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Editorial.

What is the true function of the college paper? Few questions seem to us more fertile for profitable discussion than this, and yet it is one which a perusal of our exchanges and a review of our own files would lead us to believe had been settled at some remote period once for all. We doubt, however, if the question was ever thoroughly discussed. There is, at any rate, a widespread assumption that the only possible College paper is the students' paper, as we know it, a miscellany, in part newspaper, literary magazine and review, edited and contributed to by undergraduates, and published in their interests, with the object of reflecting the current college life and thought, and stimulating literary talent among the students. The paper is not supported, however, by the undergraduate body alone. It is considered the duty of a loyal alumnus to continue his subscription, and the paper is supposed to preserve his interest in his Alma Mater amid the rush of interests of later life.

*The
 College
 Paper.*

This appeal to the graduate gives some support to the idea we wish to advocate, that there is a place in a college of any size, of any importance in the community in which it stands, for a paper other in character and aim than the college paper as we know it. In its attempt to serve a dual constituency, the college paper suffers in two directions. It is on the one hand too pretentious, on the other hand not pretentious enough. The College paper will increase its hold on the student body of the day in proportion as it intensifies the personal note, and confines itself to immediate interests. The more ephemeral it is in character, the more it will be appreciated by them, both at the time of publication and in after years, and the more valuable it will be for future reference as an indication of student life and problems at any given period. Yet in so far as it is successful in reflecting the note and personalities of the hour will it be uninteresting to the outside reader. The article which is of importance to the student because it treats of some matter which is being discussed in dormitory and college corridor can be of little concern to the outsider; while the literary contribution, which is interesting to the undergraduate because he or his class mate has written it, will seldom, in the nature of things, possess the intrinsic merit sufficient to hold the attention of one to whom the name or initials of the writer are as deficient in connotation as a line in a city directory; and the individual touch which gives piquancy to the personalia renders them unintelligible to the uninitiated.

On the other hand, the formality of tone and the attempt to preserve a certain standard of attainment, which is thought to be necessary in a paper for which graduates are asked to write, and which circulates to some extent in the outside world, puts a certain restraint on undergraduate expression. The paper loses in spontaneity without gaining overmuch in weight.

Our discussion leads us to the conviction that there is a place in every college, at least in every college which assumes the name of a university, for *two* papers, one thoroughly representative of the student interests of the hour, the circulation of which will be naturally restricted to the students and to

those graduates of immediately preceding years who are interested in their juniors, the other representing the best thought of the ablest and most prominent alumni, aiming at keeping the college before the public, and seeking as wide a circulation as its merits will give it. A group of such papers representing the universities of the country, would embody much of the best opinion in the land, and should certainly, if indirectly, have a perceptible influence on public opinion. The daily press covers too wide a field and appeals to too heterogeneous a circle of readers to permit it to treat questions with that delicate discrimination necessary for the establishment of final standards of judgment. It aims at meeting a common denominator of interests and educational acquirements, and is necessarily concerned with practical matters and the promotion of the material ends of a party or locality. It should be the true function of the college review to fulfil the ends which a great critic has assigned to criticism, the preservation of the "Indian virtue of detachment," and the promotion of the free circulation of ideas.

Such a paper would serve a practical end in advocating the claims of the college, and above all in preventing ideas of education and of the ends of collegiate training from being moulded altogether by outside opinion. The proposal is ambitious, not we hope impracticable.

Dalhousians in England.

LONDON, December, 1st, 1906.

Dear Gazette:

I have very frequently considered sending you some communication since coming to this part of the world, but have always allowed my "native hue of resolution" to become "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Since fully making up my mind to write something, I have found difficulty in selecting a theme, but at last have decided to merely write you an informal letter, and have fallen back upon the usual subject of the embarrassed school boy essayist, namely "How I spent my holiday."

One fine day in the early part of last September when I did not feel the burden of work bearing heavily upon me and was somewhat possessed with idle curiosity, I set out for a short walk, allowing my destination to be determined by any impulse which should overtake me.

In this state of mind I wandered into Euston Station, the London depot of the London and North Western railway. On my arrival I noticed that a Canadian special was due to leave in a few minutes to connect with the "Empress of Ireland," so I decided to wait and see it off, hoping that perchance I might see some familiar face.

I walked up and down the platform for some minutes, watching with considerable interest the various farewell scenes, and was just passing a small group of people when my attention was suddenly arrested by seeing one among them whose appearance was more than familiar. I knew him at once to be an old Dalhousian, none other than our friend Jonnie Dunn, who graduated in law in '97. He at the same time saw me and we quickly advanced toward each other, with a happy exchange of greetings and inquiries. You can hardly imagine how great a joy it is to so unexpectedly meet one of your old college friends, after years of separation; you may have hosts of other friends but the companions of your first college days hold a place deeper down.

As soon as the train had left, we walked off together, talking as fast as we could, about all the boys we had known in common in the good old days at Dalhousie. Our ways soon divided, but before parting, I accepted an invitation to spend the coming week-end with him, and agreed to meet him the following day, to accompany him to his home at Handhead. Accordingly next day I repaired to the appointed place, at the hour arranged, with very eager anticipations of a delightful holiday. We enjoyed lunch together, and then took the train for Surlicton, a station about eight miles out of London. Here we found Mrs. Dunn and a lady friend of hers, awaiting us in a beautiful tourist car, and I found to my delight that we were going to motor the remainder of the journey, a distance of about thirty-five miles. We started off at a pace which

seemed quite dazzling to me, and for the first few miles I confess I had the sensation of going too high on a swing, but after a while I quite recovered, and although I had done very little motoring, I tried to assume the appearance of being quite "to the manner born."

The journey was most beautiful, it was a fine clear evening, and we simply seemed to fly along that grand old English highway, the London and Portsmouth road, a road over which have passed kings and their armies, admirals on their way to glory or dismay, and swift messengers with panting horses, bearing fragments of intelligence which have shocked the world. This road, like so many places in England, stirs one's imagination to its depths, and the very soil seems sacred from a long train of associations which have become hallowed in the memories of the people.

