

# The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

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Vol. XXXVIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 12, 1906.

No. 8

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## Editorial.

THE efforts which the Alumni Executive are making to arouse a wider interest in the proceedings of Convocation week are worthy of every encouragement. The programme for this year is an attractive one, and improvements can without doubt be made that will make it even more so in the future. It has been suggested that in the following years the Glee Club concert should be held during the week. This suggestion is one which we commend to the earnest consideration of the officers of the club, in the hope that it will be found possible to carry it out. Convocation itself is of course the chief feature of the programme, and all are glad to learn that this year it will again be held in the Academy of Music, but should a return be made to the semi-private and extremely dull exercises of last April a serious blow will be struck at the attempts that are being put forth to establish a commencement week that will be replete with interest. To witticisms at the expense of the graduates little objection can be made,

but the production of mere noise and disorder, that both foil the attempted hits and interrupt the speaker can not be defended. The tradition which insisted on supplementing the proceedings proper to convocation by others which were but a crude foreshadow of our modern Theatre Night and Class Day can now, since the introduction and proper management of these latter events, be well regarded as belonging to a time on which we have improved. A bright but orderly convocation is now in order.

IT is with the greatest pleasure that the GAZETTE takes this opportunity of congratulating a loyal son of Dalhousie and a former editor of this paper on his appointment to the Lieutenant-Governship of Nova Scotia. A long and honorable career, as Mayor of New Glasgow, member of the Provincial Government and Federal House, and a Judge of the Supreme Court has for almost the last thirty years kept the name of the Honorable D. C. Fraser, before the public eye, until it has become familiar to Nova Scotians from Cape Sable to Cape North, and his great oratorical gifts have made him a well known figure on political platforms throughout the Dominion. Amid all the varied activities of public life Governor Fraser, preserved his affection and interest in the college from which he took his Arts degree in 1872. He was president of the Alumni Association, and but a few days previous to being appointed Governor had consented to address its coming annual meeting on Dalhousie "Reminiscences." He has frequently appeared as a lecturer before Sodales and other student bodies, and those who were present at the Convocation of 1904 will not soon forget the stirring and eloquent address on "Canadian Patriotism," which he made on that occasion. The popularity which the new Governor's qualities of heart and geniality of manner have gained him during his political life will, without doubt, be yet further enhanced by his occupancy of Government House, and that he may long continue to fill his present exalted position is, we are sure, the sincere wish of all readers of the GAZETTE.

THE effort to organize a Militia Corps should have the support and cooperation of all Dalhousie students.

The Dominion has adopted the policy of providing for its own defence. The development of this policy necessarily involves the maintenance of a small permanent force sufficient to garrison the forts and provide a nucleus for the whole military organization of the country. Canada must never go beyond this in maintaining a standing army. Militarism as it exists in Europe should have no place here. The country's citizens must be prepared to defend their heritage, and our universities should be in the van in working out this patriotic policy.

A militia corps would be a direct benefit to the students enrolled therein. The exercise received in training would, in a measure, take the place of gymnastic training in which we are so notoriously lacking. The students would feel that they were working to an end, and the benefit from the exercise would be greater by being relieved of the monotony of exercise for its own sake.

Physical exercise and sports in Dalhousie may be summed up in two words, football and hockey. Comparitively few of our students take part in either, and these for a very small part of the college session. They are sports for the strong and thus those who most need the exercise are precluded from them. Two hundred or more students should be glad of the opportunity to enroll in an organization for training, the physical requirements of which are within the capacity of every one.

There would be an element of sport in the rifle practise which should make it attractive, Our members would be in a position to qualify for competing in any Dominion rifle meet. We should aim to have a grand prize for an annual rifle tournament of the corps (ladies' cup), besides the usual militia prizes.

It would be premature to suggest any particular basis for organization. One imperative condition should be that too much would not be demanded of the students' time, not more than two or three hours per week. It is understood, of course that the corps would be under the supervision of the Militia



Department, which would furnish rifles, ammunition, and uniforms, grant the use of Bedford Rifle Range for practice, and the Armouries for drill.

A committee has been appointed to obtain information on the subject and report to the next meeting of the U. S. C. at the beginning of next session. Meanwhile each student who comes back to Dalhousie, should come prepared to take part, for his own and his country's good, in the organization of a militia corps which will take rank with our city companies, and be a credit to the University.

THE thanks of all Dalhousians are due the *Suburban*—the bright and progressive Halifax weekly—for its hearty advocacy in its issue of March 10th, of the claims of the Law School, and for the honor shown the pages of the GAZETTE by its reproducing *in toto* Mr. Barnett's article in our February number on the history and present position of the school. Such evidence of our ability to attract the attention of the outside press is both gratifying to the editors, and should be incentive to contributors.

### The Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

When we were returning from the convention held by the Students Volunteer Movement, in Nashville, Tennessee, we all agreed to visit the Mammoth Cave, it being the largest known cave in the world, and only nine miles off our course.

We arrived there about noon, had dinner, and dressed in costume that was perhaps, more becoming in the midnight darkness of a cave than it would have been elsewhere. After descending by a long stair to the entrance, we procured a guide, and a lantern, and started on our subterranean route.

The path led through multitudinous avenues and chambers, all of which presented their different features of interest. Countless stone monuments are erected to the memory of past visitors, and the obstruction of present ones. So many names are carved on the walls, that it was with some difficulty we found space for our own.

Some of the chambers are strikingly scenic, with their jagged pillars, formed by the meeting of the stalactites, and stalagmites.

The stalactites are pendent formations, like huge icicles, made by a dripping solution of lime and water, while the stalagmites are their ground counterparts.

Each of these chambers has its own name. One is called the Methodist Church, because a Methodist Minister used to preach in it; another is called Booth's Amphitheatre, because a man by the name of Booth once read Hamlet to the rest of his party, from a stage-like platform of stone which stood in a corner of the room.

Passing through these chambers, we came to Dante's Gateway, which led us to the Infernal Regions, but contrary to our expectations, there was nothing hideous, nor forbidding, but all the walls rang, and reverberated with the hearty strains of Y. M. C. A. songs.

We next visited the Bridal Chamber, where many couples were said to have been married.

We were not detained here very long, because our guide told us that such a custom is now forbidden.

From here we went to the Dead Sea, passing through two aisles, known respectively as the Fat Man's Misery for reasons quite apparent to any person, who had to walk through them.

On our way, we passed the Bottomless Pit, where the yawning rocks form a deep grave-like abyss, continually drinking in a stream of water that falls from a mysterious dome above, and yet is never filled.

