



# The Dalhousie Gazette.

**HALIFAX, N. S.**

**July 14, 1909.**

**Vol. XLI. Nos. 9 & 10.**

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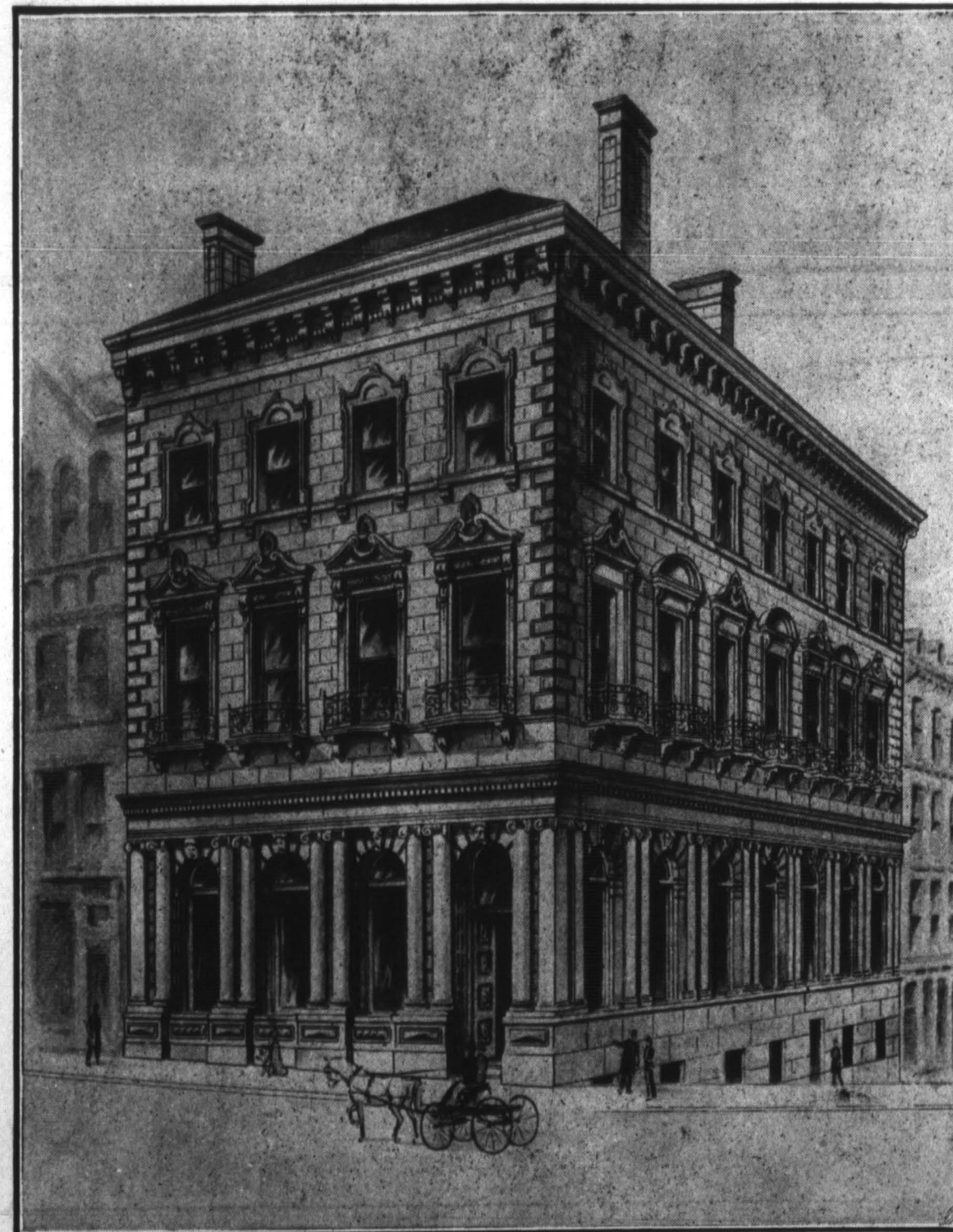
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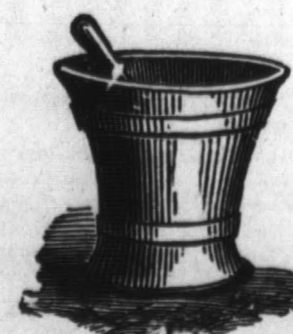
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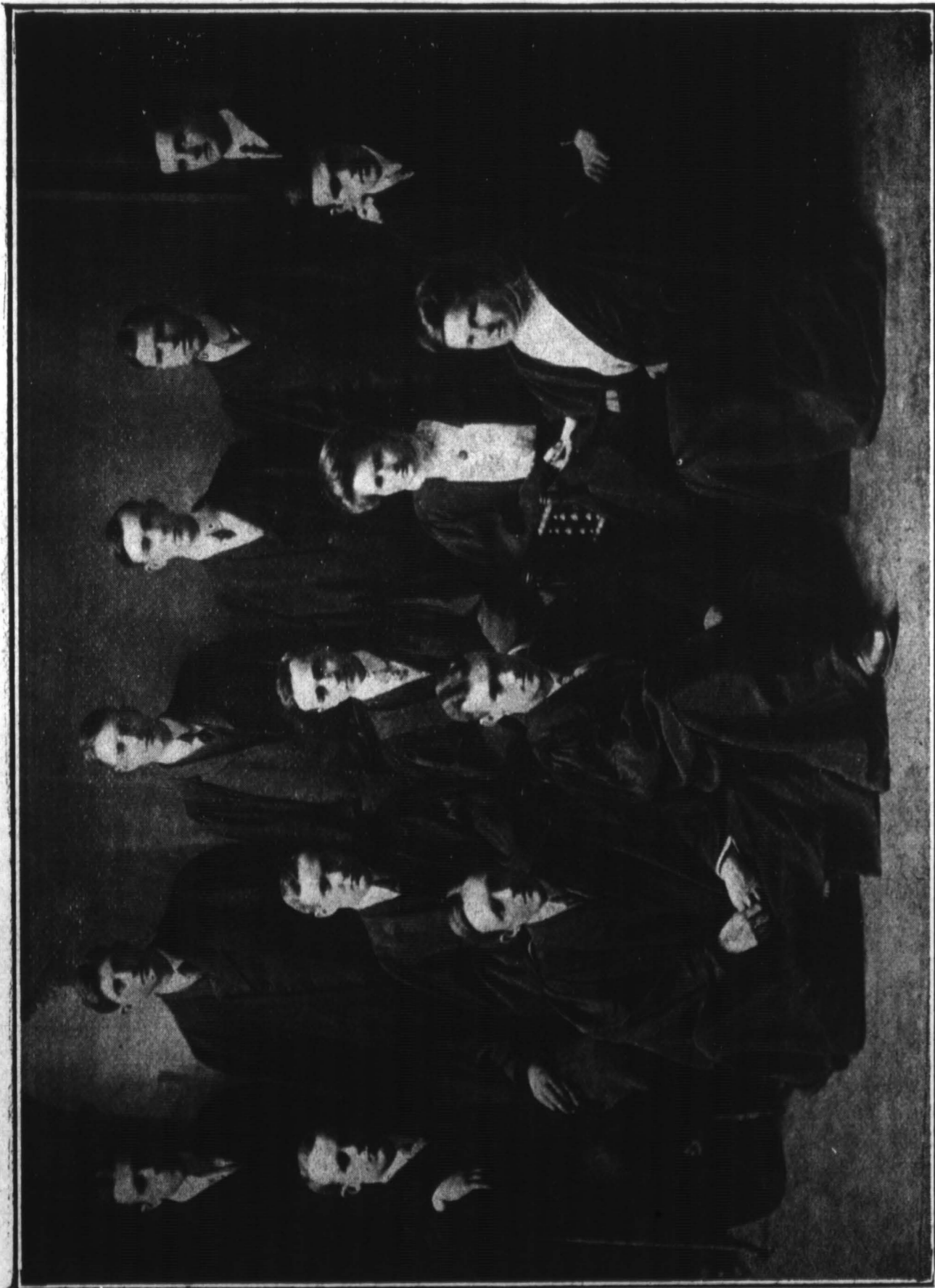
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# The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

Vol. LI.

HALIFAX, N. S., JULY 14, 1909.

No. 9. & 10.

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## Editorial.

THE "Baccalaureate Sermon" has established itself as a permanent part of the closing exercises of Dalhousie; this term, the Reverend A. Thompson, D. D. V. G., Glace Bay, C. B. was chosen for the occasion. The Reverend Doctor very appropriately selected "Light" as the theme of his discourse, and handled the subject with consummate thoroughness and skill. We wish to avail ourselves of this occasion to extend to Dr. Thompson our hearty appreciation of his effort, and our sincere thanks for his kind compliance with our request. We are also deeply grateful to Dr. Foley, the Reverend Rector of St. Mary's for the cordial and courteous consideration extended us.

IT is with feelings of regret that we bid farewell to our readers. We have not been so successful as we might wish; the typesetter has not always been infallible, the material has not always been of the best, and our faults and short-comings have been many. But we have attempted to give an impartial account of the university life, and to express the views of the student body on the different problems that beset the college community.

Looking back over the year 1908-9, we may well say that it has been a successful one. The college has increased in number, a new faculty, that of Dentistry, has been added, and Dalhousie has sent out the largest graduating class in her history; a glance at the lists of honors and distinction will show that there is quality as well as quantity in this year's product. But it is not only in the field of letters that the college has been successful. The football team surpassed all previous records, winning the trophy for the ninth time. Unfortunately the Intercollegiate Hockey League was broken up, but on their trips to Sydney and Wolfville our team won distinction for themselves and their college. A Dalhousie play, put on by college talent, was attempted and proved an unqualified success. And to round the matter off, the Debating team secured the decision over their opponents after a hard fought battle.

Bright as has been the past year, there yet remains much to be done. The college seems to have reached a turning point in its career, and if, as we all hope and believe, Dalhousie is to grow and prosper, everyone, from the meek and humble freshman, who will tremble before the sign of the President's office next fall, to the oldest alumnus, must put his shoulder to the wheel and in the language of the Golden West "Boost Dalhousie".

**C**ONVOCATION week was a marked success. The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Dr. Thompson of Glace Bay, in St. Mary's Cathedral, before a large audience. On Tuesday evening the U. S. C. Dance took place. Wednesday afternoon was occupied by the Class Day Exercises, while the evening was given to the Alumni meeting and dinner. Thursday afternoon at 3 p. m., Convocation was held in the Academy of Music, immediately after which Dr. and Mrs. Howard Murray were "At Home" to the Graduates, and the week's festivities were closed by the Graduate's Dance in the evening.

## Order of Proceedings at Convocation.

### Opening Prayer.

### The President's Address.

### Announcement of Undergraduate Prizes and Scholarships.

#### Junior Entrance Scholarships:

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WAVERLEY PRIZE (Mathematics).—James A. McKay.

DR. LINDSAY PRIZE (Primary M. D., C. M.).—Donald A. McLeod.

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### Bachelor of Music.

Beatrice Elinor Daviss, Dartmouth.

### Bachelor of Engineering.

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### Bachelor of Arts.

#### Ad eundem gradum

William Walter Conrad, Lunenburg.

## Degrees previously conferred during the Session.

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MEDICAL FACULTY MEDAL.—Clyde Straughn Hennigar.

EVERY PRIZE.—Clare Murphy.

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## Addresses.

God Save the King.

## Baccalaureate Sermon.

(Delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. Thompson in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, before the Faculty and Students of the University of Dalhousie.)

*"With Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light we shall see light."*

In selecting the word "light" to signify the transcendent glory of Divine Truth, the psalmist makes use of one of the most apt and beautiful of the almost innumerable metaphors which the writers of Holy Scripture employ in treating of God and His attributes. The analogy between the light which exists in the material universe and the truth which exists in God Himself and which he communicates in varying degrees to His creatures, is admirably adapted for enabling the human mind to form its concepts of the spiritual and intellectual, and, more especially still, of the supernatural truth which comes direct from God. The value of an analogy is, as you know, chiefly dependent upon the number of points or instances in which a well known object bears a similarity to another of which we are desirous of forming a clearer conception.

Not only are all the works of God dependent upon Himself and showing forth in varying degrees the perfections, which exist undivided in Him, the First Cause; they are also, and this too as a corollary of their dependence upon him, mutually related and interdependent; so that the perfect understanding of any one of the manifold works of creation postulates a certain knowledge of other things. So constituted, indeed, is the human mind in its present state, that all mental activity is associated with a multiplicity of objects and phenomena, each of which aids in the building up and embellishment of the intellectual edifice. The spiritual faculties of the soul are continually calling upon the material in order to enable them to perform their proper functions, the exercise of which without such aids would in the present condition of the soul be utterly impossible. No Teacher who would consult the intellectual welfare and progress of his disciples can ever afford to lose sight of this important truth. The Bible from cover to cover is filled with imagery illustrative



of the eternal truths. The prophets of old drew upon every part of the visible universe in order to impress upon the children of God the glory and majesty of his attributes; and the Master Himself has set forth in parables the most sublime and touching lessons of infinite wisdom.

I have chosen the metaphor of light as particularly appropriate of this occasion. For light, whether material intellectual or supernatural, means knowledge, and at the present day more perhaps than in any other period of the world's history the human race is intent upon the acquisition of knowledge. The discovery of truths hidden since the foundation of the world is a matter of daily occurrence; they are being drawn forth one by one from the darkness which has hitherto enveloped them into the brightness of day, so that everybody may see them with his own eyes, taking their beauty unto himself, assimilating them and making them a part and parcel, as it were, of his own being.

We are so accustomed to the treasures which nature has heaped up around and about us, that we are apt to pass them by unheeded in our daily walks; and the most precious and universally necessary of the gifts which the hand of God has lavished upon His creatures are very often those which are least appreciated by the unthinking. It is only when any one of those precious gifts is wholly or partially withdrawn, that its worth is made fully apparent to all. The unthinking mortal under ordinary circumstances pays but little heed to babbling brook or stately river or placid lake, and passes by their limpid waters unmindful of their value, because of the superabundance of which he daily partakes without even the asking; but to the parched and fainting traveller in the Sahara, every drop of water is more precious than all the gems of India; the realization of its worth is such as to efface all other ideas and bring on a delirium in which the fevered brain revels amidst gushing streams and sparkling fountains. How many of us, who daily breathe the fresh and pure air of God, stop to thank Him for this priceless gift? Has God to reflect that the recognition of so great a blessing should be but faint and feeble on the part of the multitude, and that before bearing testimony to its real value, we should wait until an explosion in the deep mine has

trapped some scores of our fellowmen and shut them off from sharing in a blessing of which, until then, they had daily partaken nor given it a thought. And who can sufficiently estimate the value or appreciate the beauty of the light which daily clothes this orb and adorns it in all its variegated splendour! Must we wait for the blind to teach us the richness of our heritage, while we "seeing, see not" and enjoying the good things in our Father's house, leave the thanksgiving to the blind and crippled beggars, whom adversity has taught to be grateful for the crumbs that fall to him as his portion! How beautiful the custom which prevails in so many Catholic homes, where father and mother, surrounded by their children, give thanks daily to God for his gifts which his Providence showers abundantly upon soul and body, thanks for food and drink, and all other blessings, both material and spiritual! How deplorable it would be if this holy practise of daily recognition of His goodness should be relaxed, if the eye of the soul should be dimmed and all human vision be restricted to the sphere in which the beasts of the field were our equal! There is too much of this thoughtlessness and levity in the world to-day:—"With desolation is the whole land made desolate because there is no one that considereth in his heart." Even in circles where intellectual culture and refinement are supposed to elevate the mind above the gross and material, there is unfortunately a tendency to overlook many of the great and essential truths which are written, not only in the Book of God's revelation but also abundantly in the book of nature, and can easily be learned by those who would take the trouble to study and master them. It may be that we are becoming so accustomed to material ease and conveniences, that instead of profiting by these to improve ourselves mentally, we have got into the habit of shirking every effort as irksome, and something to be avoided. It was said of old—"In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread"—and no one who would aspire to intellectual superiority can afford to forget that the sweet and wholesome bread of knowledge and wisdom is the reward of patient toil and mental application.

From the book then, whose pages God has opened to all, let us take the time and trouble to learn something of the deep lessons contained therein. Nor let the abundance of the richness which we see therein produce upon our minds the impression of cheapness or mediocrity by which the unthinking are deceived. On the contrary the more abundant the gifts, the more precious; because being intended for all, they embody that which is essential, and are therefore more valuable and worthy of esteem than those things which are rare and therefore non-essential.

If the prophets and apostles and the Holy One Himself have chosen light as the type of infinite wisdom, can we not with profit dwell for a time upon this figure in order to gain some idea of the unspeakable glory which it signifies? By light we are brought face to face with all creation. All the parts of the material universe, and we might also say all phases of its existence are grasped by us, brought home to us, appropriated by the eyes of the body through the medium of light. The dignity and excellence of any being is proportioned by the capacity which it possesses for taking in and transforming into itself external objects. Its existence which otherwise would be restricted to itself becomes enlarged and enhanced in value according to the extent to which it appropriates other phases of existence than its own.

In the material order there is no faculty which extends the frontiers of our existence so far as that of vision, no corresponding medium through which this enlargement is effected which is at all comparable to light. By means of light the fetters of a narrow existence are broken, and we exult in the possession of all that is beautiful in nature. The familiar faces of our friends enter into our daily life, and form one of the most cherished parts of our existence; by means of it we revel in the infinite varieties of being which God has scattered throughout creation; by means of it we are enabled to perform the duties of life. No social life would be possible without it. Our every movement is dependent upon it, and it would be scarcely possible to form any idea of what the human race would become if the beneficent and all pervading medium of light were to be withdrawn, even for a comparatively short space of time.

It is the fitting symbol of all that is delightful and ennobling. It is the inspiration of the poet whose art is but to portray in words the glorious realities which nature gratuitously spreads before our eyes. The glow of the autumn sunset, the moonlight on the rippling waters, the snow-capped mountains tinted with the rosy hues of dawn or purpled before the gathering darkness, the myriad combinations of color that nature manifests in her various moods form a subject to which no human power of description could do justice; and all the glory that attaches to the poetic genius consists merely in the ability to shape in the imagination and express in human language a picture which is at best but a sickly shadow of the glorious reality. The same principle is verified even to a greater extent in pictorial art. The masterpieces in the galleries of Paris, Florence, Dresden, and Rome are but feeble imitations of the lights and shadows of nature. A sheet of white paper is the nearest approach to the whiteness of sunlight that the painter can ever hope for, and even this faint image and the surrounding shades which bring it into relief would have but the blackness of night were it not for the kindly light of heaven which brings into life and beauty the dead pigments which make up the picture. It is only recently that an eminent French painter cut into shreds a canvas upon which he had laboured for years and which had been appraised by competent judges at a figure running into the hundreds of thousands. He had endeavored to depict the effects of light upon water, and the result of his years of labor fell so far short of his subject that he had come to regard it as a farce and a profanation of nature.