The whole way seemed to me like passing through fairyland, and the transition seemed entirely effected, when we arrived at Mrs. Dunn's home, a most charming English country-house, nestled in between two hills, surrounded on the back and sides by trees, while the front looks over a terraced lawn into a long deep valley with high hills on either side.

To return now to things material, we found an excellent dinner awaiting us which we all partook of with a great deal of relish. After which we played several games of billiards, and then repaired to the drawing room where we spent a little more than the evening in a good old fashioned talk, one of those delightful conversations where friends after years of separation in mutual confidence discuss their varied experiences, and pass judgment, kindly or otherwise, upon all the people they have known together.

I won't say what time we retired as one never wishes to waste much time in sleeping when it may be so enjoyably spent.

We planned to go for a long motor trip in the south of England, on the following day, provided the weather permitted, a rather inconstant factor which one has always to reckon with in England. To my great delight the morning was beautifully fine, so we were able to start quite early, with the spirits of our party as bright as the morning.

For any person who has ever seen English country it is easy to imagine the enjoyment of such a trip. We rode one hundred and fifty miles, and the whole journey was a continuous panorama of loveliness. The English roads are as smooth as a floor, and on either side are boarded by beautiful well trimmed hedges. These also serve as boundary lines between the fields and estates, and serve in the same capacity as our fences, but of course are much more of an ornament. The country land is very highly cultivated, but all the beautiful trees have been preserved so that the whole country looks like an immense park. We passed through many quaint old towns and villages, some of which are especially interesting from the cluster of old historic legends connected with them. I will not weary you, however, with any details regarding those places, but I must mention Brighton, where we remained for two hours. This is the great winter and week-end resort on the south coast and a very beautiful place it is. Here could be seen thousands of Londoners in holiday mood, some walking up and down the beautiful esplanades on the shore, some yachting, some swimming, while others sitting on seats, as it were, at the feet of the ocean, seemed to prefer to enjoy their outing in a quiet contemplation of their surroundings.

The direction of our journey after leaving Brighton turned toward home. We came thirty miles on the London and Brighton road, a broad, smooth highway, almost like a boulevard. This was quite infested with carriages and motor cars. Our chauffeur took great delight in passing all rivals, and seemed to do it quite easily, as our car was one of the fastest type of touring car in England, and on the level road could easily make a pace of thirty-five miles an hour.

The last hour of the trip, "as the last taste of sweets is sweetest last," was the most enjoyable of all. It was a calm, clear morning, and as we passed through several of the quaint old villages, the villagers were wending their way to church. The air was perfectly still, and the sombre pealing of the church bells could be heard from all sides, and seemed to cast a sacred halo over all the quiet serene landscape. We all remarked on the loveliness of the effect, and I am sure we all truly felt "a presence which disturbed us with the joy of elevated

thought, the sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

Happily, we all felt the same delightful appreciation which always intensifies one's own enjoyment, for nothing can be more damaging to a moment of ecstasy than to be in the presence of someone whose mind can have no flowering moments.

We talked over the whole trip after returning home, and were quite unanimous in considering that the day had been one of unqualified enjoyment. For my own part, I can say it was one of the most delightful experiences of my life, and an experience which one can almost directly consider among the fruits of college friendship, made possible only through the kindness of one of the old boys, whose ability and perseverance have placed him in a position where such gracious munificence is possible, and whose name is now another which Dalhousie may add to her long roll of honor, and whose success may be an inspiration to all those who cherish the principle contained in the grand old motto, "Ora et Labora."

E. ROSS FAULKNER.

"The Holiday Trip."

It was just four days before Xmas, and what, a stormy, gloomy, disagreeable day it was! The steamer was scheduled to leave on Thursday night, at 10 o'clock, and here it was Saturday morning and still no move. Would we ever start! At last the Captain's voice was heard, "The wind has shifted to the sou' west. We'll try it anyway." Hastily the lines were pulled in and at last we were moving—11.30 a. m. Everyone was happy now because we knew that at last we were on our way. The "Light" was passed, and with it our hopes. The fickle wind had changed again and there was nothing but fog, fog everywhere. It was with not the kindest feelings towards things in general, that we were forced to realize that we were going back. But wait—another steamer is going to brave the weather. Why not we? So at least thought the Captain, and to think with him was to act. We could follow the little white steamer, and in case of the worst

befalling us aid would not be far distant. What a trip it was! You who have travelled by water in stormy weather know what it is like. First a dive when we thought the steamer would never right itself. Then a roll when everything rollable in the stateroom took frantic leaps in all directions, and we held on to the side of the berth to keep from falling out. Then a huge wave swept the deck and struck against the stateroom window—and so on.

"The immense and contemptuous surges,
The shudder, the stumble, the swerve
When the star-stabbing bow-sprit emerges."

Still the holiday spirit was around and even sea-sickness could not subdue it. We heard a College song in the distance followed by a 1-2-3 and we knew that the Dalhousie spirit was still triumphant, even over sea-sickness. At last we were near the "Port". The "Light" was "made" and the Captain was now taking his "bearings" before entering the Harbour.

