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THE DALHOUSIAN

Our Motto:
A
Students
Building
by '15.

Published by the Students of Dalhousie University.

Vol. 1.

Halifax, N. S., July 23, 1914.

No. 6

A Good Start Has Been Made in Piling up the Bricks for Our Students' Building. It Will Take a Lot of Bricks, But if Every Student and Alumnus Will Help in the Work Our "Pile" Will Soon be Large Enough.

CAMPAIGN WEEK IN HALIFAX.

Successful Beginning of the Campaign for Students' Building—How Halifax City Responded.

Monday July 6th was the date set for the beginning of the Dalhousie Students Campaign in this city. But in reality it began long before that. For weeks Secretary Phinney and his assistants had been working, making their plans and perfecting the organization for the campaign. And it was certainly a well organized attack.

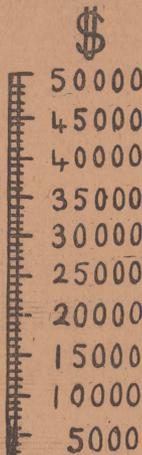
The students in the city who were willing to work on the campaign were divided into six teams. It was the intention that each team should consist of at least six men, but some of those whom we counted on did not turn up and some of the teams were accordingly short-handed. About thirty students were on hand on Monday morning, however, and these started out on their mission. A few more came in later, but a number fell by the wayside during the week, on fact with the exception of team No. 3 none of the teams had their full strength at any time.

At first it was the intention of the Alumni to put a team in the field also; but they finally decided that it would be more advantageous for them to work with the students. Accordingly two Alumni were added to each of the Student teams, as advisors and assistants to the student teams or members of the team, and our thanks are due to them for the help they gave us. Special mention is due Professor Murray Macneill, who was always at our service not only during campaign week but before it.

It was arranged that all the workers should meet for lunch each day at the maze cafe when the reports of the teams would be read, when we met at 1 o'clock Monday, after only a few hours' work the reports for the morning totalled the sum of \$1389.50. Professor Macneill presided at this luncheon and short speeches were made by Rev. Robert Johnson and Major W. B. Thompson, after which the Students went at it again.

The second day was from noon Monday to noon Tuesday. Although the weather man was kind Tuesday morning and sent heavy showers, he failed to damp the students' enthusiasm, and the receipts for that day were the largest during the week. Geo. Henderson, Esq., was chairman Tuesday and the speakers were Archbishop Armitage and President MacKenzie. The latter spoke of Col Sam Hughes visit to the city the week before, and his hope that we would be able to take advantage of the Govern-

PILING UP THE BRICKS



MONEY TALKS
DON'T BE A DUMMY

ment's offer of assistance in the erection of the gymnasium end of our building. Mr. R. M. Hattie Chairman of the Civic Improvement League, stated that the League were in hearty sympathy with this project of the Dalhousie Students, and although the League was poor financially, it had voted \$25,000 to aid us. In every way therefore this was an encouraging day.

At Wednesday's luncheon Capt. G. L. Stairs of Team 3 reported the largest subscription received during the week \$250.00 from a well known lady, who wished to show her appre-

ciation of our efforts in this tangible way. Dr. Hayes gave a rousing campaign address at this luncheon. There was considerable rivalry between the various teams each day as to which should be high for each day and the reports always occasioned great interest.

The closing luncheon on Saturday the 11th was held at Mr. G. Fred Pearson's home. The girls of Dalhousie have always shown themselves ready to assist in in any way possible and they asked us to be their guests on this occasional Under the

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)

REPORTS FROM OTHER TOWNS

What a Few of the Students Outside the City Have Accomplished.

As yet only a very few of the boys have been heard from with definite returns. A number have sent word of having done something but as yet have not reported as to the exact amount. This will account to some extent for the small number of students who stand out as having done their share in the erection of the Students Building. There is, however, a large number who have not even taken the trouble to attempt to raise a dollar. Some men are born lazy, some are always naturally tired; but when you find coupled with these a natural indifference to anything and everything that tends to improve conditions, you find a type of man who unfortunately must be allowed to exist, but who lives the life of a parasite sucking the good out of the world, and giving nothing in return.

There are probably a few of this class at Dalhousie, but we trust their numbers are small. From this class we cannot expect any help in our work. We do not ask it for such asking would be in vain. But we ask every student who does not class himself in this category to do something and add his name to the roll of honor.

We report the following returns:

Geo. Murray, River John and vicinity	\$ 36.50
Raymond Smith, Londonderry	225.10
R. A. Patterson and A. B. Campbell Bathurst N.B.	225.00
Miss Jessie McDougall	122.50
R.E.B. Campbell, Truro	225.00
J. S. Munro, Margaree Har.	225.00
John A. Nicholson, Valleyfield P. E. I.	30.00
W. D. McDougall, Whycomagh, C.B.	130.00
Sydney Boys	490.00
North Sydney Boys	202.25
J.M. Fraser, Sheet Harbour, N.S.	10.55

In addition to these, the boys at Bridgewater, Truro, Charlottetown, Summerside, and Oxford have done good work, but have not reported in full amount as yet.

Let the good work continue.

THE TERRORS OF ENGLISH

If an S and an I, and an O and a U

With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is the speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H, E, D, spell side,
There's nothing much left for a speller
to do

But go commit yourself.

—R Rochester in "Success."

DALHOUSIE STUDENTS WANT \$50,000 FOR A STUDENTS' BUILDING

The Students of Dalhousie are out after \$50,000 for a Students' Building at Studley. In order that Dalhousie University may keep her place in the front rank with the other universities on this continent, it is now absolutely necessary that such a building be erected. The students themselves are out after this amount, many of them giving up their whole Summer to the campaign, without any remuneration.

Does not such a spirit among the boys and girls of Dalhousie deserve the hearty support of every person interested in any way in Dalhousie, or in Education? They are out to win. Help them along. A little encouragement is a panacea for the many disheartening things that must come to them in this campaign. Just think what an encouragement it would be to them if you should fill in the blank below with a good donation and forward it to the Treasurer. Do it now, while it is fresh in your mind. \$50,000 is a lot of money for the boys to get. What is your share to be?

.....1914

\$.....

For the purpose of assisting the students of Dalhousie University to build a Students' Building for Social and Athletic purposes, to keep pace with the other Universities on this Continent, and in consideration of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie University undertaking to provide the same, and in consideration of the contributions of others, I, for myself, my heirs, and assigns, promise to pay to D. Macgillivray, Treasurer of the Dalhousie Students' Campaign Fund,

.....Dollars

payable semiannually in two years, the first payment to be made on August 1st, 1914.
Or will pay in full on

SIGNED

ADDRESS

30,000 DOLLAR GIFT TO DALHOUSIE

Munificent Gift From Doctor and Mrs. D. A. Campbell.

Strong evidence that Dalhousie University is coming into its own was made public Friday by the Governors of the University, when they announced the munificent gift of \$30,000 from Dr. and Mrs. D. A. Campbell to provide a foundation for a Chair of Anatomy as a memorial to their son, the late Dr. D. G. J. Campbell.

Not since the princely gifts of Munro and Macleod has Dalhousie been so magnificently remembered. There is great elation among all the friends of the University, and the general feeling is that Dr. and Mrs. Campbell could not have chosen a more opportune time in which to so generously remember the alma mater of their son, who only a few years ago was one of the most popular students and graduates of the college, and ended very suddenly a career which promised to be exceptionally brilliant. It is looked upon as being the psychological moment for such a gift to come to the University, as it is likely to inspire others to do likewise. No faculty of the University would the gift have been as timely as to that of the Medical, in view of Dalhousie having recently taken over at a very great expense and sacrifice the Halifax Medical College and incorporated it into the university as a faculty.

MEETING OF GOVERNORS

A special meeting of the Board of Governors was called to accept for-

mally the gift, at which expression was given to their deep feelings of gratitude and sympathies with the memories and feelings which prompted the action on the part of Dr. and Mrs. Campbell. The donors have already handed over a large part of the endowment to the University. It was expressed by a prominent member of the Board of Governors that it was certain to act as a stimulant to others who may be hesitating as to the direction of their benefactions and it is hoped that it may not be long before the University is in a position to announce further similar assistance which is so much needed.

All old Dalhousians will be gratified to hear that their alma mater has been the recipient of such a practical and extensive gift. Their feelings of pleasure will be mingled with one of sympathetic respect when they learn that this gift has taken the form of a memorial to the late Dr. "Geordie" Campbell, whose untimely death is still fresh in the memory of every one who knew him. Gifts of person and intellect and a bright and daring spirit made him hosts of friends, while his success as a student and his earnest devotion to scientific research gave ample hope of a distinguished career. Doctor and Mrs. Campbell had every reason to believe that their son would take an active part in connection with the medical school of which the father had been so long an able and honored professor. These hopes were frustrated by the early demise of their son, but by this gift they have just made, they have found a way of perpetuating his name while the university endures.

THE LATE DR. CAMPBELL

It will be recalled that Dr. D. G. J. Campbell died of pneumonia a few days after his marriage with Miss Florence May Bishop of Dartmouth, in July, 1906. He graduated in medicine from Dalhousie in 1903 and had

VIOLINS

We have received this week a few shipments of violins that we are sure will be appreciated by those who are looking for the better class of instruments.

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spent a year also in the arts faculty. After a year spent at the Victoria General Hospital he continued his medical studies at the John Hopkin's medical school, Baltimore, where he evinced an aptitude for medical research and published several papers along with one of his professors. His ability for original work was proved by continued publication of articles after his return to practice in his native city.

While a student he was distinguished as a brilliant athlete and was a captain of the Dalhousie football team in 1901, and a leader in every form of healthy sport. Many there are who will recollect his gallant rescue of a drowning child from the cold waters of the Delaware River in midwinter while a student at Baltimore.

Read the Dalhousian, and then decide for yourself if you should not help along the Students' movement.

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THE TEACHER IN THE WEST

Some of the Trials and Experiences Which a Teacher Meets in Western Canada.

By J. C. Crowe, B.A.

To those of the student body or to any others who are thinking or may think of teaching in the West a short account of teaching conditions there as they appear to one who has already taught there may be of interest.

The Western provinces, especially British Columbia, enjoy a much greater natural revenue in proportion to their population than Nova Scotia. Consequently those governments can pay their teachers salaries which the government here can not. Here salaries are paid by the section supplemented by grants of fifty to one hundred dollars a year from provincial and municipal funds according to the rank of license each teacher holds, "poor" districts receiving special assistance. This arrangement enables sections which so desire to employ teachers where the average school attendance is less than ten.

In British Columbia it is different. These schools are divided into four classes, rural, receiving sixty dollars a month salary from the province for each teacher employed; third class receiving a less amount; second class receiving less; and first class least. In all cases an average attendance of at least ten is required to obtain the government salary. The sixty dollars a month government salary to rural school teachers practically establishes that amount as a minimum salary in the province although certain teachers in the primary classes in Vancouver schools receive but fifty a month. These are the lowest paid teachers in the province. In many cases the rural school boards supplement the sixty a month, raising it to seventy or seventy-five or even higher. Among the first offers I received in British Columbia was one of ninety and another of one hundred, both in somewhat out-of-the-way places. Such rural school salaries are unusual however, seventy a month being about the average. In all the Western provinces salaries are paid twelve months of the year.

Female assistants in city schools (and "city" in British Columbia means any incorporated town, be its population only five hundred) average probably about seventy-five a month. Male principals of common schools, unlike Nova Scotia average higher salaries than high schools assistants, the salaries averaging about one hundred and thirty for the former and one hundred and fifteen for the latter. The salary conditions and systems in the other provinces are much the same although I believe the British Columbia salaries are somewhat the highest.

Board and Lodging.

One of the greatest difficulties of the new-comer is to obtain suitable board and lodging. The private

boarding houses of our Eastern towns and cities are rapidly disappearing. In the West they are practically non-existent. Rooms may be obtained in a private house in the cities but seventy five per cent or more of our young Easterners in Western towns and cities are compelled to get their meals at hotels and restaurants. Good meals, good service and particularly clean service are of course more or less expensive and if one does not choose to have his salary literally eaten up he must put up with what he gets at a place more within his means. There are many young men in Western schools and offices who would be glad of a return to the diet of Eastern boarding house of which they used to complain so freely. Rooms are expensive. I considered myself very lucky in getting a room at twelve a month three-quarters of a mile from the business centre of Vancouver. Other rooms in the same house were twenty and twenty-five a month. Rooms in the outskirts probably average twelve or fifteen and to this must be added carfare. My last school in the West was in a small town in southern British Columbia where I had a small but comfortable room at eight a month, getting my meals at a hotel at about forty a month. The lady teachers at the same school did the same for a couple of months then they rented a house and did their own cooking.

