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Editorial.

THE ARTS LIBRARY.—It is in no mere spirit of criticism that we take up the consideration of the management of the Arts Library, and presume to throw out a few suggestions as to how it may be made to meet more effectually the needs of the students. We have pride in the growing efficiency of our Arts Library, and there is nothing to be said to the detriment of anyone connected with it, but there are some things about it that seem to be possible sources of weakness.

A little reflection will make plainer a few faults, which if remedied, would make the library much more serviceable to all students. In the first place, the library is open in the afternoon from three till five o'clock only and the open hours in the morning are during many of the students busiest class hours. If the afternoon open session were extended to six o'clock there would be a distinct advantage for it would give those who are engaged during the morning and early afternoon an opportunity to consult reference books and do some general reading during an hour they find hard to make use of.

Another point may be referred to and that is the closed library on Saturday. Under present conditions from Friday at five till Monday at ten o'clock in the morning not a reference book can be consulted. This is certainly a considerable drawback to those who have to depend to any extent upon these books of reference. Besides, if the library were open on Saturday—or at least during Saturday morning—there would be afforded earnest students a most excellent opportunity for effective reading, for the usual distractions which are so detrimental to concentrated work on other days, would not exist inasmuch as the loafer would find the place too intol-erably dull to remain in.

The desire for these changes is becoming stronger among the more industrious of our students, who realize the difficulties in the way of making the most profitable use of the library. It is only because of this generally felt desire that the GAZETTE undertakes to point out these faults and suggest possible remedies.

If there are no unremovable difficulties in the way there is no doubt that the faculty will make the necessary efforts to meet the legitimate demands for more satisfactory library hours.

IT is sincerely to be hoped that the recent intercollegiate debate between Dalhousie and the University of New Brunswick marks a new era in the history of Sodales. To the real Dalhousian the failure to achieve victory—however desirable it may have been—is a matter of minor consequence. The thought that is current in his mind is whether or not this newly formed league will be able to stimulate sufficient interest among the men of our college to put debating in its proper place. It is indeed regrettable that an accomplishment at once so useful and so necessary has been so little sought by our students during the past few years.

A man is well compensated for the time and energy he spends in debate were the only reward he acquired ability to embody clear, logical argument in graceful, forceful speech. But there is more to be gained than this. In the selection of subjects questions of considerable magnitude and of vital im-

portance are chosen. The arduous preparation necessary for the intelligent discussion of these, takes the student out of his limited academic circle to work in other and wider fields. Thus by enforced labor a deeper insight into and comprehension of questions of national importance is gained, which amply repays the efforts put forth and brings the student into touch with modern, social, political and industrial problems.

Dalhousie must reorganize her debating club on other lines, and abandon the present system of securing leaders—a system which brings men before the club without proper preparation, due to no fault of their own, but simply to lack of time to prepare for the discussion of extensive subjects.

The GAZETTE does not propose to make any other suggestions in regard to improving Sodales. This matter is in the hands of its efficient officers, who have the welfare of the club thoroughly at heart.

AS our business manager despairs of anyone ever reading the business notices, we wish to call attention to the fact that in January a notice was sent to each subscriber, showing his or her indebtedness to the GAZETTE. Some subscribers have responded in the proper manner. Others have not. We are desirous of closing the year free from debt, and hope this short paragraph will catch the eye of those for whom it is intended.

The Light of the World—Fifty Years After.

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

February 13th, 1905, was very much like any other thawing winter's day in Halifax, but it was a date mark with a white stone. Ushered in with no blare of trumpets, or roaring of cannon, this day will long remain notable for the impact of a new Imperial idea upon the life of our young Dominion. No one can compute its influence present and to come.

The idea is due to two men, a painter and a rich philanthropist. The first, with another painter of genius, founded more than sixty years ago the most important and original movement in English art; the second has made a monumental

study of London's heart-breaking poverty. The painter created a great picture for the patron, and the two planned, instead of shutting it up in some gallery, to exhibit it in all the important centres of Greater Britain beyond the seas. It is a generous idea, a noble idea, an Imperial idea.

Holman Hunt's life and art have been both improved by one deep, unshaken conviction, "the one reality," as he calls it himself, the love of God manifest in His Son Jesus Christ. Fifty years ago he embodied this conviction in a great symbolic picture, one of the greatest religious pictures of all time, a symbol which all varieties of Christian faith can unite in revering and learning from. It was a figure of a man in kingly robes crowned with gold and with thorns, knocking at a close-shut door overgrown with weeds. The picture is illuminated by the lantern held low in the left hand and the faint moonlight fading to dawn. It lights up the worn, sad face of the Man of Sorrows and the door before which He stands and knocks. This picture won the enthusiastic praise of Ruskin, and by degrees the suffrages of the public. It is hidden away in a little room off the chapel of Keble College, Oxford, to be seen by only a few.

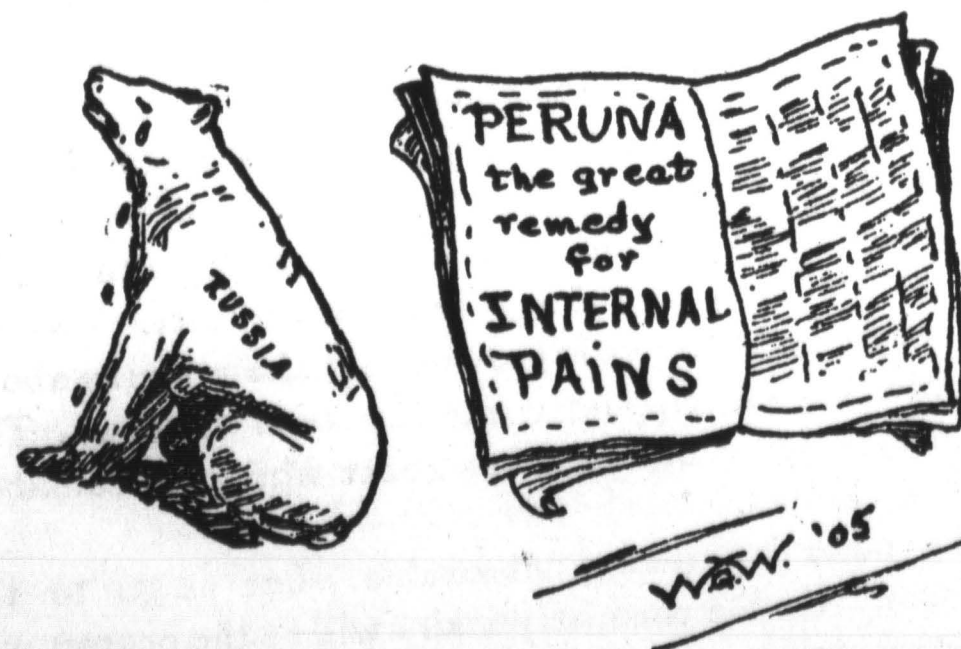
The picture now in Canada is a replica of this first famous "Light of the World," but a replica in a very special sense. It is, in the first place, twice the size of the original and differs from it in many significant details, the face, the expression, the knocking hand, the crown in its relation to the head. Fifty years between these two, and the work of the man of eighty is richer, stronger, more winning in its appeal than the work of the man of thirty.

