

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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## Editorial.

UPON the future of the graduate after leaving college so much has been said and written that there would seem to be little need for more words on this much-discussed yet all-important subject. But by reason of the tendency, which has lately become so prevalent, to discredit a course of training in the Liberal Arts as unfitting a man for success in professional or business life, we have ventured on these few remarks trusting that they will meet with the reader's indulgence if they fail to merit his approval.

From time to time in our academic history gifted preachers, learned professors and enthusiastic young valedictorians have told the sober senior about to leave his Alma Mater, of the great world lying open before him and of the heritage which is his to claim. For a few short hours, mayhap, he has his rosy dreams, and small wonder it is if the heart of the freshman in the rear of the hall beats faster, if his eye kindles and his breast (not to mention his head) swells, as he thinks of the great things to be. But addresses and papers all must have an end and then comes the matter-of-fact world.

A few days later, in some local paper, our student learns on the authority of a successful financier and millionaire

manufacturer, that the A. B. degree or, more accurately, the training leading to this degree, is a positive handicap to a successful career in the business world. Cabinet ministers who have had no college training, but who have in the course of a few years of office amassed large fortunes, are spoken of as worthy his imitation by the exceedingly righteous and good-living neighbours and friends among whom he has been reared. Is it any wonder that ideals are shattered, that the path of duty which seemed so clear before him now seems over-difficult and worse than all, quixotic? Why should he not join the ever-increasing throng whose god is business, whose life to the tried and struggling student seems so attractive, and whose labour is receiving at least a partial reward in the present? Unable to reconcile the conflicting statements, yet eager for success in life, many an undergraduate falls by the wayside, failing to discern what it is that makes for the success he desires.

It is not our purpose to urge the benefits of a college course to those who have already for weal or for woe made their decision and will soon be in a position to judge for themselves. Rather we shall endeavor to point out that the chief factor of success in business or in a profession is not training nor even special talent and adaptation. To the man of average ability the choice of a profession is not nearly so important as the determination with which he pursues his aim. Character and pluck have won in the past, while splendid abilities and rare gifts for a particular calling have been found wanting and have gone the way that leads to failure. It is the character element which is so often overlooked both by those who eulogize and by those who condemn college training in its influence on the graduate's career. Let our student choose his course with care, but let him, above all, remember the truth so well expressed by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"Be firm; one constant element in luck  
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck."

The success which will assuredly come with character and determination—and it matters little whether their possessor has had a college education or not—may not have the rose-colored tints of youth, or the the stored-up wealth of a fond

parent's dreams, but it will be the success which endures, and it will bring with it its own reward.

IN our opening number we announced a prize competition for matter both in prose and verse, open to all students of the University. The prizes offered were small, but the yearly surplus in the finances of the GAZETTE did not warrant a larger outlay, much to the regret of the editors. Our predecessors found that few would undertake the burden of writing from a sense of duty to their college paper. It now seems that Dalhousians will not exercise whatever of literary talent they may possess in the hope of a small pecuniary reward. The results from the competition just closed are decidedly disappointing in regard to the number of contributors. But to the saving few (some half dozen only) who were sufficiently interested to take part in the competition, we are indebted for compositions of uniformly good quality and of more than ordinary merit. The present issue contains the winning articles in each department as decided by a committee from members of the Faculty. It is to be hoped that our successors will find it possible to offer prizes much more generous, which will afford the winners a return more nearly commensurate with their labours. The GAZETTE must have the support of the student-body, literary as well as financial, if it is to keep pace with the growth of the University, and we are still of the opinion that a yearly prize competition can be made a most useful factor in its progress.

AFTER some discussion, it has been decided by the Editors to present the GAZETTE for the remainder of the year between changed covers. The design on the front is that used in the year '99-00, and, we believe, for some years before. Formerly, however, the printing was done in black on a yellow ground, but we trust that the present arrangement of the college colours on a white back-ground will meet with no less favor from students and graduates than the old. If a design is to be used at all, the one now adopted, being distinctively Dalhousian and drawn for the GAZETTE by a former student, should satisfy the requirements of the most loyal student or alumnus. Our sole aim in making this change is to bring the GAZETTE more closely in touch than before with the life and spirit of Dalhousie.

## Dei Philosophorum: A Suite of Sonnets.

### (I)—TO SOCRATES.

*Socrates should be regarded strictly as the greatest of secular teachers as such. He originated the method of induction and applied it purely as art in teaching. That he cared more for the application of the new method than for results or the truth itself is proved by the fact that he invariably quit a discussion without having reached a positive conclusion. The following sonnet celebrates Socrates as teacher par excellence.*

None marked thee mightiest master of the minds of men  
When thou, Arch-Doubter, beneath thy dubious disguise  
Of Nescience,—subtler than the wisdom of the Wise,—  
Sought'st not, with aid of creeds, or yet with pen  
(Veiling in dun vestments the living Word again)  
To trace the sacred Form that underlies  
All Good and Beauty, and, as Love in lovers' eyes  
Appears, transfigure Truth to the curious ken  
In her chaste loveliness. But thou, in mart,  
Or busy street, or bibulous banquet-hall,  
Or some secluded nook, wert wont to meet  
The wistful youth, where, gathered about thy feet,  
With eager speech alone thou taughtest all  
The magic ministry of the Teacher's Art.

### (II)—TO PLATO.

*Plato is neither an originator of philosophic method, as was Socrates, nor a profound thinker, as was Aristotle. He is, however, a supreme literary artist: in his "immortal parables" he appeals not to the intellect so much as to the moral or aesthetic imagination. He is the first European to conceive Utopia not elsewhere than on this earth. The following sonnet celebrates Plato as the Father of those who believe in and try to achieve a rational Communism or Democracy.*

O Master Plato, couldst thou be with us now  
Who wait upon thy thoughts and only dream  
Of that New City whose celestial scheme  
Thine inward vision scanned upon the brow  
Of God,—clear patterned there to teach men how  
To fashion Earth more fair and to redeem  
The World from thrall of things which only seem,—

Then would thy Faithful here no longer bow  
Abashed before the scornful crew: but they,  
When thy serene spirit before their eager eyes  
Shone steadfast as a beacon-star, would rise  
With triumph-psalms to greet each high destined day,  
And, in thy light, soon speed the final sway  
Of thy pure Word which unaccomplished lies.

### (III)—TO ARISTOTLE.

*Aristotle should be regarded as the profoundest thinker of all time. He is the originator of the encyclopedia of the sciences, empirical and philosophical; and he is the first to formulate such metaphysical concepts as of God as pure thought and of the Universe as immanent in the life of the Deity,—the basal concepts of modern spiritual monism. The following sonnet celebrates Aristotle as the author of the encyclopedia—and the "Master of all those Who Know."*

Long had I searched in deep Philosophy,—  
A novice in the quest of Truth. I wrought  
In all the lore of the Learned, but found her not.  
Then had I given to Ignorance fealty,  
When one came near and cried exultingly:  
"Wisdom have I from Aristotle brought:  
Seek now and thou shalt find her whom men sought,  
Alone and waiting in gracious majesty".  
O great-souled Stagirite, so god-like o'er all  
The realm of Truth thy vision's sweep, thy name  
Needs not the glory of frescoed coronal  
Or royal monument. As the seasons go  
Immutable shall stand thine ancient fame,  
And the Wise recrown thee Master of those who Know.

J. D. LOGAN.

NEW YORK CITY.

### "A Hand at Pedro."

It had been my unfortunate lot to be always in trouble, in "hot water," as the tea-wives say. Not that I had any unusual capacity for mischief and mischief-making, but rather that fate seemed to have marked me out as one of her elect. While attending an eastern college it was solely by chance that I happened to run across some plotters who were planning to give the faculty a "Christmas box." Just what the nature of this "box" was it would perhaps be unwise for me to state; suffice to say, that with several others I was caught red-handed in the "presentation," and without more ado expelled from college. Thus I was sent a-roving, and my friends, imitating the example of the college Senate, shipped me off to the West, for a change of air they said, but, in reality, to prevent his Satanic Holiness from putting in a premature claim.