But if the living expenses are higher in the West than in the East far higher is the cost of amusement. The Western is a seeker of a "good time" and especially in the smaller towns is taken as a matter of course that all young men will contribute to the support of football, hockey, and basketball and to dances, church fairs and functions of all kinds. Planning to go to a combined church entertainment and fair one night, I remarked that five dollars would be my limit. A young Scotchman seated near me remarked "I've never got away for less than ten," and his companions said the same.

Some Experiences.

Few are the farm-houses in the West which boast of any guest room and the teacher who undertakes a rural school may be prepared to undergo much inconvenience, if not hardship. One young Dalhousian told me of an experience he had with a Swedish family in southern Saskatchewan. On the fourth day of his stay, three members of the family, who had been away on a visit returned home. That night he slept, or rather tried to sleep in one end of an attic while on the other side of a curtain slept the farmer's three sons and two daughters, ages varying from seventeen to thirty-five. It was the only possible place to stay unless he followed the example of a previous teacher and "bached it" in an abandoned "shack." He left.

One young lady told me that during her first winter in Saskatchewan a foot of snow would often drift in through the cracks of her bedroom walls during the night. I spent one winter myself in an unplastered, unpapered house in Vancouver Island where the green boards which formed the walls of the rooms had shrunk so by spring that in several places one could see into an adjoining room and at all times hear conversation there. These three experiences may be somewhat unusual but they are by no means exceptional. The usual rate

for rural board is twenty-five a month.

School Houses and Equipment.

School buildings in the West are uniformly well built and well equipped. Very few Western school boards haggle over expenditure when it comes to a question of improvement. No one argues, "—isn't ripe far it yet." They believe in the best and they get it. The equipment of even the poorest rural schools would put to shame the equipment in many of our town schools in the East. Eastern school boards are appointed mainly to keep down the cost of the school plant and prevent the school rates from rising. Western school boards aim at efficiency, efficiency in the buildings, efficiency in equipment, both in the class room and in the playground. They know that in no profession more than teaching does experience, training, knowledge and natural genius count for success. They know that good salaries are a high salary, and they are willing to pay. That is why so many rural districts supplement the government salary; that is why a small fishing village in the Queen Charlotte Islands were willing to pay one hundred a month for a college graduate. If any young lady should read this may interest her to know that the secretary of the school board in making me the above offer, said that they "would have preferred a young lady teacher as the majority of our population are young men, bachelors and a lady would be more popular than a man."

It is little wonder that so many Eastern teachers have been drawn to the West when the policies of the average Eastern and Western school boards have been as they are. Let me give an example of the Western belief in efficiency. Two years ago I was principal of a three department school in a third class city in British Columbia. The school was a large four room building and with basement play rooms, janitor's room a splendidly furnished teachers room an excellent steam heating and warmed air ventilating system and a large playground. Only three rooms were finished. Two of the rooms had single desks (these are almost universal in the West) and all the rooms were well equipped, the principal's room being supplied with a television glob with fixtures to illustrate the relative sizes and motions of sun, moon, and earth, an invaluable teaching aid, a set of first class maps on spring rollers in an overhead case, a set of raised maps costing nearly two hundred dollars and many physical and mathematical accessories besides a small library. Next year's school board was appointed without opposition on a platform of increased expenditure, the expenditure to include the finishing and equipping of the fourth class room looking to the procuring of a fourth teacher the succeeding year, the payment of higher salaries, the putting of slate walls and cement floors in the boys' lavatories, the installation of sanitary drinking fountains, replacing certain old style blackboards with hyde slate, and other lesser improvements.

The total cost of these improvements and changes, about \$2,000, was to be borne almost entirely by the rate payers. It was a mining town, the townspeople were the reverse of wealthy, the population was increasing but slowly, the school enrollment was only 125, the tax rate was 260 mills on the dollar, many properties (town lots of the boom days of ten years before) were

(Continued on Page Fifteen.)

REMEMBER THIS

That the student of Dalhousie has no greater friend in college life than this establishment.

We mend his stockings, replace his collar band, mend his garments, gratis, when sent here to be laundered. We keep his linen immaculate and give his suits and overcoats a new lease of life, after they have become soiled and dirty.

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THE CAMPAIGN



HOW SOME SAW IT

A MOOSE HUNT

Exciting Adventures of Two Young Hunters.

Early in the fall of 1908, my brother and I were tramping through the forest in the vicinity of the lake district in Cumberland County, in search of moose. We were carrying the latest models of the Winchester rifle, and had a few provisions on our backs, for we intended to stay in the woods for two or three days.

We had been travelling nearly all day, and were getting tired, when we arrived at the foot of a low steep cliff, on the face of which a ladder had been fixed to aid one in climbing the rocks.

Near here was a rough cabin of logs, where we decided to spend the night, as it was now growing dark. We entered, and after building a fire, had something to eat, after which we sat around the fire for a short time; but being tired from the day's tramp, we soon rolled in our blankets for a sleep.

Just at dawn we were awakened by a loud tramping in the underbrush near the cabin, so we arose from our blankets and slowly opened the door. We could not see anything at first, but when our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, we saw a large bull moose scarcely a hundred yards from us and slowly moving away. Grasping the rifle, I started after him, and following a short distance, fired, wounding him in the neck.

The pain-maddened animal turned on me, bellowing with rage, and as I did not have time to fire another shot I began to run. He gained on me very rapidly, and when I saw he was close to me I lost my head, for instead of running to the cabin and safety, I ran to the cliff and started up the ladder.

I was scarcely a quarter of the distance up the ladder when he caught me on his antlers and threw me to the ground, dislocating my shoulder. Doubtless I would have been trampled to death if my brother had not fired on him from the cabin. The animal fell on me mortally wounded, breaking three of my ribs, and near crushing the life out of me in his death throes. When his struggles ceased, my brother, after much exertion, succeeded in extracting me

from beneath the carcass. He carried me to the hut, where he tried to make me as comfortable as possible, before starting for the doctor, and a wagon to take me home.

After four hours of excruciating pain the doctor finally arrived, and setting the broken bones and bathing my bruises, he helped my brother to skin the moose and load it on the wagon, then making me as easy as could be expected under the circumstances, we started for home.

It was nearly a month before I was able to be around after my adventure. We are very proud of our first moose head, which we had mounted as a souvenir of the time I was so near death. —H.E.B.

A DAL STUDENT IN SASKATCHEWAN

A Letter Giving Some Experiences of a Teacher in the West.

A summer school at P. B., a beautiful wooded district having an altitude five hundred feet higher than North Battleford, a post office near the school and a salary of \$80 per month. "What a splendid proposition! Why, even a poor student might save up a few shakels for the Campaign Cause."

But alas! reality proved these fair prospects to be but "Castles in the Air." I left North Battleford for a station twenty-five miles from P. B., but on the way my enthusiasm was somewhat lessened by hearing that my predecessor had had a most exciting time getting to her destination. The driver had taken a too liberal portion of "Oh, be Joyful," and while crossing one of the streams that flow into Jackfish Lake, upset the buggy and immersed the occupants, good, chattels and all, in the water, which fortunately was not very deep, and none were drowned.

At Myota I alighted and inquired the ways and means of getting to P. B. The bystanders seemed to know very little about the place, and less

about the way to get there. A friend with whom I was travelling urged me to go with re to her school and then drive out to P. B., which distance we concluded from the map to be about 12 or 14 miles. This seemed a very advisable thing to do, so I boarded the train again to proceed to the next town.

At this station we met with the same difficulty, no one was there to meet the teacher, although there were plenty about to offer all kinds of information, but this interest I fear, was due partially to curiosity in the new specimens arriving in town. At last two farmers' wives were found, who were going out in the desired direction, and these kindly consented to convey us thither.

During the glorious summer like days that I remained with my friend I learned that there was no road between the two places, only a broken and winding trail, and that the twelve miles as the crow flies, would be fifteen or twenty as the horse trots. One man had crossed over to that country and reported an almost impassable ravine, a wilderness of a land inhabited by Galleicians. Yet I thought this was a lesser evil than to return by rail to Myota and a water grave in Jackfish Lake, and it seemed impossible that there was such desolate country in that short distance. So the pioneer, an obliging Englishman from Cambridge consented to attempt this voyage a second time.

Sunday morning dawned not clear and sunny as the previous two days, but cold and pouring rain. About ten o'clock it ceased a little and nothing daunted by the weather, we set off. We had to drive the first seven or eight miles in an opposite direction to avoid pathless hills and numerous sloughs, or large ponds. Before we had accomplished the first mile the sky had clouded over and the rain began worse than ever. I was given the option of turning back then, and also when we were about ten miles further on. But it seemed absurd to think of returning after enduring the rain, cold and a ten mile drive.

The first doubt concerning our direction occurred about a mile from a cattle ranch where the trails divided and to be certain that we were on the right road we drove to this ranch. If you wish to keep your romantic, youthful ideas about Western ranches, and cow boys, never visit a small ranch on a wet Sunday. The only visible sign of prosperity about the place was a board house, so-called to dis-

tinguish it from the usual log and mud houses. There were many small stables and yards, divided and redivided and in one of these a dozen small calves shivered in the rain. A few cattle browsing on the hills around completed this rural picture—and never a cow boy to be seen. Then for miles and miles there was nothing but hills and trails and rain.

The next habitation was about eight miles further on and here we had to inquire the way. I was amazed to see here a large square house built of beautiful reddish stone and between these a serried white line was traced, making a very pretty wall. The windows were adorned with artistic curtains and beautiful house plants but the regular placing of these small windows gave the building a stiff penitentiary like appearance. I was told that the house was built by the ranchers themselves and the stone used was obtained from the hills nearby. The beauty of this rancher's home is spoiled by the numerous squalid sheds, stables and yards, similar to those we had seen before and still never a cow boy.

Wet, cold and hungry we continued climbing the hills and soon came to where some settlers had encamped and were about to resume their journey. A team of huge, yet meek looking oxen were harnessed to a wagon laden with bundles, bales and households good. The Galleicians were rolling up their brilliantly colored blankets.

A Galleician's Home.

The trail again divided, although each person that directed us usually said that there was but one trail, and we stopped at a Galleician's shack to inquire the right one.

The Canadians admit that the Galleicians can teach them how to put up temporary shacks that are warm and comfortable. This one was particularly well made. The frame was probably made of small logs fitted together but the outside was completely covered with dried mud and the roof was formed of pieces of sod filled neatly together. The stables were almost as well made as the house. A general air of tidiness and prosperity pervaded the place, even the woman who came out to address us was decked in gaily colored strips of variegated stripes of almost all colors. But she could not speak any English.

At last we reached the summit of the hills and the country opened up to a broad level plain partially covered with small trees. Here were two, parallel and deeply cut trails, called "the 'Midnight Lake' trails" leading to a lake of the same name one hundred miles further north. Several miles further on we came to another shack in a beautiful glade-like spot surrounded by trees. It was very odd to see farming implements of various kinds, in this isolated place even if they were of very antiquated styles.

At the next shack the inmates did not try to conceal their surprise at seeing us, but grouped around the buggy with staring eyes, nor do I think their surprise was due to the fact that the seat of the antiquated buggy had broken down and I was sitting on my suit case underneath it.

The directions we got here were very vague. Yes, there were three trails leading to the one place where the ravine could be crossed, but none of them had ever crossed it, but it could not be further than three miles away.

After driving for three or four miles we decided that we were on the wrong trail and several times turned the horses head in the direction of the ravine, but never found the right path.

By this time we had been driving steadily for seven hours and the horse was beginning to lag, the rain had turned to hail and it was almost impossible to continue the journey without feeding and resting the horse. So we drove to a shack and stiff and cold I climbed down and rapped at the door. No answer. Summoning my courage I opened the door and stooping down entered a porch. Here there was a bed on which several hens roosted, and more hens and cats were huddled in a corner. I cautiously crossed the next

(Continued on Page Nine.)

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

NO. 1.—JOURNALISM.

By Andrew Merkel, Editor of the Halifax Daily Echo.

Horace Greeley once remarked that while the world contained a reasonable proportion of men utterly incapable of making successes of their own business or of doing anything else with the intelligence and energy necessary to bring it to a satisfactory completion, there was not one so poor and feeble that he did not feel he could take charge of any newspaper and make a much better journal of it.

And yet despite this popular fallacy a direct relationship does exist between the newspaper editor and the newspaper. The success of the one depends to a certain extent upon the success which attend the labors of the other. There was a time of course when the editor was the chief factor making for a newspaper's influence and prosperity. That such is not the case today is due in large measure to the development of our methods of disseminating news to the modern telegraph instrument to the linotype and the printing press. The fact that the editor has decreased in no important way, what ever upon the journalistic profession.