It had been quite a quick trip after all—*only* about seven and a half hours. At last we were in the harbour, but still that fog was everywhere. We could not reach the wharf that night, so said the Captain, which meant another night on the steamer. This would make a sum total of three nights spent on board, and we never had felt so much like singing "Home, Sweet Home" in our lives. Oh, for the time of railroads, when we could reach home in a few hours, and not be sea-sick! We could hear orders being given to make everything safe for the night. The men were busy lowering the anchor, and we had finally reconciled ourselves to endure the inevitable, when hark! what words were those heard in the distance like a faint echo? Surely we were mistaken. But no, a voice was heard again, but louder this time—a shout, an alarm—"Fire in the engine room!" Then louder still: "She's on fire! She's on fire!" No need of more words. Frantic grasps for clothing, suit-case, anything at all within reach. But long before we had gathered those few articles the smoke was pouring in our stateroom, and we found ourselves nearly suffocated. On the deck were crowds, some only partly clad, forgetting, in their excitement, to try to save

anything; one or two women crying, but, on the whole, wonderful self-control and no panic. The Captain was giving orders coolly and wisely. We were standing next to him, and we could not help but admire him. He was so strong, so cool. Then the lights went out. Darkness—black, horrid, midnight darkness—in front, and flames—great, roaring, blazing flames—behind. "A lantern! bring me a lantern!" you heard the Captain say. A lantern was brought. Then, "Overboard with the dynamite!" was the next command, and we felt a shudder run through us. But the thud of the dynamite as it struck the water told us that we were safe from it, at least.

The Captain then gave his orders to the man at the wheel. "We will make the shore if we can," he said, and we were ploughing full speed ahead. Will we ever forget the sight? It was truly a magnificent one. The steamer ploughing through the waves, the lurid glare of the fire, and the excited, expectant looks of men and women, all waiting for the first glimpse of land. We never knew before how much depended on the coolness of one man. Had he faltered, all, indeed, would have been lost.

"If the bow had been pointed to the sea," we heard someone say. Yes indeed, for then we would have been plunging full speed to sea, for how could the steamer be turned landwards, when everything was ruined in the engine-room? But we must not think of that. We must think rather of a kind Providence who had ordained matters to be otherwise! At last the steamer struck land. A great throb ran through her, and we found ourselves grasping a support. Brave men had launched three of the four boats, and we found ourselves being relieved of our suit-cases by willing hands, and being helped over the railing down into the deck. We heard the order, "Get the women ashore first." The "gang-way" was thrown open. A boat was below, and strong arms were stretched out to catch us, and we were in a boat. The distance was but short to the shore, but the tide was low and the boats soon grounded. But what did that matter! We jumped into the water and waded ashore, and at last we were on land.

We looked to see how our fellow-passengers were succeeding. One boat was over-crowded and upset, and the men had to swim ashore. But not a life was lost. True, we lost our trunks and everything we possessed, but we did not care for that. Prayers of thanksgiving went up from nearly sixty souls. By this time the villagers were thronging around us, begging us to go to the house, and get dried. We gratefully accepted, because we were so wet. On all sides we heard commendations regarding the Captain and the man at the wheel, and the latter sticking to his post until the flames were burning the ropes around him. We wended our way over mud-banks and fences to the houses, where we were soon warmed and dried. Early the next morning we departed to our homes, some by stage, others by boat. We arrived home on Sunday, Monday or Tuesday, as the case might be, having come quite literally through "fire and water."

(C. G.) 2.

Browning.

A friend of iconoclastic tendencies strolled into my room one day. My Browning, well-thumbed and copiously marked, lay open on the desk. "So you are a worshipper according to the cult, a devotee at the shrine of Browning, along with metaphysicians who interpret more than Browning ever meant, and young ladies who adore without understanding!"

"My dear fellow, treat your cynical mind as Luther treated his theological one."

"Seriously, Browning is guilty of incoherence of thought and obscurity of expression, of carelessness as a literary artist. It seems to me a hopeless task to defeat him from this charge. One has but to mention 'Sordello' as an instance of the first; his choice of subject in 'Mr. Sludge, the Medium,' his wretched rhyming of 'fabric' and 'dabrick' in one of his lyrics, and the quantity of prosy blank verse in 'The Ring and the Book' as instances of the second."

"And yet I venture to assert that no poet of the nineteenth century has written more poetry with more fire and nerve,

more music and beauty of thought and imagery, or more interpretative of human motives and passions than Robert Browning. It is impossible to read his 'Cavalier Tunes' with the eye alone; the words sing themselves from the page. 'Herve Riel' is to be classed with Tennyson's 'Revenge' in having all the spirit of the old ballads, together with perfect literary finish. In no poem of which I know has scenery been described of such utter desolation and so significant of moral degradation as in 'Childe Roland.' His dramatic lyrics—"

"His dramatic lyrics, forsooth! A dramatic lyric that requires to be read several times before it yields up any meaning, and in which there is no action, 'swears at' the name."

"My dear fellow, are you fair? Browning himself said that his poetry was not meant to be a substitute for a morning newspaper. No real poetry yields up all its meaning at the first reading. That is the truest poetry which becomes pregnant with more thought and pathos as we read it with the insight and experience of manhood than it seemed to have when we read it in boyhood. I have heard a Dalhousie professor say that one never gets at the heart of 'In Memoriam' until he is thirty years old."

"There are two qualities of Browning as a poet that must be understood before a proper appreciation of much of his poetry can be obtained. Since you have opened the subject let me sermonize for a few moments."

"Oh go ahead, though I have probably heard it all before."

"We may note in the first place, that Browning is a studier of the human heart, its motives, its passions, its sins of will, defects of doubt, its glory and its shame. What Hawthorne and Meredith are in fiction, that Browning is in poetry. A keen psychologist, he has entered the secret chamber of man's heart and read, there the purposes and the passions whence come the issues of life. It matters not whether the man be Greek Philosopher or Renaissance Grammarian, Mediæval Bishop or modern lover, the poet, not obtruding his own personality, has laid bare before us the motives that impelled him, the character that exalted or debased him.

"Now his manner of this revelation of character is unique. There are no stage accessories or directions, no description by

the poet of the *dramatis personæ*; simply a monologue in which are revealed the characters of the speaker and of the other persons concerned who do not appear at all. We are thrust suddenly into the midst of a complex moral situation, where much has preceded the opening of the poem which must be gathered from the poem itself. Herein is the reason for the charge that even his shorter poems are hard to understand. He makes a great demand upon the reader's constructive imagination to re-create the situation, each for himself; and the imaginatively defective or intellectually indolent reader who refuses this effort fails to get the poem's meaning, and petulantly lays the blame upon the poet.