It was under these conditions that I enlisted in the N. W. M. P. at Banff, and with several others was sent to Edmonton. We had not been there more than a day or two when one morning the Chief of Police came hurriedly into our quarters and informed us that he had a warrant for the arrest of Hiebert, a cattle rustler, who was known throughout Alberta as "The Cormorant," on account of the unusual success which he had.

"I shall take you, Jackson, and you, Brenton," he said, addressing myself.

In half an hour we were ready and mounted, and as we followed the well-beaten trail westward, he gave us some further details about the cattle-thief.

He had been first of all a bank clerk, afterwards an actor in vaudeville, and now, to cap the matter, he was engaged in cattle stealing. One week you would hear of him at Innisfail, the next at Sturgeon, but he left everywhere the same trail behind him. Strange to say, he worked without confederates. Information had been brought that he was in hiding somewhere near the Blue Nose Hills.

The trail followed now over swamp land made passable by rough corduroy or again emerged into the open prairie, which tending to hilliness was here and there covered with clumps of poplar and willow. At sunset of the short winter day we struck northward, and the Chief of Police Weber informed us we were nearing our destination. The district was sparsely settled as we found, and the long jagged ridge of hills shut out the outside world completely.

"Now, lads," Weber said, as we loped easily along, "we have every need of caution. I don't imagine he will try fire-arms, he isn't that kind. He will depend on his shrewdness to get him off, and we'll have to watch every mother's son that we see from now on. It was over in that house yonder where he was last seen." He pulled his horse down to a walk as he finished speaking, and we did likewise.

We followed the direction of his whip and had no difficulty in distinguishing a barn-like structure a mile or so away, with short roof and high walls, not at all like the turf-covered shack which one usually sees in new districts of Northern Alberta. On nearer approach, however, we found that this building was merely an annex to the real house behind it, which it screened from view, and with which it formed an ell.

"To-morrow we will search the premises over if we do not see him before," the Chief of Police said, as we turned up the path from the creek to the house.

Our knock was answered by a stout middle-aged French woman with a rather red face, who inquired in broken English what we wanted. Weber replied that we were on our way to the next settlement and being overtaken by night without any acquaintance with the country, would be glad to remain over-night if we were not inconveniencing them.

The conversation brought to the door a young woman, hardly more than a girl indeed. She spoke good English however with only a slight French accent. She acted as interpreter for us and after an animated conversation between the women (the import of which we could only guess) emphasized by many gestures on the part of madame, the girl answered,

"Our quarters as you see M'sieurs are very small, but if you care to remain we shall do our best to provide lodgings for you.

You will find an empty shack behind that clump of trees where you may stable your horses."

It did not escape our observation and we spoke of it afterwards, that as the door closed the shrill voice of a child cried "Les hommes!" "Les hommes!" but whether in surprise or fear we could not tell.

Having seen to our horses we returned to the house and found that Mademoiselle had prepared supper for us in our absence.

"I knew Messieurs would be hungry," she said as we entered. "Ach, you men have such appetites," with a pretty affectation of dismay; and in the end you eat us alive too, *mèchants hommes*," dropping her eyes to the floor.

While we were dining on partridge done just to a turn with that judicious mixture of broiling and basting, a trick à la table which the French chef has all her own, we had leisure to survey the interior of the house. It consisted of an outer room or kitchen with an inner apartment used as a sitting-room. Both were inexpensively though tastefully furnished and gave the impression that the people of the house had seen better days.

In conversation with the young lady after supper we learned that they had come originally from the Southern States, and had spent some years in British Columbia before settling in the North West. Her father, she told us, had been a sea-captain for many years, but while in British Columbia had been struck on the head by a broken spar, from the effects of which he had never recovered either in mind or body.

From the discussion of family matters the conversation drifted to general topics. Jokes went freely round, and Mademoiselle showed herself a past mistress in the art of repartee. So the evening passed merrily. Even Weber, hardened to the wiles of women by years of experience, seemed merely a child in the hands of this girl who had scarcely passed her teens.

"We shall leave you for a few moments Messieurs," she said at length. "We always say the beads with papa. He seems to understand, you know, and he always joins us in the responses." The women then withdrew to the chamber

immediately above our heads and were soon deep in their devotions.

A man's voice, thin and rasping as with age, was heard distinctly below. The words were repeated so rapidly, however, that even had we understood the language, we could not have distinguished more than a mere jumble of voices.

Some minutes later Mademoiselle came into the room. "I know you are tired after your days riding and will be glad to get to bed. I am sorry that your quarters are so crowded, but if you will spread these rugs on the floor you will be able to pass a fairly comfortable night. Good-night, M'sieurs, I hope you will rest well. You are not afraid of ghosts, I suppose," and she shrugged her shoulders expressively as she passed out of the room.

She had been gone perhaps a minute when she returned. "I hope poor papa will not disturb you. He is such a poor sleeper, papa; he walks in his sleep too. He has gone right outside sometimes. Of course the cold air always restores him. He has such a weak heart, poor papa, the doctors have advised us not to wake him, but just to watch him. So we take turns, mother and I"—and she was gone.

It was about three o'clock in the morning, I judge, when I heard footsteps on the stairs. I remembered what Mademoiselle had said and my curiosity to see the daddy of such an enchanting sprite, got the better of me. I crept softly to the door of the kitchen. A little white-haired man with sunken eyes and with the rolling gait of a middy appeared in the door-way of the stairs. He was half singing, half muttering to himself the words of the song:

"Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket  
And say a poor duffer lies low," etc.

I noticed then for the first time that Weber, by accident, had stretched himself directly in the path which one would take going from the stairway to the outer door of the kitchen. He turned in his sleep as the old man appeared, and I held my breath in suspense, fearing to waken the sleep-walker on the one hand and fearing on the other that he might sustain permanent injuries by falling over the body of Weber. But he avoided this danger as easily as Lobo did the snares, and was stepping carefully across the body of the Chief of Police

when the latter, coming up noiselessly to a sitting position, caught him in a sure tackle below the waist from behind. They rolled over together on the floor. In the scuffle which ensued a white haired mask rolled off, and below it was the face of Hiebert the cattle rustler, bland and smiling as usual. We soon made him a secure prisoner.

The language of Mademoiselle the next day was forceful and idiomatic rather than elegant, but to the credit of the Chief he did not twit her about her "dear papa" except to remark that he hoped the noise of the previous night had not alarmed him.

"So you got my pedro after all," Hiebert remarked, good-humoredly, as we rode back to town. If it hadn't been for this sprained ankle of mine I would have played you a different hand. As it is, you get the pedros and I get—the jug."

Weber had suspected the ruse of the sleep-walker and had stretched himself purposely in his path to see whether or not he would avoid him. The other incident of the story, the telling of the beads is thus made quite clear. Mademoiselle, in reality the wife of Hiebert, had taken this method of discussing the situation with her husband without exciting suspicion. As both spoke French fluently, the idea was a happy one, though the ending was otherwise, *Voilà tout*, as the French say.

R. B. F.

### To Leuconoe.

Translated from HORACE.

Seek not ! tis a thing forbidden what our destined doom may be,  
Vain the false Chaldean numbers, calmly bide, Leuconoe,  
Careless whether Jove may grant thee life for many winters more,  
Or e'en now thy last is dashing surges on the Tuscan shore.  
Yield to wisdom ! let the goblet sparkle dealing death to care !  
All too brief the span of life, and hope deferred is but despair ;  
While we speak, the envious hours hurry by on pauseless wing,  
Seize to-day ! with heart unfeared what to-morrow's sun may bring.

E. BLACKADDER.

### The Rolled Nugget.

FIRST PRIZE—BY JOHN WOOD.

The *Tunisian* plunged about in a stormy November sea off Inishtrahull. In a corner of her smoking room Wilkinson and I made ourselves cosy with our after-dinner coffee. As we chatted my companion curled himself on the lounge, and I braced myself against the table.