Another popular fallacy is that the fact the newspaper editor is forever in a hurry detracts from the dignity of his work. It is charged often that his labors are of little real value for the reason that he must take time into consideration and that therefore his product lacks finish and permanency. The word journalism has even come to be regarded in some parts of the English speaking world as a term of reproach. And yet if one thinks for a moment one realizes that practically everything a man does is done in a hurry. Indeed the ability to do a thing in a hurry is very frequently at the bottom of a great man's success. The leader in the business world is called upon every other day to decide instantly for or against a policy of the most far reaching importance. The military or naval commander, when in active service is constantly called upon to decide upon a movement that will either make for ultimate success or ultimate failure. Great disasters are often prevented by men who are able to do things in a hurry and great disasters too, at times result. For the reason that some men are unable to do the right thing in an emergency. But no one would attempt to argue that the work of industrial leaders, military leaders, eminent surgeons and steamship captains is lacking in permanency. Our friend the dentist even finds it necessary at times to be in a hurry and most of us owe him a debt of gratitude for the ability he possesses to do things in a hurry.

Again the newspaper editor is charged with being in a hurry. It is pointed out that the most successful editors are as convincing when arguing upon one side of the fence as upon the other. While it is a debatable point whether or not consistency is a desirable virtue most people fail to differentiate between the newspaper and the editor. It is one thing for the newspaper to be consistent and quite another thing for the journalist to be consistent. If the doctor were consistent in the popular sense of the term, he would ignore the results of modern medical research, a manifestly unwise proceeding. If the Minister taking orders today decided to be consistent in his public utterances, he would be preaching to empty pews, ten years hence. And if lawyers were consistent many an unfortunate would go undefended. Why then should the newspaper editor be singled out for ignominy for being inconsistent.

And then the charge of being alarmists is laid at the doors of most newspaper editors. For some unaccountable reason a great many well-meaning people believe that journalists should be out of their wits to exaggerate and distort. Some journalists do go out of their way to exaggerate and distort but they hear about the same relation to the profession that the public relation does to the medical profession. That at the same time it is well to remember

that no newspaper editor can claim to be doing his duty to the public who does not cause to be impartially recorded both the good and the evil that men do. The greatest story in the history of the world was the story of the crucifixion when as the reporters of the time tell us the clouds hung black and low and the sun did not shine on Calvary. Again the story of any war is always horrible, and revolting, but it is important. So too is the story of any social or industrial warfare or conflict of vital importance to the state. The newspaper that does not inform the people of these struggles and interpret the causes of these struggles fails in its primary duty.

Someone has so described the newspaper editor as a tired nervous man who decides what shall go into a paper and explains why it got in afterwards. There may be a certain amount of truth in this description, but it must not be inferred that the editors bed is made up entirely of thorns. There are compensations for most of the disabilities of the profession. Indeed it may be said that were it not for the fact that the work possesses an everpowering attraction for the worker there would not be enough editors to go round. This attraction which the work has for the man engaged in the work is well able to withstand all the ordinary attacks that are made upon it. Few editors have any direct knowledge of the satisfaction which comes of having one's name hold up to popular esteem. Nor are the monetary returns, judged by the standards of other professions, commensurate with the requirements of one calling. Perhaps it is that the editor realizes that his wide knowledge of human nature the boldness of these rewards and so is enabled to ignore them for the more solid returns which come of work well and honestly done.

THE BEST GHOST STORY IN THE WORLD

The superlative is George Borrow's and the story "The Pilgrim" is one that the famous Spanish author tells of his hero Panllo in his novel, "The Pilgrim in his own land." And this that follows is the story.

At the first sign of approaching day Panllo the Pilgrim took his departure from Saragoza. Full of feat lest the brothers of Godoli and Florida might pursue and take him, he avoided the royal road, and sought instead the unfrequented mountain paths whereon was only to be seen an occasional shepherd. Soon finding, however, of the rough roads and coarse mountain fare, he approached one night a town on the border of the two Kingdoms and asked for a lodging. But such was his wretched condition, with his feet running blood and his face sunburned and his hair dishevelled, that no one was found willing to admit him, and he sought himself to that last retreat of misery, the Hospital.

Panllo found it open, but unlighted, and on enquiring the reason, he was told that several nights before a stranger had died there; and that every night since the place had been in awful tumult. And so the inmates had fled. But if he would, he might go in and talk with a holy man who dwelt in one of the chapels without fear of the tumult that had disturbed so many others; and this holy man would tell him where he might sleep in safety.

Panllo entered the dark portal, and feeling his way with a stick he had picked up, made for a light which he saw in the distance, calling to the holy man whose light it was, as he prayed in his chapel.

"What do you want with me, O evil spirit!" answered a voice. "I am no evil spirit," replied Panllo, "but a Pilgrim seeking lodging for the night. Open to me, O friend!" Then the door opened, and disclosed a man of middle age and stature. His hair was long and his beard bushy and matted, and he was clad in a long serge gown.

The chapel of the holy man was small. At the foot of the altar he made his bed, with a stone for a pillow, his staff for a cushion, and for his pillow a skull—which best of all shows the fragility and transitoriness of the earthly life of man.

"How hast thou dared to enter

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this evil house? Has no one warned you ere you came?"

"O yes," answered Panllo, "I have heard all about it but I have undertaken so many troubles, imprisonments and evil entertainments that nothing now can afflict my mind."

Then the holy man lighted a taper from a lamp that burned before the images, and without ever asking Panllo his name, bade him follow. Panllo followed him out into a densely grown garden, and up to a building set amidst some cypresses. This they entered, and the holy man, unlocking the door of a spacious apartment, said, "Enter; and as you have no fear and are accustomed to danger, make the sign of the cross, and sleep with our taking heed of anything."

Panllo took the light, and leaning in upon a stand, laid the man's foot night and shut the door.

There was a bed in the room which looked very inviting to a man who for so many nights had slept on the ground. An untrussed himself and putting on one of the shirts which

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Florida had given him when they parted, he lay down upon the bed. And almost immediately the sense of death which we call sleep came over his senses with the power which it is accustomed to exercise over wearied travellers.

But at midnight our pilgrim was startled into wakefulness by the tramping of many horses. It seemed to him that he was on a journey, for the bed was in motion, as though it were a ship or a horse. But remembering that he was in that Hospital, and recalling the gruesome reason for its having ceased to be inhabited, he opened his eyes and saw several men enter the apartment on horseback. In their hands they bore flambeaux, which they lit from the taper he had left on the stand, and then flung to the ceiling of the apartment, where they stuck and remained burning; the bottom sliding to the ceiling of the chamber and the head sliding upon the bed and the place where he had laid his clothes.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

The Hub Fox and Fur Exchange

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We at all times have for sale Shares in Silver Black Fox Companies and Companies breeding fur bearing animals.

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Price of Shares \$100 each, payable on easy terms.

LIVE SALES AGENTS WANTED.

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THE CANADIAN OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

The Canadian Department of Militia and Defence have recently put forward a proposal to establish in Canadian Universities an Infantry Unit, to be known as the Canadian Officers' Training Corps. The object of this Corps is to offer to students attending our universities and colleges an opportunity to acquire an elementary military training, which they may later make use of in applying for commissions as qualified officers in the Canadian Militia. Whether the training is used in this way or not the Corps will give to all who are interested in military training and who are alive to the benefits to be derived from it, an opportunity while at college to acquire the elements of Military Drill and Musketry.

The Department of Militia and Defence have worked out in detail a scheme of organization for this Corps and their scheme has been favorably received by all the Universities, and has been accepted by one University, where a unit is being organized. Dalhousie must now face the question of whether it will join this movement, and organize one or more companies for the Corps.

The control of the unit at each University is to be left in the hands of the students, with a member of the University Staff and a representative of the General Staff acting with their representatives as a military committee, which will have general oversight of the work of the unit.

The Canadian Officers' Training Corps will be shown in the Militia List at the head of the Infantry of the Active Militia.

The amount of drill required each season will be twelve five instructional parades of not less than forty-five minutes duration. There will also be a course in Musketry on a miniature range, with opportunities for practice on the long range, under arrangements with local Headquarters. In the case of the Dalhousie Unit, drill could be performed at the local armories, and musketry practice at the Bedford range, the same facilities being granted in respect to transportation, marking, and ammunition as are now extended to members of University Rifle Clubs.

Facilities will be granted for complete sections, companies, or battalions of the C. O. T. C. under their own officers, voluntarily to attend camp under the same conditions as the active militia. During attendance at camp, officers and members will receive pay and allowances at the same rates as those laid down for the militia.

During the first year of the organization a theoretical course of Military instruction similar to the Militia Staff Course, will be held by the General Staff Officer for the instruction of the officers of the contingent. In subsequent years the Militia Staff Course will be open to officers of the various units of the C. O. T. C. Proficiency certificates will be issued to members who qualify at examinations (written, practical and oral) in military subjects, which will be held annually under the direction of the Chief of the General Staff. These certificates, will be of two standards, A and B, and will entitle recipients to the following advantages:

Certificate "A" qualification for promotion to Lieutenant in the Militia, with the letters C. O. T. C. after his name in the Militia List, and a personal money grant of \$5.00.

Certificate "B" qualification for promotion to Captain in the Militia with the letters C. O. T. C. after his name in the Militia List, and a personal money grant of \$10.00.

On being gazetted to the Militia, and undertaking to serve three trainings, an additional bonus of \$20.00, will be given in each case.

Courses of Military instruction for members of the C. O. T. C., in the subjects laid down for these proficiency certificates, will be held by officers of the contingent, assisted by the General Staff Officer, and by other specially selected officers of the Permanent Force.

A free issue of uniform, arms, accoutrements, and personal equipment, as shown below, will be provided from the Militia funds, on the same scale as that laid down for the Militia, to all officers and members of the C. O. T. C.

The list of issues is as follows:—

1 rifle complete; 1 waste belt; 1 ammunition pouch; 1 bayonet with scabbard; 1 rifle sling. Clothing: 1 serge frock; 1 pair serge trousers; 1 great coat; 1 forage cap N. P. 1 suit of service clothing. When going into camps of instruction, additional: 1 haversack; 1 water bottle, with strap; 1 mess tin.

The above will be renewable under the same conditions as will apply to the Militia.

Each company or contingent shall be entitled to a care of arms allowance as provided for an Infantry company of the Active Militia, namely \$80.00 per annum in lieu of quarters and care of arms.

Membership in the Corps will in any case be optional with each individual student.

Many of our Alumni occupy distinguished positions in the ranks of the Canadian Militia. Several of these have been interviewed in connection with this matter, and all have expressed the opinion that the organization as outlined would be of great value to the University, and to those students who connect themselves with it.

This article was written some time ago and appeared in the Dalhousie Gazette. No unit has been formed at Dalhousie so far, but a number of students some of whom now hold commissions are very much interested in the proposal, and the recent offer of Col. Hughes in regard to assistance in building the gymnasium being given, if a corps were formed has brought the matter to the fore again, and there is little doubt that one corps at least will be found next Fall when college opens.

If the offer of the Dominion Government is accepted by the University, authorities our gymnasium in the new Students Building will be so fitted as to conform to their requirements and our Corps will be able to perform its drill there.

HOW TO BECOME POPULAR

The desire to stand well among one's fellows is natural, and, when properly regulated, profitable. The extent of a man's popularity often depends on some natural endowment; but no man need be unpopular and no special natural endowment is necessary for a man to make himself extremely popular.

If you would be popular do not try to force. Forget all about yourself for four years and you may wake up to find yourself popular.

Deserve popularity and you generally get it.

Respect is the highest form of popularity. Don't confuse it with toleration.

Popularity means power—power means responsibility.

Popularity is never founded on mental or moral weakness.

Charity, cheerfulness, sympathy, unselfishness, good sense and action are some of the ingredients of popularity.

See and respect the good points in all other men.

To the best of your ability, as opportunity offers, help everyone of your fellows into a clearer understanding of the possibilities of his own life.

Let the best interests of your friends, your class, and your university take possession of your life.

Don't continually thrust yourself before other men's eyes, but make a place for yourself in their hearts.

It is better to be right than unpopular—but unpopularity is far from a sure sign of being right.

"Not in the Curriculum."

From the O. A. C. Review.

