

The Dalhousie Gazette



HALIFAX, N. S.

December 1910.

Vol. XLIII. No. 3.

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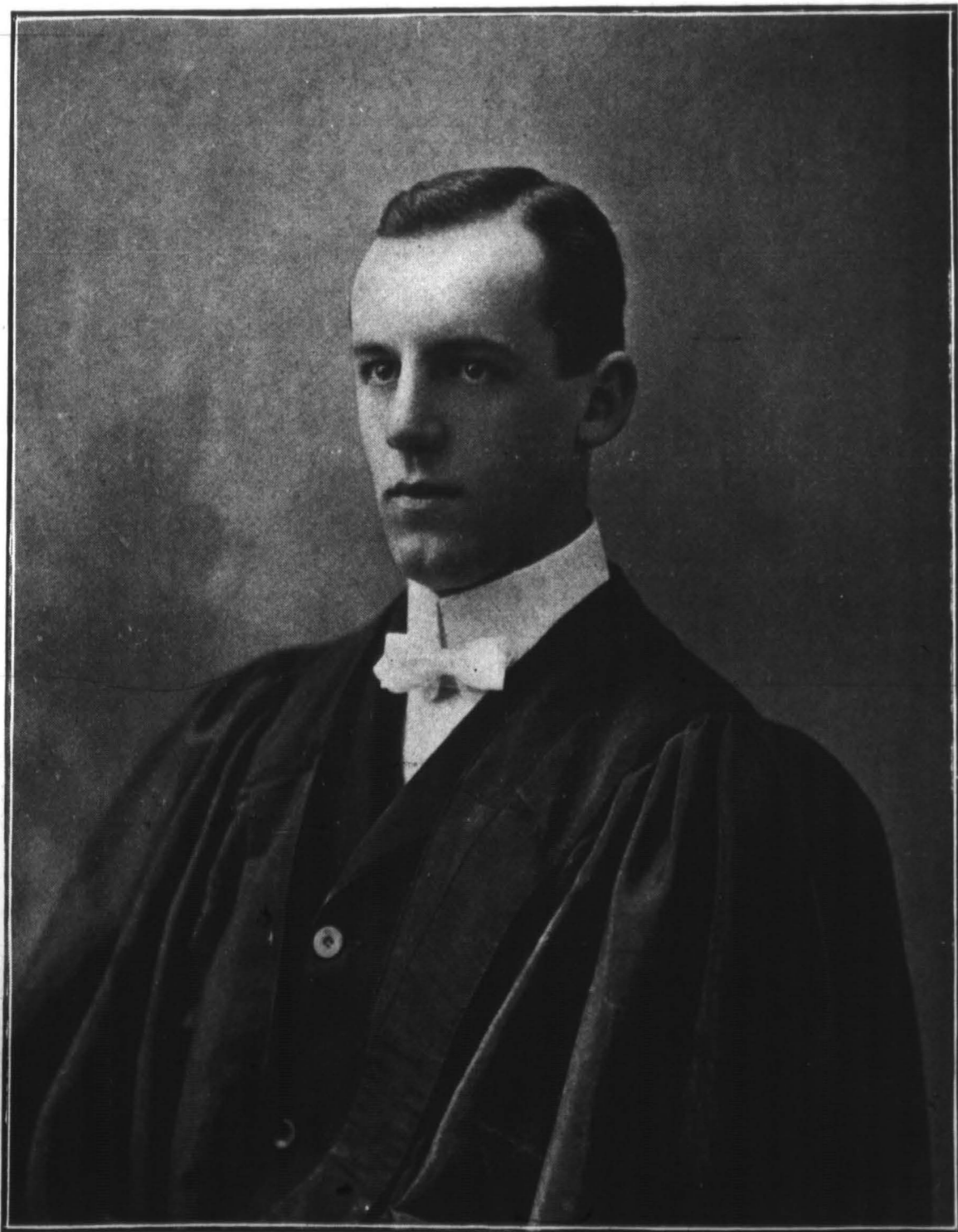
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The Dalhousie Gazette



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Vol. XLIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., DECEMBER, 1910.

No. 3

The Dalhousie Gazette

Is published monthly, during the college term, by the authority of the University Students' Council of Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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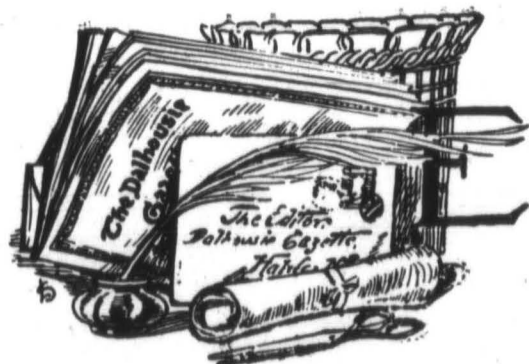
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EDITORIALS

WILL Dalhousie get the City Home property? If so, well enough; if not, then we must have some other lot at once, for we have come at last to the time when more buildings are imperative. Everywhere the need is felt. Every department of college activity is cramped, badly cramped. "*Bibliotheca valde a Dallusia desiderata*," the cry of our loyal English professor, demands attention. It is time we were translating it into English. Do we really realize what this cry means; that we are in urgent need of a library? Do we realize that valuable books are packed away because of the lack of room; books abused by lack of usage, while students are suffering for want of books?

Surely a library is needed, but what is needed at once as badly as a library at Dalhousie is a Y. M. C. A. building, and we *must* have this building if we wish the Y. M. C. A. to do its work. Under present conditions the Association is far from able to fulfill its proper functions.

What are the functions of the college Y. M. C. A.? It should to a certain extent lead the religious life of the college community. It should be a help to the students throughout their course, for instance in aiding new students to become acquainted. It should lead the social life of the college community. It should look after the physical welfare of the students. Now to what extent does our college Y. M. C. A. fulfill these ideals? It is deeply concerned in the religious welfare of the student, but under present conditions it is practically forced to stop here, for it has no place in which to carry out those other functions of a properly organized college Y. M. C. A.

Of course this building may properly afford space for the college societies not directly connected with the Y. M. C. A., for is not the Association deeply interested in everything which pertains to student welfare? Everything which is of common interest to the students should come within its scope. As a Y. M. C. A. building it would have a reading room, a parlor, a committee room, a secretary's office, gymnasium and a kitchen fully equipped with dishes. A reading room is greatly needed at present; a place where students could profitably spend a spare hour, reading the daily papers and the current standard magazines. Probably the objection will be raised that some students would abuse this privilege by destroying the papers and mangling the furniture, but would the majority of students permit such actions if we had an up-to-date reading room? Some time ago the U. S. C. decided to keep the city papers on the hall windows as long as they were not abused, and it is pleasing to note that, although they are greatly in demand, they have never yet been misused. Surely this is an indication that a reading room would be rightly appreciated.

Perhaps nothing would be of greater service in the Y. M. C. A. building than a well equipped kitchen. In the first place it would save us much unnecessary outlay in running our "At Homes". Again such a kitchen would enable us to give small informal teas on such occasions as after football games, and when we have visitors from neighbouring Colleges. For instance, a debating team from Mount Allison will visit us this year, and we shall have to entertain them at some down town restaurant. This should not be. They should be entertained at the College. Think of what a convenience such a room would have been when the Alumnae held their recent bazaar.

The Y. M. C. A. secretary should have an office where he would be found regularly, especially at the beginning of the term, and where students could go for information and help. This secretary should be paid a salary, and we understand there are certain institutions which would be only too glad to pay this salary if we had a proper building.

Need we say anything about the want of a gymnasium at

Dalhousie? Just think! *We have no gymnasium.* Who ever heard of a university like Dalhousie without a gymnasium?

Besides these things the building would with profit include the following:—*Gazette* rooms, D. A. A. C. room, and a room for the Dramatic, Chess, and Glee Clubs. The *Gazette* is cramped. We have no place in which to work. The business manager has no office. We have no room for our *Gazette* files, no room even for exchanges. If the *Gazette* is to grow we must have more room at once. The D. A. A. C. has no room, no place for its equipment. The Dramatic Club has come to stay. It must have a practice room and room for its paraphernalia. At present it has neither.

Do these facts not show that a Y. M. C. A. building is needed at Dalhousie?

This is not a rosy dream which we are advocating. We *must* have the building at once. Perhaps some will say that we *may* get such a building within the next ten years. Why cannot we have it within *two* years? Surely there are old Dalhousians who would be willing to help along this cause, if a real live movement were started. Surely there are people in Nova Scotia who would help if they knew how great is our need. There are many who can help us, either themselves, or by interesting others. What can you do?

IT is the aim of the editors to make the *Gazette* more of what a college paper should be. We believe that it should consist mainly of articles written by the undergraduates. Of course we are always glad to receive articles from the pen of any of our Alumnae or Alumni, but we believe that our paper should depend upon the productions of the students. The custom of students writing articles, poems, etc., for publication in the college paper is not prevalent in Dalhousie, and we would like to see it cultivated. We feel sure that there is a lot of talent lying dormant in college, which, if aroused, would brighten the pages of our paper. Begin at once to write an article for the prize competition. Feel that the success of the *Gazette* rests with you.

as much as with the editors. We need your efforts to run our paper along the lines which we have mapped out for it. We wish to make the *Gazette* more attractive this year, than ever before. Help us to succeed.

In Memoriam.

W. R. M.

The day is bright, clear and cold; the sun is shining in a sky of unclouded blue; the brisk November air stirs the blood. It is the finest weather of our northern winter,—frosty, but kindly. In accord with the spirit of the day, a barrel organ down the street is pealing forth a merry tune. But it all seems wrong. The air should be thick with gloom, the jigging music is a cruel mock, for *he* is lying in his coffin, white and still.