"The other quality that characterizes Browning's dramatic lyrics is the note of aspiration that sounds through them all. The sturdy optimism that sees the vile and unrighteous in life and yet believes in the triumph of purity and righteousness; the spirit of one who "was ever a fighter," and would challenge death itself; the desire to achieve and conquer in the realm of the spirit: these form an inspiring and uplifting influence in his poetry. What ever the subject, though it be the "Last Ride Together" of a disappointed lover and his love, or the interpretation of a musician's composition, we find the same incitement to live the life of the spirit, the same inspiration to work and achieve."

H. D. B. '04.

The Junior.

When the second year is ended, the crisis is passed. The Junior returns to College as a matter of course. Her reputation is made; she is now in her third year, and as dignified as it is possible for a College girl to be.

The Junior is an ardent supporter of Delta Gamma and Y. W. C. A. She is a close adherent of the Faculty and an upholder of the conventions of College-life. She has dropped the critical airs of the second year as unworthy of her new dignity. If she has adverse opinions, she is more careful about expressing them.

While she remains a zealous member of "our class," the Junior begins to have relations of her own with other people

and to make friends outside her class. She has gained in discrimination,

The Freshettes find in her a trusty friend, unless their tales of the prowess of "our fellows" become too fairy-like, when she has an indescribable way of letting them know that she appreciates the stories at their proper value. So gentle and imperceptible is this process, that the Freshettes, instead of being insulted thereby, are strengthened in their regard for her. The Junior patronizes the Sophette mildly and usually feels the strain of the conflict to a slight extent. Her relations with the Senior are distinctly cool. It is so hard to forget the past.

The third year is one of hard work. Classes take more time; the girl's friends demand more of her; she and the Senior form the executive force of Delta Gamma and Y. W. C. A. So that her days are quite filled up. And yet she finds time to attend the foot-ball matches, "at homes," debates and teas, and to thoroughly enjoy them.

It is uncertain whether the first or third year is the happiest of College life. The writer inclines to think it is the third. In the first year there are a great many things to get used to and new people to meet and choose friends from. In the Junior year, the girl is accustomed to the life and can enjoy the society of those friends she has already made.

The Senior.

It is quite certain that of all four years the very saddest is the last one. The Senior comes back after the holidays and everything in the fourth year is done for the last time. Her old friends of the upper classes are gone. The thought comes to her that she is an upper class girl now and it brings a sort of paralysis.

The last year is one of hard work and nerve-wracking anxiety, not to be lightly undertaken. So much hangs upon the examinations this year. She must work so hard. And college affairs make irresistible demands on her time. "I'll not be able to do this next year," she sighs, "I must do it now."

The Christmas holidays find the Senior with very little nerve power left. They come just in time to give her a new stock of courage.

The last term is one of the hardest. Study fills her time. Spare hours are devoted to the friends she is shortly to leave. "At homes" and debates are eschewed.

But though she hates to leave the college, she hates far worse the idea of coming back another year. She is like a man with a bald head in that respect. "And so she worketh steadily, and little other care hath she."

And finally comes the last fortnight, "exam. week" with all its terrors, its sleepless nights, hysterical days and its diet of Peter's Milk Chocolate. Supposing she shouldn't pass! Oh how dreadful! All the philosophy in the world would be no consolation for such a calamity.

The results are declared. She has passed. In a dream she attends the closing parties. Walking in her sleep she goes up to get her degree. With April face she says her good-byes. Triumphant she walks away from the college to reform the world that needs it so badly. She has entered now and has been enrolled in the University of Experience, whose professors teach lessons included in no other curriculum, whose practical work is to fight up to ideals, never heeding defeats nor sorrows, and whose certificate of graduation is a cold *Hic jacet* promise of full life. L. M. M.

Intercollegiate Hockey.

The second annual meeting of the Maritime Intercollegiate Hockey League was held at Truro on the 21st of December. The representatives present were: S. F. Doyle, St. Francis Xavier; R. P. Bell, Mount Allison; E. G. Lewis, Acadia, and D. Maclean, Dalhousie. Last year the league consisted of teams from the University of New Brunswick, Mount Allison, St. Francis Xavier, and Dalhousie. U. N. B. did not enter a team this year, because unable to make rink arrangements, but Acadia was admitted, thus making a four-team league, as before. Several amendments to the constitution and by-laws were passed, as shown by the italicised parts below. Bell, of

Mount Allisou, brought up the question of excluding degree-holding players, and he was strongly supported by Lewis, of Acadia. St. Francis Xavier's and Dalhousie's representatives opposed this, and after a prolonged discussion the matter was dropped, to be taken up at the next annual meeting. Notice of the proposed amendments will be served on the respective clubs, according to the amended Article II of the constitution, and then representatives will have specific instructions to guide them. The constitution and by-laws are as follows:

Constitution of the Maritime Intercollegiate Hockey League as Amended at Truro, December 21, 1906.

ARTICLE I.

This league shall be known as the Maritime Intercollegiate Hockey League, and shall be governed by the rules of the Canadian Amateur Hockey League.

ARTICLE 2.

Its object shall be to improve, foster and perpetuate the game of Hockey among the Maritime Colleges, to protect it from professionals, and to promote the cultivation of kindly feeling among the members of the colleges.

ARTICLE 3.

An executive committee shall be formed composed of one member from each college and university appointed by their respective societies.

ARTICLE 4.

The Executive Committee shall deliberate and decide upon all business submitted to them.

ARTICLE 5.

Sec. 1 Teams in this League shall be composed exclusively of amateurs.

Sec. 2 An amateur is a person who has not competed in any competition for a staked bet, moneys, private, public or gate receipts, or competed with or against a professional for a prize; who has never in any period of his life taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercise or sport as a means of livelihood; who has never directly or indirectly received any bonus or a payment in lieu of the loss of time while playing as a member of any Club, or any money consideration whatever, for any services rendered as an athlete, except his actual travelling expenses, or who has never entered any competition under a name other than his own.