And yet we know that all this excellence of the material universe is but as a grain of sand on the seashore, is but a drop in the ocean, is but one of the countless millions of forms which the Almighty and Infinite can call forth from the unfathomable depths of His creative power. "The whole world before Thee is as the least grain on the balance and as a drop of the morning dew that falleth down upon the earth." Should all the forms of matter be multiplied indefinitely, should every grade of material excellence and beauty be improved upon and added to, His inexhaustible wisdom and Almighty power would not be taxed thereby. Nay, in the works of His creation He has known

how to establish among infinite things an order of perfection surpassing in its dignity anything and everything that the material universe can offer. For is it not true that all material forces operating together or in any combination or series of combinations would be utterly inadequate to produce an effect equivalent to one human thought? With all our scientific appliances we can do no more than partially measure some of those material phenomena which are but the accoutrement and concomitants of thought. But the spiritual act itself transcends entirely the material order, taking upon itself a new reflection of the light incomprehensible, and a fuller share than that vouchsafed to the material universe. While it is true that all the works God reflect His glory and are to a certain extent the image of His brightness, the likeness of the Creator shines forth especially in those things which pertain to the spiritual order. Hence the human mind can penetrate into secrets which no material agency could ever reveal, and enter upon the task of discovering many things unknown, a task the very initiation of absurdity if proposed to any of the powers of sense apart from the guiding light of reason. By the light of reason man has measured the dimensions of the heavenly bodies, and traced their pathway through the vast abyss of space; and peering into the future he can allot to each of them the position which it will occupy a hundred or a thousand years from now. By the light of reason he is enabled to subdue and make obedient to his slightest beck material and mechanical forces against which his own bodily forces weigh as but a pebble against a mountain. Yet great and marvellous as have been the achievements of man in the work of bringing all the powers of nature under his control, the task of subjugating the material is still but in its primary stages.

You have no doubt observed that every scientific discovery paves the way to a score of others so that the number of inventions with which the genius of man is enriching the civilized world increases after the manner of a geometrical series. It is almost appalling to conjecture the number and magnitude of possibilities which the womb of the future may soon give forth into the light. Should one of us be permitted to revisit the world a century or so hence, the marvels which would meet

our astonished gaze would cause the scenes described in the "Arabian Nights" to pale into insignificance. And all these will be but the outcome, the product of that creative genius which God has emplanted in the human soul, that Divine spark from the eternal flame which gives to man the right and title to be called, in a sense vastly superior to that in which material things are described, a being made to the image and likeness of God. It would, however, be a mistake to confine our admiration of the human intellect's achievements to those which have a direct practical application in the material order. Those sciences in which the speculative element predominates over the practical unfold before our gaze laws and truths which in many instances are more beautiful and sublime than those which find their application in ameliorating the material conditions of human life. Thus do all the sciences proclaim that the soul of man is the mirror, however limited it may be, of uncreated wisdom.

In the natural order we see the light of God dispersed through the work of creation. Is there a still higher vision? Is there a higher order of things in which we can view the origin of life and light in all its dazzling whiteness, where we shall see it no longer broken by the prism of creation but as it is in itself? "With Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light we shall see light." The pages of Holy Writ repeat again and again the glad promise that the human soul has a heritage more precious than the earth can afford, that the human soul's capacity for the infinite was not made but to be frustrated, that its longing for the wisdom, the craving which will never be satisfied with partial truth, has its corresponding object and scope in the fountain of life and light where it can drink of the unfailing torrent, where it can see no longer in a dark manner as in a glass but face to face and seeing Him and knowing Him as he is, convert its yearnings and its hopes into the joy and glory of actual possession.

Have you ever heard of an instinct or an organ of sense or a faculty whether in man or beast, without a corresponding object towards which its activity could be directed? Have you ever heard of such a faculty which in every instance, was necessarily doomed to a merely partial and imperfect attainment

of its scope? No such monstrosity exists in all creation. Shall we say, then, that among all the works of God, the human soul alone has been created never to enjoy the fulness of glory to which it aspires and without which it can never be fully satisfied? Must it pause on the brink of the eternal and weep to behold its aspirations stifled forever? True, the fruition of God's everlasting glory is not nature's due; but the Creator of the human soul fashioned it after His own image and likeness with a view to a higher order. And giving it a capacity for the infinite His intention was, that in the higher order of grace, and not otherwise, could it attain to the fulness and perfection for which it craves. This higher order of being, we have received and possess through Jesus Christ, the word made flesh.

Long years before He, "The light of the World", appeared as a man among men, the prophet exulted when he saw the distant mountain tops tinted with the dawn of its brightness, knowing as he did that in God's appointed time the pall of darkness which hung over the land would be lifted, and the lowering clouds of sin and ignorance dissipated before its pure and kindly rays. "The people that walked in darkness, have seen a great light; to them that dwell in the region of the shadow of death light is arisen." Nor should we wonder if the joy which the vision of future glory awakened in the hearts of the prophets of old, should have its tinge of sadness when they reflected that it was reserved for others more privileged than themselves to walk in the noonday sun, while they were to be contented with picturing it to themselves as they gazed from afar, upon the beauty and splendor that was to be. "I shall behold Him not now; I shall behold Him but not here."

This blessed light, to be prized infinitely more than the light which illumines the material universe more than all the wisdom with which science and philosophy have enlightened the world, has shone upon mankind as it shines now and ever shall, since the coming of Him in whom "Were all things created in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominations or principalities or powers," of Him who is the "Brightness of God's glory and the figure of His substance." Without this blessed light all other knowledge and wisdom is in vain;

without it the human soul can expect nothing but eternal disappointment, and the loss of that which alone can constitute its everlasting glory, its eternal rest. The very foretaste of its delights, the passing glimpse of its brightness and glory, so thrilled St. Paul, that he knew not whether in the body or out of the body he had been rapt up into Paradise, and his whole power of description fails, because the vision surpassed anything that man could utter. Again we are told that it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the reward in store for those who walk in the path illumined by that blessed light, until they are ushered into the temple where its brightness shines undimmed.

All earthly knowledge and wisdom is good and justly to be prized. "Every best gift," as the apostle tells us, "and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of light." Are not all sciences and arts manifestations of His eternal wisdom? Not only do they ennoble the soul of him who is their possessor, but they are fraught with advantages innumerable to the rest of mankind. We contemplate with satisfaction the progress which education has made among all classes of our people, and we feel a reasonable pride in the high standing which our universities occupy among the seats of higher learning. We hope that what the past has accomplished may be the happy harbinger of greater things to come. God has blessed the people of these lower Provinces with richer talents than are awarded to those of many a state or nation; so that as far as the intellectual advancement of our people is concerned, we have nothing to fear for and everything to hope for. And above all we hope that the light of Divine faith will shine pure and serene. How fatal a policy is that which ignores "The fountain of life and light" and is satisfied with its dim reflection in the natural order? How futile, how meaningless would be all our efforts to attain wisdom if we depart from that source? No matter how great may be our progress in the arts and sciences, no matter how much more we may discover of what is now unknown, we shall still be in ignorance of much more than we have learned, and far more precious, until all darkness is banished by the illuminating spirit of God. "And hardly do we guess aright at things that are upon the earth; and with

labor do we find the things that are before us. (But the things that are in heaven, who shall search out? And who shall know Thy thought except Thou give wisdom and send Thy holy spirit from above"? It is the recognition and appreciation of this treasure of divine wisdom that has moved so many millions of God's elect to heroic deed. It fired the apostles in their labours to bring the glad message to the uttermost ends of the world, it strengthened the martyrs in their sufferings; it is the goal to which all holy souls are tending, the prize which above all others they covet. It is the riches of the lowly, the strength of the weak, the consolation of the afflicted, the glory of the learned, the crown of all that is noble in human nature, the everlasting reward of all who follow in the footsteps of Him, "Who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."

### Alumni Supper.

The supper given by the Alumni of Halifax to the graduates was held in the Halifax Hotel immediately after the Alumni meeting. An excellent Menu, good speeches and college songs combined to make the evening an enjoyable one. After the King's health had been drunk, Mr. Barnstead read letters of regret from absent Alumni, following which, he proposed a toast to the Governors of the college, which was responded to by Mr. G. S. Campbell, in a very able speech in which he pointed out some of the most important business transacted by the governors during the year, notably the raising of the Professors salaries, and Mayor Chisholm who is ex-officio a member of the board. The senate was proposed by G. S. Stairs and President Forrest received an ovation when he arose to respond. Professor McKenzie proposed the toast "Town and Gown" which was responded to by J. A. Johnson Esq. one of the many who had been plucked by "Johnny," in a humorous speech in which he pointed out the duties of the city to the college, Mr. Justice Russel followed reviewing the course of study in the modern Universities. The toast of "The University and State" was proposed by Principal Cumming and was responded to by Hugh

McKenzie Esq. K. C. in an able speech, in the course of which he gave some good advice to the new members of the society. Professor Walter Murray followed in a speech full of western optimism and push.

W. E. Thompson proposed the classes '69, '79, '89, '99, which was responded to by Alfred Dickey Esq. '69. There were no other graduates of the decade years but Mr. Barnstead read letters from their representatives. S. A. Morton proposed "the graduates" which was responded to by D. C. Sinclair '09. The pleasant gathering dispersed after singing "Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem.

### Alumni Association.

The annual meeting was held at the Halifax Hotel, April 28th, 1909, at 8 p. m., the President, Mr. A. S. Barnstead, in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved and the report of the Executive was received and adopted.

The suggestion that the Association support a chair was approved of, and on motion of G. M. J. MacKay and Prof. McKay it was resolved to instruct the incoming executive to get expressions of opinion from Alumni as to what chair should be established.

The financial statement was read by the Secretary-Treasurer.

Pursuant to the notice of motion, the Executive Committee was increased by one member, the Association's representative on the editorial staff of the GAZETTE.

It was resolved to ask the incoming Executive to consider the advisability of making a more complete directory of Alumni.

G. M. J. MacKay gave the following notice of motion: "Resolved that the Executive of the Association be increased by three members, to be elected from the graduating class of the University, at the regular fall meeting of Association."

Prof. MacKenzie moved and Prof. MacKay seconded the nomination of Hugh MacKenzie, Esq. B. A. as the Association's second representative on the Board of Governors, his term of service to be three years. The motion was carried unanimously.

A committee was appointed to nominate members of the Executive and from them the meeting elected the following officers:

President, A. S. Barnstead, B. A., LL. B.; 1st Vice-President, Melville Cumming, B. Sc.; 2nd Vice-President, Murray MacNeill M. A.; Secretary-Treasurer, S. A. Morton, M. A.; Other members of the Executive: J. W. Logan, M. A., E. MacKay, PH. D. A. S. MacKenzie, PH. D., G. W. Stairs, B. A., J. H. Trefry, M. A., D. C. Sinclair, B. A. (Alumni Editor of the Gazette.)

Meeting adjourned.

S. A. Morton, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

RECEIPTS.

April 28, 1908, Balance .....	\$ 21 64
" " 1909, Membership fees during the year .....	446 00
" " " Special Contributions during the year .....	448 02
" " " G. M. J. MacKay for Chemical Laboratory .....	50 00
	<hr/>
	965 66

DISPERSEMENTS.

June 27, 1908, A. & W. MacKinlay for stationary .....	5 70
July 1, " R. F. Wood, for clerical work .....	14 45
Nov. 6, " McAlpine Pub. Co postage College Calendars .....	2 96
" 6, " T. C. Allen & Co., for printing .....	26 40
Jan. 18, 1909, " " .....	13 00
April 27, " Postage for the year .....	69 00
" " " Discounts, etc .....	10 73
" " " Agent for soliciting subscriptions .....	25 00
" " " Secretary-Treasurer for services .....	50 00
" " " Chair of Civil Engineering .....	125 00
" " " Chemical Laboratory .....	250 00
" " " Physical " .....	250 00
" " " Law Library .....	50 00
" " " Arts & Science Library .....	50 00
" " " Balance .....	23 42
	<hr/>
	965 66

AUDITORS' STATEMENT.

We have examined the accounts of the Alumni Association. The vouchers have been checked and the additions made and they agree with the above statement.

(Signed)

J. F. PUTMAN. }  
J. M. GELDERT. } *Auditors.*

Halifax, N. S. April 27, 1909.

WHAT THE ALUMNI OF DALHOUSIE HAVE DONE IN 1908, AND PURPOSE DOING IN 1909.

*The Executive of Dalhousie Alumni to each Alumnus.*

GREETING.

The report which appears later in these pages contains the statement of the executive for 1908-09, as presented at the annual meeting; read it. It's a story of success; you will agree with this when you see that the amount raised was as large as in the three previous years put together.

This result was so satisfactory and inspiring to those at the meeting and the enthusiasm reached such a high pitch that the executive was directed to inaugurate a more ambitious policy next year, instead of dissipating our financial energies in dribbles to laboratories and libraries.

The meeting determined unanimously to devote all the funds raised next year to the establishment of an Alumni chair in the college. It was not intended that we should endow a chair but for the present to support it by annual contributions.

If each Alumnus would but pay his two dollar annual fee the thing is done. If you are able however, give more. Your "more" will be needed. Many last year gave sums as high as \$20 and they are not our wealthy Alumni. Won't you let us know now what you are going to do so that before college opens plans may be matured?

Of course we all want this chair which we purpose supporting to be the one that is most needed at present. The executive are unanimously of the opinion that, in view of the importance of biological research in its relation to agriculture, horticulture, fishing, forestry, and other industries in the Maritime Provinces, we ought to support a chair in biology. It is a surprising fact that at the present time there is no one east of Montreal devoting his whole time to the teaching of biology. *We would like to have your opinion.*

The raising of nearly \$1,000 by the Alumni last year was a big thing. The support of a chair may seem a bigger thing. But these are only the forerunners of really big things that are coming Dalhousie's way.

Our Governors are preparing for a forward movement. They will soon have the site question settled and a matured building plan to make public to the Alumni and friends of the college. The way in which the Alumni are coming to the support of the college is appreciated by none more than the Governors. Let us assure them that they have the hearty support of every Alumnus in their efforts for a greater Dalhousie. Now All Together!

Yours faithfully

Arthur S. Barnstead,

For the Executive.

#### EXECUTIVE REPORT.

GENTLEMEN :—Your Executive herewith present their report for the past year.

In order to carry out the terms of the resolution passed at the last annual meeting, your committee have since made an energetic effort to increase the income and consequently the usefulness of the Association. Although we have come short of completely realizing our aims it affords us considerable pleasure to report that the amount received from members' contributions during the past year is \$944.02, a sum nearly \$60.00 more than the contributions of the three previous years taken together, and over three times the total receipts of last year.

Since the total amount estimated was not received the committee was obliged to modify the allocation of the funds and made the following grants :—

Civil Engineering Dept.....	\$ 125
Chemical Laboratory.....	250
Physics Laboratory.....	250
Law Library.....	50
Arts & Science Library.....	50

The expenses for printing and postage were unusually heavy as the treasurer's report will show in detail.

All Alumni were furnished with an estimate of the most pressing needs of the Science department by circular letter. This was mailed to about 1,500 graduates, subsequently followed by a second letter mailed last November. During the last few weeks a personal canvas has been made of members and those eligible for membership residing in Halifax.

We have been very much gratified with the spirit manifested by all those who have responded to our efforts, for subscriptions have come in as results of the appeal, ranging in amount from the annual fee of \$2 to \$50. This, of course, is but a beginning. There should be at least one thousand paying members of the Association and while your committee has endeavored to stir up the good will and generosity of the Alumni by letter, they feel that not only must a more systematic method be adopted for collecting the annual fee, but that the objects to which the revenue of the Alumni Association is applied should be of such a character as to command the more liberal support of our graduates.

For some time the contributions have mainly been devoted to the securing of apparatus and in other ways aiding the development of the science faculty, a work the importance of which none can gainsay and which has been the more successfully carried on because of the contributions that have come from the Alumni Association. During the past ten years this total has amounted to \$2,815.35. The funds necessary to carry on the work of the science faculty may perhaps be more appropriately secured from other sources.

Your Executive would therefore suggest that the energies of the Alumni be devoted to the support of a chair in the college costing from \$1200 to \$1500 per year. It will be necessary to receive at least \$2,000 per year from the Alumni before this can be done. This would afford an object of a very striking and permanent nature which might appeal to the interest of the graduate Dalhousians more than giving smaller grants to aid the work in the laboratories and libraries now does. Your Executive would recommend that the efforts of the Alumni Association be so directed that such an offer may be made in the near future to the Governors of the University,

In January last the committee addressed a letter to leading authorities in various colleges throughout America, setting forth the problems confronting Dalhousie, in connection with a proposed expansion movement, securing information respecting these universities as to their location, number of buildings, number of students, what grounds are occupied for athletic and recreation purposes, whether they possess dormitory systems and if they are satisfactory, and asking what extent of grounds in their opinion a university such as Dalhousie is to be, should possess.

Your Executive would also suggest that as vacancies occur on the Board of Governors representatives of the Alumni be appointed for terms of three years each until there are three governors representative of the Alumni on the Board. By this means an election would be had every year and would keep the Alumni in closer touch with the Governing Board of the university. The election of such governors might well be made not by the members present at the annual meeting but, as is very commonly done elsewhere, by ballot of all the contributing members of the Association.

It was with much pleasure that the Executive learned of the organization of an Alumnae society. This young society is already actively engaged in promoting the interests of the university and doubtless its efforts will make for the improvement of many conditions in connection therewith.

The branch of the Alumni in Boston has been very active and greetings have been exchanged between the two associations. We note with regret that the New England branch has suffered a great loss in the death of Edward K. Harvey, who had been its energetic secretary and one of the most loyal and promising of our younger members.

We were also glad to note that an Alumni branch has been formed in British Columbia. This suggests the desirability of organizing Alumni branches more generally throughout the country. In addition to keeping alive the spirit of Old Dalhousie they could very well act as collecting agencies to assist the home Association in any efforts it may make to advance the interests of the college.

The Executive believe that in order to get in closer touch with the Alumni the GAZETTE should be made of even greater utility than it now is and it is hoped that Alumni will communicate with the editor and furnish him items of interest which would greatly increase the value of the college paper to the graduates.

All of which is respectfully submitted

### Class History 1909.

One morning of the year 1492. The sun shone on the placid waters, stirred by a slight breeze, which bore the storm-beaten bulwarks and tattered sails of the first ships to connect the old world with the new—the ships of Columbus. To-day, if no land were seen, the illustrious captain had promised his rebellious and convict crew that the helm would be turned and once again the vessels would head for their motherland.

But lo, land is seen in the distance, canoes are coming, America has been discovered!

The 14th of September, 1905, was also beautiful. On the western shores of the Atlantic, there was no wind, and tossing on the tides was a primitive bark whose battered sails hung listlessly, whose idle crew muttered, until the muttering grew louder and deeper. It was the good ship Dalhousie. At the helm the aged captain stood, his hair was grey, his face toil worn. Vainly had skipper John endeavoured to inspire new hope in his mutinous officers and crew. Even his trusty 1st mate Walter could not figure out why A was B and C was D, and at the same time X wasn't X but something else. His smile had fled, and even the prophecy of Dannie the Astrologer that he would some day be an alderman in a great city, was insufficient to cheer him.

Pa was a pitiful sight. In endeavouring to enunciate a scientific name, for a trace of Macdonald's twist, which had been detected in a geological specimen, his lower and upper jaws changed places. Instead of casting oil on the troubled water, Gunner MacMechan was tripping around, mischievously scattering red ink on everything with which he came in contact.



Billy the cabin boy was the only peaceful one; the scene of turmoil offered but laconic amusement to him. Things were indeed come to a sad pass, for even stoker Alex had quit for a few moments.

The kindly eye of Skipper John surveyed the scene, and anxiously he searched the horizon for one puff of breeze to again put the Dalhousie in motion. Suddenly his eyes kindled, and then he cried to the lookout: "What ho! Howard," but Howard just rolled his head to the other side and said, "nothing hoes Skipper John."

The muttering of the crew grew louder; their voices were menacing and often one could see a hand stealthily feeling the blouse. Quickly Skipper John summoned a council. Gunner MacMechan, who had charge of the Dalhousie Magazine, was ordered to bring up ammunition and clear the decks for action. He reported that nothing was left of the magazine but the covers.

