

Prof. M. C. Murray

# THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

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LET THERE BE A CHANGE.

**S**PRING—the merry laughing joyous spring is coming. We have not yet felt its gentle breezes fanning our cheeks, nor have we heard its soft voice whispering coyly in our ears, nor have we noticed our minds turning with any unusual alacrity to thoughts of love. But, although these orthodox signs are absent, other equally reliable tokens are vouchsafed to us. There is the unwonted diligence that now characterizes the hitherto care-free jaunty student; there is that peculiar muscular feeling that does not despise a little more folding of the hands to sleep of a morning and, most infallible of all, there is the campus mire, in which the unskilled freshman sticks, and through which even the well posted, experienced senior can scarcely drag his weary way.

And this nasty mud sours our otherwise sweet disposition. We can endure the gentle zephyr's soft sigh. Our minds are—the Faculty will kindly make a note of this—so steeped in the

practical things of student life, and our eyes are so firmly fixed on the compassionate Thirty, the coveted Seventy or the almost unattainable Ninety that it moves us not. We can abide the turning, the occasional turning of our minds to thoughts of the tender passion,—most great souls have been at some period of their lives under its curious maddening influence; but this yellow yielding yeasty campus mud we loathe and hate and abominate with all the earnestness of our tortured souls. When we have fought it, and fallen, to rise with garments besmirched and tempers ruffled, we have felt that there was room for much righteous indignation and that we had a just quarrel with somebody. That somebody is the man, or men, who should keep, or should see that the approach to the college from the street was kept, at least, as clean as the side walk. As it is now, whether the student comes from the gloomy shadows of Pine Hill, or from the sacred precincts of Plug Alley, or from the tortuous mazes of the city, he has no muddier or dirtier bit of road to walk than that which leads from the street to our doors.

We are in earnest. We have suffered long and were kind, but nothing has been done. The present condition of the approach to the college is simply disgraceful. The scenes sometimes witnessed, as a lady or even gentleman student tries to make her or his way through the mire, would be laughable if they were not so very real. It is no pleasant thing to sit in class room from one to four hours with wet feet; and to many the wearing of rubber boots in a hot room is but slightly more bearable. Can't we have a change that will suggest the nineteenth century if not the twentieth! Is it too much to ask, that in future the snow be shovelled off the path, so that our lady students may be relieved from the necessity of "breaking the roads," when they happen to be the first to come of a morning!

It has not yet been shown that a plank walk, or some other serviceable substitute, from the college door to the sidewalk would ruin our institution financially.

Yes! Let there be a change.

## FORGET-ME-NOTS.

Down by the river's banks grew blue forget-me-nots.

One calm night when the river was running very softly over the stones and past the blue forget-me-nots, and the great white moon was shining overhead, sweet Ruth Chancery had a dream,—a dream of the pretty blue flowers by the river's banks;—she thought they all were withered and gone. All night long she searched for one tiny spray but could find none. At dawn of day, in an isolated spot behind a great grey stone, she found one lonely blossom; but scarcely had she plucked it ere, in her very fingers, the soft blue petals had dyed to deep blood red. Ruth Chancery awoke that morning with eyelids wet with tears, and she knew not why she had been weeping.

Down by the river's banks grew blue forget-me-nots.

One month ago to-night did Ruth Chancery dream the dream of the withered flowers. To-night there is no moon, and the river runs by with a mournful gurgle, and the clouds in the sky are black and threatening; a sense of gloom and sadness is over all things. And Ruth, too, is mournful to-night, her tears are falling fast—not, as in the dream of a month ago, unconsciously, for to-night Ruth knows why she is weeping. The call has come for brave men and true to go forth and serve their country, and Gilbert Valliant, Ruth's lover, has answered to that call. This is the eve of his departure—Gilbert's and Ruth's last night together. To-morrow he will be gone and she left to weep in sorrow and alone.

A forlorn looking little maiden indeed is Ruth, as she raises her tear-dimmed eyes to Gilbert's face, and with trembling fingers plucks at the bottom of his scarlet coat, and holding to it sways herself slowly back and forth. Striving to steady her utterance she speaks, and there is a wail of hopelessness in her voice.

"And you will leave me Gilbert," she says, "and when you are gone what joy will there be in my life? Do you know, Gilbert, I seem to feel that this is our very last time together. I know not why I feel so. But, in the wars you know, they *kill* men Gilbert. If I give you a token to take with you will you keep it dear, always, for my sake?"

And stooping down she plucks from the side of the stream the blue blossoms—the forget-me-nots—and thrusts them, part into the breast of her lover's coat, and part into the bosom of her own gown. As she does this her tears flow forth afresh, and she cries passionately:

"Must you go, dear love? Oh, Gilbert! must you?"

Valliant places his hands on her shoulders and kisses her

full on the quivering lips ere he makes her any answer. And then, gently stroking back the soft locks from her brow, he says, and his tones are tender:

"Would you keep me, sweetheart? It is for our country's honour, Ruth; it is duty calls me, darling."

"I know! I know! But Gilbert, there are so many others to answer the call; so many who can be better spared than you. You are all I have."

"Darling, they are but cowards who answer not when duty calls. Would you have me act the part of a coward, little one?"

No, no! But what is duty where love is concerned? Can duty make our Heaven? No! it is love does that. Duty, stern duty, can only make—*Hell!*"

"My child, it is neglected duty does that. It is the fulfilling of duty through love that helps make Heaven. It was the fulfilling of stern duty through love first opened to erring mortals the gates of Heaven; and a love that ignores duty, or demands a neglect of duty, is not the right sort of love."

"Gilbert you are cruel; why do you say such things to me?"

"Nay, my dear one, I would not be unkind to you; but I want my little girl to understand that she must give me up with a brave heart; not because she cannot help herself, but because it is right that she should do so."

"I will, Gilbert, I will," swallowing a sob. "But oh! if I could only go with you; if you could take me, Gilbert. It will be so dreadful waiting—and alone."

"What would become of you on a battle field, little woman?"

"I could nurse the wounded."

"Such work is for stronger hands than yours my child. No, no; it cannot be."

Sitting down by the water's edge he takes her into his arms, with the weary head pressed close against his shoulder, and dipping his handkerchief into the river he strives to wipe all traces of the recent tears from the soft cheeks and long lashes. Ruth's weeping dies away until there is heard of it only now and then a dry and quivering sob.

The night wears on; the dawn comes; it is morning; she must thrust him from her; he must go far, far away. It is morning, and duty and the bugle call. Gently Gilbert unclasps Ruth's clinging arms and frees himself from her embrace. Holding her at arm's length, he looks at her long and lovingly. Looks at the sweet sad face, the soft rings of hair on the fair forehead, the lithe, slender, childish figure. Sees the little white hands, the left one wearing his ring, and even notices the gown she is wearing, and the trim russet shoes on her small slender feet.

"Ruth," he says, "when I return look just as you do now, only wear a smile for me then, darling."

And once more he takes her into his arms and kisses her lips.

"Good-by, Ruth," he says; "good-by my little love."  
 "Come back to me, Gilbert, oh, come back again."  
 "God's will be done. Good-by, Ruth, forget me not."  
 And he is gone.

Down by the river's banks grew blue forget-me-nots.

But they do not grow there now, for they are all faded and gone. In the winter time, you know, all the flowers fade—even forget-me-nots.

When Ruth comes down to the river's banks now, she sees only piles of white snow, and the leafless branches of the trees and hedges. Days weeks and months have gone since for Gilbert she pulled the blue blossoms and he said to her, "Good-by, forget me not," and he has not yet returned.

But now the war is over and he may come any day, nay, any hour, any moment. Ruth is happy to-day; she smiles to herself as she makes soft little pats of the snow and throws them into the river. She is wearing the scarlet cloak that so well matches Gilbert's jacket, and, if there are no forget-me-nots at her breast, what can be bluer than her eyes which seem to say, "I forget thee not." And what are the words she is speaking? Listen:

"God has been good; my love is coming home. God is good. Oh God is good."

She is so sure of his coming that she is not even impatient. Does she not know that soon, very soon, they will be together again—and for always. True, she has had no letter for a long time, but Gilbert told her she might expect that. What time for letter-writing is there on a battle field? And oh! what cares she for letters when soon now Gilbert will be with her.