We finally reached the Dead Sea, which is three hundred and fifty feet below the sea-level. The guide shot rockets into the dark passages, showing us the smooth, still, shining water in contrast with the wild roughness of the craggy rocks.

In this sea there lives three species of fish: we do not see them, for it was very dark, and they did not see us, for they are blind.

The guide with his fifteen hundred followers moved on and the long procession, with their swinging lanterns, was a sight not soon to be forgotten.

But, perhaps, what interested us the most was the Star Chamber, which is a large room, much longer than wide, with high walls, and a black roof, dotted with white spots. Here



we were told to put out our lights, while the guide went down into a lower apartment. The darkness that followed was "visible" and "could be felt"

After some time the guide projected light upon the roof in such a way, that the white spots appeared exactly like so many stars, shining in the deep blue of the sky, and the high walls as huge mountains, rising on either side. Then the East began to lighten, as if the sun were about to rise, and the crowing of the cock, and the barking of the house-dog were so skillfully imitated, that it greatly added to the effect. Even clouds were seen to drift across the sky

When it became so bright that the scene began to grow unnatural, a rocket was shot into the air, transforming illusion into reality and disclosing the hidden beauties of every jutting peak, and indented groth.

We enjoyed this last experience very much, because it was such a masterly touch of nature, and that part of nature, which students do not often see.

Then, having completed our circle, and being at a much lower level than when we started, it was necessary for us to ascend what is known as the Corkscrew. This is very steep, with its straight ladders of wood, and curved ladders of stone, up, up, up, till the heart thumps, and the breath is hard to find, and the head would grow dizzy, if the eye could only see the depths below.

At last we emerged into the open, and came to the mouth of the cave, glad to see day-light again, after spending five hours in paths as winding as the thread on a weavers spool.

W. P. G.

### An Imperial Status.

The original States of the great Republic to the South of us were once British Colonies like the Provinces of Canada. Speculations relative to what sort of confederation we should have today had there been no revolt of the thirteen American colonies in 1773 is apt to lead one's mind into the regions of illimitable possibilities.

Such misunderstandings as existed on our side of the line during the century that has so lately closed, have been removed under the influence of a judicious and enlightened colonial policy, which conferred on Canada a system of responsible government—and free and untrammelled control in all matters of a local character,—responsible and free government in the fullest sense of the phrase, and—what is of real and vast importance,—it is a policy that has already begun to give Canada considerable weight in Imperial Councils. As a consequence of this wise policy the provinces of the Dominion are no longer a source of danger or irritation to the parent State; but, possessing full independence in all matters local, they are now among the chief sources of Imperial pride, Imperial greatness, Imperial strength.

The Canadian Confederation, otherwise known as the Dominion of Canada, has now been governed for more than three decades by Imperial Statute known as the "British North America Act of 1867."

This British North America Act is the Constitution of Canada—it is the fundamental law of our land; and so long as the legislatures of this country keep within the lines laid down by this Act of the Imperial Parliament, and so long as they do not induly meddle with purely Imperial questions, our legislatures can make laws for us as they deem proper.

Under our Constitution every Act of the Parliament of Canada is expressly subject to the review of the King-in-Council. Legally the King may "veto" Dominion legislation, but, certainly it is only rarely that the sovereign sees fit to exercise the "veto" power. It was exercised in the year 1878, when an Act of the Parliament of Canada dealing with "Merchant Shipping" was disallowed; but apart from this supervisory jurisdiction of the King-in-Council every Act of the Parliament of Canada, and every Act of any Provincial legislature in Canada, may be tested first of all in the Courts of Canada, and then under certain limitations, before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council which now represents the supreme judicial powers in former ages exercised by the King-in-Council.

In any review of the Acts of the Dominion the Imperial government has for many years past fully recognized these



principles of self government which form the basis of the political freedom of Canada. No Act of the parliament of the Dominion is ever disallowed unless it is in direct conflict with Imperial Treaties or with a Statute of the Imperial Parliament and that Statute one of Imperial importance.

The B. N. A. Act owes its origin to the solemn expression of the desire of the several legislatures of the Provinces, as shown by addresses to the Crown requesting a change in the political right. Within the defined territorial limits of those powers which have been granted by the Imperial Parliament to the Dominion, and the several provinces of which the Dominion is composed, each legislature can exercise powers as plenary and ample as those of the Imperial Parliament itself acting within the sphere of its jurisdiction as defined by the B. N. A. Act. Between the mother country and its Canadian dependency there is growing up a loose and imperfect, but still a marked and unmistakable sort of federation under which each governmental authority exercises certain administrative and legislative functions within its own constitutional limits, while the central authority controls all the members of the federation so as to give that measure of unity and strength without which the Empire could not be held together—and continued as one of the greatest forces the world has ever known.

It is a matter of fact that no people on earth can be freer than we are. Our Federal Government makes laws for all Canada on Trade and Commerce, Banking, Militia, Crimes and their punishment etc., and other subjects whereupon it is advisable to have uniform legislation throughout the whole of the Dominion. The provincial legislature of each province deal with more local matters,—roads, bridges, police and education within that particular province. And finally we have the Municipal Councils and Town Councils giving direct and special attention to purely local matters. And when we reflect that the members of the House of Commons, the members of the Assembly of each province, and the members of the County Councils are all elected by the people, we must admit, that if we are not well governed the fault must be in our own people who have the election of those who do our governing.

In the administration of Canadian affairs the Governor-General is advised by a responsible council,—practically the government,—representing the majority of the House of Commons. As in England, the Canadian Cabinet or ministry is practically a committee of the dominant party (for the time being) in the House of Commons, and is governed very largely by the rules, precedents and usages of parliament that have grown up in the parent State—precedent has been added to precedent, and has been acted upon so long that all the precedents have come to possess the force of law—they are observed as if they were Acts of Parliament, although they are not in any sense or in any view statutory enactments.

No country in the world gives more conclusive evidence of substantial development and prosperity than the Dominion of Canada under the federal union of 1867. The working out of federal system gives due expansion to the national ambitions and energies of the whole Dominion, and at the same time preserves the independence of each province in dealing with merely provincial or local questions. No great questions fraught with national discord or national danger (like slavery or the growth of the African element, in the United States,) is in view to disturb our dreams of a prosperous and happy future.

There is not, indeed, any question in sight that seriously threatens the stability of our federation, nor any that seriously threatens to complicate political or social conditions in the federated provinces. To some, indeed, the large and increasing French-Canadian element is a source of uneasiness, but the history of that element since the Union of 1867 gives no ground for the fears of the pessimists. While French-Canadians naturally cling to their language, and, in some degree, to their institutions, it must be admitted that (putting aside the occasional hasty and imprudent words and acts of a few irresponsible agitators) the French-Canadians as a whole have materially helped in every way to build up this Canada of ours, and have taken an active and patriotic part as the purely British element in developing and strengthening the Confederation, and in making it a working success.