"A definite amount of work should be required of every student as part of his college course, for which he should receive credit on the basis of laboratory work. This requirement is necessary, because the ideas of most young men on the subject are exceedingly vague, or not founded on sufficient experience, and, in many cases, the play instinct has become attributed from disuse, or his attitude may be antagonistic to active exercise of any kind under the false impression that it is time taken from those studies that will be of more direct utility to him in his life's work. Such a course must be designed with two objects in view. Firstly, the correction of those bad physical tendencies that are with the sedentary life of the student, and secondly, a systematic education of those bodily powers. Such will be most useful to him during his college life and after graduation."

Dr. R. T. McKenzie of University of Pennsylvania.

THE DALHOUSIAN

The Organ of the Dalhousie Students' Campaign.
Published Fortnightly.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

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HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, JULY 23, 1914.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE

Last April we were all enthusiastic about our proposed Students Building and everyone was expressing his willingness to do his share towards getting it. We set the week of July 6th to 12th for our campaign, appointed a secretary and a committee to help him organize and then went off to our homes. The Secretary and his assistants here in Halifax have been busy ever since, but some of the other fellows we fear have forgotten about the matter.

We know very well that it looks harder when we get down to real business and start in to canvas than it did when we were making our plans here last spring. And if you have simply let the matter go, and thought nothing more of it until campaign week come around you would of course not be prepared to go ahead with your campaign.

Here in Halifax the boys have worked splendidly. Not only did many of them give up their work for a week in order to take part in the canvass, but some of them have been working right along since the start in the evenings and any spare time that they had, in order to help in the organization. Too much cannot be said in praise of them.

As for the boys outside the city—some of them, we know have also worked hard, and have done their very best.

The Secretary has been writing letters and doing all in his power to help the boys outside to get ready for the campaign. But from many of them he has never heard at all. Some of them may be so situated that they could not do anything at this time, but generally "where there's a will there's a way"

as some of our students have proved. The reports that appear on another page from those who have reported show what can be done.

Perhaps you can't do as much as some others but there is surely something that you can do. And we all want to have a share in the new building. We want to show that when Dalhousie Students once start anything they're in the game to stay.

Some pessimists have told us that we can't raise \$50,000. We know that we can. But we want the help of every student to do it. If you do your best whether the amount you collect be large or small in years to come you will be proud of the fact that you were one of the band who inaugurated and successfully carried through the first Student Campaign.

Write to the Secretary at once. If you have done your part tell him so, if not he will help you to do it yet.

THE ALUMNI'S SHARE.

When the students of Dalhousie in augmented their campaign for a Students' Building last Spring, their first move was to lay the matter before the Alumni Society. The reception they met with from the executive of that body was most encouraging. They declared themselves anxious to

assist by all possible means in securing such a building, and they have since that co-operated with us in our campaign here.

No one knows so well as an Alumnus the need of such a building here. No one ran so well realize what an asset it will be to the students. No better time could be chosen for erecting such a building than the present year when we are moving to our new property at Studley. It will be of unestimable value to the students, and so to the University, for the University must be judged by the graduates she sends out.

The Dalhousie Alumni have always been loyal supporters of their Alma Mater, and we look to them for their help at this time. Some years ago they undertook the support of a chair in the College but lately they have felt that it would be a better arrangement from all points of view that the Governors should take over that chair and leave the Alumni free to assist in some way which would have the effect of binding together all graduates. When the plan for this campaign was presented to the society, they decided that this was something that would appeal to all and they decided to give it their support and to cease supporting the chair of Biology after this year.

So that you see we are depending in this campaign on your help both financially and otherwise. We are young and inexperienced and we need your counsel and advice. In Halifax the Alumni have worked shoulder to shoulder with us, from the President down; and in several other places they have taken an active part in the campaign. Some of them have not been heard from, and we say to them as to the students, we are the help of every man. Dalhousians are noted for their loyalty; now is the time to show it. Send in your contribution; and help the students in any way you can. Then when you next come back to old Dalhousie, don't miss seeing the Students' Building erected by STUDENTS AND ALUMNI.

THE RESULT IN HALIFAX.

The week of July 6th-12th saw the beginning of the campaign for our Students Building at Studley, and a most encouraging beginning it was. If the remainder of the campaign is as successful as its beginning will get our building by 1915 all right.

When we began to make our plans last Spring, we thought of having a whirlwind campaign all over the Maritime Provinces and among our Alumni in the West etc., all at the same time. As the time went on we found that for various reasons this would be impossible, so we concentrated our forces during that week in a few places.

The City of Halifax was one of the first places that we appealed to. Halifax has always been generous. Whenever any worthy object is presented to the citizens, they are ready to do their utmost to help it along and we were confident that they would not disappoint us in this. The fact that in one week we were able, in the face of all that we had to contend against, to gather about \$12,000, in this city, shows that our confidence was not misplaced.

Secretary's Corner

"H Students' Building By 1915"

Our campaign week is over. But our campaign has really just begun. As regards the Halifax campaign, everybody worked their hardest. Enough praise cannot be given the boys here for the way they worked, and the enthusiasm they put into the campaign from early Monday morning until Saturday night. We never at any one time had less than 25 boys on the street, and in a good many instances there were as many as forty out after the coin. Money was terribly tight, and came very hard. But in spite of this fact, we succeeded in clearing up something over \$11,000 in Halifax. To some of you who do not understand conditions here this a amount may appear small for the Garrison city. But when you consider that Halifax gave something over \$200,000 only two short years ago to Dalhousie, and again that these men who gave so liberally before are still paying their instalments, and will until next year, you will understand that these men could not afford to give any very large amounts. Our subscriptions were all the way from 25 cents to \$250. There being one \$250 and one \$200 subscription. The majority were \$1, \$5 and \$10 subscriptions. The average being about \$10. It all is, that the amount of talk found necessary to extract coin, varied inversely with the size of the subscription. It takes a lot of \$5 bills to make \$10,000, I should judge by some of the letters received that many students in the country districts have the idea that money grows on the trees in and about Halifax, and that all we had to do in Halifax was to goody sum for our building, was to shake these trees and gather in the fallen greenbacks. Let me tell you, fellow student, that money is just as hard to get in Halifax as in any other place, and further that just as much money grows on the trees in your own town as does here. You naturally are wrong, therefore if your idea is correct, shake your own trees and see how much you will get. Reports have come in from seven places to date. In such case they were gratifying indeed. The part that surprised us most was the splendid showing made by several of the boys who have reported, who collected their amounts in small County

towns. It proves but one thing, that is, that there is hardly a Dalhousie student who is not able to get some money for this building. I have heard it said from a great many quarters this week, "Well, the boys in the country fell down badly in this campaign." As far as I know yet a large number of them did. And again a number have done excellent work, far better than we ever could hoped for in their districts. Those of you who are in that class who have done nothing as yet still have a chance and a good one to redeem themselves. Our campaign will continue all summer. If we are to have our building by next year we still have to get the greater part of \$50,000. In seeing the way the boys have worked here, also in Truro, Sydney, North Sydney, Grace Bay, Bathurst, Londonderry, Prince Edward Island, River John, Margaree Harbor and Parrsboro, and the splendid results the students in these places have achieved, it must surely cause a number of boys who have as yet done nothing in their campaign, "their campaign" to blush with shame.

It is but a short time now until we will be coming back to old Dalhousie again for another year's work. What are you going to say to the fellow that says he collected \$100 or what-ever amount? If you say you did nothing for this campaign you will be branding yourself as a Dalhousian who has failed. It may not be a crime to fail, after an honest effort has been made, but it is a stigma to be branded with the title of "quitter." There may be few who cannot do anything because of their situation this Summer. This class is, however, very small. If you have not taken this thing seriously, do so now. You can surely see by this time that this campaign is not the horse play of a few of the students would have it. Get busy and show that you have some backbone. Canvassing may not be the most pleasant thing in the world to do. But some one must do it. That some one is every student in Dalhousie. You are one of them. I will be pleased to acknowledge receipt of your subscriptions at any time up to October 1st.

E. C. PHINNEY, Sec'y,
Dalhousie Students' Campaign.

The difficulties under which we labored here are perhaps not realized by many people. There have been so many calls of late upon the generosity of the business men of Halifax that it is no wonder that they feel they must draw the line somewhere. Most of them also subscribed heavily to the business men's campaign in 1912 and an instalment of that subscription came due July 1st. On this account we could not look for very large subscriptions from them at this time. But in spite of that fact we did receive some very substantial contributions from those who had subscribed heavily to the former fund. Taking all these things into consideration we think that we did very well in the city and we only hope that other places will do equally well.

Both the number and the amount of the subscriptions from other parts of the Province to the Business Men's Campaign were comparatively small, so that that is one difficulty that will not be met with in many places. Halifax gave over \$200,000 in 1912 and followed it up with about \$120,000 now.

ADVERTISING THE CAMPAIGN

One of the most notable features of the Campaign in Halifax was the way in which it was advertised. There was not one fully awake citizen who did not know in detail all about it. The press stood behind us admirably and devoted much space to the printing and afternoon editions to the cause. One day plans and a cut of the building would be reproduced, the next a detailed account of the organization. Every phase of the subject was dealt with and our debt to the Chronicle, Herald and Recorder cannot be overestimated.

Two large banners, six feet by forty stretched across Barrington street. The banners were black with these few letters painted in gold and it did not fail to attract the attention of every passer-by.

On Saturday morning passing

the Campaign week another large tiger banner soared vociferously on the Parade. The crowds assembled to hear the band which plays every Saturday morning in this place, were reached in this way.

Prominent stores all over the city featured Dalhousie windows. We take this opportunity to thank these stores, especially A. M. Bell, Colwell Bros, and Winter's for their practical interest in our work. We also owe our thanks to C. H. Climo and Gauvin & Gentzel for their kindness in loaning pictures.

On Friday night some foolish enthusiast changed the lettering on the gigantic sign at Studley which the governors erected last year. The sign now reads "The Dalhousie Students want \$50,000 to spend here." This act of vandalism occasioned not a little comment and was good advertising.

The old adage that "It pays to advertise" was in a most forcible demonstrated than in this Dalhousie Campaign in Halifax and it may truly be said that in no small measure our phenomenal success in Halifax can be attributed to the fact that we kept the Campaign before the people all the time.

The President to Med loafing in the Hall, and holding an empty pipe. "What are you smoking?"

Med—"No sir."

The President—"But you have a pipe in your hand."

Med—"OH! I have got boots on, but I am not walking."

Fisherman answers to weekly Chemistry quiz—

"Appetite is found in large quantities in Canada."

"That no matter is either created or destroyed is known as the law of the Conservation of matter."

"A rheumatic trout is used in the collecting of oxygen."

We want you to help us get our Students' Building by 1915.

SOVEREIGN LIME JUICE

Is the Pure Juice of the Lime Fruit, and is the most WHOLESOME, HEALTHFUL and REFRESHING Drink now on the Market.

(Two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water will kill every TYPHOID germ in ten minutes.)

.....Bottled by the.....

National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada Ltd.
HALIFAX BRANCH

Personalia

R. E. G. Rooms 17 who has been teaching in New Brunswick this summer, spent last week at his home in Dartmouth and assisted materially in the campaign there.

G. L. Stairs Jr. spent two weeks at the military camp at Sussex N. B. and is now with the 63rd at McNab's Island.

R. C. Macdonald 16 left Monday for a trip to St. Andrew's New Brunswick. On his way he intends to call on friends in Sackville, Moncton and St. John.

Hugh Bell M. Sc. has succeeded in passing all the examinations required for the Academic Head Masters License in this Province. He is the second person in the Province who has obtained this License, the other being also a Dalhousian Mr. H. D. Brunt, M. A.

Ken Leslie (B. A. '12) who obtained his M. A. degree this summer from the University of Nebraska, is visiting friends in the city.

The engagement is announced of Dr. A. R. Campbell (13) to Miss H. A. O'Brien of Noel Shore, N. S.

George Murray ('15) who went to his home at River John, N. S. to work on the campaign there, called at Halifax on his return trip to Mt. Unalaska where he is employed in the mission field.

Evertt Fraser ('07) who has recently been appointed Dean of the Law School of George Washington University, with Mrs. Fraser is visiting the latter's father Dr. A. H. MacKay, Dartmouth.

Harold S. Davis, B. A. '10 M. A. '12) who won the 1881 Science Research Scholarship in 1912, has recently completed the course for the degree of Ph. D. at Harvard. He is the first man for some time who has succeeded in taking this degree there with only two years work. He is at present employed in the Harvard Summer School, and has been appointed to a position as Lecturer in Manitoba College where he will begin work this fall.

