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The Dalhousie Gazette.

"ORA ET LABORA."

Vol. XXXVII. HALIFAX, N. S., APRIL 18, 1905. No. 8.

Editorial.

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The result aimed at by the imposition of the recent drastic measures has been pretty well obtained, but as a consequence the spirit of the students has been seriously aggrieved. The reason for this is plain. There is not in the spirit which

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The result aimed at by the imposition of the recent drastic measures has been pretty well obtained, but as a consequence the spirit of the students has been seriously aggrieved. The reason for this is plain. There is not in the spirit which

prompts "scrims" etc., anything purposely inimicable to the well-being of the College. It is a matter between classes, and under proper conditions will remain so. Therefore, from the point of view of the ordinary fun-seeking student, who is not consciously acting contrary to the interests of the University, the uncompromising severity of the Senate is unreasonable. As a consequence there exists an undesirable feeling of dissatisfaction, not only among the classes which feel the effects of the prohibitory measures directly, but widespread among all classes in the University. The feeling has made itself amply manifest in a series of retaliatory actions, directed against the Faculty, which would meet with strong disapproval from the majority of college men under other circumstances.

Dalhousians do not want unrestrained freedom. There is not any reason to doubt that uncontrolled rioting in the halls would meet with as severe disapproval from the general student body as it would from the Faculty. A reasonable amount of liberty in the matter of class scrims may, perhaps, bring with it some ill results both immediate and local, but a policy which tends to narrow unduly the scanty life at Dalhousie may be fraught with greater and farther reaching evil. It cannot be a good thing to alienate the affections of the students from the college or to weaken the bond which should bind faculty and students together in sympathy with the work for which the University is designed. Dalhousie cannot afford to do so, for she is to a large extent advertised by her students and graduates, and at the present critical time when she is establishing new departments she needs the good will and enthusiastic support of all her members in order that the youth of our provinces may be brought to take up her courses. Any policy, therefore, which is directly contrary to the general trend of student thought needs, at least, very careful consideration before being firmly persisted in lest an injury far greater than the one it seeks to avert may be brought about.

Consistent with the maintenance of high scholarship, to which she is committed, Dalhousie needs an increase in her amusement, social life and work so that a more general and lasting attachment to the college may take the place of the

narrower attachments students of necessity form, which allows the larger interests to be overlooked and thus the enthusiasm for the college to die out. It will take only a little observation to bring home the truth of these statements.

In dealing with this matter the GAZETTE is simply endeavoring to present the subject from the standpoint of the students, believing that the more there is in common in the point of view of the governed and the governors the easier it will be to obtain the harmony essential to the general welfare of both.

Appeals by individual members of the Faculty are frequently made to upper class men to use their influence in suppressing objectionable practices. If this principle were carried farther and a reasonable agreement arrived at between the Senate and the University Students Council, the responsibility for proper conduct would be felt by the whole student body. Regulations and limitations suggested by the wisdom of the Senate and supported and enforced by the Council would have the sanction and support of all. Thus most, if not all, the friction between students and faculty would be abolished; and the present system of identification and punishment of culprits, which tends to lessen the respect and good feeling which aught to exist between professor and student, would be practically impossible. In view of our increasing numbers and changing conditions, some better system is essential to peace and progress.

Dalhousie's Novelist.

"The following tribute to the late Professor De Mille appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for January, in the "Editor's Study": Most of De Mille's novels were published by Harpers; but it is still remarkable that such a notice should appear so many years after his death. Can it be from the pen of some old student? The writer seems to have intimate knowledge and yet he makes a slip or two; for example, the motives for writing, and the title of his posthumous novel.

"The number of books produced by some authors—authors, too, worth reading—seems like a miracle, making upon us an impression such as we receive from the endless disclosure of

new letters written by Washington. A notable instance of this kind of surprise was that offered by Professor James De Mille, who during his later years wrote a number of romances for his own amusement, and put them aside with no thought of publication. But one day he let one of them out into the world, under the title of "Card and Creese," which was published as the first serial novel in *Harper's Bazaar;* and from that time to his death, at the age of forty-three, these romances, full of exquisite humor and romantic adventure, followed each other in rapid succession. Then, we thought, the delightful course was run; but, behold, a posthumous series was brought to light, discovered in unsuspected hiding-places, one after another, and eagerly availed of by his old publishers. At length it seemed that the limit had been reached; but years after the writer had passed away, a new novel was discovered, "A Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," the greatest of the author's works, deserving to rank as a classic. The writer who did all these thiugs so easily, incidentally producing an excellent work on Rhetoric and attending regularly to his duties as professor in Dalhousie College, undoubtedly had genius, and probably he was as much of a marvel as a reader, absorbing the best books of his own time and of the past without apparent effort."

A Memory

At Shadow-Tide, when day on silent wing
  Slips from the lawns, and broods the ev'ning hush;
  When sleeps the woodland, saving where the brush
Sweeps slowly, while a nest with gentle swing
Beats time where sweet bird-lovers softly sing;
  While still the West enfolds its tender flush,
  Then to my eyes the scalding tear drops rush
And things of long ago their shadows fling.
Then gently do those dear remembered hills
  And cots that in their mighty bosoms nest
And blue up-curling smoke and babbling rills
  Unfold a land—I knew—with love—light blest;
Dear land of sweet content, where pleasure thrills,
'Tis long since I have missed thee from my breast.

T.

The College Coat of Arms.

In a certain famous account of Iceland, the chapter headed "Snakes in Iceland" consisted of the words, "There are no snakes in Iceland."

Similarly an article on the College Coat of Arms may not improperly begin, "The College has no Coat of Arms."

This statement may come as a surprise to those who are accustomed to see the Arms on the cover of the GAZETTE, on the College seal and elsewhere. There is no doubt at all that for many years—in fact probably from within a few years of its foundation—the College has *used* the Arms with which we are all familiar; and to those unacquainted with the origin and meaning of Armorial Bearings this may seem to imply a title to their possesion at the present day.

The fact is, however, that a Coat of Arms—even now—is, in English law, a piece of tangible personal property.

Mr. Justice Chitty, in the High Court of Justice of England Chancery Division, recently ruled in a case (Austen v. Collins) concerning the legality of a Coat of Arms assumed and borne voluntarily by a family who had no other right to it than the fact that they had used it for many years: "A Coat of Arms "descended as an Estate of Inheritance, A man could not of "himself create or grant an Estate of Inheritance to himself. "It was therefore plain that a mere voluntary assumption of a "Coat of Arms was not enough, but that a properly authorized "grant—*i. e.*, a grant by the Herald's College—was essential." —(Vide London *Times*, May 6, 1888.)

So that a Coat of Arms being, not only personal property, but an "Estate of Inheritance," it cannot be given away by its owner.

My reason for mentioning this point is that there is a tradition, which may be perfectly reliable, that the Founder sanctioned the use of his Arms by the College. Suppose, as a parallel case, that the owner of an entailed estate allowed another person to occupy it—as, indeed, is often done at the present day. It is very obvious that at his death the rights of the occupier to his occupation of it cease absolutely, except he make another and similar arrangement with the new inheritor

for no owner of an inalienable property can convey any rights to it that shall last longer than his own lifetime.