A week before we had seen the St. Lawrence in its autumnal beauty. At that season of the year I had looked forward to the voyage with something like apprehension, but the society of this returning globe trotter, with his reminiscences of his conversion to Buddhism, or of hanging-bees in New Mexico, made one sorry that it would be over so soon. Such versatile and entertaining conversation is not often vouchsafed in this age of specialization, and the days had flown.

Wilkinson's naturally dusky complexion almost black from exposure to sun and wind, his straight black hair and moustache, suggested the oriental although the nationality of his tweed suit and travelling cap, his accent and his clay pipe, was unmistakable—a Trinity jersey too,—he was unequivocally Irish.

I remarked that we would reach Liverpool the next afternoon. There was a grunt of satisfaction in reply, and then it occurred to me that fifteen years before in November I had spent a holiday at Inishtrahull. There being nothing better to say at the moment I mentioned the fact to my friend.

He had finished his coffee and, after he had lighted his pipe, he sat up. "Fifteen years ago," he said absently, as though preoccupied by a flood of recollection, "I was on a ranch in Kansas—stuck it out there for eight years without wearing a collar, and when I did put one on I went to bed early to take t off."

Hoping he would go on I encouraged him ; "you've been in Canada" I ventured. There were ranches in Canada ; besides he had often spoken of the North, so my venture was better than a guess.

"Yes," he said, and the tone implied an interest which besought a confidant; so I settled back to enjoy what was coming.

After two or three retrospective puffs Wilkinson went on:

"After I got used to a collar again, I drifted up to British Columbia. I got into copper, and made some money. It was good money, but there wasn't enough of it. Later on I took the gold fever. Those were the early days of the Klondike boom, so I sold out my claim and smelter, and went to Alaska. It gives me pain to think of those years. To be brief, I came down to Vancouver, after the second winter, with five hundred dollars. Maybe the experience in the Yukon has been valuable, but the bites—fly-bites in summer and frost-bites in winter—were irritating.

"Impulse took me east on the C. P. R. It would have landed me in Montreal, but fate deposited me at Biscorasing. The train got messed up there, and I couldn't walk for two weeks. The old agent of the road, who had the only house in the place, put me up, and, as I hadn't any plans, I didn't worry. The hum-drum life appealed to me. Existence was untrammelled and delicious. My quarters were comfortable; the old man's cooking was better than I had been used to; the economy of it all suited my attenuated purse. I suppose I might have been there yet if something hadn't happened. Do you see that?"

He passed me what at first sight appeared to be a very massive gold pen, but on closer examination, it proved to be a sheet of gold rolled into a cylinder. It was about five inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

"It is a peculiar nugget, isn't it?" he continued noticing my curiosity. "The agent brought me that one day and a plan of a section of the Ogoki River along with it. I didn't see how the thing could be a nugget any more than you do, but he said it was and he told me a tale of an old prospector who came down from the north the first year the road went through and how he had been persuaded, as he expressed it, to take the gold and the plan for a ticket to the coast.

The plan showed a stretch of the Ogoki River near its headwaters. The agent told me that originally the Hudson Bay Company had dredged and panned the bottom of the stretch

shown in the plan, but at a bend in the river the gold had panned out. The company thought the gold was done, so they abandoned the claim. The prospector got the rights for a pittance and started in to look for the rest of it. At the bend where the river curved sharply round a hill there had been a landslide some time about fifty thousand years ago, so he concluded that the slide had changed the course of the river, and that the old course along with the gold-bearing sand had been covered up. He spent three years tunnelling into that mound of earth and stones but, though he found the river bed, he didn't find any more gold, except that nugget and a few ounces of dust which he picked up *below* the bend in the old diggings, a matter of two thousand dollars. Discouraged the miner made his way to Biscotasing, and while waiting for a west-bound train he related his experiences to the agent.

I bought the nugget and plan for two hundred dollars. The plan was drawn on H. B. Co. account paper, and on the lower left hand corner was a memorandum.

Wilkinson fished out his pocket book and held out a dirty piece of paper. It was yellow with age and tattered but the memorandum was legible.

"Ogoki River Gold Diggings.

Worked out September 2nd, 1879.

Yielded 87,343 oz.

G. WALLER, Foreman."

My fellow-voyager knocked out his pipe on the heel of his boot—a deliberative sign with him—and went on with his narrative without waiting for comment.

"There may not have been sufficient grounds for my belief that there was more. I may have placed too much importance on the fact that the prospector had found the nugget and a hundred ounces in the old workings, but I was convinced that gold was there, and my mind was made up to look for it.

As soon as I could move round I got an outfit, a canoe and two half-breeds, and started. Ten days later I was verifying the plan.

The gold region of the river bed extended two miles south-west of the bend, keeping a width roughly of a hundred yards. Rising ground extended to the north. It was studded

with blizzard-beaten monoliths, and bare even of jack pine. Beyond we saw mountains.

By the middle of September we had worked over seventy-six acres, distributing our tests from top to bottom of the two miles. We panned thirty-eight ounces of fine gold, which gave me four hundred ounces on my survey of eight hundred acres for the claim. Besides the dust, I found another nugget like that half a mile from the bend—a further confirmation that there was a treasure which had not been broached by either the company or the prospector.

That there was a continual supply of gold was palpable. It was eighteen years since the Hudson Bay people had deserted the diggings. The prospector had carried away the accumulation of seven years leaving eleven years to be accounted for. On my own estimate of what was then in the sand I calculated an annual deposit of thirty six ounces, but, as I could at most figure on twenty ounces a year from the prospector's experience, twenty-eight ounces as an annual maximum seemed reasonable. At that rate the 87 343 ounces taken out by the company had taken over three thousand years to accumulate.

It was not so easy to explain how nuggets happened to be rolled up like this.

I explored west of the bend before we left for the winter. The tunnels were still there and I could see that at one time there had been a tributary at the point. The old bed was full of quartz sand but not a penny-weight of gold. Above the bend the river flowed over a bed of smooth whin rock; but it was too late that year to go up further.

I arranged my mining rights at Ottawa, and the next spring returned with a crew of ten. The rest of the old sand gave us something under seven thousand dollars, but it was near enough. Our ultimate destination was the source of the river. Somewhere between the bend and the source I hoped to find the main deposit of the auriferous sand, and the explanation of the nugget.

We worked up to higher land. In the lower stretches the river was broad and shallow but in its upper waters the channel was contracted so that prospecting on the banks was difficult and often dangerous. A week before we arrived at

the headwaters, we made a portage round a water-fall that swirled down a gorge between two towering piles of granite, and then made a dizzy leap of three hundred feet. By that time the water was getting down to summer level, so that above the fall we were able to do some work in the shallows.

After we had worked up about five miles, we saw the yellowest sand in the world stretching before us. It might have been El Dorado, except that there were a few stunted firs instead of palm groves. The sand might have been yellower because the late afternoon sun shone on it as we approached, but we were all gold crazy, and our imaginations had prepared us for anything.

We drove stakes that night. Every preparation was made for a long stay, and the dawn saw every man in the outfit at the sand, with shovel and pan. Nobody stopped till night-fall, but there was no pay dirt. The third day we took food, and gave up altogether at dusk.

During my camp-fire pipe that evening it flashed on me that the water-fall must hold the secret. "Boys!" I exclaimed, "we must dam the river at the falls. The gold is somewhere, and it must be there."

The water had fallen so low that the damming was not a difficult matter. My object was to dry up the river below the falls, and get at the deposit which formed the source of supply to the old Hudson Bay workings. Probably the fall had been stirring up the golden sand since the time of Abraham. But while we waited for the lower river to drain off, possibilities that I hadn't thought of before suggested themselves.

It was possible, even probable, that the gold had been all washed away, or that it oozed out of some quicksand at the rate of twenty-eight ounces a year. The oozing idea particularly troubled me. It seemed so plausible as an explanation of the annual deposit without any rich and accessible accumulation.