Friends of Dr. Seymour Mackenzie who graduated in Medicine this spring were surprised to learn a week or two ago that he had been married for some time. Four years ago Seymour was married quietly in his native town of Truro to Miss Gordon of the same place. He then returned to College while Mrs. Mackenzie went to New York and entered a Nurse's training school. Both kept the secret well, and Seymour's friends here never suspected that he was a married man. Now after both he and Mrs. Mackenzie have graduated, they came to town and announced their marriage. They are at present on their honeymoon, and will shortly return to Fallisell Village where Dr. Mackenzie has secured a practice.

In many places throughout the Province it was found impossible to conduct a campaign for the Student Building during the week of July 6th and 12th from lack of Students or other reasons. Also in a few places we regret to say the Students who were supposed to have charge of the campaign neglected and no nothing was done. In view of these facts, and in order that a thorough canvass might be made all over the country Frank Graham and R. J. Leslie were appointed to go around to the places from which no report has been received.

They will confer with the Alumni and students where there are any, and will assist them by their experience gained here in organizing as well as in the actual canvassing. Messrs. Graham and Leslie left on Wednesday for Amherst Springhill, etc and after completing their work there they will probably go to St. John and other towns in New Brunswick where we have not many students.

BORDEN DOUBLES HIS SUBSCRIPTION

A letter has just been received by George Henderson Esq., of this city from Sir Robert L. Borden, in which the Premier says he wishes to double his subscription to the Dalhousie Students Building Fund. Sir Robert was in the city during Campaign week, and gave us a subscription of \$50.00 which he now makes \$100.00. Hurrah for Borden.

OMAR AT COLLEGE

Dreaming while Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky,
I heard a Voice within the Senate cry—
Awake and cheer the Freshmen with Advice
Before the Greenness of their Youth be dry!"

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Tutor and Prof. and heard great Argument
Of Latin and of Greek; but all I heard
Came out by the same Ear where it went.

There was the Sight for which I found no Key,
There was the Verb whose Root, I could not see;
Some little thought there was of Iyui
A while; the kdw; then some more of Iyui.

Waste not your Hour, nor in such vain Pursuit
Of gossamer Tongues endeavour and dispute,
Better be jocund with the friendly Key,
Than pluck without one— and be plucked to boot.

Alas! What boots it with incessant Care
O'er your Red Books to toil with Groan and Tear
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse—
To have "O"—on your Theme appear?

But the Corrections teach you, People say,
To sling your Gass with more Precision; Nay—
If so, by striking out each word that helps
You shoot your Face off in a fluent way.

Some for the Glory of High Firsts; and some
Sigh for the Pleasures of Rink Night to come;
Ah, take your skates and let your Latin go—
Hark the glad Music of the Band and Drum!

Why if a Chap can fling his Books aside,
And o'er the Ice with Hes for eight Bands glide,
Were't not a Shame—Were't not a Shame for him
In some dark Attice stamming for advice?

And if the Puck you chase, the Hand you press,
End in a Pluck in every Subject,— yes,
Think then you Know Today what Yesterday
You knew —Tomorrow you cannot know Less!

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A DAL STUDENT IN SASKATCHEWAN

(Continued from Page Five.)

dpor and entered a most peculiar living room. The low walls were covered over with a snow white lining material; the smooth brown floor was probably formed of dried mud; over the bed of straw, covered by a checked blanket, a box was suspended from the ceiling by ropes and in it were some dirty looking coats and on it were perched two doleful looking hens. In a corner another hen had charge of a large flock of chickens which came peeping out, clamoring for food. While I sat transfixed in a corner "wishing for home and friends far away," Mr. C. came in and we started a fire and we ate two bars of chocolate the only refreshment I had had since breakfast and no one knew when we would get any more. Mr. G. also furnished some news of our absent hosts. The swinging box was not placed there for the convenience of the fowls but was probably a baby's crib; the family of six Gabeians in want of provisions had gone to spend the day with a neighbour. This last fact was discovered by a search of the premises for food.

Crossing the Ravine.

After staying there about half an hour at 4.30 we started in the trail again, and travelled several miles in almost every direction before we came in sight of the high ravine, and several more miles before we saw the trail leading down the sides. This indicated that at last we had found the place to cross, and would probably find my destination before night.

We alighted and each grasped a wheel to check the rate of descent, and then gracefully the buggy, horse and body guard descended.

But all the troubles were not over for it was still several miles through an unknown country before we came to civilization.

At 7 o'clock we reached a house 2 1/2 miles from the school, and then it seemed as if we had reached the end of our journey, but not so far between that place and the school were many trails and we took a wrong one and wandered in almost every direction looking for a building or abode of any description. Mr. G. climbed a steep hill, (there were no high trees), to see what he could see, and just as night was falling received some information about our directions from a piece of tin fastened to an iron bar, which marked the corner of a section of land. We had been going North instead of South. So changing our course we arrived in a short time at our journey's end.

Unfurnished language I told the Sec'y Treasurer of the School what I thought of the country and informed him that on the following day I should leave with the mail for town. But imagine my surprise on being told that the mail only left the Post Office for town every Friday and that I should have to remain a week. Friday has not arrived yet. So I am still here.

VALE, X. Y. Z.

She had a face divinely fair,
A face to make an artist glad;
She had a wealth of auburn hair,
And oh, the figure that she had!
Her soulful eyes were big and brown
A rounded softness graced her arms
I fancied that in all the town
No girl could boast of rarer charms.

Her fingers tapered and were white,
I paused to gaze a little while,
And fancied that the day was bright
Because she had so sweet a smile;
But all my happy fancies fled
And gloomily I went my way,
When to a passing friend she said:
"I seen your brother yesterday."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

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THE BASHFUL
 CAMPAIGNER

Clarence was the most bashful Sophomore at Dalhousie. At the simple mention of a girl's name his ears became beacons and at the rustle of skirts he fled as before an onslaught. How then was Clarence to live through the week of the student's campaign. He argued, he protested, he besought permission to withdraw, but to no avail, and now the dreaded day had dawned, the dreaded hour had struck and Clarence, a picture of immaculate sleekness, sat awaiting an audience in the luxurious outer office of the rich Mr. Patroll. His hair trailed in decorous order across his brow, his boots shone with unwonted brilliance and a large rose bloomed in his buttonhole. In his hand he held an open copy of Emerson's bracing essay on "Self Reliance." He had scarcely muttered the last words of the essay and slipped the volume in his pocket when the door of the inner sanctum opened and out strode the financier. "Good morning," began our hero firmly.

"Good morning" quoth Patroll, "but if you're after subscriptions for that student building at Studley you might as well stop before you begin, for if I could spare any money I don't choose to squander it in providing a play ground for a lot of overgrown babies. Why when I went to school (school!) they taught us to amuse ourselves at the woodpile and in the garden. It's made a fine gardener of me if I do claim the honor myself. By the way that's a splendid rose you have there. It's better than mine I do believe."

"Yes sir, I'm proud of my roses. I grew them myself. I guess that rose in your buttonhole beats mine a mile—but you have a gardener I suppose?"

"Gardener! No! I wouldn't have the fools around me. I flatter myself I know more about a garden than the whole bunch of them. I get plenty of hints from farmers who drop in on business. I must find out what to spray my fruit trees with."

"Fruit trees?—Why I worked in an orchard for ten years. I specialize in insect-poison. I can give you a poison for any bug you name, the criss-cross vitem, the chew-the-leaves the California scourge or the brown-tail moth. Do you know the brown tail moth? No! She's the hardest to settle of the flock. Just about sunrise you glance out the window and see a white moth about the size of a saucer sitting on your best apple tree chewing off branch by branch. It's easy to distinguish this moth by its long brown tail which hangs down over the branch while it roosts there gorging on your fruit-trees. If you see one just clip on your dressing gown and slippers, rush to the kitchen and get a bag of salt, creep stealthily along by the side of the fence until you reach brownie and dash a handful of NaCl on his long wavy tail. He caves over and kicks up his heels. Then stick his carcass up on a clothes prop to scare the rest of his kin and you won't be troubled again that year. Don't think you're troubled with the brown tail? Mr. Patroll excuse the personality, what time do you rise?"

"Well, my dear young man, I must admit I don't venture forth before half past five, but I've never seen one of those fan-tails yet."

"Ah! sir! They all fly off at 5.10! See those meadows? But what natter next are you troubled with?"

"It's a little black creature that curls in the new leaves of the trees and spins a web about them. You see the little wretches. The black specks all about the web."

"Yes, yes, yes, that's the—the

An peddler Name just slipped—
 memory—but I can give you a formula for the beast, if you like."
 "I'd be delighted, I'll just jot it down if you'd be so good."
 "Certainly. No trouble at all. It runs like this."

4 gallons of kerosene.
 1 pint turpentine.
 3 drops oil of peppermint.
 1 cup of molasses.
 Bring to boil—
 "With turpentine in it?"
 "Decidedly not. I mean the molasses. Bring to a boil, add six pounds of 'Paris green', stir all together and apply by pouring round roots of tree, two quarts to a tree. In the morning every blamed bug'll be dead."

"You don't tell me. Why that's very easy. No bother with a spray—ah! there's the 'phone, excuse me a moment."

"The great man withdrew and Clarence had just time to glance at his "Websters Pocket Dictionary."

"S—s-p, s-p, s-p-r, s-p-r-a-y."
 "A jet of water or some medicated liquid dispersed by a sprayer, sometimes used to make an application to a deceased part."—mmm—never heard of that."

He snapped the book shut, dropped it in his pocket and was prepared for Mr. Patroll's return.

"Let me see. What was I saying? Yes, There's no necessity for spraying."

"It all depends on the plant. If it's a rose or something delicate it must be sprayed. This rose I have on has been sprayed six times."

"Why I understood that once a year was sufficient often to apply the treatment."

"Precisely—I refer to the bush from which I picked the rose. It's six-years old. Is there any other formula, I could spare you?"

"No thank you, I'm much obliged. What were you going to say about the student's building?"

"Well its this way. The students felt that they needed some facilities for amusement so they decided to raise the money for a building of their own. The plan is to have a nice large conservatory, and extensive grounds with flower beds and decorative trees. Some few of the students want a swimming pool and gymnasium and these details may be added if enough money is raised."

"I think perhaps that's a very good idea. I'll spare a small check. Put me down for a thousand 'bucks' as the boys say."

"Thank you extremely sir. I hope your trees will be alright. You see if I had not studied etymology at Dalhousie I would never have been able to give you a tip. I was never on a farm in my life."

"Why you told me that you spent a year on a farm?"

"On an orchard, my dear sir, on an orchard. Thank you again. Good morning."

"Good morning and good luck to you."

Clarence stepped through the door and down the steps with a new feeling of courage. Perhaps he was becoming less bashful, he thought, as he started after the next quarry.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith's how did you get on?"

It was a sweet Sophette.
 "Why—that is—got on what?"

"Oh silly you know what I mean."

"Certainly—yes—I know what you mean. Good morning."

"Oh, don't hurry. Why how hot you look!"

"Yes, very hot—off for a soda—good morning."

An! Clarence fled.

ARTHUR GORDEN MELVIN.

16

Every student should do something to help in this campaign. Have you done your share yet? If not, do it now.

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TRVING THROUGH THE
 WORLD
 The man who fails is the man who quails
 When he sees Dame Trouble appear
 And foolishly frets and weakly lets
 Her lead him around by the ear.
 The man who wins kicks Fate on the shins,
 Whenever she gets in his way,
 Flings woe from the track and never
 turns back
 To hear what she has to say
 —S. E. KISER

Read the Dalhousian, and then decide for yourself if you should not help along the Students' movement.
 'Twas in a restaurant they met,
 One Romeo and Juliet,
 'Twas then he first fell into debt
 For Romeo'd what Juliet.—Ex.
 Dalhousie Students want \$50,000 to build a Students' Building at Studley. How much will you give?

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1. The Company has bought out the celebrated breeders, formerly owned by Robert T. Oulton, which forms the basis of the present organization.
2. ROBERT T. OULTON, the first successful black fox rancher, is our general Superintendent and adviser on all ranching questions.
3. THOMAS A. OULTON, as Ranch Manager.
4. Our purchases of breeders includes a portion of this year's young. This will probably mean that we will have in the ranch this Fall a total of about 33 pairs. As compared to any 1915 proposition this means our capitalization figures out at about \$20,000 per pair including the 13 pairs of breeders.
5. We are purchasing NINETY PAIRS OF OTHER FUR-BEARING ANIMALS, which will be allowed to accumulate in the ranch 4 to 5 years, after which time these will give a PERMANENT HIGH DIVIDEND on the entire capital, independent of the foxes.
6. PERMANENCY has been the object of the organizers of the Keirstead and Mersereau Fox and Fur Company. They have planned the present Company, both to take advantage of the present high prices of Black Foxes and also to be prepared to meet the decline in fox values by putting a large amount of fur of various kinds on the market and thus pay a PERMANENTLY HIGH DIVIDEND. For the next few years large dividends will be paid from the sale of foxes for breeding purposes; but eventually the profits will be made from the sale of pelts. This Company has made sure of the best results from their black foxes by buying out the famous stock formerly owned by Mr. Robert Oulton, the first successful fox rancher of the world.
7. It is our purpose to retain a large percentage of the foxes produced each year in the ranch as a hidden reserve, so that if at the end of eight years the best silver fox pelts be worth only \$500 each (which is a very low figure) we would be still able to pay a dividend of 70% from the sale of these alone. But, at the end of four years our lesser fur-bearers (which will be permitted to multiply in the ranch for that length of time) will earn another 70% in addition to what we get for foxes.

