may Death it signify?

DAVID SOLOAN.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

IN the centre of the city, with environments consisting wholly of brick buildings of a more or less gloomy appearance, without courts, except one brick-paved tennis court, without quadrangles, lawns, trees, or in fact any of those charming features, which to the popular mind are almost invariably associated with the greater colleges and universities, the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore has its home. Its history, if a record of the events of eighteen years may be dignified with the name of history, can be summed up in as few words as its situation.

Founded in 1876, it started with an enrolment of 54 graduate and 12 undergraduate students, and since then there has been a steady increase till the present session there are 279 graduates and 176 undergraduates. These numbers do not include the students of the Hospital and the New Medical School, who in the present year number 98. There has been of course a corresponding development in the various departments, but as GAZETTE readers are more interested in the University as at present developed than in the course of its evolution, further historical treatment may well be dispensed with.

The buildings, being all of brick show a becoming conformity to their environment, and do not display any elaboration in architectural loveliness. The natural sciences of Chemistry, Geology, Biology, and Physics have separate laboratories; the Languages, and History, and Politics are quartered in McCoy Hall. This latter edifice is the pride of the University, and is treated by the Faculty with special tenderness. Besides classrooms it consists of the General Library, a large assembly hall, and the administrative offices. There are also two electric lifts, graciously intended for the use of all, even for the undergrads. It is lighted by electricity, is furnished with all modern con-

veniences, and affords the President a vast amount of satisfaction when he reveals to visitors its unique advantages.

Before entering on the subject proper of this article, it may be well to say a word for the Medical School, which was opened to students for the first time in October, 1893. It is not a large institution as far as numbers go, nor is it designed as such, but it is intended to be an institution into which none but good men enter, and from which none but very good men graduate. In other words, no one is admitted without a degree, or its equivalent from a reputable College, and to obtain the medical doctorate four years of honest hard work must be spent in the faithful pursuit of the strictest science. The School is independent of the number of its students, and its sole concern is that the quality of the men graduated should be such as to reflect the highest credit on the institution which gave them their training. I cannot urge too strongly upon any Dalhousian, who is meditating a medical course abroad, the advantages which are here offered. There is certainly no comparison to be made between this School and the numerous other Schools of Medicine in Balto. which seem to attract so many of our Nova Scotia youths.

In affiliation with the University is the Johns Hopkins Hospital. It admits only those who have taken their M. D.'s, and who wish to pursue graduate courses in various subjects. No degrees are granted, nor diplomas awarded, but all possible opportunities are offered for scientific research on the part of all, and the very best direction is afforded by an able staff of lecturers and instructors. Prof. Wm. Osler, a graduate of McGill in '72, and Physician-in-chief to the Hospital, is a man wonderfully liked by all the students, and of course a source of pride to the Canadian element.

Of the University there are two main divisions, the graduate and the undergraduate. Concerning the latter I need not write, for it differs in no great respect from most undergraduate Schools; except, possibly, that, being constantly in the shadow of the graduate department, it is much more modest in its pretensions to infallibility.

It is the graduate departments which have given the University its well merited fame, and of these I shall accordingly attempt a description. Every department has its Seminary, and in this Seminary the real work of one department is done. The conduct of the Seminary varies, of course, according to the nature of the subject and the subjectivity of the Professor.

In English, the department, with which I am most familiar, and on which I may perhaps be allowed to write at some length, it has been the custom for the students to take a certain portion of the piece of literature, or of the various works of that period of literature, which is made the subject of special study for the session, and, consulting all the sources of information from

the *Editio Princeps* to the last thesis for a German doctorate, to present a paper which will show a thorough mastery of the subject, a clear and systematic arrangement of material, and a good style in the presentation. This has to be read before the Seminary by the author. The duty of those who listen is to have a knowledge of the subject sufficient to follow with intelligence the course of treatment. The paper is always subject to free discussion on the part of the professor and students.

All periods of the language are made the subject of this special study. During the first half of this year Anglo-Saxon poetry was considered. Each qualified member of the Seminary was assigned a poem, and he was expected to make a report of his work with as much care as if he were preparing a critical edition for publication. The latter half of this Session is being spent in a study of the plays of Dryden.

Last year the Seminary was engaged in a careful consideration of Middle English Poetry, ending with an exhaustive study of Chaucer. In such work as this the point of view would be different from that in the earlier poetry of the Anglo-Saxon period. The question of sources would form a more important factor, and the direction of the poetic instincts into new channels would have to be considered. Again the drama up to Shakspeare was considered for a term, and a further stage in the development of literature was observed and its significance learned.

For the purpose of that minute textual criticism, which constitutes such an important part in philological investigation, the poem *Beowulf* was studied for one term. Between fifty and a hundred lines would be assigned for close treatment, and every individual word in that portion must be considered as to its own history and its relation to the context. The part assigned must moreover be considered in its relation to the whole poem, both from the æsthetic and historical point of view.

I enter into these details that the reader may learn what is meant by the Hopkins method. It is not so much *what* a man learns as *how* he learns. There are no elective courses, merely a set curriculum which must be followed; but as in three or four years these courses cover the greater part of English Literature, one is given a course of study at the same time broad and thorough. The method is distinctively German, but while it equals the work of the German University in thoroughness, it surpasses it, I think, in amount and character.

In the department of the Romanic Languages for the past few years the work consists of the minute textual criticism I described in the treatment of *Beowulf*. The literature of the older periods of the language is alone considered. At present the works of *Marie de France* are the subject of study.

Professor Wood has adopted a somewhat different plan for the German Seminary. As the Old High German and Middle

High German are almost entirely unknown to the student entering the department, the works of these periods are taken up and read in class, with occasional short papers by members, and the language is minutely studied in its relation to the other German dialects.

In Latin and Greek a portion of the text studied through the term, generally not more than twenty-five lines, is interpreted by each member of the Seminary, with the most careful reference to every detail that could possibly be regarded as calling for examination. To give some idea of the exhaustiveness of these interpretations, it is sufficient to state that the average time for their preparation is about four weeks of steady work.

Besides the work of the Seminary there are courses of lectures and recitations, supplying what the Seminary is unable to give. In these the history of the language is traced from its earliest origins to its fullest development. Thus in English we have courses of lectures on Germanic Philology, embracing the whole period from Indo-European to Middle English. In a recitation class, a Middle English text is made the basis for the study of English from Anglo-Saxon through Middle English to Modern English. In German there are courses in Old Norse, Old Saxon, Dutch, etc., and so each department has its special courses of lectures and recitations.

For the following account of the departments of Natural Science, I am indebted to the kindness of Dalhousie's representative in Chemistry, a B. A. of '86.

"So important a part of the fame of Johns Hopkins rests upon what it has achieved in Physical Science that a sketch of the University which did not make at least passing reference to the Scientific departments, would be seriously incomplete. The reference here must be for obvious reasons of a very general kind. Details regarding laboratory methods and the like occupy space; and besides they have an uncomfortable way of recalling the pages of a College Calendar.

Four of the University buildings are devoted to Physical Science; one to Physics and Astronomy, one to Chemistry, one to Biology and one to Geology and Mineralogy. In the University "Register" we read that these buildings are well-equipped and "admirably suited" to their respective purposes. Apart, however, from this excellent testimony, so much would probably be inferred by the reader familiar with the leading names in American Science from the fact that the physical, chemical and biological laboratories were built under the direction of Prof. Rowland, Prof. Remsen and Prof. Martin, respectively. It would be interesting, were there time, to linger a moment in some of these laboratories—to see for instance in the physical laboratory Rowlands' famous diffraction gratings which have contributed so much to the advance of spectroscopic work, or in

the museum of the chemical laboratory specimens of a few of the substances which have had their birth there; but we must leave the more material side of the question for a brief glance at methods of work.

The aim of the University is to train its students to become independent workers. The student of physical Science must, first of all, acquire a certain skill in the use of instruments, of precision and in process of manipulation. And he must develop besides, a variety of mental qualities as, for instance, resourcefulness in the presence of unexpected difficulties, or of new phenomena. These various virtues the University strives to cultivate by requiring the student as a preliminary course to follow the strait and narrow way of routine laboratory work as long as may be necessary. When he is thought to be satisfactorily equipped he may proceed to work upon his "thesis," which means that he may become one of the group of workers who, under the immediate direction of the head of the department, are trying to add something to the sum of human knowledge. If successful he embodies the said something in the document mentioned and presents it to the University and to the world.

The almost ideal facilities afforded students for making themselves familiar with the literature, past and present, of their respective sciences—the libraries, journal meetings and seminars—do not differ so markedly from their analogues in the literary departments as to need special mention. If the crude sketch given has made clear the distinctive feature of the Science departments,—the central position given to experimental work—then its object has been attained. As to details, first and last, are they not written in the Annual Register of the University?"