* * * * *

Only a few days ago and he was with us, strong and well. No shadow of his coming fate could be discerned. His studies were over, he had entered his chosen profession and was already beginning to win distinction in it. His feet were firmly planted on the first rungs of the ladder. The judges were beginning to notice and go out of their way to encourage, the boyish-looking young pleader with the clear head, the pleasant voice and the quiet, modest, courteous manner. Life was full of promise; every prospect was bright. And then, he took his place once more on the field, where he had so often played his favorite game with the skill and vigor which marked all he did. The game was almost done when his foot slipped on the treacherous, sodden ground, he plunged forward and fell. "Not heavily," said those who saw him; there had been many falls that day; they expected him to rise in a minute or two. But it was not to be. He did not stir. He knew at once that calamity had overtaken him. His back was broken. His father and mother were among the onlookers.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Then came the long days in the hospital. After the first shock of the stunning news, hope revived. The strong young body did not at once succumb to the terrible injuries. Though paralyzed from the shoulders down, he had no pain; and his spirit was unchanged. How like him it was to free everyone from blame!—"Noboy's fault." Affectionate, unselfish, cheerful, as he had been all his life, he was the same to the end. At one time it seemed even that he might recover. Reports came of favorable symptoms. Hoping against hope! Everything that the most loving care and the best professional skill could do for him was done. The hearts of the whole city went out to his sick-room. It was bright with flowers and besieged with kindly thoughts and anxious inquiries. He had no fear, but the athlete's natural horror of being a cripple. Then the end came. The brave fight was over. He just grew weaker and more weary of the struggle until he passed away, tended to the last by untiring brotherly devotion.

* * * * *

How vehemently the heart can contradict the testimony of the eyes! That cold, waxen mask in the coffin is *not* the man we loved. We cannot make ourselves believe that all that mental vigor, that rich and happy nature is suddenly extinct for ever with the strange fire that moved the bodily frame. It can *not* be.

* * * * *

Follow him home! It is a long, sad march on the bright November day. We lay him to earth beside the green and purple hills and the blue waters of the Bason. His grave is smothered in flowers.

* * * * *

Bereavement is prone to exaggerate, but it is hard to exaggerate *his* merits. He had every gift and grace that draws the eyes to young manhood. Richly endowed by nature in form and face, he had a brain and heart to correspond. With his clear, bright intelligence, and careful preparation, his college course was no severe task upon his powers. He took an excellent degree and he took it easily. In five years he had accomplished both his general and his professional training, and stood

all ready for his life-work at twenty-two. But intellect can exist without character. It was not so with him. Quiet, gentle, unobtrusive, almost diffident in manner, he was never the man to put himself forward, and yet everyone soon learned to know and value him rightly. Teachers, class-mates, business associates grew fond of him; and those who knew him best, loved him best. Manly, courteous in thought and speech, loyal, affectionate, unselfish—how could such a nature fail to win respect, friendship, love? Now he is gone. It will be long before regret for his untimely death grows calm, and in many a heart he will always linger, a gracious, winsome memory.

Correspondence.

Chengtu,
Sept. 5th, 1910.

DEAR GAZETTE: I could not resist the temptation of writing a few lines to you and telling you some of the interesting things of this country. I was especially anxious to do this when remembering that very few of your graduates reach this far off province of China, and consequently very little appears in your pages.

During the summer we missionaries are obliged to seek the mountains as the heat of the plain would be too much for one not accustomed to this climate. Fortunately from Chengtu we have not far to go to reach several mountains resorts. These mountains are all the beginning of immense ranges which are continued towards the west in the mountains of Thibet and the Himalayas, "The Roof of the world."

The two last summers I have spent at Omei, the sacred mountain of the Buddhist religion. This mountain is about a day and a half's journey in sedan chair from Kiating. The scenery here is grand and beautiful. The Chinese, although their habitations are so dirty and rude, must appreciate the beauties of nature, because in the most beautiful spots one will invariably find their temples placed. At Omei is a very large

Buddhist temple with immense and hideous idols. Hundreds of pilgrims journey there at certain seasons of the year to worship these idols. The old priest is willing to let some of the unused rooms to us foreigners during the summer months, and there we live right amongst the idols themselves after cleaning them up and fixing them up. The Buddhist priests at this temple are very numerous. They live on what the pilgrims give them and what the cultivated soil around the temple yields. Their heads are all shaven, and each head has several small spots branded on it with a red hot iron when they entered the priesthood. This temple is about 3000 ft. above the level of the sea, and situated on one of the lower elevations.

During the summer months many missionaries make a special trip to the top, called in Chinese the "Golden Summit." We then reach a height of 11,000 ft. above the level of the sea. We pass several large temples on the way up and there is a very important one at the top. The scenery up is grand beyond description. The heights and ravines, the streams and water-pools, the sky and the clouds, the vegetation with numberless wild flowers entrance the eye with scenes of ever changing liveliness. When we reach the top we are above the clouds and their white billowy masses are beneath our feet. These clouds are constantly and ever shifting and in the space of a very few seconds a new scene of beauty is before our eyes. The gorgeous sunsets, and glorious sunrises tint the sky and these billowy masses with all the colours of the rainbow—ever changing. In the early morning the sun catches the snow mountains in the distance and lights them up to view—dazzling white, touched with yellow and red. Some have described these as the most beautiful of all.

There are two curious phenomena that we notice up here. One is called "Buddha's Glory," and the other "The Thousand Lights". The phenomenon called Buddha's Glory is only seen in three parts of the world. If the sun is behind your head and you look over the side of the cliff down at the clouds that fill the valley below, you can see your own shadow surrounded

by a rainbow—the rainbow is almost a complete circle. Sometimes it is very small and sometimes quite large. One day we saw this rainbow surrounded by a large circle of dazzling light called "The Great Light." Conditions were especially favourable that day. No matter how many are looking, each one just sees himself in the centre of the rainbow circle. This phenomenon is called "Buddha's Glory."

The phenomenon known as "The Thousand Lights" is very pretty and interesting. In the evening when the valley below is somewhat clear, lights will twinkle for a while in different parts and then go out. They are called "The Thousand Lights" although I have never seen more than five or six. There are several scientific explanations of these lights but the Chinese attribute them to the work of Buddha.

In my above description I have forgotten the moonlight nights, and the lightning displays in the valley, also the thunder and lightning storms that sometimes burst over our heads—all these make every hour spent at the top an hour to be remembered.

This summer I spent four weeks at a mountain nearer home, and although the scenery is very much tamer than at Omei, still this mountain from which I am now writing is a place well worth seeing. It is called Cave Mountain from the innumerable caves in the rocks. When you are in the valley below you can look up and see several peaks surrounded by a wall. We mount up the steep side of the mountain and enter the gate of the enclosure. Here we find about twenty-four peaks surrounded, except where the mountains go sheer downward, by this wall which is from two to four miles in circumference. Like all walled places in the East it has its north, south, east and west gates. This enclosure is about 3700 feet above the level of the sea. We understand that this place was built and fortified for protection during the troublesome times China has so often passed through. There are similar places in other parts of China. I am told that during the recent Boxer troubles it was one of their headquarters.

Among these twenty-four peaks are many caves large and

small and some very difficult of access. One or two have their openings artificially fortified with masonry. We entered one and found large quantities of small stones collected inside. These were doubtless put there for ammunition purposes. These caves are very interesting. For one who is fond of sounds I think I must mention the Thunder God Cave. This cave is not far from our rooms. The opening is rather small and the cave is circular. When inside your voice echoes off in the distance. The echoes are at first loud and then slowly fade away. We went down with hammers and lanterns to break off some of the stalagmites and stalactites for our museum in Chengtu and the echoes were very amusing. At the opening we sang some notes into the cave and the sweet echoes dying off in the distance kept us all intent until the faintest sound was gone.

The views from some of the peaks are very beautiful. Here as in other beautiful spots is a temple. This time not a temple of Buddha, but a Tivist temple. In this temple are many large idols. One of the most interesting is the Goddess of Mercy with several smaller idols arranged on each side. Many mothers make pilgrimages to this temple and pray for sons. It is considered a dreadful thing for a Chinese to have at least not one son to perpetuate his name in this world, and offer sacrifices for his spirit when he is in the other world. Mothers also come here to pray to the goddess to heal their children, and the idols arranged in a square on each side are supposed to protect from the various troubles that may come to children.

This is a small temple and the priests are not very numerous. In contradistinction to the priests of Buddha these men do not shave their hair, but let it grow. One priest is very interesting. The day after I arrived, I saw a man with a peculiar like-matted-skin hat on his head standing outside our door. I thought at first he was some one from far off Thibet. I was soon told he was a Tivist priest who had made a vow never to comb or cut his hair. I went out and talked with him and asked him his age. He said, "sixty-eight." His hair had been growing some twenty or thirty years. He positively assured me it was his own hair. I told him to take it off and lay it on

the table. He lifted it up before and behind and showed me it was connected to his own head and really his own hair. I asked him if he ever saw himself in a glass. He said "no," but he had looked into water. He seemed a very interesting and intelligent man and was pleased to talk with anyone. As his hair had not been combed or shaved for twenty years, I will leave you to work out for your self the amount of uncleanness in that head.

I cannot think of anything more to add at present. I was hoping this summer to spend a few days on the Kuan Hsien hills, but was disappointed. I only want to add one more remark to this letter. Over and over again in this country with its grand magnificent scenery Heber's lines come up to our lips,

"Every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

Sincerely yours,

M. May Austen.

Those Little Feeders.

The first impression the title of this article makes upon its readers may be that they are going to get either some advice upon diet, or a criticism on light eating. That, however, is not the case, but it is written to put "Those Little Feeders," or in other words the branch lines of any railway, and particularly of the Intercolonial, in their proper place, and to urge its readers to give them the respect which they deserve.

When the express stops at a junction of one of these branches, the passenger invariably looks at the little train and its occupants on the other side of the platform with silent contempt. He wonders why people live in those districts which are served by those one-horse, dirty trains, and prides himself because he lives on the main line of a large railway and not on one of these contemptible "branches." Because these ideas have become so

deeply ingrained into the thoughts and minds of the people and that it is about time for someone to take the part of the branch lines this article has been written.