On entering the large darkened room in which the picture stands with only artificial light upon it, you are struck first by the vivid richness of the color, the crimson and the green. The people stand or sit at some distance from the picture and speak low. Even the chatterers who think the "figure stiff," "the lip heavy." "not my idea," advance their impertinences in an undertone.

The eye is caught by the lantern in the left hand, the centre of all the light, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." He found the need of that guidance: it is in that light only we can see His face, in all its sweetness

and power. The kingly robe, stiff with embroidery, which He wears, shows a crimson fold, the color of love. It is fastened at the shoulders with the heavy breast-plate of the high priest, set with the twelve mystic gems, for He is our High Priest. Underneath is the white robe, woven without seam from top to bottom; for He is pure. The right hand is in the act of knocking, not as in the earlier picture, having ceased to knock; for He does not give us over easily. So, by degrees we come to His face, "with its image of a kingly crown." It is young and yet old; for it was marred more than the sons of men. The face is glowing with love and patience and sorrow. It fascinates, it holds, it enthral.

You forget as you gaze that this is an affair of canvas and light and purchasable pigments cunningly disposed. You seem visibly in the presence of the majesty of divine love and suffering and mercy. "Art thou a king then?" "Thou sayest that I am a king." And He will yet rule all kindreds, and tongues, and nations, and peoples.—*From the Presbyterian.*



"What a pity he doesn't see our papers occasionally."

Tit for Tat.

What beautiful spring weather! just the time for a dance. And here are a few of the sterner sex who are not "too slow" to take advantage of the favorable opportunity. The consent of the Faculty has been won. Doctor F—, Dean W-l-d-n and Doctor W. M-rr-y have been secured as chaperones.

The eventful evening has arrived. A stream of boys passes through the corridor towards the open doors of the Arts Library. At their head walks shy F-rs-th-, in whose fertile brain this glorious idea originated. After the ceremonies of reception are over, follows the busy hum attendant on the serious business of programme filling.

Presently the orchestra strikes up a dreamy waltz. Little Mac leads out the tall genius from West Bay. There are the two Fr-nks, dancing laboriously, and counting anxiously, lest they get out of step. Look at M-ll-r; he is trying to persuade little R-b-ts-n to teach him the step, R-b-ts-n regards first his dainty feet, then M-ll-r's big ones, and declines like the little pattern of prudence that he is. At this juncture, G. L., who is never absent when there is any fun to be had, steps up and offers his arm with a flourish, and they shuffle away together. Look at poor L-yt-n; he is dancing with W-r and that is the third time they have collided with the radiator. Here is Buttons in his element, whirling T. G. about.

In vain do these gay butterflies flaunt themselves before the eyes of the hero of the recent intercollegiate debate. He smiles with pitying condescension on the lesser intellects who can amuse themselves in so frivolous a fashion, and divides his attentions among the chaperones.

The Lancers have begun. Little C-h-n catches the portly Ch-rm-n by the hand and drags him into a sett. Ch-rm-n regrets that there are no girls present to make remarks about. There is Mr. Gr--n tripping it merrily with L-nds-y. This will be an evening for him to think about while the cannibals sharpen their knives.

But the noise is growing unbearable. Let us go to the supper room. Up the chemistry stairs will be the nearest way. A deep voice startles us, speaking from the merky darkness of the landing. "Ah, I beg your pardon; you wish to get past." It is B--ll-e. Force of habit has driven him to the accustomed corner and there he sits groaning *imo pectore* and sighing for the fairy forms which have enlivened this solitude at past dances that have been graced by the girls. Let us leave him to his wretchedness and proceed to the exam. hall.

Before the table stands a prosperous looking figure imbibing lime juice and munching cake and candy. It is the reader in

Third English. Ranged in front of him are five saucers that have once contained ice cream. Between mouthfuls he can be heard explaining to anxious faced friends:—"I like to embrace my opportunities, ha, ha, ha. You know. There are no ladies present and eating is the next best thing." All this he said with his most winning smile and irresistible air.

Here comes P-tt-rs-n with Sn--k on his arm. The former is mopping the perspiration from his brow and the latter is gracefully wielding a huge varicolored fan. There is B-ntl-y congratulating Ginger on his recovery. Look at B-rn-tt and W-ts.n, excitedly waving their spoons and conversing with animation. They are discussing the general inadequacy of photography and its failure in two particular cases. Funny isn't it?

The music has begun again. It is a militaire; let us go down and watch it. There are the two most recent authorities on physics in the centre of the floor. Most of the other couples have stopped dancing and are ranged around the room, applauding the efforts of these two.

As the evening drags itself out an increasing gloom settles on all faces. Finally a committee of the boys approaches the originator of the scheme and, obedient to orders, he gets upon a chair and announces that the evening's pleasure (?) is at an end. Deep sighs of relief greet this intimation and once more the boys file past the chaperones.

There is no lingering before the door of the ladies' waiting room, no anxious scanning of the shrouded forms that commonly issue therefrom;—there are no Nellies to see home to-night. Th-rn- and MacK-y will not have to hurry. It is only a quarter to eleven. Each boy departs heavily, with gloomy face, vowing that he never had such a time in his life and does not want another. "The grub was the only decent part of it by Jove!"

MISS ANON.

The Debate.

At last Dalhousie has taken part in an inter-collegiate debate. Some time in the closing years of the last century the representatives of the yellow and black debated against Acadia; from then until this year no Dalhousie team has been

seen on the platform. But March 7th, we hope, marks the beginning of a new and permanent and evergrowing interest in debating at Dalhousie. To the formation last year of the Intercollegiate Debating Union is the honor of bringing about this result due, and the work of the Dalhousians, some of whom have since left the college, who were instrumental in forming the Union, must not be forgotten. Under the rules of the Union, however, only the undergraduates of Dalhousie are represented in these debates, and therefore the usual contrast between the total number of students at Dalhousie and at the other colleges cannot be fairly made in this case.

Dalhousie's first opponents on the schedule were the men from the University of New Brunswick. As visiting team they had the selection of the subject, and are to be congratulated on the choice they made. Few subjects afford better grounds for debate than the following resolution: "Resolved that Trade Unions are beneficial to Canada and the United States." The data on both sides of the question are abundant, its solution is one of the momentous practical problems of the present day, and the upholders of either side can easily obtain that real interest in their arguments which is necessary to the making of a good debate. Dalhousie having the choice of sides took the affirmative. It was decided to have but one judge. Judge Gregory of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, who most kindly consented to travel all the way from Fredericton to Halifax, was the man chosen, and he fulfilled his office in a painstaking and impartial manner.

The scene of the debate was the splendid new assembly hall of the School for the Blind.