Before the lower river drained off, I walked out along the brink of the precipice, why, I don't remember, it must have been to get the view of the country to the south. Pierre Bonnet followed me. I was aware that the stone in the river bed was a quartz formation, and then a glitter caught my eye. Bonnet must have seen it at the same



time for he nearly went over the cliff in his eagerness to examine the metal. It was an exposed lead, five inches of pure gold in the quartz. After we had looked at it a while I remembered the nugget. I placed it on the gold in the rock and told Bonnet to look. He had been as much mystified as anybody, but when he saw the exact coincidence of the nugget's length and the width of the ribbon of gold he only waited for ten seconds before he said "Ice!" I came to the same conclusion.

Every spring the drive of ice with the rocks it collected on its course squeezed and ground through that gorge. Occasionally a heavier jam than usual took a shaving off the five inches of gold and rolled it into the shape you see there. My hopes about the sand in the lower river were not disappointed. The quartz along the ledge of the fall was corroded with pockets of gold and, of course, it had been gradually pulverized by the same grinding action of the ice floes. It was a huge natural crusher—a mill of the gods. When the sand was handled the gold ran through the fingers among quartz grains that resembled frozen pellets of milk. The corrosion must have been going on for centuries before it got down to the gold and the quartz. The evidences of that are plainly to be seen on the sides of the gorge. Just how long it is difficult to estimate—it's in the ten thousands of years.

Before we were compelled to leave for the winter we collected enough gold to sink double the number of our canoes, so there was nothing for it but to leave the bulk of the treasure behind, only taking with us as much as we could conveniently carry by canoe and portage for four hundred miles. The men, whom I had put on fortieths, abandoned everything but bare necessaries, in order to carry as much gold as possible. We were able, however, to land six thousand ounces at Biscotas-ing, which put us in funds for the winter.

We've been up there four years now. There are tunnels driven into each side of the gorge, one two hundred feet, the other a little less. It is more expensive mining than sifting sand, but the lead is rich, and shows no signs of petering out. The supply appears to be inexhaustible.

You must come down to Limerick when you have leisure," he concluded, "and we will go over the plans of the Ogoki Mines. The geognosy is fascinating.

Let's take a pipe on deck. I think we're round the corner."

### Library Notes.

A GRACEFUL ACT.—The old Officers' Garrison Library (now the "Cambridge") is a sort of little brother to Dalhousie, just as Pine Hill is a sort of big sister. The original endowment for the library and the college was the famous Castine Fund, "acquired" during the war of 1812. Now after a century and a half of occupation, the British Garrison is being withdrawn. In disposing of their library the committee have donated to Dalhousie nearly two hundred volumes now hard to obtain. The thanks of all Dalhousians are due to the committee of the Cambridge Library for their gift. The list follows.

#### ANNUAL REGISTER.

1759-1862.

#### ASIATIC ANNUAL REGISTER.

1799, 1800, 1803, 1805, 1806 (1), 1806 (2), 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810-II.

#### AMERICAN REGISTER.

1817 vols I. and II.

#### REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

Vols I to XVI.—Date, 1849 to 1852.

##### SECOND SERIES.

Vols I and II, V to XII (1853 to 1855.)

##### SECOND PERIOD.

Vols I to VII, (1856 to 1857.) Vols XIII, XIV, XV, (1856.) Vols XXII. to XXVIII. (1859 to 1860.)

Correspondance, Litteraire, Philosophique et Critique, adressée a un Souverain D'Allemagne depuis 1755 presqu'en 1769.

Par Le Baron De Grimm, et par Diderot, Paris 1813. 17 vols.

"Memoranda of a residence at the Court at London" by Richard Rush, envoy extraordinary from the United States from 1817 to 1825, Philadelphia 1833. 1 vol.

View of the Climate and Soil of the U. S. A, 1804. From the French of C. F. Volney. 1 vol.

"The Liberal" London 1822, edited by Leigh Hunt; contains Byron's "Vision of Judgment." 2 vols.

Voyages from Montreal in 1789 and 1793, by Alexander MacKenzie, New York 1903. 1 vol.

"L'Hermite de la Chaussee-D'Antin," vol: 1 (1811), vol: 2 (1812), vol: 4 (June to Dec. 1814), vol: 5 (Jan. to March 1814.)

"Guillaume le Franc-Parleur"—a continuation of the foregoing, vol: 1 (May to Dec. 1814), vol: 2 (January to July 1815.)

"L'Hermite de la Guiane"—a continuation of the foregoing, vol: 1, (July 1815 to July, 1816).

The foregoing seven volumes represent an attempt of the author to issue a periodical "Bulletin moral de la situation de Paris." (Vol. 1 of the series, p. 3, from 1811 to 1826.)

"Letters from Illinois," 1818, by Morris Birkbeck, 1 vol.

"Notes of a Journey in America," 1818, by Morris Birkbeck, 1 vol.

"Frankenstein" by Mrs. Shelley, 1818, 3 vols.

"The Last Man," by Mrs. Shelley, 1826, 3 vols.

William Cobbett's "Paper against Gold," being a series of 32 letters written between 1810 and 1815, "containing the History and Mystery of the Bank of England, the Funds, the Debt, the Sinking Fund, the Bank stoppage, the lowering and raising of the value of Paper Money, and showing that Taxation, Pauperism, Poverty, Misery and Crimes have all increased, and ever must increase, with a Funding System." 1 vol.

At a committee meeting of the Cambridge Library, held on the 10th of January, 1906, it was resolved that the foregoing books be presented to the Dalhousie University Library.

DALHOUSIANS REMEMBER.—The Library has also received from Mr. George Patterson, M. P. P., some twenty volumes of Canadian poetry, including Lampman's first volume of 1888, which gave him his reputation. This is a welcome addition to the Canadian Corner, which has languished since the death of the Philomathic Society. Another "good Dalhousian" paid us a visit during the summer, and said: "Make out a list of your wants." The list is in making, but it is short. "Everything."

### The Eternal Question.

First Prize—BY GEO. FARQUHAR.

Here at daylight was he lying,—riven, torn, convulsed with pain,  
Sometimes shrieking, sometimes praying,—weak in body, weak in brain.

Like the tarry pine knot flickering in its life blood's resinous fire,  
Swallowed almost in the blackness, now recovering, blazing higher,

Scattering shadows, scattering darkness, scattering damps and dews of  
night.

Rising, falling, fading, flickering, rousing 'gain to 'gin the fight;

Burning energies consumed, consuming more to hold the strife;  
Burning energy, burning substance, burning out the thews of life.

Till the substance—form no longer, nothing now but waste and breath—  
Turns to charcoal, turns to ashes, back to dust and back to death:

So the weakened form and spirit, as we lingered by his bed,  
Sinking, sank and flickered out—and he passed to join the dead.

Peaceful slumbers of the infant! See this cold and tranquil form!  
Past and gone are all its troubles, past the struggle, past the storm,

Past the haunts and homes of men, past the boundaries of this life,  
Out upon an untried pathway; is it rest or is it strife?

Onward in its path of progress, whither has the spirit gone?  
Oh if spirits we might follow, what perchance might we gaze on?

Does he mix with men and angels? Does he move among a throng,  
Who have trod our planet's circle, who have rolled our world along

In its upward march of onward to an unattained ideal?  
'Mid kindred souls of other times does he think and does he feel?

Does he gather, bold and fearless, cleansed of error; free from sin,  
In a land of finer physis, pure without, and pure within,

All the shattered wrecks of life complete, its headless columns crowned,  
The prodigal restored and whole, the lost one sought and found;

Bodies fine as finest fancies, spirits pure ethereal fire,  
Moving, circling, mixing, changing, changing ever into higher,

Onward, upward, ever nearer to the ever far-off goal  
Living in the laws of being, living Truth the life of soul ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Questions press and throng each other in their eagerness to ask,  
But from these dead lips no answer. Let us to our daily task.

CAL.