Consequently the Founder of the College, even had he wished, could no more have *given* it his own Arms than he could have transferred to it his title of Earl.

But just as the title of Earl, though it cannot be given away by its possessor, can be granted to a man by the Sovereign, so a Coat of Arms can be granted to a person or to a Corporation —such as a College—by the Herald's College, who act for the Sovereign, the sole fountain of rank.

That no such grant ever has been obtained by the College is patent at the first glance, from the fact that it bears Arms which belong to someone else; for Arms, being in their very nature a distinction, in *both* senses of the word, it is one of the first and most radical principles of Heraldry, and one, indeed which has been maintained in law-suit after law-suit, that no two persons may or can bear exactly the same Coat of Arms.

The Herald's College, had they been asked, would certainly have refused to grant to any person or Corporation a Coat of Arms which was—and still is—the inalienable property of the Earl of Dalhousie for the time being, coming to each Earl in succession from his immediate predecessor.

The Ramsays, Earls of Dalhousie, are an exceedingly ancient and distinguished family, tracing their descent as they do, without a break, to Simon de Ramsay of Dalhousie in Lothian, mentioned as a witness to a church grant in 1140. Their Barony—Ramsay of Dalhousie—dates to 1619, and their Earldom from 1633, both in the Peerage of Scotland.

A Barony of the United Kingdom was conferred on the 9th Earl in 1816, for his bravery in the Waterloo campaign, but this became extinct on the death of the 11th Earl, by the failure of the direct line, as also did the Marquisate conferred on the 10th Earl for his distinguished services as Governor-General of India.

The Earl of Dalhousie now takes his seat in the British House of Peers by virtue of the English Barony of Ramsay, conferred in 1875.

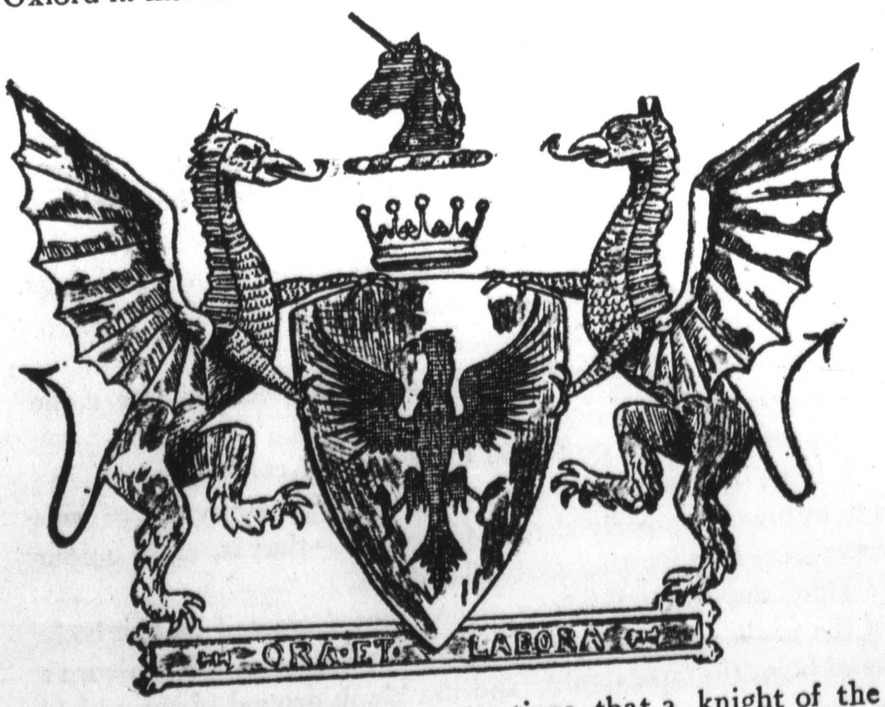
The annals of the family are adorned, generation after generation, with the names of great men, hard fighters, loyal servants of the King, and able statesmen.

The Arms borne by the Earl of Dalhousie as head of the noble house of Ramsay are certainly not as ancient as his lineage, for Heraldry, in the modern sense of the word, does not seem to have been introduced into the British Isles from France until the end of the 12th century—and then only in a very disorganized and hap-hazard state—and we do not find any evidence of royal control of it until 1317.

The importance attached to Heraldry and the bearing of Arms is shewn continually throughout English History.

At the Battle of Bannockburn, for instance, the last of the DeClares came to his death from neglecting to display his Coat of Arms, for he was slaughtered as a person of no account, when, had he been recognized, he would have been considered a valuable prisoner and held to ransom.

In the same way the loss of the Battle of Barnet was attributed to the similarity between the King's cognizance—a sun—and that of John de Vere, Earl of Oxford—a star with streamers—in consequence of which the Earl of Warwick charged Oxford in mistake for the King.



Froissart, in his Chronicles, mentions that a knight of the Scrope family could hardly be restrained from murdering a prisoner because he bore the same Arms as himself; and more

than once English noblemen have been beheaded for high-treason as a result of quartering the Royal Arms on their shields, this action being considered as equivalent to making a claim to the throne.

The Arms of the Earl of Dalhousie, as used by the College, consist of five separate and distinct parts—the shield, the coronet, the crest, the supporters and the motto. To render it complete there might also be introduced the helmet and the mantling. However, these five parts together constitute the Earl's "Achievement of Arms," or "Heraldic Achievement."

It will be noticed that I have hitherto referred to the entire "achievement" as a "Coat of Arms," but it is, strictly speaking, incorrect to do so, and I have done it to simplify matters for the reader. Properly, the Coat of Arms is only the shield, with the design on it. The achievment is thus blazoned—that is described in heraldic language:—

Argent—an eagle dislayed, sable, beaked and membered gules.

Coronetted for an Earl.

Crest—A unicorn's head couped, azure, maned and armed or.

Supporters—Two griffins proper.

Motto—Ora et labora.

For the benefit of those not familiar with the Norman, French jargon with which heraldry is so plentifully besprinkled-this may be rendered into ordinary language as follows:—

On a white (silver) shield, a black eagle, wings and legs outstretched, beak and claws red.

Above the shield a Earl's coronet.

Crest—A blue unicorn's head, cut off at the neck, its mane and horn gold.

Supporters—Two griffins in their natural colours.

I have made to go with this article a drawing of this achievement, properly shaded for colour—that is, each colour represented by its own particular lines.

Thus, the perpendicular and horizontal crossed on the body of the eagle signify black, the horizontal lines in the unicorn's head blue, the spots gold, and the blank ground of the shield white (or silver) and so on.

The shield itself is eloquent of antiquity, because of its simplicity. At first sight it may seem strange that the less

there is on a shield the more valuable it should be as a distinction; but a little reflection will shew that the earliest shields were naturally exceedingly simple—a single animal or bird, or stripe for the charge—and seldom more than two colours used.