There is a step; the snow crunches behind her; someone is very near. She knows who. Gilbert, it can be no other. But she will not turn; she will wait a little until he says "Ruth." She waits, but he does not speak, does not say Ruth. Why is he silent? She will, she must turn, and, with his name on her lips, she turns.

"Gilbert!"

And the man makes a step forward, and—it is not Gilbert—not her lover. The smile goes from her lips, the gladness from her heart. Who is he, this strange soldier man, and what is he doing here? Why does he not speak and tell her? Oh! he is not, is not Gilbert.

The soldier speaks

"You are Miss Chancery?" he asks.

And Ruth replies, "I am."

"Ruth Chancery?"

"Yes!"

"I have tidings for you."

"Tidings?"

"Tidings from one Gilbert Valliant."

Tidings from Gilbert? She is dazed, she cannot take it in. Tidings, when it is Gilbert himself she is waiting for. Can aught be wrong? She has had no word of anything amiss. The soldier speaks again:

"He—he—sent you this," giving her a little packet, "and—tell her, he said, she must not grieve, it is for our country's honour; and then, 'God's will be done,' he said; 'oh! Ruth, forget me not,' and—then—my—comrade died."

Ruth speaks no word, utters no cry. Slowly, as if in a dream, she takes the ribbon from the packet he has sent her, and—what is this? In her hand she is holding the forget-me-not flowers she had placed in Gilbert's coat the night of their good-bye, and they are dyed a deep crimson with the heart's blood of her lover.

The soldier turns away. He, a strong man, who without flinching has witnessed the death agonies of many friends and loved ones, dying for their country's honour, must hide his face from such a grief as this.

Down by the river's banks grew blue forget-me-nots.

J. ST. HILARY HOPE.

#### THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC AND THE EARLY AMERICAN REVOLUTION.\*

This work, besides claiming from us as Canadian citizens that careful attention which we all owe to the history of our country, has yet a special interest for us as Dalhousians. It is a work by one of our own graduates; by one of those who have helped to spread the ascendancy of Dalhousie beyond provincial limits, who have helped to secure for her that national and even continental prestige which, in comparison with her size and resources, she so strangely enjoys.

Mr. Coffin graduated in '87 with high honors in English and English history, winning the De Mill gold medal. The colleges of the United States have an agreeable habit of recruiting their teachers and professors from the ranks of our graduates. Accordingly, in '89 we find Mr. Coffin leaving Pantan Academy, Virginia, where he had taught for a year, to accept a position as instructor in English at Cornell. This position he held till '91, when he was awarded a travelling scholarship in Political Science. After spending a year in Great Britain and Germany and obtaining his Ph. D., from Cornell, he was called to his pre-

\* A study in English American Colonial History by Victor Coffin, Ph. D., published in the Bulletin Series of the University of Wisconsin.

sent position, viz., Assistant Professor of European History in Wisconsin University. Mr. Coffin comes from Prince Edward Island, and is a brother of Mr. R. L. Coffin who graduates this year.

Mr. Coffin's work is one dealing with the history of the Province of Quebec during the early years of English rule. It is a special investigation covering the period of 1760-1776. The inquiry centres about the Quebec Act of 1774, the most important piece of colonial legislation, as far as Canada was directly concerned, of the period preceding responsible government. The author makes a detailed inquiry into the conditions preceding that Act and the results proceeding from it. He has endeavoured to give us an estimate of the need and value of such legislation and its probable effect on the subsequent history of Canada. His investigation bears the marks of thoroughness. His enquiry appears to have been searching, discriminative and impartial. His estimate of the wisdom of the Quebec Act is remarkable both for its independence and for the general persuasiveness of the arguments summoned to its support.

Canada between the years 1759 and 1763, from its capture till its formal cession by the Peace of Paris, was under English military rule. By the royal proclamation of 1763 annexing Canada to the British crown, was established a civil government consisting of a governor and council. The governor was directed to summon an assembly whenever he judged the country ripe for representative institutions. Courts were established in which justice was administered in accordance with English law and procedure. In 1774 came the famous Quebec Act. Its main provisions may be briefly stated as being:—

1. The extension of the boundaries of Canada.
2. The granting to the people the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion and to the clergy their accustomed dues and rights.
3. The introduction, in all civil (not criminal) causes, of the laws and customs of Canada as before the conquest.
4. The withholding of an Assembly *i. e.*, of representative government.

As most of our readers know, the Quebec Act has always been considered a piece of wise legislation, and its authors have been credited with far-seeing statesmanship. It is usually held to have been the great means of retaining the allegiance of the French Canadians through the troublous times of the American Revolution and the war of 1812. This view Mr. Coffin strongly opposes. He claims that the Quebec Act, so far from binding the mass of the French Canadians to the British crown had a distinct alienating tendency. As to its effect in preserving them in their loyalty during the revolutionary crisis he adduces proof to show, in the first place, that the Canadians did not remain

loyal, and in the second place that their disloyalty was largely due to the Quebec Act.

One of the most important results of this notable measure was the effect which it had on the other American colonies who were at this time uttering their hot and strenuous protests against unjust and arbitrary government. That this Act had a distinct effect in finally determining the already exasperated colonists to declare war, is undoubted. But this effect was altogether due to the construction the colonists put upon it. Their hostility and suspicion now thoroughly aroused hastened to construe this measure as one dictated by far-reaching and despotic designs against their liberties. The withholding of an assembly and the introduction of French law in Quebec were menaces to their civil institutions. The extending of the boundaries of the same province was intended to check the western development of theirs. In the Declaration of Independence one of "the facts submitted to a candid world" to prove the "repeated injuries and usurpations of the present king of Great Britain" is "the abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies." To these opinions Mr. Coffin has given what appears a complete refutation. He shows by examination of official and private correspondence as well as by the debates on the measure in the British Parliament that no such purpose as the making of Canada a *point d'appui* by which to curb the licentious spirit of the other colonies, had ever occurred to the promoters of the measure. A full and satisfactory cause of its enactment is to be found in the representations made by the governors of the province. These reported,—but basing their conclusions on insufficient grounds—strongly in favour of such legislation as is contained in the act. Finally, the measure itself substantially as enacted had been discussed as far back as '66 or '67, at a time when such far-reaching designs as attributed to it were certainly not entertained.

In combatting this erroneous view of the ulterior purposes of this Act, Mr. Coffin has, we believe, rendered an important service to the cause of historical truth. His work, if candidly read by the people of the United States, cannot fail to dispel some of those unfortunate prejudices they inherit from colonial times. But it is doubtful whether his efforts will be appreciated. We fear that, although it can no longer be exactly said of the impartial historian

"Incedis per ignes  
Suppositos cineris doloso."

the time has not yet fully arrived when a dispassionate hearing

will be given by that people to anything which does violence to their rooted prejudices.

With this brief outline of the historical limits of the work and the more noteworthy theories it advances we may take a rapid glance at some of the evidence presented in support of these theories. To do this it will be convenient to follow generally the arrangement of the chapters considering each matter in the order there presented.

The French Canadians who remained in Canada after the conquest consisted of two classes, the upper comprising the noblesse and the clergy the lower, the mass of the people. To the relations between these two classes Mr. Coffin draws special attention, as he contends it was by misapprehending them that the colonial officials were led to recommend to the home government the adoption of the policy of the Quebec Act. The noblesse were supposed, as possessors of seignorial estates, to be the natural leaders of the people and to voice their sentiments on all matters. But such was not the case. On the contrary it seems that between the two classes there was a chasm which the conquest did much to increase. The noblesse held grants of land from the French government, but as a monopoly of land was at that time impossible and the tillage poor, they were able to collect only nominal rents. They therefore lived in the towns and were in no sense country gentlemen. Whatever the attitude of the *habitant* towards such masters under the old régime,—and it appears to have been not of the most filial or cordial kind—after the conquest he soon came to look upon the seigneur as merely an "obnoxious landlord." On the testimony of Chief Justice Hey, resident in Quebec during this period, the submission of the *habitant* had been "founded on fear and the sharpness of authority exercised over them," but after the conquest "they broke out in every shape of contempt and detestation of those whom they used to behold with terror." British rule with its Habeas Corpus had intercepted the limited judicial power which the seigneur held under French rule. It likewise destroyed the influence which he held as a military leader.