PRESS COMMENT

A notable stage in the development of the fur ranching business is marked by the organization of the Keirstead & Mersereau Fox and Fur Company, Limited.

This is the first large corporation to recognize clearly the transitory nature of present prices for black foxes and to provide against a future decline in fox prices by including in their scheme general fur farming on a colossal scale. "The Eastern Farm and Home" Issue May 1st, 1914

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PHONE 1025

The following is from report by United States Consul at Charlottetown, P.E.I., in the Daily Consul and Trade Reports Issued at Washington, D. C., Jan. 11, 1913.

The partnership of Dalton and Oulton appears to have been the first ranch to build up a pure silver-black strain to considerable numbers, the credit for actually handling and mating the animals being usually assigned to Mr. Oulton, now of Shemogue, New Brunswick, while Mr. Dalton is known more for his financial operations.

We are open to appoint a few AGENTS who have good connections and can furnish right references. Being a high-class proposition we will not place it in any but good hands.

THE BEST GHOST STORY IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page Six.)

The unfortunate Panilo covered himself up as well as he could, leaving a little peep hole for his eyes in order that he might see if it would be necessary to take any measure to prevent a conflagration.

But in a moment he saw the flames extinguished, and then the four men sat down in a corner of the chamber to a game of cards.

They shuffled the cards, passed them, put down and took up money, until at last a dispute arose and a battle ensued in the chamber, with such a clashing of swords and crashing of bucklers that the luckless Panilo began to call out to the Virgin of Guadalupe, the only one which he had not visited in Spain, because that Guadalupe was so near to his home, and the near things are so often the things we never see at all, at his call the noise ceased in the chamber, and for the space of half an hour all was still as the grave.

And all the while Panilo was in a burning sweat, as though his body were immersed in a pool of hot water.

But just when he was beginning to congratulate himself that now all was over, and they would return no more, he felt something was seizing the bed-clothes and steadily pulling them off, as if to expose him, defenceless, to the attack of his mysterious visitors. And then he saw a man enter with a torch, and after him two others, one with a great basin of metal and the other sharpening a knife. The hairs of his head stood up, and he felt as though each was being individually plucked out.

He tried to speak, but could not,

and as they drew near to him the man with the light blew it out. And out poor Panilo, thinking the basin was for his blood and the knife for his throat, began to defend himself by holding his hands out to ward off the knife.

And then he found his voice as the torch began again to burn, and he saw two great dogs lay hold of one another. "O Jesu!" he cried in an agony of terror, and at the word they disappeared, and the light going out again, he felt the bed-clothes being put on him as before, and unseen hands lifting him by the head, provided him with better pillows and smoothed with great care the sheet and the counterpane.

So he had rest for a time, during which he recited certain verses of David which gave him great comfort. And he began to cherish the hope that as they had now made his bed, they would let him lie in it in peace.

But suddenly he felt that his tormentors were under the bed, and were lifting it up with his person up on it until it was close to the ceiling. He began to fear lest he should fall, and then a hand was thrust from the very boards, which seized him by the arm. The bed fell with a terrible crash, and there he remained hanging in the air. And it now seemed to him that around the apartment a great number of windows had opened, and from them many men and women were looking at him, convulsed with laughter because of his peculiar predicament.

Then the bed caught fire and the flames mounting up laid hold upon him, burning his clothes and his flesh.

The fire died down, and then he felt a tingling at his thighs and shoulders, and lo! his arms and legs were gone, and he was laid upon the bed again.

For an hour these vain illusions ceased and then it seemed to him

that his poor travelling bag were seized upon and dragged through the apartment. They contained certain pledges and papers of Nisa, and the jewels of Florida.

And now our brave Panilo started up to defend them, his courage which had failed him in the defence of his person now asserting itself for the protection of his property.

He followed the thieves out into the garden, and saw them approach a well among the cypress trees. Into this they flung the booty and themselves after it. Panilo could not follow them that far. He returned by the path through the garden to the chapel of the holy man and called at his window.

The good man opened his door, and seeing Panilo's pallor and nakedness said, "Your hosts have given you evil entertainment."

"So evil," answered Panilo, "that I have hardly slept a wink, and have left them my habiliments for my night's lodging."

The good man then welcomed him to a share of his own apartment for the rest of the night, and discounting about what had happened to others they awaited the morning.

When day dawned, Panilo, with the holy man went through the garden to the apartment where he had slept the last night, and where he had seen so many horrible things. They found the bed and other furniture of the room without any injury whatsoever, and the clothes of Panilo in the place where he had left them.

He dressed himself as quickly as he could, and ashamed in the presence of the good man as one convicted of being either coward or liar, he hurriedly embraced him, and took the road for Guadalupe, without daring to turn his head to East view to which he vowed never to return, in his life on any account whatever, save and except to meet with his beloved Nisa.

SAND

When sand is put into a man's courage, it enables him to keep on fighting after his legs have quit, keep on fighting after he has been kicked, and keep on working after the sheriff has carried off his desk.

Sand is in reality the fragments of ancient mountains, carried down into the valleys by the rushing rivers. And it is also bits from the lives of fine old heroes carried into human minds to-day by history and romance poetry and drama.

Young men in search of sand will not find it in pool halls, or on the street corners, or in dance parlors; or around the side doors of theatres, or in dime novels, or in tailor shops; where their fathers have plenty, but credit.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

When a duck lays an egg, she just waddles off as if nothing had happened.

When a hen lays an egg there's a whole lot of noise. The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hen's eggs instead of duck's.

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THE DALHOUSIE TRADITION.

Of late Canada has come so suddenly to the front that the idea of youthfulness is associated with our people in the minds of most outsiders. Strangers are coming in thousands to this new land. The return of the census reminds us that Winnipeg, with its 150,000, is a Vancouver with its 100,000, were within the memory of living people all but unhabited, and the silence of the great lone West is being broken. But this is only one side of the truth. The incomers when they came and the customs and methods are discovered Canadians before them, those of the Eastern Provinces. The older Canadian has made the new Canada possible. Traditions now of long standing belong to this country. Men and women of definite individuality with powerful ideas learned in the older Provinces, have made newer Canada possible. Our traditions is already a rich inheritance. Our education, our ideals, the temper from our intense political struggles gives us distinctiveness. For many years to come the East will continue to furnish these elements to the life of the nation. With our conservative ways, we shall produce the same type as we have produced. Of population we cannot afford as large an output to the West as formerly. This may come from elsewhere, but in the older national spirit we should abound. Here is our strength; here will be our power.

School, College, Church—these are the homes of our ideals. These are the hearths of tradition. And Dalhousie will allow that the old College has failed to be a mother of worthy tradition, whether you judge thus by the list of her distinguished prominent teachers, her prominent sons, or the average graduate who is doing his life's quiet work the better because he spent four years in the grey stone downtown building, or in the rustic noisier, intermediate Dalhousie, out of which his successors are soon to migrate into worthier surroundings.

Every tense and vigorous institution like Dalhousie has a character. A College or University that has a name to live without being dead, has something distinctive of its own. This is obvious of course, in the old land. An Oxford man is different from a Cambridge man, and an Edinburgh man from both. But it is also true in Canada. A Dalhousie graduate is distinguished from a son of McGill or Queens. Perhaps it is hard to say how, but an attempt may be made to describe the Dalhousian. He is direct and free from pretence, and anyone who knows the history of the College knows why. His examinations always bar that stamp. Marks were low, honors were hard, and whatever was got, was earned. The precise scholarship of Professor Johnson, the penetrating criticism of Professor MacDonald, and the accurate scientific method of Professor Macgregor—these outstanding men of the old school—have left the mark of their printing on attitudes of men, who today are intellectually much more modest than they would have been without such a rigorous discipline as they get. Flowery sentences, rhetorical commonplaces, and windy words wilted or collapsed in the northern atmosphere of old Dalhousie. What the student said, he was supposed to have thought out. Precision and reality were supreme academic virtues.

All this may seem to have been missing. The sense of culture, it might be thought, would be driven to hide herself away; but it was not so. Exact thinking is at the root of culture. No American is more precise than Greek. Nor was Harvard forgotten to Dalhousie. Men like DeMille, Scherman, Alexander, James Scott, lived in the homestead with the great mathematics man, geometer, or philosopher. They served to complement that true Dalhousie has had its literary tradition; it has cultivated the philologist, lawyer, mental balancing has shed knowledge on its students. It has realized the philosopher and has obtained its literature. To men, therefore, he truly maintained that the education of Dalhousie has an atmosphere of its own. It is what we called the Dalhousie atmosphere which makes it a world's subject worth his mind. Well except when Dalhousie was a college in which a comparatively

few subjects were taught, and though happily other facilities have been added, the old Arts course will remain the core of the institution. The College will not be submerged in the University. From it will come the statesmen, versed in history, the origin and process of government, and the social efforts of man, the clergymen taught as to the age-long intuitions of the race to understand the meaning of life, past, present and future; the teacher who is to lead the child into the wonder of the world without and within; and those men and women who will never be so satisfied with the merely technical and trade side of their profession, but who carry into their life's work—be it an engineer, physician or merchant—the spirit of true science, and who will continue to delight in literature and art.

With the spirit in them, the graduates of Dalhousie have gone far and wide. They have made its name respected in Britain and the United States. The best Universities offered the young students good scholarships and these in time came to occupy positions of almost secondary academic grade. It would be invidious to mention names which will be easily recalled by Nova Scotians. Within the Dominion every Province has had a share of this strong life, and the central Government at Ottawa has felt its influence. The churches of the West in their efforts to reach the incoming population, and to Canadianize them, or to keep them true to old convictions, have been invigorated, while of course the debt of the Maritime Provinces is incalculable. Where would the Academies have been without its help, and how many a man and woman in this country can trace a larger outlook on life to some Dalhousie student who years ago it may be, taught school for a summer or longer in a small country school-house.

Dalhousie verily has a tradition. The College has served the country well. She has stood for the things that the great Universities have stood for, and those from old seats of learning who know her record of her graduates, respect her and have given her professors and students positions of regard in the academic fraternity.

Unobtrusively and with an eye single for sincere learning, and severe mental discipline Dalhousie has kept on her way, and her wisdom has been justified of her children and of many beyond who knew only her name. Change with time, new facilities will be added, a commodious and beautiful home will be found for the old College, but the tradition of Dalhousie is too fixed to be greatly modified. And that tradition, observed in an environment as chaste and sufficient as that of any university of the Dominion.

"MY DREAM"

"The gray old pile that once was known
As Univ. was no more,
And on its ancient site had grown
A universal store;
Here freshers sold you pounds of tea,
There smart shop-walking scholars
Were bidding madam, please and see
The latest thing in collars.

"Across the road I cast my eyes;
Behold, All Souls' had fled,
And in its place I saw arise
A corrugated shed,
Steam jets were spitting here and there,
Machinery was flying,
And these the words that met my stare,
The Oxford School of Dyeing.

"On Magdalen next my glances fell;
Smoke hung about it black;
The power had turned by some strange spell
Into a chimney-stack.
No need to ask how it was named,
Nor what the men were doing;
An overcoasting smell proclaimed,
The Oxford School of Brewing.

"Two Christ church men came down
The street
Discussing their exams.
Quoth one, "I'm through in frozen meat,
But ploughed again in hams."
"Hard line!" said Number Two," the Dean

Just told me I have taken
An alpha plus in margarine,
Although I'm gulled in bacon."
"I started up; my blood ran chill,
What joy to wake and find
That sleepy Alma Mater still
Lags centuries behind."
That while she slumbers on, the flower
Of Britain's youth at college
May still improve the shining hour
Acquiring useless knowledge."

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THE COLLEGE STUDENT.

(With Apologies to Longfellow.)

Under an oily reading lamp
The College Student stands,
His back is suffering from a cramp
And ink is on his hands;
And the muscles of his watery eyes
Are strong as rubber bands.