Only a railway man fully realizes the value to the mainline and the economic importance to the country at large, of the branches. The amount of freight and passenger traffic originating because of these feeders, both from and for points on the mainline, is enormous and far beyond the conception of the ordinary business or professional person. Their importance is well shown by the policy adopted by all the leading railways of Canada and the United States, namely, the absorption into one system of all the branches making connection with them. Because it is the policy in the best interests of any railway, it was moved and seconded in the House of Commons at Ottawa, that a commission be appointed to look into the branches of the Intercolonial with a view to their absorption into the Canadian Railway Government System. At the instance of a fellow student, I will endeavour to place before the readers of the "Dalhousie Gazette" a few facts about the Salisbury and Harvey Railway, one of the roads inspected, which may be of interest. This is only one of the ordinary branch lines of the Intercolonial Railway and equally good conditions are found to exist on practically all the other branches.

Perhaps before I begin to describe the Salisbury and Harvey Railway in particular, it might be well to quote some figures showing the traffic that originates on or because of the branches of the Intercolonial. The figures, which are for the year ending June 30, 1908, only show statistics of a few of the branches, but will give some impression of the immense quantity of freight carried by these little railways.

FOR YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1908.

The tonnage on eighteen branches was.....	4,761,132
" the Intercolonial was.....	4,008,000
Number of passengers carried on these branches was..	400,000
" " the I. C. R. was.....	2,800,000

Thus we see that the total freight carried on these branches exceeds that of the Intercolonial, and while they only carry one-seventh the number of passengers, it is the freight traffic of a railway that is of first importance. The combined profits of these roads for the same period was over Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, while the deficit on the I. C. R. was considerably above this figure.

The Salisbury and Harvey Railway makes connection with the Intercolonial at Salisbury, Westmoreland County, seventeen miles west of Moncton. It runs through Albert County in an easterly direction for about thirty-five miles, when it takes a sudden turn and the rest of it runs towards the south for about fifteen miles to its destination, the town of Albert, Albert County. The total length of the railway is fifty miles.

At Albert it makes connection with the Albert Southern Railway, which runs in a southerly direction to Alma, Albert County, a distance of nineteen miles. This railway is not at present running, owing to the collapse of a very large bridge near Albert, but this will, no doubt, soon be built again and the line operated. Alma is situated on the Bay of Fundy and has a fine harbor, open the year round. Some enthusiasts of this end of New Brunswick are urging its claims as a winter port and endeavoring to have the G. T. P. Ry. adopt it as its eastern terminus.

The country passed through during the first thirty miles of the journey is undulating and lightly wooded. The scenery is ordinary and there is hardly anything to attract the attention of the passing stranger. But, when the road takes a turn to the southward the scenery begins rapidly to improve, and for the last twenty miles of the journey the beauties of nature show forth in all their glory. Here the railway runs through a rich agricultural country, and it is lined on either side by farms which run back for a long distance. Beyond the farms the country becomes hilly and is thickly covered with trees of all descriptions, with spruce, pine and hemlock predominating. The rich, level country adjacent to the line, with the tilled fields and the snug farm houses and the wooded hills as a back ground,

with the pretty villages and towns enroute, make such a lasting impression upon the artistic temperament of any traveller, that the beauties of this district are remembered long afterwards as one remembers a pleasant dream of a previous night all through the following day.

There is something as, if not more, important to the country than scenery, however, and that is its value from a business point of view to the people living on it and to the whole country. The district passed through by the Salisbury and Harvey Railway could be compared with almost any district in Canada and not cause the slightest feeling of shame, but rather a feeling of pride to any admirer of it. The chief industries of the people along the line are lumbering, farming, and mining, with mining coming rapidly to the front as, perhaps, the most important.

The reason why mining is becoming so important an industry in this district is the great successes which have recently attended the efforts of an energetic company who have been endeavoring for a long time to prove their claims in regard to the importance of the oil and natural gas deposits of Albert County. Here for many years the New Brunswick Petroleum Co. sunk well after well with only limited success and the people, not only of this district, but of all of Canada, laughed at the idea of oil or gas ever being discovered in paying quantities. Not long since an English Syndicate became interested, and when experts had been sent to examine thoroughly into the matter, subsequently formed the Maritime Oil Fields Ltd., with British capital to operate the fields under lease from the N. B. Petroleum Co. The new company had at its head two practical men, Dr. L. J. Henderson of London, an eminent geologist and practical mining engineer and Mr. O. P. Boggs, one of the best known oil experts of the United States and Canada. With large capital back of it, the company carried on extensive operations in Albert County and were most successful. They began to strike oil in paying quantities from the start, and then their discoveries were so rapid and important that the story goes on like a fisherman's yarn, the great difference being that this is true. Natural gas was found in such enormous quantities that the story was at

first unbelieved, but when found out to be true the attitude of the sceptics changed, and those who yesterday were crying down the district are now loudest in their praises. The two chief wells sunk so far yield a sufficient supply of natural gas for a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants. One of them yields one million cubic feet every twenty-four hours, with a rock pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds per square inch, while the second gives three hundred thousand cubic feet every day with a steady rock pressure. The oil and gas sands of the Moncton field are similar to those of Pennsylvania, which are recognized as superior to those of all the other districts of America. The oil is of a very fine quality and the gas is excellent, thus placing it on a par with Pennsylvania and Virginia, but superior to Indiana, Ohio, Texas and Ontario. Because the Devonian sands here are saturated from top to bottom of the oil bearing strata, with oil and natural gas, instead of in fissures as elsewhere, the indications are that the wells will be long-lived and steady producers. The oil registers forty Beaume at a temperature of sixty degrees, which is the usual way of testing. The best quality of oils in the United States registers thirty-six to forty-two Beaume, so the oils of this district are, therefore, in the high priced class. One thing that shows the good quality of the oil is the fact that, unrefined, it is used to lubricate the engines used by the company. The natural gas is remarkably pure, absolutely free from sulphur, and nearly free from moisture, which are very unusual conditions. The absence of moisture lessens the cost of piping and the freedom from sulphur not only removes a disagreeable odor, but has the prime essential of greater heating power. It is believed that the discoveries are only beginning. Gas and oil are so closely allied, that when a gas well gives out, an oil well with a fairly permanent yield will follow. So if the gas supply is exhausted after a short time (which is not anticipated) oil in paying quantities may reasonably be expected. Not long ago, Prof. Shaler expressed the belief that Moncton was the centre of the largest unexplored oil and gas field in Eastern America, and his opinion is apparently on the eve of being justified.

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The deposits of oil shale in Albert County contingent to the railway are also very large and important. When their value is realized the working of them will no doubt constitute an important industry. A report made recently to the Government of Canada said that their deposits are far superior to some in Scotland, which are worked very profitably at the present time.

Gypsum, at the present time, is the most important mineral worked in the County. The quarries of Albert County have not only a national but an international reputation and as far as quality goes are unsurpassed in America. Large areas are as yet untouched and at the present rate of consumption the quarries now worked will not be exhausted for some time.

Lumbering is a very important industry. Several million feet are cut annually. The timber limits are being carefully looked after and conserved.

Farming is very profitable. The Railway passes by many beautiful farms in the cultivation of which the owners take great pleasure and derive large returns. Part of this district, bordering on the Bay of Fundy, is known as "Dyke Land," which is manured by deep deposits of marine mud. The value of these farms is too well known to emphasize now.

The chief towns and villages are Coverdale, Salem, Hillsborough, Riverside and Albert, all of which are very charming and attractive. Good hotels are a feature of these places and something in which the people take a just pride.

Hillsborough, the chief town on the railway, is situated on the Petitcodiac River, about thirty-five miles from Salisbury. It is a little over fifty miles by rail to Moncton but only about eighteen miles by road. Gypsum quarries surround the town and the manufacture of plaster is an important industry. During the spring and summer it is an important shipping point and steamers come regularly to load plaster for the United States.

These are only the plain facts about this district. To the ordinary passenger on the I. R. C. express at Salisbury the S. & H. train appears to be going on an uninteresting and dreary

journey but he or she need only go over it once to change that opinion in regard to it.

A somewhat similar story could be told about many of the other branches of the Intercolonial. The S. & H. Ry. and the district described is only one of many. It goes to show the immense possibilities, the enormous riches and the great opportunities there are for development of the natural resources of these branches. Brains, Money and Railways are needed in places like this. The first two will come in time. Let us hope that the Government of Canada will take a wise step by absorbing these railways and give a good decent service to these districts, as is only proper and right to the residents therein. This would greatly add to the improvement of the country and help them to develop their natural resources to the fullest extent, for which purpose a good railway service is not only desirable but essential.

The College Student.

With Apologies to Longfellow.

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

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

Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear the student blow;
You can hear him toss his heavy books,
With measured kick and slow
Like the janitor ringing the lecture bell,
To summon us from below.

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

He goes on week-days to his work,
And hears Professors shout :
He take his chair and goes to sleep
Until he's fired out.
And then he swears with all his might,
And throws his notes about.

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

Toiling, rejoicing, borrowing,
Onward through college he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
No evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, nothing done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, Professors wise,
For the lessons you have taught !
Thus on account of college life
Our fortunes they will rot ;
But on our college desks and chairs
Our names won't be forgot.

O. B. J., '11.

The Grant Cup.

A Tennis Story.

The year 1911, as our esteemed President would say, marked an epoch in our history, the birth of the Grant Cup.

Mr. John C. Grant, the old gentleman who always took such an interest in football, was in the grand stand the day of the game between Dalhousie and the Wanderers, when his son, Jimmie, had his leg broken. From any part of the field, one could have heard the bone snap. Fortunately, it was an accident which did not often happen in football, but it sickened the old man. He decided to encourage the less strenuous game of tennis by offering a trophy for the intercollegiate championship, men's doubles.

That cup was a true work of art! eighteen inches wide and a foot high, it stood, a mass of sterling silver, resting on the shoulders of three miniature tennis-players.

We kept it on a pedestal in the college library, and people admired it so much that we were obliged to put it under a glass case for fear some one might make love to it and carry it away.

The first year we received challenges from Mount Allison and Acadia.

C. H. McDonald and F. R. Smith were chosen to defend the Cup. McDonald was a brilliant player, though erratic at times. Smith, on the other hand, was steady as a church. "Get the ball over the net" was his motto. Both men trained faithfully, and when the day of play was over, the Cup remained on its pedestal in the library.