As years went by, of course, it became necessary to put more and more elaborate designs on the shields of new-made knights or esquires, as all the simple ones had already been taken up and belonged to some one else.

The fact too of such a royal bird as the eagle having been allowed to the Ramsays speaks volumes for the prowess of the family.

We find a shield entirely similar, save that the ground is gold instead of silver, in a roll of arms dating from 1275, as the shield of the King of Germany.

Compare the simplicity of this ancient and distinguished shield with the arms granted to a modern peer—Lord Strathcona, for instance—and the difference will be found very striking.

Supporters are at the present day a mark of nobility. It is not clearly understood exactly how they originated. One theory is that they took their rise from the ornaments introduced at the side of the shield by the seal engravers. Under the Tudor Sovereigns many of the rank of simple knight used them, as Luttrel, and Stanhope, but now they are only granted to Peers, Knights Grand Cross of the Bath and Star of India, Knights of the Garter, Baronets of Nova Scotia, and some corporations.

In Scotland they are used by heads of clans.

The griffin here used is of couse a fabulous monter—dragon to his waist and lion below.

The coronet, of course, marks the noble's exact rank in the Peerage.

The crest, though a later development in Heraldry than the Coat of Arms, is a necessary adjunct to a Coat of Arms, for though crests have been granted without Arms, no Arms, are granted to persons without crests. The earliest crests were, of course, derived from the ornaments that the armoured horsemen wore on their battle helmets.

These four—shield, coronet, supporters and crest—are all strictly hereditary.

The motto, on the other hand, is not hereditary of necessity though it is now, and has been for a long time, customary for a son to take the same motto as his father bore. The use of mottos is traced to the ancient battle-cry with which each knight or noble urged on his own men.

The oldest coats have no mottos, or at least none of the same age as the shield, though most of them have had mottos supplied by the taste of some descendant, as in this instance. The motto of the Earl of Dalhousie, from its nature and language, can hardly be earlier than the 18th century, when pious Latin mottos were much in fashion, while the shield probably dates from the 14th.

Another thing which suggests an event later period for this motto is the fact that it is placed under the shield, whereas it is a peculiarity of Scotch Heraldry that right up into the 19th century the mottos were placed over the crest on a narrow ribbon, instead of below the supporters, as in English coats.

To return, however, to the subject of the College Coat of Arms:—

There is not the slightest doubt that the College could easily, and at slight expense, obtain a Coat of Arms of its own should it wish to put itself on a regular and legal footing in the matter, and, in all likelihood, a coat approximating to the one it now uses.

As a Corporation it can bear a shield, with supporters and a motto (for choice those of its founder), but without a coronet and properly without a crest, since a Corporation cannot have a head on which to place the one or a helmet on which to display the other Whereas a Corporation can, and in ancient times very generally did, use and display its corporate device, on banners and buildings, whence the custom arose of granting coat armour to cities, colleges, etc.

As an extreme instance of such a grant the famous Bridge of Bideford, North Devon, England, may be mentioned, which is even to this day a Corporation and bears Arms of its own right.

The Arms of the Founder should certainly figure in those of the College. Nearly all the Colleges and Universities of Oxford and Cambridge bear shields containing the whole or

part of their Founders' Arms, differenced in some way, or, at any rate, bearing some allusion to the Founders' Arms.

As an example of allusion, I may instance King's College, Cambridge, founded by Henry VI in 1441, which bears one lion and one fleur-de-lys from the royal Arms of England, which then quartered the French lilies.

As an instance of the other method, Queens' College, of the same University, founded in 1448 by Margaret of Anjou, bears the entire royal shield of its foundress differenced by a border of green round the shield.

At the end of this article will be found three shields which I have drawn not as a suggestion, but to shew how easily a suitable and beautiful Coat could be designed, bearing allusion not only to the founder, but to the province or city as well.

The centre one of these shields is the Coat of the founder differenced by having an Earl's coronet borne, not as before above the shield, but on a chief gules as a charge, and part of the shield.

That on the left consists of the founder's Arms impaling those of the knights baronet of Nova Scotia; and that on the right the same with the Arms of the province substituted for the knights baronet Arms.

I have omitted supporters and motto from all for want of space.

I feel bound to say, before I close this article, already too long, that the College is not the only, or by any means the worst wearer of borrowed plumes in Nova Scotia.

Another University in this province has committed wholesale armorial peculation; quartering as it does on its shield the Royal Arms (the absolute personal property of Sovereign!) the Arms of Oxford University, which is surely quite unconscious of this unwarranted use of its Coat! those of the Knights Baronet of Nova Scotia, and finally the Arms of the Anglican Bishopric of Nova Scotia.

Even the province itself, so widespread and almost official is the ignorance of such matters, uses as its own, Arms which if they ever belonged to it certainly do not belong to it at the present time, being the Arms granted to the Knights Baronet of the province to be borne on an escutcheon of pretense or a canton in their own shields, as a symbol of their

dignity. The real Arms of the province is that coat by which it is represented in the Great Seal of Canada and on the Canadian flag.

In conclusion I may say that ignorance of heraldry is not only no crime, but perhaps even an advantage; and at any rate is to be expected in a country which has almost succeeded in eliminating rank and distinctions of rank from those things which are to be considered as of importance. But at the same time it might be remembered that is is not compulsory for any one, man or corporation, to use Arms under these circumstances, but *if* they are to be used let them be such as are suitable, and for choice, such as cannot be claimed as the property of anyone else.—Reprint from GAZETTE Vol. XXXV No 7.

G. M. ACKLOM.

Sonnets on Japan.

E. BLACKADDER.

THE LESSON AND THE WONDER.

And thus it is that modern war first speaks
  Her full voiced thunder, foremost makes essay
  Of newest engin'ry of fatal fray
And death shafts latest fashioned, where first breaks
Dawn o'er the slumbrous East; for there awakes
  An ancient race, by insult brought to bay
  And centuried wrongs, with fierce resistless sway
To smite the robber whilst his prey he seeks!
But yesterday thou wert the quaint, fair land
  Of mystic legend, hoar antiquity,
  A world of eld surviving all thy peers:
Today a warrior mailed we see thee stand;
  A titan who hath reaped in decades three
  The ripened harvest of two thousand years.

THE WAR BEGINS.

Strike! for the world's heart throbs in sympathy!
  Strike hard and home at the perfidious foe
  Who robbed thee half a score of years ago
Of all the fruits of hard won victory
Against heroic odds! Thy foe is she
  The palm who proffers when she means to kill,
  Keeper of compacts at compulsions will,
Faithless to all things save necessity.
Strike! though thou bow to other shrines than ours
  Yet Christendom knows thee a champion true
  Of liberty confronting the fell powers
Of freedom's antichrist: in open view
  Of all mankind, go Davidlike and smite
  The treaty scorner proving right is might.

PORT ARTHUR FALLS.