The three Dalhousians are all Arts students—J. H. Charman '05, J. Barnett '05, and A. Moxon '06—and they all deserve the greatest credit for the college-spirit they displayed in taking up the work with energy and enthusiasm. It meant no little sacrifice for all three, and for the seniors especially. M. Orchard, J. McNaughton, and H. P. Dole represented U. N. B. Moxon and Dole were the leaders.

The debate itself. It was soon apparent that Dalhousie and U. N. B. differ in their methods of debating. The U. N. B. men possess considerable elocutionary talent which has evidently been well trained, they rely rather on enforcing a few

arguments than on the advancement of a large number of points, and accordingly use an abundance of illustration which they present in a graphic and telling manner. Dalhousie approached the subject in a spirit more theoretical, the tracing of the principles involved left them but little time for illustration, and their manner of presentation was argumentative rather than oratorical.

Judge Gregory gave a lengthy and considerate judgment thoroughly reviewing the debate. The two sides, he thought, had not argued exactly the same point, and their arguments were consequently not the counterparts of each other; Dalhousie had dealt with the aims of trade unions, U. N. B. with their methods. Dalhousie said the learned judge, had chosen the affirmative, the burden, therefore, was on them of proving the resolution which they had undertaken to support. This, in his opinion, they had failed to do. He, therefore, awarded the decision to U. N. B.

Next year Dalhousie debates with Mount Allison. Two of this year's team will then be ineligible, there are therefore many chances for new debaters, and every Dalhousian should come back to college with the determination of doing all in his power to send a winning team to Sackville.

A Trip to India.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER BY DR. MINA MCKENZIE.

Drs. McKenzie and Munro who left last fall for India left behind them many warm friends at Dalhousie who will always hear of their success with pleasure. It is for those friends we publish these extracts of a very interesting letter descriptive of their trip. The letter was not written for publication. It was intended only for friends, but it is none the less interesting on this account.

On Wednesday, Nov. 16th, after a pleasant visit in New York, Drs. McKenzie and Munro took passage on the steamship "Oceanic" for Liverpool.

Of the Atlantic voyage Dr. M. writes:
"It was quite cold and stormy crossing the Atlantic, but we rather enjoyed the bracing breezes; they reminded us of home,

and we felt it might be some time before we would have the benefit of their tonic effects again. There were about three hundred passengers on board, Barons, Viscounts, Sirs, Bishops, Etc. The storm was so great that racks had to be used most of the time to prevent the dishes sliding off the table. Fortunately our party were good sailors. There was just one day I remained below.

Early in the morning of the 23rd we saw our first glimpse of land. We all gazed eagerly at the "Emerald Isle" and saw Queenstown near the shore, nestled down among the green hills, with a touch of snow here and there on the more elevated parts. We only remained long enough at Queenstown to put a few passengers ashore and get the mails.

We landed at Liverpool on the morning of the 24th and took a special train for London. The trains are divided into compartments to accommodate about six passengers. The ground was partially covered with snow and the fog was so dense that we could only catch glimpses of the country. What we did see, however, was as carefully tilled as a garden. The small square fields are surrounded by hedges of hawthorne nicely trimmed, and often in the centre of the field a clump of trees surrounds a pond or cistern where the cattle can drink, and pretty little canals wind around, in and out among the fields. A few large trees along the hedges and a very occasional grove were the only woods we saw. All the tenants' cottages I saw on the farms were small and built of brick. The long rows of brick houses joined together, in the smaller towns of England and the outlying parts of London, form a striking contrast to the lofty structures in New York.

We reached London at 2 p. m., took up our abode at Wild's Hotel, Euston Square., and at once made our way to St. Paul's Cathedral. It is rather crowded in among other buildings, but is a magnificent structure. We visited there for worship, which was going on at the time. I regret that we did not visit its whispering gallery, which is so built that the slightest sound made at one side of the room can be heard at the opposite side, though not audible at any intermediate point.

Next morning we visited Westminster Abbey and were fortunate enough to hear the choir boys sing. It was simply grand! In the Poets' Corner we saw the busts of our beloved Tennyson, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Browning, Etc., and a memorial to our American Longfellow. A guide book took us through the chapel where royalty used to be laid out—they are now buried at Windsor—and told us many interesting tales of their life and death. Among the most interesting to me were Edward, the Confessor, Mary Queen of Scots, the two boys Richard murdered at the foot of the stairs, Elizabeth and "Bloody Mary." The building itself is magnificent, and I shall not attempt to describe it.

We visited Buckingham Palace—the King and Queen were not at home—and the appearance of the place did not come up to our fond hopes. It is a large plain, old-fashioned building, surrounded by a high stone wall, and the entrances are guarded by soldiers. Visitors are not allowed inside, so we decided to call upon the Prince of Wales and see if he were more hospitable.

Marlborough House is not very imposing—quite ordinary looking on the outside and crowded in with other buildings. The Prince and Princess were away. One of the guards told us that Queen Alexandra, Princess May and the Queen of Spain were expected there at noon; but we wished to see more of the city so could not wait.

In the afternoon Dr. Munro and I visited St. James' Hospital and saw two surgical operations. The hospital is on the banks of the Thames and its wards and appliances are the finest I have ever seen.

We were to sail from Liverpool on the "City of Manchester" at 10 a. m. on Saturday, but on account of the dense fog we did not leave till Sunday. I believe they have such fogs only about three times in the year, and sometimes there all street traffic has to be suspended for days at a time.

Our trip from Liverpool to Calcutta was pleasant and uneventful, Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez, being the only place we called at till reaching Calcutta on Dec. 27th.

We sighted land, however, quite often. Saw St. Vincent on the coast of Spain, next day Trafalgar, and that night I remained up to see Gibraltar. We were quite a distance from the rock, but could see the lights plainly. In the Mediterranean we saw San Gozo and a number of smaller islands, the Atlas Mountains and a part of the African Coast. The waters of the Mediterranean are very blue, and at night the brilliant phosphorescence with the glorious moonlight made a charming picture.

We arrived at Port Said early on the morning of December 9th in time to see one of the most magnificent pictures I have ever witnessed. The harbour is an artificial one, made by huge breakwaters of stone, and divided into little lakes by the same. Deserts of sand stretch away as far as the eye can reach, quaint, bright-colored houses, drivers of camels on the banks, and over all the glory of an eastern sunrise.

We went up through the town and were not a little amused by the variety of dress. Most of the men wore flowing robes, or others had them tucked around each ankle. They wear very bright colors and fantastic head gear. Some of the women had their faces covered wholly, others their foreheads and the lower part of their faces. A small bar of brass hung down between their eyes, and they wore many bracelets, nose-rings, toe-rings, etc.

We were sixteen hours passing through the Suez Canal. It is just a narrow channel cut in the sand, about two hundred yards wide, thirty-three feet deep, and eighty-two miles long. On one side in the sand is a small canal of fresh water from the Nile, and here and there a clump of palm trees and shrubs with a station for travellers, consisting of a small brick house. Sand stretched away on either side as far as the eye could reach, and we saw patient camels kneel down on the banks to be loaded with the sand they were removing from the canal. It requires constant work to keep it navigable.