His hair is sleek and black and long
His face is like the pan;
His brow is wet with a serviette;
He learns what he can,
And looks the closed door in the face,
For he owes 'most every man.

Weak in week out from noon till night
You can hear the student blow;
You can hear him toss his heavy books
With measured kick and slow
Like the janitor ringing the lecture bell

To summon us from below,
And fellows getting out from class
Close the President's door,
They love to see the flaming board
And hear the notices roar,
And catch the frightened freshmen,
And rub them on the floor.

He goes on week days to his work
And hears Professors shout;
He takes his chair and goes to sleep
Until he's fired out.
And then he swears with all his might
And throw his notes about.

It sounds to him like a gramophone
Singing in a nickle show.
He needs must visit it once more
And now's the time to go;
But he puts his hand in his pocket
And finds he has no dough.

Tolling, rejoicing, borrowing,
Onward through College he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun.
No evening sees it close;
Something attempted, nothing done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks, to these, Professors
wise

For the lessons you have taught,
Thus on account of college life
Our fortunes they will rot;
But on our college desks and chairs
Our names won't be forgot. —O.R.J.

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THE BOY AND THE ORACLE

In the beginning let me confess with sorrow that I have never been able to catch a trout. It had long been one of my secret sorrows, and I set out on this trip feeling that now or never was the time. I borrowed a most resplendent fishing rod, and flies that gay trout should be glad to capture, and thus equipped, I thought I should have some success. That I did not, I shall always blame on the small boy of the party. Never, never, never take a small boy on a fishing trip. There may be places where he is appreciated, but this is not one of them.

In the first place, he had provided himself with a can of grasshoppers and angle worms. He had thoughtfully punched holes in the can to allow the air to his collection but he persisted in opening his can quite frequently to see that they were alive and doing well. It is not pleasant to have a number of grasshoppers make use of one as a stepping stone on the way to liberty, still I could scarcely forgive the Oracle for throwing Dick's can over the wheel.

The Oracle was so named because he took such pleasure in listening to his own voice that he uttered many words of wisdom that we could have done without. If you did not hear him talking, it was because he was not there.

We reached the end of our fourteen mile drive before noon, and after lunch, some of the men went for the guide. The guide came with a fishing rod that made the men sit up. It was not so resplendent as mine, but they seemed to think it was rather fine, so he offered to lend it to any of the party. (He was getting a good fee.) of course they had to match pennies to settle it, and of course the small boy got it. That was all right, for Dick knew how to handle a fishing rod but the temptation to show us just how to use a fishing rod was too much for the Oracle. Kindly promising to show us how he had done it in Newfoundland, he calmly took up the rod and started for the little tributary of the Sissiboc, that we had named the Sissiboc.

This was too much for Dick. The loss of his bait was bad enough. He choked and spluttered with wrath, and as we followed in the wake of his placid foe, he gave me a full and detailed account of his feelings to ward that gentleman.

We went off up-stream. I was secretly eager to show what I could do, and I got up to a little clear, deep pool, where a point ran out. Here I stood, screened in a thick bunch of willow bushes.

I had been there a long time, and I had tried every art to entice unwary trout, but without success. I heard steps. I parted the bushes and

looked down stream. There was the Oracle, still with Dick's fishing rod.

A log stretched across the brook. He put one foot on it tentatively, then walked out. Just as he reached the middle, in some unaccountable way the log rolled. I have never seen anything so spontaneous as the spring he made in the air. He descended at full length, with a tumultuous splash, and his resonant voice rent the peaceful atmosphere.

Bright was his raiment and cured was his hair when he went down. He came up like Schiller's diver only what he held aloft in his hand was the coveted fishing-rod.

Sympathetic persons helped him ashore. A few sensitive souls retired precipitately, unable, presumably, to bear the sight of so much worth in such distress. Water dripped from his hair into his eyes, but his voice could be heard flowing on like a gramophone, while he explained just how and why that log had acted so perversely—but I had heard a rustle in the bushes, and I understood.

I was just preparing to give up in despair when Dick appeared. He wore a too innocent expression, slightly marred by a complacent grin.

I began at once and scolded severely. I wound up with: "I never thought you would do such a thing Dick. I don't like to think of what your father will say."

"Haven't you caught anything yet?" he asked, with much concern. "You can have my three biggest."

I recognized the bribe but how could I go back with nothing, but my resplendent fishing rod? The bargain was made.

We drove home in the moonlight. Dick was so quiet that his mother feared he had eaten too much lobster salad. I lived next door, so we got off together. Dick stood looking after the buckboard with such a chastened expression that I began to think I had been too hard on him.

I heard a reminiscent chuckle, "Gee, he was a sight," he remarked and went off to sleep the sleep of innocent childhood.

JULY

I am for the open meadows,
Open meadows full of sun,
Where the hot bee hugs the clover,
The hot breezes drop and run

I am for the mead hayfields
Open to the cloudless blue,
For the wide, unshadowed acres
Where the summer's poms renew;

Where the grass-tops gather purple,
Where the ox-eye daisies thrive
And the mendicants of summer
Laugh to feel themselves alive;

Where the bobolinks are merry,
Where the beetles bask and gleam,
Where above the powdered blossoms
Powdered moth-wings poise and dream.

Where the bead-eyed mice adventure
In the grass-roots green and dun,
Life is good and love is eager—
In the playgrounds of the sun.

—Charles G. D. Robers.



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CLIPPINGS

We clip the following from an article on Training in Public Speaking in the University Monthly: "Professor Jebb has well said that the Muse of Eloquence and the Muse of Liberty have always been twin sisters. It is a fact of history that, wherever oratory has flourished liberty, civilization and progress have been found. Where it has been neglected, there liberty has lost its hold. This being true, the orator or public speaker is a potent force in a democratic and progressive country like Canada. It follows also that he is essential to continued progress and the further development of democratic principles in our country.

Leadership, to a great extent, depends upon intellectual power. But intellectual power is largely a result of intellectual training. Consequently to college-bred men must naturally fall the leadership in our national life. But if college graduates are to assume this responsibility they must be adequately prepared for it in every particular. And since oratory is a condition of democratic life and government, it is necessary that they give due attention to public speaking for the convincing expression of their views upon such questions as may arise. It is almost unnecessary to add that the proper time for the student to secure a training in public speaking is during his college course.

HEROIC OUTLETS.

Let us (since life but little more contains
Than class-room joys and after-dinner-pains)
Expatiate free by means of rhyme
and rime
O'er all the realm of apricot
and prune.

A little honey is a dangerous thing;
The added water constitutes the sting.
What can enoble milk, or soup, or tea?
Alas! not all the water in the sea.

'Tis hard to judge if greater danger
lie in
In soup, or fish, potatoes, or the pie.

When waitresses spill tea down one's
spine,
To swear is human, to forgive divine.

Be not the first by whom the stew is
try'd;
The martyr was a hero, but he died.

The steward hath the feelings of a
man,
Don't criticize; be pleasant where
you can.

Beware concoctions served in dress-
ing-
grand
For gay-trim'd vessels oft bear
contraband.

Seek not the talking to monopolize;
The germ of wisdom is in looking
wise.

—McMaster's Monthly.

ADVICE TO UNDERGRADUATES.

Friends, faculty, fellow-students! Hear me for my cause and be patient that you may hear; believe me for my class and have respect for my class by hearing me; bear with me in my duty, and help me to impart

some wisdom to these young minds. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend-of these children, to him I say, that our love for them is no less than his. If then, that friend demand why we instruct these children, this is my answer,—

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

The Scroll.

THE OLD BRIDGE.

On the old, old bridge, with its crumbling stones
All covered with lichens red and gray
Two lovers were talking in sweet tones:
And we were they!

As he leaned to breathe in her willing ear
The love that he vowed would never die,
He called her his darling, his dove most dear,
And he was I!

She covered her face from the pale moonlight
With her trembling hands, but her eyes looked through,
And listened and listened with long delight:
And she was you!

On the old, old bridge, where the lichens rust,
Two lovers are learning the same old lore;
He tells his love, and she looks her trust:
But we are no more!
—Henry Van Dyke.

When a man first enters college he is some other than the first year. This fact I lay down as an axiom. He knows more at that time than he ever does afterwards, unless he is an extraordinary man. He has been through the Algebra and through Euclid; through the first Latin book and the first Greek book also, perhaps. He is brim full of opinions on various subjects. All freshmen are practically alike when they enter. Afterwards they begin to differentiate.

The Sophomore knows less than the Freshman, sometimes he thinks. He has some skill in eluding the vigilant eye. He needs it in our day. Sophomores are somewhat different from each other. Some of them begin to think of specializing. Partly this makes them different; partly it shows that they are different. The junior is not anybody. He is an appendage to the senior.

The Senior is a great man. He knows that it is all over with him after April, and he has his fling while there is a chance.

Bearing these things in mind, take this advice: Don't worry if everybody doesn't recognize you as the greatest man in the world, the coming genius you may be; but as a general rule each other fellow thinks that he is. There are many stars; sometimes they shoot. It is not evident where they go in that case.

Don't get skeptical in an ostentatious manner. It doesn't require great intellect to doubt. Believe anything or believe nothing as you will; someone else has done the same before you.

Remember there are five fields of activity in college life—that of the curriculum, debating, athletics, the

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literary, the social. It is not necessary for you to write, speak, play football, shine and plug all at once.

Probably you think college doesn't pay. I never said it did. I couldn't swear that life pays anyhow. But the great majority of us are afraid to back out of it. So we stay around to see what will turn up next.

There is one man in college whom I commend to your notice. He is not known to be brilliant in anything. He has a moderate amount of money. He buys his own books, smokes his own tobacco. He sits back and considers. Everything that is told him he takes cum grano. He came here to consider. If there is an ideal college man, it is he. This man is a type. I am not personally acquainted with him. I believe he is here.

Reconsider your decision of throwing up your course. You might as well stay and finish it out. You can kill as much time here in four years as elsewhere.

FORGET IT

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in

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anguished be bowed.
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away

In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day

In the dark, and whose showing

Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy

Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,

That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy

A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,

It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Exchange.

So you're 'way down in the dumps—

Blue, you say?

Think you've played out all your trumps?

Oh, go 'way!

It's not like a game of poker;

In this game you use the Joker;

It's the card you hold the lonnest;

It's the one you find the stronnest;

Laugh, and drive the blues away!

Laugh, I say!



THE TEACHER IN THE WEST

(Continued from Page Three.)

being sold for taxes, but the people believed that four teachers could do better work than three, that higher salaries means better service and that it paid to have their school building as well equipped and as satisfactory as possible.

The salaries in this school for three teachers, janitor and health officer totalled \$3780; an average of thirty dollars in salaries alone being spent on each child and they planned to and did increase that amount. How many school districts in Nova Scotia can show a like appreciation of the value of a common school education? The blame lies at the door of the school boards elected with the primary purpose of keeping down the tax rates and the people who elect such boards. Winnipeg led in the installation of sanitary drinking fountains. Nearly all Western towns have followed her example. How many Nova Scotia schools have them? I know of one town in Nova Scotia where it took the principal eight years pleading to get them. How many town schools in the province have the slate walls and cement floors in the boys' lavatories which are the only sanitary arrangement. Practically all Western town schools are so equipped.

High Standard Required.

But if the average Western school board furnishes a better plant and pays a higher salary than the Eastern I think they are more exacting in what they demand on the part of the teacher. They are ready to pay for good service, and, being ready, they demand it. Trustees and parents seldom visit the school. Their attitude is, "You are a teacher, it is your business, not ours to know how to teach. We leave you alone, give you a free hand, accord you all reasonable support, yours is the responsibility. The inspector knows your business, we base our opinion on his report and on our observation of the out-of-school behavior and general improvement of your pupils. It is up to you." And they don't believe in making allowances or in second chances, the incompetent or weak is dismissed. There may be a certain amount of

injustice in this. A primary teacher normal trained but of no previous experience, a hard worker, was visited on a day when she was not at all well. Furthermore it was one of those days when everything seems to go wrong. His report to the trustees was naturally misleading and she was dismissed although the principal and secretary of the school board argued against it and both gave her splendid recommendations.

Many rural school boards know very little about the school system of their adopted province. A young teacher of eighteen or so alighting at a small station asked "Where is the school?" "There is none," was the reply, "we are Americans and know nothing of your schools, but if you tell us what you want we'll get it." For two weeks that young lady taught on a barn floor with planks laid across barrels for desks and lower ones for seats. At the end of that time the building was ready and the equipment installed.

The Teacher's Authority.