The intercourse of the English governors with the French Canadians was confined to that which they had with the clergy and noblesse. But if these did not correctly represent the opinions of the people it would not be surprising to find that the English officials were deceived as to the real wants and conditions of the people. At all events the utter inability of the noblesse in 1776 to raise a militia to resist the invasion of the Revolutionists showed them the absolute lack of influence of the seigneurs over the masses.

With regard then to the actual wants and attitude of the lower classes, Mr. Coffin contends that "in general, we can not find



throughout the period preceding the Quebec Act any indication that might have made the rulers uneasy." They had been well treated by the military governors who were anxious to conciliate and win the confidence of their new subjects. The Canadians found that the pillage and oppression prophesied by their leaders did not materialize and, on the testimony of several officers, they were quite satisfied with their change of masters. Few of them—only 270 from the whole province—emigrated, though given ample opportunity to do so. "Certainly, if anybody profited by the change of government, it was the *habitant*. He had been relieved from grievous burdens and, at least during the earlier years, does not seem to have felt much pressure in their stead. His peace and security had formerly cost him constant and often most critical military service; now it cost them nothing."

The Roman Catholic clergy held a much stronger influence over the people than the noblesse. In conjunction with other local leaders they frequently decided disputes that ordinarily would have gone to the courts. They consisted of the French-born, who were fewer but more prominent, and the Canadian-born, more numerous and drawn from the ranks of the lower classes. Mr. Coffin maintains as probable that the French-born clergy were the most aggressive in their agitation for the privileges of the church, and that the native priests would be quite well pleased with a few moderate concessions. They were not eager for the establishing of compulsory tithes, and dues and would have been satisfied with the voluntary contributions of the people. They did not want a hierarchy established, but would have been content with a bishop merely titular, with power to ordain priests to prevent the priesthood dying out.

The British settlers in the colonies were few, never embracing more than 600 male adults during this period. Nearly all of them were engaged in trade. Most of them had previous colonial experience and were familiar with governmental conditions in the other colonies. The greater part of them were imbued with the spirit of colonial freedom and pertinaciously pressed for an assembly. This brought them into antagonism with the existing government; which reported them as a factious and turbulent crew, bent on their own gain at the expense of the Canadians. They repeatedly petitioned the home government against the ordinances of the governor and council. In 1765 they petitioned for the recall of governor Murray. Although the British settlers were thus represented by the governors as seeking to pillage and oppress the Canadians, the author claims that "if we except the ineradicable hostility between the noblesse and the English element, an hostility which was not one of race, we certainly discover throughout the period no signs of irreconcilable discord and

difference of view or interest between the main French and the main English population."

If the picture of the conditions prevailing at Quebec—of the relations between the different sections of the community,—is at all correct, and they seem to be so, it is plain that the general verdict as to the wisdom of the Quebec Act needs to be revised. If the English governors were deceived as to the real state of the people, if they were influenced only by the noblesse who did not represent the classes at all, if only a few aggressive French priests urged excessive demands on behalf of their church, we can see how such a measure as the Quebec Act might be framed with concessions so excessive, so far beyond what the mass of the people wanted as to be actually burdensome to them.

The author devotes a chapter to an examination of some of the general conditions of government in the province. He discusses the source and constitutional limits of the authority of the governor and council, and arrives at the conclusion that "government without an assembly was constitutionally invalid, all legislation by the governor and council alone being constitutionally void." This because of a clause in the proclamation of 1763 empowering the governor and council to summon an assembly whenever they deemed the country ready for it. Into this question, as it has only a casual bearing on the main point of interest of the work, we do not propose to enter further than to observe that we do not think the author is well advised in his inference or that his reference to a parallel case in Nova Scotia in support of his contention is sufficiently conclusive. Of much more interest is the question as to how far the old French law and procedure were superseded by English institutions, and especially what was the temper of the Canadian people with reference to the change. Governor Murray had in 1764, in accordance with the power vested in him by the proclamation of the previous year, instituted a system of courts wherein causes were to be determined according to the laws of England and the ordinances of the province. But by "a compromise system initiated by the government itself and more than connived at in the courts litigation continued to be conducted chiefly according to the old laws." This, combined with the fact that the Canadians kept clear of the courts as much as possible, "making use of those persons who had in large measure arranged their difficulties during the military period," caused the Canadians to feel very little in the way of legal oppression. Hence, Mr. Coffin contends "the judicial conditions existing in Canada up to and at 1774 were not such as to cause the formal re-establishment of the old civil law by the Quebec Act to affect the mass of the people in any considerable degree."

The general spirit and character of the legislation of the

home government is discussed in a succeeding chapter ; how the authorities seem to have been wedded to the idea that Canada was French and was to remain French ; how they never seem to have thought of inaugurating an Anglicising policy ; how on the contrary they seemed anxious to fix and establish French institutions so as to resist the ordinary tendencies of national fusion. And, finally how that their attitude towards Quebec was in general one of "ignorance, negligence and inconsistency."

He sums up his general conclusion as to the Quebec Act as follows:—"The return to the old institutions was a step neither warranted by the necessities of the moment nor by any principles of sound policy ; but the French Canadians would have been satisfied with a part of what the Act gave accompanied with a full remedy of the really pressing evils [which consisted] in the uncertainty of the law and the abuses of administration."

Finally, the author inquires into the effect of the Quebec Act on the French Canadians as inferred from their conduct during the revolutionary invasion of 1775 and 1776. The ordinary view, we need scarcely state, is that they remained loyal to the British connection throughout, and that because of the Quebec Act. This view Mr. Coffin, as already stated, strongly antagonizes. He reasons that about two of the provisions of the Act—the provision respecting boundaries, and the one withholding an assembly—the average *habitant* would be quite indifferent. In the third provision—that granting religious freedom to Roman Catholics—the most prominent feature would be at the same time the one most objectionable to the *habitant*, however pleasing it might be to the clergy. This feature was the re-establishment of compulsory tithes. How the final provision, that respecting the laws affected the French-Canadians has already been noticed. Having never discontinued the old French customs, they could not have felt any direct relief at their re-establishment.

The actual behaviour of the Canadians, as distinguished from what they might be expected to do, can only be determined by contemporary testimony. Into the testimony presented by Mr. Coffin we cannot enter in detail. But, we find Governor Carleton and Chief Justice Hey, both testifying that not only did the French-Canadians refuse to serve in the militia, but they took active part with the invaders. We find, moreover, the revolutionary leaders reporting to the continental Congress of the favorable disposition of the Canadians and of the assistance they received from them. From such testimony Mr. Coffin concludes that "it is very evident not only that the Canadians had overwhelmingly declared in favor of the invaders from the first, down till the disaster at Quebec, but that even after that event a considerable number clung to the colonial cause,"

and had it not been for the action of the clergy in refusing absolution to whoever joined the invaders, together with the utter mismanagement of the revolutionary cause, there might have been a complete and general defection on the part of the French-Canadians.

That the revolutionists did mismanage their cause, Mr. Coffin seems to have made sufficiently clear, "That not only did the revolutionists fail to make any effective use of the Canadian alliance, but that by the mismanagement and misconduct of both officers and men, the Canadians were from the first impressed with the incapacity of their would-be emancipators, and were gradually driven by actual ill-treatment to neutrality if not to hostility."

Mr. Coffin's work will undoubtedly do much to modify if it does not completely change the prevailing opinions as to the wisdom of the Quebec Act. Its historical value seems unquestionable, and its conclusions seem in the main well supported and reasonable. With the fear which he expresses as to the future political unity of Canada, we do not think many Canadians will, in view of recent developments, sympathize. While imperial legislators may have erred through ignorance in adopting a policy inimical to national unity, yet we do not apprehend any, at least immediate danger from "the continued and magnified existence of an alien and hostile nationality" within our borders.

D. A. M. R.

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"IN MEMORIAM."

(Continued.)

But the days go by, and with them as they go the poet pursues his course of thought. He has not yet reached a resting place.