Now much of this may not appear very attractive to the recent graduate in Arts or Science, who is looking round for a University where he may pursue graduate work. To be perfectly candid, it generally takes a year spent in this University to see the wisdom of making J. H. U. the object of choice, but once that year of disillusionment has been lived through, the discouragements faced, and the necessary conformity to environment accomplished, there is no one who will regret his choice. Everything is so new, so different from what has ever entered into the heart of the undergraduate, that at first there is a bewilderment, which often leads to discouragement, but which later on disappears, and in its place is born the incentive to join the race with those who seek to know. The opportunities for original research are great, and the inclination which seizes every ardent student to add to the world's knowledge is encouraged, where practicable. The spirit of a prudent independence pervades the University; investigation into every question that is suggested in the special subject of study, is the guiding principle of every department.

One of the factors which operate in the development of the faculties of the student is the personal intercourse between himself and his professor. The Seminaries rarely consist of more than thirty members, so that each man is under the direct supervision and guidance of the head of the department. Any assistance which may be desired is afforded, and encouragement from one whose experience makes him capable of granting it, is never denied. The departments are under the direction of one man, who is always well qualified by his reputation and ability for his duties. Many of the names of the professors are familiar to anyone who is interested in the subject of higher education in America. Gilderslewe in Greek, Haupt in Semitic, Bloomfield in Sanskrit, Bright in English, Rowland in Physics, Remsen in Chemistry, and Brooks in Morphology are names high in honour in the whole educated world.

When then a University is able to stimulate to such noble end, and at the same time indicate how those ends may be most effectually reached, no one need complain that it is not fulfilling its highest destiny.

A mere word as to the requirements for obtaining the degree of Ph. D. One principal subject with a first and second subordinate is required. The subordinates may be passed off at the end of one year; the principal requires three, and often four years' work. A thesis, which must be a piece of original work on some subject in the principal department, is presented to the Faculty before examination. The last gateway to freedom is the 'Oral,' an hour's agony before the assembled Faculty, when the candidate is questioned in the full range of his principal and first subordinate subjects.

It is quite possible for any one with a College degree to enter any of the departments, but he will labour under greater disadvantages, than one who has already begun to specialize as in our honour courses at Dalhousie. One who does not know Anglo-Saxon will have very uphill work in English at first, and he who is ignorant of German will find himself at a lamentable disadvantage when he discovers that German is consulted more than English in nearly all departments.

The expenses in connection with University life are about as low as any place in the Union, and much lower than in any other of the larger cities. Board is to be had only in private houses; the University has no Residence. Fees are \$150.00 a year. There are twenty fellowships, about one for each department, but for two or three of the more crowded departments, such as Physics, Chemistry, and Greek, there are sometimes two; nominally there are also ten scholarships, though there are generally fifteen for graduates of other colleges than J. H. U. This limited number is of course very unfortunate for the second man, for be he ever so good, if there is one better

than he in his own department, he is excluded, and is moreover never given a preference over the best man in another department, however weak that man may be. The fellowships are worth \$500, the scholarships \$200 a year.

There are three regular courses of lectures delivered every year before the University. One on Poetry, the Turnbull foundation; another on English Literature, the Donovan foundation; and the third, the Y. M. C. A. Lectures, the Levering foundation, on a religious subject. The most important of these is the Turnbull lectureship, under which so far, Mr. E. C. Stedman, of New York, Prof. Tebb of Cambridge, Prof. Tyrrell of Trinity Coll., Dublin, and Prof. Norton of Harvard have lectured.

The absence of college spirit has often been remarked in connection with this University. The undergraduates are too insignificant to make themselves felt, and the graduates who are here for as much as they can get from the institution, care very little for the University as such. They have all their alma maters, and do not take very kindly to a foster mother. They give and take, and that is all. They honour and respect, but do not love the University. They are concerned only about their own special department; the other departments might as well not exist as far as they are affected by them. Now this is regarded as very deplorable, and various attempts have been made to bring the students closer together. "The Graduate Students Association" has been formed with this end in view, and, if fees are paid, receptions are held about once a month; but unless ladies are invited very few of the men will attend, and when the presence of the ladies graces the halls then the feeling of brother for brother vanishes for that of brother for sister. So while the primary object of the Association may be a failure, the real result is not to be so greatly deplored.

A more successful bond of union exists in the Y. M. C. A., which, while it reaches only a certain number of students, most effectually holds them.

As Athletics are almost entirely in the hands of the undergraduates, it is impossible to expect a good showing in those sports which the United States public regard as the only accomplishment of the undergraduate. So the J. H. U. Football and Baseball teams are generally followed by the vultures of defeat. The Lacrosse team has done better work, and in '91 captured the pennant.

In closing this necessarily hasty sketch of J. H. U., I cannot do better than present the motto which guides the work of the University, which inspires everyone, both during his stay here and ever after, to covet earnestly the best gifts, to buy the truth and sell it not,—*"VERITAS VOS LIBERABIT."*

J. W. T.

THE BATTLE OF STANFORDBRIDGE.

(FROM THE OLD NORSE.)

THEN was Harald of Norway, Sigurth's son, sore wounded in the throat with an arrow, so as forthwith the red-blood gushed from his mouth in a stream. That wound was the king's bane, and no long time later did he yield up life. Therewithal went down, too, all of that troop which stood him in stead whenas the foe closed in, save what ones did give ground in battle-shock. These held them firm by their standards, around which same was their now hard fighting; for the Northmen were fierce on the English, and every man pricked on his fellow to bloody deeds.

Tosti, Earl of the Northern land, when he wist that the king was no more, fared aback whereas he saw the "Landwaster" flying, and going forth before that banner he cheered on the men of Norway, rousing them mightily by his loud war-cries. But now whenas the battle had long dured in such wise, there was a halt for the armies, for they were now altogether breathless for fighting; and herewith Thjotholf of the Norweyan rank sang a war-song, whereupon they gat them again to fight.

Howbeit, before battle was joined, Harald of England made bid of truce to Tosti, his brother and to all the Northmen that still held weapons; but they cried out upon it loudly, swearing that rather would they fall in fight, heaping the ground with their dead, than make any terms with English men. Therewith they fell to fight, and anew was to be heard the shouting of the Northmen, and the noise of warlike doing. And so it befel that Tosti was now headman for Norway, and hardily he fought, and was not easily to be borne up against, whereso was the banner of the fallen king; but withal was it hardly over with the shock of battle when the Earl got him his death-wound, falling in the forefront like a good and gallant man. Whereupon there came to stead him Orri Eystein and his men from the ships, all of them clad in byrnies, and to them was it meted to keep a-flying the banner of Norway even unto the last stand.

Now was this the third death-grapple for the day, and fierce and fell it was,—"Orri's fight" 's it called,—and anigh this time went down to death many English, so that their broken rank was fain to flee. And yet withal were Orri's men aweary whenas they came upon the ground, insomuch as they had mightily forced their marching from the ships; so that they were in no wise fit for fight whenas they came up. Howbeit, so stout were they on the foe, that naught did they spare themselves, stripping off their byrnies in the heat of battle, all unmindful how that their naked bodies might not abide the sword-stroke of the English. There were well many, too, that

were quite undone with the day's doing, so that not few of them dropped down from weariness and died from no death-wound. And therewithal, but eafler in the day, had the more of the Norweyan Lords fallen in the fray; but some to whom fortune willed a longer life were fain to save themselves in flight. And now night darkened on the field, and there was an end to death-doing.

DAVID SOLOAN.

CHUMS.

"Then here's a hand, my trusty frere,"

Auld Lang Syne.

HAVE you ever rowed with your chum? Being human, I presume you have. It may not have occurred to you before, but now that it is suggested, recollect how amusing it all was. No doubt you can not remember what caused the breach; probably it arose from some 'quip courteous,' which went on to the 'lie direct' before you really knew you were angry. Once upon a time there were two students at Dalhousie, who broke friendship for a time with each other, and were angry until a street-car was sent to make them friends again.

Far, far back in the early days of Dalhousie's history when Freshmen and Sophs. scrimmaged on ground now consecrated and made sacred by the orgies of aldermen, an episode occurred. I call it an episode because it was too big for an incident, and not big enough for a catastrophe. New Dalhousie is in some respects an improvement on Old Dalhousie. The building, equipment and reputation are all greater; and there is much in a name. But to those whose hearts can still warm to the sight and sound of a scrimmage, the old regime must always be looked back to with regret. Consider, oh, ye good class of '94 (with whom the scrimmage may be said to have died,) with what joy and abandon we should have hurled temeritous freshmen against the solid stone walls of Dalhousie-on-the Parade! But those delights were not for us; let us hope we did our best with the materials we had at hand.