There is one characteristic of the Western parent which is sometimes lacking in the Eastern and that is his readiness to uphold the authority of the teacher in all matters of discipline. It may be unusual but I have seen and heard of Eastern parents criticizing teachers in the hearing of their children. Often as I have known of it in the East I have never known of a case in the West. They seem better to realize the trouble it will cause. Not only does the Western parent uphold the teacher's authority but most of them compel regular attendance. With an enrollment of twenty-six I have had monthly averages of twenty-four and twenty-five. Especially is this true of "foreigners" of that class who have not possessed the same advantages at home. With them the teacher's word is all powerful and their support is almost unquestioning.

And it is the children of these same foreigners who make the best pupils. Slow bladders though many of them are they are uniformly ambitious and amenable to discipline. Particularly is this true in rural schools where they comprise the most of the school population. In town schools the independent attitude of the native Canadian or American

child often affects them adversely making them sullen and stubborn. But as a rule they are the most ambitious of students, and, despite language difficulties, it is a pleasure to teach them. Two of our recent Western Rhodes scholars were "foreigners".

A chief characteristic of the American or Canadian in the West is his spirit of independence, an each for himself spirit. This attitude of independence frequently descends to his sons, in an exaggerated form, making them very impatient at school restraint. Of all children the children of American parents are the least amenable to discipline and the most troublesome and dishonest of pupils. Europeans coming to the West are seeking a new home, a comfortable living, a new freedom. Most Americans coming to the West are seeking wealth and pleasure. The attitude is reflected in their children the children of the latter thinking more of earning a few cents in order to go to "a show" than of their studies and, when in school they pay more attention to the obviously utilitarian subjects. The children of the former, on the other hand are good students in all subjects and such money as they earn out of school hours is more carefully saved. They, too, can be more relied upon to prepare their home work, attend regularly, listen attentively and at all times are very truthful.

CAESAR

I

Caesar was determined bellum to declare,
Britannos to extinguish quod erat unfair;
And in a magnam iter vastare near and far
So imperat aurigae ut parat motot car.

Militet paraded sagittas pointed new
Emovit deinhe rifles bullets not a few.

Dat his wife an oculum, eripuit his bag,
Hired equum carrumque ut portaret off the swag.

Transivit then the channel, qua omnes will acre
Id non est saluber jactri on the sea,

Caesar nunc infelix esse vult terram
Reclinans super bulwarks exclamavit
dam.
Britanniam attingit sed statim on the shore
Britanni woaded hopping optantes
Caesar's gore
Per paucos dies mansit et aestuavit
their grain
Ad naves se receipt celeriter again,

II

Caesar valde seuduit regnum to obtain
So ad senatum venit per prima luce train,
He kissed uxorem flentem quod habuit a dream,
"Culpa too much cucumeris dyspepsia
tica you seem."

"Now saive, bone Caesar," yell cives
in a row.

Et omnes parvi pueri get ova bad to throw,
Cum sua toga round him, cum a voice
jutting out,
Cum naso all rubente audivit cohorts shout.

"Ah! Brutus, honnus dies a Caesaris
your hand,
Et aic est pal Metellus benignus atque bland;

What Casca, tua sica, my viscera to hack;
My Sabbath toga scissa, you simulacrum back.

Et hic est pal Metellus benignus atque I fear,

Why did I turn deaf aures to that veraci seer?

Valete, friends Romani, Caesari seruum flows.

Howl ye, good Quirites; invert meos toes.

The Student

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were thrilling upward in the night.

—The Ladder of St. Augustine.

Fame comes only when deserved,
and then is as inevitable as destiny,
for it is destiny.—Hyperion.

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ONE GIRLS WORK FOR THE STUDENTS' FUND

\$122 Collected by Miss Jessie MacDougall—A Splendid Example for Boys as Well as Girls.

Everyone who attended the students mass meeting in the Assembly Hall of the Business College last March, at which the Resolution to undertake this campaign was adopted, will remember the stand taken by the fair co-ed on that occasion. Miss Jessie MacDougall, President of Delta Gamma, expressed the desire and willingness of the girls of Dalhousie to assist in any possible way in raising the required funds.

That the girls were in earnest is proved by the fact that many of them before leaving for home, pledged themselves to collect certain amounts during the summer. It has also been apparent from the zeal with which many of them have entered into the campaign. One of the very first subscriptions handed in to the office here was obtained by one of the Dal. Girls in the city.

In our last issue we mentioned the fact that we had received, as we were going to press a report from Miss MacDougall herself of the work she had done. But we feel that it was so creditable that it is deserving of more than the mere mention which we could give it then.

Miss MacDougall is the only student that we have at present from the town of Parrishboro, and a number of cards were sent to her and she was asked to attend to them. As she had to leave for the West on June 23rd, she was obliged to carry on her campaign there before the week set. Her success is shown by the fact that she sent with her report a cheque for the sum of \$122.00.

This was the first report received from outside, and it certainly rejoiced the heart of the secretary. One hundred and twenty two dollars collected by one girl, since handed in, in a small town where she is the sole Dalhousie student, where there are a number of students from other Colleges and Dalhousie is practically unknown. That is surely a good beginning. If only each of the rest of us will do as well as Miss MacDougall has done, we will soon get our Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Miss MacDougall's report should be an inspiration and an encouragement to every one of us. When she, alone, could get \$122.00 in the face of the difficulties under which she labored, how much more should we who are more favorably situated, do? A little enterprise, a little determination and a little work, are all that are needed now to make our plan of a Students' Building into a reality by 1915.

Send in your subscription for the Students' Building. It will be appreciated whatever it may be.

Every man is a fool at least ten times a day. Wisdom consist in not exceeding the limit.—Exc.

PERSONNEL OF HALIFAX TEAMS

The Halifax Students and Alumni who took part in the campaign were divided into six teams, the personnel of which is given below. Team No. 2, of which Captain L. Stairs, Jr., was captain was "high time for the being several hundred dollars ahead of any of the others.

No. 1.

A. R. Lawrence, Captain.
G. R. Lorly,
H. G. Frame,
E. L. Dadwell,
W. G. Scriven,
H. A. Creighton,
C. M. Bayne,
R. C. Hawkins.
Alumni Members:
Prof. Murray Macneil,
W. T. Allen.

No. 2.

Frank D. Graham, B. A., Captain.
R. A. Clemon, M. A.
L. K. Smith,
J. M. Tobin,
W. M. Nelson, B. A.
Alumni Members:
G. H. Maxwell, B. A.
C. J. Burchell, L.L.B.

No. 3.

G. L. Stairs, Jr., Captain.
R. C. Macdonald,
G. M. Daley,
P. D. MacLarren,
J. G. D. Campbell.
Alumni Members:
Prof. E. Mackay,
C. H. Mitchell.

No. 4.

J. B. Hayes, B.A., B. Sc., Captain.
W. H. Chisholm,
J. R. Cornelius,
H. A. Allum,
C. A. Evans,
K. F. Woodbury,
J. McC. Stewart, B.A., L.L.B.
Alumni Members:
J. E. Read, B.A.,
R. M. Hattie, B.A.

No. 5.

R. D. Graham, L.L.B., Captain.
H. M. Stairs,
H. A. Wilson,
R. A. Gulliford, M.A.,
E. E. Day, B.A.,
A. G. Melvin.
Alumni Members:
Hon. A. K. Maclean,
A. R. Cobb.

No. 6.

R. J. Leslie, Captain.
R. H. Campbell,
C. H. Crosby,
C. J. Roche,
P. E. Andrews, B.A.,
H. D. Kemp,
W. E. Thompson, L.L.B.,
Geo. Henderson.

Every student should do something to help in this campaign. Have you done your share yet? If not, do

"A Students' Building by '15." What are you doing towards it?

THE CAMPAIGN

Now that the "shouting and tumult dies," one is able to look back on the past and to more fairly judge the work that was then in progress and the men behind it. As far as the work is concerned, there is not an exception or comparison to be made, but without doubt, and without unfairness to anyone in connection with the campaign, too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Fred Pearson, and E. C. Phinney, who were the generating forces of the organization.

Mr. Pearson was the backbone of the campaign. To him, the boys are indebted for the means with which to carry on the campaign. He supplied the rooms in the Chronicle Building where the teams met each day. It is through his generosity that we are enabled to issue THE DALHOUSTIAN, and he has since the inception of the campaign, furnished us with many ideas and schemes which have resulted in producing the cold cash.

Mr. E. C. Phinney, Secretary of the Campaign is undoubtedly a master of detail. He was up against a big proposition, involving an enormous amount of detail, and it is impossible for anyone except those directly connected with it to realize the multitude of details. It was work that required the closest attention, and during the campaign Mr. Phinney was on the job from eight in the morning till twelve at night.

The work of the boys is an example of the best Dalhousie spirit, which has never been equalled before in our college and seldom excelled in any other. This campaign for a Students' Building is a unique one, in that it was organized and is being carried out entirely by the student body. No other University has ever attempted such a scheme. One of the secrets of the splendid success which we had in Halifax, in the face of the many difficulties, was the excellent and judicious selection of the personnel of the teams. Every man gave up his work, sacrificed his valuable time for the week, and a more energetic, enthusiastic and influential body of students could not be found in any country.

With this combination of Mr. Pearson, Mr. Phinney and the boys the result attained in Halifax was undoubtedly the best possible. Halifax, ever generous, did well to give Dalhousie boys \$12,000 and if the other towns in Nova Scotia and the Maritime Provinces do their share, we will have our \$50,000 by October first.

All honor to the people of Halifax in giving the Students \$12,000, and in contributing it in so splendid a spirit of willingness. We wish to thank all the citizens of Halifax and Dartmouth, the corporations doing business in the city and the many friends elsewhere who came so generously to the support of Dalhousie. The boys can never forget the practical sympathy and genuine goodwill which Halifax has just given proof, and it will be their aim always to strengthen the friendly spirit of co-operation which now exists, and make Dalhousie a more attractive factor in the life of the community.

A. R. L.

The campaign to raise \$50,000.00 for a student's union at Dalhousie University started to-day all over Canada. At a meeting held at the Y. M. C. A., Charlottetown, on Friday the 3rd, instant the organization for the Island was completed. The meeting was large and enthusiastic, the men present being Dr. Fullerton, Ex-Governor MacTavish, Dr. Robertson and Theodore Ross.

Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. J. S. Roper of Halifax, a representative of the Alumni Society, addressed the meeting on the needs of the building and the organization scheme. Plans were exhibited of the new building and the new college grounds at St. John's, Halifax, which comprise a beautiful estate of 65 acres, situated on the North West Arm. The general feeling of the meeting was that \$5,000 or more could be raised throughout the Island from the monied men. Subscription cards were distributed and this week the leading citizens of the Island will be asked for their support. It is to be hoped that there will be a generous response as P. E. Island is closely affiliated with the college. Many of its sons have been graduates of Dalhousie and evidences of this are to be seen in the West, whether many of them have gone. We feel sure that P. E. I. will do its part toward making this campaign a success. Mr. Roper left town to-day for Summerside and Aberglen in the interests of the fund. He will return Wednesday.

LOGIC—AS SUCH.

Lobis is an art or a science or an artful science beguily invented by one Aristotle in order to confound the twelfth century.

A name is something which a lady of Billingsgate calls another lady of the same district.

A term is a period of from eight to eleven weeks in which more or less work is done.

A concept is a vague idea which occurs at exam. time.

A law of thought is a lucid remark stating A is A as if that were possible.

The Student.

CAMPAIGN WEEK IN HALIFAX

(Continued from Page One.)

In due to the direction of Mrs. Macneil and Mrs. Pearson an excellent lunch was served and the tired campaigners were refreshed both in mind and body.

The one thing lacking at this luncheon was the presence of Mr. Pearson who was unavoidably detained in Toronto.

Mr. G. S. Campbell Chairman of the Board of Governors and Mrs. Campbell who had just returned from Europe were present and after the wants of the inner man and been satisfied Mr. Campbell in a few words congratulated the boys on their success here and encouraged them to keep up the good work.

Mr. Phinney gave several reports which he had received from outside towns all of which were most gratifying. Then with three cheers for the hostesses and the others who had helped us the campaign ended with a rousing Dalhousie yell.

Altogether we have reason to be well satisfied with the result here. When we consider how many are the calls on the people of this city we realize that \$12,000 is a good sum for us to get from them.

Lists of names were prepared for the various teams, but in order that no one should be missed, these names were divided into sections. Each team was given certain sections of the city with instructions to call on everyone in that section whether or not their names were on their list. But in spite of this a large number were missed, some though not being at home and from other causes. It is not too late yet however, and if anyone who was missed wishes to send in a subscription it will be very welcome.