The tumult began and one supernumery Dixon was thrown overboard and lost in the excitement. Hurriedly Walter the pilot and Eben the navigator (called Eben the nagger for short) and Dannie the astrologer held a conference. Walter spoke of approaching dangers, of certain shoals, rocks and storms, Eben had calculated the longitude to be  $63^{\circ} 25' 21.999''$  W. and the latitude  $44^{\circ} 42' 36.852''$  N. The observation had been corrected for temperature and pressure but there was a certain error of  $.00009'$  to be allowed for the lack of refinement of the instrument.

Dannie with his cheerful boyish face illuminated by an expansive smile, related how by the transit of Ursina Major and Delinquinis X he had unfolded their destinies. "To-morrow wise men will come from the East, North, South and West and direct and guide us to a greater destiny." Hearing this the aged eyes of Skipper John were filled with tears of joy, and having offered up a prayer to the Shaper of the world's destinies for strength and light to guide his ship into a haven of safety, he went forward and thus addressed the crew: "Oh my children, why do ye vex yourselves? I am your mouth-piece, can you not trust me? To-morrow it is ordained that help will come to us, and if not, once more we turn towards home".

Even as Neptune pokes his snow white head above the surging waters and calms the storm, so peace prevailed at the words of the aged Skipper.

When the first gleams of day lit the horizon, Howard making a complete revolution of his head, called from the lookout: "Land! land!" Skipper John who had faithfully kept watch through the long hours of the night was overcome with joy; the crew swarmed the decks and clung to the highest parts of the rigging, while Dannie dance the hornpipe. "Schooners on the port," cried Howard, and mistaking the *illusion* Alex-smacked his lips.

Far in the distance could be seen little dark specks and flashes of light. Gunner Archie became very excited and Eben corrected him for temperature and pressure. How the canoes leaped through the water! The paddles danced like fire-flies. What a sight! The canoes were all named. In the New Brunswick were Sigi and Getchie Malcolm, who were talking seriously about an anachronism that Getchie had lost on the previous day. There were six in the Lunenburg. Powers was in the bow dropping perpendiculars, and Clark was annoying Kelly by telling him that he belonged to one of the lost tribes of Israel. There were thirteen in the Halifax. No. 12 was a stalwart lot with Gaherty the great in the bow; he turned with anxious look to DeBlois and asked him to look carefully and see whether he thought that Darwin was really right, when he stated that he was descended from a monkey, but DeBlois, in the last stages of home sickness, merely groaned. Crouched under the rear seat was John F. whose only wish was that all should be peace and quietness and particularly requested none to sing.

In the Halifax No. 2 there were five. In the bow was Thorne, who was making observations in a peculiar manner, to forecast the weather conditions. Townsend was earnestly begging the crew to allow him to present his picture, because he said, "I do not know what dangers I am about to enter into, and it would be well for you to have my picture before I die,"

In the Pictou there were five. Sinclair stopped paddling a minute, and with an emphatic waving of the hand informed Cavanagh that he wished his position thoroughly understood, and C. B. said "wa-al I don't know."

Next came the Colchester with its crew of six. D. W. assured the crew that under no condition would he violate the secrecy of the ballot and tell them how he voted last election. When questioned by Mahon, Amos Lawrence refused to admit that he was engaged, but said that his affairs were of trivial importance, when there was a man of so many engagements as Thomas present. As for Crowe, he was telling how he loved to flock with birds of a feather, and be with the boys. In the Cape Breton there were six. McNeil was accusing Siderski of being Irish, and 2A Cameron was hoping that the crew of the ship he saw before him could not dance, that he might take them to Kitty's. Then came Huntley in the Cumberland, closely followed by A. Mackay in the P. E. I. with a cargo of Rhodes Scholars and potatoes.

While we have been describing the canoes, they have reached the Dalhousie, and Skipper John received them in state on a red painted box. He and the other officers of the ship clasped each one by the hand with a warm welcome, but the crew regarded them unfavorably and would often jeer. Skipper John then summoned the officers of the ship and with them the new arrivals formed a council. While he told of the painful voyage; of the heat of the south; of the cold of the north; of hunger and thirst; storms and calms; his listeners were much affected. Now he said, "I feel almost undone, my officers feel discouraged, even Walter talks of leaving, and Dannie speaks of marriage, and if so, against my will, I shall have to banish him. The good old ship is leaking, her timbers are worn, and the crew is rebellious and slovenly. Stay with us I pray you, advise us and help us, that we may once again trim our sails and repair our timbers, so that there will be no ship in all the ocean that can outstrip us." Then Getchie, chief of the new arrivals, spoke up and said, "Oh hoary headed one, aged captain of this good ship, and brothers, all, we will stay if you but promise to follow our bidding, and if you receive as officers to the ship two big chiefs, namely, Chief Stan, wisest of wise men, and Chief Jack he himself personally, who is rapidly coming to the front, and really is approxamately a good all-round man." Promise these things and we shall stay, refit your ship and once again without a peer, you can ride the waves." Then the officers and the new

arrivals entered into a covenant, and from that moment, as if endowed with a new life, the ship trembled, and once again made foam on the waters. With the exception of Eben, all the officers left the council chamber; he took the new arrivals to the third deck, to discuss with them certain re-actions which he was contemplating.

The old crew had heard of the reception the new arrivals had received from Skipper John, and gathered outside the Council Chamber. After the conference the new arrivals came out and were surprised to see them preparing to engage in battle. With lowered heads the crew rushed, but they crashed into a solid mass and were slowly driven back and finally routed. That night quiet prevailed, and throughout the following day. In the evening, hearing of an insult given Sinclair and Mahon, the new arrivals sallied forth and under a picture of His Majesty King Edward VII waged a bloody war with the crew. Far into the night the strife went on, and many of the crew including MacKeigan, Sweet, McLean and Dawson were put in irons, and scores were wounded.

Of the new arrivals the brave Chieftain Getchie Malcolm was the only one to receive injury. Almost dead, he was taken to the hospital, but under tender care he soon revived. Now the crew were in subjection, and after this decisive battle, the arrivals had little trouble except in individual outbreaks. The new arrivals issued an order that all the old crew should shave, which order was obeyed by all but one, who had to be made to conform to the law. He was Smith, and with him his beard was almost a religion for he had sworn not to have it shaven until the return of the Merry Widow. On another occasion the new arrivals feared that a disease had stricken the crew, and called in Pa for a professional opinion, and to examine Bung and Stub who seemed to suffer most from the affliction. He reported that their faces were merely coated with a superficial accumulation of an unconsolidated heterogeneous aggregate of disintegrated vegetable mould otherwise called dirt. So their faces were immediately treated with a preparation of molasses and flour. After this incident it was a great pleasure to admire the cleanness of the crew. In these days many were the adventures, and severe the discipline to

which the crew was subjected. Order prevailed, and Skipper John and his officers were never tired of relating how fortunate was the coming of the new arrivals and proudly and serenely the Dalhousie sailed on.

After cruising for some time the new arrivals, *now become* lords of the ship, decided that a greater and better Dalhousie was needed, and that a greater and better Dalhousie they would have, so they beached the ship, took out all rotted timber cut down new ones and so the first year passed. During the second year some new helpers came, and those whom have been called the crew, were elevated to inside decorators.

The new helpers were often unsophisticated and had to be taught many things. Milligan had to be taught that woman was not the chief end of man, and MacIntosh to this day carries a black eye due to trifling with one of the quietest of the lords. The musical and dancing education of the new helpers was never for an instant neglected by John F. but they were given frequent instruction. Thus the second year of the advent of the lords ended and the progress was great.

During the third year the inside of the ship was entirely renovated. The lords of the ship took every trouble to leave nothing undone.

This year the crew which were in the ship in the year of the advent were discharged, the lords thinking they had served long enough.

In the fourth year the work was completed and the greater Dalhousie needs but a few more touches to make it the ship dreamt of for so long, but now about to be realized.

C. J. MCKENZIE.

### Medical Class History.

Ladies & Gentlemen :

Macauley says that history is made up of the bad actions of extraordinary men. All the most noted destroyers and deceivers of our species, all the founders of arbitrary government and false religions have been extraordinary men. If this definition of history be an accurate one it probably explains the interesting

nature and the great length of the histories of previous years. We, ladies and gentlemen, are not extraordinary men, instead of aiming at destroying life, we have studied during four arduous years how to preserve it. Our history therefore is necessarily short and uneventful, and the statement of the German poet Heine! "That history shows that the majority of the men who have done anything great, have passed their youth in seclusion, is a gratifying one to us." If we have not already startled the world, the quiet tenor of our way may be indicative of achievements in the future.

The 4th of September, 1905, was the beginning of the year One to us. On that day we gathered at the Halifax Medical College, thirteen strong. There was little unusual about our previous careers. One of us, A. K. Mollette, it is true, was an Englishman, who had spent three years of an eventful life in South Africa. His presence with us was due to the fact that Old England, having heard through the columns of the Evening Mail, of the many virtues of Dalhousie students was anxious to send us a representative.

The city of Halifax with the object of seeing that the country hayseeds were properly initiated into the mysteries of Metropolitan life sent us Kirk Maclellan.

As we waited that day for the appearance of the deity that presides over the fortunes of the Medical College, we occupied the time by staring at one another and wondering where each came from, what his name was, and how much money he had. Our after knowledge proved how far wrong our surmises were in these respects.

At last the expected arrived and after being carefully examined we were pronounced "fit" and thus our course began. That first year we visited the park very often but were always carefully chaperoned by our biological teacher and a most excellent chaperone he was too, for on entering the covert of the woods we could, each of us, slip off for home at his convenience. After eating every toad-stool that grew in the park, sniffing every flower that grew around Greenbank and tasting every variety of shellfish and mussel that lay basking in the sun on the harbour shore, we were again pronounced "fit."

Our college course for that year was uneventful, we were perhaps rather tame, too tame Walter was wont to remind us as he hurled the last vestige of furniture through the unopened window.

We did not pose as an athletic class, but not a few of us achieved distinction on the Medical foot-ball team, and the interclass trophy has never left the Medical College during the last four years.

The Sophomores always of an experimental turn of mind resolved to train one of our number for the 100 yard dash on field day. They took him by night, but as he had an uncontrollable habit of weeping at the end of each heat and exclaiming: "What would mother say if she could see me now," they returned him to us broken in wind and in spirit.

Now it happened that Exhibition week was approaching and some of the more enterprising members of our class determined that the Halifax Medical College should have an exhibit and forthwith started out to capture a sophomore, but owing to the press of study on his captors they were unable to spare the time to put him in prize condition, and he was never entered, much to the disappointment of all.

The season wore on and we faced our first examination. During that ordeal one of the class gained notoriety by asking Dr. Lindsay whether it would do to put down something he did know when unable to answer any of the questions asked. Needless to say he never came back.

When Hillman's bell rang the following Autumn four of our number failed to appear. Bourque, Gannon, Densmore and Sinclair sought other fields to conquer. During that year we were much more courageous for we were Sopomores then. We even began to attend the "at homes," lured on by fairy tales Don Sinclair and others told us of the "visions" to be seen there, and of the lovely times the other boys had, and we discovered that the tales they told were true. This could not last always, so back to work we went harder than ever for Eben's second Chemistry examination was approaching. This bugbear being passed, home we returned to plant potatoes and dig coal, while Kirk stayed in Halifax and took the girls out canoeing on the Arm.

In September of '07, we again heard Hillman's bell clanging across the Province and the old nine responded to its call. Life now assumed a more serious aspect, for next year we would be seniors and the next years Doctors provided Norman didn't pluck us in surgery. We toiled faithfully that year and did not attend the dances so regularly. We went to the Nickle instead.

This year the sadder side of life was brought home to our minds, by the failing health of one of our number. Percy Davis who had never been so robust as the other members of the class, fell ill, and for the greater part of the year was unable to attend lectures, however, he with the rest of us passed our third exams. and homeward we went in April for our last vacation. The summer months sped past and the turning leaves told us that we must return to the college again, and happily we contemplated the idea for the three previous years had bound us together by like aims and common interests.

This time the old guard failed to respond; two of our number were missing. A. K. Molliette had gone to Baltimore and Percy Davis, whose health had failed to improve during the summer, died at Saranac, New York, a few days before our return. So we began our fourth and last term with heavy hearts, for Davis had been the hero of the class, clever, obliging and kind hearted, an all-round good fellow. The duties of the last year pressed us on and we settled down to work, being joined by S. R. Johnson, a member of '08. The year brought new work and new interests. The fact that a few months would see us launched out into the world full fledged M. D's. made us serious. The term passed even more quietly than the previous ones. Our final examinations were reached and passed and to-morrow eight of the thirteen who started four years ago will be capped by our most honoured president.

A. CALDER, '09.

### Criticism of Arts and Science '09

It is often asked if on earth there is any institution of men which renders to man his due. And as often it is taken for granted that there is no such institution, that all men think with some bias, and consequently we are nearly all misunderstood and misrepresented. But any person who stops short in that pessimistic state of mind clearly shows that he has missed one institution in the world, that he has not taken into consideration the University of Dalhousie. For one of the most remarkable things in that institution is the kind of judgment it passes upon its students. A student may be misrepresented for a time, by some faculty or club or clique, but when that person becomes known to the whole body of the institution, judgment as to his real worth is passed so fairly, so true to the interpretation that student has given of himself that no one has ever been known to contradict it, or to assert that he was in any way misrepresented. Freaks or nuisances are not long tolerated there, and persons of real worth are soon given their deserts.

This judging element in the University may for want of a better name be termed *Dalhousian Opinion*. And the business of a class critic is not to give his own distorted opinions of this person and that person, but his business is to find out what the general impression is; in other words, to learn Dalhousian opinion on that question.

Feeling that my duty was of this nature I set about to learn the general impression the class of '09 had made. But I would have found it too great a task, were it not for the fact that the supernatural came to my aid. One night as I sat revolving this subject in my mind, and had gone away off into the abstract world beyond the clouds, suddenly there descended into the confusion of my apartments as it were a curtain, on which all manner of curious writings were written. And though they somewhat resembled Greek characters, I found myself strangely empowered to read them. On the tops were hieroglyphics signifying what the vision was, it was Dalhousian Opinion materialized, and below that were characters representing the impressions which the class of '09 and the individuals in it had

made during their stay at college. And now I will tell what those impressions were.

Some space was devoted to the ladies. But true to the traditions did not convey any personal information to be used here. The impression they had made in general however was complimentary in the very highest terms. It seemed to be criticism sufficient to point out that girls who come to our college and take the strenuous course here for a number of years, forsaking possibilities of gait and ease for those of laborious application to study, are deserving of nothing less than the very highest praise which the college and the country have to bestow upon their daughters.

With that we pass to the boys of '09, and are introduced immediately to their president Grant Maclean. To be in the position of president always argues that a person is considered worthy of the most honourable position the class can give one of its members. Grant's youth is remarkable, for anyone of the ladies will tell you that he has scarcely turned twenty-one. The fact of the matter is that he is too young to smoke. Though Grant's hair is like scarlet, his heart is like wool (if the figure will hold,) for of all the boys in "naughty-nine" none is so modest and unassuming, none wears so perennial a smile as he. In fact this is the extremity at which his excellence becomes his danger. It is from this point that he must improve; that is to say, he must become more forward, more daring, more confident of the powers of which he possesses not a few.

A representative naughty-niner, with the emphasis on the "naughty," is John MacNeil. In familiar circles he is called "Jack" MacNeil, which is some indication of his popularity. There are three prominent features in his personality; his youth, his humor, and his unique attitude toward Irishmen. Regarding his youth the Delta Gamma has ruled that he is in the category of minors. As for his humour it is a very fountain, springing everlastingly, whether at the lecture, or the dinner, in the church or at the dance. In it there is sometimes too much of sarcasm, but usually is thoroughly good-natured. Respecting his fervent feelings toward the sons of Erin, discussion of this has already appeared in the *Sydney Post* and other critical journals. What it clearly shows in him is the combative genius born in the

Scotchman to make of him a lawyer. As he has shown himself capable of doing good word on the GAZETTE, in his classes and elsewhere there is every prospect of his success in the legal realms.

The third man to be mentioned is one very familiar to most of us, particularly those to whom he has made his social visits. The third man is Wm. Thomas Townsend. He is not a very good classman, as he resided abroad for a term and this year returned only as a specialist. Now Billy's peculiarities are legion, but give me the man with peculiarities every time, he is more liable to be a genius. It is common property that in his second year he conceived the idea of branching off into Theology. Accordingly he entered Pine Hill, but not having on a wedding garment he soon found himself *ex sancto*. Failed in this project of his ambitions he turned his attention to Chemistry, where he discovered many an "unknown" unknown since the discovery of the science. In conjunction with that he entered the mystic realms of Mathematics, where he became a very Newton. But even these seemed to satisfy his philosophic mind "still climbing after knowledge infinite," so that he has turned his attention almost entirely to Social studies. He has diligently cultivated that complicated and evasive art of dancing until now, he never misplaces a foot or disappoints a partner. To gain far greater polish he has entered enthusiastically into the study of classical literature, and never comes to college without his library safe under his arm. As a consequence of this untiring aspirations and energy he occupies a prominent position in the School for the Blind, which is only emblematic of his future. There is no doubt that his ability to learn and do backed up by his ambition will secure for him an important position in the world.

Dennis Stairs must now be examined. He has maintained the reputation of other Dalhousians of that noteworthy name, and graduates this year, having distinguished himself most brilliantly in his Engineering course. While his Academic course was technical he has not by any means neglected the pursuit of other literary topics. Some there are who say Dennis is "stuck up," and they are justified from their point of view, but only from their point of view, for there is no more

genial soul than his once you know him. But to be known he must be known well. His friends are not numerous, but they are devoted. It is quite possible that no professor ever suspected Dennis of devilment, so sedate is he in appearance. But for boldness in the execution of a lawless prank he has no peer in College. To roll the cannon-ball, or set the waste-paper basket on fire, or scatter the choo-gun requires more than ordinary nerve. The most notable thing about him is the way he surprises. To merely look at him one could never guess the valuable and vital personality which is his.

Inseparably linked to Dennis is Geoffry Gaherty. They constitute one of the several couples in the class, and are related in our mind as Hume says cause and effect are related. But who is the cause or who the effect has never been determined. They really exert a mutual influence upon one another. Gaherty is also an Engineer, very youthful, and by no means devoid of ability. He is also widely read, being a great philosopher, particularly a devotee of Darwin and Huxley, lecturing upon whom he has introduced a certain amount of materialism into the Draughting Room. But no doubt materialism is the best philosophy for an Engineer. But "Geoff's" fame is due not to these things but to his political career. Much might be said about the recent campaign, and much is better left unsaid, as the critic and the victim are on opposing sides of politics. Gaherty's youth prevented him in his earlier college days from occupying any prominence, and it was only in his last year that he came so ably to the fore.

Another youthful Cape Bretoner is Albert A. Cameron,— "A square Cameron," they call him. Since a couple of years he has been gradually turning away to the study of medicine and its mysteries. Thus he is connected with two faculties in Dalhousie, and in addition to these it is said that he receives some instructions at the H. L. C. However by his actions he has proved himself a very energetic youth.

Kelly Butler came to us from Acadia, and has made quite an impression upon Dalhousie Opinion. It is hard to define exactly what that impression is, but in addition to other things he is sociable and kind-hearted to a fault, inquisitive, neat in appearance, and polite in bearing.