Tis done! tis done! the fateful hour is here.
  That foe, despised and scorned but yesterday,
  Though death in every form denied the way
Hath gained the giant hold that without peer
Frowned threatening all the Orient hemisphere.
  Nor mount, nor battlement, nor thunder play
  Of thousand cannon aught availed to stay
The leaguers' irresistible career.
Heroic the defence, and long deferred
  The destined doom which to the world hath shown
  The proud Caucasian can no longer claim
Preeminence in arms; the east is stirred,
  The trumpet of an epoch new hath blown,
  Old Asia reasserts her ancient fame.

The Quality of Romance.

Romance, in the wealth and breadth of its suggestiveness, eludes all definitions. In our search for the romantic, definitions may guide us on our way, but they are blind guides, and cannot tell us what there is to see. The unusual, the extravagant, and the strange, are not in themselves romantic, nor does the quality of romance reside in the grandeur or importance of the theme; Crusoe—the very pith of romance—is yet of all yarns the most detailed and the most matter of fact. The quality of romance is subjective, and may be occasioned, not only by 'old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago', but by any objects whatsoever. For Stevenson, in love with 'the

incommunicable thrill of things' there is in an old inn at Queen's Ferry, some story, unrecorded or not yet complete, which must express the meaning of that inn more fully." The magnificent scenery of Loch Lomond, however, suggested to Bailie Nichol Jarvie only the possibility of 'giving to plough and harrow many hundred, aye many a thousand acres, from which no man can get earthly good e'enow.'

Romance, then, arises from a way of looking at things, and to bring about this peculiar attitude of mind in his readers is the aim of the author of the romantic novel. The boy reader is always ready to identify himself with the hero of the story, and is consequently an easy mark: for him the brute incident, as Stevenson calls it, is sufficient, and literary merit is unnecessary. In Treasure Island, however, Stevenson handled incident with an art so unequalled in its seductiveness that he captured not only the boy but the boy's father as well.

In his hands the story of adventure took its place in the ranks of literature.

We shall take a few passages from this 'little book about a quest for hidden treasure' to show how Stevenson could seize and throw into the glamor of romance a scene, an incident, or an object of every day life.

We choose Treasure Island not because it displays Stevenson's art at its highest, but because in writing it he had more singly than in his later works the aim of creating that quality of which we are in search. It was a book intended chiefly for boys, in which the charm was to be that of the 'poetry of circumstance alone,' and in which 'character was admitted-within certain limits-only for the sake of circumstantiation, and because the author was himself grown up.' In his more serious work, in 'Kidnapped' and 'David Balfour; he aimed at doing what he declares to be the highest and hardest thing to do in words, that is 'to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the mind's eye.'

Stevenson created the atmosphere of romance by force of a style which is simply magical, and because of his wonderful eye for selection. The magic of his style is seen in the following selections. Who that reads them does not imagine himself on the shore of the island with the cool sea breezes blowing

about him, or does not hear the roar of the breakers on the beach?

The sun had just set, the sea breeze was rustling and tumbling in the woods, and ruffling the gray surface of the anchorage; the tide too, was far out, and great tracts of sand lay uncovered; the air, after the heat of the day, chilled me through my jacket.'

I have never seen the sea quiet round Treasure Island. The sun might blaze overhead, the air be without a breath, the surface smooth and blue, but still these great rollers would be running along all the external coast, thundering and thundering by day and night; and I scarcely believe there is one spot on the island where a man could be out of earshot of their noise.

Even better, perhaps, the following:

I was now alone upon the ship. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it was well warded off by the hill with two peaks upon the east, the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to and fro.

Equally wonderful is his use and selection of material objects. The chapter where the mother and boy are alone in the inn, with the dead body of the old pirate downstairs, and the "detestable blind beggar hovering by," is the best in this regard, and perhaps after all the best in the book. What could give us a greater realization of their terror than the following sentence?

Indeed, it seemed impossible for either of us to remain much longer in the house; the fall of coals in the kitchen grate, the very ticking of the clock, filled us with alarms.

The seaman's chest, too, and the articles taken from it, as Stevenson himself says of a similar scene in the work of Clark Russell, "satisfy the mind like things to eat."

The supreme instance, however, of Stevenson's insight into the uses of the material object is the stick of the blind man.

When we were about half way through, I suddenly put my hand upon her arm; for I had heard in the silent, frosty air, a sound that brought my heart into my mouth—the tap-tapping of the blind man's stick upon the frozen road. It drew nearer and nearer, while we sat holding our breath. Then it struck sharp upon the inn door, and we could hear the handle being turned, and the bolt rattling as the wretched being tried to enter; and then there was a long time of silence both within and without. At last the tapping recommenced, and to our indescribable joy and gratitude, died slowly away again until it ceased to be heard.

W. K. P., '04.

Some Ideas.

By Sage Simon.

When a man first enters college he is a Freshman, unless he enters in some other than the first year. This fact I lay down as an axiom. He knows more at that time than he ever does afterward, unless he is an extraordinary man. He has been through the Algebra and through Euclid; through the first Latin book and the first Greek book also, perhaps. He is brim full of opinions on various subjects. All freshmen are practically alike when they enter. Afterward they begin to differentiate.

The Sophomore knows less than the Freshman, sometimes he thinks. He has some skill in eluding the vigilant eye. He needs it in our day. Sophomores are somewhat different from each other. Some of them begin to think of specialising. Partly this makes them different; partly it shows that they are different.

The junior is not anybody. He is an appendage to the senior.

The Senior is a great man. He knows that it is all over with him after April, and he has his fling while there is a chance.

Bearing these things in mind, take this advice: Don't worry if everybody doesn't recognize you as the greatest man in the world, the coming genius you may be; but as a general rule each other fellow thinks that he is. There are many stars; sometimes they shoot. It is not evident where they go in that case.

Don't get skeptical in an ostentatious manner. It doesn't require great intellect to doubt. Believe anything or believe nothing as you will; someone else has done the same before you.

Remember there are five fields of activity in college life—that of the curriculum, debating, athletics, the literary, the social. It is not necessary for you to write, speak, play football, shine and plug all at once.

Probably you think college doesn't pay. I never said it did. I couldn't swear that life pays anyhow. But the great majority of us are afraid to back out of it. So we stay around to see what will turn up next.

There is one man in college whom I commend to your notice. He is not known to be brilliant in anything. He has a moderate amount of money, buys his own books, smokes his own tobacco. He sits back and considers. Everything that is told him he takes *cum grano*. He came here to consider. If there is an ideal college man, it is he. This man is a type. I am not personally acquainted with him. I believe he is here.

Reconsider your decision of throwing up your course. You might as well stay and finish it out. You can kill as much time here in four years as elsewhese.

Sir Edward Clarke on Debating.

The speech of Sir Edward Clarke, K. C., the guest of honor at the annual dinner of the Hardwicke Society last year, is reported in a late number of the Canadian Law Review, and is of especial interest to debaters.