In the following year, 1912, Smith and McDonald again were chosen to defend the honor of their alma mater. In that year came teams from Mount Allison, Acadia, Kings, St. Francis Xavier, and the University of New Brunswick. Again Dalhousie stood her ground, and, for another year the Cup remained with us.

1913 was a lean year for Dalhousie. What the cause was, no one knew. "Doc" Smith, the oracle of the Medical College,

suggested that it was due to the unlucky number which happens only once in a hundred years. The football team was weak, the track team was weak, and, unfortunately for the Grant Cup, the tennis team was weak.

The choice of the Tennis Committee fell on McDonald and a freshman named Jones. F. R. Smith, "Stonewall" as we used to call him, was graduated, and of course, was barred from playing. Jones was a pretty good man, though not in the same class with Smith.

Disquieting rumors reached our ears that Acadia was sending a very strong team, and was confident of winning. Openly, we laughed at the idea of such a thing; but in our inmost hearts, we were uneasy. Perhaps the gods of tennis had decided that a taste of defeat would do us good.

September thirty, the day of play, dawned clear and windless, an ideal day for tennis. Acadia, in the preliminary round, defeated St. Francis Xavier in three straight sets, and Dalhousie won from Mount Allison. An hour for lunch and rest, then the big game, Acadia against Dalhousie.

What a game it was! The bleachers around the court were crowded with spectators. How they cheered when the white-clad players appeared!

Acadia, by brilliant playing, won the first two sets.

The Dalhousie boys, trying to arouse their team, again and again shouted the war-cry.

"One two three!
U PI DEE!
DAL HOU SIE."

McDonald and Jones were steady. They won a set and then another. Now, the score was five three, 40-30, in their favour. One more point, and they would win the match. An easy ball came in McDonald's direction. He smashed it back into his opponents' court.

"Game and set," the umpire announced.

McDonald stood at the net, hesitating. Should he let the umpire's decision stand, and afterward feel the remorse of a guilty conscience, or should he tell the truth, and perhaps

sacrifice the school? He saw his classmates, a joyful and riotous mob, swarming out on the court.

"Mr. Umpire," he called out, fearlessly, "that point goes to Acadia. Though you did not see it, I touched net."

After the match was over, and the cup had been presented to Acadia, the winning team, with the triumphant Acadia yell,

"Rah! rah! rah!

Yah! yah! yah!

Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!

A - CA - DI - A."

still ringing in his ears, McDonald walked slowly home. There was a lump in his throat, and a moisture about his eyes which no autumn breeze could have caused.

He went up-stairs and flung himself down on his bed. Would the boys ever forgive him? he wondered.

Hark! What was that music in the distance?

The boys were coming, hundreds of them, singing the old battle-song, "All Hail to thee, Dalhousie."

When they reached McDonald's home, a single voice called out proudly:

"What's the matter with Mac?" "He's all right," the crowd answered. "Who's all right?" persisted the voice.

"MAC-DON-ALD."

F. L.

D. C. R. A. Final Shoot.

Having fortunately struck a fine day for our final shoot on Thursday, November 3rd, a miscellaneous crowd, thirty-two in number, Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Freshies, gathered at the station to catch the 7.35 train. They arrived in bunches, bringing their guns, many without having had any breakfast, from 7 o'clock to 7.34½. The trip up was uneventful.

When we arrived at Bedford, we found two teams waiting for us at the station. Those who had not brought their lunches with them bought some biscuits, etc., at the store. Finally,

after Hayes had decided what he wanted for his dinner and had bought it, the two teams started for the range.

There is an old saying that when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do. We were in the country, so we did as the countrymen do—we passed the time of day with everyone we met on the road—greeted them quite affably and inquired after the health of the family. Knowlton having decided that he would not have time to eat his lunch when he got to the range, started in and ate most of it on the way up.

Finally, we reached the range and after the ammunition had been distributed, we started in to shoot at 200 yards. We shot at 200, 500 and 600 yards. Between shoots Clayton and Chisholm could be observed streaking over to the shanty, where the grub was stored, to stoke up. Brownell also frequented this place quite a lot, as did many others, and by eleven o'clock the majority of the boys had their lunches eaten.

Grant became tired of shooting at canvas targets and thought he would try for something more in the sporting line, so he fired at a bird. To put the result nicely, Grant "shot divinely," but Providence was kind to the bird. Before going to press, we hear that a farmer in Waverley had a cow shot, on the morning of November 3rd. The bullet came from high in the air. The local detectives are working on the case, but as yet have no clue.

The shooting on the whole was good, some was excellent, and, thanks to the indefatigable energy of Mon, our Secretary, we had something worth shooting for, as he collected many valuable merchants' prizes. It is chiefly through Mon's work that the club this year has achieved the success it has. McCabe's score headed the list. After the shoot the boys bounced McCabe and Mon took a picture of him in the air. The whole crowd also had their pictures taken.

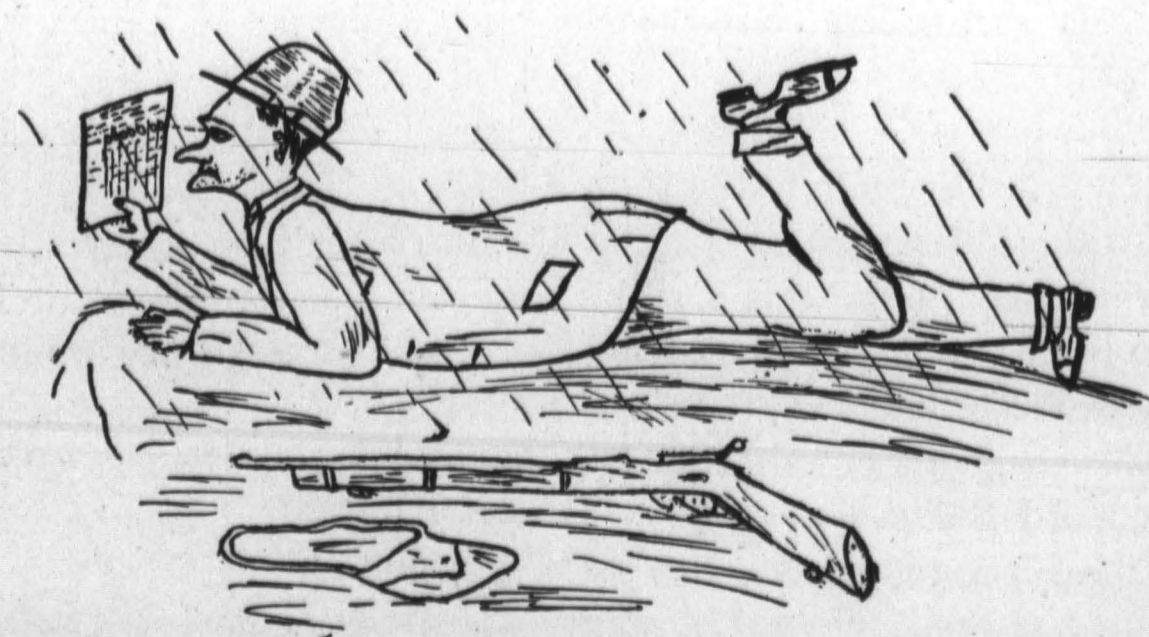
When we arrived at the station, we found that no train would take us to town for at least two hours. Some of the fellows were so anxious to get in to English IV that they walked. (How is that for a good example to the freshmen?) Others walked because they did not want to loaf around the station.

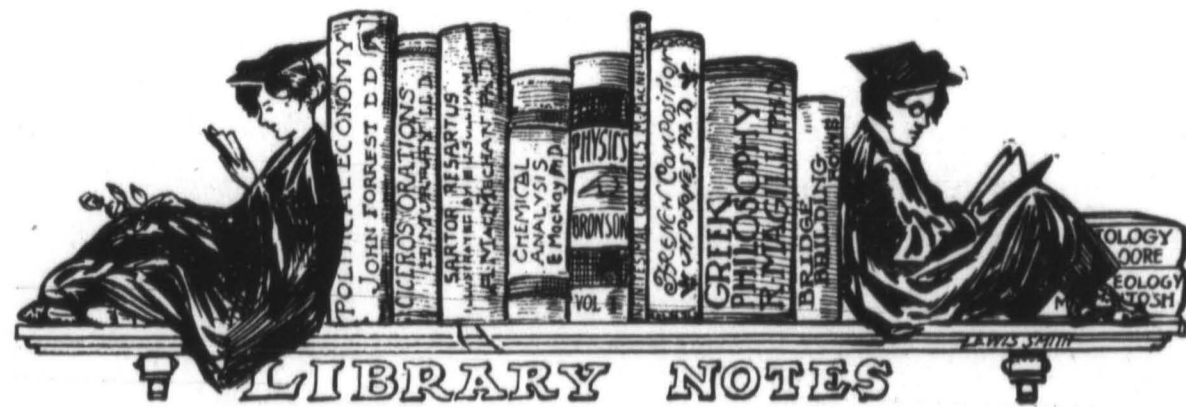
The author and Mr. A. M. James footed it—"I do not say this for sake of boast." Brownell was among those who waited, and, becoming tired of doing nothing at the station, he determined to visit a fair Bedford damsel of his acquaintance. After he had gone, the boys thought he would need a chaperone, so they marched down with their guns, and through the window saw Laurie seated in an arm-chair accompanied by a cup of tea, a fair damsel, and a piece of bread; at this stirring spectacle the company solemnly drew up, presented arms, and retired.

Those who came in on the train had the honor of travelling on the same train with "Tay Pay," the famous Irish orator, and at North Street Station, much to the surprise of the official reception committee, we gave him an unofficial reception which he gracefully acknowledged, and when he withdrew from the station the stirring tune of "The Irish Washerwoman" was wafted on the breeze after him. The day's outing did everybody good and after a wash and something to eat we felt in good humour to go to the Academy to hear "Tay Pay" discuss Home Rule for Ireland.

Thus ended one of the most successful rifle shoots in the history of the club.

H. M. B., '11.





"Bibliotheca a Dallusia valde desiderata."