Still onward winds the dreary way :  
I with it ; for I long to prove  
No lapse of moons can canker Love,  
Whatever fickle tongues may say,

For the conviction comes borne in upon him that surely there is some reality answering to the love and nobility of man. He knows there is. And man is the better for his love. Though its absence might bring rest, though its presence may revive sad memories, yet would the rest be "want begotten," and the memories are sweet even in their sadness. He gives utterance to these memorable words, so often quoted :

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

And then in the 25th poem we are brought to the first Christmas-tide. Looking back we see some glimmerings of progress in the thought. The dull and heavy despair has, in a measure, given way before the worth of Love. Hope seems to come—faintly as yet, but surely. And Love, even for Love's sake only, is precious to the soul.

But now the Christmas season revives the sorrow and heaviness. Memories run back to former seasons when Hallam was present. The bells seem to jar upon the ear. He wishes almost to sleep and not wake again. But the form must be kept up.

With trembling fingers did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth ;  
A rainy cloud possess'd to earth,  
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

And they go through all their Christmas pastimes. But as they sang, there was born into the poet's soul a new hope. Before this, love was to be cherished for its own sake. Now comes the conviction that he who is beloved is not dead forever.

Our voices took a higher range ;  
Once more we sang : " They do not die  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us altho' they change."

This, therefore, is a turning point in the thought of the poem. Henceforth the two friends are ever before us: the one in immortality, out of sight, and revealing no trace of his new existence; the other believing in the removed one's continued life, and interpreting it so far as he may by his own love. And the new idea now introduced grows in greatness and deepness through the rest of the poem. It may be an idea based on faith, but it is none the less true on that account. Henceforth the bereaved poet is to walk in "the light that shone when Hope was born."

Now the questions begin to circle around the mystery of the other life. What is that other life like? There has been little revealed regarding it. He brings forward Lazarus, but Lazarus was silent about those days he spent in the dark tomb. It was enough to know what a great work had been wrought.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !  
The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;  
He told it not ; or something seal'd  
The lips of the Evangelist.

Nor would Mary, in her new-found joy, care to ask.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And he that brought him back is there.

In her love for Him who is Life indeed, and in her full confidence and faith in Him, she is not troubled with curious thoughts about the other world.

A person passing through many doubts and at last arriving at a broad conception of truth, should never disturb the even tranquility of a life of pure faith. Speaking of one whose life is faith, he says :

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,  
Her hands are quicker unto good ;  
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood  
To which she links a truth divine !

The thought of Immortality lingers with him. He reviews it in his own mind. It must be true. His own life would teach him that. His love tells him the same thing. And these intuitive demands find fitting confirmation in Christ's life—where we have Wisdom and Truth and Love embodied in an earthly life, the beautiful story of which appeals to the humblest and poorest of mankind.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought  
With human hands the creed of creeds  
In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
More strong than all poetic thought ;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
And those wild eyes that watch the wave  
In roarings round the coral reef.

Spring comes. But still there is sorrow and sadness in the poet's soul. Yet now he sings more joyfully, for he has the thought that his friend can hear.

From the 40th poem on to the 65th, we have a series of questionings as to the nature of the heavenly life, the nature of our life here, and the general relationship existing between the one and the other. Thus his first question is with regard to progress in another world. If there be such progress would not Hallam be so far advanced as to be altogether beyond the poet when they meet? This fear is allayed by the thought of love. Here on earth his friend was far beyond him in skill and ability, and yet loved him; so will it be in the other world. Then he wonders whether the dead sleep till the general Resurrection. But this is immaterial and he passes on. But will his friend remember the world? If pre-existence be a fact then has it been blotted from our memory, for we can call to mind no trace of it. And may not this life be blotted out from the memory of those who have passed beyond it? But one of the great results of this earthly life is the development of a self-conscious personality. And if the achievements of this life are not to be lost, then must memory continue.

Notice the ease and beauty with which Tennyson can express a somewhat abstract philosophical tenet :

The baby new to earth and sky,  
What time his tender palm is prest  
Against the circle of the breast,  
Has never thought that "this is I."

But as he grows he gathers much,  
And learns the use of "I" and "me,  
And finds, "I am not what I see,  
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind  
From whence clear memory may begin,  
As thro' the frame that finds him in  
His isolation grows defined.

In this same philosophic truth of self-consciousness does he see a warrant for believing that the soul is not swallowed up in the universal soul.

(To be continued.)

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BROKEN.

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The early maxims that were taught me, and the sentiments instilled thereby, were those that aroused the ambitions of a naturally proud disposition, and above all else shone out in golden characters on a field of silver the two much honored legends, "Keep before you a high ideal," and "Aim high if you would hit the mark." Now, after years of bitterness in a long life of disappointments in which my high ideals have been the "will o' the wisp" that have led me far over the poisonous marshes through solitudes and difficulties, dancing before me, always promising and never fulfilling; and each arrow has been aimed so high that it descended vertically and smote upon myself, I sit me down in loneliness and sorrow to warn others who may be disposed to place too high a value on ideals and too low a value on the stern necessities and demands of life.

In the village school which I attended long years ago as a boy, the motto hung in prominence over the teacher's desk, "Aim high." As I was in my place for recitation each day, and with ready answer replied to the questions of my worthy pedagogue, I smiled with contempt at my red-haired urchin companion in the next form who floundered in the mire of English grammar as it was before the council in our city passed a resolution amending the style of teaching. I sailed among geographic lands with manner serene, and left my companion to wander alone on Sahara's plains or struggle up the steep paths of the Andes, and as I glanced at the little motto above the teacher's head, and looked with disdain upon my poor struggling companion, I pictured myself in after years as the Eastern monarch in historic times dispensing scant charity to a cringing crowd, and my little class-mate seemed the foremost menial.

I aimed high. The little red-haired boy is now the president of a Western railroad and I am a fifth-rate clerk in the freight department of a rival road that his firm business principles and steady plodding is crushing into bankruptcy.

"Aim high" rang in my ears, and the slow paths of business seemed too low for my feet and I set off to college to show to the world that perseverance and a high ideal would sweep me on their golden wings to fame. But work as I would it seemed to me that others stepped in to reap the ripened harvest of my sowing, and on graduation day when the laurels were placed on other brows, and the applause of admiring crowds was raised for others, my own poor third rank seemed but a thorn in the flesh, and a heavier burden did I have to bear because of my faded hopes and vanished dreams. Yet destiny I knew framed me for something grand. I was fully convinced that an eminent place in the temple of fame was waiting for me. I was sufficiently near to perfection, my high ideals had brought me to that belief, but I was not appreciated. Yes, that explained it, and a hollow distrust in all mankind crept in upon my spirit.

I studied medicine and became well versed in the art of healing. My hand was ever steady and my knowledge always full, (so I thought) but my disobliving patients would persist in dying when I least expected it, and, "died of fever and Dr. ——" could be written over many graves. Still I toiled on, and when taunted with the remark that I was fitted for higher fields I thought in truth I was, for was I not to "aim high?"

Meantime, as I strove to climb the slippery heights, I had met an entrancing vision of loveliness—a fair young girl of lithe slender form and graceful manner, with delicate complexion and a sweet mirthful smile. My heart was touched, and she leaned toward me with trusting heart that I realized must echo the love that thrilled in my own breast. But her father was a butcher, and her mother stood behind the counter in the little pork and sausage shop on the corner of the street near my office and toiled daily that her child might be educated and obtain a position of honor in the world. Alas! the dreams of my youth returned, and my high aspiration of marriage with a titled lady or a daughter of a noble house came back upon me, and I thrust aside the love of the only woman that could have breathed peace to my struggling soul and have shed the joys of a love returned on my now barren life, and I can but live on in loneliness and regret. Suddenly I awoke to the startling consciousness that my practice had deserted me. I tried new fields with the same lofty purposes, though the hopes of my youth were strewn along the pathway of my life like lifeless shells upon a southern beach. Hope failed, but the pride begotten by the early training inspired by those early maxims remained, and only stern necessity made me accept the position of under freight clerk on the A. S. W. R. R. offered me in compassion by a former college mate. What I might have been had I walked contentedly the fields for which I was destined, and not aspired to paths I knew not but only sought through

misty dreams, God alone knows. But now in the evening of my life I look back upon a winding road bordered with adversity, paved with expectations never realized, strewn with fragments of noble aspirations and leading from a sea of hope to a wilderness of nothing. The wealth I dreamed of is a mist, the honor I longed for is a smoke, the high positions I scught are clouds from which there is no rain, and the peaceful comforts of the home, family and friends I hoped for, end in the loneliness of a bachelor's garret, with no companionship but unwelcome memories.