The British North America Act, is, as we have seen, the constitution of Canada, and although we are apt to regard it merely as an English statute or Act of Parliament, it were



well to remember that the forms were formulated and agreed upon by French Canadians and British Canadians, acting together for the future good of both elements of our population. Already Confederation has give to Canada a number of able and patriotic Statesmen of French origin of whom any country might well be proud—*imprimis*, Cartier, Dorion, Chapleau, and Laurier. The best minds of both elements will doubtless in the future as in the past, work hand in hand with each to build up a prosperous law-abiding and contented nation, and that a nation in the closest possible connection with the parent state “on the broad basis of justice and conciliation,” especially on the basis of even-handed justice to every class and creed.

M. '00

### The West to the East.

*Dear Gazette*:—Dalhousians in Kamloops extend heartiest congratulations to the Rhodes Scholar of our Alma Mater for 1906.

In this “dry belt” at an elevation of some 1200 feet above sea-level we have had a delightful winter. In fact the climate could not be improved upon; once only did the mercury go below zero; during January and February we have had a succession of fine, clear days, bracing atmosphere, dry streets.

The country is wonderful in its resources, grand in its immensity, awful in its gorges, canyons and mighty hills. Words cannot adequately describe these snow capped mountains, rushing torrents and the riches of a Province yet in its infancy. Distances are deceiving, one must go miles to get any where, the air is clear, the soil in the villages is fertile, the products are varied, the growth rapid.

British Columbia's fish, fruits, timber and minerals have made a name for the province and will continue to do so for years.

A few days ago I saw the orchard in which grew the apples which were awarded the gold and silver medals in London last year; peaches, pears, plums, grapes, apricots and strawberries grow to perfection; grain and all kinds of vegetables can be raised with little trouble once water is brought to the soil.

It is a noble sight to witness a round up of cattle numbering in the neighborhood of anywhere from five hundred to three thousand.

During winter months the cattle and horses are not housed but rustle considerably for themselves, laving bare the ground and subsisting on the nourishing, yet diminutive, bunch grass.

Kamloops, the inland capital, is situated at the junction of the North and South Thompson—the meeting of the waters. With a population of about 2,500 it has never experienced a boom like other western towns, but has gradually grown and today real estate in Kanloops is worth striving for.

Here, we have the usual sets, tea drinking functions, gossip extending societies and other kindred clubs for the betterment of humanity. The town is up-to-date, one does not need to fear lassoing, nor are we in danger of being scalped. There are reading rooms, endless secret societies, a fine Conservative Club Room, gymnasium, drill hall and seven saloons rather densely inhabited at times.

Churches we have five of them, perhaps not so popular as the places where bodily thirst is quenched and cares for a time are forgotten.

Sports of all kinds are indulged in, but the rousing war-whoop of the yellow and black is not heard except when the news arrived of the resting place of the trophy for another year, and then some of the town were shocked.

Education receives considerable attention and the inherent belief in the youth that “the earth's round like an orange” is as firmly established here as anywhere in Pictou County. The courses of study for public and high schools are about on a par with our province, though text books differ somewhat.

Kamloops is a favourite resort for those afflicted with the white man's plague and sad are the many cases of those who have come here, but too late to combat the dread consumption.

Being a divisional point on the C.P.R., Kamloops is essentially a railroad town and consequently there is considerable ready money in circulation. The ranches also leave much of their gains here for provisions and other business, and there is a general air of prosperity everywhere.

A well equipped hospital, the head of which is a Musquodoboit boy, has a healing influence and is thoroughly organized.



We are glad to hear of Dalhousie's progress, may it continue to flourish, and send out men to make this Canada the country which she undoubtedly will be and whose future must depend on those who will mould her career.

One of '05.

Mayest thou not careless show the fatal seas  
That pour among the shining Cyclades.

### Ode XV.

PROPHECY OF HEREUS CONCERNING THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE BY E. BLACKADDER.

When the perfidious shepherd bore,  
False Helen to the Dardan shore,  
The tempest sank at Hereus' word,  
And not a pulse of ocean stirred.  
Then, as the vision on him broke,  
These dreadful words the prophet spoke:  
With omen of evil thou bearest away  
What Grace shall reclaim with a mighty array;  
Thy God-hated nuptials will work to thy shame,  
And the kingdom of Prim go downward in flame.  
Fierce, fierce to the combat rush soldier and steed;  
By thousands the heroes of Ilium bleed.  
Already Minerva is raging afar,  
With helmet and aegis and death-rolling car.  
Vain, vain, is the valour that Venus inspires;  
Ay, comb thy smooth locks, sing of love's fond desire!  
For safety what 'vails to thy chamber to speed  
From the terrible lance and the Gnosian reed;  
The thunder of battle, and, swift in the fight,  
The charge of Ajax on the track of thy flight?  
Ah! fool in the valour of Venus to trust!  
Thy adulterous brow shall be dimmed in the dust.  
See that doom of thy nation, Ulysses, draw near  
With Hester to urge on thy dastard career!  
See Teucer and Sthenelus blaze o'er the field;  
And Meriones, skilful the chariot to yield,  
And merciless Diomed raging amain  
For thy traitorous soul o'er the death-cumbered plain!  
Ah, lightly the promise thou gavest thy love  
In the dread front of battle a hero to move.  
As the stag from the wolf bounds in terror away,  
So thou from Tydides shalt flee in the fray.  
The wrath of Achilles a respite shall give;  
Thy nation fate grants a short season to live,  
But the doom-dealing day draws unhindered around  
And, blazing in ruin, Troy falls to the ground.

### The Lone Pacific or a Bicycle Trip Across Vancouver.

One August evening, a young fellow dressed in blue knickerbockers and jersey, and wearing light tennis shoes, set out with his wheel from Victoria, for the purpose of exploring the wilds of Vancouver Island. As there were no roads along the Western coast he engaged a berth on the steamship Queen City, and, the hour being late, he retired for the night.

Upon waking next morning, a dull, foggy, disagreeable one, the beautiful forests and high banks of San Juan Bay appeared to view. When about half dressed, the youth found that the peculiar motion of the ship was beginning to have the usual effect, so he hastily returned to his berth.

By the time the dinner bell rang, however, he had developed an appetite, and succeeded in securing a place at the table, already crowded by bronzed stalwart looking men. Setting to work, he caused a plate of soup to disappear quickly—mostly beneath the table—and the courses following met a similar fate.