He had never failed to impress upon all young men on whom he might have had influence the importance of belonging to a debating society. A debating society had its dangers as it had its advantages. The worst advice ever given to a young man on a matter of this kind was given by Wilberforce to Zachary Macaulay, when he asked for instructions as to Thomas Babington Macaulay's preparation for public life. The advice was that he should speak always on every subject whether he knew anything about it or not, in order to acquire freedom and facility of expression. It was the worst possible advice. Freedom and facility of expression were of no use at all. There never was a good speech made when the speaker did not prepare for making it. And the man who went to a debating society with the intention of speaking upon any subject that happened to be discussed, without preparing himself beforehand, would do himself a great deal more harm than good. He was sorry to say, that although he had had enormous advantages from the Hardwicke Society, that he had never been able to persuade his young friends that speaking was a fine art. They could no more expect to make a good speech without studying the laws of oratory and the rules of elocution than they could expect to play a very fine movement

of Bach upon the piano without ever having had a lesson on that somewhat difficult instrument. He confessed to a failure with regard to this matter. No pupil of his could ever be persuaded by him that it was necessary to study the art of oratory. It was, and it is a most important thing. It did not matter for public purposes in the least whether a barrister studied oratory or not. In the church it was different, and how the authorities of the church permitted people to go into the pulpits without having learned the elements of the art of oratory he could not understand. In the profession of the Law it was only a matter of whether one man should be better than another in the profession; that was a matter for him, and it did not involve any public advantage one way or the other. But if a man really wanted to make his opinions and judgments interesting and felt in general public life, he ought to take the trouble to study the art of oratory, which was certainly one of the simplest of arts in respect of this that the authorities were contained, and the instruction was contained, in a small compass. It was the most advantageous of arts, inasmuch that it was more highly paid than any other that he had ever heard of. And it was desirable that members of the bar should equip themselves for making speeches, instead of making simply those desultory and tedious observations which generally took the place of speeches in the courts. Let him quite seriously say to the young men to whom he was speaking that this was a matter with which they ought to deal. Debating societies were of no use at all; they were worse than no use, unless the work of the debating society was combined with an intelligent study of the laws of logic as taught by the teachers of classical and modern times. That sounded he was afraid, rather serious; but he was bound to say it, because he wanted his old society, with which he had been so long associated to be not only an opportunity to young men who were coming to the Bar, but also to be the means of real educational advancement.

A Hunt on the Nashwaak.

The Nashwaak is one of the many beautiful, winding and wooded tributaries of the St. John. On either side of the river are hills, rising to a considerable height, clothed with heavy

forests, the home of moose, caribou, bears and other wild animals as well as smaller game. In some places the water rushes in white foam over the rocky bed of a steep incline; at others it flows in sleepy dullness through level and rich valleys. In one of these fertile valleys, sheltered from the stormy northern wind, is a settlement of Scotsmen. This settlement was formed many years ago by the disbanded soldiers of the 92nd Highlanders. They were men who had seen service in many lands, had been on many a bloody field and ended their military career after the desperate but gallant struggle which wrested Canada from France, made it that part of the "Dominions beyond the seas," which has since become the brightest jewel in the crown of the British Monarch.

These veterans, after the stirring scenes of war, although they cleared small patches of ground, did not take kindly to the monotony of farm work. They sought diversion in hunting and fishing.

On a certain morning two stalwart men, each in his hunting suit, with a musket which had served in the "Queen Anne wars" slung over his shoulder and a bayonet stuck into his waist belt, started on a moose hunt. The weather was superb. The hills were singularly beautiful with the colours of the autumn as the hunters made their way along a small stream into the wilderness on the west side of the river to a place reputed to be frequented by moose. They preferred this game as furnishing more excitement. For the moose is strong, swift and so cautious that it is difficult for a hunter to come sufficiently near to get an effective shot. Many an American rifleman has spent the latter part of the autumn and early winter in the forests of New Brunswick without securing the coveted head to adorn his halls, though game was present in abundance. However our hunters were confident of taking two home with them should fortune be favourable. But the hunt was not successful. All day long they travelled without the sight of a horn or even the sign of a track. And as they had neglected other game evening found them with only one small miserable bird in their possession. Weary and disappointed they started homeward. But when least expected they came to a well beaten track which on following for a short distance brought them to the mouth of a cave in the hill

side. They looked in, and by the fading evening light, saw a litter of cubs. This was interesting and Donald said, "Norman since you are the smaller, go in and dispatch them whilst I guard the entrance." Norman handed his musket to Donald, took his bayonet in his hand and started in head first. The opening was so small that he had to crawl on hands and knees. When about half way in he called back in alarm. "For the love of mercy Donald, do not let the old beasts in if they come back." "You need not be afraid," replied the other.

Although the entrance to the cave was narrow, there was a large chamber within and the dispatching of the cubs proved more difficult than Norman had anticipated. Hardly had he entered when Donald saw the old bear tearing up the hill, growling fiercely, gnashing her teeth, and with her eyes rolling like balls of fire. As he did not wish to excite his companions Donald did not give any signal but brought his musket to his shoulder and stood in the "present" position. He wanted to make sure of his aim and therefore allowed the animal to come within a few paces of him, then pulled the trigger, hoping to see the bear fall to the ground. But unfortunately the gun missed fire. There was no time to be lost, Donald threw the gun in the face of the infuriated beast and took himself away as fast as his legs would carry him. The bear did not follow him very far but after a little while returned to the cave. Almost anyone would have lost his courage under the circumstance but not so our hero. He would willingly lay down his life for his comrade. As soon as the bear turned, Donald turned also, but he had been so frightened, for the moment, that he had gone a longer distance off than the bear and consequently the animal had a good start in the return race. Donald shouted like a "first year man" at a college football match. And although he was exerting himself to the utmost he did not neglect to envoke the divine aid. His prayer was short but sincere "Lord, poor Norman, poor Norman." Thus he spoke in a loud voice weeping. Despite his exertion the bear got to the cave first and was entering. She went down on her knees and was crawling in, just as Norman had done, only with more difficulty. At the opportune moment when the bear was neither out nor in, Donald arrived and taking in the situation at a glance he took a firm hold with both hands of the animal's

tail, braced his feet against the sides of the entrance and pulled with might and main.

Norman was not aware of what had taken place outside and wondered at the sudden darkness. He waited a moment, then called "Havi! Donald, what is the matter with the light?" But Donald's heart was in his mouth, his pulses were beating high, he was breathing hard and his hands were too full to pay attention to such trifling questions. Presently Norman called again; "Donald what is cutting off the light?" Donald's reply was characteristic of a Scot. "If this tail breaks you will soon know what is cutting off the light, you will find out for yourself." Donald held on and soon had his reward. Every effort of the brute to go forward or backward, he was able to prevent, and drawing his bayonet from his sheath, at the first opportunity, he inserted it beneath the curve of the animal's ribs and it soon expired.

The hunters brought their trophy with difficulty to the settlement. The skin served to keep Donald warm in the lumber camp for many a winter, where he never tired of telling this exciting and amusing adventure.

EOE'N DUBH.

Splendid Isolation.

Jealous of our empire's power,
  Hating with an envious hate,
Round about our Mighty Mother
  Stand the foemen of our State.