REGRET.

### E LIBRO RUBICUNDO.

*On the side  
of  
Blomidon.*

Cape Blomidon is situated in King's county at the eastern extremity of the North Mountain, but though quite near my home, I never had the pleasure of visiting this beautiful and historic place until last summer.

One beautiful day in June, I started with two friends to find out what we could about Blomidon. We drove about thirty miles through the most beautiful and fertile strip of country under the sun, and reached the top of Blomidon about twelve o'clock. We had taken care of our horses and were preparing for sight-seeing, when an old man came along and advised us not to leave without taking some amethysts with us.

At once we changed our place and started to gather some of the beautiful stones. We went down the side of the mountain about one hundred and fifty feet, by a circuitous path, until we came to a narrow ledge; here we found two men on the same errand. Unfortunately neither party had tools for the work. We all worked hard with sticks for a short time, when one said, "I have struck a lead," then everyone was anxious to get one of the stones which we well knew the lead contained. Two of the parties were sent for pick-axes and other tools; being in a hurry they did not go up by the path, but went by a shorter way. They had not gone far when a small rock, loosened by their feet, came rolling down the side of the mountain; by chance all escaped the danger. We had scarcely time to speak when two much larger stones came down with fearful force. One of the company and myself were examining the lead with our heads down. The rest of the party shouted to us to "look out." We jumped back quickly. My friend escaped but I, being more unfortunate, was struck by both the stones. I was knocked backward and caught in a cluster of birch bushes on the edge of the ledge, hanging by my clothes over a chasm hundreds of feet deep. My friends caught me and laid me on the stones, and worked with me until I recovered consciousness. Then they

assisted me to the top of the mountain, and, getting into our trap, we left Blomidon without getting any amethysts, but with an experience that would not soon be forgotten. This ended the day's pleasure.

*My First  
Loon.*

We had been a week in camp, and the novelty which generally attends such outings had about worn off. We had become accustomed to cooking our own meals and sleeping on the ground, and had learned to look forward with pleasure to a rainy day on which we might have our dishes washed without the trouble of hot water and cloths.

The place we had chosen for our camping ground was an ideal one; a hill sloping down to the sea, facing the west, where we could sit in the evenings and watch the sun go down behind an island about a mile away. To the left was another island, reaching almost to the mainland; the two inclosing a bay of about four miles in length. This formed a splendid protection for all kinds of wild fowl, and was especially famed as the feeding ground for large flocks of duck, plover, and curlew, or, as the natives called them, "yellow-legs."

One day as we were at dinner we noticed a little black speck moving in the water, which we quickly made out to be a loon. It did not take us long to get down to the water and into our boat, and soon we were rowing as hard as we could towards the bird which kept swimming slowly away from us. We had only one gun among us, and I, being the oldest of the party, was allowed the privilege of shooting. Anyone who has ever tried to shoot loons knows what a difficult thing it is, they dive so quickly and swim under water for such a long distance. I have heard old hunters say that a loon will dive within the time when the gun is fired and the shot reaches it. Well, we had come within seventy-five yards of the bird, and I had just put the gun to my shoulder to fire when down it went. For the next five minutes or so we could see nothing of the loon, and we were just about to give up the search when away in the opposite direction we heard a slight splash, followed by a loud peal of laughter, and there it was quietly swimming along as if enjoying the joke it had played on us. Not to be outdone, we put the boat about and rowed swiftly but noiselessly in the direction in which it was swimming. As we went along a flock of ducks glided past us within easy range, but of these we took no notice, for we were in search of larger game. Profiting by our last experience, we stopped rowing at a safe distance, and rising in the bow of the boat I took my second shot. There was a little spurt of feathers and a few seconds of frantic struggles. Then the bird's neck appeared above the water and we knew it was dead.

As we were rowing towards the shore with the dead body of the loon occupying a conspicuous position in the boat, one of my companions sang out, "I say, boys, this is only the 20th of August." Sure enough! In the excitement of the moment we had forgotten all about game laws and dates, and that it still wanted three weeks of "open season." That was the reason why I never told this to any person before.

*My  
Unsuccessful  
Life.*

That small part of my life which has elapsed, and is now almost forgotten, has not been altogether without incident, and it may possibly interest some if I give a short sketch of it.

I was born at Digby in the year 1865. My father came over from Ireland five years before that event in the ship "Olivette." My mother was an Italian. Further back than that I cannot go.

The first thing that I can remember is falling off the end of a pier in the village in which I was born. I was rescued from drowning by some men who were fishing a short distance out in the harbour. I think it would be impossible for me ever to forget the awful sensation of that narrow escape. When I was five years old I was sent to a convent, where I remained for ten years. At the end of that time I went to Germany to study art. The voyage passed very pleasantly, playing skittles and poker. At the end of the first week I found myself the possessor of an extra ten dollars. This was my first and only experience in that line, and so made a very vivid impression.

When I got to Berlin I found that I had mislaid my comb. For two days I wandered around trying in vain to make the shop-keepers understand what I wanted. On the third day I was greatly perplexed whether to have my hair cut or apply to Mr. Chipman, a young student, the only person I knew in Berlin. Finally I decided in favour of the student, and in a state of great embarrassment explained to him my difficulty.

Between the beer gardens and the gay company of the young medical students in the hotel, the Kunstgewerbe Art Schools saw little of me. After three years spent in this country, I went to Paris. Here I took lodgings in the Latin Quarter. My greatest dissipation while here was being made love to by a little curly-headed professor of jugglery, who used each week to take me through the catacombs as a treat.

Having stayed in Paris but one year, I returned home in the "Harlow," not yet having reached my twentieth year. My father was now living in New York, and I myself remained in that city for over three years, wasting my time and opportunities. About this time a young farmer from New Brunswick made my father's acquaintance and came frequently to our house. We became

engaged. My friend died shortly before the day set for our marriage, and I, broken in health and my happiness ruined, came to Halifax to take a course at Dalhousie before beginning the study of law. I was at this time but thirty years old, my youth only equalled by my inexperience.

This is a true account of the way in which I have spent the early years of my life. I have omitted nothing that I can remember. May the Lord grant that the years to come may be more diligently spent and that I may be more faithful to my duties and to the great work to which I intend devoting my life.

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#### LIBRARY NOTES.

*Bibliotheca a Dallusia valde desideratur.* MECANIUS, *Opusc.* l. iii., c. xxi.

ACQUISITIONS.—In addition to the volumes already acknowledged, Dr. Ritchie of Wellesley sent Mr. Francis Sherman's "Matins." Mr. Sherman is in a bank in Fredericton and this is his first venture. The book is beautifully made, and such verse as "The Conqueror" is very strong indeed. Mr. A. H. R. Fraser, former Law Librarian, has given a copy of Stephen's "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." From the class of '95 the library has received six volumes of Jebb's Sophocles, from the class of '97, Cunningham's "Growth of English Industry," and from the Alumni Society, Latham's "Sanitary Engineering." It is cheering to find Dalhousians who have left us retaining their interest in the old shop, and evincing it in such an unmistakable way. "Sartor Resartus," the latest issue of the *Athenaeum Press Series*, and the last two volumes of Grosart's Daniel have also been placed in the De Mill Press.

LIBRARY FUND.—The class of '99 has undertaken to raise a fund for the endowment of some subject or department of the library. There must be nearly sixty of them, and with concerted and determined effort they are certain to meet with success. Everything is possible to youthful enthusiasm. This class then has the honour of showing the way to the rest of the university.

SHAKSPERE LECTURE COURSE.—This course has been quite successful in point of numbers and proceeds. The Assembly Room of the School for the Blind has been filled on every one of the five lectures with a representative and attentive audience of the best people of Halifax. The proceeds amount to about two hundred and fifty dollars, which will be expended in filling some of the more glaring gaps in the English department. The books have been already ordered and will be here before the end of the term. Elizabethan Drama, Shaksperiana, Essays, *éditions définitives* of standard literature have been specially

considered in making out the lists for the booksellers. In all 222 volumes have already been ordered. The Variorum edition of Shakspeare by Dr. Furness has been completed as far as issued and the new volumes are ready for circulation.