Dinner over he went on deck, from which he obtained a magnificent view of the broad expanse of the Pacific, and of the West coast of Vancouver Island. The silent, rocky shores, covered by unbroken forests with high mountains rising above them, inspired the beholder with a sense of awe. The only relief to the general silence was the distant roar of the breakers on the rocks and crags.

When the traveller reached the deck, the steamer was pitching heavily in the surf off Cape Beale, where a single lighthouse showed the presence of humanity. Even as he looked a boat pushed off from a cove near by and came swiftly over the heaving waters to the side of the ship, where it was supplied with provisions and ammunition.

Leaving Cape Beale the steamship glided onward and shortly entered Barclay Sound, which is studded with almost numberless islets, some bare and rocky, others covered with luxuriant vegetation. Stopping for a short time at a native village, the strange Indian dug-outs with their foxy prows, engaged the



attention of the passengers. Propelled by their dusky owners these curious crafts reminded one of the traditional Indian in all the glory of his savagery and independence.

Passing from this remote spot, a short time carried the ship to Banfield Creek, the terminus of the Austro-Canadian Submarine Telegraph. Banfield Creek, a narrow tortuous stream of great depth, issues from the primeval forest to join another stream, Cripple Creek, the two enclosing a high rocky peninsula. This tongue of land, at the extremity, was cleared of its trees, and, amidst the stumps a magnificent structure, the Pacific Cable Station, was in course of erection; whilst all around squatted little tents and huts, like a brood of young turkeys round their huge and important parent. The station contains something like a hundred rooms. Verandahs on the third story, commanded a splendid view of the Sound.

During the eight hours which it took to unload the lumber from the ship and form it into rafts the young man occupied his time wandering through the woods, where he discovered great numbers of beautiful flowers and luscious fruits, including the huckleberry, Oregon grape, chelal and salmon berry.

Shortly after his return to the steamer, anchor was weighed and the ship proceeded northward. Retiring late at night he was roused shortly after, and was informed that he had reached Alberni, his destination. It took but a few minutes to claim his wheel, strap his belongings to the handlebars and set out upon his ride. As it was still dark, he proceeded leisurely, until, turning a bend in the road, he overtook an emigrant with his wife and children driving before them a herd of cattle. Discovering the man to be an acquaintance of the evening before, the cyclist dismounted and accompanied the family on foot. Their way continued to be the same, until they arrived at the home of the pastor of the Presbyterian Indian Mission, where he was entertained by the Rev. Mr. Taylor. After breakfast the youth accompanied his host through the grounds, and was considerably surprised to find, that the house had a complete water and sewerage system, the power being supplied by a windmill near by. The grounds were tastefully laid out though as the place was new, they were still in a wild state. The Albernia River with its boat-houses and swimming baths

flowed by at a short distance from the house. On the opposite bank rose the Mission, where the young indians receive their mental and moral training.

As his time was limited, the youth now bade farewell to his host, and started on a thirty mile ride through the forests of Vancouver Island. The traveller as the bright August sun at last peeped above the horizon, was delighted by the beautiful scenery which met his eye at every turn. For the first few miles his road lay along the Alberni River; but at length, turning sharply to the East he plunged into the forest, which was, for the most part, dark and sombre - the rays of the sun, only penetrating at infrequent intervals. Dismounting to pluck some rare flowers, he was considerably surprised at the great size of the ferns, which he had hitherto, no doubt owing to the great height of the trees, considered quite small. Having secured his flowers, he glanced at the trees and was amazed at their great size; for the most of these forest giants towered three hundred feet above him.

Continuing his way up steep hills and along beautiful valleys with the road always winding along the brink of a precipice, he at length noted the absolute silence and loneliness of the place. Few birds, and none of them song-birds, appeared to brighten his way with their merry carols. No beast of any description crossed his path. Only a few snakes, brilliant orange and black reptiles, crept swiftly from one side of the road to the other, startling the rider as much by their hasty departure as by their sudden appearance. Up to this time the path, for the greater part, had led upwards; but now, the summit of the range reached, a rapid descent began. Dashing swiftly downward, his speed increasing with every revolution of the wheel, he sped on. On his right precipice fell share away to the valley six hundred feet below; on the left was a lesser fall of about twenty feet to the bottom of a natural basin; in front the path turned sharply to the left - What was to be done? Travelling at lightening speed he attempted to shoot the corner; but the fates were against him. The weight of a grip bore him slightly to the left, and an upturned root, seizing the hind wheel, swerved him from his course. Leaping a fallen tree, he plunged headlong downward, and, with a terrific crash landed on the rocks beneath. When he recovered his



senses, he thought his head and arm departed, but a strange sensation, borne by the nerves to the brain, convinced him that such was not the case. He found, however, that the front wheel of his bicycle *had* departed, and lay in shattered fragments on the ground.

Shortly after, a sort of covered stage, drawn by two horses, and occupied by a jolly farmer and his wife, appeared on the scene, and picked up the wanderer with the remains of his bicycle. Two miles from the scene of the disaster, a beautiful lake surrounded on all sides by majestic tree-clad mountains, appeared in sight. Rounding the shores of Lock Cameron, as the lake was called, the travellers reached a spring by the roadside, where they watered the horses and enjoyed the midday meal. During the entire afternoon, the horses plodded steadily on, the scenery becoming grander at every sweep of the road, which was, for the most part, so narrow, that teams could pass each other, only at intervals. A noticeable feature of the landscape, was a beautiful maiden-hair fern which, soft and delicate, and spreading out like the fingers of the hand, formed a perfect carpet of brilliant green.

At Little Oualicum, the climax of the scenery was reached. Here, winding through close masses of shrubbery, mingled with flowers of every description, rushed a streamlet, broken by little falls, cascades and rapids. The remainder of the drive lay through deep gloomy ravines, rendered still more gloomy by the approach of night. About six in the evening, the travellers reached Parksdale Hotel, the first house they had seen since early morning.

After a short rest, the youth declared his intention of setting out for Nanarino, thirty miles distant. One of the hotel boys on hearing this kindly loaned him a front wheel; but the wheel failing to fit properly, the wanderer was obliged to use it merely as a vehicle to carry his baggage. With both tires slung over the handlebars, he again pushed onward, obtaining shortly after his departure, a grand view of the Gulf of Georgia, on the East coast of Vancouver Island. As night closed in bears, and panthers made known their presence by the cries and growls which issued from the woods on either side of the road. Alarmed at first, he was inclined to increase his speed, but he soon regained his courage and continued on his way

whistling merrily. All night long he continued his walk, until at four o'clock he reached a wayside inn; but, alas for his expectation! it was crowded, and he was obliged to keep on his way. An hour later he entered Wellington, and attempted to secure a room at the hotel, but neither bell nor whistle could rouse the inmates; so, finding the door unlocked, he entered, unstrapped his Indian blanket, and lay down to sleep in the front parlor. Waking shortly after, cold and worn out, he proceeded elsewhere to look for quarters, and then for the first time, found that he was in a deserted town.