Wilmur B. Rosborough is a notable figure in the class. He is the first minister mentioned as yet, and he has been styled "The Little Minister." It is not certain that he has had such a romance as Barry's hero, but at least he is a favourite among the fair. The explanation of this is to be found in his ease and confidential manner, qualities often coveted but seldom possessed to such perfection. He has ambition and much potential ability which he fully estimates. His class has honoured him by making him president last year and this year valedictorian. Through his course he acted as a mediator often between two factions existing in the class under consideration.

Harry Cavenagh is another notable character. In several ways he has been prominent. In his course he was a strong French man, this year he was secretary of the U. S. C., and he is also a member of the New Glasgow dancing club. An engineer by training he promises great things. In fact, while he holds a very high place in scholarship, in practical work, notably in the woods, no man shines like "Cave." But the most prominent thing in his personality is his shrewdness. In him this characteristic approaches perfection, and if employed properly must bring certain advancement.

Now must be examined Gordon L. Crichton, the "Mexican," the man with the past! Before coming to Dalhousie he had some experience at McGill, but chiefly in the south, the enchanting south. And when he did come, many a story wild and romantic had he to relate of what he saw and experienced in the land of Arizona. Not even Byron could relate such hair-raising incidents and situations. His legend of the "Hobo Queen" has never been surpassed, and many a nightmare has tempted the souls of those who heard it told. Crichton is somewhat of a linguist also, his knowledge of French and Spanish being exceptional. His powers of acquisition are shown in another way by the fact that he is interested in land down in Glace Bay. But although he has his romantic side he has also his practical side. There is no more thorough and exhaustive worker in the Engineering faculty, and that is a power which promises much to him in the way of success.

Having already mentioned a "pair" it will be in place here to introduce a "trio." That will be the "Little lab bunch,"—Campbell, Wallace and Deblois. Campbell and Wallace pursued the honours course in Science, and Deblois did special work in that line also. Campbell entered the Sophomore year and has worked very diligently, even to the exclusion of a great deal of college life. He is quiet, and generally inconspicuous. And in all points so is Wallace. But Deblois is known in the realm of music, being choir leader on theatre-night and other public performances of the student body. Now these three gentlemen have lived amid the fumes and gases for three or four years, but it is wonderful how well they have survived, and how through it all they have retained their humanity so completely.

I pass on now to a high flown name, J. C. Crowe. The boys at "eleven" called him "Connie," but instead of resenting it he accepted it as a compliment, an indication of the good-natured familiarity with which he was there regarded. It is true he received a great deal of his education there; before then, according to his own confession, he never knew what it really was to be among the "fellows." Presumably he was only intimately acquainted with the society of ladies. However that he there is no doubt in the mind of observers as to the fact that Crowe is now mated. Moreover he is an excellent shot, and is also somewhat of an athlete, being a noted half-mile man. Though football is his college game, he came to greater fame in hockey, for last winter he was captain of the notorious eleven Seymour team. Withal, Crowe in a promising youth, gradually coming to realize his proper junctions.

John E. Read is undoubtedly a prominent figure in this class. He originally belonged to '07, and entered '09 in his third year. One of his important feats was the quelling of the boisterous Sophs on the north bleacher. He has been a very active college man, a promoter of schemes. He had much to do with the theatre night project, and rendered excellent service in the Arts and Science Debating Society. As a student few rank higher. He has a reputation for selecting the hardest nuts in the curriculum, and of cracking them without fail. It is said that he is aiming high, wishing to land some distance away. In athletics he is known as a "ten-mile" man, and a

walking adept. Personally he is genial and friendly to both ladies and gentlemen. His one great fault is lack of balance. Of this he is no doubt conscious, for acting as he often does without due deliberation, without giving his reason time to adjust his inclinations, he has often found himself in awkward situations. He is a man, however, of great ability and force and promise.

Already one politician has been mentioned, but now comes another, D. W. Macdonald. Stanfield rises or falls as D. W.'s influencer waxes or wanes. He is the real Conservative whip of Colchester. It is generally understood also that he has other attractions in the north of the province besides politics; his room-mate testifies to his sleepless tossings often till the grey dawn appears. This however, may be due to the influence upon his mind of the new Theology. It is well known to heresy-hunters that D. W. is a follower of R. J. Campbell. He has no common ability, and if he "braces up" success is sure to be his.

Speaking of politicians, why not keep right on and speak D. C. Sinclair,—"Donald Charmical." For it is as a politician that "Don" will be best known to the future generations. He is also a young fellow, but despite that has filled an important place in the college during his career. He was particularly useful in debating circles. Not only was he a member of the inter-collegiate team for two consecutive years, but he also worked well for the cause in several societies. What most people notice in Don's personality is his independence. That is a spirit often coveted, a spirit to brave disaster or opposition successfully. But while this is his strength it is also his weakness. All tragedy turns upon some admirable characteristics in a man. So here; Don's independence tends on occasions to egoism, and there are few more unpopular and dangerous characteristics a person could possess. But do not imagine for that reason he is not companionable, for he is. Although often there is a lack of warmth in his society, yet at other times, under different conditions he is most genial and interesting. This must be so, when we consider his strong position with the "Coeds". He has profited much from travel, and can often delight by relating his experiences, as for instance when an

"able bodied seaman" he had a thrilling adventure on the Newfoundland coast. It is said that in his sophomore year he spent a great deal of money in chocolates. However, Don is profiting as few of us are from his college career, and that he will soon make his mark is most certain.

"Sinclair and Thomas" forms another of our pairs, so now Thomas comes before us for scrutiny. There isn't much of him to scrutinize, that is, physically. This is however, a case of good material in a small package. "Art" has figured chiefly in athletics, particularly in hockey, though in football too he is one of our very best quarters, and this year he efficiently did the work of Secretary of the D. A. A. C. But his strong point is the ladies. Upon this it will be quite unnecessary to enlarge before such an intelligent audience. The one thing he regrets is that he didn't enter college a year later. But Art's good points are too numerous to mention in detail, and with that hint at them let us pass to—

Another athlete and lawyer, Amos Jessie Lawrence. He is a large man physically, strong and ponderous, with all the characteristic slowness of heavy objects. In his sophomore year he was president of his class, and this year captain of the second foot-ball team. Only for the Law faculty he might have gone to Mt. Allison the last two terms. For reasons annexed to that situation he has not been a "ladies' man" in Dalhousie. But he has been a "man's man," a favourite of many, and an enemy of none.

The transition from Lawrence to Wm. Wallace Malcolm is not very jarring, as they are often seen together. "Little Willie," as he has been pleased to captain himself, has been for four years very much before the eyes of Dalhousians. His personality if analyzed would be found to be made up of groups of opposites. That is, one day he is the bypocoudiac, the next man of superfluous physical energy; at times he is all seriousness, at other times the extreme opposite. Due to this he has had almost a monopoly of Dalhousiensia since he came here. One of his passions is for being tickled under the arm, or if that is wanting simply to point at his fourth rib will suffice. He has also a mania for being hypnotized. As an athlete he is a prodigy, having in his freshmen year successfully coached the first team,



and in the same year captained the freshmen class on many of its perilous expeditions. To simply outline his attributes is almost impossible. He is a philosopher, a theologian, an orator and author, a geologist all in one, and all in an accomplished degree. And with all that do think you he refuses to mingle with the ladies, or refuses to give them any place on the program of his activities? I trow not! Dalhousie will miss Malcolm perhaps more than any man who goes out this term:

There is still another pair to be mentioned, that constituted by Kenneth Munro and Alexander MacKay. These gentlemen are both advanced theologians, and so care must be exercised in dealing with them. They are both "Islanders," but one is from Cape Breton, while the other is from the other "Island." How they manage to agree over the ascendancy of their respective birth-places is difficult to understand. Munro is a successful student, an excellent fellow, and a coming preacher of note. MacKay is also a successful student, a diligent worker, and a debater of note. They were in their first years wrapped round with a sort of asbestos covering, and were rather unsociable, but this term has revolutionized them in that respect, and made us all think much of them.

There is now to be mentioned a name notable for its brevity,—William Robert Ramsay Armitage. During his course there has been a sort of evolution going on in his mind. In his first and second years he purposed to be a clergyman, in his third a lawyer, in his fourth a broker. And corresponding to each of these stages respectively he expressed himself whenever he had occasion by the words "Deuce," "Darn," "Damn." His manner is juvenile, his air is classical, he worked like a Trojan, and like Diogenes absented himself from the best of mankind. Thus while his course was not broad, it was eminently successful.

I will now produce a quartette to keep company with one already mentioned, and this one because the individuals in it make a somewhat similar impression upon the general mind; James Fraser, Robert Ingles, and A. M. Porter and C. S. Ferguson. Fraser and Porter are avowedly theologians and Ingles is avowedly a lawyer Ferguson has not yet determined. None of them pushed themselves to the fore in any way preferring on all occasions to stand aside and make room for others.

This is not commendable when it interferes with one's own development, but it is admirable in that it shows an unassuming modesty of nature. Porter, Ferguson and Inglis are very faithful, and deserve credit for undertaking the work at a later age.

It is time you were now presented with J. F. Cahan, a most illustrious name. He has been an orator of note, gaining fame in that sphere by championing the cause of the Nickle Theatre when it was threatened with annihilation some two years ago, and also by his agitations in the recent political campaign. The most striking element is Jack's personality in his capacity for "bluffing". Many a freshman and sophomore, many a junior and senior indeed, nay even many a professor has he successfully victimized. The secret of his accomplishment is his habitual mock-serious attitude. He often looks as if he had lost his lady, when he is really only concealing his Mexican cherroot from the eyes of the omnipresent professor. He always had a great antipathy to being hazed by his juniors, but on the other hand he had no conscience for the Golden Rule in that respect, not even for tricks, playing the role of the Trinidad Aristocrat on one occasion for purposes of decoy. He is profoundly interested in his adopted profession, engineering, and has a wide acquaintance with books. He is a noted Philistine, a devoted disciple of Elhe-t Hubbard, lord of the Roycrofters. With all these peculiarities, however, in them and of them over and above them, Jack Cahan is one of the kindest, most warm-hearted souls now passing out of our halls.

The transition from Cahan to C. J. MacKenzie is quite natural as they associate not a little at their work and elsewhere. He is one of the most successful students in the graduating class. He has made an excellent contribution to the engineering profession. Socially Jack is a great success. He can skilfully manipulate the ivories, and gracefully trip the light fantastic. In athletics he has figured prominently, and on the stage has glorified the sock. He is held in high esteem not only by his own class, but also by the entire student body.

Another transition causes quite natural here, from MacKenzie and E. L. Thorne. Hailing though he does from Dartmouth, he is by no means averse to Halifax society. He has been very

retiring in his college career, always preferring to slip in and out smoothly and quietly. As an engineer he stands well up, and few fellows are more popular.

Another man deserving a rap here is Frank Archibald. His course has been a sort of fitful, jerky affair, so to speak. But he is now first beginning to "rake in" the degrees. Frank is a noted singer, and a not less noted actor. All the ladies and professors were shocked to hear his profane exclamation in character last fall. But those who know Frank, are well aware that he would never have said that if it was't given him to say and the director had't compelled him to say it. Frank strikes one as the happy-go-lucky soul, but he is really a diligent worker, and one of the most popular men in college.

It will be necessary to mention another quartette, made up of Reg McCullough, R. L. Titus, A. G. MacKay, and J. B. Muise. These four gentlemen are not associates, but they impress one somewhat similarly. The reason is that they are all retiring, and no matter what a retiring man is he cannot be well understood. McCullough is perhaps the only man in college who suffered with a broken limb for the cause of football, which accident made him a hero in our eyes, and also kept him a year behind. Titus is known in Dalhousie as an orator on the Canadian Senate, and in Main as a purveyor of high priced medical books. MacKay is from Dartmouth, but he makes no stir when he comes over, though his ability would warrant move. Muise is an exceptionally quiet man, but an excellent fellow.

Seth W. Crowell is another who did not enter with the class, but before it, and who is also just beginning to haul in the degrees, of which he may secure quite a large number before he departs our walls. He is a quiet fellow, but a very active fellow in his quiet way, extremely faithful to anything he undertakes to carry out.

Cy Black is a man who has only stepped into the lime-light in his last years. Coming from Oxford, he brought with him as much good quality as if had come from Pictou or one of the "Islands". His eyes are also turned towards medicine. This year he held the office of secretary, some index of the standing of which his class-mates considered him worthy. With them the rest of the college heartily agree on that point.

The last man on this long illustrious list is not by any means the least illustrious.

James MacGregor Stewart, he came to us from old Pictou Academy, bearing laurels thence, and instead of living on the interest of them, here he has been continually earning fresh ones, until now the time has about arrived for him to receive them in most ample measure. Jim is such a modest man, that I forbear out of respect to his sensibilities to dwell longer on his extraordinary scholarship, but it is known to us all. That, however is not at all about him. He has taken such a keen interest in sport that he has been elected secretary of the D. A. A. C. His judgments upon athletics and college affairs generally is always sage and eagerly sought after. As a companion none is more genial and more popular. Next year he will be tutor, and if he can "toot" as well as he can profit from it, we are sure the coming generations will be rarely fortunate in their preceptor.

As this class leaves us we are glad to remember that they are the last of the "naughty" classes. And it is well that this should be, for Naughty-nine was very, very naughty. Perhaps that was on account of their youth. For their is no doubt that on the average they are the youngest class that ever graduated.

That may be the cause also of the unfortunate Chism which has existed in their ranks. The class was really divided by a vertical plane of cleavage, and seldom was unamious. This is something calling for severe censure. It is to be hoped that they will learn from that experience the undesirability of Chism, and henceforth try the harder to avoid it elsewhere; and it is further to be hoped that the class itself has found a balm for its wound, that the world may not be presented with the spectacle of disunited Dalhousians.

In the last place the class of '09 was a struggling body. Beset as they were before by the sturdy "Naught-eighters" and behind by the not less sturdy and even more aggressive "Tenners," as well as by their own internal troubles, they were obliged to struggle hard, and are to be congratulated on how well they have survived. From the day when they appointed a gentleman vice-president, to the day when they appointed Jim Stewart

president for life they underwent many a strange stage of growth, and many a groan did they utter 'ere they found themselves in their present promising situation. They are indeed a class which has had an unusual amount of struggling, and has profited from that struggle so well that few have gone out promising more than they promise to-day.

J. P. MACINTOSH, ARTS '10.

### Class Criticism: Medicine.

Just criticism is ever difficult. At this season however custom demands that we endeavour to lay bare the weaknesses of our graduating classes. To criticise the out-going class in Medicine has fallen to our lot. Brevity shall be our guiding principle and justice our aim. In reviewing this class one is struck by the fact that it did not contain a poor student. Throughout the whole course their standing was high and if this is any index of the future, we feel they have before them a useful and brilliant career. As a class they were too divided in their sympathies and aims to fill a large enough place in college life, but to us who knew them best they were always straight forward and honorable, and their departure will be regretted by all. With this brief mention of the class as a whole, we shall bring forward each individual for your inspection.

The curtain rises on Allister Calder, from Pictou county. Like all his countrymen, he early evinced a strong attachment to the ladies. He could resist every other temptation, but the glance of a bright eye would ever lure him away from his books and his bones. He was valiant on the football field, but was above all a good college man. In his third year he made the Inter-collegiate Debating team. In every society his help was felt and we feel he will be greatly missed, both in the Medical School and in the University at large.

The next victim is F. A. Cox, a native of the fertile Stewiacke valley. He is hard to criticise as he was without doubt the most retiring man in his class. This we must regret for we feel that he possessed abilities he did not make use of.

He was the musician of the class and the strains of Mendleson's Wedding March oft delighted the inhabitants of Edward Street. On Theatre Night Cox was always there for wherever a paino is there will he be also. His one great weakness lay in being over sensitive. What ever he did he did well and our last advise to him is to take patterns from a certain quadruped and learn to "B utt in."

The wilds of Cape Breton must now receive attention. Its worthy representative is Hector Alexander Grant, doctor, plugger and carpenter. Before coming to Dalhousie he was a great traveller, and has seen as much of the woods and prairies of this continent as Hector the hound of Cooper's Deerslayer. He was a man of little speech, except when his view of a diagnosis differed from that of Dr. M. A. B. On such occasions he would wax eloquent, and for several days afterwards his vest pocket would contain an edition of Osler. On several occasions during his vacation he has been known to forsake his books and ascend to high altitudes, to wield the hatchet and saw. In college life Grant always stood for the right and one felt instinctively that his word was as good as his bond.

Chester has sent in Clyde Stranghn Hennigar, eminent as a "plugger" and a medallist. He took too little interest in college life and therefore missed a great part of the training that a University course should give. It is reported that a Chester maiden has thrown her net about him. If so, she has trained him up in the way he should go, for he has never been known to attend church socials or any such places of dissipation. His spare time has been occupied in preparing scholarly clinics for his professors. In football season, Clyde was always prominent as one of the best halves in the class league.

Halifax is well represented by E. K. McLellan, the most famous food specialist that ever graduated. His latest original research has shown that Hayne's Best is a perfectly harmless article of diet for the young. In his fourth year Kirk developed a remarkable fondness for feminine society, but it is rumored that he has several times been found studying. On the football field he shone with special brilliancy, being one of the best halves in the City league. In hockey season he was always in evidence and his place on our team will be hard to fill.

Pictou county is again heard from when we speak of R. G. McLellan. Poor Gordon he was always sleepy. He loved to lean upon someone's shoulder, and in the absence of one of his classmates he has been known to select one of his professors as a support. He was very modest and retiring and hardly ever spoke above a whisper. The latest reports from Pictou, however, seems to show that his quietness is the result of a tendency to dream of home and another. Gordon played good football, but in hockey he was our star. May he be as prompt to reach the suffering as he was to reach the puck.

John A. McDonald. John came from Harbour au Bouche and brought with him all the fighting traditions of that place. He knew all the tricks of boxing and wrestling, and delighted in tossing freshmen over his head if they were innocent enough to clasp his hand. His greatest fear was that the Interclass football trophy would leave the Medical College. Until it was secure he was the terror of the football field. After every game had been won and the hospital relieved of many splints and bandages, John was content to go home to work for the rest of the term.

Last but not least is S. R. Johnson. He is all right though he does come from Dartmouth. Questions were always embarrassing to him, and his rosy blush was sometimes his only response. In politics, however, he was always eloquent, and many a scheme for the annihilation of the Liberal party has he discussed with his colleague Mr. Hillman. It is said that Borden and Crosby owe their recent election to his untiring efforts. Perhaps future Canadians will see fit to call him to the seat vacated by the famous Dr. Tupper.

Our task is ended, We have tried to set before you a few characteristics of each individual. If we have failed it is not because the desire to be just was absent. All that remains for for us to do is to bid adieu to the general class of '09 and wish them God speed in their life outside the walls of their Alma Mater.