### A Reminiscence.

DEAR EDITOR:—As one of the original founders of the "Dalhousie College Gazette," I trust you will give this article regarding its early history, a small space in your valuable columns. It was in the Session and winter of 1868 that three young men, recent alumni of the University, formed the design to found a paper in connection with the University, which might serve as a bond of union between students and graduates, and afford a medium for the exchange of ideas and the communication of news regarding their *Alma Mater*. The names of these young men were: Mr. A. P. Seaton, then residing in Halifax, since deceased, Rev. Alexander Russell, at present Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Oyster Bay, N. Y., and your humble servant, the present writer. It was stated in the prospectus that the paper should be called the "Dalhousie College Gazette," and that it was established to further the interests of the students and graduates of the University. At the beginning of the Session the first issue of the paper appeared from the office of a Mr. McNab, at that time a job printer of the city. But it was not to be all smooth sailing. The paper, in fact, was born and nursed amid much difficulty and discouragement. A storm of opposition arose. Some thought the attempt to establish such a paper premature, others were probably ashamed of its small proportions, and would have liked something more pretentious, while others may have been actuated by motives of jealousy. But friends rallied round us, words of encouragement were often said and written, funds were forthcoming for its continued publication, and the result was that the opposition gradually died away and success ultimately crowned our

efforts. Most of the professors, notably Professors Lyall and DeMille, of precious memory, watched the movement with interest, and from the first, gave their sympathy and support. We still gratefully remember the kindness of Chief Justice Young, who was the first of our prominent public men to contribute to our pages and to encourage our juvenile effort at a time when encouragement was so much needed.

In his timely article, which was brimful of words of wisdom, there was one sentence which still lingers in our memory, and which experience and observation have only served to deepen: "The public," he wrote, "is an ass; but it is an ass which requires plenty of satisfying foods." We have watched ever since the progress of the GAZETTE with something of the interest with which the mother watches the growth of her child. We have been pleased to note from year to year, under the able management of its editorial staff, its pages enlarge, its editorials improve, its circulation extend, and its usefulness increase, until it has reached its present commanding position as a recognized factor in the development of university life and in cementing the ties which bind together students and graduates, dwelling in many lands and pursuing various professions, to their *alma mater*, of whose growing influence and reputation, as a great seat of learning, they are so justly proud.

We heartily wish you, Mr. Editor, and your associates, God-speed in your laudable efforts to make the GAZETTE more and more worthy of the University whose interests it so ably advocates and serves.

JOHN J. CAMERON.

"The Parsonage," Constable, N. Y.  
20th Dec, 1905.

### Experience Number 2.

The morning had dawned at last on which you were to make your bow to the college world,—the world that was to be your home for the next four winters. You hastened to look out of your window. A long row of tall houses set in a gray street running with water, greeted your gaze,—for it was raining as it only can rain in Halifax.

You made yourself as beautiful as possible with the small assistance nature gave you, and went down to breakfast where you met another girl who was about to make the plunge. It was with a favoring eye you noted her pretty face and figure. She seemed a very good sort even at first.

After the meal was over you unpacked your trunk, bravely holding back the tears as you removed the wrappings from the family group. You gave your hair a final slick and started off with your new-found friend in the direction of the college.

After a dismal walk through rain and fog, you arrived at a bleak building of red brick, which reared itself out of the mist, tall and lanky, wearing the look of a child who had grown too fast. You walked up the stone steps and stood before the great door. Beyond it lay the land of your hopes and dreams,—the place of great expectations.

The door swung open,—horrors, before you stretched a stone hall filled to the brim with boys! Of course you knew that there were boys at college but you hadn't expected to see the brazen creatures so soon. With burning face, you made haste to take sanctuary from the multitude of eyes behind a door on which was printed in big gilt letters:—"LADIES' WAITING ROOM."

You found that you had precipitated yourself into a room full of giggling girls; your face didn't get any cooler, as one of them, advancing, offered to help you fill out your application blank and did so, making many facetious remarks the while. You were introduced to two or three girls, new, like yourself, whom you have since tried and proved in many ways and found to be pure gold.

Soon a line of girls made their way across the hall into the President's office, yourself occupying as small and inconspicuous a place as possible among them. You handed in your fees, received a pink receipt, and followed the others into an adjoining room where you left your application blank and signed your name in a big book.

The worst was over. You turned and came out. At the door of the office you were met and greeted by an old graduate who hailed from the same place you did. You saw envious glances cast in your direction and heard one girl whisper to another in respectful tones: "She knows the Gibson man."

You and your friend were so anxious to begin that you went up to the class-rooms that morning and took stock of the various Professors. You were too shy to look at the boys then, but the feeling wore off after a few days—you could give a fairly accurate description of any of them now.

What voluminous letters you wrote home that year! What a great deal you learned, and what fine girls you met!

You held the graduating class in the deepest respect, and the professors were to you as the gods on Olympus. And yet you yourself, from being a senior, have become a graduate. It seems so strange that the girls of four years back can possibly have grown into the girls of to-day.

M. M.

### Sheaves from the Supernatural.

I do not know whether you will class the sheaf I am now about to tell you in the "Hamlet Ghost" series or not, but, in any event, it is so strange that I have deemed it worth relating. As before you will see there is no room to question its accuracy.

The Island of Scatterie lies on the extreme east of Cape Breton. For many years it was the principal fishing resort on that part of the coast. The fishermen went out there early in the spring and remained on the island until late in the fall. One day, old James Batesman remained on shore to cure what fish were on hand, while his two sons and a helper went out to the fishing grounds. He was spreading fish on the flakes, a young lad (the writer's brother) assisting him. They were working away quietly, when suddenly the old man stopped and looked seaward. The day was fine and the Atlantic rolled in a slow and heaving swell that scarcely broke upon the treacherous shoals at the entrance to Winging cove. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "the boys are comin' home early, and the boat is well down too. They must be havin' a good catch the day. You better get dinner ready at once." My brother went and began preparing dinner, but he had hardly begun when he heard the old man calling him out. "Come out Dannie, quick! put the boat off." He was running in the direction of the shore at the time, and my brother, fleet of foot, closed

with him. They rowed out to where he saw the boat go down, but there was no sign of it and nothing to indicate that one had been lost. The old man became very silent and grave, and with a heavy oar they pulled back to the shore. An hour or two later, the boys came home from the grounds, but nothing was told them of what had happened.

Every morning when they would go out, the old man heaved a sigh and followed the trim little craft until she would disappear from view, a tiny speck on the dim horizon. A load would seem to lift off his mind when, late in the afternoon, she would appear in the offing, heavily laden but gallantly working her way into the little cove that sheltered many a craft from the angry blasts which not infrequently swept over the face of the mighty deep. About three weeks after this incident, which my brother had almost forgotten, the boys went out one morning never to return. They were seen to leave the grounds a little earlier than the usual time because the wind was rising, and the sea was beginning to roll heavily along the coast. The storm came on quickly and before the boats reached land it was lashing itself in its wildest fury. Fishers who lived farther down the shore thought they saw a boat disappear off Winging cove, in the same place as they afterwards learned the old man had seen the phantom boat go down some weeks before. The blow was too heavy for the veteran fisher, and he came home to follow his two sons in a few months, a broken-hearted man.

M. 'OO.

### Praises our Football.

Mr. H. W. Brown, LL. B. '93, private secretary to the Minister of Militia, and a former Dalhousie football player, has kindly forwarded to the GAZETTE, a copy of the *Ottawa Evening Journal*, of December 18th, containing an article by Mr. James Muir, descriptive of Welsh Rugby. Mr. Muir was a member of the Watsonians when that team held the championship of Scotland, and in speaking of a game in which he played against Newport, the champion Welsh team of the day, says:

"The ball was no sooner in the scrimmage than they (Welsh)

heeled it out to their quarter-backs. One of the quarters fell back to form a fifth half, and then began the most bewildering passing I ever saw. The Welshmen never tucked the ball under the arm, nor did we after that match; they ran with it in both hands ready to pass to either side, and the passing was short, quick, sharp, and low, there was no long passing, and it was not mechanical. The ball kept travelling, and no one waited to be tackled before he passed. In contrast to the Scotch and Irish forwards the Welsh did little dribbling. The real feature of the Welsh play was that with the ball in the open the forwards began to work like half-backs. They broke up the scrimmage at once, joined in the attack, and began to give and take passes, showing that they could handle the ball just as well as the halves. The old truth of Rugby is that the man with the ball in his hands is more dangerous than he with it at his feet. All over it is safe to say that the fastest game I have ever seen is Canadian hockey and the next fastest is Rugby football as played in Wales. It is faster than lacrosse, and just as pretty. Association football, when played to perfection is a terribly fast game, but the Welshmen play Rugby faster."