Wellington, once a large mining city, had, owing to the giving out of its mineral products, and the ensuing scarcity of work, become depopulated. Only a few houses still had tenants, and the broken shutters and dilapidated grounds, gave one the impression of a city of the dead. On the church steps a number of goats had taken up their abode. Despairing of getting any repose, the youth returned to his former lodging, meeting on his way, the only human creature he had seen in that desolate spot,—a broken down inebriate. Finding the inmates of Wellington House had arisen, he entered, made a hasty toilet and descended to breakfast. The meal finished, he walked over to the station, and secured a ticket to Nanarimo, six miles distant, where he intended to rest for a few days.

While awaiting the arrival of the train, he again wandered through the village, which bore a striking resemblance to the "Auburn" in Goldsmith's poem. Rusting mining machinery, broken timber work, ruined and deserted houses, met his gaze at every turn; grass grew in the streets, moss on the buildings. Whilst meditating on the scenes around him, the train arrived, and, gladly bidding farewell to the gruesome spot, he entered a car, and was borne swiftly towards Nanarimo, the great coal city of the West.

### The Sophette.

The last fortnight of the long summer holidays is passed in feverish eagerness to get back to college and compare notes with the other girls.

Off she starts, a tear in the eye that is toward home, and a smile on the off cheek in pleasant anticipation of what this year holds for her.



She enters the college on registration day as if she owned the whole place. She walks deliberately through the crowded hall, taking stock of the various new boys, and hoping that they will think she is a senior. She enters the waiting room, and what a commotion ensues, shrieks of delight, enthusiastic kisses, "you dear old thing! what kind of a time d' you have?" "Say how many new girls?" and like exclamations make themselves heard on the other side of the door.

The afternoon is spent at Teas' with "the girls." There she lays plans for bringing about the utter squelching of those new girls, who look as if they needed taking down; d' you catch onto their pompadors?" She trembles for the fate of the Delta Gamma, and indeed, of the whole college, if these new girls are not made to see who is "It"

She regards the Junior girls with unmixed hatred; can she forget last year? The Seniors are tolerated; "they're a pretty good lot, but of course, girls, they're not in it with us."

She patronizes the Freshettes, coming down from her pedestal occasionally, to entertain them with fairy tales about "our fellows" and "last year," the moral always being a vivid contrast between "last year" and "this," greatly to the disparagement of the latter.

She adorns herself upon all possible occasions with streamers of yellow and black. That is one of the hall-marks of the Sophette. She attends every foot ball-match, with a fine scorn for the new girls who stay at home to study. She labors under the belief that the Delta Gamma could not get on without her, and wouldn't miss a Sodales debate for anything.

Last year, an, "at home" was bliss unalloyed, this year she assumes a blase air which deceives no one but the Freshettes, and votes parties rather a bore. But at the same time, money wouldn't hire her to stay home from one.

Nothing is safe from her criticism; she attacks the Faculty, the graduating class, the foot ball team, the Gazette staff, with beautiful impartiality. But it is a privilege she permits to no one else, and which she never exercises in the presence of "out-siders." Just let some bold stranger venture an unkind criticism of anything connected with the college; Miss Sophette grows inches taller, her head lifts and her lip curls, while the atmosphere becomes of an Artic severity.

She is a very complacent young lady particularly in the period preceding the Christmas examinations. They usually have a very beneficial effect.

But Miss Sophette has another side. You do not find her absent from the Y. W. C. A. meetings. She attends church and goes to the Sunday afternoon lecture with the regularity of a clock. She hates mean things as she does the Juniors, and never tells a lie unless the interests of the college demands it. She may have fun at the expense of the Faculty,—all prominent people are more or less subject to criticism, but she never misses any lectures.

She is not a pleasant person to meet,—she never loses sight of herself,—but she is the stuff of which Seniors are made. And if you look beneath the external peculiarities, as the long-suffering Faculty are enabled to do, you will there find some strong character, which will reach the surface after awhile.

Then here's to the Sophette! She'll be a Senior in two years.

LU. MURRAY.

### Law Practice of To-day.

To a great many people, lawyers are a very dishonest and unscrupulous class of citizens.

This belief seems to be more or less general.

An impartial spectator goes into a courtroom and one of the very first questions to suggest itself to him is:—"Do the lawyers seek to bring forward and establish truth, or do they merely seek to win, irrespective of the merits or demerits of the case?"

If the former then the profession of law is conducive to the discovery of truth and the inculcation of the eternal principles of even-handed justice; but if the latter, then crookedness, falsehood and debasement are salient features in the practice of the profession.

These are the two main courses to be pursued and the course marks the lawyer.

Is it or is it not a fact that witnesses are sometimes not called because they are too honest and will speak the truth when the telling of the truth is not a desirable element to the winning of the suit?



"The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" may be dangerous for the success of his client and must be suppressed. If it cannot be stifled, so it must be distorted that you can scarcely recognize it.

If the truth will tend to bring about his own success the lawyer will fairly revel in it; but if not, then he will raise all sorts of objections to the opposing luminary presenting it.

Lawyers are, as a rule, honest and conscientious men, per se, but like all other mortals they dearly love victory.

Their clients expect them to be victorious, that is what makes them good lawyers in the eyes of the public.

Vanity is a quality that is to be found in all professions and walks in life. It is a disease and the person who is not afflicted is after all not much of a man. It is the degree that kills.

A witness enters the box. He swears to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

He is called for the plaintiff, say. He tells the truth, at least, we shall say that he does. Anyway his story is favorable to the plaintiff. The opposing lawyer wants him to tell a different story, and forthwith proceeds to cross-examine him. If you will notice, his entire efforts are in the direction of discrediting the witness and making him belie the story he told in his direct examination.

After all, this may be absolutely necessary. The man may have been telling a concocted story, and concocted stories seldom stand cross fire. If the witness does not tell the truth in the first instance he will, to some extent at least, in the second.

The lawyer asks those questions which, when answered to suit the examiner, will build up his case. That is patent. This may or may not be absolutely essential to the cause of truth and justice.

