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[WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.]

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Out from the offing Life pulls the deep freighted year,
(Ah, winter winds, how drearily ye sigh!)
Pacing its deck, that grim old pirate Time
Presses in greedy mirth his skinny palms
(The miser palms Buonarotti drew),
As o'er and o'er he sums those goodly sales
The iron hatches hide.

Down on the shore.

With outstretched hands and wild imploring eyes,
Huddle a group of weeping women and
Grief-stricken men, begging again from his
Relentless grasp their pleasant youth, their faith
In all that once made life a perfect thing.
Bartered for what? A few frail toys that lie
Unheeded on the sands! How old Time laughs!
While in loud mock'ry of the mournful scene
A band of children by the water's edge
Clap their small hands with wonderment and glee,
When lightly, swiftly, o'er the harbor-bar
The great ship sails away to unknown seas.

We, who have giv'n our best, need fear thy ways
No more; we brave thee now, old Time, thee and
Thy grisly gifts! What hold ye still? Chill age?
Aha! dost know gray hairs and furrowed brows
Make never change in eyes that truly love!
Gaunt want? Bah! All the yellow gold which bore
Impatient Jove thro' bars and bolts of brass
To Danæ's arms, could never buy content,
Sweet, calm content, that with Aladdin-touch
Transmutes our home-spun gowns to jewelled robes,
Our huts to princes' palaces! And death?
Old tyrant, here we scoff at thee indeed!
Th' eternal law "dust unto dust" is fix't.
'Tis not the sureties our nature dreads,
But the mirage uncertainties of life.
Emerging chastened from our bartered hopes,
And buried youth, we fear thee not, but for
The bright-faced darlings, who about thy knees
Gather in baby fearlessness and joy,
We crave thy mercy, oh all-pow'rful Time!

Cambridge.

VIVIAN.

OLD AND NEW.

"UGH! you musty old foggy! Go away.
You leave a stain on whatever touches you!"

The speaker was a young man in the full bloom and vigor of youth, dressed in the latest fashion—one likely to win the hearts of all. The man whom he thus rudely addressed was old and careworn, shabbily dressed in a thread-bare gray suit. He was indeed a miserable-looking old fellow when contrasted with the other. The young man evidently supposed him incapable of much feeling when he spoke so ungraciously. The old man, however, appeared much grieved. Seeing this, and somewhat affected by it, the youth spoke again, more pleasantly and somewhat apologetically. "Well, I do not wish to hurt your feelings; but in this busy, go-ahead world there seems to me to be no place for such as you."

"You are right," the old man replied; "for when work is done, to live longer is useless, and I feel that my work is ended. For over sixty years I have been labouring to lead young men along the paths of knowledge and to bring them nearer and nearer to the perfect light. To take them all the way has not been granted to me, and probably to you, too, this will be denied."

"But you surely are not so egotistical as to suppose that your old-fashioned teaching, much of which is now discarded, at all equals mine? I am conversant with all the new systems, and my teaching must be better and of more importance."

"You forget, my young friend, that there is no such thing as a new system. What you call new is but a development of the old—an improvement, if you will. Many years ago I was

as you are now. Some day you will be as I. Then I taught the new systems; and perhaps like you, in the pride of my youth, despised the old. Now, I see my mistake as you will, I trust, one day see yours. In the intellectual world, at least, evolution is the law. Education, knowledge is constantly advancing—evolving. The progress of the world, in this respect, may fitly be compared to the work of the coral insect. Each successive race of insects is coming nearer to the light; but it must build on the base already laid. Ponder well on this. If you have more knowledge, you have also a greater responsibility. Truly, we are the 'heirs of all the ages.' Each successive generation not only must keep intact the treasure received, but must so invest it that there be an increase; and it is evident that the responsibility increases with the treasure."

"But I did not intend to lecture you; I merely wished to defend myself and place my work before you in the proper light. I have sent forth into the world many successive classes of pupils, and after my death, which I know must soon take place, they will hold me in loving remembrance. I do not grieve that I must go; for my work is done. I have had my turn, and I must, and will without repining, obey the law of nature. Indeed, it is sweet to think I shall soon be at rest, quietly sleeping, buried in oblivion. Oblivion! Nay, not so, for the many students who owe the happiest moments of their lives to me will keep my memory green. You may be loved and respected by your pupils, but never so fondly as I by mine; for your pupils know that they can go at any time and receive instruction from you; mine will have only a pleasing memory; and knowing that they can never again go to me for help, will cherish all the more fondly what they already have. I must now say farewell; but before leaving you let me press this thought upon you: It is not your fine physical appearance that enobles you; nor does my emaciated form detract from my merits. We are enobled by filling our allotted place, by doing our duty because it is our duty, by helping to lead the world onward and upward to God." The old

man ceased and turned away. The young man, too, went his way deeply impressed.