How they gnash their teeth and murmur,
  To behold the Redcross Flag,
Move from triumph into triumph
  Over sea and mountain crag.

Deep their curse, but not the boldest
  Dare to lift the mailed hand,
Or give open day defiance
  To the watchful Mother land,

But with coward hate inspired,
  Leagued with traitors in the dark,
Have impelled another's dagger
  Onward to its murderous mark.

Let the knout obeying Russian
Tremble o'er his in plain!
Finland's woes and Polands horrors
Unforgotten yet remain!

German, boastful of one triumph
In a thousand years of strife,
Foes dispoiled athirst for vengence,
Yet may strike when time is rife!

Scolding Gaul, hast thou forgotten
Lessons taught the centuries through,
Trafalgar, the Nile and Mindur,
Creig, Blenheim, Waterloo?

Come the world in arms! odds dire
Many a time ere this befel;
Who the victor? who the vanquished?
Let who will the story tell.

Say, how oft by foes confronted
Or on field or ocean slack
In a thousand years of struggle,
Fell the baffled lion back?

Hark! the lion welps are roaring
As their dam they gather round;—
Pause ye nations, pause and ponder
Ere ye bid the trumpet sound!

B.

College Notes.

Y. M. C. A.—A large audience assembled on Sunday afternoon March 26th to hear the closing lecture of the course provided by the Y. M. C. A., during the session. Prof. McKay, whose lectures in the Chemistry Room are so well liked by the students, was the speaker for the afternoon with Dr. Forrest as Chairman. Dr. MacKay was listened to with the closest attention, and the warm applause which greeted him at the close, showed how highly his thoughtful and carefully prepared address was appreciated by all. The lecturer announced his subject as "Efficiency," and, by an elaborate illustration from mechanics, showed how important each individual was to society, and the imperative duty on each one to do his part towards the joint "output" of the community. The lecture was distinctly practical, and was filled with timely advice to students who were on the eve of their examinations,

and who would in many cases soon leave college to fill positions in the various callings of life. The closing text will linger long in the minds of some at least of the audience; "Fervent in spirit, not slothful in business, serving the Lord." Dr. Forrest in a few appropriate words brought to a close the lecture course of '04-'05.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Annual Concert at Orpheus Hall was a Decided Artistic Treat.

When one realizes that on account of the constantly changing student body, the Dalhousie Glee Club is practically a new organization each year and that the rehersals cover a period of a few short months, their very successful concert at Orpheus Hall calls for special congratulatons. The programme presented Thursday night showed a conspicuous raising of their musical standard, and the performance as a whole was an exhibition of excellent choral work. Each member seemed to be the best, a steady crescendo from the opening chorus "Invitation of Mirth" by Adam to the "Gypsy Life" by Schumann. The two groups of shorter pieces were bits of genuine music and poetry. The titles alone inspired the audience into the proper listening mood. "The Swallow" "Eventide" "To the Redbreast" "The Lark's Aloft" "Summer Eve" were so carefully arranged in key, style and sentiment as to enhance the beauty of each number.

The purely College element was ushered in by a rollicking four part song "Come let us join the Rundelay," followed by a college song medley for men's voices, both of which were sung with a dash which made the audience feel that they were not the only ones enjoving the treat.

The assisting artists demonstrated that we have only to look to our local institutions to find talent equal to that offered by the great cities. Miss Margaret Olson is a graduate of the Emerson Oratory School of Boston. Her queenly stage presence, delightfully modulated voice, and charming personality are needed on programmes of this order to remind us that music is not the only art.

The Halifax Ladies Trio would be a credit to any city. Ensemble artists are rare. Only a true musician will leave

the brilliant field of solo playing to devote time and talent to chamber music, and when this is done the work should be encouraged. The playing of these ladies gave genuine pleasure and as usual they were enthusiastically received.

The Club was particularly fortunate this year in the choice of its conductor. Mr. Morphy came to Halifax as a violinist and teacher,—work in which he is eminently successful, but he is constantly proving that he has also special talent as a conductor. His work with the Halifax Conservatory Orchestra is already well known, but that he has been so successful with voices is deserving of special mention, as the Dalhousie Gazette in saying "he is one of the best musicians and most enthusiastic and able teachers that Halifax has ever known." The concert as a whole was a great success and ranks with the best ever given in the city.—*Halifax Chronicle*, Mar. 11th.

Time.

Grim track, that winds through all the joyless years,
A dreary wilderness behind thee moans,
A dark, dark grave-yard, paved with dead men's bones,
A brackish bog all moist with human tears.

Before half-wrapped in shadow, sightless Death
Stands beck'ning us; a raven's hollow note
Breaks through the gloom; a vulture seems to gloat;
While yon old shriveled spectre draws a breath.

T.

The Alumni Association.

The following letters which have been issued by the Alumni Association are self explanatory.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 31ST, 1905.

DEAR SIR:—

The Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association will be held in the Munro Room of the College, at 8 o'clock, Monday evening April 24th.

Since the last Annual Meeting the Association, has made a vigorous effort to increase in membership. Mr. H. D. Brunt. B. A. was sent out in the joint interest of the Alumni Association and Macdonald Memorial Fund. We are pleased to be able to report a fair measure of success through his efforts. Our membership for the current year, already shows an increase of 79.

It was resolved at the last Annual Meeting to increase the grant to the Science faculty to four hundred and fifty dollars. To meet this increase a prompt response to the Treasurer's statement, which is enclosed herewith, is hoped for. The new chair in Civil Engineering is receiving one hundred and twenty-five dollars of this grant. The balance is being spent on the physicial and metallurgical laboratories.

Practically all the funds of the Association are used in aiding the scientific work of the University, and this work would be greatly handicapped without this aid. When one considers the important work which the Alumni Association is doing, there seems good and sufficient reason for urging an increase in membership, and for expecting greater interest on the part of each of the Alumni.

As a matter of interest it may be noted that last summer the Board of Governors, on the strength of a five-years' guarantee fund subscribed by friends of the College, established a chair of Civil Engineering. It will be remembered that the department of Mining Engineering was opened in 1902. The number of students enrolled this year in the Engineering departments is 42. There are now seven fairly well equipped laboratories in the departments of physics, chemistry (2), biology, geology, assying, and mining respectively.

Arrangements are being made so that in future every member of the Alumni Association will receive a copy of the calendar. If possible a copy will be sent this year.

The Intercolonial Railway (provided as many as *ten* attend the meeting by their line,) will give return tickets at one fare. Members should get the Standard Certificates, which when signed by the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, will give them a free return.

Respectfully yours,

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

To members of the graduating classes the following letter is being sent out:—

DEAR SIR:—

Although you are not yet a member of our Association, we expect that you will join us after your graduation. We are therefore sending you a copy of a letter which were are now

mailing to all our members. This will show you the nature of some the work which we are trying to do for the College.

We extend to you a cordial invitation to be present at our Annual Meeting and to become a member of the Association. The annual dues are two dollars, the first payment of which would be due from you in April 1906.

Hoping that you will avail yourself of this opportunity of doing something for the welfare of our Alma Mater.