W. V. COFFEN, '10.

### Prophecy, Arts '09.

On a pleasant day in April,  
 In the year of nineteen eighteen,  
 There was seen a strange assemblage  
 Moving up the street called Morris  
 In this ancient sea-side city,  
 They were going to Dalhousie,  
 To the new and great Dalhousie,  
 Standing proudly on the hill-top,  
 Built of marble, grand and stately.  
 'Twas '09; to convocation  
 They had come from divers regions;  
 From the North Pole and Australia,  
 From Japan and Patagonia,  
 Yes, and countries even stranger,  
 They had met here to do honour  
 To their much loved Alma Mater,  
 And their President had called them  
 Some by letter, some by wireless,  
 Some by spiritualist rappings,  
 From the realms where they had sojourned  
 In the nine years of their absence.  
 From the hall of Old Dalhousie,  
 When they stood at last together  
 In the middle of the campus,  
 Said the president J. M. Stewart  
 Now a rigid dean at Oxford,  
 Lecturing in Greek and Latin,  
 "I shall call the class list over  
 To be sure that none are missing.  
 That no one has been forgotten  
 In my messages and letters,  
 In my interviews with spirits;  
 And to pass the idle moments  
 While we waited for convocation,  
 Let each one inform us briefly  
 How and where he puts in practice  
 All he learned while at Dalhousie,  
 That is, briefly put, my brethern,  
 Where he is and what he's doing."  
 First the President read a letter,  
 Tipperary was the postmark.  
 Jack MacNeil in lonely exile,

In his old time witty manner,  
 Could but say that he regretted  
 That he could not join his comrades,  
 Since his wife was up in Dublin  
 Holding forth on woman's suffrage,  
 While he warbled Irish ditties  
 Scribbled poems and washed the dishes.  
 From the Empire of the Germans,  
 From the land of the proud Kaiser,  
 Came a letter highly perfumed  
 With the odour of the sulphates.  
 This was from our great researcher,  
 C. C. Wallace, the learned chemist.  
 When we opened his epistle,  
 We found that the worthy Kaiser  
 Could not spare his loved professor;  
 So to Naughty nine as ever  
 He just sent his love and wishes.  
 There was still another letter,  
 And the President read its contents.  
 That new city in the North Land,  
 Saskatoon in the great North Land,  
 Keeps A. M. Porter, the great preacher.  
 Wondrous power had this preacher,  
 Power of drawing men to-gether.  
 Would you ask me why he's absent?  
 Hear this message which he sends you;  
 "Gladly would I meet my class mates,  
 Gladly would exchange your greetings,  
 But my work is in the northland  
 And my duty bids me stay here."  
 Grant McLean then told his story;  
 He was now war-correspondent  
 On the famous London Graphic.  
 At the siege of Yokohama  
 By the great Brizilian navy  
 He had seen such desperate fighting,  
 Many scenes of war and bloodshed;  
 Shot and shell had whistled round him  
 As he stood there with his note book  
 Calmly counting up the death-rate,  
 Making sketches of the carnage.  
 When at last the war was over,  
 Weary of his lengthened exile,  
 Once again his thoughts sped homeward  
 To his old-time friends and comrades,

And remembering the reunion  
 He returned to old Dalhousie.  
 Next there spoke a stately matron,  
 She was once Amelia Creelman,  
 But was now the worthy helpmate  
 Of a grave and staid professor,  
 Famed for lore in Economics.  
 In the middle of the campus  
 Stands a black and yellow shanty  
 With the sign-board: "Best Gem photos,  
 Four for 10 cents and cash only,  
 Students orders promptly seen to."  
 This is Mel De Blois' calling;  
 He takes money by the millions  
 Taking pictures of the Freshmen.  
 From the new Dalhousie residence  
 For the fair and studious maidens,  
 Just across the spacious campus,  
 Came Grace Baker kind and cordial.  
 Well she filled her post of matron—  
 Freshies loved her, sophs and juniors,  
 Seniors fairly doted on her.  
 Many years did E. B. Allen  
 Reckon up the right ascension  
 Of the peaceful star of evening,  
 Which looked calmly down upon him.  
 And his old friend Reg. McColough,  
 Who with transit, level, picket,  
 Turned his skill to silver mining.  
 C. G. Black, the famous surgeon,  
 Had come all the way from Deutschland  
 Where at Heidelberg he studied;  
 There he had collected data  
 For his famous work "On Fractures,"  
 Published lately by MacMillan's,  
 Which had caused a revolution  
 In the way that bones are mended.  
 For if in the early morning,  
 Say, at 6 A. M., or later,  
 Slipping on the icy pavement,  
 Limbs or neck a man had broken,  
 Good as new he was by evening,  
 Found out by this great Dalhousian.  
 Then there came the entomologist  
 The distinguished Kelly Butler.

Famous for his work on beetles ;  
 He observed their ways and habits,  
 Having studied them in Burmah.  
 From the ice-bound coast of Greenland,  
 Came our Tory friend McDonald,  
 Dressed in ministerial costume,  
 Carrying a well-worn hymn-book.  
 Can it be our old acquaintance—  
 Now no longer thin and pallid,  
 For on whale-oil, seal and blubber  
 He had grown quite fat and lazy.  
 In the warmer regions southward,  
 Gordon Crichton now was settled.  
 There at Panama he laboured,  
 Laboured for his bread and butter,  
 For his own and Mrs. Crichton's.  
 The canal he had completed  
 By a new and wondrous method  
 That he had himself invented,  
 It was thought by all the experts  
 To be certainly successful,  
 To be sure to make him famous.  
 Helen McKay and Beatrice Davis,  
 Assisted by the famed contralto,  
 Jo. MacDonald, the prima donna,  
 Were now touring Western Europe  
 Charming many great assemblies.  
 From the land of the Maskado  
 Came tall Armitage the trader  
 With his autographic letters  
 And a book of poems from Townsend,  
 For the new Dalhousie library.  
 With the title, "Songs by Billy"  
 As they crowded around about him  
 To inspect his other treasures,  
 "There" he cried, and gaily flourished  
 O'er his head a charming picture.  
 "Who is this?" they asked in chorus ;  
 "Johne Doull our pride or trearure  
 President of Patagonia."  
 Campbell, from the Science building,  
 Left his lab, for just an hour,  
 Where he worked the works of Satan  
 Killing off his fellow creatures.  
 Never war was waged so deadly  
 Till with glycerine he meddled,

Cordite, dynamite and chlorates—  
 All the old and new explosivas.  
 Since the time of Moore's "Utopia"  
 Nothing had Ferguson's "Nalhalla";  
 This he wrote between his sermons  
 To decide all social questions,  
 Justice to the labour party,  
 Fairness to the wealthy classes.  
 Theology and economies.  
 Solved these problems great and weighty.  
 In a deaf and dumb asylum,  
 Grace M. Tupper teaches children  
 How to use their vocal organs  
 By the surest of all methods,  
 By the force of good example.  
 And associated with her  
 Margaret Chase, that sweet-voiced singer  
 Teaches them to sing in chorus.  
 In the land of ghosts and shadows  
 There we'll find S. W. Crowell ;  
 As a proof that he had talent  
 'Cross the Styx a bridge he builded.  
 On this mystic iron structure,  
 Stood McKay A. G., Musician,  
 Charmer, soother of the spirits.  
 Madge MacDonald ever loyal  
 Had invited to a luncheon  
 All the frivolous naughty-niners,  
 And was moving now among them,  
 Bright and cheerful, kind and cordial.  
 Very talkative was Gaherty—  
 Never any deed of daring,  
 But Den Stairs had done a greater.  
 Still these two old friends were partners  
 And together, had completed  
 The great Cape to Cairo railway,  
 Bridged the stormy North Atlantic,  
 And are solving now the problems  
 Of aerial navigation,  
 With an elevated railway  
 To connect with several planets.  
 Swift was J. F. Cahan—  
 At each stride a mile he measured,  
 As he walked across the Atlantic,  
 To attend the class reunion,  
 On the bridge his class-mates builded ;

He had noted all their movements  
 From his elevated station,  
 From the Sphinx's lofty top-not,  
 Viewed them through his new invention  
 For beholding distant objects  
 In whatever place located.  
 Robert Inglis next was summonsd  
 And he told his story briefly,  
 As became a busy lawyer  
 Occupied with suits and cases.  
 He had crossed no weary ocean—  
 Travelled o'er no smiling prairie—  
 But had merely left his office,  
 Corner Hollis Street and Sackville,  
 Left his clerk and left his clients,  
 And had hastened to the College  
 To attend '09's reunion.  
 Lily Seaman, learned lady,  
 Through the tunnel from the Island  
 Came in haste with laurels crowned—  
 Laurels won by great achievements  
 In the world of art and letters.  
 Who are these that are approaching  
 Whistling, singing through the pine trees?  
 Ken Munroe with step majestic,  
 A. MacKay with thoughtful visage.  
 As they near us we can hear them  
 Talking on the same old question  
 On the same old New Theology.  
 In her native county Pictou,  
 Sadie Porter, zealous worker,  
 Now proposes Temperance measures  
 At the Women's Council Meetings.  
 From the cold and frosty North Pole  
 Harry Cavanagh had hastened  
 To the meeting of his class-mates.  
 A submarine he had invented  
 Of a new and wondrous fashion,  
 And it is explored the regions  
 Lying hid beneath the ocean.  
 Many tales he had to tell us—  
 Weird and marvellous adventures—  
 How he met a lonely mermaid  
 In the languid Indian Ocean.  
 She had wondered from the homeland  
 Far up north among the iceburgs

And she piteously implored him  
 Just to take her home and leave her.  
 Gentle Harry's heart melted;  
 Speedily he wooed and won her;  
 Never any more he wandered  
 Till the message came by wireless  
 Bidding him to Convocation.  
 Great of body, great of stature—  
 Greater still in mighty power  
 Is our class-mate Wilmur Rosborough.  
 As he grew his brain expanded  
 To its fullest, greatest measure,  
 Till, at last, at famed Toronto,  
 There we find our worthy class-mate,  
 Sitting in the chair of wisdom.  
 She who once was Vic MacMillan  
 Next was called and told her story.  
 As a philanthropic widow  
 She dispensed her husband's millions  
 On all charitable objects—  
 Model farms and Public Libraries,  
 And the new Dalhousie Residence  
 Owed to her its art collection  
 Then they said to F. R. Archibald,  
 To the sweetest of all singers,  
 He the greatest of all tenors,  
 He the rival of Caruso,  
 "Sing to us Oh Great Musician,  
 Sing a song of old Dalhousie,  
 That the time may pass more gaily.  
 As his song welled forth so clearly  
 Came the Jew's harp's dulcet music;  
 It was a new and special Jew's harp  
 Patented, improved and varnished  
 By McKenzie the Musician.  
 Edward Thorne did play upon it  
 And enraptured all his hearers,  
 As in Paris and Vienna  
 And in other noted centres  
 He had charmed the listening critics.  
 R. L. Titus next was called on  
 As a book agent he wandered  
 Up and down the Western Hemisphere  
 Selling an Encyclopedia.  
 Still intent on history studies  
 Bessie Maycock spends her winters.

In the cities of the Chaldees,  
 Collecting treasures rich and curious,  
 From the land of all the muses,  
 From the fair and sunny southland,  
 Came our Muise, '09's J. B. Muise  
 With his arms all full of flowers  
 He had grown near Mantua City ;  
 There he studied Virgil's Georgics,  
 And to its four books he added  
 Yet one more, and called it "Flores."  
 Of this to our Latin Master  
 He had kindly sent a copy  
 For the use of all Dalhousians.  
 Ruby Hill next told her story ;  
 But alas we understood not  
 All her classic Latin phrases,  
 All her philosophic theories.  
 Far and wide among the nations  
 Spread the name and fame of Lawrence.  
 No man dared to strive with Amos,  
 No man could complete with Jesse ;  
 But his Honor D. C. Sinclair  
 He the ardent politician  
 He with ease and flow of language  
 Argues and debates against him.  
 Fast and furious waged the campaign  
 Dark and gloomy was the outlook,  
 But they laid aside their weapons  
 And together came to greet us  
 Came to greet us in the Springtime,  
 Next to speak was A. Clare Giffin,  
 Who had left her lonely attic,  
 Where, half-starved on bread and water  
 Wondrous Epics, Odes, and Lyrics  
 From her tireless pen flowed ever ;  
 And the floor was littered over  
 With the manuscripts rejected  
 By the "Argosy" and "Harper's"  
 "Smart Set," "Ainslies" and "Spectator."  
 A. A. Cameron, now at Sydney  
 In Cape Breton's iron city  
 Lived in calm domestic comfort,  
 Had become a Christian Scientist,  
 Had converted many sceptics—  
 Conquered many dread diseases,  
 And was rapidly acquiring

An extensive reputation.  
 From a cottage bright and cosy  
 By the N. W. Arm located,  
 Effie Thomson brought to cheer us  
 Fudge and cake and other dainties.  
 Then was summoned mystic Fraser  
 From the far off eastern sea-port,  
 From Hong-Kong his mission station  
 Where the natives all adore him  
 For his wise and kindly teaching.  
 Lena Sibley, tall and stately,  
 Grave and dignified yet smiling,  
 Told us of the Ladies College  
 Where, as principal she governed,  
 Chaperoned the girls at parties,  
 Lectured them on art and music.  
 Lizzie Walker, as she told us,  
 Now was teaching in Australia,  
 Teaching in a kindergarten,  
 Loved by all her little pupils.  
 From the sunny shores of Afric  
 Came Gitche Malcolmus the mighty,  
 The philosopher and poet,  
 Looked upon us with compassion,  
 With paternal love and pity,  
 Spoke to us with voice majestic,  
 Saying ; " I am little Willie—  
 I am he the class physician  
 Come to warn you and instruct you  
 That class spirit needs reviving,  
 That the fair sex are fickle—  
 Let them be avoided ever—  
 And for solace go to Hegel,  
 Kent, and Lock and Hume and Berkeley.  
 Mable E. MacLeod next told us  
 How far West upon the prairies  
 In the City of Regina,  
 She, as chairman of the school board,  
 Earnestly advanced to guide them  
 All the best and newest theories  
 On Canadian Education.  
 On a rushing, flying visit  
 Came our friend Arthur Thomas ;  
 All the ladies rushed to meet him  
 Rushed to meet their worthy class-mate.  
 Not long time had Mr. Thomas



For his duties were so pressing ;  
 In the general elections of the year of 1918  
 He was chosen by the people  
 To uphold the Liberal banner,  
 In his now adopted province,  
 In the land of Manitoba.  
 Congdon Crowe so listless, careless,  
 In his life he had one shadow  
 In his heart one sorrow had he  
 Far away upon a prairie  
 He beheld a maiden standing,  
 But he was too slow and lazy  
 To bestir himself and woo her.  
 Yes, too indolent and easy  
 To persue her and persuade her.  
 Suddenly there came a rushing  
 As if of a mighty whirlwind,  
 And came bounding through the doorway  
 John E. Read the champion runner.  
 Abandoned were his fine-spun theories—  
 All his classics were neglected,  
 Wan and thin was he from training,  
 Training for the great Olympic.  
 Right and left we all divided  
 As he swiftly rushed among us  
 And, exhausted with his efforts  
 Stopped before the learned president  
 While his class-mates all applauded  
 His remarkable achievements,  
 And expressed their satisfaction  
 At his fortunate arrival  
 Ere the meeting was concluded.  
 When the tumult had subsided,  
 When the President stepped forward  
 And declared the meeting ended,  
 Bid us all farewell and thanked us  
 For our loyalty in coming  
 To our class's first reunion.  
 Then in closing he repeated  
 The familar words of Horace,  
 Slightly altered and improved on  
 By our grave professor Howard :  
 " Di tibi dent, dum bona sint  
 Quaecumque preceris commoda."

### Prophecy, Medicine '09.

It was the last of April, and in the columns of the morning paper, appeared a long list of those who had recently passed the Medical Board Exams. Many such annual announcements had been made since that bright spring morning when the class of medicine '09 assembled at the secretary's office to learn its fate. As we read, our thoughts returned to that class; and we wondered what fortunes had attended the career of its members. Inspired by these thoughts, and desirous of renewing old friendships, we determined to take a holiday trip and visit them in in their respective abodes.

Aerial navigation had long since replaced the old modes of travel. And ere long we reached a neighboring town where one of our number had steadily climbed the ladder of fame. As we alighted and passed through the streets, we could not help noticing the splendid physique of the youths. We were told that this was due mainly to the work of Dr. McDonald, Honorary President of the Amateur Athletic Club, in making scientific physical training compulsory in the schools and colleges. We were no sooner greeted by our friend John than he began explaining a method he had just perfected of opening the cranium and testing a man's mental capacity, by a series of electrical reactions directly upon the brain cells. We were anxious to have him demonstrate this wonderful method; but repeated calls from a telephone bell, as tireless as the doctor himself, demanded his presence elsewhere. So we proceeded on our way concluding that our youthful prophecies as to John's success had more *than been* fulfilled.

Arriving next at Springville, Pictou Co., we found ourselves before a glittering sign:—Allister Calder Physician. On entering the office we met the genial doctor. And his radiant countenance at once showed us that his cardiac centres had long ago succumbed to cupid's microbes. Between making public speeches and healing the sick he was the same busy man he had always been around the college halls. Ever then we found him at the head of a gigantic movement to found a combined Ladies' and Business College in the land of the shorter catechism.

Continuing eastward we came to Neil's Harbor, Cape Breton. We remembered that here it was that Dr. Grant, on leaving college had settled to wield the knife, and administer nauseous drugs. We asked if he still followed his profession and were referred to a house not far distant whence issued melodious sounds. On drawing near we recognized our friend's voice in that familiar air Hobo, etc.

Re-inforced in the chorus by numerous weaker voices of trained pitch. We scarcely recognized at first this worthy son of Hippocrates for the growth on his upper lip had been augmented by a beard of the same quality. His normal weight of 175 lbs. Avoirdupois had been increased one third. Other things being equal we regarded this as proof that he had at least met with financial success.

At New York we found Dr. Henngiar who had been the star of the house staff at the New York Post Graduate Hospital but was now the leading surgeon and clinical teacher in that Institution, not only had he achieved fame in the medical world but also distinguished himself by recovering single handed the famous treasure of Captain Kidd, at Oak Island, Chester. Which enabled him to live in the most palatial manner. It is reported that his life is one of single blessedness but this we are inclined to doubt.

As we soared down upon a western metropolis, we soon discovered it to be the busiest city we had yet visited on every side were heard the sounds of hammer *and* saw. While at every turn throngs of hurrying people and piles of timber *and* brick obstructed our course. Whence all this commotion? At length we learned the cause. At a recent civic election, one S. R. Johnston M. P. had been elected Mayor of the City and as an outcome of his improved Health Laws, numerous model tenement houses were being constructed. Also, hygienic conditions throughout the city, had so improved, that disease was being rapidly exterminated, almost to the detriment of the Doctor's profession and people were flocking in from all parts to make their home amidst such healthy and prosperous surroundings. At our first glimpse of his Worship we noticed that time with its worries and the cares of civic and professional life had stamped but few lines upon his yet boyish face. When we asked him the secret of this

he said—come with me and he showed us a private Restaurant *and* Bowling alleys which he had fitted up with every modern convenience where he and his friends could resort for recreation and banish all thought of work and responsibility.

Our next flight brought us to an Alberta town where we landed at a door bearing the superscription, Dr. R. G. Mclellan, Master of Serums. We knocked, the door was opened by one we recognized as the idol of his heart. She raised her finger and without a word beckoned us to follow. Entering his laboratory we were not surprised to find the old doctor sound asleep. His pate was shiny and drops of perspiration tickled from his brow. Always at his best, in this semi comatose state he muttered;—“Gentleman and co-workers in the great field of serums, no longer does cirrhotic liver destroy the cattle of Pictou County. Decades have passed since freckles have ceased to be a menace to the handsome face of the girl of sweet sixteen, as I use the only treatment—viz:—The serum treatment.” He was prosperous and contented. An able man in the community especially at missionary work. At length we returned to our native land and passing down the La Have River we found our old classmate and Athlete Dr. E. K. Mclellan. The baby of the class of '09 settling down in his native province had mounted the pinnacles of success and he lived as the Acadian Farmer of old, beloved by all who knew him. Hale and hearty was he but minus the locks that left his manly forehead in early youth. No more does the hospitable Dutch farmer groan with gastric neuroses nor the nation lack sympathy and advice in times of affliction. A man of great ability aided by a commanding personality, he remains a credit to the profession.