Since then the old man has died, and his familiar form is gone forever; but his work still remains, and he is held in fond remembrance by his students. May the Great Being who guides the universe so guide each one of us and help us to do our part, however humble, that we too may lie down to our rest with satisfied minds, giving place to others! May He help each of us so to live that at death we may be able to rejoice in the fact that we have made "some nook of God's creation a little happier, fruitfuller, more worthy of God, more blessed, less accursed."

F. F.

A CRITIQUE.

(CONTINUED.)

SOME seven months have elapsed since the first number of my Critique on the volume of poetry sent me by the Laureate of Potatoville appeared in THE GAZETTE. Immediately after its appearance THE GAZETTE displayed the characteristic fickleness of a College paper by going on an extended vacation. Not caring to favor any of the lesser lights of the newspaper world, I have awaited with some impatience the opening of the College term of 1887-8.

Now that THE GAZETTE has again condescended to lend its aid in enlightening and civilizing this already highly enlightened and civilized world, my facile pen wanders o'er the unwritten page, producing, as it oft times before has produced, a series of don't-laugh-please articles, for the edification of mankind in general. I quote, that my readers may note the happy effect of the wondrous word painting therein contained:

THE DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

His coat and vest begrimed appear
With stains of spilled election beer;

His pants forlornly droop.

Two buttons traitorously flew

To join the mad victorious crew,

That now exultant whoop.

A pair of mitts bedeck his hands

With groundwork gray 'twixt purple bands;

His sunken eyes are dim;

His battered hat rests on two ears

Whose vast expanse at large appears

Beyond the narrow brim.

He's not at home when agents call;
He sees his banker not at all,

Yet never is away.

He flees in haste from all mankind

Like creature of disordered mind,

Crying, "I will not pay."

And this is he who proudly cried:

"I will o'er my opponents ride

Rough shod, and tread them down."

The meanest man of any stamp

The world e'er knew (except the tramp),

From beggar to the crown.

I pass lightly over a few pages and find a galaxy of autographs, which certainly are ingeniously simple and supremely foolish enough to be genuine originals. Should they prove to have been copied from some old album it will not surprise me in the least. I quote a few lines:

The tax that is put upon dogs, tra la,

Gives promise of untorn pants;

So I'll send a policeman round, tra la,

As soon as I have a chance.

And when that old canine is dead, tra la,

I will feel very much at my ease;

Go purchase a pair of new pants, tra la,

And call whenever I please.

It would seem as if the author had mistaken the memorandum book of some love-lorn swain for an autograph album, or mayhap it was a sort of you-and-I album, not intended for the vulgar gaze of the public.

Any person using the autograph would do well to clothe it in one of the dead languages—a language whose life had passed away before "Pa" was cognizant of its existence. The same caution should be observed in using the following:

When the subtle moonbeams silver

All the surface of the lake,

I will search pa's pants for silver

And a shining quarter take.

I will take the shining quarter

Forth and hire one small boat,

Go and get the neighbor's daughter

And will sail for parts remote.

The charm of this one lies in the uncertainty in which it leaves one as to subsequent events. Fancy must furnish the tableaux.

Was it her pa's boot and the boy? His pa's boot and the boy, or a moonlight sail on the silvery tide?

Doubtless it will be urged that these specimens and those to follow are *apropos* of nothing,

that considering the purpose for which they are written they are not pertinent; but the author's aim, as I understand it, is to give an air of reality to his works; which fact, in his opinion, compels him to make his autographs impertinent.

Oh, should I in her album write,

I sadly fear, I'd have to fight

A score of her admirers.

But ah! the bliss of her request

Had filled my heart with such a zest

As only love inspires.

I seized the pen with trembling hand;

The while my throbbing view was fanned

By evening zephyrs cool.

I turned a leaf with gilded edges,

Upset the ink upon the pages;

And she screamed out "you fool!"

I vowed a vow, I would not write

In albums, on that fatal night

When I upset the ink;

Nor would I read the stupid odes

That had been dragged from their abodes

And scratched on pages pink.

For which reason you will please

Excuse my writing lines like these.

The above lucid explanation and excuse is recommended for use by elegant writers only; any one else making use of it does so at his own peril.

Poets may criticise the measure,

Penmen, too, may criticise;

Jerusha, I care not, since a pleasure

Your request to write supplies.

I seize the pen with trembling hand,

The happiest man in all the land.