We saw the road by which the Children of Israel went to the wilderness and where they are supposed to have crossed the Red Sea.

The canal passes through two lakes, and the sunset as we were crossing one was the finest I have ever seen.

As we went through the Red Sea we saw a lot of bare little rocks which could scarcely be called islands. The shores are a mass of reddish-gray rock, peak rising above peak. We could see snow on Mt. Sinai Mountains and saw St. Catherine's Convent where some valuable manuscripts relating to bible history were recently found nestled in among the rocks.

As we got down into the Indian Ocean the thermometer stood 98° in the shade. While passing Ceylon we got up at three o'clock a. m. to see the Southern Cross, but we were a trifle disappointed, for the stars did not form a

In the Indian Ocean. perfect cross. The remainder of our voyage was uneventful till we reached the mouth of the Hooghly whose shallow, muddy waters are very treacherous to navigation. Sand and other sediment comes down the river filling up the channels which have to be continually dredged. Soundings are taken every day. All navigation is prohibited at night, so the anchor was let down till morning. The next day we went up the river to Garden Reach, seven miles from Calcutta. Here they had to anchor again and wait for the tides. A small steamer came down and we were transferred and so reached the mission station at 7 p. m. on the 27th of December. Going up the river the scenery was delightful. Groves of palms and other tropical trees, with intervening green fields and groups of little mud cottages under lovely foliage made a very pretty picture.

We were in Calcutta six days. Part of the city is quite English, and there are some stores that would do credit to home towns. There is a college, two or three hospitals, some very fine public buildings, among which are the Post Office, Bengal Bank, Government House, Etc. Some of the streets are wide and lined with trees, and there are several public squares, among which Dalhousie Square pleased me most. There is a large pond in the centre and it contains many tropical plants. The common is very large, and here and there are rows of trees. Herds of cattle are seen grazing with someone watching them. They thus keep the grass short. Cattle are smaller than ours for the most part, though some of the oxen are large. They are mostly colored gray or gray-black and have a

peculiar hump on their fore shoulders about five or six inches high. When the bullocks are yoked they put the cross pole on their neck in front of this hump. That is all the harness unless, as in many cases, they have a rope passed through the nose.

The "Eden Garden" is very beautiful with tropical trees, ferns and flowers, lots of them in bloom, though it is winter here, and the leaves are beautifully green. The garden is lighted by electricity and the band plays every evening. So many Europeans were there I almost forgot I was in India.

One afternoon we took lunch with us and drove to the Botanical Gardens, about six miles out of the city, and had tea under the great Banyan trees spoken of in the geography.

The garden is very large, and has many beautiful trees, foliage,

plants and flowers. There is a beautiful avenue of palm trees and a bamboo grove, but I think

The Botanical Gardens. the fern house pleased me most of all. There is an iron frame work arranged in arches and domes, and it is completely covered by one tree or sort of shrubby vine, making a beautiful leafy roof. It must cover about one hundred yards from the centre in every direction. Many delicate and lovely ferns are arranged in the house. The whole place seemed like fairy land to us.

The Teazer's Light.

A MAHONE BAY SUPERSTITION.

Who that unearthly light beholds, the same is doomed to die
Ere the sun shall bring the seventh spring, in mysterious agony,
Hast thou seen the light of the ship which sank in the wars of long ago?
Each seven years that gleam appears, a portent fraught with woe
To the lonely wanderer on the shore or the boatman on the bay
Who behold the sight at dead of night when mystic powers hold sway.
Nocturnal noon is drawing nigh, the crescent moon is down.
And never a breeze plays o'er the seas, on the beach the ripples moan,
When, lo! in the east a brightness strange hath suddenly uprist
Like a faint, pale star which shines afar dull peering through the mist.
Nearer and nearer comes that spark which glimmers above the waves,
Till a path of gold may the eye behold which the beam o'er the water
paves.

Soon through the gloom, the outline dim of a stately ship is seen
With sails free cast from the lofty mast and her hull in full careen,

Her canvas swelled by a gale which shakes no leaflet as it blows,
While round it all the weird beams fall where the pallid halo glows,
Through mast and sails and heaving hull the wondering gaze may
glance

And plainly see beyond her lee the waters dark expanse.
The shadowy forms upon her deck move with a soundless tread,
A phantom ship on her mystic trip from shores of the Past and the

Dead,
As she moveth on—sans wind or tide nor ripple nor foam appear.
And strangely the while loom bay and isle in the ghostly brightness
there.

The low hung clouds, which seem to touch the tops of the sombre pines,
Catch the radiance pale as on high they sail where that apparition
shines,

And fearful faces and forms of awe, that belong to the demon kind,
In the clouds appear like the visions drear that range through the
maddened wind

Gleams the spectral barque, till the midnight hour is tolled o'er land
and main,

When, one fierce glare, one dying flare, and night resumes her reign.
The pale beholder knoweth well he shall view that scene no more,
For the grass shall wave above his grave ere the seven years are o'er.
E. B.



AFTER THE NORTH SEA AFFAIR.

The Lion.—"Now I wonder whether he is scratching all that dirt
over me on purpose, or if its just the result of his excitement."

Impar Congressus Examini

I feel this day like one who stands
Upon the utmost verge
Of some tall cliff on barren strands
That beetles o'er the surge.

The dizzy gulf beneath me yawns,
I tremble to my fall!
Shall I no more behold the dawn
Herald the orient ball?

Great Jove, ye muses nine, relate
How came the woful chance?
How came I to this horrid strait
Hung o'er the dread expanse?

Swift comes the thunderer's reply
The answers of the nine:
Thou lettest the golden hours fly,
Didst sport and sleep and dine.

"The lectures were neglected all
Unopened books remained,
The season passed beyond recall
Nor much of knowledge gained;

But now the Day of Wrath is here
And vengeance claims her due,
The ghosts of murdered hours rear
Their awful forms to view,

To rend the veil from off thy sight
To torture and to damn
And show thee tottering on the height
Of the perilous peak, *Exam!*

And this is why thou art as one
Who shudders on the verge
Of some grim steep where shines no sun,
And below in the night black surge!"

The Law School Examinations.

The results of the examinations in the Law School were posted in the college on March 14th.

The names in the first and second class lists are in order of merit; those in the pass lists are in alphabetical order.

CONTRACTS.

Class I.—Power, W. K.; Robinson, W. C.; Morine, —; Murphy, R. C.

Class II.—Corbett, W. M.; Morse, C.

Passed.—Brehaut, Patterson, H. S.; Blanchard, C. P.

CRIMES.

Class I.—Corbett, W. M.; Power, W. K.; Morine, —.

Class II.—MacDonald, A.; MacIntosh, A. D.; Robinson, W. C.; Murphy, R. C.

Passed.—Thibault, H. C.; Morse, C.

REAL PROPERTY.

Class I.—Robinson, W. C.; Morine, —; Barnett, J.; Murphy, R. C.