He watches the opposing counsel with eagle eye. He makes copious notes of the course of the examination and prepares to straighten out the twists and curves so that he may defeat his rival, enhance his own reputation and bring success to his client—a matter of secondary consideration perhaps.

The truth will be suppressed or brought to light as best suits the case, and the opposing counsel will do the very opposite.

It is a legal battle from beginning to end, and one in which the client stands as a goose ready to be plucked the moment the judgment is given.

To most people a lawyer is great according to the number of cases he has on the docket. The truly great and good lawyer is the one who keep his clients out of court, but it is hard to make the public believe this.

The legal profession is an honorable one, just as the pulpit or medicine is. It abounds with honest, upright and truthful men. You may expect the parasite. You can find him everywhere. But you cannot formulate a judgment on the whole by basing your opinions on the exception.

People will go to law. It seems a natural instinct. It may be to get even or in quest of revenge or from spite or petty spleen. They instruct their counsel. They expect him to win. Oftentimes they will impose and mislead their counsel in order to put their case in the most favorable and formidable light. When they lose, coals of fire are heaped upon the head of the lawyer who fought the case the best he knew and in the light which he hoped would bring success.

Is the administration of justice after all is said and done pretty much as the people make it?

M.—'00

### Nashville Convention.

The fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement is now a thing of the past, a very interesting page of history. But its influence on the thought and imagination of thousands of students will live forever. This Intercollegiate Organization is undoubtedly the most remarkable development of modern Christianity. It has roused the interest, stimulated the life, and enlarged the vision of almost every College and University in America and the British Empire.

On Wednesday morning Feb. 28th, scores of rushing trains were filled with student delegates from every part of the



continent were converging to the City of Nashville. The scene at Union Station was one of unusual interest and activity. It was a glorious day. The sun gleamed brightly from a clear cloudless sky. The air was light and bracing, and one felt that it was a bliss to be alive.

By noon the streets of Nashville were thronged with strangers. Every ten minutes a train arrived with a fresh quota of delegates. Now and then you heard the rah! rah! rah! of the new arrivals. Each delegate was decorated with ribbon and a walking advertisement of his or her Alma Mater. We all felt that we were welcomed at Nashville. On every side we saw streaming banners on which were written the comforting word "welcome." The First Presbyterian Church made doubt on this score impossible by erecting a large sign with this inscription,—“Welcome to our hearts, our homes, our churches.”

Sharp at 3 p. m. in the Ryman Auditorium, John R. Mott rose to address the largest and most representative student gathering that ever assembled. He called upon the audience to rise and sing “All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name.” Then from eight thousand hearts arose this sublime song of Victory. Then followed two inspiring addresses from John R. Mott and Robert Speer. These addresses struck the keynote of the Convention. It was no uncertain sound but a stirring appeal to enter the modern crusade, and so make possible the realization of the Student Volunteer Movements’ Watchword—“The Evangelization of the World in this Generation.”

The Nashville Convention was thoroughly cosmopolitan. Nearly every nation of the earth was represented. Three thousand and sixty students, two hundred and eighty six professors were present representing seven hundred institutions of higher learning in America and Europe. In addition to this, there were present one hundred and forty three missionaries from twenty six different mission lands. The students were not all theologs, as some are inclined to think. On the contrary, they represented Medicine, Law, Science, Arts, Engineering, Mining, Technical Schools, and Military Colleges. Such was the composition of the Nashville Conference which

took for its watchword—“The Evangelization of the world in this Generation.” What might we not expect from a movement with such a personell.

Already more than three thousand Volunteers have gone to the front of battle to win the world for Christ. Will you have a share in the victory?

Some of the world’s ablest and most distinguished orators were there urging a speedy occupation of the world for Christ. Impressions have been made that will last as long as does this memory. We all received spiritual benefit and moral stimulus, and a new and intelligent vision of the world’s need. The Student Volunteer Movement has brought new life, inspiration and energy into the leading colleges of the world.

R. M.

### The Alumni Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association will be held in the St. Julian Parlor of the Halifax Hotel, on Wednesday evening, 25th April, at 8 o’clock.

After the transaction of the business of the Association, His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Fraser of the class of ’72, will deliver an address on “Dalhousie Reminiscences.”

The Graduating Classes will be guests of the Halifax Alumni at a supper immediately after the close of the meeting. Tickets will be \$1.50 each, and may be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer at any time before the date of meeting.

The programme of Convocation Week is as follows:—

- |            |           |  |
|------------|-----------|--|
| SUNDAY,    | 22 April. | —Baccalaureate Sermon, 7 p. m.   |
| MONDAY,    | 23 “      | —Graduating Classes’ Dinner, 8. p. m.  |
| TUESDAY,   | 24 “      | —Examination results announced, 11 a. m.<br>Class Reunions, 4 p. m.<br>General Students’ “At Home”, 8 p. m.                        |
| WEDNESDAY, | 25 “      | —Class Day Exercises 3 p. m., School for the Blind.—Speaker Rev. Dr. Armitage.<br><b>Annual Meeting Alumni Association 8 p. m.</b> |
| THURSDAY,  | 26 “      | —Convocation 3 p.m., (Admission by ticket)<br>Halifax Alumni and Graduating Classes’<br>“At Home” 8 p. m.                          |



Notice of this meeting is sent to all Alumni whose addresses are known, in the hope that all not yet enrolled will embrace the opportunity of doing so. The membership fee is \$2.00. There has been an increase in membership of 60 during the present year.

Railways will give return tickets at one fare (provided ten or more attend the meeting by their respective lines). Members should get Standard certificates, which, when signed by the Secretary-Treasurer, will give them a free return.

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

### Class Re-union.

CLASS OF '99—A Re-union meeting of the Class of '99, Arts, will be held in the Munro Room, Dalhousie College on the morning of Tuesday, the 24th of April, at ten o'clock. Every member of the class is requested to make a special effort to be present, as this is the first meeting for five years. The class letter will be read, and important business transacted.

J. A. H. ANDERSON, *President.*

### The Debate.

For a full account of the inter-collegiate debate at Mount Allison our readers will have to wait for our next issue. Dalhousie was superior in argument, but inferior in presentation, and Dr. Ian Hannah; summing up gave Mount Allison 62 points and Dalhousie 60. Messrs N. R. Craig, Law 07; J. W. Margeson, Law 08; and R. A. Watson, Arts 06 were the representatives of the yellow and black, and they supported the affirmative side of the following resolution:—"Resolved that the present system of trial by judge and jury is preferable to trial by judge alone." Our men, although victory was not theirs, deserve a good deal of credit for the good showing they made, and for the thoroughness with which they entered into their work. Of the treatment accorded them at Mount Allison they speak in the highest terms.