In the midst of a profound calculation as to how many claimants there were to the title, "Happiest man," etc., I forgot what came next to "billions," and not having my text book on Astronomy within my reach, was compelled to give it up. The use of the superlative adjective would seem to indicate that only one of this immense multitude spoke truthfully; for which reason I advocate the entire suppression of the autograph; and I hereby invite all moral men to unite with me in a crusade against it.

The treasures of ocean are lying

'Neath the depths of the blue summer sea;

The treasure that earth is supplying

Is gathered from mountain and lea,

But the treasures of ocean and earth

Grow dim with great fear and surprise,

When I speake of the infinite worth

Of a sparkling sweet pair of — eyes.

I hasten to recommend this autograph for general use; not because of any great literary merit, but because of its general utility. The author leaves the colour to the decision of the user. Directions for use: Learn the colour of the person's eye whom you wish to compliment, taking especial care that the eye-owner you desire to compliment is also the owner of the album in which you write. Fill the blank reserved with the name of such colour and administer in small doses of rhythmic caligraphy

When the tiny catlings sing,
And the bats are on the wing;
When the old man goes to rest,
And you hear his sonorous snore,
Hide his boots and lock his door,
And I will come at your request.

The above is nothing more or less than a vile attempt at plagiarism. I insist that I have met the real author. The circumstances of the meeting are indelibly impressed on my memory by the fact that he challenged me to mortal combat with brick-bats, because in one of my celebrated orations I referred to a No. 10 boot as the motive power of spontaneous inertia.

In the after pages I find much that is instructive and interesting. I will quote, and leave to the reader the task of criticising, and first let me call your attention to the following charming little poem entitled:—

FIRST LOVE.

A mystic moon, a pebbly beach,
And rolling billows just before;
A happy life within my reach;
A tale of endless love to pour.

A moment passed: she rose and said:—
My mother's anxious, George, I know;
And every studied sentence fled,
So I had nought to do but go.

A silent walk and short adieu,
And we had parted once again,
I knowing not just what to do;
She sneering at the fears of men.

We met again. My love was dead,
For I was struck with horror dumb.
I raised my hat, and all I said
Was:—Bless my soul, she's chewing gum!

Of a light nature, and with an equally forcible moral is the following:

AFTER THE RAIN.

The sea in rippling laughter broke,
The trees in rapturous murmurs spoke:
For rain had ceased to fall.
The birds come forth to sing their praise
In divers tones yet kindred lays;
And earth smiles back at Sol.

The rain drops with the sunlight play
As on the verdant grass they lay
Defiant every one.
Then catching up the truant rays,
They send a million tinted sprays
Back, flashing to the sun.

Not knowing that each ray they send
But draws them nearer to the end
Of their existence here.
They pass away with flashing light
Unconscious of the wrong or right,
Of pleasure or of fear.

'Tis thus with fashion's devotee;
He wears out his vitality
In vain attempts to shine.
And yet 'tis claimed that he has brains:
That through his life stern reason reigns
With influence benign.

I will quote only another piece or two, illustrative of the reckless vein into which the poet sometimes, as it were, unconsciously drifts, and close with some friendly admonition.

THE BACHELOR.

He passes the door of his humble cot;
For he need not stay to ring.
Then surveys his house and garden plot
With the air of an absolute king.

In the corner he throws his hat;
And starts for a three-legged chair:
But steps on the cat, falls over the mat,
And "cuss words" fill the air.

He lights his fire with kerosene;
And shovels on coal with his hands;
Then, filling his kettle, sets it to boil,
And idly waiting stands.

When the kettle begins to sing;
He hastens to make some tea:
But drops in the fire his big seal ring,
And a wrathful man is he.

When he takes his coat in the morn
Some buttons are not there:
But he puts it on with a look forlorn
And seldom forgets to swear.

He once attempted to sew:
But soon for the surgeon sought;
Who cut away at his finger so
He thinks now he'd better not.

TO THE LADIES.

At the follies of gentlemen
Laugh, laugh, laugh;
While longing to meet them again
Laugh, laugh, laugh.
They do not object, for a smile is the chaff
Surrounding society's kernel (laugh)
As you criticise foe and friend.

When you've passed your own private door
Laugh, laugh, laugh.
Unfasten your corsets and roar;
Laugh, laugh, laugh,
Till your face takes the lines of a railway map,
Till your beautiful bangs fall off on your lap,
And you teeth tumble out on the floor.

While you for your sleep prepare,
Laugh, laugh, laugh.
While removing your surplus hair,
Laugh, laugh, laugh.
That the men of the world have so long been fooled,
Deceived and flattered, disdained, ruled
By the borrowed charms of the fair.