Among the 'lights of other days' who studied, scrimmaged, and did such other things as students have been wont to do since time began, were two Islanders (P. E. Islanders of course: what other Island is there?) named respectively Ross and McNeill. I am told these names are not uncommon on the Island. When McNeill first came over, with his breast almost bursting with anticipation, and his valise almost bursting with jam pots, Ross was a Sophomore. Being from the same place, it was not strange that Ross should take McNeill under his wing, prove his guide, philosopher and friend, and sell him his

last year's books at a very slight advance on cost. All of this he did; and if McNeill profited by the guidance and counsel, perhaps it was but right that the other should profit a little on the books.

McNeill was soon in touch with the College ways and the *annis labuntured* (to be Virgilian) until he was in his third session. Being an Islander, he had never felt the cold chill, I might almost say the nipping frost, which comes to the man who reads up the list and down, either himself or by his next friend and finds his name not written there.

The effect of a college course on the ordinary man, is if nothing more, toning. His crudities are softened, and his individuality such as it may be, brought into relief. But he is indeed made of poor stuff who can "do his time," and leave without anything better than an empty degree, representing so much parrot-like cramming. Certainly his course was not without effect on McNeill. I might almost head this "The Transformation of McNeill," if it were not that the GAZETTE readers might take it seriously, for the effect of his years was certainly transforming. The Islanders speak of the time they "came over" very much as did the Normans with the Conqueror, or the Pilgrim Fathers in the "Mayflower." When McNeill came over he was unformed but plastic; and before his senior year he had studied so conscientiously everything he undertook, and particularly Philosophy, that his ideas were theoretical and book-bound, and of the practical side of life he knew almost nothing. It could not very well have been otherwise. The lad was black-haired, sallow-complexioned, and tall; given such conditions, could Fate have refused to take a hand in the game and make an ascetic of him?

This was before the era of the Y. M. C. A. Maybe if such a society had existed then, McNeill would have furnished it with a *raison d'être*; for it alone might have served to draw him out of the vapor of misconception wherein he had wrapped himself. He took an interest in nothing outside of his books, and the only intimate he had in College was Ross. It would maybe not be going too far to say that he loved Ross. I know the average fellow does not love the average other fellow, but McNeill was not built on the modern plan; and it seemed as if his nature, when it asserted itself, turned towards Ross,—for every man, even a plugger, must have a shrine. Ross was phlegmatic, and it would be too much to say that he did not return this affection—he had never noticed it. It had not occurred to him to consider whether he liked McNeill or not; if it had, he would probably have concluded that 'he was a pretty good sort of fellow to room with.' But it was different with McNeill: his devotion, being unreturned, fed itself on its own flame, and became almost a passion. During all this time they had never

had a quarrel—Ross was too lazy and McNeill too devoted; but in the third year the break came. It is difficult to say what it may have been about; perhaps as to which had brought in coal last, or bought the most ink. It was certainly something very trivial; sufficiently so to put both lads 'on their dignity' for the time, and the day passed without either speaking.

By the time the sun had gone down on it, McNeill's wrath had quite vanished, and he was most anxious to renew the friendship. Perhaps Ross had forgotten that they had ever quarrelled; at all events he never mentioned it, and if he noticed that his chum was distraite and troubled, he made no sign. Altho' McNeill was anxious to be friends again, he was too reserved to make advances which might perhaps meet with a rebuff; and many times being about to do so, yet he did not speak.

So a week slipped by, and then Ross began to have a dim perception of the state of affairs; but in a spirit of mischief, made no effort to mend them, rather enjoying in an unmalicious way the evident distress of his junior. He was sufficient of a 'humorist' (strictly in the sense that Tammas Haggart was) to take an interest in the progress of their little feud, noting his own conduct as well as that of his friend.

So matters went on for nearly a week, and finally one morning in a moment of deep despair, McNeill offered Ross his hand, and proposed that they should be friends again. Ross who was writing a letter did not look up, but answered, "Oh! don't bother me now, I'm busy," and feigned not to notice the proffered hand. In a joke, as well as in all the other affairs of men, there is a time which if not taken at its tide will likely lead to trouble. Ross was not the man who could safely let this joke (as he regarded it) go further than it had already gone; but unfortunately there was no one to tell him so, and the very neap-tide passed without his being aware of it. McNeill, provoked and humiliated, said nothing, but turned and left the room.

Ross looked after him as he went out, and thought, "I shouldn't have done that: he's taking it too much to heart, and I must shake hands with him as soon as he comes back." When he comes back, Ross, you will be a little too late. The proper time was when he offered you his hand and you refused it. What a blessing it would be if some power 'the giftie gie us' of seizing the fruit when it is ripe. There have been more good men ruined by procrastination than ever ran for the Mayoralty of Halifax; and this truth is put forward even after reading their cards to the electors. We don't wind our watch when we should, and it runs down 'till it stops'; we neglect from day to day to get our hair cut, and it runs down our neck; we even put off that which concerns us most of all, until we are at length run down the broad way, to dwell forever with the writer of "Society" items and her angels.

McNeill left the house and started down town to the College. Those were the days of the first era of horse-cars in the city. The lad, scarcely knowing what he was doing, and not looking sharply to his footing, attempted to board a car; he slipped, and involuntarily threw out his arms to save himself. The driver tried to stop the car, but before he could do so the wheels had gone over McNeill's outstretched arm and almost severed it at the wrist. He saw for an instant the bottom of the mud-stained car, and the cruel little wheels hurrying down upon him; heard the sliding of the horses' feet as they tried to stop, and the shrieks of the women in the car above him; and then the whole scene faded away, and he fainted.

When he revived he was in the hospital, where they had taken him, and the doctor was standing by his bed-side. It had been found necessary to amputate his hand at once, and the doctor told him this.

"Have you the hand?" asked McNeill.

"Yes, my boy, but you don't want to see it. Try and get some sleep; that is what you need most now."

After the doctor left, McNeill again asked for the severed member, and this time persuaded the soft-hearted nurse, who was a novice, to bring it to him. Without looking at it, he desired her to wrap it up in paper, put it in a small box, and bring it to him again. Thinking she must humor him, the nurse did this, and then at his request wrote this note to Ross:

"Dear Ross,—I offered you my hand this morning, and you refused it. Will you take it now?
MCNEILL."

When the doctor came to see him before going home for supper, McNeill gave him the box and note and asked him to give them to Ross, and let him know where he was. All this the doctor, never imagining what the box contained, promised to do, and McNeill closed his eyes and tried to sleep.

When Ross came into the house at supper-time from the rink, he was whistling cheerfully, and determined to handsomely atone for his wickedness of the morning. Going to his room with a greeting all ready for McNeill, he found the box which the doctor had left, and read the note. It was the pathetic and not the crazy side of the incident that appealed to him; and covering up the little coffin, he sat down on the bed and cried. Then, without waiting for supper, he hurried to the hospital, and to the bedside of his chum. McNeill looked up, stretched out his unwounded arm, and said with a smile, "This is the third hand I have offered you to-day, old man. Will you shake now?"

* * * * *

For weeks Ross daily took his books to the hospital, and read McNeill's work over to him, until he was able to return to

College; and during those weeks two fellows learned to know each other, which is saying a great deal.

As I remarked at the beginning of this narrative, it is only an episode; but even an episode should, I suppose, point a moral. I am not aware, nevertheless, that there is a moral here, unless it be never to trifle with the feelings of a tall, thin, dark Islander given to Philosophy.

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

I.—A BURIAL AT SEA.

It was a wild day on the Atlantic, every timber of our vessel groaned as she climbed up the side of a great green roller which a moment before had threatened to overwhelm her, and then reaching the summit plunged down into the yawning abyss. A heavy mist brooded over all, and the only things to be seen were the huge waves as they loomed up and ran swiftly astern. It was a day to make one feel utterly alone, out on the great ocean, miles from any land, with only a few inches of plank between you and the surging sea. A sense of entire dependence and weakness came over me, dependence on the Deity of the place, who appeared only as a supremeness, an awfulness: It was the God of Justice. On the deck, around the body of one of their companions, stood a group of men, hard reckless fellows who lived in danger on the sea and in a miniature hell on the land, men who swore the deepest oaths and mixed with the lowest company of the great sea-ports. But now they stand with heads bared to the rain as the captain reads the beautiful Church of England burial service. Let us see what is passing in the mind of one of them. O Jim, why art thou cut off thus in thy strong manhood? Why is it not I? Where art thou, Jim, for this clod is not thyself? Would to God I had not taken you into White-chapel on that night when you killed Tom.