F. A. Cox, Med. '09

### An Ode for Class Day at Dalhousie 1909.

*"Cras ingens iterabimus acquor."*

*Horace, Odes, Lib. I. Car VII. 32.*

#### I.

Now in the glory of at last attaining  
Of things desired, some part, yet ah, not all;  
In the first flush of joy at truly gaining  
The hoped for end; (a tower on a city wall  
Whence one looks down and watches long seas falling  
Against the changeless granite at his feet,  
Seas that roll in from that great deep whose calling  
Bids him forget the inland valleys sweet,  
Insistent draws him forth, adventures new to meet.)

Stand but a moment and remember, dreaming,  
All the old days of struggle, in the years  
Now left behind, and to our memory seeming  
Or as from the seaward tower the hill appears  
Lofty-behind the city's thousand towers;  
Mist-veiled and dim, as seen through unshed tears  
Yet lovely, fair and strewn with pleasant flowers:  
Ah! he remembered well who long since left its bowers.

But now stands gazing first, beyond the foam  
At shining seas where the light sunbeams play  
Then backward to the peaceful hill, his home  
In days that fairer seem, being far away  
And at the city, where for many a day  
His thoughts, far from wide seas or pleasant hill  
Have been but for the little hour's display  
Of strength or courage and his whole soul's will  
Put forth to gain the praise and longed-for prize of skill.

But now since he has won the final prize  
And has attained the city's final praise  
Seaward, where tossing white caps meet his eyes,  
He must set forth, forgetting other days;  
So we regretting not the pleasant ways  
Of childhood when the whole wide world was kind,  
Heart-lingering not, where duly crowned with bays  
We first knew victory, must with equal mind  
Set out across the deep our Happy Isles to find.

#### II.

On that wide sea we must set out to-day;  
What islands lie before us, who can say?  
What tempests or what calms what sun or wind?  
Over our heads what lightning tongues may play?  
Through what far perilous straits may lie our way  
Who than shall say?

To one of all it may be given to find  
(Sailing, to all but that one vision blind)  
Those happy Isles whereof we go in quest;  
Yea, those Hesperides where maidens bind,  
Their brows with roses, red and white entwined  
Some one may find.

How many more shall miss that wondrous west,  
(Sailing o'er dim grey seas at Fate's behest,  
Holding one course with steadfast purpose still,  
To find no Faery island of the blest—  
Some far forgotten twilight land of rest  
Yet not that West.

With the swift North wind driving them at will,  
For some, full soon the fair white sail shall fill;  
And on they rush into the sudden gale;  
What fires and tempest wait their bark to spill,  
What shallow seas may test the pilot's skill,  
'Tis at Fate's will.

To some may fall a charted course to sail,  
Through mist or tempest, sunshine, sleet, or hail,  
Until they reach some haven fair and still:  
Yet each will have at last a different tale,  
And through Chance, Change, bright Hope and Terror pale  
Each one must sail.

#### III.

To each a vision fair before his eyes  
Still beckons and still ever onward flies.  
Happy who follows, stern and unafraid  
The fleeting shape that leads by devious ways;  
Through all the changeful voyage of his days,  
By storm and foe and tempest undismayed  
Still following the one vision of his soul.  
Is not that vain pursuit of it the whole  
Of worthy life, of effort worth the while?  
He who forgets the Vision, blinds his sight

To that dim figure shining in his dreams,  
 Has throw away the best of life's delight;  
 To him come no great moments when life seems  
 To gather all its glory in an hour;  
 When all the spirit's Power  
 Goes out in one fierce effort to attain  
 The end long sought, desired, yet aye desired in vain.

In vain, in vain to hope on any day  
 To see that vision other than a dream;  
 Yet souls of living fire must ever say:—  
 "It is, it is somewhere, and all things seem  
 To drive us towards it while a low voice calls  
 Insistent, passionate, promising, remote,  
 To draw us onward till the evening falls  
 On this our day of life."  
 It is well worth their strife,  
 Their stress of soul, the joys that they devote  
 To this one vision, that must ever be  
 Above, beyond, apart,  
 Not to be reached ever in all their lives;  
 For were it not so, were this felicity  
 A thing that men *could* reach, then would it lose  
 The very essence of its empery,  
 And a thing that lesser souls might choose,  
 Not set apart for these, humble yet high of heart.

## IV.

Thus we set out, all vision-led, and some  
 Destined perchance to follow to the end.  
 Yet turn once more before the parting come  
 Speak some farwell, friend taking leave of friend,  
 Wish each safe voyage ere the darkling dumb  
 Unmeasured deep hides him beyond its bend.  
 The light dies out away within the West  
 The city lies mist veiled in tender rose,  
 To-morrow sees us start upon the quest;  
 Ah, ere this last day of Dalhousie goes,  
 Do we not turn with sorrow half-confessed.  
 To all the carefree life to-day must close?  
 Think then of it yet once more and return  
 To face the future though each one may keep  
 A memory of these good days, and yearn  
 Sometimes for them or live them o'er in sleep  
 But now let one thought in each high heart burn;  
 To-morrow we set out across the mighty deep.

## Valedictory.

W. B. ROSBOROUGH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The time has come when another class must go forth from our college to take its share in the work and responsibility of the world. During these four short years we have been engaged in the study of the thought and action of the races and generations through which our present state of civilization has been evolved. For human nature with all its perplexing problems varies little from one age to another; with this reservation, that those of the more advanced age may profit from the knots untied and riddles solved by those who have gone before. Thus each successive race adds its quota toward the solution of these problems, the clearing away of the mysteries connected with life and with the universe where that life plays its part, then vanishing, passes the results of its labour on, to those who follow. To significant parts of this rich heritage, thus handed down, we have been giving special study during these four years, that perchance we might learn something from the attempts, the success and the failures of those who have had to live essentially the same life as ourselves, to wrestle with many of the problems it becomes necessary for us to face. Now our part on the Dalhousie stage has been played. We must make our "exit," and thus prepare the way for new classes, who will, we trust play a larger a better part than we have been enabled to do.

To the valedictorian is delegated the work of saying the "last words"; a duty always attended by a sadness, not lacking however a strange touch of joy. We feel reluctant to break with the pleasant life of the past four years; and yet this feeling is in large measure abated because of the high hopes we entertain for the future. For this is what may be well called, one of the strategic points in life. The associations of the past, the strenuous demands of the present together with forecasts of the dim and shadowy future, all loom large in our thoughts and imagination. And with so many lines of thought seeking supremacy, the task given to me of bringing together the various

threads in this exercise of our last class meeting is not an easy one at all. Indeed it is a very formidable task for any one individual to give adequate expression to the mingled feelings and aspirations of so many distinct personalities as they sever the friendships and associations of college and go forth to assume the larger and more real responsibilities of life. On this account I beg of your patient forbearance with my attempts.

Concerning the *past*, little mention need be made. It is still fresh in the minds of all, being scarcely yet a thing of yesterday. The *present* likewise is almost too vivid for expressed. With regard to the present suffice it for me to refer to a feeling that I believe rings true in every breast, even the most unsentimental in our number. That is a feeling of sadness and loneliness, taking possession of us when we remember that in the coming fall we will not return as usual to compete as a class unit in Dalhousie. In the words of an anonymous writer,—

“ Other feet shall tread the stair ;  
Other guests be welcomed there ,  
We whose home it was before ;  
Shall be strangers evermore .

Our successes and failures of the past four years, have already been brought to your notice by the historian and the critic, and for that reason I forbear any prolonged comment on them, and proceed immediately to the *future*, which the past cannot belie.

The time has come when we must face the future in real earnest. Hitherto life has been for us, full of bright dreams. Perhaps we have been tempted to paint the future in colours too bright. Distance nearly always lends enchantment, as we come nearer the aspect changes; the glamour fades out, and something harder and sterner emerges as duty begins to enforce its claims upon us. Life's responsibility is a serious matter and invariably brings grave thoughts. We have great opportunities, great possibilities. And with all the rich heritage to which we are heirs future success or failure depends largely upon the use we make of our birthright, upon our own energy and powers of perseverance. Not only, however, does our own individual future depend upon these things, but also that of the young nation to which we belong. And to our responsibility in the

successful upbuilding of a great national life within our borders let me direct your attention for a short time.

At the beginning of the French Revolution the poet Wordsworth sung,—

“ Bliss was it at that dawn to be alive  
But to be young was very heaven.”

These words are also true in a very real sense of young Canadians at the beginning of this twentieth century and especially of young Canadians who have had the privileges of a University training. We live in a land that comparatively speaking, is just in the morning of its development. That ours is a nation whose name must be conjured with is becoming recognized, more and more by the nations of the world. Our dominions are broad in extent, with almost boundless resources in mountain, mine and prairie. And above all we have a race, strong in mind and body, the very best the old world could give. But yet, with all these things in our favour, it stands to reason that the successful development of this growing national life depends largely upon those who stand at the helm as the guides and directors of its destiny. In other words much depends upon the leaders of our life and thought, the formers of our public opinion and the inspirers of our public life. Or to put it yet another way Canada's future depends in large measures upon the type of men and women turned out by her Universities. For though only two percent of her population attend our higher seats of learning, it has been estimated that seventy-five percent of our leaders of thought and life came from the ranks of the college trained. It follows therefore that if the college graduate cannot adapt himself to changing conditions, if his training has not given him the power to grapple with new problems, to face the strange and oft times perplexing situations which must inevitably confront a new and a growing nation, better than can others, then four years of his life have been spent in vain, and his country must suffer as a consequence.

Society demands and has a right to expect more of us than of those who have not had our training. And any advantage we may have over others does not consist in the direct result of our training, that our heads are stored with facts. These facts will soon be forgotten. Our advantage if any, consists rather in

this that as a result of our discipline we shall be able to continue new methods for work, know how and where to acquire new information necessary to the accomplishment of our purposes, and above all that we may be enabled to persevere till the goal of our aims is attained. Our college training has not taught us this lesson of persistence till tasks are finished, difficulties overcome and the demands of duty fulfilled our advantage over others will be a factum rather than a reality.

Lack of persistence is a thing to which many college men are peculiarly subject. We imagine that we can gain the confidence and respect of men by reason of your education alone; forgetting that all our education will avail nothing unless it commends our life and work to others, and raise the conditions and essence of life to a higher level. There is need not only of persistence however, but also of persistence in behalf of a worthy end. Many are prone to make fame or some such thing the sole end of life, and all else nearly a means to that end. But there is abundance of evidence to show that such a pursuit defeats its own purpose. The pages of history tell us that the truly great were not in their own day and generation, to any marked degree, reckoned of the world's great at all. And some of the very greatest of the world's great were never in the limelight of public applause. They made their great achievements quietly, and passed away from the scenes of time before the balance of the importance of their work became apparent. And yet, even though we feel that a due measure of praise was not their's while they lived, their life so conscientious in aim, so persistent in effort appeals to us as the higher kind of life. In this connection allow me to quote the words of one of our well known writers. concerning the real men of genius and worth when he says,—“I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort and sickness which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes, toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much, and then with shattered nerves and sinews all unstrung have laid themselves down in the grave and slept the sleep of death, and the world talks of them while they sleep.” Such are men who are great in the best sense of the term. They are honest workers the quiet but persistent

toilers. And if Dalhousie College in this year nineteen hundred and nine sends forth a goodly number of young men and women with the benediction of honesty marked upon them and their she is doing far more than she would were she to send forth as great a number, through unjust or dishonest means might attain positions where they would command the gaze of men and thus invoke a temporary applause to themselves and indirectly to their Alma Mater. We of the class now going forth are to be of the former kind, persistent toilers in the conscious pursuit of a great purpose.

And as we consider the future, we must allow for *discouragement*. Standing, as men upon the threshold of life and looking adown the years we are bound to have, or at any rate, we should have, great expectations for the future. But the fact is plain that many of our fond dreams can never have realization. And as the consciousness dawns in upon us that we cannot achieve all we had so fondly hoped, will we sink back into indolence and abandon the conflict altogether, or will we be but netted by that fact to a greater and more strenuous effort? If our stay in Dalhousie has taught us anything in particular, it is surely this that no trivial or temporary set-back should cause us to lose faith in ourselves. Some one else expresses it thus,—“To-day is your day and mine; the only day we have, the day in which we play our part, what our part may signify in the great whole, we may not understand; but we are here to play it and now is our time.” For each of us there is a part to play, a work to do, which leave no place for hopeless discouragement, the fruitful parent of failure and defeat.

Fellow class-mates the temptation to impose further upon your patience is great; but I must resist it. We have arrived at a point where our individual paths in life meet for a brief space in an intricate cross-roads direction. Few will turn in any one common direction. The way we go depends upon the position in life we feel called upon or specially fitted to fulfill. What these callings may be it is needless to mention. But in each, in degree differing according to ability and calling influence over fellow men will be accorded us. And if we do not wield that influence for the general upbuilding of this young nation;

if we do not wield it with a view to solve the social, political and even religious questions now before us, and which in the near future will be forced upon our attention as they are not now, nor before have been; if in short, we do not wield that influence wisely and well for the greatest possible good of the greatest possible number, then we will prove a disgrace rather than as we should be an honor and a credit to the Alma Mater whose trade-mark we bear. The past and especially the next four years will even color our life and work of the future. And we rejoice to say that the large majority of our class have nothing to fear because of the truth of this fact. They go forward with a college record that argues well for their success in the future. All of us with our past failures and success in mind, are determined, however, that the failures shall be atoned for and the success improved on, in so far as our earnest effort can accomplish it. And this injunction as worded by another might not be bad for each one of us to carry with us,—“Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.”

From our fellow students of the other classes we cannot part without a few words. As we look into each others' faces to-day we are reminded that even friends must be torn asunder and swept along in the ever flowing current of events. The friendships and cordial relations existing between us in our brief sojourn together have been much enjoyed. And as many of these ties are now to be broken, to be renewed seldom and perhaps no more it is not strange that we cherish feelings of regret. It is well nevertheless that we go. For our going will bring to the front new life and enthusiasm; and with the ever improving methods this fresh inspiration will make better results possible. On some few of you will devolve the burden of the college societies. Your efforts to instil new life into these organizations, to put new schemes into practice will meet with opposition, and you will suffer disappointment: In many instances wrong motives will be imputed to you and often will your honest efforts be misconstrued and harshly criticised. But you must ever remember that this is the same human nature with which you will have to grapple in your larger life work. And how to deal

with this human nature is not learned from books and theories merely, but also in this hard and sometimes unpleasant school of actual experience. In all that you undertake both in your remaining college days and your often life you bear with you the best wishes of the class that nor says fare well.

Words cannot express the debt of gratitude we owe to our President and Professors. Oft times we have chafed under the discipline that has been placed upon us. And in those same cases our temporary biased judgements have been anything but favourable. In our same moments however we see beneath all these petty grievances, nothing but the very best wishes for our welfare, and the most untiring efforts that the very best may be ours in the way of higher education. And this class together with all that have gone before will ever cherish honor and respect for the stalwart men who compose the senate of Dalhousie.

In this last class-meeting of our course, we address our closing words to the friends and acquaintances who have been so thoughtful in assembling here with us. We cannot but think kindly of Halifax and of our Halifax friends. It was Byron who said.—“In leaving even the most unpleasant people and places, one keeps looking at the steeple.”

But how much more when the place has been pleasant and the people hospitable, when homes have been thrown open for our welcome, when the fault rests with the stranger if he has not met with that kindness which subdues the feeling of “away from Home.” And ever as we make our way upon the great sea of life with its sunshine and its shade, we shall ever remember and that kindly, as by-gone scenes picture themselves in the gallery of our memory, the Halifax friends who made our stay in Dalhousie short because pleasant.

Finally, on behalf of this large class I express to you all a heartfelt and meaningful-farewell.

### Results of Exams.

Note—Names in classes I. and II. are in alphabetical order. The asterick indicates special excellence. Names under heading "Passed" are in order of merit.

#### Senior History.

Class I.—H. A. Bligh, S. W. Crowell, G. C. Livingstone, Grace M. Tupper.

Class II.—L. E. Brownell, E. J. Maycock.

Passed.—E. C. Walker, Alberta Umlah, J. G. McLean, K. McAloney, N. F. Cutler, C. S. Ferguson, A. W. Robertson, G. K. Butler, E. E. Buckerfield, W. A. Whidden, Florence Taylor.

#### Modern Languages.

##### FRENCH I.

Class I.—Edith M. Blackie.

Class II.—S. R. Hussey.

Passed.—Maude A. Stevens, John A. McDonald, (Margaret P. Irving, Annie L. Rettie,) Donald S. McIntosh, Herbert M. Stairs, Lily F. Lawrence, (Harrie A. Bligh, Daniel J. Nicholson), Lillias W. Colquhoun, Harry L. Garrett, Hugh P. Bell, Kenneth G. Chisholm, Alexander Farquhar, E. Reginald Clayton.

##### FRENCH II.

Class I.—R. Earl Day, L. Georgene Faulkner, \*Harvey W. Jones, Norah Lantz, John C. Stairs, Edgar B. Waith.

Class II.—Irene G. Bremner, Sarah M. Dennis, M. Lillian McKittrick.

Passed.—Fauny Toomey, Dorothy K. Munnis, John McNeil, (Edith L. M. Fraser, Randal McDonald, Chas. G. Masters), Annie K. Dickie, (Margaret A. Christie, Murdock McGregor, Fred Palmer), (Howard Matheson Leslie McCurdy), Fillis C. Boak, (John Messervey, Louis Robinson), (Harry M. Blois, Harry Cavanaugh), Henrietta Ritchie, Alan M. James.

##### FRENCH V.

Class I.—Vera B. Clay, Norah E. Cutler, Dorothy C. Gorham, Ruby Hill, Elizabeth Maycock, \*Clare Murphy, Madge MacDonald, Marion C. Outhit, \*Lily H. Scaman, Lena M. Sibley, Marguerite H. L. Silver, Lenore Smith.

Class II.—Mossie M. Munro, Grace Prisk, Laura M. Raynor, Margaret I. Ross.

Passed.—George K. Butler, J. H. L. Johnstone, Effie M. Thomson, James A. Doull, Owen B. Jones, Ella G. Holder, Georgie M. MacKay, Gladys U. Smith, Eugene T. Parker, (John C. Roper, Gordon B. Wiswell), George M. Sylvester, Albert Ross, Nora O'Brien, Donald J. Matheson, Margaret McLean.

French (for B. Mus. degree, preliminary).

Passed.—Beatrice E. Daviss, Helen McKay, Helen H. Crichton, Emmille Thorne.

##### GERMAN I.

Class I.—Frances H. Grant.

Class II.—William C. Ross, William T. Townsend.

Passed.—Georgene L. Faulkner, Frank E. Hiseler, Ella G. Holder, Nora O'Brien, Alan M. James, John B. Reid.

##### GERMAN II.

Class I.—Edith M. Blackie.

Class II.—Irene G. Bremner, Helen C. Gunn, Helen S. Mackay, James B. Muise, Mossie M. Munro.

Passed.—Harold Davis, Philip M. Gittleston, (Margaret C. Chase, Jean MacGregor), Emily B. Kendall, C. H. P. Williston, Ranold McKinnon, Martha E. Dewis, James A. Mackay.

##### GERMAN V.

Class I.—Florence J. Bowes, Norah F. Cutler, Margaret E. MacLellan \*Marguerite H. L. Silver.

Passed.—Archibald A. MacKenzie, Charles E. Mackenzie, Seth W. Crowell, Katharine M. Whitman, Howard W. Matheson, John C. Roper.

German (for B. Mus degree, preliminary).

Passed.—Beatrice E. Daviss, Helen Mackay, Emille Thorne, Helen R. Crichton.