I should imagine that the author's recklessness had reached its culminating point in this entirely uncalled for and maliciously misdirected attack on the gentler sex; at any rate, my criticism has reached its culminating point; for he does not deserve criticism who is guilty of such ungentlemanly conduct. I should have thought that thousands of lovers would have leaped from their graves to burn in effigy even a printer who dared to negotiate for the printing of such vile and slanderous statements. The author holds up the example of Tennyson, and demands that he be exculpated from all blame citing from Tennyson's works attacks still more severe than his own. For example:

"It was the time when the lily's blow."

Thus dividing time into periods by a line drawn sharply across the dial at the day and hour when Freddie began to do the blowing for both; but this is only a covert attack, and as I will convince you is palliated by circumstances; for he admits:

"I had a vision when the night was late,"

and he who has such after-dinner visions may well blame the wine for much rudeness. The statement made by him in another part of his works, viz.:

"I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirred,"

corroborates the above, for such reference to domestic infelicity can owe its origin only to a wine-fevered imagination.

Again he writes:

"He had a goose upon his arm."

Would any other than an inebriated man refer to his best girl in such terms simply because a rival had monopolized her company for an evening? But 'tis proof conclusive when he recounts his exploits as follows:

"And leap the rainbows of the brook."

This may seem reasonable enough if the rainbow is a small and very tame one; but my experience of rainbows is that they are very, very shy. I once crept up almost beside one of those pale, misty-looking little fellows, which had the appearance of being in the last stages of that dread disease called consumption, and made a desperate attempt to achieve Tennyson's boasted feat; but I think I must have struck my toe against its back bone, for when I regained consciousness the rainbow was calmly gazing at me from the distance of about one hundred feet, as if encouraging me to try again; but I did not see it in that light, having arrived at the conclusion that it was Tennyson's wine-fevered imagination which leaped that rainbow, while he was sonorously snoring away the morning hours. So strongly am I impressed with this idea that I contemplate offering the sum of one thousand dollars, in large red capital letters, to any one who will bring a full-grown, tri-coloured rainbow into my yard and leap over it in my presence.

Again the troubled poet appeals to his friends in these words:

"But whither would my fancy go?"

The quotations given above, to which many more might be added, prove conclusively that the author was wont to indulge in the excessive use of what, in many parts of Canada, is familiarly known as "Scott Act."

Tennyson is thus exculpated from blame on the ground of inebriation; and were I, in my character as critic, justified in so doing, I would urge on the author of the work criticised, the propriety of taking the hint hereby conveyed, and that right speedily.

T. J. C.

STUDY.

PROBABLY few words are subject to more varied application than the term student. The title is applied without distinction to *all* who attend the various seats of learning, and to *all* who are, so to speak, serving their time in the apprenticeship of Law, Medicine and of Painting, and the Fine Arts generally.

"He (or she) is a great student" is a statement we hear made alike about the learned scientist or economist, the rhetorical lecturer or preacher, and the woman who talks volubly of what she knows not, or the boy who absorbs (or is absorbed by) volume after volume of Historical Romance. And yet how few true students there are! How few are those who *apply their minds* to a subject! And if the student of Nature, the Arts, Sciences and Mechanics are few, how much fewer are the students of Books! But it is to this latter class and their work that I will confine my attention in this article.

As a preliminary—a well nigh indispensable one in these days of utilitarianism—let us consider of what value a habit of study is to the individual.

A habit of study is not, I think, a natural power. It is an acquisition. It is, moreover, an acquisition that demands a considerable effort on the part of the mind. Now every effort of the mind necessarily implies mental exertion, and *per se* strengthens the mind for future action. Aside from all exploded or unexploded theories of magnetic influence and will supremacy, a powerful mind is universally acknowledged to be an invaluable commodity to the possessor. Again, the habit of study is not acquired without great concentration. To concentrate the powers of the mind on any matter is an essential to study, and with its concomitant abstraction, is a case where the mind, to speak analogically, contracts to expand. Neither concentration nor abstraction can be attained, to any great extent, without a determined mental struggle, and, in securing these subsidiaries to study, the mind is developed and strengthened.

But study, and much more the habit of study, implies more than is involved in abstraction, concentration and attention. The great reasoning faculty must be brought into play or true study is not involved. Learning by rote is by no means studying. Memorizing is, I think, generally acknowledged to have no dependence on the powers of intellect. It is a physical act, and far from showing cerebral power, is nothing more than producing an effect on the *sensoria ganglia*. Now, it is in connection with reasoning that the greatest value of a habit of study

manifests itself. It makes its possessor a practical reasoner. Having acquired this habit, he instinctively inquires into the effects of actions, whether his own or those of another. As a matter of course, he studies intensely the character and capabilities of those with whom he is thrown in contact. He is essentially cautious and slow to anger. He is characterized by an indomitable perseverance and zeal in doing with his might that which his hand or brain finds to do. He is not likely to be either boastful or over-communicative, or to show his hand before he is compelled, or is ready to deal his master-stroke.