FONDATOR NOSTER :—The character of Lord Dalhousie even half revealed in scattered glimpses of his deeds and words strikes the observer as unusually strong and amiable. The fact that he was a life long friend of Sir Walter Scott is in itself a patent of nobility, even without the enthusiastic praise recorded more than once in the "Gurnal". His son was the man who made modern India, and he was hounded to his grave as the causer of the Great Mutiny. In his will, he left directions that his private papers should not be published until fifty years after his death. That period has elapsed and his papers have just been given to the world.

FATHER AND SON :—This is how he writes on the occasion of his father's death. "The advantages natural and acquired which I possess may be, as you say, superior to his. I don't know if they are; but most of what I have I owe to him and to his affectionate care, and I trust I shall never pervert to disgrace him. Whether they are superior to his or not, I never dream of equalling his reputation, I only desire not to tarnish it, and in one point at least I will not soil his memory bright as it is, for in a strict adherence to his manly straightforwardness in a firm adherence to the path of honor and integrity, * * * I will not be surpassed even by him. There is no boasting in what I say, for all this is within any man's power who desires to live as a Christian and a Gentleman." Straightforwardness, honor, integrity, the desire to live like a gentleman and a Christian,—these were the old-fashioned ideals of the man who founded Dalhousie College, and whose portrait hangs in the Library, on the left hand as you enter.

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THE DALHOUSIE CORNER :—The most important addition to this very respectable department, consisting as it does, of works published by Dalhousie professors and alumni will be the "History of the Strolling Companies" by J. T. Murray, ('97). No copy of it has, as yet, reached the Library but, doubtless, it will in time. It was advertised last month in the English papers in Constable's list,—two volumes, at 31/6. The price and the size testify to the labor involved in its preparation. Intended as a thesis for the Harvard doctorate, it has grown into an exhaustive treatise, a *magnum opus*. Circumstances have enabled Murray to conduct the most extensive researches in England and to spend the time needful for a thorough working up of his material.

RETRIEVING :—He was a *good* Dalhousian. While pursuing his studies, he discovered a book, with a college book-plate in it, and, after consultation with the Proper Person, restored it to its proper place on its proper shelf. This is an excellent example for the good Dalhousians to follow. The trick of managing a Library is to have it used freely and at the same time keep the books from vanishing in the process.

A DALHOUSIAN ERRANT :—H. D. Brunt has taken a year's furlough, to study educational methods in Germany. As soon as the session was over, he proceeded to Berlin, via Liverpool and London, seeing good pictures and the historic spots, the Tower, the House of Parliament and the Abbey, that "makes us we". After spending some time in Berlin in acquiring the language, he went to Gottingen, but not finding the precise courses which he required, he removed to Jena, where he is established for the winter.

CLASS GIFTS :—The memorial fund of '07 has been devoted to the purchase of works of general reference, which will be of use to the whole college. There still remains some small unexpended balance. The college needs some modern atlases. In the case of '08, a beginning has been made in the purchase of historical and geographical works relating to Canada, the intention being to acquire new works generally as they appear

and not to expend the entire amount at once, especially in view of the small shelf room available. If the new library, '*valde desiderata*', were only underway, there would be less reason for going dead slow.

Alumni Notes.

OUR '09 GRADUATES.

Messrs. John McNeil, Donald Sinclair, Arthur Thomas and A. J. Lawrence are in attendance at Dalhousie Law School.

James McG. Stewart is in Dalhousie as assistant to Prof. Howard Murray.

John Doull has recently removed to New Glasgow where he has opened a law office. The "GAZETTE" wishes him every success in his profession.

Saskatoon has drawn away not a few of Dalhousie's men both as Professors in the new University and as business men. Among the more recent additions to the number of the latter is the firm of MacKenzie and Cahan, Civil Engineers. C. J. McKenzie and J. F. Cahan, the enterprising members of this firm were graduated from our Engineering faculty in 1909.

J. Grant McLean has left the Normal College, Truro, and is teaching in Pictou Academy.

Curtis Wallace, who was recently awarded the 1851 Scholarship, has entered upon his studies at Harvard University.

Seth Crowell is in charge of the Transcontinental Railway Office at Superior Junction, Ontario.

Edward Thorne is employed on the Halifax & Eastern survey.

The class of '09 will be well represented in the theological profession. At the present time the following are pursuing their studies at Pine Hill College: W. R. Rosborough, A. McKay, Kenneth Munro, James Fraser, D. W. McDonald and Wm. Malcolm.

George Stairs is in the office of the Dominion Trust Co. at Vancouver.

Robert Inglis is attending the Normal College, Truro.

Harry Cavanagh is employed with the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co., New Glasgow.

Geoffrey Gaherty and Denis Stairs are working on a survey near Vancouver, B. C.

It is with great pleasure that we hear of the continued success of W. R. Ramsay Armitage as teacher in the Western Canada College at Calgary.

From Buffalo comes news of the success of Gordon Crichton as head of the draughting department of the International Waterways Commission.

Kelly Butler is in the Dominion Atlantic Railway Office at Kentville.

The call of the West has been heard by a large number of our graduates. Among these is Frank Archibald who is working on the Canadian Northern Railway Survey at Lytton, B. C.

Murray Porter is enrolled among the students of Knox Presbyterian College, Toronto.

C. G. Black is at present in Dalhousie taking up the M. A. work.

R. L. Titus is a student at the Halifax Medical College.

Miss Effie Thomson and Miss Madge McDonald are at their homes in the city.

It is quite the usual thing for a large proportion of our lady graduates to enroll themselves in the profession of teaching, but '09 seems to have contributed more than the ordinary number. Vancouver is particularly favored, having three of our fair "grads" on its teaching staff; viz., Miss Walker, Miss Creelman and Miss Maycock. Nova Scotia has claimed three more, Miss Ruby Hill at Pugwash, Miss Claire Giffin at Pubnico, and Miss Grace Tupper, who is teaching in her native town, Bridgewater, while Miss Mabel McLeod is head of the school in Penobsquis, Kings County, N. B.

Miss Helen McKay is at her home in Bridgewater.

Miss Claire Murphy has entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart in New York.

Miss Beatrice Davis, who was the first Bachelor of Music graduated from our University, is at present on the Staff of the Halifax Conservatory of Music.

Miss Victoria McMillan is attending Normal College, Truro.

ALUMNI NOTES IN GENERAL.

It is with much pleasure and pride that we chronicle the success of one of the recent graduates of Dalhousie Law School. J. Harvey Hearn, L. L. B., '08, has been unanimously nominated as the Conservative candidate in the provincial constituency of Wadena, Saskatchewan, for the House of Assembly. This certainly is a splendid tribute which has been paid to this son of Dalhousie and we sincerely congratulate him.

News comes to us of the prosperity of another of our Law School's more recent graduates. J. Harper Prowse, L. L. B., '09 is situated at Taber, Alberta, making a name for himself as one of our Western Canada's lawyers.

Still another of our Law School graduates in the West is C. H. Cahan, Jr., (B. A., '07,) L. L. B., '09 who is practising Law in Vancouver, B. C.

Even Montreal has at least two of Dalhousie's graduates among its legal men, J. J. Gillies, B. A., '08, L. L. B., '09 who has been practising his profession in Sydney, his native town, is now filling an important position in the legal department of the C. P. R., Montreal.

J. W. Weldon, B. A., 1900, is with the law firm of McGibbon, Casgrain, Mitchell and Weldon, Montreal.

From the United States capital comes word of the success of still another of our Dalhousie "Grads." Everett Fraser, B. A., '07, has been appointed to the Law Faculty of George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Congratulations from your *Alma Mater* and the *Gazette*.

Rev. J. D. Murray, who is at present at Moruya, New South Wales, spent a year at Dalhousie before the college had the power to confer degrees. Among his classmates were late Prof. McKenzie, B. A., '69., some time Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Military College, Kingston. Rev. Mr. Murray succeeded Dr. Geddie in Anyteium, New Hebrides.

A future forward in the Dalhousie "serim" arrived in San Fernando, Trinidad, on October 23rd, in the person of a son born to Rev. and Mrs. R. B. Layton. Rev. Mr. Layton belonged to the class of 1901.

Born on November 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert S. Stairs, Halifax, a daughter. Mr. Stairs, was Dalhousie's first Rhodes Scholar.

Born at Innisfail, Alberta, August 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. John Barnett, a daughter. Mr. Barnett graduated in Arts in '05 and in Law in '07, while Mrs. Barnett (Miss Murphy) graduated with the Arts class of '06.

Alumnae Notes.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Dalhousie Alumnae Association was held in the Arts Library of the College, on Friday evening, October 21st, at 8 o'clock, the President in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The Treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$485.

It was decided to give a bursary of \$60 to the woman student of the third year standing highest in the examinations.

It was announced that a course of lectures on Architecture would be given by Dr. Magill, for the benefit of the funds of the Society.

Miss Ritchie reported that the January number of the *Gazette* would be edited by the Alumnae.

The chief business of the meeting was to make final arrangements for the bazaar.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

The Dutch Treat.

On Friday and Saturday, November 4th and 5th, Dalhousie College was en fête; the occasion being a Grand Bazaar. The Munro room presented a gay scene. The walls had been decorated with a frieze of quaint Dutch figures and in one corner of the room, an imposing wind-mill, truly Dutch in appearance, put a picturesque touch to the fair. Behind the various booths stood girls in the Dutch peasant costume ready to sell their wares.

A Dalhousie table, whose color scheme was admired by the loyal students, did a thriving trade, while the fancy table with its fine needle work and Indian novelties proved equally attractive. The Art table was one of the best features of the sale. The bran pie and fortune telling appealed to many of the visitors.

The women's waiting room had been converted into a cosy tea-room, which was well patronized.

On Friday evening, the Arts Library was filled with a large audience, who listened to a fine musical programme.

The women's residence fund was augmented by the sum of \$720, the proceeds of the bazaar.



WANDERERS VS. DALHOUSIE

In the double headed game played here on Saturday, October 29th, both the college teams suffered defeat at the hands of their old time rivals, the Wanderers.

In the senior game the college players were defeated by a score of 8-0, Graham and Bauld going over the line for the two tries. Philips converted one, but failed on the other.