The service is over and a deep sigh escapes as the body grating on the rail plunges into the ocean, never again to be seen by mortal eye. Now it is that a few tears burn their way down the weather-beaten cheeks of these rough seaman. Why? Just as Jim's body disappeared, a sickly ray of sunshine pierced the mists and struck the dark ocean; it was the God of Mercy who drove away the supremeness and awfulness of the God of Justice. The sailors go about their work, and in a short time all seems the same as before. This is life. We are a dot on the ship of humanity, sailing over the ocean of eternity into which if we plunge we are hardly missed.

JACK.

II.—AN UNEXPECTED DELAY.

More than a week had passed since I had left H——, and only twenty-five miles of my proposed voyage were made. Nearly one hundred miles of an irregular coast thickly studded with islands lay before me. My boat was large and, as I was an inexperienced navigator, I ventured out only in fine weather.

Having spent four or five days very pleasantly with Mr. R—— and family at the quiet little harbour of Tabatier, I set sail on a fine Tuesday morning, planning to reach St. Augustine Islands by noon, if the wind would remain favourable. The high cliffs of this rocky group of islands were visible on the horizon thirty miles distant. There was every prospect of having a "good run," a full sail breeze was blowing from the south-west and the sea was smooth. I had not, however, gone more than four or five miles when the wind suddenly changed to the south-east and increased almost to a gale. A heavy bank of fog, which had been lying outside for several days, was driven in and began to surround me. On consulting my chart I found that the nearest harbour was Lake "Sally." I was soon surrounded by dense fog, and was thus compelled to get out the compass, which was needed only on occasions of this kind. When I reached the high cape at the mouth of the harbour, I had again to consult the chart, by the aid of which I succeeded in entering the harbour between the shoals.

All the forenoon it blew very hard, and so dense was the fog that I could see but a very few yards even in the harbour. Past experience taught me that possibly my stay there would not be of very short duration, so I rolled up the sails, put out two anchors, and made everything secure for the night. The question then arose, How was I to pass the time? It would not do to sleep all day, in case my night's rest would be disturbed. If I would go ashore for a walk, it would only consist in climbing the rugged cliff. If I should go for a row in my jolly-boat, there was danger of getting lost in the fog. At last I decided to write some letters, so I crawled into the cabin and, seated on a mattress on the floor, with my writing materials on my knee, I went to work. But I had little encouragement, for I knew of no chance of sending my mail within a month. I had been fortunate enough to procure two or three wax candles before I left Mutton Bay, and when night came on and I had shut down the hatches and lighted one of the candles my little room appeared quite cheerful, and I was able to spend a pleasant evening's reading.

Before it was clear day I went on deck to see what my prospects were for continuing my voyage. Gloomy indeed they were, for the weather was just as it had been the night before. Thinking it best to kill as much time as possible, I spent a long morning in bed. All day the fog and wind continued, and a nice quiet time I had for reading.

Late in the afternoon, as I sat in the cabin, my attention was directed to a slight splashing in the water. Looking out I saw that I was surrounded by a large school of cod-fish that were busily engaged in pursuing their bait, which consisted of small fish called caplin. Before long the harbour was literally full of caplin and cod. It seemed as though one could almost have been able to walk ashore on them. While I was enjoying this unusual sight, a small sized whale appeared on the scene. When I saw him swimming in the mouth of the harbour, I anticipated some rare fun, and, indeed, was not disappointed. As the water was shallow he had to swim quite near the surface, so that I could always tell his whereabouts. Suddenly, when but a few yards from the boat, he made a great plunge almost out of the water, and opened his horrid mouth ready to swoop in his prey. I thus had a fine view of him, and as long as I made no attack I had no need to fear, so I enjoyed the sight. I was even glad that I had not reached St. Augustine the night before. The huge creature was not long in driving all his prey out of the harbour. He then swam round and round as if to make sure that he was leaving none behind. In his last circuit of the harbour he came so near the boat that I could have touched him with the oar had I been so minded. Then he gave a loud blow, sending a spout of water several feet in the air, and disappeared in the deep water just outside the harbour.

Thursday morning came and still there were no signs of fine weather. I spent most of this day in exploring the rugged cliffs. At one time as I travelled with great difficulty up a deep, rough glen, I could not but feel that I was exploring land that had seldom, if ever, been trodden by the foot of man.

That evening the fog cleared away, and there was a glorious sunset. Friday morning broke bright and clear, with a gentle breeze blowing off the land. I was not long in getting under way. For the first few hours the wind was very light, but about eleven o'clock it changed to south-west and blew so heavily that for three hours I ran under reefed sails, arriving at St. Augustine about two o'clock that afternoon. I felt somewhat wearied, but was none the worse of my lonely experience.

CRUSOE.

III.—A YARNETTE.

On a certain autumn evening, three years ago, a carriage drove up to my father's gate. Our house, as is usual in the country, stood about four hundred yards from the highway; but from my window I had no difficulty in recognizing the occupant of the carriage as John Spry, a neighbour's son.

John was in many respects a most excellent young man. His one fault, if fault it be, was bashfulness. He could manage a

colt, pitch tons of hay, or lay low the monarchs of the forest and call it fun; but the presence of a young lady seemed to throw him into real agony.

Perhaps this state of mind had not come about accidentally. John was "well fixed." To all human appearances he would have to marry some day. The standing wonder was that he had not done so before now. His mother was growing old, and no girl could be expected to be as careful of the butter and eggs as one who had an interest in the farm. For the past eight years his mother had repeated this fact to him every morning and renewed her warnings every evening. This alone would tend to unsteady one's mind; but in addition, many young ladies of the neighbourhood had cast wistful eyes at the Big Meadow farm; and, though John never mentioned it, no one knows how many offers of partnership-for-life he had been compelled to refuse. The dread of having to say "nay" again was perhaps the cause of his strange conduct in the presence of young ladies.

This evening as he walked up to the house, I noticed that he was dressed with more than usual care, and that his manner appeared to be a trifle embarrassed. Without taking his hand from the old-fashioned latch he said, "Would you like to go for a drive Jack?" I answered that nothing would please me better.

When we were seated in the carriage, John told me that he had been thinking for some time of going up to see Squire Diddle's blind boy but had not succeeded in getting off before now as he had been so busy getting his new barn ready. I was not a little perplexed to explain John's interest in poor Renna, but my thoughts soon flitted from the Squire's son to his clever and beautiful daughter, Nancy, whose name daring gossip had once or twice coupled with John's. For my own part I believed that there was nothing in it. Indeed I myself had seen her home from meeting oftener than anybody else during the summer, and though somehow we had talked a good deal about John, I felt perfectly sure that they had no serious designs on each other. John did not have very much to say. I thought he was thinking of the new barn so I whiled away the time whistling, "Every one to his fancy and I to my Nancy."

It was dusk when we arrived at the Squire's house. He himself came out to greet us and to look after the horse. After a few words had been exchanged, what was my surprise to see John put his hand under the carriage-seat and draw therefrom a long black bottle which he offered to the Squire. The Squire looked at it curiously, and with some remarks to the effect that he seldom took anything now, and a quick glance towards the house he put the bottle to his mouth. I was amazed. I knew well that the Squire's "seldom" would bear qualification, but John—the idea of John Spry putting the bottle to his neighbour's lips had never entered my mind. Completely mystified I fol-

lowed the two into the house. We had not been seated more than ten minutes before I noticed John making a sign to the Squire. That gentleman seemed to understand, for with a broad smile on his face he arose, went to the cupboard and returned with a small glass which he passed to John, who again pulled out the long black bottle. The Squire seemed taken by surprise, and protested that he would not touch it unless Jane, his wife, took a sip first. To oblige her husband, I suppose, Mrs. Diddle took and drained the glass. The Squire and his blind son did the same. Twice within the next hour the performance was repeated, only Nancy and myself refraining. The worthy Squire as well as his wife and son had by this time become very entertaining; but to my surprise in the midst of our enjoyment, when the black bottle had filled the minds of the jovial pair with "nimble fiery and delectable shapes," John told the blind boy that he would like to see him in the next room for a few moments. They arose and Nancy went in to see that her brother was comfortably seated. When they passed into the room I noticed that John closed the door, consequently I was left alone with the talkative Squire and his wife.