#### History and Political Economy.

##### JUNIOR HISTORY.

High first.—A. C. Giffin

Class I.—W. R. Armitage, D. C. Harvey, G. E. McKay.

Class II.—P. Brownell, G. C. Livingstone, J. P. McIntosh, A. S. McKenzie J. D. McLeod, A. G. Prisk.

Passed.—D. C. Sinclair, J. Doull, T. M. Creighton, A. A. Archibald, L. L. Duffy, Margaret J. Irwin, A. W. Robertson, V. B. Clay, K. A. Whitman, J. C. McLellan, E. M. Thompson, J. McNeil, H. F. Kemp, A. G. McKay, Frank Mack, A. Ross, H. A. Rudin, Gladys Smith, A. A. Cameron, F. M. Milligan, D. W. McIntosh, A. J. Lawrence, W. W. Malcolm, J. R. Cornelius, A. A. McCuish, M. H. Silver.

##### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Class I.—W. R. R. Armitage, Madge Macdonald, A. A. McKenzie, M. M. Munro.

Class II.—F. R. Archibald, T. M. Creighton, J. S. Roper.

Passed.—G. M. McKay, J. G. Prisk, Ruby Hill, D. J. Matheson, S. E. Porter Alberta Umlah, G. W. Irwine, H. F. Cutler, E. M. Forbes, F. E. Dodd, Frank Mack, R. A. McDonald, V. B. Clay, T. R. Hall, Margaret McLean, E. E. Buckerfield, A. T. McDonald, K. G. Chisholm, A. K. Herman, G. E. Herman, G. E. A. Rice, K. J. Macaloney, W. A. Whidden, O. A. Jones, Florence Taylor.

##### SENIOR POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Class I.—Amelia Creelman, E. J. Maycock, V. K. McMillan.

Passed.—G. K. Butler, A. G. McKay.

Class II.—A. A. Cameron, J. McNeill, A. O. Thomas, E. M. Thompson.

##### EDUCATION I.

Class I.—Ruby Hill, Clare Murphy, Madge Macdonald, Lily Seaman.

Class II.—Amelia Creelman, Florence Dold, Elizabeth Maycock, Gladys Marsters, Sara Porter, Elizabeth Walker.

Passed.—Mabel MacLeod, Alberta Umlah, H. Kemp, Lena Sibley, Martha Lewis, W. A. Whidden, Margaret Irwin, A. W. Robertson, J. C. McLennan, J. S.



McLean, Alice Bligh, Grace Prisk, J. B. Muise, Katharine Whitman, Francis Grant, J. C. Crowe, Edna Forsythe, Arnold Archibald, K. J. MacLennan, A. K. Herman, A. Ross, Kathleen MacAloney, Katherine Cunningham, Margaret Chase, G. E. Herman, Effie Thomson, Mary E. Smith.

## PHILOSOPHY III.

Class I.—W. R. Armitage, Leon L. Duffy, S. C. Livingston, J. P. Mackintosh,

Class II.—R. E. Inglis, A. W. Robertson, W. B. Rosborough, Grace Tupper.

Passed.—W. A. Whidden, H. F. Kemp, Olive Smith, C. S. Black, J. S. McLean, J. C. McLennan, F. M. Milligan, Sadie Porter, Mabel McLeod, James Fraser.

## PHILOSOPHY IV.

Class I.—W. R. Armitage, Ruby Hill, J. P. Mackintosh, Victoria Macmillan, Lily Seaman, Lena Sibley, Marguerite Silver, Lenore Smith, James McG. Stewart, W. B. Rosborough.

Class II.—Georgie MacKay, J. D. McLeod, A. W. Robertson

Passed.—H. F. Kemp, W. Whidden, L. L. Duffy, A. O. Archibald, T. R. Hall, S. C. Livingston, Eliza Walker, Amelia Creelman, Gladys Marsters, D. E. Hattie, C. S. Black, H. A. Rudin, Grace M. Tupper, Margaret Irwin, J. C. McLennan, A. O. Thomas, Margaret Chase, Laura Raynor, C. S. Ferguson, F. M. Milligan, S. W. Irwin, A. G. McKay, A. M. Porter, W. W. Malcolm.

## PHILOSOPHY VI.

Class I.—J. E. Read.

Class II.—W. B. Rosborough, W. C. Ross.

Passed.—J. B. Muise, D. E. Hattie, Sadie Porter, A. M. Porter, D. E. McLean.

## PHILOSOPHY I.

Class I.—D. C. Harvey.

Class II.—F. R. Archibald, Helen Gunn, A. A. Mackenzie.

Passed.—Florence Stewart, Helen Armitage, E. J. Fraser, Isabel Grant, A. D. McDonald, L. E. Brownell, Nora O'Brien, B. D. Earle, E. Parker, Annie S. McKenzie, Marion Outhit, J. A. Weatherbee, Margaret McLellan, Gladys U. Smith, C. A. Earle, J. C. McDonald, Elsie Wier, Mossie Munro, G. K. Butler, G. E. Riech, R. A. Neish, Jean McGregor, O. B. Jones, W. A. Ross.

## MATHEMATICS I.—A.

Class I.—L. M. Fulton, D. J. Nicholson, Maud Stevens.

Class II.—J. Macdonald, R. McKinnon, A. McLean.

Passed.—J. K. Murchison, J. A. Macdonald, J. Messervey, H. L. Garret, Harriet Bligh, R. E. Day, R. A. Macdonald, F. Palmer, H. M. Stairs, K. Leslie, Margaret Christie, L. B. McCurdy, Annie Dickie, A. McIver, W. K. McKay, W. Mitchell, M. R. McGregor, A. T. Smith, Irene Bremner, G. L. Keeler, D. R. Fraser, H. W. Jones, Lily Lawrence, M. Lillian McKittrick, Dorothy Munnis, E. S. Smith, J. G. Cutler, Annie Rettie, Edna Forsyth, Margaret Irving, Lillian Macdonald, D. A. McIntosh, D. A. McMillan, R. A. Major, L. Robinson, Fanny Toomey.

## MATHEMATICS I.—B.

Class I.—J. Macdonald, J. C. Stairs, Maude Stevens.

Class II.—L. M. Fulton, A. L. McLean, J. K. Murchison, D. J. Nicholson.

Passed.—Margaret Irving, J. Messervey, G. L. Keeler, J. A. Macdonald, Irene Bremner, M. R. McGregor, R. McKinnon, H. L. Garrett, R. E. Day, F. Palmer, Lillian Macdonald, A. P. McIver, Edith Blackie, D. S. McIntosh, E. S. Smith, H. M. Stairs, Edith Chisholm, Margaret Christie, Edna Forsyth, Olive Smith, Harriet Bligh, H. W. Jones, Lily Lawrence, K. Leslie, D. A. McMillan, R. A. Major.

## MATHEMATICS II.—ANALYTIC GEOMETRY.

Class I.—E. J. O. Fraser, J. A. MacKay, J. A. Weatherbee.

Class II.—K. Chisholm.

Passed.—T. M. DeBlois, D. M. Collingwood, J. W. Morrison, G. S. Stairs, Florence Dodd, A. S. Bell.

## MATHEMATICS III.—CALCULUS.

Class I.—E. J. O. Fraser, J. A. MacKay.

Class II.—J. A. Weatherbee.

Passed.—K. Chisholm, J. W. Morrison, G. S. Stairs, D. J. Matherson, T. M. DeBlois, H. P. Bell, D. M. Collingwood, J. L. Cavanagh, Florence Dodd, L. A. Mylius.

## ASTRONOMY.

Class I.—C. Macdonald, D. Stairs.

Class II.—H. Cavanagh, F. M. Dawson, C. L. Dimock, W. Putnam.

Passed.—G. A. Gaherty, C. McKenzie, E. S. Kent, F. Archibald, J. F. Cahan, G. I. Crichton, R. McColough, J. Macdonald, N. C. Ralston, E. L. Thorne.

## MATHEMATICS X.

Class I.—\*J. E. Read.

## Physics.

Class I.—Isable M. Grant, J. H. L. Johnstone, Annie S. McKenzie,

Class II.—B. A. T. Weatherbee.

Passed.—J. C. Crowe, J. A. MacKay, Gordon S. Stairs, (Nora E. O'Brien, A. Ross,) E. T. Parker, D. M. Collingwood, C. L. Gass, C. E. Mackenzie, (L. E. Brownell, T. R. Hall, H. M. Reynolds,) (H. P. Bell, W. E. Hillis,) (E. B. Allen, L. A. Mylius,) C. H. P. Williston, (J. A. Doull, Helen Gunn, Margaret McLellan, G. M. Sylvester,) (J. L. Cavanagh, E. W. Chapman, W. C. Ress, Florence Stewart, J. D. Vair.)

## PHYSICS II.

Class—I.—\*J. E. Read.

Passed.—C. H. McDonald, F. M. Dawson, W. Putnam, T. W. Hardy, S. W. Crowell, E. L. Thorne.

## PHYSICS III.

Class I.—H. S. Davis, H. W. Matheson.

Passed.—W. C. Stapleton, C. C. Wallace.

## PHYSICS VI.

Class I.—Harold S. Davis.

Class II.—J. H. L. Johnstone, J. A. MacKay, J. E. Read, G. F. Simson, Gordon S. Stairs.

Passed.—H. M. Reynolds, D. J. Matheson, D. M. Collingwood, F. R. Archibald, (W. E. Hillis, R. A. Major, L. A. Mylius,) C. H. P. Williston, C. E. Mackenzie, J. H. Cutler, J. R. Simmonds, (E. W. G. Chapman, J. W. Morrison,) C. C. Chute, C. S. Creighton, (J. L. Cavanagh, M. M. Layton, G. B. Wiswell.)

## PHYSICS VII.

Class I.—G. A. Gaherty, A. S. McLean, \*Denis Stairs.

Class II.—H. Cavanagh, G. L. Crichton, H. W. Flemming, T. W. Hardy, C. J. Mackenzie.

Passed.—E. L. Thorne, F. C. Knight, J. F. Cahan.

## PHYSICS V.

Class II.—W. C. Stapleton, C. C. Wallace.

## Chemistry.

## CHEMISTRY I.

Passed.—D. S. MacIntosh, Isabel Grant, Maud Stevens, Annie McKenzie, L. M. Fulton, A. P. MacIver, (Margaret Irving, Margaret Ross,) (Harriet Bligh, W. A. Whidden,) (Edith Chisholm, D. R. Fraser,) (Amelia Creelman, A. L. McLean,) (Annie Dickie, J. D. Vair,) Lenore Smith, Martha Lewis, (R. E. Day, E. M. Thompson) (Irene Bremner,) (H. W. Jones, Gladys Marsters,) (Lillian McKittrick, Grace Prisk,) Margaret Christie, Alberta Umlah, (Ella G. Holder, J. K. Murchison, L. M. Robinson,) Elsie Wier, E. S. Smith, Florence McG. Smith, (Jean McGregor, M. R. MacGregor, R. A. Neish, Gladys U. Smith,) P. M. Gittelson, (L. E. Crownell, W. J. MacLeod, E. J. Vaith,) (G. E. Herman, A. T. Macdonald, Henrietta Ritchie.)

## CHEMISTRY I.—A.

Class I.—J. H. L. Johnston, G. L. Keeler, J. D. MacLeod, J. C. Stairs.

Class II.—F. E. Hiseler, J. Messervey, D. J. Nicholson, F. Palmer.

Passed.—H. L. Garret, (H. W. L. Deane, R. McKinnon,) J. B. Reid, L. J. B. McCurdy, (A. J. Smith, H. M. Stairs,) W. Mitchell, (S. G. MacKenzie, R. A. Major.)

## CHEMISTRY II.

Passed.—Florence E. Dodd.

## CHEMISTRY IV.

Class I.—J. A. MacKay.

Class II.—J. L. Cavanagh, D. M. Collingwood, L. A. Mylius, H. M. Reynolds, G. S. Stairs.

Passed.—C. H. Williston, S. W. Crowell, W. E. Hillis, F. A. Archibald.

## CHEMISTRY VI.

Passed.—C. C. Wallace.

## CHEMISTRY VII.

Class I.—H. S. Davis, H. W. Matherson.

Class II.—None.

Passed.—N. W. MacKay.

## CHEMISTRY VIII.

Class I.—C. C. Wallace.

Class II.—T. M. DeBlois.

Passed.—W. C. Stapleton.

## Department of Geology.

## GEOLOGY.

Class II.—D. M. Collingwood, S. W. Crowell.

Passed.—A. S. McLean, F. M. Dawson, C. H. MacDonald, F. C. Knight, E. F. Mitchell, E. S. Kent, L. A. Mylius, W. Putnam, J. L. Cavanagh, K. Chisholm, W. E. Hillis, R. W. McCullough, J. J. Eisnor, N. C. Ralston, C. L. Dimock, E. B. Allan.

## GEOLOGY II.

Class I.—Clare Murphy, L. Sibley.

Class II.—J. M. Creighton, Florence Dodd, A. D. McDonald, V. K. McMillan, K. J. Munro, J. Grace Prisk, W. B. Rosborough, Elizabeth Walker.

Passed.—Margaret Ross, Laura Raynor, Helen Armitage, Marion Outhit, Emily Kendall, Amelia Creelman, C. A. M. Earle, R. A. Neish, G. K. Butler, Dorothy C. Gorham, Jean E. McGregor, C. G. Black, W. W. Malcolm, E. Chisholm, E. M. Thomson, Margaret Irvin, Gladys Marsters, M. E. Dewis, Elsie M. Wier, B. D. Earle, Margaret C. Chase, O. B. Jones, J. C. MacDonald.

## GEOLOGY III.

Passed.—N. W. MacKay.

## GEOLOGY IV.

Class II.—G. L. Crichton, G. A. Gaherty, D. Stairs.

Passed.—C. J. McKenzie, E. L. Thorne, J. F. Cahan, (provisionally), H. Cavanagh, H. W. Flemming, (F. C. Knight as of 1906-07.)

## GEOLOGY IV.

Class II.—T. W. Hardy.

Passed.—N. W. MacKay.

## MINERALOGY I.

Class II.—N. W. MacKay.

## BIOLOGY.

Class I.—W. R. Ross.

Passed.—Geo. R. Bancroft, A. G. McKay, W. R. Dickie, J. Doull, S. G. MacKenzie, L. M. Thompson, F. R. Eittle.

## BOTANY.

Passed.—J. D. Learment.

## METALLURGY 6.

Class II.—G. L. Crichton, G. A. Gaherty, E. S. Kent, J. G. MacDonald, C. J. MacKenzie, R. W. McCullough, A. S. McLean, N. C. Ralston, D. Stairs, E. L. Thorne.

Passed.—A. G. McAulay, H. Cavanagh, E. B. Allan, J. F. Cahan, F. C. Knight.

## METALLURGY I. (Assaying.)

Class I.—T. W. Hardy, N. W. MacKay.

Passed.—G. L. Crichton.

## METALLURGY III.

Class II.—T. W. Hardy, M. W. MacKay.

## MINING

Passed.—N. W. MacKay, T. W. Hardy.

## Faculty of Engineering.

## STRUCTURES II.

Class I.—D. Stairs.

Class II.—H. Cavanagh, C. J. McKenzie.

Passed.—G. A. Gaherty, H. W. Flemming, E. L. Crichton, A. S. Wall.

## HYDRAULICS II.

Class I.—C. J. McKenzie, D. Stairs.

Class II.—H. Cavanagh, G. L. Crichton.

Passed—F. C. Knight, G. A. Gaherty, E. L. Thorne.

## SURVEYING III.

Class I.—D. Stairs.

Class II.—H. Cavanagh, G. L. Crichton, G. A. Gaherty, C. J. McKenzie.

Passed—E. L. Thorne, J. F. Cahan.

## APPLIED MECHANICS.

Class II.—F. R. Archibald, F. M. Dawson, E. S. Kent, C. H. MacDonald, A. G. McAuley.

Passed—R. W. McCollough, C. D. Dimock, W. Putnam.

## Graduation these Approved.

H. Cavanagh—An experimental study of Sydney Slag Cement (with H. W. Flemming).

G. L. Crichton—A study of effect of Calcium on Portland Cement.

H. W. Flemming—(With H. Cavanagh).

G. A. Gaherty—A design of a Reinforced Concrete Standpipe for the City of Halifax.

F. C. Knight—The design of a Reinforced Concrete Storage Warehouse.

C. J. McKenzie—The design of a Riveted Pratt Truss Railroad Bridge.

D. Stairs—The design of a Reinforced Concrete Arch Bridge, Five Spans.

A. S. Wall—The Design of a Plate Girder Railroad Bridge.

## HYDRAULICS I.

Class I.—F. M. Dawson.

Class II.—E. S. Kent, C. H. McDonald, A. G. McAuley.

Passed—T. F. Hardy, W. Putnam, R. W. McCollough, F. R. Archibald.

## STRUCTURES I.

Class I.—F. M. Dawson.

Class II.—C. L. Dimock, E. S. Kent, C. H. MacDonald, W. Putnam.

Passed—R. W. McCollough, F. R. Archibald, A. G. McAuley, N. C. Ralston, J. G. MacDonald.

## DESCRIPTIVE GEOMETRY.

Class I.—F. M. Dawson, J. A. McKay, C. H. MacDonald.

Class II.—S. W. Crowell, G. S. Stairs.

Passed—R. W. McCollough, R. Major, C. L. Dimock, A. G. McAuley, J. G. McDonald, H. M. Reynolds, J. R. Simmonds, G. F. Simpson.

## SURVEYING II.

Class II.—F. M. Dawson, E. S. Kent.

Passed—R. W. McCollough, W. Putnam, C. L. Dimock, C. H. MacDonald, A. G. McAuley, N. C. Ralston.

## SURVEYING I.

Class I.—J. A. McAuley.

Class II.—S. W. Crowell, N. W. MacKay, G. S. Stairs, H. Williston.

Passed—E. W. G. Chapman, A. MacLeod, M. C. MacRae, M. M. Layton, W. Mitchell, R. Mitchell, R. Major, G. F. Simpson, C. E. MacKenzie.

## DRAWING I.

Class II.—H. L. Garrett, J. H. L. Johnstone, J. Messervey, F. H. Palmer, C. E. MacKenzie.

Passed—H. Doan, L. B. McCurdy, H. P. Bell, A. B. Smith, F. Tupper, A. M. James, F. E. Hiseler, R. McKinnon, C. R. Creighton, S. B. Trites, R. P. Donkin, E. W. G. Chapman.

## Summer Theses Approved.

J. F. Cahan, H. Cavanagh, H. L. Crichton, G. A. Gaherty, C. J. McKenzie, D. Stairt, E. L. Thorne, N. C. Ralston, C. H. MacDonald, J. G. MacDonald, R. W. McCollough, E. S. Kent, A. G. McAuley, W. Putnam, F. M. Dawson, E. B. Allen, E. W. G. Chapman, C. S. Crichton, M. M. Layton, J. A. MacKay, A. MacLeod, M. C. MacRae, J. R. Simmonds, G. F. Simpson, G. S. Stairs, H. P. Williston, J. H. Cutler, R. Major, S. W. Crowell, R. M. MacIntosh.