ARTICLE 6.

The League shall consist of the following teams:—Dalhousie, University of New Brunswick, St. Francis Xavier, Mount Allison and Acadia.

ARTICLE 7.

It shall be necessary for the competing teams to send a list of players, with a certificate of their eligibility, to their opponents at least a week before the date of the game.

ARTICLE 8.

The Executive shall hold the annual meeting between the 20th and 30th of December in each year, and the Club holding the trophy shall be the convener of the annual meeting.

ARTICLE 9.

Only *bona fide* students shall be eligible to play. The term *bona fide* student to mean one who is enrolled on the books of his college or university, and has been in attendance at lectures in at least three full subjects from the opening of the second term.

ARTICLE 10.

Each college shall send in to the chairman of the Executive the names of two competent referees, and the captains shall decide on one from the names sent in. If they fail to agree within twenty-four hours of the game, the Executive shall appoint a referee.

ARTICLE 11.

An amendment of this constitution and by-laws may be made at the annual meeting of the Executive by a majority of the votes of members present, and notice of such amendment shall be given to the respective clubs at least three weeks before the date of the annual meeting.

ARTICLE 12.

Sec. 1. A trophy, to be known as "The Hewson Trophy," shall be competed for annually. The university or college winning the trophy for three years in succession shall own it.

Sec. 2. A committee consisting of one member from the faculty of each university shall be appointed by their respective athletic associations to be trustees of the trophy.

By-laws, Regulations and Schedule for the Season 1906-1907

1. Mount Allison and Acadia shall constitute one division, and Dalhousie and St. Francis Xavier shall constitute a second division of the League for the purpose of playing.

2. The teams of a division shall play each other twice, and the winners of each division shall play off for the trophy. Should the teams of a division tie on games, the team having the larger total number of goals to its credit shall be considered the winner; should they further tie on the total number of goals, the time of play shall be extended at the close of the second game. The number of minutes of such extended time to be decided by the captains of the competing teams.

3. A team that forfeits a game without sufficient notice shall be required to pay a sum of \$35.00 to its would-be opponents.

4. In construing the words "from the opening of the second term," in Article 9 of the Constitution, seven days of grace shall be allowed a student returning to college after holidays.

Schedule of Games.

January	22,	St. F. Xavier v Dalhousie.
"	24,	Acadia v Mount Allison.
February	1,	Dalhousie v St. F. Xavier.
"	15,	Mount Allison v Acadia.
"	20,	Winners play off at Truro, (or at Windsor if the play-off be Acadia-Dalhousie.)

N. B. Any of the above dates or the place of play-off is subject to change on the mutual agreement of the two teams involved.

	D. MACLEAN, D. A. A. C.	} Executive Committee.
(Sgd.)	S. F. DOYLE, St. F. X. A. A. A.	
	R. P. BELL, Mt. A. A. A. A.	
	G. E. LEWIS, A. A. A. A.	

Truro, N. S., December 21st, 1906.

Library Notes.

"*Bibliotheca a Dallusia valde desiderata.*"

A STEP IN ADVANCE.—At last we have an assistant librarian who is not a student, but can give her whole time to the work of the library. This is a great improvement. In time, Dalhousie will have a modern library and fully trained modern librarian. In the old days the professors took charge of the library in turn; but that was in the last century.

CONGESTION.—The number of readers in the library is greater than ever. Three new tables have been added for their accommodation.

STOCK-TAKING.—Stock-taking has shown that too large a number of books is missing. It is to be hoped that many of these will be recovered. Every generation of students should make it their pride to leave the university library in a better state than they found it. No doubt not a few of them will be brought back. So mote it be. Otherwise the library will be the sieve of the Danaides, leaking faster than it can be filled.

CLASS MEMORIALS.—A fine brass tablet has been placed on the south wall of the Library with the amount given by each class since 1894 set opposite the date of its graduation. The total is well over twelve hundred dollars. That means that the college would be twelve hundred dollars poorer in books but for the generosity of each class as it passed forever from the halls of Alma Mater. The only decoration of this plain tablet, beyond the title, is the Horatian line, which our Professor Emeritus of Classics added to the College arms, "*Doctrina vim promovet insitam.*"

HOUSE-CLEANING.—The stables of Augeas were cleansed by turning a river through them. The dust of the Library was removed by a Herculean char-woman in the Christmas holidays. Oscar Wilde called dust the bloom of time; the bloom on our books and shelves was very full blown, and the char-woman had a blooming time. She thought she was in a "blooming-mill."

Obituary.

EMILY BEVAN HARRINGTON, M. A.

The GAZETTE records with deep regret the death of Emily Bevan Harrington, M. A., which occurred December 19th, after a long and trying illness, borne with great patience and courage. She was the daughter of the late W. H. Harrington, of Halifax, and grand-daughter of Rev. John Geddie, the missionary.

Her intellectual powers and the beauty of her character were known to few except her personal friends. She was a graduate of the class of 1892, and obtained her degree with first rank honors in English and English History, winning also the Early English Text Society's Prize. Her papers at her final examination were for fullness, accuracy and finish remarkable. Professor Johnson said of them that they might have been printed as they stood, for she wrote English with unusual precision and grace. After graduation, Miss Harrington spent a year at Bryn Mawr, where she distinguished herself as a student and won the affection of her fellow-collegians. Some time later she obtained the degree of M. A. from Dalhousie by examination in Anglo-Saxon, being the only graduate who has ever attempted this very difficult course.

Miss Harrington had the scholar's temperament. She was a patient, thorough worker, with none of the dullness that is too often the mark of the college toiler. Her learning passed over into culture and character. She had high aims and plans for literary and academic enterprises, which her weak constitution and almost constant ill health prevented her from carrying out. It was pathetic to see how steadily, after every illness or trouble, she turned again to her books and studies, with a hope constantly frustrated.