**THE IDEAL.**—If we cannot have a new library this year, the only thing to do is to fill the present room up with presses and books, as fast as possible. Then there will be no place to read except in the present howlery-growlery room adjoining. That must then be devoted to readers. By that time the separate library building will be a physical necessity, patent to the meanest understanding. If we had a building now suited to our needs and dignity, it would appeal for books more strongly than the most energetic committee. In ten years our numbers have more than doubled, and library privileges have been multiplied, and yet the growth of the library has not kept pace, or pretended to keep pace with our work and needs. Books are wearing out. We have had to depend for six years on chance donations. The idea that the library as an institution should be regularly and systematically developed has not dawned on us. This does not mean merely purchasing of books. It means making the library the handmaid of every course, every class, every department. It means making it the general laboratory of the university. This can only be done by means of competent, skilled labour in the library, in other words by means of a specially trained librarian, who can give his whole time to the work. It is obviously unfair to saddle a professor, hard-working and self-sacrificing as he is, with the care of a library, when for instance, even a small influx of books means cutting his vacation down one-half to catalogue them.

**CONTRASTS.**—Sackville is not as large as Dalhousie, but she has a library fund which enables her to indulge every now and then in such vanities as complete sets of *Notes and Queries*. The fund is stated to be \$5000, which means an annual income of about \$250. The amount of our annual income for the purchase of books is just exactly 0. Lucky Sackvillains! Queen's taxes her students and gets \$1,600 per year for her library. We have no library fee, but our classes give substantial gifts on graduation.

**DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.**—One function of a college library is to make a complete collection of materials for its history. Every book, every pamphlet, every newspaper that bears upon our history should be carefully preserved for our own use and behoof. Outsiders may not care about such things, but we do, and coming generations of Dalhousians will care still more. Who, for instance, will make a scrap-book of the letters and articles written pro and con in the last university consolidation controversy? Again, every book or pamphlet ever written by any

professor, or graduate ought to be on our shelves. Prof. De Mill published twenty-nine books, one was translated into French, one was dramatized. How many of them have we on our shelves? Have we all Lyall's writings, or Lawson's or McCulloch's? If not, we ought to have them. To collect them is a pious duty.

#### AN HISTORIC SESSION OF MOCK PARLIAMENT.

The event which I am about to relate occurred not many years since, and doubtless there are some hon. members who can still recall the whole scene. At the beginning of the college year a new candidate with a longing to become a disciple of Coke and Blackstone, presented himself at the Dean's office. That respected personage looked the new-comer over, and, after the usual questioning, admitted him to the bosom of the freshmen class. The stranger gave us fellows to understand that he was a product of the West Indies, and we at once decided that his jet complexion was owing to climatic conditions. However, he was genial, and even went so far as to invite some of the "grave and reverend Seniors" up to his room, where they feasted on oyster stews and chewing tobacco. When Mock Parliament began its sittings, our friend from the Southern climes evinced much interest, and it was a rare occasion when a Saturday evening passed without seeing his smiling countenance among the embryo politicians who haunted the big room in the north wing. Shortly before the Xmas holidays it was rumored in the library that the member from the Antilles was to address the house at its next sitting, when a bill affecting the West India trade was to have its second reading. Those of you who are acquainted with the Law library have, no doubt, noticed dark alleys behind some of the book-cases, where the "plugger" is wont to ensconce himself. Well, word passed around among the boys that a "dark horse" was to enter the oratorical race, and a ripple of excitement was visible even in McCart's corner. A few minutes after this announcement, three suspicious-looking individuals might have been found holding sweet communion in one of the aforesaid alleys. Their appearance, if not actually criminal, was in no way reassuring. However, they were not noticed by the diligent students engaged in copying "head notes," and reading "State Trials."

The remainder of the week passed by, and Saturday evening had arrived. The speaker was in his chair. Ministerial benches were occupied. The Sergeant-at-Arms was not present, but this caused no comment, as that dignitary was decidedly erratic in his attendance. The supreme moment came, and amid generous applause the orator of the evening majestically arose, manuscript in hand. After the usual introductory remarks, the speaker plunged boldly into the intricacies of commercial activity, and held his hearers spell-bound. So much were they engrossed by

the flood of broken English that no one noticed the peculiar actions of the gas jets, for every light in the room was gradually diminishing in brilliancy. The orator himself was so absorbed in reading his notes that he asked no questions, but moved mechanically closer to the fading jets of the chandeliers, and continued to read until his words were lost in utter darkness. By that time the assembled representatives awoke to the fact that all was not as it should be, and they one and all sallied forth to investigate, but their search proved futile, and in their chagrin they accused the innocent janitor of being the dark mover behind the scenes of iniquity.

Now, the reader will have already guessed (as they say in real novels) that the culprits were none other than the evil-looking individuals who had taken refuge behind the book-case. The leader of this mysterious trio smiled in the happy possession of a bicycle which ran on pneumatic tires, and a small air-pump was a necessary adjunct of the pneumatic tires. Now, on the evening in question, this little pump was connected with one of the gas-burners in the lower lecture room, and when the speech-making had gotten well under way one of the conspirators mounted a battle-scarred desk and began to force ozone into the pipes. Click, click, click, went the little nickle-plated plunger. "Pump faster." urged the look-out, in a stage whisper. The stroke was doubled, and perspiration followed freely, when suddenly the hall light flickered, and you know what followed. Perhaps I ought not to tell this little escapade, but my conscience is of a tender kind, and I can't stand the strain. C. U. M.

### College Societies.

Y. M. C. A.—Rev. J. W. Falconer, B. D., lectured before the Dalhousie Y. M. C. A. Sabbath afternoon, March 7th. His subject was, "A Study of the Life of Moses." This was the third time this winter that our minds were directed to this subject, but as each lecturer took up a different phase of the life of the great leader of Israel, all the addresses were most helpful and interesting. The close attention given to Mr. Falconer's lecture, from beginning to end, shows the appreciation with which it was received and testifies to its value.

We regret very much that Prof Murray has been compelled, through pressure of work, to ask the Association to relieve him from lecturing on March 28th as advertised.

Y. W. C. A.—Since its organization in October, this society has been working quietly and, we believe, not without good results. The regular weekly meetings have been well attended, interesting and helpful. At the annual business meeting held in February the following officers were appointed for the coming year:—Miss B. Logan, '98, *President*; Miss R. Simpson, '00, *Vice-President*; Miss K. McKay, '98, *Rec. Sec'y.*; Miss L. Kennedy, '98, *Cor. Sec'y.* An important feature of our work has been the formation of a Mission class, under the leadership of Miss

E. Maxwell. As this little band has met from week to week for the study of missionary biographies, a deeper interest has been awakened in the good work done in foreign fields.

"It was the best yet," is the expression of those who attended the "Glee Club" concert in the college on the 18th inst. Everything went off smoothly, and many were agreeably surprised, as it had been rumored that the concert would not be the usual success. The most vociferous applause was given to "There's only room for one," the "Sesquicentennial Ode," and "Duo pueri kindergartani." The last named was a new thing in the "Glee Club," for which Mr. Denoon deserves the credit. The "Duo" were brought from a night school, and the little one with the "auburn" locks, who sang "The girl I left behind," brought down the house. President Forrest got "honorable mention" in all of the parodies; one very complimentary, "Why is there but one *real* University and one *real* President in the Maritime Provinces?" to which came the hearty response, "Because! There's only room for one." We will not attempt to say anything in praise of the selection as well as of the rendering of Miss Harrington's violin solos; the applause sufficiently shows the mind of an audience. Mr. Crawford excelled himself in his Scotch songs, the encore particularly appealing to his hearers. Miss Hetherington's piano solo, and "Love and War," rendered by Mr. E. C. Watts and Mr. F. Gatward, also deserve special mention. Space prevents further remarks on the performers, but every one did very well. It did the singers good to behold the smiling countenance of "good old Charlie" in the front row. As was remarked above, "It was the best yet," and all concerned have the GAZETTE's hearty congratulations.

### Dallusiensia.

PROGRAMME of the professor's April sports has been posted on the notice board.

O'B-n, C. W., has a favorite question "What fur?" Anyone else seeing the festive Soph's upper lip exclaims "What fur!"

MCL-d (a would-be philosopher)—"That does not prove that they agree. It simply proves that they cannot disagree."