We remain, yours sincerely,
The Alumni Committee,

S. A. MORTON, Secretary-Treasurer.
11 Carleton St., Halifax, N. S.

Exchanges.

We of the McLeods and the Macdonalds, the Frasers and the Camerons, must be particularly interested in such an article as F. Louis Barber's "A Month in Scotland" in *Acta Victoriana*. Mr. Barber has in a few pages given us a very interesting and realistic picture of "Auld Scotia" as she is.

Anxious daughter—"Oh dear! I wish the Lord had made *me* a man."

Patient mother—"Perhaps he has dear, only you have not found him yet."—Ex.—*Athenaeum.*

"What the college paper may be reasonably expected to do is to reflect the higher moral and spiritual strivings of college life, as well as the fun and camaraderie, to promote among the students a high level of thought and sentiment, to encourage the development of all literary and scientific talent among them, to furnish a link between those who are now at college and the graduates and alumni who have gone forth, and thus ultimately to exert a powerful influence on the wider world beyond college walls."—Ex., *Mitre.*

Such is the ideal to which the GAZETTE has steadily endeavored to attain, and its success or failure in the future will depend wholly on the extent to which this ideal is grasped by the students and graduates of Dalhousie.

We thank the *Student* for its kind notice of the GAZETTE in a recent issue. Words of praise from the *Student* are indeed appreciated.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Push," said the Button;
"Take pains," said the Window;
"Never be lead," said the Pencil;
"Always keep cool," said the Ice;
"Be up to date," said the Calendar;
"Never loose your head," said the Barrel;
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer:
"Aspire to great things," said the Nutmeg;
"Make light of obstacles," said the Fire;
"Make much of small things," said the Microscope;
"Never do anything off hand," said the Glove;
"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror;
"Do the work you are suited for," said the Flue;
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue;
"Strive to make an impression," said the Seal;

—Ex., *The Argosy.*

"Woman is the fairest work of the great author. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy.—Ex., *Manitoba College Journal.*

The Trinity University Monthly is another periodical which contains a kind notice of the GAZETTE's recent editorial on the relation of the student to the college and its various societies. *The Monthly* is filled with interesting matter, but an article on Dickens is worthy of special mention.

Other Exchanges—*Suburban, Queens University Journal, University Monthly, Trinidad Presbyterian, Presbyterian, Oak Lily and Ivy, East and West, Kings College Record, Tiltonian, Argus, Nova Scotia Normal, The Roaring Branch, The Pharos, Observer, Varsity, Victorian, Prince of Wales College Observer, School Bell Echoes.*

Personals.

F. J. A. McKittrick, B. Sc. '94, was in Halifax recently on his way to Australia where he has been appointed managing director of the Australian General Electric Company. Mr. McKittrick who has attained a high position was the first Exhibition Science Research scholar from Dalhousie.

The law firm of Longhead, Bennett and Allison, of Calgary, numbers two Law School graduates among its members. R. B. Bennett, LL. B. '93 and H. A. Allison, LL. B. '00. Wm. Taylor who spent a year in the Law School before being admitted to the New Brunswick Bar, is also with the firm.

Dr. Luther McKenzie, B. A. '01, house surgeon in the Bellevue Hospital of New York, is home on a short visit. Luther has been making a name for himself in hockey having played the season as cover point in the Hockey Club of New York which stood second in the New York league.

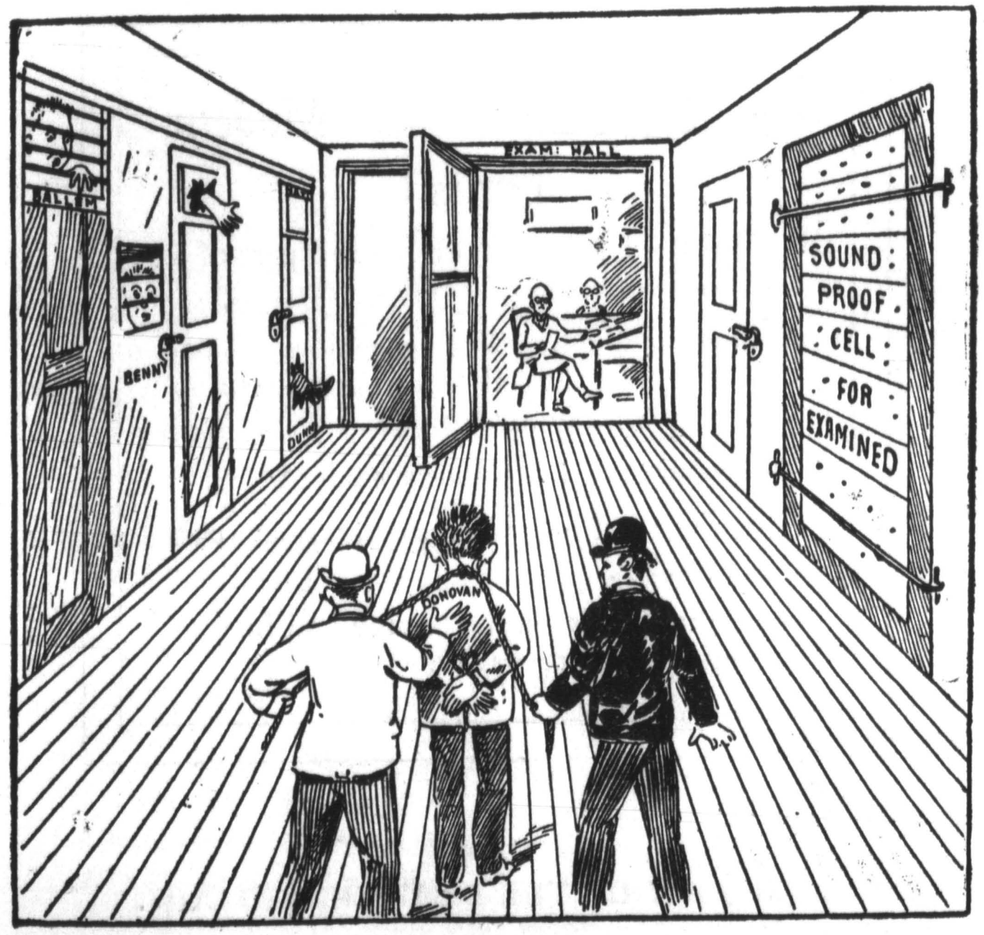
D. Frank Matheson, LL. B. '01, was recently admitted into partnership with A. K. McLean, LL. B. '92., M. P. of Lunenburg.

On March 23rd, Dr. E. Dickey, '03 was married to Miss Annie Tremaine of Halifax. The Gazette extends congratulations.

C.P. Fullerton, LL. B. '95 has been elected Mayor of Sydney. Another member of the same class, R. T. MacIlreith, LL. B. is a candidate in the mayorality elections of Halifax, to be held on April 26th.

J. P. Bill, LL. B. '02 is a partner of F. A. Laurence, M. P. of Truro.

Dallusiensia.



TYPES.