No sooner had the door closed behind John and his two companions than the Squire and his wife drew up their chairs on either side of me and began to sing John's praises. I, of course, assented to all. Suddenly Mrs. Diddle seized my hand, looked up into my face and asked, "Why does not John Spry get married?" John had not instructed me as to what answer I should return in case this question should be asked; so after some hesitation I replied, that I did not know. "Well it is a burning shame," said the old lady, "Why he might have a dozen girls for the asking; there is Nancy now, she and John Spry might as well marry as not." I was not prepared to express a definite opinion and therefore said "Hum." But the Squire was better prepared and said: "Yes Jane, you are right. I believe you are right." The old lady's eyes snapped, clearing her throat with a proper little "hem" she called out; "Nancy!" The door opened and Nancy appeared. "Look here girl," said Mrs. Diddle, "Your father and myself and Jack here have just been saying that you and John Spry ought to get married, and that immediately. What do you think Nancy?" "I don't know," said Nancy, slowly. "John Spry has not asked me to marry him." "Just so," said the mother, "but John Spry is going to be asked a question pretty soon or my name is not Jane Victoria Diddle. Nancy will you have him, yes, or no?" Nancy said nothing and her mother seemed satisfied. Rising up, Mrs. Diddle took me by the arm and said, "Jack you take Nancy into that room and say to John Spry: 'Don't you, John Spry, want this woman, Nancy Jerusha Diddle, to have and to hold, as your lawful and beloved wife?'" I was paralyzed; but regarding the whole thing as a

tremendous joke, and seeing no look of resistance on Nancy's face, I did as I was ordered and repeated the formula. To my surprise John stood up, held out his hand and in clear firm accents said: "Nancy will you do it?"

They were married a fortnight later, and to this day I cannot decide whether John Spry used me as a means to an end or not.

RED BOOK.

Correspondence.

Editors Dalhousie Gazette:

SIRS.—A letter in your last issue signed "H" calls for reform in the management of the reading-room. This institution—if, in the past, there has ever been anything worthy of the name—has always been a problem. The time has come when the solution can no longer be deferred.

The advantages of a reading-room are patent. No thinking student will call them in question. I shall not, therefore, stop to enumerate them, but shall take it for granted that all who read this agree that Dalhousie must have a reading-room. As at present equipped and managed the room next to the Arts Library is not true to its name—far from it. "Loafing and Scrimmaging Room," would give a better idea of the uses to which it is put than "Reading-Room." To remedy this state of affairs, and turn this room into a reading-room, *defacto*, "H." proposes that the Arts Students' Meeting appoint a committee to collect funds from the students generally "to make such changes in the arrangements of the room as will render it more serviceable to the mass of the students, and to secure such papers and magazines as cannot be obtained through exchange with the GAZETTE or purchased from the profits of that paper."

Though thoroughly in accord with the spirit of this suggestion—the improvement of the reading-room—I fail to see the necessity or advisability of adopting the specific means by which "H." proposes to bring about this improvement. The above proposition involves two radical changes in the management: (1) Taking the control of the room out of the hands of the Gazette Editors; (2) Calling on the students to make annual contributions towards its support. The reading-room has always been managed by the board of Editors of the college paper, and the expenses of its support have always been defrayed out of the funds of the GAZETTE. There is no reason that I can see why either of these practices should be abolished or even modified—no reason why the Editors of the GAZETTE should not still manage the reading-room, and no necessity, so long as the present large yearly balance continues to stand to the credit of the manager of the GAZETTE, for asking for contributions to a special reading-room fund. The necessary and incidental expenses of a college course are already heavy enough without being unnecessarily increased. As to the appointment of a reading-room committee as "H." suggests, the less machinery the better. The present condition of the reading-room is not due to an imperfect system of management, the machinery is good enough, but to the way the system is administrated.

The Editors of the GAZETTE, under proper conditions, and with efficient assistance, should not find it too much to attend to the reading-room in addition to their editorial duties. There is a saying that if you want a thing done, ask a busy man to do it, and I have found it true in my personal experience. When once steam is got up the engine can run a mile as easily as a hundred yards. The Editors, therefore, are the people to manage the reading-room, but they need assistance.

What I propose is, briefly, as follows: Let the Arts Students Meeting in the Spring, authorize the board of Editors for the ensuing session to take such steps as they deem advisable to secure the greater efficiency of the reading-room. The authority of "the sovereign people" being secured, the Editors could appoint a small committee of their number, say the financial and exchange editors, whose duties are perhaps the heaviest and lightest respectively, to manage the reading-room. It is quite in the line of the financial editor's other duties to attend to subscriptions to periodicals, &c., and of the exchange editor's to keep files of exchanges; and these are the only duties which should fall personally on the managers of the room. The work of removing and arranging papers, etc., used to fall mainly on the shoulders of the financial editor. From a session's experience of the labour involved in keeping the room even in a fairly presentable condition, I say that this work is too much to expect of one who is already overburdened with his managerial duties. With the GAZETTE'S finances in a flourishing condition, the expense of paying the janitor or some one else to attend to this work could easily be met. We need, too, new and better furniture, a longer table, or, preferably a double-sided, "pitch-roofed," reading desk to extend the whole length of the room, one side of which could be used for magazines, of which, as "H." says we must have more, the other for College exchanges. And for the safe-keeping of all these good things the room, as "Red Hot" in one of the last Session's GAZETTES suggests, should be locked at 5.30 P. M. and not opened till 8.30 next morning.

I hope to see some more letters on this subject which will result in action in the matter.

B. A. DE GREE.

To the Editors of the Gazette:

DEAR SIRs,—Will you kindly allow me space in your pages to suggest different kinds of work for members of the Philomathic during the summer? Many students would like to help but do not know what to do or where to begin, and a word or two of direction may be useful. The work need not take up much time, but by every one doing a little, doing it *accurately*, and bringing the results together, something of considerable and permanent value may be attained.

- I. COLLECTION.—(a.) Old newspapers.
 (b.) Pamphlets.
 (c.) Books with Canadian imprint or bearing on Canadian History.
 (d.) Local fossils, flowers, shells, &c., &c.
 (e.) Relics, coins, &c., &c.
 (f.) Maps.

- II. LOCAL HISTORY.—(a.) Notes from old settlers.
 (b.) Local traditions, battles, wrecks, first landings, Capt. Kidd's treasure, &c., &c.
 (c.) Investigation of old forts, ruins, &c., with photographs, or plans, or maps, or careful descriptions done on the spot.
- III. LANGUAGE STUDY.—(a.) Notes of the size, occupation, &c., of the various Acadian, Gaelic, German, or Danish communities; statistics.
 (b.) Notes of speech-mixture, *i. e.*, French or German words used by English speaking communities.
 (c.) Notes of English words adopted or changed by foreign communities.
 (d.) Notes of peculiar words in local usage, *e. g.*, "tickle" along the Labrador coast, "shallop" at Lunenburg.
 (e.) Notes of peculiar phrases, local proverbs, comparisons, etc.
- IV. NATURAL HISTORY.—Notes of various habits of animals, fishes, &c., observed while hunting or fishing or travelling.

In regard to the first there must be many old attics in the Annapolis Valley where the searcher would be rewarded, and the owners would be glad to know that the books, &c., would be placed in a permanent collection and cared for. In pursuing work III pains should be taken to note accurately the pronunciation, and to get the information at first-hand. Any worker in this department, if he should notice only one word in the summer would be conferring a favour on me personally. Hoping that these hints may be acted upon.

I am, yours sincerely,

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

April 2nd. 1895.

College Societies.

Y. M. C. A.—On Sabbath, the 17th of March, Revd. A. C. Chute lectured to the students on the "Life of David Livingstone." Every Christian student would feel, as they listened, that the "call" to service appeals as strong to them as to the great pioneer missionary. His whole life was spent in God's service. In Africa, while he tried his best to open up the way for his successors, and sacrificed his life for the benefit of the degraded savages, he made the "preaching of the cross" his primary aim. To preach "Christ and Him crucified" was the sole desire of his life, but he never forgot also his duty as an explorer. Faithful to his God and to his fellow-men David Livingstone laboured till he fell at his post, endeared to all the natives with whom he came in contact. His heroic wife died before him, but she none the less deserved the martyr's crown.

The story of such lives, told in the way that Mr. Chute presented it to us, ought to stimulate the hearts of every one who listened to him to cast themselves unreservedly on the altar of God's service.

On Saturday evening, March 23rd, we held our last missionary meeting, and the result of all these meetings has been to show that the interest of our college in missions is strong and steadily growing. Splendid papers were read on Dr. Dennis's book "Foreign Missions after a Century." (1.) "Calls," Miss Austen; (2.) "Conflicts," D. McOdum; (3.) "Problems," R. G. Strathie; (4.) "Summary of Success," H. M. Clark.

The writers of the various papers throughout the session responded willingly, and the course this winter has proved very instructive to us all.

The farewell meeting of the Society was held on Saturday Evening, March 30th. The meeting was a large and interesting one. The chairmen of the various committees read their reports, showing the work done by each during the session. The Treasurer's report showed that \$135 was collected this session for Association work. Of this amount \$50 was a voluntary subscription raised for the Rev. W. J. McKenzie, an old Dalhousian, who is now a missionary in Corea. When he decided to go to Corea the Mission Board was unable to guarantee him any support. This fact did not turn him from his purpose. The cry of perishing souls could not be passed unheeded and he determined to go where he felt the Master called him. To-day he is labouring in that far-off land depending solely on voluntary subscriptions for his support. Such self-sacrifice and heroism endears him to the heart of every Dalhousian.