PROF:—"No doubt if we were placed in the same perilous position we would all be anxious to get our wives and children out of the way of danger" [Applause.]

THIS is a senior maiden's description of Z-k-r's face. "Oh, you would easily recognize him. A little black fur, a little pair of eye-glasses, the rest a glorious combination of conceit and ignorance."

PROF:—"Mr. McD-l, can you give us that." No reply.

Prof—"Well, I must ask the other members of the class to go through the extraordinary process of thinking

J. H. A (philosopher)—"We have no alternative. We have no proof that we exist. Therefore, we do not know it."

Rut—"Oh boys! come here. A-d-r-n doesn't know he's living"

PROF—"Mr. McL-d, I do not see any need for talking at this moment in fact by a civilized people it would not be done." For once McL-d feels punctured.

The April Nones apace come on.—

The time of exams, - hardest luck:

Pluggers now their plug hats don;

The dons gird on their strength to pluck.



PROF.:—Mr. K—th, what does Milton mean by—  
 “Those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye?”  
 K—th—“The North Pole, sir!”

STUDENTS of the second year have been greatly interested in a long distance race between A-d-r-n, J. A., and O'B-n. It is from bare-facedness to the land of the fully haired lip. The lady members of the class are judges and the prize is, pretty mouth to be rubbed on the successful lip. Pa acts as pace maker. We notice with regret an inclination on the part of J. A. A., to canvass certain members of the committee.

THE kid's fame as a chemist culminated at Christmas—we have not heard of it since. But as a draftsman he is superb, and the freshmen who once thought they had a little Newton, gather in corners in the library and nod their heads a great deal as they prophecy of the new sun coming for the world of art. For us, we have seen his writing and there is nothing to be compared with it in any of the museums which we have visited. Only a man who has entered into the soul of Fay can interpret him and as only a few of us can squeeze in, many have peculiar impressions of our genius. The kid occasionally patronizes German classes—at least he did before he went Mascot for the Wanderer's Hockey team to St. John. And not long ago as he sat open-mouthed at his desk the ever genial and polite professor of Modern Languages discoursed at great length on the synonymous words in German expressing the English word “break,” and occasionally his eye fell twinkling upon the hypocritical earnestness and appreciation of Fay. Then stopping abruptly he picked from his desk a hen-tracked, blotted, hieroglyphic looking bit of paper, stepped down to his pupil, and pointing to the sprawling characters, said: “Mister F—y, this is your exercise. I must also break my head before I can read that.” The unblushable blushed.

Stuart Murray  
 In a hurry,  
 Went to Rip Van Winkle;  
 In a flurry,  
 In a hurry,  
 And his eyes a twinkle.

With many a smile  
 They did beguile  
 The tender yearning intermissions;  
 In latest style,  
 Politest smile,  
 Craved and obtained the dear's per-  
 missions.

There a standing,  
 Stage commanding  
 Swept view the bright parquet;  
 Understanding,  
 That the landing,  
 Held a race where love light lay.

But some old maid  
 So prim and staid—  
 Ladies College female spy,  
 Sat in the shade  
 And saw the trade  
 Glance for glance, sigh for sigh.

Ah, now see I  
 Her grey blue eye,  
 A glance at me sly stealing;  
 I will not fly,  
 Here shall I sigh,  
 My form and love revealing.

The play is o'er,  
 And now the roar  
 Of people surging to the street;  
 The play is o'er,  
 Two lovers sore,  
 Stamp in the crowd their eager feet.

Naught answered Jim,  
 As in the glim,  
 He curled his fierce monstache;  
 Despite the dim,  
 He saw trim,  
 Fair maid. Their heart went crisby  
 curl.

For far away  
 Eyes blue and gray  
 Are hustled to the door;  
 In vain they pray  
 Their guide to stay,  
 For those they did adore

Stewart swore,  
 Jimmy tore  
 His monstache recklessly;  
 “Only gore,”  
 Evermore  
 Their motto fierce will be.

# Medical Department.

## THE USE OF ATROPINE IN OPIUM POISONING.

Opium and its preparations gives rise to a large proportion of poisoning cases. Numerous cases of poisoning of children by “soothing syrups” are constantly occurring in every community, and opium or morphine usually exists in these preparations. While opium is seldom chosen for homicidal purposes, it seems to be the favourite agent of the suicide. English statistics showing that over 50 per cent. of the suicidal cases in Great Britain are due to the employment of this drug in its various forms. As the cases of death from opium are very common, the question of treatment is therefore an important one.

The question has been much debated during the last few years as to whether or not the administration of atropine is useful in cases of intoxication by opium or morphine. The majority of physicians consider belladonna and opium physiologically antagonistic, agreeing therein with an idea which may be traced back to the sixteenth century. On the other hand, many physicians admit antagonism between these two substances only so far as the respiratory organs are concerned, and their opposite effects on the pupil. Bruce, (a name very familiar to every medical student of Dalhousie, and whose opinion not one of us will question,) believes these two drugs to be physiologically antagonistic. He contrasts their action on the great vital centres of the medulla as follows:

*Opium.*—“The respiratory centre is at first unaffected, but is soon depressed, the respiratory movements becoming quiet, superficial and irregular. In opium poisoning death is due to paralysis of the respiratory centre and arrest of breathing, that is to asphyxia.”

*Belladonna.*—“The respiratory centre is powerfully stimulated by belladonna, so that the movements of the chest become more frequent and more deep.”

*Opium.*—“The heart is temporarily accelerated by opium, in part through the cardiac centre, in part through its intrinsic ganglia. Thereafter, or with fuller doses, it is slowed by stimulation of the vagus in the medulla and heart. Finally the cardiac vagus is depressed or paralyzed; but by this time the intrinsic ganglia are so depressed that acceleration is impossible, and the action remains infrequent whilst very feeble.”

*Belladonna.*—“The cardiac centre is for a time stimulated and the heart slowed. This slowing action is increased by brief stimulation of the ends of the vagus in the heart.” But these nerve influences are “quickly paralyzed, the pulse rising in frequency to twice its previous rate after full doses. Death occurs through cardiac failure.”

*Opium*.—"The vascular centre is depressed but never to a dangerous extent."

*Belladonna*.—"The vaso motor centre is at first stimulated, and then depressed. The blood pressure is thus raised for a time, but is soon lowered, causing flushing of the skin."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Opium*.—"The ganglia at the base of the brain are effected, whence contraction of the pupil and disturbed accommodation."

*Belladonna*.—"The endings of the third nerve are paralyzed in the sphincter of the pupil and in the ciliary muscle, giving rise to the dilatation of the pupil and the disturbance of accommodation."

\* \* \* \* \*

From the above it is very evident that opium and belladonna are antagonistic in many ways. Opium retards peristalsis, while belladonna increases peristaltic movements; opium is a diaphoretic, while belladonna is an anhidiotic, and there are many other differences which space denies our mentioning. It seems, therefore, that the treatment of opium poison with atropine is perfectly rational.

On the other hand, many eminent men have been contending for years against the reality of any antagonism, either physiological or therapeutical, between morphine and atropine. Prof. Unverricht, of Berlin, in a paper which he has published recently for the purpose of proving "the noxious effect of atropine on respiration," gives, in support of this opinion, several experimental charts, and relates the history of three of his patients, who all exhibited the Cheyne-Stokes type of breathing. Prof. Lepine, of Lyons, in his criticism of Prof. Unverricht's paper, says "that the dose of atropine used by the German physician in his experiments, and also in the cases related by him, was much too large." Fitz, another German, noted a death-rate of 20 per cent. among 70 cases of morphine poisoning, treated by various means, whereas, in 17 cases treated by belladonna or atropine it went up to 23 per cent. But another gentleman added that it was only the worst cases that Fitz treated with belladonna. Dr. Lepine says: "That without doubt atropine has in a certain number of cases done good service in morphine poisoning, even when employed in very large doses, but that, owing to a special idiosyncrasy of some patients, and the danger of determining a state of depression, it is prudent never to use atropine except in small doses. There is then, it is true, some risk of keeping short of the limit of true efficiency, but we shall then never have to regret having gone beyond it, and added a new depressing action to that which was already impairing the cardio-vascular system and the respiration. So long as we do not go beyond a dose of one-thirtieth of a grain, we may feel pretty safe that we are exerting an action distinctly antagonistic to that of opium, and this same dose may, if necessary, be repeated after two or three hours, as we know that atropine is very rapidly eliminated."