Let us turn for a few minutes to the essentials of study.

The first essential to study is an appetite for study. Now, by an appetite for study I do not mean that "I wish I was a student." No; I believe that all appetites have a direct object towards which they turn; and I hold that this is as true of mental appetites as of the natural propensities. For example, the appetite hunger has for its direct object food. But yet this appetite may be so cultivated or distorted that it goes forth to that which is not food, or can scarcely be so called. Now, I believe that similarly a taste for study may be developed. First, this taste, if it does not already exist, may, and I think ought to be, cultivated with regard to one particular branch of study. For, if the mind has once acquired this taste for a single kind or branch of study, it will easily turn to another through the development wrought out, as I before hinted, by abstraction, concentration and attention.

But, you ask, how is this appetite to be acquired? Simply by persistence. Is it an appetite for Classics you desire? Take some select author. Take what you are assured is an interesting portion of his work—not a long portion. Find yourself talking about it, writing about it, almost, I had said, dreaming about it. Find all possible facts about it. Study out all the geographical, historical, analogical and archaeological references to it. Examine and weigh the exact force of each paragraph, of each sentence, of each clause, phrase and word. Criticise the construction. Discuss each word analytically, grammatically and etymologically. Soon what was an irksome and forbidding task will become a profound pleasure and delight.

Until this appetite is created in the above or some other way—as, for instance, by a consideration of the utilitarian side of the subject—no real progress in study can be made.

And here I think it well to caution the would-be student against the idea that reading is study-

ing. Study creates an appetite for study; but not so, mere reading, *i. e.*, going over page after page of a book as you would listen to an ordinary lecture. Carlyle truly says: "To sit as a passive bucket, and be pumped into, can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature." You cannot make knowledge your own without a mental effort; you cannot acquire any permanent knowledge by "inobservant sight." We must actually think with our author. We must follow him in his line of reasoning. We must make his views our views. In the words of the late President of Yale: "We must be re-thinking his thoughts, following his facts, assenting to or rejecting his reasoning, and entering into the very spirit of his emotions and purposes."

But we must do even more than this. We must not only follow our author, but we must stand aside and criticise his work, searching for the weak points in his reasoning. We must re-combine every fact, every assertion, every conclusion. We must look at them all with the mental eye in the light of experience, and as we turn his work from side to side like some giant kaleidoscope, see that there is a point of view from which the multitudinous assertions, facts and inferences may afford a true and reasonable perspective. Perhaps many such points, perhaps few.

But here comes in a most important question in true study. How is this thorough knowledge of the work to be obtained? Only by iteration and re-iteration, by reviewing and new-viewing. The only way in which the facts can be intelligently impressed on the mind is by again and again reading them, committing them and studying them. A notable illustration of this fact is furnished by the Jesuitical system of education developed in the sixteenth century. That mighty revolution, that counter Reformation, which swept over Southern Germany and checked Protestantism in every European nation of that day, was due, I believe, to the intellectual superiority of the Jesuits. And that superiority was gained by intense study. And one of the cardinal points of their system of study was repetition. In the words of a great educationalist, with them the theory was that "*Repetitio est mater studiorum.*"

And now let me briefly summarize the point which I have endeavoured to make in what I must confess is an ill-concatenated, because hurriedly written, article, 1. Study is valuable, intrinsically and because of its incidental and necessary effects, more particularly as a habit, on the mind. 2. The prime essential to study is an intellectual appetite; and this appetite can be created and developed. The will, or, as

Austin would say, the determination, is the most powerful agent in developing this appetite. 3. Reading is not studying. But study implies abstraction, attention, concentration and reasoning. 4. The value of repetition, varied reproduction and attention, in order that the mind may make an intelligent appropriation of that of which the individual desires to become the possessor. M.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 17.

CHRISTMAS EVE AWAY FROM HOME.