Class II.—Power, W. K.; MacIntosh, A. D.; Corbett, W. N.; Thibault, H. C.

Passed.—Morse, C.; MacDonald, A.; Saunderson, C. L.; Sterne, G. H.

TORTS.

Class I.—Charman, J. H.; Robinson, W. C.; Morine, —.

Class II.—Murphy, R. C.; Corbett, W. M.; Power, W. K.

Passed.—MacDonald, A.; MacIntosh, A. D.; MacKenzie, E. C.; Morse, C.; Thibault, H. C.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

Class I.—Power, W. K.; Layton, F. P. H.

Class II.—MacKenzie, E. C.; Barnett, J.; Patterson, H. S.; McKay, D. C.; Morine, —; Nichols, E. W.; Archibald, J. R.

Passed.—Blanchard, C. P.; Cahan, C. H.; Chase, H.; Curry, W. A.; Davis, C. J.; Dickie, C. G.; Eagar, M. W.; MacBain, A. R.; MacKenzie, H. H.; MacLellan, R. W.; Murphy, R. C.; Robinson, W. C.; Robertson, R. B. H.; Smith, F. F.; Thibault, H. C.; Thorne, H.

SHIPPING.

Class I.—Morrisey, W. S.; Elliott, P. St. C.; MacLeod, J. A.

Class II.—Sterne, G. H.; Elliott, M.

Passed.—Chisholm, J. E.; Graham, B. T.; Lyons, J. B.; MacDonald, B. D.; MacGillivray, A. A.; Saunderson, C. L.; Seller, L. A.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

Class I.—Locke, E. C.; Corbett, W. M.

Class II.—Morrisey, W. S.; MacIntosh, A. D.

Passed.—Baillie, C. T.; Barnett, J.; Charman, J. H.; Chisholm, J. E.; Dickey, H. A.; Elliott, M.; Lyons, J. B.; MacDonald, A.; MacDonald, B. D.; MacLeod, J. A.; Seller, L. A.; Sterne, G. H.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Class I.—Corey, B. S.; MacKay, R. G.; Shaw, V. H.

Class II.—Fenerty, L. H.; McLennan, D.; Landry, A. F.; Dickey, H. A.

Passed.—Foster, W. G.; Eagar, M. W.

CONFLICT OF LAWS.

Class I.—MacKay, R. G.; Shaw, V. H.; MacLeod, J. A.; MacKay, Ira.

Class II.—Locke, E. C.; McLennan, D.; Elliott, P. St. C.; Corey, B. S.

Passed.—Church, E.; Dickey, H. A.; Eagar, M. W.; Fenerty, L. H.; Foster, W. G.; Landry, A. F.; Saunderson, C. L.; Sterne, G. H.

EVIDENCE.

Class I.—MacKay, R. G.; MacKay, Ira; McLennan, D.; Elliott, Shaw, V. H.

Class II.—MacLeod, J. A.; Dickey, H. A.; Corey, B. S.; Elliott, Locke, E. C.

Passed.—Chisholm, J. E.; Eagar, M. W.; Fenerty, L. H.; Foster, W. G.; Graham, B. T.; Landry, A. F.; Lyons, J. B.; MacDonald, —; MacGillivray, A. A.; MacIntosh, A. D.; Morrisey, W. S.; Saunderson, C. L.; Seller, L. A.; Sterne, G. H.; Wood, J.

EQUITY.

Class I.—MacKay, Ira ; McLennan, D. ; Shaw, V. H. , Corbett, W. M. ; Locke, E. C. ; Fenerty, L. H. ; MacIntosh, A. D.

Class II.—Sanderson, C. L. ; Elliott, M. , Corey, B. S. ; Wood, J. ; MacKay, R. G. ; MacGillivray, A. A. ; Morrissey, W. S.

Passed.—Chisholm, J. E. ; Dickey, H. A. ; Eagar, M. W. ; Elliott, P. St. C. ; Foster, W. G. ; Graham, B. T. ; Landry, A. F. ; Lyons, J. B. ; MacDonald, A. ; MacDonald, B. D. ; McLeod, J. A. ; Seller, L. A. Sterne, G. H.

SALES.

Class I.—McLennan, D. ; Shaw, V. H. MacKay, R. G. ; Barnett, J. ; MacKay, Ira ; MacLeod, J. A. ; Locke, E. C. ; Fenerty, L. H. ; Corey, B. S. ; MacIntosh, A. D.

Class II.—Morrissey, W. S. ; Sanderson, C. L. ; Elliott, M. ; Charman, J. H. ; Wood, J.

Passed.—Chisholm, J. E. ; Dickey, H. A. ; Eagar, M. W. ; Elliott, P. St. C. ; Foster, W. G. ; Graham, B. T. ; Landry, A. F. ; Lyons, J. B. ; MacDonald, A. ; MacDonald, B. D. ; MacGillivray, A. A. ; Seller, L. A. ; Sterne, G. H.

College Notes.

DELTA GAMMA.—On the evening of first Saturday of February the Delta Gamma met at the home of Miss Power, Hollis Street.

The meeting was an irregular one so it was turned into a book social. Each girl dressed or wore something to represent a book. Some of the representations were good. Miss Ethel Murphy wore a picture of Dalhousie. No one guessed what she represented strange to say. It was "Bleak House," Miss Blanche Murphy represented "Never too Late to Mend." Miss Sinnott "Boy." Miss Murray "Dead Men's Shoes." The evening was a very pleasant one.

Miss Gerrard got the prize for guessing most of the representations correctly.

On Saturday, February the twenty-fifth the girls of the first and third years entertained the Delta Gamma in the Blind School. The programme was a good one. The first thing was a short play, "The Magic Mirror." After this Miss Gertie Frazee read "The Day of Judgement." Miss Frazee was encored, and gave "The Dim Old Forest" as an encore. Then the girls of the first and third years gave scenes from "Glen-

garry School Days." The examination, spelling match and presentation scenes were given. Miss Jean Bayer was splendid as Thomas French and Miss Grudge as Betsy Dan. Miss Laura Frazee sang after this. Miss Frazee was encored. Her songs were enjoyed very much. To close the programme Misses Lawrence, Sinnott and Power gave a fifteen-minute parlour play entitled "Snow Bound." This ended the programme of the evening. The Juniores and Freshettes presented Miss Sinnott with a large box of chocolates for her trouble in getting the entertainment up. The evening was considered a success by all.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION of the college has had a very helpful visit from the National Secretary of the students' department of the Y. W. C. A. of Canada, Miss Susie Little, B. A. Her visit extended over a week, during which time several meetings were held with the young women. Thursday the second of March she addressed the college girls on the "Extent and Progress of the Work in Canada," its opportunities and our individual responsibility. Members of the advisory committee were present at this meeting. On Saturday Miss Little held a conference with the cabinet. Her personal talk with each of the conveners was very earnest and tended to deepen the interest in the work. The Mission Study Class listened on Sunday afternoon to an interesting address on the need of the evangelization of the world and on Monday afternoon the last meeting was held. A large number of the girls attended. In her discourse, Miss Little gave us an idea of some of the opportunities for college graduates, in organized Christian work, in our Dominion, especially along the lines of city association work. Before the meeting closed she spoke of the value of personal systematic Bible study and exemplified a method by a very interesting synopsis of the gospel of St Matthew.