Mr. Muir concludes by saying: "*The best football I have seen in Canada is played by Dalhousie University. I refereed their match with Montreal two years ago, and I liked their play immensely.*"

### Inter-Collegiate Hockey.

The formation of an Inter-collegiate Hockey League including the colleges of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, was accomplished at Truro, on Dec. 28th, and all exponents of athletics in the Maritime colleges will wish it every success. A trophy was offered for competition last year by the Hewson Co. of Amherst, but the efforts to form a league did not materialize, and the offer was renewed this season. The league has been formed in two divisions—one for N. S., and another for N. B.—and the winners of each division will play off for the championship.

Dalhousie, Mt. Allison, St. Francis Xavier and U. N. B. are the colleges represented, and Acadia and St. Joseph's will likely enter teams next season. This year Dalhousie plays the best two out of three games with St. Francis Xavier, on Jan. 26th, at Antigonish, Feb. 2nd, at Halifax, and a play-off if necessary, at a neutral rink. Only those members of the competing clubs who are attending at least three classes in their respective colleges, are eligible to play. Play up, Dalhousie!

The Inter-class League has again been formed. The D. A. A. C. has at last undertaken to defray the expenses, but now that we are to be represented by a college team, the number of games in the class-league has been reduced to six. The quality of the hockey should however improve, and the contests prove more interesting than ever.

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### Obituary.

REV. J. D. MACKAY, B. A., B. D.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to chronicle the death of the Rev. J. D. McKay, Presbyterian missionary of Demerara. On the evening of December 13th, he was returning to his residence from another part of his field of labour, when his boat was upset by a squall in the Essequibo River. Mr. McKay and his companion Mr. Cruikshanks, another missionary, perished in the current.

Mr. McKay was one of the most devoted young ministers of the Presbyterian church in Canada, and his labours as a missionary in Demerara had been eminently satisfactory. The board which appointed and had the oversight of his work, realize that they have sustained a blow that will be long and keenly felt.

He graduated from Dalhousie in 1894, and then took the degree of B. D. from Pine Hill College. He ministered acceptably to the congregation in Dorchester N. B. for a short time and was afterwards called to the Coburg Road Church in this city where he laboured with success until he felt impelled to respond to the call for missionaries in the foreign field. While

in Halifax he made many friends specially endearing himself himself to all who were under his charge.

During the two or three years that he was in Demerara, his work showed how well placed had been the confidence reposed in him. He mastered the details of his field, overcoming the difficulties of the language, becoming acquainted with the people, and displaying executive ability of a high order. No missionary from Nova Scotia was able more completely to perform the duties devolving on him.

The death of Mr. McKay in the very prime of manhood and at the outset of a missionary career that had so much of brilliant promise, will be deeply felt in the Presbyterian Church and in Demerara.

To his aged parents at Earltown, N. S., and to all other relatives and friends, the GAZETTE extends its heart-felt sympathy.

CHARLES STRANBERG LAWRENCE.

The many friends of Charles S. Lawrence, and especially the class of '05, who had been looking forward to his restoration to health sufficient to resume his course at Dalhousie, were surprised and shocked to learn of his death, which occurred in a Boston hospital on the 4th instant.

The story of his brief life is an interesting one. He was born in Boston in the year 1882, his father being a sea-captain. About the whole of his first eight years were spent upon the sea. At Taunton, Mass., his first school days were spent, and, in his twelfth year, the family removed to Hantsport, N. S., where the deceased passed through the High School. This High School course there was, however, interrupted by two long sea voyages, in which some of the principal ports of Europe were visited, as London, Liverpool, Antwerp, Hamburg, Dunkirk and Valencia.

In 1900 the deceased entered the First Year, Arts, Dalhousie, and after two years' successful work, took up the special course in English and History. At the end of his Third Year, however, ill-health compelled him to abandon his course,—temporarily, as he supposed and his friends hoped. After some months at the Kentville Sanitarium, he went to Saranac Lake, N. Y., where he remained six months, spending last summer

at home. In September last a specialist advised an operation. After spending several months at Claremont, N. H., in the hope of gaining strength,—but little improvement resulting, however, the operation was submitted to on December 27th. For some days his recovery was hoped for, but his strength failed, and death resulted on January 4th. His father was upon the sea at the time, and would not learn of the death of his son until the arrival of his ship at Buenos Ayres.

The deceased had good abilities as a student, and was one to whom his friends became warmly attached. This untimely termination of a promising career will be sincerely mourned by his class-mates and other friends.

To the family and friends the GAZETTE extends sincere sympathy.

### Personals.

Hon. Richard McBride, LL. B. '90, Premier of British Columbia, and one of Dalhousie's most prominent graduates, visited Halifax shortly before vacation. He was the guest of Dean Weldon.

G. S. Stairs, Dalhousie's first Rhodes Scholar, was chosen by his fellow Canadians to respond to the toast "Canada" at the banquet given by the Rhodes Trustees at Oxford.

P. J. Worsley, B. A. '00, LL. B. '03, has joined the firm of Robertson and Dickson of Edmonton. The firm name will now read: Robertson, Dickson and Worsley.

Among the Dalhousians in the Pacific Province are Miss E. M. Burris, B. A., '03, who is teaching in Kamloops; M. G. Archibald, M. D., C. M., '98, who is practising medicine at the same place, and Clarence Fulton, B. A., Principal of the schools at Vernon.

Rev. W. M. Grant, B. A., '01, M. A., '02, has accepted a call to Markham, Ont. Mr. Grant took his theological course at Knox, where he headed the list of last year's graduating class.

Barry W. Roscoe, LL.B., '03, was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia last month.

W. D. Tait, B. A., '05, now taking a post graduate course at Harvard, visited Halifax during the holidays.

The GAZETTE extends its congratulations to the following matriculants in the School of Matrimony:

Duncan Finlayson, B. A., '93, LL. B., '95., M. P. for Richmond County, and Miss E. M. Ballam, of Arichat;

Miss Ellen McKenzie, B. A., M. A. (Radcliffe) and B. H. Calkin, M. D., of Boston;

H. O. McLatchy, LL. B., '98, of Truro, and Miss Jennie Symons, of Halifax;

H. E. Blois, formerly of the class of '06, now teaching in the Halifax Industrial School, and Miss Jennie B. McMillan, of Sheet Harbor.

R. B. Hanson, LL. B., '01, has entered into partnership with A. R. Slipp, of Fredericton.

Readers of the GAZETTE will regret to learn that R. J. McInnis, B. A., '05, has been obliged to resign his position because of ill-health.

### Among our Exchanges.

Most students come to college with the preconceived idea that in the prescribed course of study alone will they find true education. The December No. of the Acadia Athenaeum, in a leader, points out that this is not the light in which a course at a college should be taken. There are, it says, patent extra-curriculum factors which the student would do well to regard at the beginning of his course. There is the aesthetic culture obtainable from natural environment, and there is the cultivation of the social side of our nature. Acadia is ambitious and her forward movements have brought that institution very conspicuously in the public eye within the past few years, and the *Athenaeum* is keeping will abreast of the institution's progress.

The *Allisonia* is published by the lady students of Mount Allison University, or to be more precise by the Eclectic Society. The November No. (the latest on our table) is a very

creditable production indeed. The leaders and articles are above the ordinary, and reflect much credit upon the staff. Our impression is that the *Allisonia* approaches nearer the ideal college paper than any on our exchange list.

"Catholic Literature" and "Sardou's Dante" are the leading articles for the month in the *Viatorian* (Bourbonnais, iii.) Both are well worth careful perusal.