A number of students to whom Fate denied the joys of a home Christmas, determined to rise superior to circumstances and celebrate Christmas Eve. We make this slight mention of it to show how Dalhousie boys could have a jolly time even in the great Sahara itself. What was the nature of the feast and how high the merriment rose, can be learned from the following brief summary of an eloquent speech by Mr. ———:

FELLOW STUDENTS:—"The company before whom I now stand, reminds me very forcibly of the gathering of the gods to banquet in the first book of Iliad. And perhaps you remember the lines which run thus:—"And Vulcan, beginning from left to right, poured out nectar from his goblet for the other gods. And inextinguishable laughter arose among the happy immortals when they saw Vulcan bustling through the mansion." Such a comparison is, to my mind, not at all inappropriate, but on the contrary a happy one. It is true we have no Vulcan with a silver goblet neither do we drink nectar, which drink is reserved for the gods alone. But we have the next best man as cup-bearer, that is Mac——; and the drink he so freely proffers with infinite grace, is the next best thing to nectar. It is true we have no jolly Bacchus here, upon whom the gods would occasionally call for a song. But a greater than Bacchus is here, and that is Mr.—— and he will presently raise his tuneful voice. Again, talk about the inextinguishable laughter of the gods. Why, our merry peals this Christmas Eve would shame into silence the inhabitants of snow-capped Olympus."

It is such evenings as these that men love to recall, when in after years the infinite detail of daily life revolts the mind. Such hours as these come seldom and perhaps it is well: such excess of joy would soon slay the reveller. I am sure every one of you could shake the hand of Bryon heartily over this distich:

Let sage or cynic prattle as he will
These hours and these alone redeem life's years of ill.

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CONTENTS.

Poetry: The Old and New Year..... 53
 Old and New..... 53
 A Critique..... 54
 Study..... 58
 Christmas Eve away from Home..... 59
 Editorial..... 60-62
 Before the Holidays..... 63
 Arts Students..... 64
 Our Arts Course and what it was worth..... 64
 Written Examinations..... 65
 Law School Notes..... 66
 Dallusiensis..... 66
 Review Column..... 68
 Acknowledgments..... 68

THE bells of time are on the verge of tolling the death-knell of another year, and ere this journal reaches many of our friends, 1887 will have passed into the historian's hand, soon to appear one volume more in the archives of time.

The past year will ever be a memorable one—perhaps the most memorable in the history of our University. It has witnessed the abandonment and the downfall of the dingy, time-worn structure—the old Dalhousie, hallowed by fond associations and remembrances, extending over nearly threescore and ten years; it has witnessed the rise of the new, commodious and elegant edifice, with new environments and greater accommodations and facilities, in full keeping

with the progressive spirit of the age. It would seem that Dalhousie has safely passed through the great climacteric in her existence—the days of darkness and despondency, when her very life was in jeopardy, when friends were few and necessities both urgent and many. Kind friends have come to the rescue, however, and to-day all her friends must rejoice that she has been placed on a basis so satisfactory and so hopeful as to require no time-telling seer to predict for her future a brilliant career and an increased sphere of usefulness. The year 1887—the bright jubilee year of our beloved Sovereign the Queen—has, indeed, deep claims upon the remembrances of all true friends of the College; but it has at the same time sad memories. It has witnessed the removal by death of two of the Board of Governors—the late Sir William Young, to whose large-hearted munificence Dalhousie College owes so much, and the late Dr. Avery, also a liberal and generous friend. Both of these, it is true, had reached and far passed the span of life allotted to man, but their memories will nevertheless be none the less green and none the less cherished in the minds of all lovers of enlightened public spirit.

And now, as we are about to close, we desire to express our sincere gratitude to all who have assisted us in any way during the past twelve months, and though too late for Christmas greetings, we yet wish our governors, professors, patrons, friends, students and contemporaries

A Very Bright
 AND
 Happy New Year.

IT is but natural at this season, fraught as it is with so much of the serious as well as mirthful, that the thoughtful mind should review its own history during the year that is gone—should make, as it were, a mental inventory of the gains and losses of the individual life. We can never profit fully without retrospection, be the pursuit what it may. Indeed, the man of business, who should fail to balance his ledger and ascertain his true standing at the year's

close, would be deemed singularly lacking in shrewdness, if not in common sense. Yet how few, who profess themselves students, ever think of taking any account of that true mental currency which rings as well as glitters! The necessity may not seem so urgent in the latter case as in the former, yet who shall say that it is not of even greater importance? Certainly, if we are to profit by what experience teaches, we cannot afford to go blindly into the future without some definite plan before us in which the errors of the past have been rectified. We are all disposed to concentrate our thoughts too much upon the present, to be oblivious of the past, and blind to the future. Such a course, one moment's reflection would show us, is neither philosophic nor characteristic of the true student. Let us, then, if we have neglected it heretofore, consider wisely and well the slips and the losses of the past, and resolve to make amends—so far as in our power during the year before us—to

“live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, and scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like star,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues.”