### College Notes.

Y. M. C. A.—The Sunday afternoon lecture course was brought to close on Sunday March 18th when Mr. Justice Fraser, in an eminently practical address, spoke of the "Qualities of the Ideal Student." Such a student, the lecturer said, will possess first of all, physical equilibrium. A well-balanced physical constitution is necessary for the best mental development. Intellectual modesty, a moderate estimate of ones own ability is also a quality which the ideal student will possess, while personal independence, moral conviction and mental certainty are qualities which he must never lack. These various traits of character were dwelt upon in a most interesting manner, which was much appreciated by the audience. President Forrest, who occupied the chair, thanked Judge Fraser on behalf of the audience for his address.

SODALES.—The regular annual meeting of the Society was held on Friday, March 30th. The officers for the year 1906-1907 were chosen as follows:—*President*, H. S. Patterson; *Vice-President*, E. C. McKenzie; *Secretary-Treasurer*, J. H. Prowse; *Executive*, W. P. Grant, R. O. Shatford, W. S. Lindsay, and N. R. Craig. Mr. G. Farquhar was chosen to represent Dalhousie on the Intercollegiate Debating Committee.

ARTS AND SCIENCE STUDENTS' SOCIETY.—The Society met on Friday, March 16th, for election of officers for next year. The following were elected:—*President*, G. D. Finlayson; *Vice-President*, L. Saunders; *Secretary*, E. A. Munro; *Executive Committee*, Messrs Prowse, Kemp and McLeod.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.—On Tuesday evening, March 27th Mr. W. B. McKenzie, Chief Engineer of the I. C. R., addressed the Society on "Qualities necessary for the successful Engineer." In opening, Mr. McKenzie pointed out the advantages which the engineers of to-day have in a thorough theoretical training in technical schools. Yet theoretical knowledge is not all that is necessary. The successful engineer must be capable of independent thinking and reasoning, while energy and industry are indispensable. So that while a young man may leave college with all that is to be desired in the form of



the theory of his profession, yet his future success will depend on his individual qualities and his ability to educate himself in the practical work in which he is engaged. At the close of the lecture, the thanks of the meeting was extended to Mr. McKenzie. Vice-President, T. G. McKenzie occupied the chair.

### A Toast to the Class of '06.

Here's to the class of "naughty six,"  
Let us drink to them deep and long.  
To those who shall live for aye, and fix  
Their names in a nation's song.

Their duty they'll do, and all the rest  
For Defendant, Plaintiff and King.  
Until to the regions of the blest  
Their destined course they shall wing.

And time on their noble brows shall fix  
Her undying laurels of fame.  
While beneath the magic "naughty six"  
We shall read each Angel's name.

Then here's to the class of "Naughty six,"  
Let us drink to them deep and long.  
To those who shall live for aye, and fix  
Their names in a nation's song.

### Personals.

G. S. Stairs, Dalhousie's first Rhodes Scholar, is captain of the Oxford hockey team, which is composed of Canadian students. The *London Times* of March 22nd contains an account of two games the team played with Prince's Club of London. The first game was won by Prince's 8-4, but Oxford won out in the second match by a score of 4-3.

Dr. A. Ross Hill, '92 and Mrs. Hill (Miss Baxter, '91) visited Halifax lately. Dr. Hill has obtained four months leave of absence, and is on his way to Europe, seeking to recover from the effects of injuries sustained in a railway wreck. He has the GAZETTE's best wishes for his speedy return to health.

M. F. Eagar, LL. B. '05, was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia on April 6th.

The marriage took place at Victoria B. C., of Edward B. Cogswell of Macdonald, McKinnon & Cogswell of Edmonton, and Miss Jennie Ross, M. A., Harvard, B. A., Dalhousie, '95.

### Among our Exchanges.

For the past few years, the question of education has been very prominently before the public eye in this province.

The trend of opinion seems to be that a re-organization of the system is needed, and this particularly in view of the conspicuous part played in our affairs by technical education. The Queen's University Journal for March, contains the address of Dr. Watson, delivered in February at the Toronto Alumni dinner, along the line of organizations. He recommends that some such improvement be effected as would bring the whole teaching profession into direct contact with the work and ideals of the University. The University exists for the diffusion and discovery of truth, but of these two functions our Canadian Universities have been mainly occupied with the former. The work done in them is, to a considerable extent, merely a continuation of the work done in the High Schools, with the result that the energies of our University teachers are, to a very large extent, expended in teaching what is already known.

On "Reading," *The Trinity University Review* says:

"To one who has tasted the joys which good literature bestows, there could be no punishment more terrible than a total deprivation of books. With good books one is never lonely. They amuse us in leasure, console us in sorrow, and provide us with constant friends who will never bore us, and who yet will never fail us at need. With good health and good books one may face with equanimity the multitudinous ills to be met with in the valley of this world. With good books alone one may patiently endure them."

"Party Politics in Nova Scotia," is the subject of a very interesting article in a March number of the *Suburban*, by Dr. Ira McKay. Dr. McKay argues that while an elector may entertain a decided view with respect to federal politics, it is no reason why he should adhere to the tenets of the same party in provincial affairs. The two parliaments are distinct entities.



The following from the *Ottawa Campus*, (Kansas) will be of interest to the students who propose contributing short stories to next year's GAZETTE:—

The first thing for the successful story-writer to consider, is, whether or not the episode which is chosen as the backbone of the story is of sufficient importance to be worth relating. The trouble with a great many stories is, that the incidents about which they center are so trivial that they cannot interest the reader. The novel and short-story have not the same requirements, yet there is one particular in which they are alike; both must be transcripts from life—real, representative life, in order to be worth while. A good story may be, and often is, spoiled by being thrown together in a loose, disjointed style, but it seems to us that more short-stories "fall-flat" because the writer has failed to get clearly in his mind a picture of real life than for any other reason. In order to improve the short-story give us the type of college men and women who think, who see life as it is; who get all the details in their true relationship so that they know what is of vital importance and what is not.

Says the St. John's *Collegian*:—

We would sound a clarion call to our young men to join in a holy crusade against the infidelity and materialistic tendencies of modern life. This can be done not so much by talking, urging or coercing, as by the moral beauty of conduct, and by fitting ourselves by reading and study to make a strong presentation of the truth, put forth a powerful indictment against unbelief, show the beauty and power of the Catholic faith in a way that will reveal how necessary it is in the life of the man who aspires to what is high and noble. Good example, mark you, is the magnet that will draw, the loadstone of attraction, the agency that will best publish the Divine Word.