The charm of her personality was felt by all who were fortunate enough to know her. Though the gentlest of women, she possessed a firmness of character, a power to endure, and a serene courage which were tested often and long by the losses and severe bodily afflictions she was called upon to undergo. Her disposition was especially sweet and sunny; no one ever saw her depressed. To the end she was warmly interested in all around her, her friends, her books, her college, the great world outside from which she had been so long secluded. She was always hopeful, even in this final illness. Her friends will long treasure everything that can recall a singularly fine and lovable character.

Exchanges

Our Exchanges have been pouring in rapidly during the last month, and we give a hearty welcome to all. Some have been late in reaching us which fact accounts for their not being noticed in earlier issues. We are glad to see that all are maintaining their former standard of excellence. And we extend to all the wish that the New Year just entered may be the most pleasant and prosperous in their experience.

The December *University Monthly*, from U. N. B. is one of the best issues of that bright college paper. It contains among other articles an excellent short poem, *History*, by W. Carman Roberts, and a historical sketch of pioneer days in N. B. Speaking of College spirit, the Editor has this to say:—

"It has been asserted that the practice of certain customs develop "college spirit" and they surely do, but college spirit is not a justification nor an excuse for the student body to back up the worst acts of the worst man in college. Rather it should be genuine for one's University, its institutions and men. This can only be brought about by every man in college, whether he be parson or layman, turning out and bringing his influence to bear upon the nature of each and every custom. Let every man in future remember that it is as much his duty to be present at a gathering of this kind as it is to attend the meetings of the debating society or a football game. Let not the occasions of our honoured customs be relegated to periodic manifestations of disorderly conduct.

The *Xaverian*, has made its first appearance for the year. It contains as its leading article a well written study of *The Socialism of Shelly*.

We congratulate the *Manitoba College Journal* on the beautiful cover design of its Christmas Number. Its outward appearance cannot fail to arouse a desire for closer acquaintance. We notice that the students have recently organized a University Students Council, a step which we can assure them will do much to deepen the true college spirit of their University. This number contains several good short poems, and it would seem that Toba has found some way of overcoming the difficulty, evidently felt by many College papers as well as the GAZETTE, of obtaining poetical contributions of merit. Is it that the students of today are lacking in the ability to write, or that pressure of work prevents them from making the attempt? Whatever be the cause, it is a regret-

able fact that the majority of College publications are markedly deficient in poetry of the standard which might be expected from the institutions they represent.

The Freshmen of *McMaster* have surely reached the limit in class yells. Here it is:

Wah! Wah! Skwa-me-lodgee
Washa-mah-cootshe-kew,
What's the matter with 19-10?
Razzle-dazzle, skellawoo!
Keela-while-wah!
Upper ten! upper ten!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

The initial number of the *Nova Scotia Normal* is a very creditable one.

Here is the reflection of the Business Manager of a contemporary:

"How dear to my heart is the cash of subscription,
When the general subscriber presents it to view,
But of the one who won't pay, I'll not give a description,
For perhaps, gentle reader, that one may be you."

The *Montreal Star* tells of a matriculant at Tufts College who is only eleven years old. During his freshman year he will take up Differential and Integral Calculus.—*Ex.*

AN ICY INCIDENT.

A maiden fair,
With sun kissed hair,
Came tripping down the street;
Her face serene,
Her age sixteen,
Gee whiz! but she was sweet!

On the side walk slick,
She sat down quick,
With a jolt that shook her curls;
But the words she used,
Must be excused,
For she's one of our nicest girls.

DON.

Halifax Academy Annual.

The contrasts between college customs on opposite sides of the Atlantic are well illustrated by the following reference to an approaching football match, taken from that brightest of college papers, the *Edinburgh Student*:

"The big event is sure to draw a big crowd of students. It is to be hoped that they will put in a shout for the white jerseys now and again. It is in no way inspiring for fifteen men, battling tooth and nail for the honour of their 'Varsity, to hear no word of encouragement except for their opponents. If dignity implies apathetic stolidity—well, the football field is not the place for it."

The italics are ours.

In the *Suburban* of December 8th is an excellent article on Dr. R. A. Falconer, Principal of Pine Hill, "who," it says, "is regarded as the ablest theologian of the Presbyterian Church in Canada."

Prof. MacGregor, *loquitur*.—"If we can get a proper bar made" (applause) "it is quite easy to fix it up." (Renewed applause).—*The Student*.

The *Prince of Wales College Observer* is a bright, interesting little publication, and is a thoroughly representative college paper, inasmuch as it is the product of purely student talent. The November number is fully up to the standard of previous issues, and is full of interesting and entertaining reading matter.

McMaster University Monthly, for December, is replete with interesting reading matter not the least interesting of which is the following poem entitled "The Least," which we have taken the liberty to quote.

Oh little, little ship,
Returnest thou,
Alone, of all that white-sailed argosy
That I watched dip
Beyond the curve of the far sea?
They are sunk. Not one
Whereto I pinned my faith returns to me.
The great lie fathoms deep. And thou, alone,
That seemest but a chip
On the wide main,
Comest to me again,—
Oh little, little ship!

Oh little, little flower,
That grewest here,
Unnoted and uncared for at my door,
Livest thou on,
When all, whereon I lavished care,
Are gone?
They all lie low
Beneath the first year's snow!
And dost thou brave alone the bitter hour,
Oh little, little flower?

The GAZETTE might be the better of a few such contributions from the students of the University.

From *The Student*:

Sergeant, drilling Battery recruits, has difficulties in making one Irish member understand the command halt!

Serg.—What's your name?

Rec.—Fitzgerald, sor.

Sergs.—Ever drive a donkey, Fitzgerald?

Rec.—Yes, sor.

Serg.—What did you say when you wanted it to stop?

Rec.—Whoa, sor.

Serg.—Squad, quick march! Squad, halt! Whoa, Fitzgerald.