This visit of Miss Little has been most encouraging to the association individually and as a body. Her sincere manner and earnest words made the young women realize a higher purpose in their work.

A PICTONIAN DINNER.—On the evening of March 10th the Pictou County students were entertained at dinner at the City

Club, by Messrs. Patterson and McGregor, who represent Pictou County in the local legislature. Both these representatives are graduates of Dalhousie, where "George" is still remembered for his prowess upon the football field, and "Rob" for his efficiency as Editor-in-Chief of the GAZETTE.

The dinner was given especially to the Pictou students, over forty of whom were present. Besides the students, several of the professors were present, as well as a number of city gentlemen.

The affair passed off very pleasantly, everybody entering into the spirit of the occasion. The menu card was artistically gotten up in the college colors, and contained everything necessary for the most exacting appetite. When the temporal wants were amply satisfied, toasts to the King, "Pictonians at Home, and Pictonians Abroad," and Dalhousie College were proposed and responded to in a most happy manner. Appropriate addresses were made by several of the guests. After drinking the healths of their hosts, and singing "Auld Lang Syne," the company parted satisfied that the evening was a most enjoyable one.

SODALES:—The annual business meeting of the Debating Society was held on Friday evening, March 17th. The Secretary-Treasurer reported a deficit caused by the expenses of the Intercollegiate Debate. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows:—

Hon. President, Dean Weldon; President, Arthur Moxon; Vice-President, J. A. McKeigan; Secretary-Treasurer, H. S. Patterson; Executive Committee, J. H. Charman, W. H. Coffin, B. A., A. C. Harlow, W. P. Grant; Lecture Course Committee W. K. Power, B. A., Johnstone MacKay, R. McLeod.

A debate was held on the question "Resolved that a protective tariff is more in the interests of Canada than a tariff for revenue as in Great Britain." Everett Fraser moved the resolution and was seconded by W. P. Grant, A. C. Harlow and B. F. McLeod spoke in opposition in the order named.

U. S. C.—Students Council met for election of officers on Friday, March 3rd, at 5 p. m. Reading-Room committee's report was received and adopted. Officers for 1905-06 are as follow:

President, J. H. Charman; Vice-Presidents, J. C. Ballem, B. A., W. S. Lindsay, F. G. Wickwire; Secretary-Treasurer, A. F. Matthews; Reading-Room, H. S. Patterson, E. C. McKenzie, D. H. McKenzie; Business Editor Gazette, E. W. Nicholls.

ART STUDENTS' SOCIETY.—The officers were elected by this society at its meeting on Wednesday March 15th. President H. S. Patterson; Vice-President, W. H. Sweet; Secretary, J. H. Prowse; Executive, Ronald McLeod, A. F. Matthews, F. P. H. Layton.

The question for debate was: "Resolved that the Dominion Government should create but one province out of the North-West Territories." C. H. Cahan opened for the affirmative, and J. H. Prowse for the negative. L. J. King supported the resolution, and E. W. Nicholls opposed. Discussion was then joined in by Ronald McLeod, P. Layton, and A. F. Matthews.

MEDICAL SOCIETY—There was a meeting of the Medical Society on Friday evening, Feb. 23rd. A large and appreciative audience greeted Dr. M. A. Curry. The meeting was one of the most enjoyable of the session. The genial Dr. is good in the class room, but as an entertainer *par excellence*. His stories are treasured by his hearers and may enliven future meetings of medical fraternities. We extend the thanks of the Society to Dr. Curry and "his two little assistants" for their kindness in providing such an acceptable entertainment.

The next meeting was held on March 2nd, when the Medical Society allowed the champion debaters of the Sodales to show their merits. The subject for the debate was: "Resolved that Trades Unions are beneficial to Canada and the United States." Messrs. Charman, Moxon and Barnett supported the resolution and E. Blackaddar, A. W. Miller and J. A. Ferguson spoke against the Trades Unions.

PAWNS AND PIECES.—On February 11, one of the coldest nights of the year, our chess team met a team from the Y. M. C. A., in a return match, for the first time since our discomfiture in 1904. The storm howled without, but inside the moot court room, the utmost peace and harmony prevailed.

The Y. M. C. A. were represented by Dr. Ryan, Mr. George Wood, Dr. Richey, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Read, Mr. Cahan, Mr. Fenerty, and Mr. McDonald; while the players for the college club were Dr. MacMechan, Mr. Baillie, Mr. Layton, Mr. Crowell, Mr. Ross, Mr. McKean, Mr. Johnson and Mr. John Wood.

Mr. G. M. Acklom, Head-master of Harrow House our local champion kindly acted as referee. His office was a sinicure and he devoted his leisure to courses of instruction for our spare men. Play closed about eleven with the score in our favour, 9 to 7. Hot chocolate, sandwiches and cake helped to shorten the time between moves.

Exchanges.

A new magazine for Canada! The first number has reached us and is very promising. It simply bubbles over with patriotism and enthusiasm and it is this that is the cause of its great fault. Patriotism has bubbled over and produced a cover which gives the magazine the appearance of a seed-catalogue. Apart from this however it is very creditable indeed. The "Canada Preference League" merits the hearty support of Canadians east and west.

The *Acadia Athenaeum* still keeps up its reputation for very high class verse. Mr. Longley's poem "Adversity's Crucible" in the February issue, is one of the very best poems which that well known writer has produced. We wish to thank the *Athenaeum* for its very kind notice of the GAZETTE.

"The *Student* is as usual our very best exchange. When they have read the following, our readers will, we feel sure pardon us for "cribbing" at such length:

"CASSIA AND MYRRH."

According to Carlyle, a diurnal wave of somnolence passes round the globe; man becomes horizontal before it. It is gone. He is again perpendicular. With me the horizon-

tal stage had just commenced. Affectionate folds of sheet and blanket had closely accommodated themselves to the small of my back. I had at last a soft corner of quilt below my chin. Already luxurious langour had half reduced the sentinels of the brain from their allegiance. A dim drowsiness of flickering shadow suggested that the dreamland cinematograph might once more reward my constancy with a fleeting glance into those intoxicating eyes now also closing their ideal lashes in far-off Ireland.