A scene from the medical examinations during the conducting of the orals, showing modern medical anti-crib methods.

There goes poor Glennie Donovan
In most abject despair,
From yonder peers John Ballem
With the upright standing hair,
While Benny all anxiety
Looks out upon the scene,
And Dunn kicks out the panels
But Nathaniel is unseen;
Devine in trepidation too,
But canny as a fox
Doth vainly strive to rend away
The hinges and the locks,
In vain ye seek for exit, boys,
Stay in ye might as well
For not a question that was asked,
Can pass from yonder cell.

Greatest Marvel of Modern Times!

UNPARALLED effort on the part of a bovine to secure a college training.

A new and perplexing question of co-education forced upon the attention of university authorities.

Psychologists tremendously excited.

Historians cannot vouch for another such instance.

Has a link between the bovine and human mind been revealed?

SOLILOQUY OF THE DISAPPOINTED COW.

'Tis strange I should have wished
To quit my sphere, transgress
The portals sacred to a higher race;
'Tis far beyond my bovine mind to trace
The vain ambelion's rise!
To milk for Josh; by gosh!
Were ignomy indeed
If I, to all humanity's surprise
Could have maintained my place in college halls,
In mental equalness to human kind.

A dread possessed my mind
That sombre midnight hour,
When I in gorgeous college livery,

In trappings new and wonderful to me
Marched through the dusty gym
And up the winding stairs
And down the sounding hall,
To that great chamber where the mighty profs,
In solemn conclave meet in councils high,
Confabs mysterious and mystical.

Ah me! What fearful thoughts
Were mine through that long morn!
The anguish of my soul who can express!
I wondered would the senate like my dress,
My overshoes and tie
And jaunty new plug-hat,
The stockings yellow-topped,
Which cased my graceful limbs and made me look
Gay as a summer butterfly in gala garb,
As bright plumed bird of sunny tropic clime.

At last the mighty came
And looked full long at me,
I read hostility in every glance
As with fierce eyes they gazed on me askance.
Said Dr. F., "Avaunt!!!"
"How vulgar!" A-h-e sighed,
And W-lt-r frowning sniffed,
Behind stood all the other ones aghast
And speechless stared with wandering orbs on me,
Then all at once I heard the loud command
"Get out, by gum!!"

In haste I turned and fled,
Broken, ambitionless,
Adown the granite steps into the light
Of morning, wiser than the previous night,
Resolved henceforth that naught should make me stray
From out my destined course nor from my hay.

The "Doc" had only one test tube broken and he says the professor did that. Who can beat this record?

1st student, (before exam.)—How are you up with your work, old man?

2nd student—Lord! I'm going to be plucked; never opened a book till last night—and the beggars have been working like plantation niggers for weeks.

Is there forgiveness for such lies?

Exams are started! Clang! Clang! Who-r-r-r-r-r-s-s-s-s-s-s. So look out for Down!

In the chemical lab—during the return of apparatus:

Gee! I wonder will he take this: Try him—No-go! Cleaned it fourteen times—Well—by—! here it goes—sw-w-wis-ish—Crash l—jingle, jingle, tingle, tinkle t—. The din becomes terriffic; fragments of glass and porcelain fill the air, smiles of satisfaction suffuse the faces of the destructionists. But Eben views the ruin—complacently for he holds the "slips" and will exact the "dough."

PLUCKED
A
BRIEF DRAMA.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

J. C. B-ll-m
B. A. L. Bl-c } Mat. Med. Students.
J. McD-d.

ACT I.

Scene I.—An empty place—student's waiting room—after the posting of the bogus exam. results from Puttner's examination in Materia Medica. They stand facing each other and thus lament:

Le. B.—Great Scott! and am I plucked!
I who have toiled and slaved till sweat
Ran like a river from my pallid brow!
Oh gee! Oh me! Oh my! Oh well! Alas!
'Tis monstrous, its iniquitous, its vile
Beyond weak human speech to half express.
(A long pause while he turns his eyes heavenward).
Oh full and irate heart within my breast

Cease thy wild pulsing; let the madness
Of my brain not move thee so. I'll raise my voice
In lamentation louder than the ocean's roar;
Yea, louder than the heaven cleaving thunder,
Till knowledge of this vile Puttnerian deed
Spreads round this vast terrestrial globe,
And manifested stands to all humanity.

B-ll-m—Oh Ben! it grieves my heart to hear thy moan
And sears it like the glowing cautery.
My own deep grief I mix with that of thine,
Making conglomeration dire of woeful things;
The darkness of despair is over me,
And like a shroud of deepest midnight hue
It wraps me round; I would it were the sheet
That winds the peaceful limbs of those who sleep
Entombed among the quiet dead, for then
The gnawing anguish of my tortured soul
Would cease to give me torment. But alas!
The paper stands bereft of our three names.
There is no rest; no balm for our deep grief;
Sharp as the deadly poisoned serpent's fang
It rends our quivering hearts till our twin cries
Shrill rising heavenward cleave the senseless air
And echo midst the tingling stars.

J. McD-d (wisely and logically):

List, friends,
The disappointment that my mind endures
Is none less keen than yours; yet where's the use
Lamenting idly thus to stand and wail
Our woes upon the empty vibrant air?
The cause of this vile plucking we
Should seek—if any righteous cause exists.
If we have sinned 'gainst Puttner's holy laws,
It was all done unwittingly I trow;
Therefore we'll cease to body forth our woes
In fruitless speech, and search with eagle eyes
For aught of reason that prompted Putt.
To leave us featherless.

Le B-c and B-ll-m. (together and with intense dramatic force.)—Look when you will.

Our consciences are clear and white as snow,
New fall'n from the crystal vault of heaven,
What accusation evil tongues may speak,
Though plausible as angels' prophecies,
Are false as is the prate of devils damned!
Speak forth thy thoughts.

McD-d.—(Slowly, sadly and with intense feeling.)
Oh, evil tongues of men!
Foul rumor hath it, we had many cribs
By cunning wiles concealed, all which he saw,
And for this fact, joined with a larcency
Of sundry goods from the dispensary,
His anger burned with more than furnace heat
'Gainst us, protected but by innocence,
And scorched our tender pinfeathers.

Le B-c.
Yea, vile and doubly, trebly falsely vile!
We had no cribs—no, not a single one;
A small B. P. a U. S. P. and "Bruce,"
Cut no real ice—I scorn to mention them
They are not such unlawful things as cribs,
—Besides he never saw them.

B-m. I can swear.
His words are true; upon the Book I can,
I'll wager all the spuds that ever grew
On their veracity.

McD. (hopefully.)
O innocence,
How fair and lovely to the sight thou art,
Most priceless of men's attributes! With thee

Full clothed as now we stand, we cast aside,
All allegations base, suspicious, vile!
Friends, let us end our grief and straight to him
Who plucked us wend our ways. By this
We'll prove in outward form, the innocence
So strong within us, and confront the wretch
To his discomfiture and our redress.

Exeunt all three for the hospital.

Business Notices.

Read the short paragraph on page 175 of this issue.

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