This is the first time in the history of our Association that any attempt to help our missionaries in such a practical way was made, and considering the fact that no one was solicited—merely an announcement that such help would be acceptable,—the ready response it received speaks well for the liberality of its members.

PHILOMATHIC SOCIETY.—The last meeting of the Philomathic Society for this session was held on Friday, March, 22nd, when Prof. Roberts of King's College, Windsor, delivered a lecture on "Canadian History." The reputation of the lecturer as a writer is second to none in Canada, and is too well established to need any comment in this column. That the students and friends of Dalhousie expected much is shown by the fact that a larger number were present than had ever attended a meeting of this Society, while their close attention and hearty applause showed that they were not disappointed. Before the lecture the Annual Report of the Secretary-Treasurer was read and Dr. MacMechan

addressed the Society. The report showed that the Society had held a series of very successful meetings, three of which had been devoted entirely to Canadian History and Literature. Nineteen books had been added to the Canadian Corner in the Library, thirteen purchased by the Society, the rest presented by friends. Dr. McMechan showed how students might help themselves and the Society at the same time. The substance of his address is given elsewhere in this number and needs no further statement here. It is to be hoped that every student will consider the advice given and assist in some line of work.

After this address Prof. Roberts was called upon, and for over an hour he held the closest attention of his audience. Perhaps he gave little that was entirely new—a historian is necessarily limited by his materials—but he certainly had a new and very pleasing way of presenting his facts whether new or old. He showed that Canada had played a larger part in the history of the world than was commonly supposed. In Canada had been fought out these questions which vexed Western Europe in the last century and the probabilities were that here would be worked out some of the most important economic problems of the present time. Notwithstanding the mis-representations of our American cousins Canadians have every reason to be proud of their country and of the part which their ancestors had played. Reference was made to several circumstances concerning which false ideas have been prevalent. But it is useless to attempt even an outline of the lecture. The striking manner in which facts were stated, the elegant language in which the ideas were clothed, could be given no sort of expression at second hand, and these were not the least enjoyable features of the lecture. Suffice it to say that those present expected much and were not disappointed, and if Prof. Roberts ever comes before this Society again he is sure of a warm reception and a good audience.

Exchanges.

THE *Pictou "Academy"* is a very creditable little sheet, and has for its size a large amount of readable matter. It is a welcome visitor.

THE *Niagara Index* publishes an address delivered before the Yale Kent Club on the "Majesty of Law." This is a very fine thing and is full of noble thoughts.

THE *Manitoba College Journal* for February is a specially good number. "Superstition and its Relation to the Highlands," is a very interesting article. It has also instructive and well written articles on "Life and Works of Coleridge," "Practical Side of Virtue in Tennyson," and "Life and Works of Goldsmith."

THE "*University Monthly*" has a couple of very readable short stories, "A Buffalo Hunt," and "After a Deer." "Recollections of Harvard Forty Years Ago," is an enjoyable article. "Before the Guillotine" is still continued.

THE *Educational Review* takes an extract from the New Science Review on the "Dangers of Examinations." This points out some of the dangers attendant on a system under which the mind is merely stored with knowledge, and instead of being strengthened by the process is rather weakened.

THE *Collegium* has a sketch of the life and a short account of the works of the renowned humorist Thomas Hood. In an editorial it makes a strong plea in behalf of the good old game of football. The *Collegium* has improved very much both in arrangement of contents and in its general appearance since its first visit.

THE *Athenaeum* has a sketch of the life of Prof. A. E. Coldwell, M. A. Also "Science and Scientific Men," an oration delivered at the unveiling of a Tablet to the memory of Prof. Hartt, 1884. In "Reflections of a Lawyer in New England," the writer says the people are getting over "the methods of the quack and buffoon," and that now "the great beating heart of the American Republic is not inspired with boasting and conceit."

THE *Varsity* publishes a large number of replies received by the Classical Association of University College in answer to a circular sent out by the Association asking for the opinions of graduates on its agitation for Prof. Dale's reinstatement. The replies all express a hearty sympathy with Prof. Dale, and a strong support of any movement for his restoration. This number also contains the concluding part of an excellent review of Kipling's Works.

Dallusiensia.

THIS issue of the GAZETTE consists of thirty-six pages of reading matter.

THE Financial Editor has presented the GAZETTE Room with a handsomely framed portrait of the GAZETTE editors for the year.

PROF.—"The programme of the exams. is out and you can find it in the Ladies' Waiting Room." M-rd-ck's haste was painful.

PROF.—You will be held responsible for all the work of the session.

Jock.—What are the mid-sessionals for?

Prof.—To keep the students at work,—but it does not always have the desired effect.

CAN'T we have one good "scrim," boys, before college closes. The Faculty will not mind if you have it in the gym., and all the students will hail it with delight. As we walk along the halls, oppressed by a solemn silence, we feel with the poet that, "'tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

THE Junior Class at its last meeting elected officers for next session as follows :

- President G. A. SUTHERLAND.
- Vice-President MISS CUMMING.
- Secretary-Treasurer JAS. R. JOHNSON.

AT Prof. Roberts' lecture before the Philomathic Society, we were struck with the delapidated appearance of the Examination Hall. It would only be right that the blinds, etc., in the Examination Hall should be put in order and the room made to look a little more presentable. Perhaps if this meets the eye of the Faculty something may be done before next year.

THE Sophomore Class at its last meeting elected the following officers for the next session :

- President A. L. MCKAY.
- Vice-President MISS MAY AUSTIN.
- Secretary H. SEDGEWICK.
- Treasurer H. M. CLARK.

MCR-E and W. R. McK-Y were sunning themselves on the College door steps, when a gentleman approached and after a survey enquired :

"Is this the poor house, gentlemen?"

W. R. collapsed and McR-e went into the gym. to look for an Indian club.

THE Philomathic Society again asks the students to remember it in the summer and to make a note of any matter of an historical or philological nature which they may chance to come upon. The Canadian Corner is growing, but it is far from complete, and for this also the students are requested to do their best in securing works bearing on Canadian subjects or by Canadian authors.

ON exhibition in the library is a beautifully framed picture of Tennyson, presented to the English Room by Miss Eliza Ritchie, Ph. D. We wish that more would follow her good example and help to make Dr. McMechan's class-room a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Already several fine pictures adorn the walls, in particular those given by the class of '95 and '96, while Dr. McMechan has supplied quite a number himself. We hope that the friends of the college will keep this in mind and, as they are able, help us.

SPEAKING about scrimmages reminds us of football, and in this connection we wish to give a word of advice to the Freshmen. Last season hardly one of them turned out to practice, and though the result was not seen last year, yet it will be felt, and that heavily, next year or the year after. When they return as Sophs. we hope that they will play the game to a man, for from them in a great measure must come the brawn and muscle which is to carry the yellow and black to victory in the years to come.

FRESHIE THEOPOMPUS ONOMACRITUS ROSS has invented a religion called *Macraeology*. The following are entitled to seats in the Pantheon :

Title.	Name of Freshmen.	Title.	Name of Freshmen.
<i>Adonis</i>	W. A. Ross.	<i>Oceanus</i>	Roy Davis.
<i>Æolus</i>	Theopompus Ross.	<i>Pluto</i>	George Wood.
<i>Apollo</i>	Hemeon.	<i>Silenus</i>	W. A. Morrison.
<i>Bacchus</i>	McCuish.	<i>Saturn</i>	Ancient Weaver.
<i>Comus</i>	Addison O'Brien.	<i>Somnus</i>	J. M. Slayter.
<i>Cupid</i>	Carmichael.	<i>Titan</i>	Buchanan.
<i>Erebus</i>	Gould.	<i>Cyclops</i>	Norman Murray. R. McKay. Sissy Johnson.
<i>Hercules</i>	Doull.		
<i>Jupiter</i>	Cosconius McRae.		
<i>Mercury</i>	Rankin.		

PROF. MACDONALD entertained a number of the students at his house on Friday evening, March 29th, and, as might be expected, a most enjoyable evening was spent. Prof. Macdonald is even superior as a host than as a teacher of mathematics, which is certainly saying a good deal.

THE photos of the members of the graduating class are on exhibition, and really they are not such a bad looking crowd after all. It would be an interesting and instructive exercise to compare their noble and intellectual faces with those presented by their class picture as Freshmen. Freshmen of to-day may take new courage, for though the missing link between monkey and man is now very evident yet when '98 comes the monkey will have evolved into a man, and faces now so fair and childish will be sicklied over with the pale cast of thought.

LOST.—The "guardian fiend of the Laboratory." Anyone returning the same will be allowed to take the Practical Chemistry Course free.