MANY a student, when he sees his work getting behind and its difficult problems still unexplained to his mind, may frequently have mourned thus to himself: “If only unkind nature had endowed me with more quick and showy parts, given me a spark of the divine genius, how much more of the rosy tint, how much less of drudgery would there be in my life.” And, indeed, such a complaint is only natural when we consider that those whom nature has dealt less kindly with—whose mental abilities seem inferior—cherish most ambitious thoughts. No one who has not experienced this feeling of inferiority can imagine how disheartening it is to the plodder to see his class-mates out-distance him without any apparent effort on their part; how mortifying, when examination time comes round, to see their names high up in the 80's or 90's, while a neat little 50 marks his own strenuous endeavours. But let those who

would make this a criterion beware lest they judge prematurely. The tale has not yet been half told; scarcely the first act of the drama of life has been enacted. The far-extending future stretches out before these candidates for honour, and there lies the secret of what each several success will be. It may not be the runner who passes the first mile-stone far in advance of his fellow competitors that wins the long race. The battle is not always to the strong, when that strength is unaided by prudence and diligent care.

And here we meet with that invidious distinction which some are wont to draw between genius—that celestial gift—and talent, which is the inferior article. Genius, they conceive, needs none of those slighter aids which Talent finds indispensable—to wit, application, painstaking and pondering its humble work. Genius has only to act when the divine afflatus works, and inspiration prompts. Such is the view that finds little to commend it in actual experience. The great majority of those whose names men are accustomed to consider the brightest in art and literature were not strangers to the greatest labour and care. Perhaps this is so to a less extent in the case of the latter—literature; but even here it were long to relate how our greatest poets polished and re-polished their masterpieces; how our greatest English essayist spent whole days in perfecting the matter for a single page. It is no unmeditated lay that the genuine poet pours forth. His brain is like a forge in full blast. The rude material is brought into form and shape by the sledge hammer of critical thought. Crude ideas are moulded anew, twisted, turned about, until we scarcely recognize the original in its now amplified and perfect form. The heavy forges of the Cyclops worked not harder than the seething brain of the immortal bard of the Avon. How else came those numerous plays whose infinite variety never stales—always powerful, always majestic?

In the words, then, of Talleyrand, greatest of modern statesmen, Genius is but an infinite capacity for taking trouble. It is not possible to divide some exceptional persons from common humanity. From the dull person to the genius

ability gradually increases by infinitesimal gradations; and what differentiates one of these stages from another is just a greater or less amount of painstaking diligence. It would seem that a man's mental future, whether he makes or mars it, lies in his own hands—a fact which should especially stimulate a young student. In what line his genius may lie of course depends on the original bent of his mind. But the fact remains the same, that a niche in the temple of fame is cut out for him, if only diligence and infinite application are his to gain it.

The history of Darwin's life furnishes a remarkable proof of the truth of this. His College days passed a wearisome time, as the story goes, and he gained little praise or approbation from his masters. But he soon discovered his proper sphere, and what success he attained therein the world knows. He possessed, if ever man did, an exceptional capacity for taking pains. No point was too small for his attention, provided that by its aid some doubtful process in the economy of nature could be explained. And it was this knowledge of small facts indefinitely increased that led to those broad and embracing theories which give him title to the name of founder of the modern philosophical school of natural history. To the same end many other examples might be adduced, but space forbids. It is enough that mental excellence is obtained like all other prizes—by strenuous individual exertion. He who sweats the most is victor and bears away the palm; and though the sweat oftentimes must exude in torrents before the goal is reached, a brave heart and a strong will make the end certain.

WE feel it a duty to say a few words about a matter on which the majority of our students feel strongly, and on which the Senate and they pull opposite ways—the right of scrimmaging. What the students of this College claim as their undoubted prerogative is, their right (when the fancy strikes them, and vigorous lively strength impels) to scrimmage in their own waiting room during the five minutes which intervene between lectures. Their good sense will condemn any prolongation of the sport after

lectures begin and thus abate the annoyance which is complained of. It seems too bad that our students have not got a room they can call their own, where delegates from the Senate do not break in on their sport with threatening words. Everybody else is comfortably quartered but the poor students, who have no place to rest their heads. In every other College where the hand of tyranny is not laid on the students, the innocent game of scrimmage blooms in full vigor. Why should young men in the best days of their life be made to move around noiselessly and with bated breath? Some memories we will love to dwell on in after years; but surely the mind revolts from the memory of thralldom!

IT is pleasant and pardonable, more especially at this season of the year—the season when heroic resolutions and lofty purposes are formed—to indulge a little in fanciful imagining, and look forward upon life in anticipation of its triumphs or reverses. It is always much pleasanter to anticipate success than failure, and consequently we may be pardoned for thinking more on the former than on the latter. To fix on some noble aim, and forthwith form the resolve to carry it out, is really a great step towards its accomplishment. Such an indulgence of the fancy is as helpful in the real, actual battle of life as it is conducive to the happiness of life. Men cannot live without their ideals. Everyone has within him an ideal, be what it may, lofty or lowly. What a dull, prosaic, uninteresting world this would be without dreams! No poetry, no romance—everything real and matter-of-fact. The picture is most uninviting; to youth at least, with its "illusions, aspirations, dreams" positively unbearable.