But now a hideous series of moaning shrieks pierce the canopies of repose. In vain I try to shut my ears to the intrusive sound, and patting my pillow to a more alluring shape, solicit the charms of slumber, hesitating in flight, to remain. At first I thought it might be the orthodox fervour of Scotch devotional exercise, or the voice of my landlady, moved to lamentation and refusing to be comforted, over my consumption of coal. Becoming more widely awake, I recognized the serenade of some woe-begone dog to the moon. Abandoning all hope of sleep, I opened the window, and repeated varieties from the heart of sinful man to the dog, following these with an effort for moral and intellectual damages through the medium of decadent boots. The animal received the proffered trifles with gratitude, and joyously proceeded to a new tremulo pianisseuro of warm arpeggios, and occasional *Il Penseroso* variations. The night air, engaged in coquetish flirtation with the posterior hem of my garment, is decidedly cool; sleep is impossible; cigarettes I have none; philosophy alone remains for consolation. I will to lofty meditation lend my mind; the depths of philosophic dullness once attained, drowsiness will clog the jarring wheels of circumstances with cloying nectar. Could I but penetrate the feelings of yonder hound, and comprehend the pathos of his sorrowing soul which moves him to endeavour after melody, might not my anger turn to sympathy, yea, even to admiration of his generous tribute to the divine influence of moonshine.

* * * * *

Tennyson would have us believe that it is Spring which lightly turns the young man's fancy adrift in the asphodel meadows of love. But a greater power lies in the seductive shimmerings of moon shine, which charm this grazing ground

of youth into an ambrosial pasturage, the humblest herbage of passion to the blossoming of Eden, the cold airs of criticism to the idealized zephyrs of phantasy. Somewhere it is stated that moonshine lowers the standard of maidenly reserve, while elevating the thermometer of unchaperoned beatitude. How often do we prove it true for the couple who pass from beneath the drawing-room gasalier to stand among the moonbeams on the verandah, that there is but a step from the balcony to the altar.

These varied influences on creatures so widely different as the dog, the poet, and the lover may all be traced to the sex of the moon. Is she not a true woman, possessed of all those fascinating deceits and versatilities in phase which make women the true rulers of the earth? Sometimes we see her with tapering neck and arching bosom, in filmy gown of satin cloud-drift, the belle of the heavenly salon, majestically sweeping across the mosaic of the sky. More womanlike still is she when leaning towards embonpoint, she presents the smiling face of a genial matron presiding over her tea-cups. Let us carry the metaphor further. Does a cup and saucer suggest the relationship of a pair of lovers, with but one spoon between them to stir the tranquil depths of rich, fragrant affection. Some of the tea-set may be of rarer china than others, and what if their quaint pipings and flutings reveal the delicate test of their quality by being somewhat cracked, especially in shadier corners. Over such it is the moon's established province to preside; her match-making tendency is ever apparent; with the tactful skill she chaperones the bewitched couple to shady waters and whispering woods; how discreetly does she nod and yawn behind a fan of cloud at judicious intervals, deaf to the undulating pulse of embraces interchanged. Then behold her beaming triumph, when the fatal "Yes" is whispered, and the complacent look of success and blessing cast on two people, who have reduced the republic of their existence to an indisputable gynarchy.

The same divine influence which inspires the poet to stately harmonies, and draws the couple into sympathetic union, sweeps with playful finger across the strings of the dog's dim, struggling soul. A mournful longing steals upon his heroic spirit; he hungers for an elective affinity whose nose he could

rub in sweet, lingering cool embraces beneath the languorous moonbeams. Radiant visions of a lost ideal in black-and-tan increases his loneliness. A fierce impulse to voice his throbbing emotion before an echoing world comes upon him; within his heart is concord; were he a nightingale he would flood the woods with melody. He opens his mouth, and pours forth ululations of inexpressible anguish to the orb which has so strangely moved him.

Let me not jeer at the sorrow of this dumb—and yet not dumb—friend, neither cast boots at his melancholy visage. Rather let me feel a pang of sympathy for his artistic, his æsthetic longing. Let his howls but move me to thoughts of the queenly mistress of the night circling this planet in stately swing. Thence let me consider other planets traversing their measured orbits with immutable constraint. Let me imagine the innumerable host of suns submerged in the infinite finity of space, the universes beyond universes scattered like small handfuls of chaff in a boundless ocean. Amid such sublime meditation how petty does the little worry of a dog's barking appear. The ravelled sleeve of care is knit up. The asperities of a precarious existence oppress no longer. They flicker infinitesimally brief, a gleam of melancholy moonshine slitting the dark one moment amid the vast abyss of eternity. Sleep.

"An anonymous wit in *Punch* has his fling at university schools of commerce. In his dream, the poet is transported to Oxford."—*The McMaster University Monthly* :

"My Dream."

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

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

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

"Two Chrsit church men came down the street
Discussing their exams,
Quoth one, "I'm through in frozen meat,
But ploughed again in hams."
"Hard lines! said Number Two;" the Dean
Just told me I have taken
An alpha plus in margarine,
Although I'm gulfed in bacon."

"I started up; my blood ran chill,
What joy to wake and find
That sleepy Alma Mater still
Lags centuries behind!
That while she slumbers on, the flower
Of Britain's youth at college
May still improve the shining hour
Acquiring useless knowledge."

Again the Welshmen have shown, as they showed way back in the early days of International Rugby, what brilliant combination work can do against individual play.

"Now it is over and the fierce Cymri brandish leek and had in anything but speechless (that comes later) joy. The rancous voice of itinerant boys is heard "In loving memory of poor old Scotland—price one penny!" And for some the day is finished; for others it has merely begun."—*The Student*.

We quote from an article, "Oxford and the Rhodes Scholarships," in *The Varsity*:

"The Americans are, for the most part, learning to row; several are playing on the freshman football team, and in one college there are three Americans on the team. Others are at work on the track, where practice goes on the whole year round. In a recent Freshman track meet, eight of the ten events were carried off by Americans."

Other Exchanges:—The Ottawa Campus, The Victorian, The C. B. C. Recorder, East and West, The Presbyterian, The

Trinidad Presbyterian, The Tiltonian, The Suburban, Xaverian, The School Bell Echoes, The Nova Scotia Normal, The Truro Daily News, Niagara Index, King's College Record, The O. A. C. Review.

Personals.

The latest Dalhousian to enter the House of Commons is Dr. Alfred Thompson (M. D., C. M. '98) who in December last was elected Conservative M. P. for the Yukon. We take the following clipping from a Dawson paper:—

"Dr. Alfred Thompson, the member-elect for the Yukon, is a Nova Scotian. He was born at Nine Mile River, Hants, in 1869, and is one of the many Nova Scotians who have made a success of life in the Yukon. He was graduated an M. D., C. M. from Dalhousie in 1898, and joined the rush to the Yukon in April of the following year. He immediately began the practice of his profession in Dawson and in a short time forged his way to the very front rank as a physician and surgeon. It is said his income amounted to between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars a year when the camp was booming. Certain it is he has prospered and made safe investments and now he is rated locally among the wealthy men of Dawson. He has always opposed the government there and was rewarded by the people two years ago with a seat in the Yukon Council (our territorial parliament), where he made a most enviable record in fighting for the cause of the people. Now that he has been elected to Parliament he will add materially to the debating ability of the Conservatives as he is a forcible and convincing speaker and well up on all the questions of the day."