Despite the combined efforts of Dalhousie's aggregation it seemed an utter impossibility for them to score. Several good half line rushes, together with some sensational runs by McNeil and Ralston netted decided gains for the Dals, but the superb tackling and good judgment which characterized the Wanderers playing throughout, prevented any scoring.

Line up :

Dalhousie.		Wanderers.
Churchill.	Full-back	Smith.
McNeil.	Halves	(Philips. Graham. McLellan. Wiswell.
Little.		
Cavanagh.		
McDonnell.		
Bethune.	Quarters	(Gorham. Bauld. Russell.
Ralston.		
Thomas.		
Nicholson.	Forwards	(Chipman. Hay. Blois. Turner. Hart. Montgomery. Doyle.
McLellan.		
McLeod.		
Davis.		
McKenzie.		
Forbes.		
McKay.		

Referee :—G. Stairs.

In the Intermediate game the spectators witnessed a repetition of the first game, Dalhousie again being on the losing end to the tune of 3-0. Fritz Schaffer scored the only touch in the first ten minutes of play.

The following is the line up :

Dalhousie.		Wanderers.
Ross.	Full-back	James.
Cowans.	} Halves	{ Dwyer.
J. Stairs.		{ Redmond.
Billman.		{ Schaffer.
		{ Geldert.
Mylius.	} Quarters	{ Gillis, (Capt.)
Sutherland.		{ Crowe.
Weatherbee.		{ McKee.
Swanson.	} Forwards	{ McLean.
Marsters.		{ Chapman.
Gass.		{ Warner.
McKay.		{ A. Smith.
Tompkins (Capt.)		{ Steeves.
Salter.		{ B. Smith.
Seaman.		{ Studd.

Referee :—George Gill.

Thanksgiving—In the Land of Coal and Coin.

“Take hold of the wings of the morning,
And flop 'round the world till your dead,
You can't get away from the tune that they play.
To that blooming old rag over head.”

Kipling.

It was Gregory's chance verse of “Oh Canada,” that brought me round to patriotic musings—a line of thought, I must unpatriotically confess, seldom affording me any pleasure by its indulgence. However, tonight I had to do something, so why not try and be patriotic, even for a few seconds at least.

The scene is a crowded pullman car. Piled everywhere, yes, even upon a lady's large hat in the rear seat, was the scattered debris, which was once the envied apparel of a championship football team. Helter, skelter, every place, from the uppermost edge of the car's rear mirrors, (from which, by the way, dangled a pair of padded pants) to the gas jet fixtures at the opposite end lay the same negligee attire.

It was a hasty toilet, made while a jolting train tore madly to the East, and as I watched Juno give his tie a final tug and take a farewell glance at the image which a bevel-edged French mirror reflected, I thought more and more of that game, which we were to play on Monday, and wondered if by any imaginative deception, my mind could possibly regard its reality with any other than a pessimistic view. So enrapt had I become in speculative contemplations of the future, that I had failed to take any particular notice of my surroundings, and when my dreamy thoughts had finally landed me earthward, I sat up with a jolt to view the different individuals, who were to be our fellow-comrades on this journey into the land of “plenty and prosperity.”

It certainly was a cosmopolitan aggregation. Drummers from the upper Provinces chatted with each other in true professional style. Two Italians, who, judging from their appearance, seemed of a more genteel caste than we in the East are accustomed to see in those intellectual and musically-inclined strangers from across the water: while a few seats away a Hebrew (a commercial traveller if one judged by his clothes) was doling out a line of “yiddish hardware” talk to “Big Nick” and “Roberto,” the lawyer, with the result that both the above mentioned gentlemen were swallowing it, hook, line, bait and all.

From the first two seats came floating a sweet cadence, which, swelling louder and louder, finally burst forth with harmonious modulation, in the air of a popular song. The “Tech. quartet?” sure. And as Dump, in his exquisitely melodious soprano, told the pathetic story of the ballad one seemed to see in realitythe old homestead,the deserted chair,the

girl who had gone to the great city to win fame and fortunethe aged couple waiting her returnthe trysting spot across the old mill-stream, etc., etc., etc., while Juno's tenor produced with true artistic perfection, such faultless harmony, that the two Italians—men used to soft voiced balladists, and Grand Opera Carusos at home could not restrain their delight, but applauded enthusiastically, so grand, so gloriously somniferous, was their rendition of the popular sonata. Everybody knows how this quartet can sing, but particularly those whose duties necessitated their passing Carleton Street when the boys were in training.

The singing had completely aroused me from my lethargy, and as bar after bar sailed through the quiet stillness of the pullman, I realized with sudden significance that if Doc Keith had only been there—what *music* we would have heard.

What a protean faculty of adaptability college students possess. The transformation from the sublime to the ridiculous, (for surely from Grand Opera to five cent jack-pots is worthy of this clear-cut distinction) was sudden and abrupt.

Partly impelled by an irresistible intention to participate in a friendly game, and partly from an inquisitive curiosity I followed the crowd in the direction of the smoker. Following the sounds of hilarious merriment, I found myself in a tobacco perfumed environment.

The room was large and exceptionally well illuminated, by means of several incandescent lights, which cast their penetrating ray upon the closely huddled occupants, and allowed me to minutely examine the promiscuous company assembled there. A game was on, and the five players, stacked on either side with different coloured chips, caught and held my attention. One individual among the participators seemed to be particularly familiar to me and on closer inspection I recognized our friend the Hebrew salesman. Perhaps what really caused me to more closely scrutinize his countenance was the fact that he won with an indescribable persistency. What the eventual result of the

game would have been I cannot with true prophetic wisdom declare, for the prevailing stillness, broken only by the click of the pasteboards and the scuffle of an occasional foot, was rather rudely disturbed by the intermitent chirpings of the brakeman and the fruit vendor, each trying to out do the other, in their usual jumble of unintelligible words. Then suddenly the door opened and newsy, followed by the Brake, (after J. M. J.) made his initial debut. Now comes an exceedingly peculiar development and one which I am loath to chronicle, for, before the News could turn around, he was grabbed, jostled, twisted, bumped, bounced and banged by the collegians I presume, in a manner fit to make Sandow sore for a fortnight.

Outside everything was still as the grave. Nothing but a gloomy impenetrable darkness, through which a flaring searchlight cast its refulgent rays, as a mile-a-minute midnight express tore noisily through the rain and storm of an October night. Past stations and over switches we loudly tore, to the blare of a siren whistle and the loud gonging of a locomotive bell.

Spotted along the road side, as fireflies in the after-twilight of an Indian summer night, were the blazing lamps of the country dwellers gleaming forth from their well-known place of occupation above the kitchen table, around which the clustered family read the Bible or heard the pater, in sonorous tones, relate the chief topics of interest transpiring in the great outside world, from the family journal which had just arrived. Outside the storm continued with unabating violence. Large rain drops pattered against the window pane with a dull splash.

Here and there lay stretched the recumbent form of a fellow passenger, beside whom the uncut pages of a current magazine gave silent testimony of an uncontrollable desire to repose in the arms of Morpheus. Little by little the crowd began to thin out, till the sound of distant snoring reminded me that the time for sleep was here. Hastily I glanced at my watch, and found it was midnight, the time when all good mortals sleep.

Glace Bay! Oh yes we got off there, so did all the mail bags

addressed to the same place, but unlike the mail bags, we did not go to the post office, we went to the hotel. All? Oh no, not all. Big Dan did not. A waiting automobile, with a fair-haired vision presiding at the steering gear, conveyed him away from his noisy associates.

Oh yes, the game! I was nearly forgetting, why sure there was a game, and Glace Bay won, score? 10-0. That means Glace Bay scored ten points, while by exceedingly good playing Dalhousie scored nix, (not six) nil-nothing.

It was an ideal day for football. Rain, then more rain followed persistently by rain again. For three solid days the rain had fallen in happy anticipation of this game, for surely the weather man wanted to see a good lively fast exhibition of English Rugby, and all that was necessary was lots of good old Cape Breton rain in order to prepare the field for the exhibition. On either side lay pools of dark muddy waters forming a sort of moat over which the enthusiastic spectators were prevented from rushing during the moments of exciting plays.

Rumor hath it that the Dominion Coal Co. worked their hydraulic pumps till the operators became exhausted, trying to remove the superfluous H₂O from the field, but I cannot vouch however, for the veracity of the statement.

The kick-off took place from a little island in the centre of the lot, and in the first scrim, which took place in Dalhousie territory, no fewer than four men were saved from drowning by the timely action of some deep-sea fishermen, who happened to be among the spectators, and heedless of everything pushed through the surf and saved the drowning four. (Brave fellows!)

Water Polo? No. It was good old Cape Breton football and mud and rain, why, that's all in the game. If you can't swim, you drown, and if you can swim you win. Glace Bay could swim, they won: we could not, we lost.

Glace Bay has a good strong football team, men who have played in good fast company before and in reviewing their line-up one meets many familiar names, names of players who have played on some of our best Maritime Province teams. Their scrim is strong and scrappy, while the quarters and halves are

old tried players and know the game right straight through.

Dalhousie was handicapped by the absence of several of their regulars, but the substitutes played a good game throughout.

The boys were well treated by everybody, and cannot be too grateful for the many kindnesses bestowed upon them by the people of the town. A large ball was given Monday night in their honor, an honor much appreciated by all, and so at midnight—a cold, dreary, starless midnight it was too—we departed from the “biggest town in Canada,” departed with a feeling akin to sadness, for the pleasant associations formed, the gay companionship of many hours duration, had to be severed; the new faces added to our list of friends were many, and were there to see us off; old faces,—Dalhousie grid-iron faces—were there too, and as Mr. Little in his Bi-plane made a theatrical appearance, the coterie of faces, male and female, (the latter being far more numerous,) standing in groups around the depot bade us a fond farewell, while a shrill-voiced conductor cried “all-aboard for Halifax,” and we certainly re-echoed that cry with a vengeance, for it seemed as though the west was calling to us, calling from the farthest eastern position of Cape Breton's Isle, and we were answering it. The West was calling to the East, and the east was going,—we were the east.