Description.—Young boy, medium height, no indication of a beard, fiendish look, knickerbockers, slight odor of H₂S. and Chlorine, chews Salts of Potassic Chlorate. It is feared he may be in want as the only thing he had in his pocket was a test-tube, but on a former occasion he lived three weeks upon menthol inhalers and cuprammonia.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY.—The following is a partial list of the donors to the Library during the past year. Seth Lecture Fund, 39 vols.; Alfred Shortt, 22 vols.; Alumni Association, 20 vols.; MacMillan & Co., 26 vols.; President Forrest, 18 vols.; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 27 vols.; Philomathic Society, 15 vols.; Lecturers on Education, 15 vols.; "Friend of the College," 11 vols.; DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, 9 vols.; College Y. M. C. A., 4 vols.; F. B. Crofton, Esq., T. C. Allen & Co., and Prof. W. C. Murray, 3 vols. each; Rufus O. Boyer, Esq., Alex. McKay, Esq., Chas. D. Cory, Esq., 2 vols. each; Miss Saunders, Prof. Roberts, Prof. Kittredge, Prof. Johnson, Geo. S. Campbell, Esq., and Geo. F. Johnson, B. A., 1 vol. each.

The valuable gift of the Class of '94 has already been spoken of in the GAZETTE.

Dr. Lawson has presented to the Library the original editions of Wordsworth's "White Doe of Ryestone," published in 1815, and Scott's "Vision of Don Roderick," published in 1811. Both volumes are beautifully bound and very valuable.

AT the Glee Club Concert held on the evening of March 28th, the following programme was excellently rendered :—

PART I.

- I. Chorus.—"Brother Soldiers." *Hullah.*
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.
- II. Piano Duett.—March "Tannhauser" *Wagner.*
MR. AND MRS. GATWARD.
- III. Solo and Chorus.—Football Song *Thom.*
T. D. AITKEN.
- IV. Song.—Selected.
MISS L. HOBRECKER.
- V. Trio.—"Twas You, Sir." *Mornington.*
MESSRS. GATWARD, DOUGLAS AND MILLAR.
- VI. Song.—"Four Jolly Smiths." *Smith.*
MR. GODFREY SMITH.
- VII. "A Dalhousie Idyll." *Von Choynski.*
MR. WOOD AND GLEE CLUB.
- VIII. Chorus.—"Red Cross Knight." *Callcott.*
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.
- IX. Lament.—"The Good Ship Pumperup." *H. Seed.*
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.

PART II.

- I. Chorus.—“Mynheer Vaudunck.” *Bishop.*
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.
- II. Song.—Selected.
MISS COPELAND.
- III. Violin Solo.
MISS HARRINGTON.
- IV. Song.—“The Drummer and His Lass.” *Rey.*
MR. F. GATWARD.
- V. Dirge..... *Dirger.*
MR. A. D. ARCHIBALD AND GLEE CLUB.
- VI. “Latest from Labrador.” *L. Herring.*
MR. FORBES AND GLEE CLUB.
- VII. Quartette.—“Call John.”
MESSRS. DOUGLAS, MURRAY, MCLEAN AND MILLER.
- VIII. Soldier's Chorus.—(*Faust.*)
GLEE CLUB.
CANADA.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Not only was the programme well carried out, but although the evening was unpleasant, almost every seat in the Examination Hall was occupied. In addition to the students, who of course were present *en masse*, a large number of outside friends attended. Mr. Gatward and the boys are to be congratulated upon their success, while the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly assisted have the hearty thanks of all.

To institute comparisons would be perhaps hazardous. We learned a few things, “who took the clock,” etc. “’Twas you, Sir,” made some of the boys tremble, fearing their secret was out, etc.

The Glee Club deserves encouragement. Every musical student in the college should belong to it. Books are not everything. By the way, the club needs a piano, so does the Y. M. C. A.; so does the Philomatic. Can we not secure one? If the Faculty are not disposed to move in the matter we must do something ourselves. The present system is not very satisfactory. Who will start the ball?

Personals.

MESSRS. H. K. FITZPATRICK, M. A., of New Glasgow, and V. J. PATON, B. A., of Bridgewater, were among the notables in town last week.

MR. G. E. BUTLER of the present graduating class has been seriously indisposed for some weeks, and though on a fair way to recovery, has decided to go home. He will return next year and join the boys of '96.

EVEN the genial G. A. SUTHERLAND of the Third Year fell a victim to the prevalent sore throat and spent a fortnight “under hatches.” On learning of the honor thrust upon him by the Junior Class he revived and is again seen at the old stand.

THE last steamer for Bermuda had as passengers MESSRS. ROBERT E. FINN and HARRY RUSSEL, two of our present students. They have both been rather “under the weather” of late and the GAZETTE speaks for the whole college when it wishes them recuperated health as the result of the change.

THE death of P. C. C. MOONEY, LL. B., Barrister, of this city, removes from the scene of life a member of our first graduating class in law. Since

his graduation in 1885 Mr. Mooney had practised his profession in this city and occupied an enviable position in the front rank of the younger practitioners. His sudden demise will be heard with deep regret by his old associates in Dalhousie.

New Books.

Our Canadian poets have all been so serious and dignified that one is almost forced into a promonitory chuckle at the announcement that we are soon to have a published volume of the poems of our “Canadian Whitcomb Riley”—as he has been aptly termed—Mr. J. W. Bengough, for many years editor and artist of Toronto *Grip*. Our anticipation, too, is quickened by the intelligence that the book is to be profusely illustrated with original pen-and-ink sketches by the author. Those who are familiar with Mr. Bengough's work, and have seen and heard his inimitable “chalk talks,” will be prepared for something good. “Motley: Verses Grave and Gay” is the title the author has chosen for the volume, which will be issued early this month by the Toronto publisher, William Briggs. Such poems as “The Late Mr. Columbus,” “Delsarte,” “The Woodpile Test,” “The Open Gates of Hell,” etc., which have achieved wide popularity on the platform in Canada and the United States, will be included, with others as good, or better, making in all a book of some 170 pages—humorous, pathetic, and elegaic—affording a fine range of platform readings. A number of half-tone engravings from original drawings by Canadian artists will further brighten the volume. Orders may be placed with local booksellers.

We have received the following:

BURKE'S SPEECHES ON AMERICAN TAXATION, ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA, AND LETTER TO THE SHERIFFS OF BRISTOL, edited with introduction and notes by F. G. Selb, M. A., Oxon. London: MacMillan & Co.

SCHILLER'S DER NEFFE ALS ONKEL, with Introduction, Notes and Exercises by Louis Dyer, M. A. London: MacMillan & Co.

THE FABLES OF PHAEDRUS. Edited for use of Schools, with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by Rev. G. H. Nall, M. A. London: MacMillan & Co.

SELECTIONS ILLUSTRATIVE OF ROMAN LIFE, from the Letters of Pliny, adapted for the use of beginners, by Charles Haines Keene, M. A. London: MacMillan & Co.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Dr. A. H. McKay, I. Gammell, Pres. J. G. Schurman, Hon. D. C. Fraser, each \$2.00; F. A. MacMillan, Theodore Ross, Frank O'Brien, R. L. Coffin, Miss D. Burgoyne, M. G. Archibald, C. DeVeber, A. G. Kennedy, D. L. McDonald, M. D. McKenzie, Alex. Ross, H. O. Simpson, A. E. Brownrigg, D. S. MacIntosh, Jno. A. Taylor, Alex. D. Archibald, K. McCuish, M. A. O'Brien, each \$1.00.

MR. A. MASSIE HILL has been re-elected Manager of the GAZETTE for Session '95-'96.

Ten numbers of the GAZETTE are issued every winter by the students of Dalhousie College and University.

TERMS.

One Collegiate Year (in advance) \$1 00
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Medical Department.

CLINICAL MEDICINE.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE BY DR. MURDOCH CHISHOLM.

Gentlemen,—You are now at the bed-side. You have come from the library and lecture-room, the laboratory and dissecting-room, into the sick-room. How in that sacred compartment shall you comport yourselves? How shall you order your ways so as to give and receive the greatest possible amount of good? How shall you impress your patients favourably, and mould your own minds beneficially? These are questions which the medical student, as well as the medical practitioner, should always keep vividly before his mind's eye. They are most important questions, and at the threshold of our course it is in keeping with the fitness of things that we should endeavor to discuss them.

How shall we impress our patients favourably? I answer, first of all by being a gentleman. By the term, "gentleman," I do not mean a "dude." Not a man who is always so conscious of self as to forget the existence of others. I mean one who is always so conscious of the existence of others, their wants and needs, as to make him forget his own individuality, his rights and pleasures—one who denies himself. No other calling demands more of this spirit than the practice of medicine. He who gives his life to heal the sick, gives his labours to alleviate suffering, and is always careful to avoid the infliction of pain, even when looking to its ultimate removal. This does away with roughness in speech or action while performing our duties. It brings us down to our patients level—we, as it were, become one with them in eagerness of desire, buoyancy of hope, and tenderness of feeling. We enter into their inmost being and carry things along with us safely, pleasantly and quickly to the goal of health and vigour.