Since our last review the *Observer* (Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown) has reached us. The No. contains an excellent cut of Theodore Ross, B. A., Professor of Biology and Physical Geography, who contributes an article on "Nature-study." Prof. Ross, it is needless to say, is a Dalhousian. "Historic Parallels" and the "Master-key of Knowledge" are other leading and ably-edited contributions.

The Christmas number of *The Argosy* contains an article by an undergraduate on "Hamlet's Defect of Will," and *The McMaster University Monthly* has another on "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso." While neither article is exhaustive, they are both interesting and the former at least shows decided views of the writer. These articles might well be suggestive of subjects for GAZETTE writers.

*The Acta Victoriana* is without doubt the best exchange on our table during the last month. This however, is only what we should expect since it is managed by the Alma Mater Society. The Christmas number is not behind some of the leading magazines. Among its contributors is Miss Annie Campbell Huestis, of Halifax.

*The University Monthly* (U. N. B.) has appeared in its usual neat and attractive form. Among our exchanges there is none which has more or better cuts than this monthly. An excellent cut of Principal Falconer appears in the Christmas number.

Other exchanges are:—*The Intercollegian*, *The Queen's University Journal*, *The School Bell Echoes*, *The Tooter*, *The Ottawa Campus*, *The Suburban*, *The Roaring Branch*, *The Presbyterian*, *The Trinity University Review*, *The Clarksville Index*, *The Student*, *The Sydney Academy Record*, *The Educational Review*, *The Briar Cliff Spectator*, *The Trinidad*

*Presbyterian*, *The Nova Scotia Normal*, *The Tiltonian*, *The Aegis*, *The Pharos*, *The Merchistonian*, *The Mitre*, *The Xaverian*, *The Niagara Index*, *King's College Record*, *The Manitoba College Journal*.

### College Notes.

LAW STUDENTS SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the Law Students' Society, held October 3rd, a committee consisting of Seller, Locke, MacIntosh, Murphy and Margeson was appointed to draft a constitution and bye-laws. A month later Charman, Morrison, Cameron, Cahan and Morine were delegated to arrange and secure lectures for certain additional law subjects.

A special meeting called on December 1st, to consider ways and means whereby the Faculty might be assisted in increasing the efficiency of the Law School, was largely attended. After an enthusiastic discussion, participated in by all present, the meeting decided to leave the matter in the hands of a committee who would report at a future date.

On December 9th the committee appointed to consider and arrange some scheme whereby a sum of money might be raised for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the Law School, having carefully considered the matter, recommended:

"That a minimum contribution of \$2.00 be collected from each student, and that subscriptions be solicited from each and every graduate, by circular or personal canvas."

This report was adopted and a committee consisting of Chisholm, Locke, Morrison, Barnett, Bailie, Morine and Margeson was appointed to proceed with the matter.

At a subsequent meeting A. N. Morine was chosen to captain the hockey team, and a levy of 50 cents authorized to defray necessary expenses.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.—December 2. The Speaker took the chair at 8 p. m. A. Fraser introduced an amendment to the C. C. Code. Ross (Finance Minister), after moving the House into Committee of Supply, introduced the Budget. Its chief features were abolition of the tariff, appropriation of railways telegraphs and express companies. Two battleships would be built and presented to Great Britain, and \$1,000,000 expended



in establishing rifle clubs. In the course of an admirable speech, Mr. Ross said: "At present Englishmen are taxed to protect Canada; Canadians are thus placed in a humiliating position. There are only two courses open to Canada,—annexation with the United States, or closer union with the mother country." A lively discussion followed. Craig, Margeson and Elliott defended, while Sterne, Charman and McIntosh opposed with keen criticism the Government's policy.

IN THE DALHOUSIE MOOT COURT:

Between—SVENDEN, (Plaintiff,) Appellant,

AND

WALLACE BRAOS, (Defendant,) Respondent.

This was an appeal from a judgment in the House of Lords, affirming the decision of the Court of Appeal of the Queens Bench Division which reversed the judgment of the Trial Judge, and was an action brought to have the expenses of reloading the cargo, and pilotage dues outwards declared the subjects of general distribution. The appellants on appeal claimed that,

1. The expenses were consequential upon a voluntary sacrifice for the benefit and safety of the cargo, and \$200. That the voluntary deviation to a port of refuge to effect repairs of damage caused by violence of the tempest is such a voluntary sacrifice for the safety and benefit of all concerned as to make the expenses a matter of general average contribution.

For the Respondent it was argued that.

(1.) All losses which arise in consequence of extraordinary sacrifice made or incurred for the preservation of the ship, and cargo comes within general average, and (2.) That the reloading cannot be said to be an act done for the preservation of the ship and cargo.

Craig and Thibault for appellant; Ross and Robertson for respondents.

WILSON VS WILSON.

This was an appeal from a judgment given in the court of probate at Truro. It was argued for the Appellant that.

The property in dispute belonged to William Wilson, the son of the intestate. Parson on Contract vol. 3 p. 359, and Smith and Snells chapters on the Statute of Frauds.

For the respondent it was argued that.

1. The S. of F. requires all agreements respecting land to be in writing:
2. That the court will not carry into effect a mere voluntary agreement or covenant, nor transfer property or to do any act.
3. That the estate created in the son is merely an estate at will which terminated with the death of the father.
4. The only way in which the S. of F. can be avoided is where there is sufficient act of part performance to justify an equity court in issuing a decree for specific performance.
5. Specific performance will only be decreed of a complete agreement.
6. Specific performance will be decreed when it is the only alternative.
7. Acts relied upon as part performance must be unequivocal, and referable only to the agreement itself.
8. The whole doctrine of specific performance is one of contract, and cannot be applied to a mere gift.
9. The property remains a part of the intestate's estate until a degree of specific performance has been applied for and granted.

Murphy and Morse for appellants; Power and Morine for respondents.

Y. M. C. A.—Rev. M. A. McKinnon, of Park St. Church, was the lecturer in Munro Room on Sunday, December 3rd. He chose as his subject "The Optimism of Tragedy." In his opening remarks, he outlined the interpretation of human tragedy given by Schopenhauer, who saw in tragedy only the ultimate triumph of the bad over the good. According to this philosopher, life for the good is not worth living. The lecturer then noticed in particular two tragedies, Sophocles' "Antigone" and Shakespeare's "Othello," in which Schopenhauer professed to find a basis for his pessimism. He pointed out the fact that in each case the destruction of the innocent was due to their own virtue not less than to the evil designs of their enemies. Antigone's death was brought about by the King, but her life would have been saved, if she had been less constant in her devotion to her brother's memory. Iago succeeded in his evil plot, but only by taking advantage of the devotion of Cassio, the honour of Othello and the boundless trust and confidence of the divine Desdemona. The chief teaching of these plays is, therefore, not the inevitable triumph of the bad, but the constancy of the good, and should lead to an optimistic rather than a pessimistic view of life. Dr. D. A. Murray occupied the chair, and at the close of the address conveyed to the lecturer the hearty thanks of the audience.

**SODALES.**—On December 1st the resolution was: "Resolved, that the Canadian Senate should be abolished." The resolution was moved by Mr. Cahan and seconded by Mr. Prowse. Messrs. Payzant and A Rettie opposed. Extempore speeches were made by Messrs. Macrae, Chisholm, Ross, E. Fraser, and Margeson. The vote resulted in favor of the supporters of the resolution.

**D. A. A. C.**—A special meeting of the Club was held on December 7th for the purpose of making hockey arrangements for the winter. A letter was read from the hockey committee of Mt. Allison asking the Club to send a representative to the Intercollegiate Hockey Conference. The appointment of the delegate was left to the executive. An inter-class hockey committee was appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the games of the Inter-Class League. The committee consists of Messrs. W. L. MacLean, R. W. Maclellan, A. Fraser, and J. H. Hearn.