"The DALHOUSIE GAZETTE is filling its old place. An extensive article on "Recent Development in Physical Science" is well worth a careful reading. An account is given of their first Engineering Camp, in charge of a man whose name is not unfamiliar to us—Prof. E. Brydone-Jack."—*U. N. B. Monthly*.

"The DALHOUSIE GAZETTE contains some excellent matter. We think it would be greatly improved by the addition of some illustrations."—*St. Andrew's Colleye Review*.

Other Exchanges:—*The Victorian The Aegis; Oak, Lily and Ivy; The Pharos; The Acadia Athenaenum; Allisonia; The Presbyterian; The Trinidad Presbyterian.*

The Ladies' "At Home."

One of the very brightest and most enjoyable "At Homes" ever held in Dalhousie was that given on January 18th, by the the professors' wives, in honor of the students. No pains were spared to make the evening a pleasant one, and the novelty

and variety of the amusements provided, and the smoothness with which the complex programme was carried out resulted in a really delightful evening's entertainment. The guests were received in the beautifully-decorated New Munro Room by Mrs. Dr. Forrest, Mrs. Governor Fraser, and Mrs. Judge Russell, and the Arts Library was dedicated to the study of many and wonderful forms of amusement. Here august members of the Senate were to be seen, and sometimes heard, enticing the unwily undergraduate to test his and his fair partner's skill at games of all descriptions. Prof. Howard was the proprietor of a ring-toss, Prof. Jack was calling for men and women of expression to blow bubbles, and Prof. Walter for those of skill to get the better of his Artful Dodger; to and these were only a few of the games provided and the professors employed. During the latter part of the evening the games gave place to an excellent musical programme, in which Mrs. R. Schurman, Mrs. Kennedy-Campbell, Mrs. J. McD. Taylor, Mr. S. Crawford, Mr. Bauer and Rev. Mr. Carruthers took part.

Throngs of dancers enjoyed the excellent floor and music in the New Munro Room, and upstairs in the Draughting Room, refreshments were served. Three hearty chcers and a "tiger" for the Ladies of the Senate—the power behind the throne—brought the evening to a close, and there were none present so ungenerous as not to wish that the students of coming years would enjoy many another such "At Home."

College Notes.

RENOVATION OF THE MOOT COURT ROOM.—In December the Law Students Society, ever watchful to add to the attractiveness of the University, decided that their Moot Court Room, already the most inviting in the building, barring of course the Ladies' Waiting Room, should be further beautified. An energetic committee, with the ever ready and efficient D. McLean at its head, took the work in hand. Contrary to the usual methods of committees, the work was begun at the adjournment of the meeting authorizing it. A picture moulding

of tasteful design was procured, and the zeal of the committee was shown in their refusing to wait for a professional workman. They laboured with saw and mitre box, hammer and nail, until the moulding was flawlessly matched and thoroughly nailed. In refutation of the assumption that law students are peculiarly wicked, it may be stated that any lady might have been present when the wrong nail was struck. The pictures of Law graduating classes, formerly scattered through several rooms, were then hung around the room in chronological order; so that on entering the room (and many come to admire it) there may be seen the likenesses of great orators, statesmen, jurists, in esse or in posse. Waste paper baskets have been provided, and every encouragement is given to order and neatness.

The room presents a decidedly bright and pleasing appearance when one can see across it, and is always open for inspection as a model for the students of the other Faculties.

The members of the Law Students Society have taken turns in patting the committee on the back, and the committee could be excused for giving each other a sly pat or two.

The next notable improvement to the room will be the class picture of Law '07.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.—The closing session of the twenty first Canadian Parliament was held Saturday Evening, December 8th. Hon. Premier, Charman, announced the dissolution of the House, elections to be held September 11th, 1907. It is generally conceded that few of the present Cabinet will offer for re-election, they having decided that Parliament Hill has no longer any charm for them. The impression prevails however that the Minister of Justice is slated for the Senate, and will be made Government leader in that body.

The opposition have at present many of their candidates in the field, and hope to win the day on their hostility shown to the Government "Bridge Whist" Policy.

The Government are depending on the strong support they will receive from the female sex, who have at last been given the franchise in spite of the determination of the opposition to defeat the measure.

The Woman Suffrage Bill had as its leading advocates in the House, N. R. Craig, Shelburne and Hon. H. S. Patterson who have gained the title of the Bachelor members.

The most exciting debate heard in the House for years was in the Third Reading of the "Bridge Whist Bill." Hon. W. K. Power, Minister of Justice, dealt with the subject from the moral and sociological standpoint, and asserted amid the applause from the Government benches and jeers from the Opposition, that no friend of the home life, no believer in the welfare of his native land should raise his voice against this Bill which the Government were asking to be made law. The length of his speech was in direct contravention of the new rules of the House, but he persisted in holding the floor despite the vigorous protests of the opposition who saw the time available for criticism rapidly vanishing.

C. H. Cahan, (Vancouver), who enjoys the distinction of being the youngest member of the House, fired the opening shot for the opposition, and ridiculed the idea that a friendly game of bridge whist, has any undermining influences on any individual engaged in such an innocent and childish amusement. The other speakers were Hon. D. McLean, Rt. Hon. Sir Gerald Pelton, K. C., M. G., Yarmouth, J. R. Archibald, Leader of the Opposition, Hon. Premier Charman, J. W. Margeson, Kings; D. Buckles, Victoria; E. F. Doyle, Halifax; J. A. Hanway, Cape Breton; W. C. McDonald, Inverness; A. L. Slipp, Carleton; and, Hon. H. S. Patterson, Postmaster General.

Hon. Hilary Thbault, Minister of Fisheries, gave a powerful address in French in support of the measure, while Rupert Rive, Gloucester, N. B., spoke eloquently against the bill in the same language.

The debate at times waxed warm and Deputy Speaker Jonah was compelled to call several of the members to order.

No vote was taken, but the Government are determined to make this measure one of the leading issues of the campaign. It is too early to forecast the result of the elections, but the "man on the street" predicts that the Government is doomed.