T. A. L. '13.





LAW SCHOOL

Mock Parliament.

The House met on October 24th, at 8 p. m., the Speaker in the chair.

The Hon. Mr. Keefe, Minister of Finance, in an earnest address, moved the second reading of a bill, giving women the right of suffrage. The Honorable gentleman stated that the proposed legislation was neither untried, nor unsuccessful where tried. Women, he said, would carry with them into public life the same high ideals which they upheld in the home circle. (Hear, hear!). It was no argument to say that because women could not go to war and fight their country's battles, they should not vote; for many men were physically unable to go to war, but yet had the right of suffrage.

The member from Richmond (Mr. A. T. MacKay), seconded the moving of the bill. In a firm and deliberate voice, he dwelt upon the need of purity in politics. He asserted that not only would women purify politics, if given the ballot, but would reduce the annual government expenditure, by their disposition to save. As the law stood to-day, men and women under 21 years of age were regarded as equal; above that age, men were political masters, and women political slaves. (Hear, hear!).

The member from Regina (Mr. Layton), in opposing the bill, stated that most women had no desire to enter public life. The clamoring for suffrage was being done by a small class of women, of whom the militant suffragettes were attracting most attention. The majority of women were so averse to public life, that they would not even enter it for the purpose of silencing those who were trying to force them to enter it.

The member from Buctouche, (Mr. Maloney), in supporting

the bill, claimed that on the ground of fairness, women should be given the ballot. The honorable gentleman went on to say that the laws of the country were made for the benefit of women as well as men, and women should have representation.

The member from Newfoundland, (Mr. McGrath), in a ringing speech, scored the Government for presenting such a bill before the House.

The Hon. Prime Minister (Mr. MacLennan), reviewed at length the advantages to be obtained by allowing women to vote.

He was followed by the member from Lunenburg, (Mr. Martell), who strongly opposed the bill. Women, he said, did not want the suffrage, and he saw no reason why it should be thrust upon them.

The Hon. Minister of Finance closed the debate on the bill.

Mr. Ralston, leader of the opposition, then rose, and feeling that he had a majority in the House, moved a vote of want of confidence in the Government. Amid great applause from the opposition benches, the motion carried, and the Hon. D. A. MacLennan's Government was no more.

November 14th, 1910. The House met after dissolution on November 14th at 8 p. m.

The Hon. Speaker read the speech from the throne, in which the following measures were submitted for consideration:

1. Compulsory military service for the young men of Canada.
2. An International Arbitration Commission, which would settle all disputes between the nations of the world.
3. An amendment to the Lord's Day Act, sanctioning athletic games on the Sabbath Day.

The address in reply to the speech from the throne, was moved by the Hon. R. K. Smith, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who spoke very optimistically of our country's prospects.

The member from East Quebec (Mr. Owen), seconded the address in reply, dealing ably with the proposed legislation.

The member from Kings (Mr. Robinson), replied to the

Government speaker. He asserted that the proposed legislation was inconsistent upon its face. Of what use would a great army be to Canada, if international arbitration became firmly established? The honorable member showed plainly that conscription would mean an increase in taxation.

The Hon. Minister of Labor (Mr. Christie), spoke at length in favor of the government measures.

The arguments of the last speaker were answered by the member from Buctouche (Mr. Maloney), who thought that the army of Canada was quite sufficient for the present needs.

The Hon. Minister of Finance (Mr. Martell), supported the legislation proposed. Canada, he said, needed a first-class army.

The member from Digby (Mr. Rice), answered the last speaker.

The Hon. Premier, (Mr. McIsaac) spoke briefly in defence of the bills. He considered that Canada was in great need of a stronger army. The Monroe Doctrine would be of little benefit to Canada in case of war between Great Britain and the United States.

On motion the house adjourned.

The Law Dinner.

"For it's always fair weather,
When good fellows get together."

The annual dinner of the Law Students' Society was held at the Halifax Hotel, on Wednesday evening, November 3rd. It was one of the most successful functions ever given by the Society. The speeches were good, the menu excellent, and the feeling of good-comradeship unexcelled.

After the inner man had been satisfied, Mr. Burns, the toastmaster, proposed the health of the King.

The toast to Canada was proposed by Mr. T. R. Robertson, and responded to by Mr. Stewart Jenks K. C., Deputy Attorney General.

Judge Wallace proposed the toast to the University. President Forrest, in responding, was very warmly received. He said that the number of graduates was always increasing, and this year Dalhousie was going to let loose some twenty-five lawyers. In concluding his remarks, Dr. Forrest said, "We have in Dalhousie College the best Law School in Canada."

Mr. D. C. Sinclair, in proposing the toast of the Faculty, expressed regret that Dean Weldon was unable to be present. If the Dean had come, he felt sure that the boys would have given him the reception of his life.

Mr. Justice Russell in responding, said that he knew Dr. Weldon's worth as perhaps no other man knew it, and he gave to the Law School a knowledge such as no other could do. Judge Russell said that during all the years he had been connected with Law School, there had not been a single instance of misunderstanding between the Faculty and the students.

Mr. W. F. O'Connor proposed the toast to the Bench.

Mr. Justice Drysdale, and Judge Patterson responded.

The toast of the Bar was proposed by Mr. J. S. Mavor and responded to by Mr. J. J. Ritchie, K. C.

Mr. Hector McInnes, K. C., in response to repeated calls from the students, also responded briefly to the toast. He paid a well deserved tribute to Dean Weldon.

The Graduating Class was proposed by Mr. L. H. Martell, and responded to by R. S. McLellan.

Messrs. Fenwick and Forbes, in proposing and responding, respectively, to the toast to the ladies, vied with each other in extolling the charms of the fair sex. Both gentlemen merit a vote of thanks from the Delta Gamma.

Messrs. H. P. Newcombe, F. L. Christie and C. Maloney of Trinidad also responded, the latter in particular making a very pleasing speech.

I. S. Ralston then proposed a toast to our late fellow-student, Mr. R. W. Maclellan, which was drunk in silence.

With the singing of Auld Lang Syne, this very enjoyable function ended. All credit to the committee.

Freshmen frequently find Ungar's a friend in need, for there they get buttons replaced on Linen, new collar bands on shirts, also suits and over-coats put into shape again after hard usage.

Law Students' Society.

A special meeting of the Law Students' Society was called on November 3rd, on account of the death of our late lamented member, Mr. R. W. Maclellan. It was unanimously decided to send a wreath, and the secretary was instructed to prepare and forward a letter of condolence to the parents of Mr. Maclellan.

College Notes.

An improvement in the appearance of our paper has been made by the addition of appropriate headings to the various apartments, and to the title-page. The work was done by Mr. Lewis E. Smith, Principal of the Victoria School of Art and Design, Halifax. The Gazette Editors consider themselves fortunate in having secured Mr. Smith's services.

Y. M. C. A.—October 22nd.—A large audience was present to hear the report of our delegate to the Northfield Convention, G. C. Livingstone, B. A. Mr. Livingstone's account was a full one and very interesting.

Two former delegates, Messrs. T. M. Creighton and J. P. McIntosh, B. A., also spoke briefly.

Mr. J. C. McDonald was chairman.

November 6th.—The first Union Meeting for the year was held in the Arts Library. The subject was "Mohammedanism the opponent of Christianity."

Miss N. C. Gunn read a carefully prepared paper and Mr. J. C. McLennan, B. A. followed with an interesting address.

Miss J. E. McGregor sang a beautiful solo.

W. K. Reid, B. A. acted as chairman.

November 12th.—Mr. W. W. Read was the speaker for the evening. His subject was "Crime and its Treatment." His address was well prepared and deserving of a much larger audience.

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November 13th.—The second Sunday afternoon meeting for the term was addressed by the Rev. A. B. Cohoe on the subject "Faith." The close attention which was given to Mr. Cohoe testified to the excellence of his address.

Miss Boak favored the audience with a solo.

Prof. Bronson presided at the meeting.

Sodales.—October 27th.—The opening debate for the term was on the subject "*Resolved*, that a reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States would be beneficial to Canada."

The speakers chosen were: Messrs. McQueen and L. P. Archibald for the affirmative and Messrs. E. J. O. Fraser and Swanson for the negative.

Mr. Archibald's absence deranged matters somewhat, but the other speakers did their part and in addition Mr. Layton spoke briefly in support of the resolution.

The judges, Messrs. J. C. McDonald, Keefe, and M. R. McGregor decided for the negative.

President Mavor acted as critic.

Mr. E. T. Parker was unanimously elected Secretary of the Society for the year in place of Mr. Vair who is unable to act.

November 3rd.—No meeting of the Society was held on this date. The college was alive with preparations for the "Dutch Treat" and, besides, many of the students wished to attend Mr. T. P. O'Connor's lecture.

Rev. Dr. McMillan of St. Matthew's Church had consented to address this meeting, had his services been required. Our thanks are due to Dr. McMillan for his good-will and we trust to have the pleasure of hearing his address at some future date.

November 10th.—The subject for discussion was: "*Resolved*, that the present Naval policy of Canada is not in the best interests of our Country."

Messrs. A. D. McDonald and E. T. Parker supported the resolution and were opposed by Messrs. A. T. McKay and Blois.

Freshmen frequently find Ungar's a friend in need, for there they get buttons replaced on Linen, new collar bands on shirts, also suits and over-coats put into shape again after hard usage.

The debate was an exceptionally good one and a decision was difficult. Messrs. Burns, Gass and H. S. Davis acted as judges and decided in favour of the supporters of the resolution. There was no critique.

Mr. A. T. McKay was elected to the Executive to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Mr. Parker to the Secretaryship.

An interesting discussion took place on the new constitution of the Society. Owing to the late hour, its further discussion was deferred until the next meeting.

The attendance was most gratifying.

November 17th.—The subject for debate was: "*Resolved*, that universal disarmament and the settling of all international disputes by arbitration are feasible."

Messrs. F. M. O'Neil and L. Archibald supported the resolution and were opposed by Messrs. J. C. McDonald and W. J. McLeod.

The judges, Messrs. E. T. Parker, Michaud and A. E. McKinnon decided for the negative.

There was no critique.