We shall impress our patients favourably by gentleness in all our words and actions, by a sympathetic regard for our patients best interests, as evidenced by diligence and promptness in the discharge of all our duties, and lastly by success in our self-denying labours. Here, as in everything else, knowledge is power. Without it all our other accomplishments go for very little. Nothing succeeds like success. Cure your patient quickly, cure him pleasantly, cure him safely,—if by neither, cure him anyway. Nothing makes up for lack of success in our calling.

This brings us to the second question, viz., How are we to mould our minds for our own and our patients greatest good? This is a question more easily asked than answered. It is also a question which has received different and contradictory answers. It is a question which has been answered differently in different stages of the world's history. To answer it properly we must analyze the sources of knowledge. These are two—1st, Contact with the thoughts and works of God; 2nd, Contact with the thoughts and works of man. The first of these embrace Revelation and Nature; the second, Literature and Art. These have been the educators of man from Adam down through the ages, to the present moment. Some nations were educated by the one; some by the other; i. e., speaking generally, for both sources are always more or less interlapped.

Literature and art first flourished in Egypt, and from there wandered into Greece and Rome. Contact with the thoughts and works of man was the source of these nations' civilization, and knowledge and power. That they arrived at a high state of intelligence is certainly to be admitted. But then the intellectual calibre of their best men, and much more of these nations as a whole, was below that of the Jewish race. Even to-day the foremost men of the world are of that race. They lead in finance, in education, and statesmanship, though labouring under the disadvantages of aliens and outcasts. Whence comes this superiority? Simply that the source of their education has been, and ever will be, the thoughts and works of God. All human literature pales into insignificance before the volumes of inspiration, as all human art vanishes before the handiwork of God the Creator. Now we are influenced by our environments, much more by our professed educators. Water cannot rise higher than its own level. As the master, so the pupil. The man or nation which has no higher education than contact with the thoughts and works of man, has failure written on its escutcheon. So also with the medical student or practitioner who is more of a reader than an observer.

There is a deep philosophical meaning in the command, Thou shalt have no other god's before Me. Contact with Me through blocks of wood and stone is degrading. And so, were Medicine deified, I might fancy her looking with disdain upon those book-worms who delight to spend the midnight oil in order to become acquainted with her mysteries, but who shrink from the bed-side where alone her mysteries are unlocked to the observant gaze. Thou shalt have no authors, neither lectures nor clinics, before me. They degrade us from being scientific observers, to being bungling quacks. Study my form in the throbbing pulse and fever-heated brow. Learn the natural history of disease from what you see, not from what you read; from direct and not from mediate contact with its manifold symptoms. Thus, and

thus only, can we hope to unlock the hidden treasures of Nature. Then shall her coin become current in our hands whenever we cross the threshold of disease.

It was an evil day for Medicine when Hippocrates and Galen wrote their far-famed works. Henceforward medical progress was at an end, and that because those who should be students of disease, became students of books. Not until the spell of these great names was broken, and men began to study nature, did medicine rise from its grave of quackery to attain to a position approaching one of the correct sciences.

Since these things are so, it should be the aim of every medical school more to train the faculty of observation than to crowd the memory; to make their students see, rather than to make them read or hear; to make them spend more time at the bed-side than in the lecture room. In this respect we want a revolution in medical learning. The final years should spend more time at the bed-side and laboratory, than the first years spend in the dissecting room. I would banish much of our class room lecturing. It is a species of crude cramming worthy of the dark ages. It should be buried quickly, and over its mortal remains should be erected a statue with no words pointing to its birth, and no signs of sorrow over its much desired death.

But here a difficulty confronts us, and this is the question of time and money. Can we get our students to take the time necessary for a thorough scientific investigation? Is it desirable to shut out the accumulated knowledge of others, that we ourselves may become closer observers of nature? By no means. Rather let the possession of other peoples labours be so much of an equipment to enlarge the sphere of our investigations, and then every item of knowledge we now possess represents years of toil, trial and failure—repeated over and over before the truth was pulled out of its hidden recesses. We would not make a student of engineering go through all the experiences of Watt in our efforts to give him a knowledge of his calling. So that a certain proportion of didactic instruction is unavoidable under any circumstances,—much more where life is short and the students pocket still shorter. The student must learn at the risk of cramming. He must to a certain extent grow through the ingestion of externally digested pabulum. He must take advantage of artificial foods if he would become wise in the short time at his disposal. Others have laboured, and it is our happy lot to enter into their labours. Some men have spent a life-time elucidating one obscure subject in medicine. Let us avail ourselves of their labours without their accompanying weariness and toil. But this way of acquiring knowledge is not the best way to educate the faculties and expand the mind. That must be done mostly through personal observation and

effort. We cannot become good pathologists by reading books upon the subject. If we would know disease we must examine its ravages in the dead house, as well as study its natural history at the bed-side. Now some men become so well acquainted with the photographs of diseases that they can generally make a correct diagnoses at a glance. Before the use of auscultation and percussion the physiognomy of diseases was very much more studied than it is now.

I will close this lecture by relating an anecdote which, more than anything I can say, will shew how much may be accomplished in this way. On one occasion a father and a son called upon Sir Andrew Clark upon other than medical matters. This prince of observers was not idle from a medical point of view; yet no medical questions were asked; but after both left, Sir Andrew volunteered the opinion to a friend, that the father had heart disease and the son was a eunuch, both of which observations turned out to be correct.

Among the Colleges.

EXAMINATIONS have been abolished at Cornell.

CORNELL has added the Russian language to the curriculum.

A GREEK newspaper is published at Cornell by the Modern Greek Class.

ONE-FOURTH of the number of students at the University of Berlin are Americans.

OVER sixty Harvard students are engaged in the editing of the five University papers.

THE average annual expenses of a Harvard student has increased during the last fifty years from \$188.10 to \$687.50.

THE Government of Ontario has granted a commission to enquire into affairs of the University of Toronto.

In the University of France there are no classes, no athletics, no commencement, no college periodicals, no glee club, no fraternities.

THE Faculty of Boston University has decided to allow work on the College papers to count as a certain number of hours towards graduation.

LORD ACTON has been appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge to succeed the late Professor Seeley.

PRINCETON takes a great interest in chess. At the recent Tournament in New York, the expenses of the team were paid by a canvass of the College.

THE Board of Regents of the State University of Michigan has resolved: "That henceforth in the selection of professors, instructors and other assistants for the University, no distinction be made between men and women, but the applicant fitted receives the appointment."

The study of English is now the only required work in the whole curriculum at Harvard.

SOME of our sister Colleges are endeavouring to get up University song books. Queens is moving in this line; while in the University of Wisconsin, prizes to the amount of \$50 have been offered for the best three University songs composed during the year.

MEDICAL BRIEFS.

HANDSOME.—“I have had a call to preach.”
Brehm.—“To what; the hens?”

POOR GANDIER has lost his “Pearl,”—he will have to look for a treasure in another direction now.

THE “weighty Freshman” looks better than ever since he has had his beard trimmed.

TRENAMAN is looking thin as the result of a hard winter's work. Roue on the other hand, stands hard study remarkably well.

MAC. and R-H-R must find their business very profitable, as they have added a new partner to the firm by the name of R. Fowler Beattie.

WILL DUFF TO D. L.—“You know a lot.”
D. L. to Will Duff.—“Yes, and I have forgotten more than you ever knew.”

DICKIE will not be found attending recitals at the “Old Maid's Home” until after exams. are over. It is reported that he is to be appointed Assistant Professor of Botany at Dalhousie. In the meantime he will be found at his office on Spring Garden Road.

BISSETT'S exuberant hilarity when last seen in the chemistry lecture room caused some of those present to entertain grave fears that the thought of approaching exam., coupled with those bewitching smiles from the front seat, had been too much for his mental equipoise. But he is now thought to be out of danger, and a quiet summer spent amid the rustic scenes of River Bourgeois will no doubt effect a complete cure.

PERSONALS.

MESSRS HARDING, JOST, HARVEY, and ROY, who studied here last year, have passed their primaries at McGill.

DR. MCAULAY, who for over a year has held the position of Senior House Surgeon at Victoria General Hospital, lately left that position to take a lucrative practice in Thorburn, Pictou County.

MR. G. N. MURPHY, who has lately returned from Bellevue where he took the degree of M. D., will also take the degree of M. D. C. M. at Dalhousie. Mr. Murphy, who has had ample opportunity to compare the advantages here with those at Bellevue, speaks strongly in favor of Halifax, especially for practical work.

TAKE A COURSE

—AT—

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