## Passed in Elocution.

E. W. Ackhurst, L. P. Archibald, W. D. Barss, Edith Blackie, Florence Boak, Alice Bligh, L. E. Brownell, Pearl Brownell, Irene, D. Bremner, E. E. Buckerfield, J. H. Chateauvert, Margaret Christie, Edith Chisholm, E. R. Clayton, Lillian Colquhoun, Florencia Collier, R. E. Day, Sara Dennis, Anna Dickie, H. W. L. Doane, D. Farley, Edna Forsyth, D. R. Fraser, E. J. O. Fraser, L. M. Fulton, H. L. Garrett, P. M. Gettlison, Isabel Grant, F. E. Hisler, Margaret Irving, J. H. Johnston, H. P. Jones, Nora Lantz, Lillie Lawrence, G. L. Keeler, E. Kerr, G. G. King, C. L. Masters, J. Messervey, Beatrice Mumford, Dorothy Munnis, J. K. Murcheson, L. B. McCurdy, A. McCuish, M. Lillian McDonald, Jennie McDonald, R. A. McDonald, J. A. McDonald, A. T. McKay, W. K. McKay, M. R. McGregor, A. A. McKenzie, Lillian, McKillick, Annie McKenzie, D. S. McIntosh, A. P. McIvor, R. McKinnon, D. C. McKenzie, W. J. McLeod, A. D. McLean, Margaret E. McLellan, K. J. McLennan, D. A. McLennan, D. A. McMillan, Margaret McLean, D. J. Nicholson, F. Palmer, E. T. Parker, L. M. Robison, J. B. Reid, Annie J. Rettie, Margaret Ross, A. B. Smith, E. S. Smith, H. M. Stairs, J. Stairs, Maud Stevens, F. Tupper, Fanny Toomey, Florence Taylor, S. B. Trites, J. D. Vair, E. B. Waith.

## SUPPLEMENTARY.

E. W. G. Chapman, P. R. Fleming, A. G. McKay, D. Stairs.

[Note—Names in Classes I. and II. are in alphabetical order. The asterick indicates, special excellence. Names under heading "Passed" are in order of merit.]

**Classics Department.****ELEMENTARY LATIN.**

Class II.—D. S. McIntosh, A. P. McIvor, Margaret W. Nicoll, Maude Achsa Stevens.

Passed.—Edith M. Blackie, Margaret A. Christie, Fanny H. Toomey, A. I. Rettie, Edith Annie Chisholm, J. A. McDonald, Lily F. Lawrence, E. S. Smith, Florence Ann Taylor, Harriet A. Bligh, M. D. McLeod, Edna Ina Forsyth, M. Lillian Macdonald, D. A. McMillan, G. J. King, Norah Gladys Lantz, J. B. Reid.

**LATIN I.**

Class I.—Irene I Bremner, \*L. McL. Fulton, H. W. Jones.

Class II.—R. E. Day, Sara M. Dennis, Georgene Faulkner, A. L. McLean.

Passed.—Jennie MacDonald, Nora F. Cutler, May McKittrick, D. R. Fraser, E. B. Waith. Florence Collier, Margaret Irving, Beatrice Mumford, Dorothy Munnis, L. P. Archibald, W. J. McLeod, Gladys U. Smith, Annie K. Dickie, H. M. Stairs, J. C. Stairs, K. Leslie, M. R. McGregor, E. W. Ackhurst, Ella G. Holder, P. M. Gittleson, A. A. McKenzie.

**LATIN II.**

Class I.—E. J. O. Fraser, Isabel M. Grant, J. D. Vair, Elsie M. Wier.

Class II.—Helen D. A. Armitage, N. E. Brownell, Helen Catherine Gunn, J. C. MacDonald, R. A. Neish, Marion C. Outhit.

Passed.—A. D. McDonald, C. L. Gass, A. G. MacKay, Nora F. Cutler, T. R. Hall, O. B. Jones, G. MacD. Sylvester, Margaret McLellan, J. C. Crowe, Florence M. Stewart, Mossie M. Munroe, Margaret I. Ross, H. M. Blois, P. R. Flemming, C. S. Ferguson, J. S. Roper.

**LATIN III.**

Class I.—W. R. R. Armitage, Ruby Hill, Madge E. Macdonald, Elizabeth J. Maycock, \*Clare Murphy, J. E. Read, Lily H. Seaman, Lenor Smith, \*J. MacG. Stewart.

Class II.—J. R. Cornelius, G. C. Livingston, Marguerite H. L. Silver.

Passed.—W. C. Ross, Eliza Clara Walker, Grace M. Tupper, Lena M. Sibley, L. L. Duffy, Mabel E. McLeod, A. A. Archibald, Vera B. Clay, R. E. Inglis, Georgina M. MacKay, J. D. MacLeod, H. A. Rudin, Effie M. Thomson, Victoria K. MacMillan, G. B. Wiswell, J. B. Muise, J. G. McLean, Amelia Creelman, J. MacNeil, Mary E. S. Smith, Lillie A. B. Umlah, E. McK. Forbes, Margaret J. Irwin, W. B. Rosborough, A. Ross, D. C. Sinclair, A. J. Lawrence.

**Elementary Greek.**

Passed.—A. McKay, L. P. Archibald, F. M. Milligan, W. J. McLeod, W. K. McKay, K. J. MacLennan, J. K. Murchison, E. S. Smith.

**GREEK I.**

Class I.—H. W. Jones, A. L. McLean.

Passed.—L. McL. Fulton, A. P. McIvor, D. R. Fraser, Beatrice Mumford.

**GREEK II.**

Class I.—Isabel M. Grant, D. C. Harvey, Clare Murphy.

Class II.—Helen D. Armitage, E. J. O. Fraser, J. C. MacDonald, R. A. Neish, J. D. Vair, Elsie May Wier.

Passed.—A. D. McDonald, H. S. Tait, J. A. T. Weatherbe, J. C. McLennan, G. S. Ferguson.

**GREEK III.**

Class I.—W. R. R. Armitage, J. McG. Stewart.

Passed.—H. F. Kemp, J. G. McLean, J. R. Cornelius, J. P. McIntosh, Mary E. Smith.

**English.****ENGLISH VII.**

Class I.—Daniel C. Harvey.

Class II.—John Philip MacIntosh, Lily H. Seaman.

Passed.—Hector Francis Kemp.

**ENGLISH IV.**

Class I.—John Philip MacIntosh, M. Lenore Smith (high first).

Class II.—Victoria K. Macmillian (without add work); Elizabeth C. Walker (without add. work); Alberta Umlah (without add. work).

Passed.—H. F. Kemp, Grace M. Tupper, Mabel E. McLeod, Amelia A. Creelman, A. G. MacKay, James D. McLeod, Lena M. Sibley, Laura M. Raynor, Katherine Whitman, Margaret Chase, Georgie M. McKay, Francis H. Grant, D. C. Sinclair, A. O. Thomas, Gladys M. Masters, Olive Smith, Kathleen MacAloney, F. M. Milligan, Grace Prisk, W. B. Rosborough, Vera B. Clay, J. C. Crowe, J. C. McLennan, A. J. Lawrence, W. T. Townsend, Mary E. Smith, Martha E. Dewis, Margaret J. Irwin, L. M. Thompson, W. A. Whidden, James Fraser, Dorothy C. Gorham, R. E. Inglis, G. W. Irvine, A. T. Macdonald.

**ENGLISH III.**

Class I.—Amy Clare Giffin, Daniel C. Harvey, Madge E. Macdonald, Lily H. Seaman, M. Lenore Smith (high first).

Class II.—R. Armitage, J. R. Muise, Sadie E. Porter.

Passed.—Mabel E. McLeod, J. C. Crowe, Francis H. Grant, E. M. Forbes, T. R. Hall, Margaret C. Chase.

**ENGLISH II.**

Class I.—L. E. Brownell, George M. Sylvester.

Class II.—Pearle Brownell, E. J. O. Fraser, Isabel M. Grant, Helen C. Gunn, A. D. McDonald, J. C. Macdonald, Archibald A. MacKenzie, Annie S. MacKenzie, Margaret E. McLellan, Marion C. Outhit, Margaret I. Ross, Gladys Una Smith, Florence M. Stewart, James D. Vair.

Passed.—J. A. Doull, Jean E. MacGregor, E. T. Parker, C. A. M. Earle, J. H. L. Johnstone, O. B. Jones, Elsie May Weir, Emily B. Kendall, R. A. Neish, Henrietta M. Ritchie, Helen D. Armitage, H. M. Blois, B. D. Earle, W. A. Ross, W. B. McLean, C. E. Rice.

## ENGLISH I.

Class I.—Harriet Alice Bligh, Georgene Faulkner, Margaret Irving, Norah Lantz, M. Lillian M. McKittrick, Maud A. Stevens.

Class II.—Irene Bremner (without add. work); Sara M. Dennis, Janet S. Macdonald, D. S. McIntosh (without add. work); A. P. McIver, L. M. Robinson, Edgar D. Waith.

Passed.—R. A. McDonald, Edith A. Chisholm, Lillian Colquhoun, L. M. Fulton, Beatrice Mumford, Margaret Nicoll, Edna J. Forsythe, Annie R. Dickie, H. W. Jones, E. S. Smith, J. K. Murchison, C. Fillis Boak, Margaret A. Christie, Lily Lawrence, Edith Blakie, H. W. L. Doane, D. E. Fraser, H. L. Garrett, F. E. Hiseler, L. B. McCurdy, J. A. McDonald, M. R. McGregor, H. M. Stairs, L. P. Archibald, M. Lillian Macdonald, J. C. Stairs, Florence A. Taylor, Dorothy Munnis, W. J. McLeod, F. H. Palmer, J. B. Reid, Annie J. Rettie, G. K. King, A. A. McCuish, S. Farley, A. L. McLean, Fanny H. Toomy, S. B. Trites, W. K. MacKay, R. E. Day, A. G. Forbes, G. L. Keeler, E. Kerr, A. B. Smith.

## FACULTY OF DENTISTRY.

## First Professional Degree Examination.

## BIOLOGY.

Class I.—H. S. Tolson, A. W. Faulkner.

Passed.—A. B. Crowe, F. W. B. Kelly, J. A. Burke.

## CHEMISTRY.

Class I.—A. W. Faulkner.

Passed.—A. B. Crowe, H. S. Tolson.

## ANATOMY.

Class I.—H. S. Tolson, A. B. Crowe, A. W. Faulkner.

Passed.—J. A. Burke, F. W. B. Kelly.

## OPERATIVE DENTISTRY.

Class I.—H. S. Tolson.

Passed.—A. W. Faulkner, A. B. Crowe, J. A. Burke, F. W. B. Kelly.

## PROSTHETIC DENTISTRY

Class I.—A. W. Faulkner, H. S. Tolson.

Passed.—J. A. Burke, A. B. Crowe, F. W. B. Kelly.

## THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

## Primary M.D., C.M., Examination.

## SECTION "A," FIRST YEAR.

Note—List of names in alphabetical order.

\*W. F. Barnes, G. A. Brass, R. O. Bethune, Eliza P. Brison, A. A. Cameron, T. M. Creighton, J. M. Johnson, F. G. Mack, W. S. Macdonnell, H. W. Schwartz, J. M. Stewart, \*R. L. Titus.

## SECTION "B," SECOND YEAR.

H. B. Atlee, J. R. M. Collie, F. R. Davis, G. S. Goodwin, H. G. Grant, D. J. Hartigan, W. W. Herdman, A. M. Johnson, J. P. McAulay, W. S. Macdonnell, D. A. McLeod, J. R. B. McLeod, J. J. MacRitchie, J. M. Murdoch, H. W. Schwartz, R. L. Titus.

## Final M.D. C.M., Examination.

## SECTION "A," THIRD YEAR.

Miss B. A. Bober, M. G. Burris, W. V. Coffin, D. A. MacAulay, J. J. Macdonald, A. K. Roy, R. McK. Saunders, Miss M. G. Spencer, C. W. Stramberg.

## SECTION "B," FOURTH YEAR.

Allister Calder, F. A. Cox, H. A. Grant, C. S. Hennigar, S. R. Johnston, J. A. Macdonald, E. K. Maclellan, R. G. Maclellan.

\*Supplementary, April 1909.

†Supplementary, Sept. 1908.

## Medals And Prises.

Medical Faculty Medal—To the graduate standing first at section "B," final M.D., C.M., examination :—Clyde Straughn Hennigar, Chester.

Lindsay Prize, books, \$20.00—To the candidate standing first at section "B," Primary M.D., C.M., examination :—Donald Angus MacLeod, Point Tupper, C. B.

## Medical Faculty, Degree Examination. Class Lists.

( Alphabetical order.)

## JUNIOR CHEMISTRY.

Distinction—J. M. Stewart.

Passed—G. A. Brass, J. M. Johnson, T. A. Ledbetter, A. M. McKinnon.

Special exam.—April, 1909—L. M. Morton.

Supplementary exam.—April, 1909—Eliza P. Brison, R. L. Titus.

## Medical Physios.

Distinction—None.

Passed—R. O. Bethune, T. M. Creighton, J. M. Johnson, K. F. Rogers, Supplementary exam.—Sept. 1908—H. W. Schwartz.

Supplementary exam.—April, 1909,—W. F. Barnes, P. W. S. Macdonnell.

## Biology.

Distinction—None.

Passed—S. R. Balcom, C. A. Barss, R. O. Bethune, F. S. Findlay, T. A. Lebbetter, F. G. Mack, A. H. Mackinnon, K. F. Rogers, N. E. Tait.

## JUNIOR ANATOMY. I

Distinction—J. M. Johnson, F. G. Mack, A. H. MacKinnon, J. M. Stewart.

Passed—G. A. Barss, R. O. Bethune, A. A. Cameron, T. M. Creighton, F. S. Finlay, T. A. Lebbetter, K. F. Rogers, H. S. Tait.

Special Examinations—April 1909—C. C. Black.

## PHYBIOLOGY &amp; HISTOLOGY.

Distinction—H. B. Atlee, G. S. Goodwin, D. A. McLeod, J. R. B. McLeod, R. L. Titus.

Passed—Bessie E. Balcom, W. F. Barnes, C. B. Cameron, J. R. M. Collie, F. R. Davis, A. J. Deveau, H. G. Grant, D. J. Hartigan, W. W. Herdman, A. M. Johnson, S. P. McAulay, J. J. MacRitchie, J. A. M. Murdoch, H. W. Schwartz,

Supplementary Examinations—Sept. 1908—Agnes M. Dennis.

Supplementary Exam.—April 1909,—P. W. S. Macdonnell.

Special Exan.—April 1909,—Eliza P. Briston.

## Senior Chemistry.

Distinction.—G. S. Goodwin, D. A. McLeod.

Passed.—H. B. Atlee, Bessie E. Balcom, C. B. Cameron, J. R. M. Collie, F. R. Davis, H. G. Grant, D. J. Hartigan, W. W. Herdman, A. M. Johnson, J. P. McAulay, J. R. B. McLeod, J. J. McRitchie, J. A. M. Murdoch, H. W. Schwartz.

Supplementary Exam.—April 1909,—W. S. Macdonnell.

Special Exam.—April 1909,—J. A. Doull, Albert Ross, G. M. Sylvester, G. B. Wiswell.

## Senior Anatomy.

Distinction.—H. B. Atlee, Bessie E. Balcom, A. M. Johnson, D. A. McLeod, H. W. Schwartz.

Passed.—W. F. Barnes, John Beaton, J. R. M. Collie, F. H. Davis, A. J. Deveau, G. S. Goodwin, M. G. Grant, D. J. Hartigan, W. W. Herdman, J. P. McAuley, J. R. B. McLeod, J. J. Ritchie, J. A. M. Murdoch, R. L. Titus.

Special Exam.—April 1909,—Eliz P. Briston.

## Materia Medica and Therapeutics

Distinction.—M. G. Burris.

Passed.—Angela B. Bober, W. V. Coffin, D. A. McAuley, J. J. Macdonald, A. K. Roy, R. McK. Saunders, Minnie G. Spencer, C. Stramberg.

## Pathology and Bacteriology.

Distinction.—M. G. Burris, W. V. Coffin, J. J. Macdonald, A. K. Roy, C. W. Stramberg.

Passed.—B. Angela Bober, D. A. McAuley, R. McK. Saunders, Minnie G. Spencer.

## Medical Jurisprudence and Hygiene.

Distinction—None.

Passed—Allister Calder, F. A. Cox, H. A. Grant, C. S. Hennigar, S. R. Johnstone, J. A. MacDonald, E. K. Maclellan, R. G. Maclellan.

Supplementary Examination—Sept. 1908, S. H. Thibault.

## SURGERY.

Distinction—None.

Passed—Allister Calder, F. A. Cox, H. A. Grant, C. S. Hennigar, S. R. Johnston, J. A. MacDonald, E. K. Maclellan, R. G. Maclellan.

## MEDICINE.

Distinction—H. A. Grant, C. S. Hennigar.

Passed—Allister Calder, F. A. Cox, S. E. Johnstone, J. A. MacDonald, E. K. Maclellan, R. G. Maclellan.

## OBSTETRICS AND DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Distinction—Allister Calder, F. A. Cox, H. A. Grant, C. S. Hennigar, R. C. Maclellan.

Passed—S. R. Johnstone, J. A. MacDonald, E. K. Maclellan.

## CLINICAL SURGERY.

Distinction—F. A. Cox, H. A. Grant, C. S. Hennigar, J. A. MacDonald.

Passed—Allister Calder, S. E. Johnston, E. K. Maclellan, R. G. Maclellan.

## CLINICAL MEDICINE.

Distinction—H. A. Grant, C. S. Hennigar, E. K. Maclellan, R. G. Maclellan.

Passed Allister Calder, F. A. Cox, S. E. Johnstone, J. A. MacDonald.

Supplementary Examinations—Sep. 1908—S. H. Thibult.

## Business Notices.

Another year has closed, and with this number of the GAZETTE we wish to thank those who by their subscriptions and advertisements have helped us to make this year of our college journal as successful as we feel it has been.

Like other papers the GAZETTE can not be made a success without funds; and to our students and graduates we look for the greater amount of the necessary money.

If there are any who have not as yet paid their subscription for 1908-1909, we would inform them that our books are not yet closed; and would ask them to send in their subscription at once.

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## Acknowledgments.

R. B. Benoil, LL. B. \$10.00; Dr. D. M. Soloan, Miss B. E. Murphy, \$3.00; B. V. Graham, LL. B., \$2.00; Miss N. Lantz, Miss M. G. Spencer, Miss M. C. Outhit, A. R. Chapman, Prof. F. H. Sexton, Dr. D. N. Robertson, A. W. Seaman, A. J. Campbell, LL. B., \$1.00.

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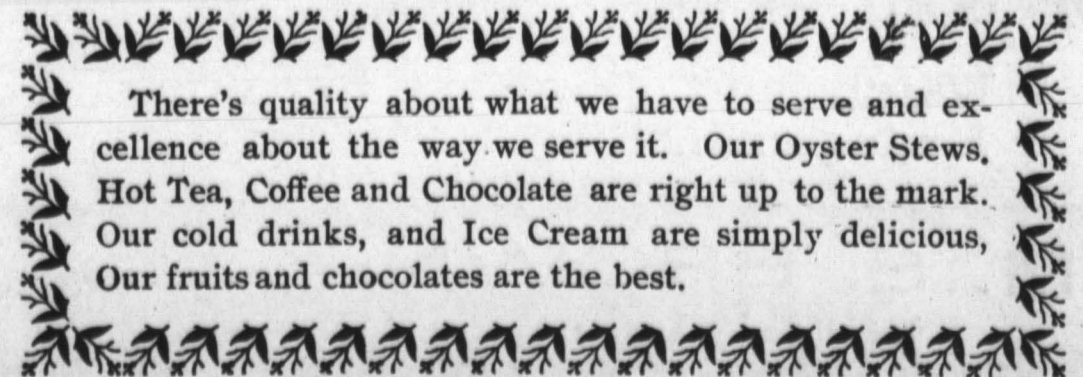
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