The Montreal Star of January 21 contains sketches of prominent Maritime Province men in Montreal. Dalhousie, is represented among them to the number of 6 out of the 16 as follows:—Prof. W. R. Fraser, B. A., '82, Ph. D., Lecturer in Classics, McGill; Prof. Murray McNeill of McGill; Rev. Geo. F. Johnson, B. A. '92, of St. Andrew's Church, Westmount; Rev. W. R. Cruickshank, B. A., '72, of Montreal West; Rev. J. L. George, B. A., '68, of Calvin Church, and Isaac Gammell, B. A., '85, English Master in Montreal High School.

A recent marriage of interest to Dalhousians was that of Percy J. Shaw, B. A., '97, to Miss Mary A. McKay, M. A., '96, eldest daughter of Alex. McKay, Supervisor of Halifax Schools. THE GAZETTE extends congratulations.

Louis Brehaut, B. A., '04, has been selected for the Rhodes Scholarship, from Prince Edward Island. THE GAZETTE extends hearty congratulations.

W. R. McKenzie, B. A., '02 is one of the instructors in English at Radcliff.

The engagement of R. B. Hanson, B. A., LL. B., '02 to Miss Jean Neill of Fredericton, N. B., was recently announced. Mr. Hanson is practicing law in Fredericton.

Rev. Gordon Dickie, B. A., '96 is pastor of the Presbyterian Church St. Stephen, N. B.

Rev. R. G. Strathie, M. A., '96 after a course at Edinburgh, has been recently inducted Minister of the Presbyterian Church of Summerside, P. E. I.

On December 28th, at the residence of Hon. S. H. Holmes Halifax, Murray McNeill, B. A., '96 M. A., (Harv.) Asst. Prof. of Mathematics at McGill, was married to Miss Kathleen Holmes. THE GAZETTE extends congratulations.

Mr. Charles Lawrence writes that he is improving in health through his stay at Saranac and hopes to be back to Dalhousie next winter. He is much interested in the place as one of the haunts of R. L. Stevenson and has written an article on the subject in "Outdoor Life."

Dallusiensia.

NATIONAL ANTHEM (Revised Version.)

Frustrate their knavish tricks!
 Confound their politics!
 From every awkward fix
 God save the King!

MISS H-U-S.

Prof. Archie.—"Mr. R-d, what is meant by the 'cynic tub'?"

John R-d.—"I think it has reference to Diogenes and a bath tub."

Prof. Archie.—"I am afraid, Mr. R., that a bath tub was the last thing Diogenes thought of."

N. P.—Shades of Aristotle! A new philosopher has arisen in the person of Mr. B-v-rly McL-d This brilliant member of class

'08 is surprised at the lack of logic in the discourses of a noted preacher. He is also surprised at the "illogical statements" in the petition recently presented to the senate of the university, and on this ground has refused to sign that document. His opinion of the arguments in the late intercollegiate debate is anxiously awaited. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, &c."

It is reported that the newly elected president of class '08 won his election mainly on the votes of the lady members of his class. "Come into the basement, Bung," and let us into the secret of your success!

On an afternoon so dreary,
 While the Med. Maids sad and weary
 Carved as they oft' carved before,
 Suddenly he came a-walking
 To their table and stood talking.
 It was John and nothing more.

While he stood with cheeks a-glowing,
 Amorous looks on them bestowing,
 Still they carved as oft' they carved before.
 Suddenly there came a tramping
 And a noisy din of stamping,
 Stamping on the greasy floor.

Louder, louder grew the tramping,
 Fiercer, fiercer swelled the stamping
 Of these awful feet upon the greasy floor.
 Yet he did continue talking,
 As he hung there idly gawking,
 Seemingly forever more.

Then there came a sight uncheary,
 'Twas Prof. Lindsay growing weary
 Of the dreadful rumpus on the floor.
 From the "quiz-room" he came treading,
 Through the maze of tables threading,
 Straight to Johnny.—Nothing more.

All was over in a minute,
 And the others looking on it
 Tramped with a fury never seen before.
 While the Prof. unsympathetic,
 Heedless of John's look pathetic,
 Routed him—but nothing more.

In the school for the blind W-t - - n (cum magna dignitate) was showing the Prof. of Elocution of P. H. College through the assembly hall. He was testing its acoustic properties for a certain oratorical contest.

When the Prof. and his party left the room, W - t - - n remained behind with such a marked air of ownership that Prof. C. looked back and observed:

"You're not coming with us Mr. W - t - - n ?

W - t - - n.—No. I put up here.

"Oh!" answered the Prof., in his most innocent tones, I was not aware that you owned the place.

"Doc" Read, in a quiz, is one of the uncornerable, unconquerable species. The other day Dr. L.— said to him:

Which has the posterior position, the sacral plexus or the illiac arteries?

Read thought a moment, beaten, though not ready to acknowledge it.

But the questioner was insistent, and "Doc" soon saw light ahead and salvation for him in his predicament. He said, pleasantly:

Its a-a-all a qu-qu-qu-question of anatomy.

The freshmen regard "Doc" Read as an oracle. The other day he gave utterance to some words which brought his mates around the table all ears.

"Doc" was struggling to dissect out a refractory and complicated nerve. He paused, spat, shifted the omnipresent quid and said: I'm g-g-oing t-t-o tell y-y-you s-s-something.

Every freshman dropped his scalpel even the two ladies dropped theirs—and crowded closer.

Quietly, and as if not realizing the tremendous import of his words, "Doc" continued:

I'm g-g-oing to s-s-say that the n-n-n-n-ext gener-r-r-ation won't have any n-n-nerves at all, j-j-just a M-m-m-arconi s-s-tation in their heads and f-f-feet.

Scene—Ladies' Waiting Room. Time—Morning after last issue GAZETTE:

As usual, they are all talking at once; some seated on the table, others on the radiator, while a few are pacing around with angry strides.

Nasty, hateful things—B-r-r-r. Who is this? O-h-h, I wasn't there. Boo-hoo, they didn't put me in. Who wrote it? I'm mad. Yes, I am. Wait till I catch him. Darn those boys. Oh, isn't this good! Yes, you got a puff. That isn't meant for us. I'm sure I would be mad; and the bell cut off further debate, only to be resumed later.

ANON ESQ.

Several things Dalhousie has this year:

Slowest crowd of sophs;

Tamest crowd of freshies;

Thermometer registering 22.5° below;

Sneak-thief in the reading room.

The first two are tiresome, the third unbearable, and the fourth contemptible.

At the last meeting of the Delta Gamma, a contest was held. The votes stand as follows:

Most conceited freshie—J. A. McK - g - n;

Most conceited soph—T. P. B - t - y;

Greatest orator—W. Sw - t;

Most susceptible—"Big Chief."

Miss G - ge, 1st Latin, translating.—Puella invenum amat qui tam ignavus sit. The girl loves the youth although he is so cowardly.

Prof. Classics.—What kind of a clause is introduced here by qui, Miss G—?

Miss G—.—Clause of characteristic.

Collapse of Prof. H—.


Business Notices.

Read the short paragraph on page 175 of this issue.

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