D. A. A. C.—A meeting of the D. A. A. C. to consider hockey matters was called to order by President D. Mclean,

Friday, January 11th, at 7.30 p. m. The President reported that the University Senate agreed to collect the club membership fees if a petition to that effect, bearing a sufficiently large number of names, were presented. Messrs MacRae, D. Maclean, Flemming and W. L. MacLean were appointed to circulate a petition. Mr. MacRae gave notice that at the next meeting he would move that the membership fee be raised to two dollars per year, in order to obviate the necessity of special hockey levies. Mr. W. L. MacLean reported arrangements made for the Inter-Class Hockey League. The students in Engineering asked permission to enter a team in the league, which was unanimously accorded them. The same permission was granted the students in Arts. This year there will be four teams in the league, representing Arts, Engineering, Law and Medicine. The report of the Inter-Collegiate Hockey Executive meeting recently held in Truro was given by Mr. D. Maclean. Five games will be played—two each between Dalhousie and St. Francis Xavier's, and Acadia and Mount Allison, and the play-off in Truro.

Personals.

H. B. A. Dickey, LL. B., '05, and J. B. Lyons and W. S. Morrisey, '06, were lately admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia, The last is now in Winnipeg.

Married: Rev. W. H. Sedgewick, B. A., '98, of Hamilton, Ont., to Miss Sophia Mackenzie, of the class of '02, at River John, N. S., December 27th.

Rev. George W. Miller, B. A., '06, to Miss Mary Pinkney, at Halifax, January 16th.

Charles J. Davis, B. A., '05, to Miss Ruby Bruce, Hamilton, Ont., January 22.

The GAZETTE extends congratulations.

Gilbert S. Stairs, '03, spoke on behalf of the Canadian students at a dinner given in London by the Atlantic Union in honor of the Rhodes scholars. The London *Morning Post* gives the following account of his remarks:

"Mr. G. S. Stairs, of Nova Scotia, said he thought there was now in England a better knowledge of the colonies than ever before. He had been struck by the density of the population in England, and also by the great number of the servant class. In Canada people were occupied in more rect forms of wealth producing. There were no country gentlemen in

Canada, and he had been much impressed by their influence in England, notably as shown by the appearance of the country, which seemed to be made up of gardens and parks, and even the fields looked like lawns. It had a groomed expression that was altogether lacking in the colonies."

A. C. Calder, LL. B., '02, has abandoned the intricacies of law to wrestle with the problems of theology, and is studying for the Episcopal ministry at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P. Q. He is also engaged in the mission field at Huntingville. The *Mitre* contains the following interesting reference to his arrival at college:

"It is our pleasing duty to welcome yet another inmate to the Shed, Mr A. C. Calder, LL. B., a lawyer from New Brunswick. The news of his approaching arrival caused no little consternation in [the minds of those already installed within these venerable walls. Where was the new comer to be accommodated? There was not a single room left. The only remaining unoccupied room was in undisputed possession of the *Mitre*. It was the office of our magazine, where the Business Manager had hitherto held unquestioned sway, and where were packed up innumerable back numbers of past efforts in literature. There was no help for it, the *Mitre* office had to go, and find a more humble place wherein to transact its weighty business. We hope the business is none the less well transacted in consequence."

Dalhousiensia.

Freshie St-r:—(Rather rattled at an at home.) "W-w-will yon s-s-see me home Miss B—."

M-nr-:—"How did you get along in your exams. M-ck-nz?"

M-ck-nz:—Oh, better than I expected, I nearly got through in drawing.

Freshic R-c-:—(At meeting to discuss class pin.) "Ladies and gentlemen, I think it would be an improvement if we each had our name engraved on the pin."

F. Kn-ght, (At rink): "If I only had a decent pair of pads I'd show them how to play goal. I'm a sure stop if I can see them coming."

Freshie P-rk-er:—"Yes, the girls at the Ladies College are quite friendly with me. I have heard my mother, the Superintendent, say that they seemed like sisters to me."

A freshman wishes the following to be published, hoping that it will meet with the sympathy of the President, and rouse him to action:

"Stay, Milligan, stay! for mercy's sake,
And hear a lonesome Freshman's tale;
Oh! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis flour that makes my cheek so pale.

Full early in the morn I rose,
And dressed in my Sunday snit.
And practiced many a graceful pose,
And tried some smiles and smirks to boot.

Then forth upon Spring Garden Road,
With head erect, I proudly stepped,
When out a brawny Soph'more strode.
Oh! Milligan, you would have wept.

Like Gilpin, 'sore against my will,'
They dragged me up two flights of stairs,
And locked me in and left me, till
I said some things—but then, who cares?

I begged them hard to call it off,
I saw the freshmen, one and all,
Pursued by many a wickod Soph,
Rush down the hill to Notman Hall.

The artist lined them up apace,
'Look pleasant, please,' the order ran,
But, sad to tell, my cheerful face
Is not seen in that group, O—

Milligan, you weep! What is it you say;
Confound those nasty Sophs? That's right,
And for the whole lot I will lay
And pay them off some future night."

Ask W-ll about his fit.

T-wns-nd, (watching hockey practice).—"Who do you think will play left centre for the first team this year?"

Parson K-nt, is given the contract of holding all the funeral services connected with the Memorial Hall's hockey matches.

Freshie Parker, (in President's office, being warned about his attendance):—"Would you like me to bring you an excuse for absence from my mother, sir?"

Prof. (in Phil I.)—"Mr. Th-m-s, take the word Sunday and trace association of ideas!

Th-m-s:—(muttering)—Sunday night—St. Andrew's Church—then took one hour to reach Ladies College—home 12 o'clock:—(Aloud,)—I can't do it, sir.


Business Notices.

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Found.

In the Ladies' Waiting Room, after the "Break Up" dance, a Gold Ring. Owner can recover it on applying to Mrs. F. H. Sexton.