Discussing the importance of Collegiate Training, the *Argosy* observes:—

The success or failure of a college course depends entirely on the man. He has the privilege of taking as much as he desires out of his collegiate life. There is the pass and the honor mark, and each represents a distinct class of individuals. Again the student must have learned to know himself, which is the fundamental value of all study. How many wrecked lives are strewn along the "sands of time" through ignorance in this respect! They have not learned their own defects and capabilities; they endeavor to emulate others, and soaring too high, like Icarus, come to grief. When one has fully

recognized his own capabilities and what is most beneficial to him, he has learned something most valuable indeed. Seeing his true position he must be self-confident, yet not pedantic; persevering yet not arrogant; and emulative without servile imitation. From a true perception of himself the student receives a better idea of mankind in general. He learns to look on human nature "not with telescope reversed," but "hearing oft the still sad music of humanity." His ideas are thus widened and he becomes more cosmopolitan.

Other Exchanges:— *The Student*, *King's College Record*, *The Presbyterian*, *Acta Victoriana*, *The Manitoba College Journal*, *The Intercollegian*, *The Educational Review*, *The McMaster University*.

### Dallusiensia.

Latin II.—M-cl-d, R., translating; "*murem captum vendere*:"  
"He sold the head of a moose."

In French I. G-h-rty, translating. "He caught the rogue."  
Dr. L.: "Feminine, feminine."  
G-h-rty! "He caught the rogue-ess."

Arch- in English I.: "This one is primarily a love-poem."  
Mr. Fr-m-n, will you give the interpretation of it?"

One of a crowd of boys: "Well, who'll get word about this to the girls? Can you, Bung?"  
Bung: "Yes, easily."

In Greek I: "What is the regular correctative of mev, Mr. M-lc-lm?"  
M-lc-lm, awaking from a reverie: "Woman, Sir."

Some one said the best way to manage a husband is "to feed the brute." This receipt must have been in the mind of freshman Arm-t-ge, when, on hearing a comment upon the large number of girls taking a College Education, he remarked: "Goodness me! Why don't they take Domestic Science instead? It's more useful."

W-lt-r.—"Would the idea of an avalanche be one of sublimity or terror?"  
Voice—"Depends upon where you are."



Tutor in Latin I—"One of the sentences handed in read,— 'I would die for such a man.' Needless to say it was handed in by a lady."

The "jolly junior" and the "saucy sophomore" who scared out the Freshman-constitution committee-meeting are still waiting for their cigars. Chorus: "Never mind Freshies, etc."

Mose presided at a baptizing, and, as usual, electrified his audience by a roaring, eloquent sermon, freely interspersed with Latin (?) words. At last, with a dramatic sweep of his arms towards the river, where a few believers were soon to be immersed, he cried out in stentorian tones:

"Quo vadis, mah bradern and sistahs? I says onto yo' unless you be 'marged in de aqua fortis ob baptism yo' shall be lost ad infinitum fo' ebah.

Dr. F—: (Lecture on Free Trade and Protection.)

"Why do we find barrels of English Confectionary jumping over a fence thirty feet high and competing with the goods inside?"

VERY SAD.

The weeping father and mother was bidding their only son good bye.

A tear stood in the eye, but there was no faltering in the resolution that expressed itself in every line of his brave young face.

"You are going, Harry," said his mother, "among scenes of carnage, destruction—even death. Do not, my son, I beg of you, forget the lessons I have tried to instill into your mind from your earliest childhood."

"I will not, mother," he answered, pale but undaunted. "Cheer up! I have a feeling that I shall return alive."

Kissing her affectionately, and wringing his father's hand, he tore himself away and was gone.

To war?

Ah no. More terrible than that. He was about to enter collage as a freshman.—Ex.

THE LONG-WINDED LAWYER.

A writer who was fond of anathematizing the long-winded methods of lawyers once perpetrated the following—"If a

man were to give another an orange he would merely say, "I give you this orange." But when the transaction is entrusted to a lawyer to put into writing, he adopts this form. 'I hereby give, grant, and convey to you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, claim, and advantage of and in the said orange, together with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same orange or give the same away as fully and effectively as I the said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange or give the same away, with or with its rind, skin, juice pulp and pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind so ever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

SCENE MOSS'S STUDIO.

Photographer ready with his camera waiting for his subject who is in the dressing room—sorting out neckties. At last he made a selection, carefully arranged his hair to hide the growing bald spot and out he marches. He seats himself pompously but naturally.

Phot.—"Are you ready Dr. D-v-ie?"

The Dr.—"Er! well! I may say, yes. How do I look?"

Phot.—"Perfectly distinguished and intelligent,"

The Dr.—(*Much flattered*) "Yes! er—um So I think too. Snap her then!"

Phot.—"Good! Now, just look this way for the next negative."

The Dr.—"Er—just hold on a minute till I shift this tie. Going to try a four-in-hand this time."

Phot.—(*Much astonished*.) "Oh! of course, Dr."—

(*Exit the Dr. for dressing-room. He returns again in half an hour.*)

The Dr.—"Think I'm looking pretty fit now, Sir? I flatter myself that this will be more in accord with my dignity."

Phot.—(*Bowing low*) "Look this way now, Dr.; steady! there! all's done."

The next sitting was with a fluff; the following with a white "Ascot"



"Then came the grand finale.

Phot.—"Now, Dr. this is the last.

The Dr.—(very excited) "Well er—excuse me! I think I'll just arrange a few little points, being as it is the last chance. It would never do not to look my best.

(Exit for dressing-room.)

In Metaphysics on last day of lectures. Walter, pointing to a black board an which was Masson's diagram of Milton's conception of space in Paradise Lost; "Well, we started here (pointing to 'Heaven') with a little hope, soon we got into 'Chaos' and I guess the next will be—Mhm."

### **Business Notices.**

Ten numbers of the GAZETTE are issued during the college year.

Subscription price, one dollar.

Address literary communications to the Editor in Chief business communications to the Business Manager.

The business Manager makes an earnest appeal to all students who have not yet paid to do so as soon as possible. Otherwise, he hopes they will never see their name on the first class list again.

### **Acknowledgments.**

F. W. Taylor, M. D., \$3.00; Miss Helen Marshall, Rev. M. A. MacKinnon, E. E. Jordan, M. A., D. D. MacCurdy, \$2.00 each; N. G. Campbell, W. Patton, F. E. Boudrean, B. A., Miss E. MacInnis, B. A., Miss Patterson, Miss Chase, Miss M. Murray, Rev. J. Carruthers, Rev. W. F. Ross, Prin. W. T. Kennedy, M. L. Fraser, \$1.00 each.