The remainder of the constitution was read, discussed, amended, extended and finally adopted.

The following were chosen as the Inter-collegiate Debate Committee: Messrs. J. P. McIntosh, B. A., J. C. McLennan, B. A., John H. Smiley, B. A., R. S. McLellan, B. A., and the President of Sodales, Mr. J. S. Mavor, B. A.

Arts and Science.—October 21st.—The subject for debate was: "*Resolved*, That it would be in the best interests of Canada to become annexed to the United States."

The resolution was supported by Messrs. E. J. O. Fraser and Ackhurst and opposed by Messrs. A. T. McKay and W. B. McLean.

Messrs. McCabe, H. S. Davis, Swanson and J. C. McDonald spoke in the discussion.

The resolution was defeated. Mr. Parker acted as critic.

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It was decided to hold no meeting on the Friday preceding Thanksgiving.

November 4th.—The debate was on the subject, "*Resolved*, that the Boy Scout Movement should be taken up by our towns."

Mr. J. M. S. McCabe supported the resolution and was assisted by Mr. H. M. Logan. They were opposed by Messrs. D. McCurdy and Hawkins.

The following spoke in the general discussion: Messrs. Graham, E. J. O. Fraser, I. M. Fraser and J. M. Murchison.

The resolution was sustained. Mr. Vair was critic.

A resolution to change the time of meeting to Tuesday evening was deferred for another week.

November 11th.—The subject selected for discussion was, "*Resolved*, that the Senior Matriculation should be continued at Dalhousie."

Messrs. C. A. Earle and I. M. Fraser supported the resolution, while J. P. McQueen and F. D. Graham opposed it.

The speakers from the audience were: Messrs. McLellan, Zwicker, E. J. Fraser, Milne, A. A. McKenzie, M. R. McGregor and Campbell.

On a vote of the meeting, the resolution was lost. Mr. J. K. Swanson gave an excellent critique.

It was unanimously decided that Friday should be the time of meeting of the Society.

U. S. C.—November 11th.—A special meeting was called on this date, Vice-President Mavor presiding.

It was decided that the students attend the funeral of the late Mr. Maclellan in a body and that they should meet at the college to be arranged in marching order.

Mr. J. R. Collie was appointed to take charge of the procession.

A very attractive Christmas card, in college colors, enclosed in neat envelope, has been specially prepared for Dalhousie students by Connolly, the stationer, Barrington St. The card has the college seal embossed on it, with appropriate greetings and space for sender's name. Buy them early and send your friends something from Dalhousie.

Your class-mate always looks neat and tidy in his dress. Here's the secret: He is one of Ungar's regular Patrons.

Exchanges.

As artistic, instructive and up-to-date as usual the October number of the Mount Allison *Argosy* has been laid on the Exchange Editor's desk. Both in appearance and subject matter this magazine takes its place in the front ranks of college journalism. All the editorials, save one, are purely local, as they doubtless should be. The one I except is that concerning selfishness in college life. The editor, in no uncertain way depicts a disease in the student life, which is more or less prevalent in most colleges, and is certainly working disaster among our own college societies. You will find the *Argosy* in the Arts Library. Drop in and drink in the editorial referred to. Following is an extract from it,—

"Another type of selfishness which, though not so common as those previously mentioned, nevertheless exists, is found associated with ambition. The student who becomes wholly occupied with his work, and quite oblivious to the demands which college has upon him, in order that he may be able to lead classes and win prizes, is narrowing his life and closing up avenues of usefulness which he might otherwise have enjoyed."

Miss Lenore Smith, B. A., Dalhousie '10, is this year's Editor-in-Chief of the *Normal College Gazette*. Miss Smith was one of our most brilliant and popular co-eds. Her literary ability was generally recognized throughout the University, and we are delighted to see her occupying a position where she can give expression to her talents. Miss Smith's article in the November number of the *Dalhousie Gazette*, entitled, "The Sagas of the North" was the subject of much favorable comment among the students. In the last issue of the *Normal College Gazette*, an essay entitled "Tennyson—Priest and Prophet" appears. Miss Smith is the author. That should be sufficient recommendation.

The Coal Mining Companies of Canada have combined in preparing a pamphlet in book form, entitled, "*Memoranda Respecting Reciprocity in Coal.*" The companies have stated their

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case very plainly and in my opinion very reasonably. A careful perusal of this booklet will make the citizens of this Dominion think twice before they vote for unrestricted reciprocity. The pith of the companies' argument against reciprocity in coal is contained in the following:

"The operators submit that the effect of reciprocity would be to develop lines of trade North and South and render ineffective all the efforts of Canadian money and enterprise to establish these lines East and West. This would have a ruinous effect on the trade of the Intercolonial Railway and the business of the ports of Montreal, Quebec, St. John, and Halifax. The Transcontinental Railway from Winnipeg to Moncton would be made valueless to Canada. The operators are of the opinion that under any reciprocity arrangements as to coal:

- (a) That little or no Nova Scotia coal can be marketed in New England.
- (b) That a large part of the St. Lawrence trade would be lost to Nova Scotia.
- (c) That the effect will be most disastrous to the coal industry and will seriously imperil the growing steel industries.
- (d) That it will disorganize inter-provincial trade and cause serious loss of revenue to the Intercolonial Railway.
- (e) That it will prejudicially effect the Provincial Revenue.
- (f) That it will impair the revenues of the Harbor Commissioners of Montreal and Quebec.
- (g) That it will throw out of employment large numbers of men and take away the home market from our farmers and merchants.
- (h) That coal will not be any cheaper in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.

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(i) That all the advantage would accrue to United States operators and Railway Companies.

(j) That under the present tariff, the coal industry has expanded enormously, enabling large steel industries to be established, and the operators say it is against the best interests of the State to alter a situation that has proved economically sound."

The third number, volume one, of *The Macdonald College Magazine* has been sent out from the press. I feel no hesitancy in pronouncing this magazine a triumph in College journalism. Most of its space is devoted to discussion on agricultural problems and in that respect it differs from the ordinary University journal. Nevertheless that does not alter the fact that it is the product of student effort. Its literary value is not in the least overshadowed by its scientific nature.

The November issue of the *Ontario Agricultural College Review*, is another excellent specimen of art and literature. It compares favorably with many of the professional magazines. In perusing its pages, one's thoughts are almost sure to be arrested by a poem from the pen of Wilfred Campbell, entitled "*The Politician*." Mr. Campbell must have a biting grudge against his subject. To say that the poet's invective was due to ignorance of the facts would probably be unfair. Perhaps it would be more diplomatic to remark that Mr. Campbell must have allowed purely personal feelings to blind his reason.

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Dalhousiensia.

We have sung you a song of the girls who kiss,
And it sets your head in a whirl,
But to reach the height of your earthly bliss,
You must kiss a s - p - o - o - e girl.

Sophette (going up to class)—"Did you see Eben going up stairs ?

Freshette—No, say, does he take Math. with us ?



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Prof. in English I. (morning of the anniversary of Trafalgar)—“What day are we celebrating?”

Freshie McC - r - y—“Thursday, sir.”

Freshman (tearfully) to Lo - d J - h n.—“Say, can't you get the railroad to give me a few days extension on my Thanksgiving ticket?”

Sophette (when buying her books for English II)—“Please give me a copy of King John.”

Freshette (standing near)—“I beg your pardon, ain't it Lord John?”

Freshette B - - - - (presenting her topic card to Sophomore S - - - h)—“Are you full yet, Mr. S - - - h?”

Sophomore S - - - h—“Why, do I look like it?”

Prof. in Pol. Econ.—“Why does an Indian never rise above his wigwam?”

Kn - - lt - n.—“He hasn't an airship.”

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Prof. in English II:—“Who introduced blank verse into English literature?”

Fl - yd (excitedly):—“Plutarch.”

Quoted from one of the faculty:—“He should have called out the cops and run the hoodlums into the stone jug.”

History Professor:—“I once read on an exam. paper that the La Have river fell into the Bay of Biscay, and I nearly fell in myself.”

Field day: The ladies loudly applauded the announcement of B - rr - e D - ck - e's name.

Freshette, (on hearing the plaudits):—“Does Mr. D - ck - e represent the Delta Gamma?”

President F — (calling History roll):—“C - mpb - ll; is it you or C - rs - n that's absent?”

C - mpb - ll,—“It's me.”

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H - wk - ns, in Arts and Science (after having said "Ladies and gentlemen" four times) :—Well, some of you Freshmen are so good looking I can't help thinking you're girls."

The critic a few minutes later :—"Mr. H - wk - ns should abstain from sarcasm."

Hard lines, Freshmen.

Dr. MacM—, defines an Amazon as a prehistoric suffragette, and a seer as one who sees things.

Pres. F—(to "Mon") :—"Do I see a tear in your eye, Mr R - yn - lds? A tear of remorse for interrupting my lecture?"

John, M. S. McC-b-(debating on Boy Scout question) :—"I "myself" played football, I "myself" taught school, but above all I "myself" am a boy scout." (Loud applause.)

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Freshie McD - n - ld was getting ready for a party. J. R. B. McL - - d :—"I see by the paper that a man died at the North End last night."

Freshie McD - n - ld :—"Yes, I s'pose I shouldn't go to a dance with a man dead in the City."

You'll do, Freshie, you have a tender heart.

Time : Midnight, before the first football match.

D-v-s; (entering the room of a newly chosen gladiator) :—"You are on the team, Jim."

J. McK-y, Praise be-, I can go to sleep now."

Taken from the Bill Board.

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Eb-n in Lab. (on surveying Freshie D-nsm-re's complicated apparatus) :—" No, No, that wash-bottle won't do, Mr. D-nsm-re, the only things that are satisfactory about it are the flask and the rubber cork."

Freshie H-nn-, (attempting to waltz with a Junior at Freshy Soph Dance) :—" I am not much at waltzing, but if they would only dance plain setts such as I learnt at Hackett's Cove last year, I could show you a wrinkle."

P-rk-r, (slowly reading the new constitution, toward the close of the recent three and a half hour session of Sodales) :—" I will now read section 25"—

Voice from audience :—" Will you read it to-night?"

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