On January 12th a meeting was called to complete the arrangements for the hockey leagues. A report of the inter-collegiate Conference was given by C. T. Baillie and adopted by the meeting. W. L. MacLean reported for the inter-class committee. The question of a grant from the Club's funds to the various class teams was discussed, and it was decided that the club bear the entire cost of the games of the Inter-Class League. Prof. Woodman spoke of the offer of a game with the New Zealand football team, but no definite information on the matter could be given. Mr. Charman gave notice that at the next annual meeting, he would move to add Sec. 25 to the by-laws, making it read, "None but bona-fide students of Dalhousie University shall be eligible for a place on any athletic team of this Club."

**U. S. C.**—A special meeting was held on December 4th, to receive the report of the Executive Committee on the matter of the Spring Convocation and the proposed changes in the proceedings of that week. The Secretary, in his report, said that the Executive believed that the changes suggested by the Alumni would make Convocation week of greater interest than heretofore. The report was adopted, and the Executive was requested to lay the report before the Alumni Association, and to make all necessary arrangements for Convocation.

**ARTS AND SCIENCE STUDENTS' SOCIETY.**—On December 1st the subject for debate was: "*Resolved*, that the system of Consolidated Schools should be adopted in Canada." The speakers in favor of the resolution were Messrs. Sinclair and Cameron, while Messrs. J. F. Cahan and McColough opposed. The general discussion was joined in by Messrs. King, Powers, Lawrence, Crowell, Malcolm, Archibald, McKenzie, McKay, Prowse, Murray and Morrison. W. P. Grant acted as critic. The vote resulted in favor of the supporters of the resolution.

**ENGINEERING SOCIETY.**—The first regular meeting of the society was held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 14th. The Society was fortunate in securing as lecturers at this meeting, two members of the engineering staff, Prof. Sexton and Prof. Jack. Prof. Sexton spoke on, "The Water power of Niagara," and in an exceedingly interesting address, explained how the immense stores of energy in the great falls are being drawn on to furnish light and power to many of the neighbouring towns and cities. The lecture was accompanied by interesting lantern views of Niagara and its surroundings. Prof. Jack's address was on "The management of the Engineering Camps," a subject of especial interest to his audience. He illustrated his address with a number of good views of camp life and camp work. The meeting was largely attended by the Engineers and students of the other faculties. The Engineering department is to be congratulated on the organization of a society which promises to be of such great practical benefit to its members as well as one of the most prosperous of our college societies.

**THEATRE NIGHT.**—Owing to the late conclusion of the football campaign, the annual Dalhousie Theatre Night was postponed to a date later than usual in former years, and it was feared that the near approach of the Christmas examinations would interfere with the success of the occasion. These fears, however, proved groundless, and the Theatre Night of December 8th suffered nothing in comparison with those of previous years. An energetic committee spared neither time nor pains to make the event an enjoyable one, and their efforts were attended with conspicuous success. The new features introduced into the entertainment were well carried through.

and were duly appreciated. A word of criticism, however, might not be out of place with regard to the choruses, many of which were anything but heartily rendered. Several of the songs had not the life to them which we would expect from a student body. An improvement might be made by having a good, strong central body of singers, who would act as leaders, and thus more volume would be given to the choruses, which form an essential part of such a performance.

### Dallusiensia.

J. H. H—rn (to Doc R—d, interrupting him while making after dinner speech):

“Who’s making this speech, you or I?”

Doc.—“Neither.”

C. B. C—m—r—n at “Break Up”:

“Do you know the two-step? I am afraid to try it here in the crowd; let us go down to the dark end of the corridor and try it.”

Dr. F—rr—st, in Pol. Econ.—“One man rises by industry and attention to business, while the other sweeps floors and makes fires, and *makes fires to the end of time.*”

Homesick Freshman to President F.—“Have you any tickets for home by the South-western Railway!”

Lady, after “Theatre Night.”—“Why were you boys shouting, “Sw—ns—n,” and “J. W. G. M—rr—s—n?”

Tutor in Latin.—“What is the first singular present subj. of *do*?”

Freshette (carelessly).—“*Dem.*”

Tutor (when recovered from shock).—“Oh! Be careful of your vowel sounds.”

Doc. R—d.—“I d—d—don’t want any space in the GAZETTE this year. You can give it to the f—f—freshmen.”

### EXAMINATION GEMS.

“A valid syllogism has only three terms, because the syllogism is valid.”

“Who marked his “books,” Vol. I.” and “Vol. II.?”

“The devil in the old morality play was dressed in black and yellow.”

D. A. C—m—r—n (after writing three pages in answer to “Sketch career of Decius”).—“Say, boys, who was Decius, anyway?”

Examiner.—“Some try to make a pass by throwing dust in the eyes of the examiner—but they forget that he wears glasses.”

“Haeret haec res.”—“This thing sticks in my crop.”

D—yl— (in lecture on wills).—“Well, Mr. H—nry, how would X. be in this case!” (Stating facts.)

Lecturer.—“Did he die intestate?”

D—yl.—“No, I think he died in Mexico.”

The following was picked up in the Law Lib.

Monday—Reading Tremeer and C. C. C.

Tuesday—A. M. and P. M. devoted to Torts, evening to Const. Hist.

Wednesday—Reviewing cases on Contracts and Anson.

Thursday—Const. Hist. and Torts.

Programme to be carried out.

“Labor vincit omnia?”

Pine Hiller.—“Did you see Miss ——— while in New Glasgow!”

C. B. C—m—r—n.—“Yes, I saw her out walking with her *financier*.”

B—rque (at “Break Up”).—“No, I don’t dance now. I used to formerly, but since coming to College my ideal of dancing is higher. I’m taking lessons now, so that next year all the girls will want to dance with me.”

Demure Freshette to Junior.—“Do you know E. A. M—nr—? He’s awfully nice, and a great talker. And do you know, while we were talking for a whole evening, he never said a word against freshmen or *freshettes*.” Come, E. A., explain.

Student in Phil. I.—“Are there more of these brain-cell explosions in youth than in old age?”

Walter.—“Youth is the most explosive of all ages.”

J. M. St—w—rt, on Jan. 9th.—“Gee! Those girls got some swell dresses during the holidays.”

Dr. Fo—r—st, in Hist. I., peering over glasses.—“Ahem! I do wish this talking would stop, Ahem! I hate to speak about it. *I never like to speak to ladies.*”

#### A STUDENT.

When Exam. is over.—“A first, I believe.”

First week.—“A second, I think.”

Second week.—“Oh, I guess I made a pass.”

Monday.—“Don’t care if I did fail. Lots of good students have had passes, ever honour men.”

Tuesday.—“Why, a pluck just serves to show that a fellow is not a book-worm, and, later, that he has *ability* and is *able* to make up. In fact, to fail once in a while is really a sign of genius. Scott often failed.”

Wednesday (jumping frantically around the halls).—“I’m through! I’m through!”

Prof. of Philosophy (calling roll).—“Is any one present who is absent?”

Freshman (English Exam.)—“*Female undertaker—a man who made fancy underwear for—(Time’s up. Could have answered all if I had had time.)*”

The train is steaming along; a Sophette in one seat, is reading “The Gambler”; a Freshette opposite her is calmly chewing her gum and keeping time with her feet which are out in the aisle. As the train draws up at a crowded

station, the Sophette exclaims: “For mercy’s sake, take that gum out of your mouth, and put your feet in!!!”

Who ever thought of a “hug” as a “round-about way of showing affection?” Such, however, was the idea expressed by the First Year man in the English class the other day.—*O. A. C. Review.*



#### Business Notices.

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Some subscribers have sent us in money and asked for receipts. The Business Manager has kept the money and returned no receipt. Acknowledgment in the columns of the GAZETTE constitutes receipt. The Business Manager's salary is small, and the GAZETTE funds are not large. Therefore, to avoid paying postage, we take this plan of acknowledging in the columns of the GAZETTE money received.

One other thing we must call attention to. Some subscribers are over five dollars in arrears, and have sent no reply to the accounts forwarded them. All such subscribers who do not pay up in the meantime will be struck off the GAZETTE mailing list before the February number is issued.

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