### MEDICAL STUDENTS' SOCIETY.

After noticing your names among the acknowledgments and smiling at the medical briefs, it may be of interest to you—the students of by-gone days, if not to those who are now in attendance at the Halifax Medical College, and who have a few leisure moments at your disposal, to turn to the Medical Society notes, and see how the boys have engaged themselves during the Friday evenings of the session. Short reports of these meetings have from time to time been given in the GAZETTE, and in continuing these I will speak of the meeting of February 5th.

The subject for discussion was one of special interest, and the Society was fortunate in procuring the services of Dr. G. M. Campbell for the occasion. "The circulation of the blood," though as old as Adam, was but vaguely understood by early anatomists. To speak in detail of their erroneous ideas in this connection is unnecessary, but Dr. Campbell's carefully prepared paper dealt most exhaustively with the subject. "The scarcity of frogs," said the Dr., "prevented the illustration of the subject." We may hope that the next time it is our privilege to hear Dr. Campbell, that a plentiful supply of these amphibians may be sacrificed for the good of medical science.

The meeting on February 12th was largely attended. Not only medical students, but a number from the Arts department, and a goodly number of the ladies of the nursing staff at V. G. Hospital, were in attendance. W. C. Murray, Professor of Philosophy at Dalhousie, was the lecturer. He had chosen for his subject, "Professional ethics," and spoke of this so far as it effected the medical practitioner. Prof. Murray's address was full of suggestions intended to stimulate thought, and were worthy of deep consideration. Another pleasing feature of the evening was a recitation by Miss Brown. This young lady's ability as an elocutionist is too well known by the students of medicine to need any special comment.

Friday evening, February 19th, we welcomed Dr. Stewart. His interest in the Medical Society is clearly shown by the fact that, notwithstanding his immense medical practice, his identification with other societies where his services are always sought, and his work in connection with our teaching staff, as Adjunct Professor of Surgery and Demonstrator of Pathological Histology, he is ever ready to respond to the call of the Society when called upon to address that association. His subject was "Mediæval Surgery." The Dr.'s thorough acquaintance with his subject enabled him to present it in a way that made it one of the most profitable meetings of the session. The speaker concluded his address by speaking of the condition of medical students of early times, and how when they were "hard up" were allowed to beg as common vagrants.

## SELF-MEDICATION AND WHAT RESULTED FROM IT.

At one time in the history of our college—what time no matter—it had on its roll of students the name of one who was distinguished among his fellows for his profound knowledge of *Materia Medica*. While his class-mates could scarcely give the names and doses of the most important drugs, this young man would rhyme off with apparent ease the ingredients and their proportions of the most obscure preparations in either the U. S. or British Pharmacœpia. His conduct both in and out of class was exemplary. On Saturday night he closed his text books and bade them good-bye till Monday morning. Sunday he spent in attending religious meetings. He always went to the same church and occupied a seat well to the front, where he could get a good view of the pretty blonde with the laughing blue eyes whom he always escorted home in the evenings.

Our hero, like ordinary mortals, was occasionally indisposed, and being visited with a slight attack of illness near the end of his second year, he thought that he would break away from professional customs and try self-medication. Now, it happened that about this time he had evolved a new theory regarding drugs. This theory he expressed in one sentence: "*If a little of anything will do some good, a lot will do a lot of good.*"

Here, then, was an opportunity for putting his theory to the test. So on Sunday morning he said to his room-mate: "A little laudanum, 10 or 15 minims, will do some good in relieving pain, therefore a lot, or about 60 minims, will do a lot of good," and, suiting his action to his words, he swallowed a teaspoonful. He then started for church, which he reached after a walk of about five minutes. He took a seat, as was his custom, well to the front, and gazed across the aisle. Yes! She was there, and a look of satisfaction overspread his countenance, but it was only momentary. A strange feeling began to creep over him. Objects in the church began to take on a hazy appearance as the pupils of his eyes began to contract. The next ten minutes will forever remain a blank to him. When consciousness returned he found himself lying on his back in the open air, while two deacons were industriously chafing his hands. At length he slowly staggered to his feet, and as he followed one of his good Samaritans to a comfortable seat beside the furnace, he was heard to mutter: "I would not have cared so much if she had not witnessed my humiliation." T. E. D.

THE Freshmen are much concerned about a series of events which will take place during the first weeks in April. The mention of the word examination causes them to turn pale and their limbs to quake.

## ON THE COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL STAFFS.

*Editors Dalhousie Gazette:*

If rumor be correct, a number of changes are likely to take place in the near future in connection with the staff of instructors both at the College and the V. G. Hospital. When changes of this kind result in improvement, the oftener they occur the better. Unfortunately such is not always the case. In connection with the College staff proper, we believe all appointments are made in good faith and in the very best interests of the College, but in connection with the Hospital, which is a purely government institution, political influence, and not merit, may too often be the consideration on which appointments are made. Our Local Government should exercise the most extreme care and impartiality in this matter. They should not assume the responsibility of making important appointments to the staff without determining from members of the profession (who alone are competent to judge) as to who is and who is not fitted for the position. Not only so, but apart from their political connections, the "fittest of the fit" should be chosen. Our politicians should remember that not only are the interests of the Hospital involved, but also those of the Medical College, whose students come under the tuition of the staff at the Hospital. The Medical College, to a certain extent, is also a Government institution, as it receives direct aid from the Government. It should be, and no doubt is, a source of pride to the Government, and hence anything involving the interest of the College should be a matter of deep concern to them. We have no great fault to find with the Government thus far, but they are apt to overlook the fact that the interests of the College are bound up with those of the Hospital, and any changes occurring in the latter affect the former. Instead then, of young and inexperienced men being appointed to the Hospital staff, those only of wide experience and high standing, endowed at the same time with those qualities necessary in an *instructor*, should be chosen. Thus will the true interests of both College and Hospital be subserved, and the everlasting gratitude of students, present and future, be gained. X.

## MEDICAL BRIEFS.

THE redoubtable Dan has temporarily freed himself from the influence of Cupid and now confines his attention to the wise sayings of J. J. Mitchell Bruce.

ATK—NS—N is very much agitated because he finds that two authorities differ as to the direction in which certain minute muscular fibres in the Ciliary muscle of the eye run. He says that he will have no peace of mind until he gets at the truth of the matter.

A-L-M-N has been a very ardent student of late. As a result of his researches in the abdominal region he has discovered the existence of a nerve hitherto unknown to medical knowledge. He has named it the *ileo-hypoglossal*.

MR. SCHAEFER F—RBES, Mr. Klein C—k and a few other frightened freshmen waited on Mr. Skelly a few days ago and implored him not to deal harshly with them at the forthcoming examinations. The great Mogul was at first disinclined to speak, but at length he said: "Git out o' this. I won't plook ye if ye behaves yourselves."

McDK—y says that he must positively refuse to accept any professorial chair that may be offered him by the Faculty during the coming year as he has no time to spare for any extra labor.

DR. F-B-S has not yet thoroughly recovered from the effects of that famous Saturday night "At Home." He has had many invitations since to genuine "At Homes," but he invariably makes it a point to visit said *home* a day or two beforehand to ascertain whether the affair is genuine or bogus. He vows vengeance on next year's freshmen.

### TWILIGHT—A FRAGMENT.

The evening shades are falling o'er the hill,  
The gloaming quickly gathers into night,  
The birds now cease to warble or to trill,  
All seems in sorrow for departing light.

How sweet and soft the breath of summer air  
That zephyr bears so gently to my brow!  
This dimly lighted world is all so fair  
I almost wish it aye would be as now.

Far, far away on yonder mountain's peak  
The dying light has cast a rosy gleam;  
I look admiring, half afraid to speak  
Lest I dispel the glory of that beam.

'Tis often thus. When ends life's little day  
And all around is shrouded in death's gloom,  
We see, on some bright summit far away  
Reflections of a light beyond the tomb.

Thus through life's mid-day with its bustling throng,  
Its heats and passions, vanity and glare:  
Through it we hasten. 'Twill not be for long,  
Then pass to life's dim twilight calmly fair.

GENEVRA.

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