It does not so much matter, for the real good of the individual at least, whether the dreams of youth be realized or not. Failure must be taken as a necessary part of the discipline of life. He has not learned, who has not failed. Noble aims are a sure indication of noble character. Man should, in fact, be judged rather by his ideals than by his attainments. What he wishes for is

but a presentiment of what he is capable of doing. If he aims too high he will of course fail; but his failure will be more apparent than real. It will be rather a mark of his greatness, inasmuch as it affords an indication that his aspirations are towards higher attainments. He who has no aspirations, no lofty ideals, can never, as a matter of course, suffer failure. It is therefore better for one to have one's ideals, and to hold them steadily in view, unmindful of petty or apparent failures, than to be satisfied with a mere hand to hand, come-what-will existence.

Experience will soon teach a man not to put too much confidence in his ideals; but like all good teachers, she prefers to impart this instruction by degrees. She believes in the motto: "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." It need therefore be no discouragement to youth if wisdom does linger a little. The first and essential duty is to get knowledge, wisdom will look out for itself.

BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS.

In accordance with the time-honored custom, the Dalhousie students turned out in full numbers on Tuesday evening, December 21st, the occasion being the merry "break-up" before the Christmas holidays. The proceedings of the evening consisted of an extensive literary and musical fare, the programme of which we subjoin, and a march around the town to the residences of the several Professors. At 8 p. m. the general waiting room in the new College was well filled by the students of the Arts, Law and Medical Schools. A considerable number of ladies favored the audience with their presence. Mr. Clark took the chair, and on rising was greeted with a perfect salvo of musical artillery from the horns, pipes, trumpets, cornets and other instruments of harmonious discord. The following programme was then gone through:

LAURIGER HORATIUS..... Glee Club.
FLUTE: *Tyroline Air*..... Huggins.
THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER..... Chorus and Quartette.
SONG: *Air Hibernian*..... Martin.
SPEECH..... Roberta.
CHORUS: *Long may she live, our College fair*..... Glee Club.
SPEECH..... Howard Murray, B.A.
LE BANJO..... Huggins and Morash.
CHORUS: *Wake, Freshmen, Wake*..... Glee Club.
TRIO: *Scottish March, Burlesque*..... Brown, Fraser, Martin.
LA FLANTO: *Caprice Hongrois*..... Huggins.
Quartette and Chorus: *Heathen Chinese*..... Glee Club.
SONG: *There's only room for one*..... Glee Club.
SONG: *Air American*..... Martin.
SONG: *Merrily roll we homeward, O*..... Glee Club.
SONG: *Sodalitatem num vetustam*..... Glee Club.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

While scarcely up to the standard of the last two years, the entertainment afforded sufficient

hilarity and fun to keep all in convulsions of laughter until 10 o'clock, when the boys formed into line and marched forth in brilliant torch-light procession to the homes of the several Professors, and thence to the *Herald* and *Chronicle* offices and Police Station. The procession broke up at half-past eleven, and the students returned to their respective dwellings, tired and sleepy, but well pleased with the evening's amusement.

LAW SCHOOL DINNER.

The annual Law School Dinner was partaken of in Teas' Dining Room, on Friday, 16th inst. Messrs. A. A. McKay and A. J. Campbell acted as Chairman and Vice-Chairman, respectively. A number of old graduates were present. The speeches and songs were quite as good as any given on similar occasions heretofore. The following is the toast list:—

"Comfort me with flagons."

TOASTS.

- The Queen—"God bless Her."
- The Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor.
- Alma Mater—"Semper floreat."—McInnis and Sedgewick.
Chorus: "Long may she live, our College fair."
- Sister Colleges.—McNeill, Lovett, White.
- Our Benefactors, Professors and Lecturers.—Armstrong, Morrison.
Chorus: "For they are jolly good fellows."
- The Justices of the Peace—"the bulwarks of the constitution."—A. J. Campbell, Ross.
- Our Graduates and Graduating Class.—Lyons, Bowser.
Chorus: "Little Jacky Horner, a sitting in the corner, Eating his Christmas pie; He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plum, And said, 'what a big boy am I!'"
- The Freshmen—"Welcome to Dalhousie."—Patterson, Roberts.
Chorus: "For we think it is no sin, sir, To take a Freshman in, sir, And make him spend his tin, sir, To drive dull care away."
- The men and women who make their own wills—"fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—McBride, Dennison.
- The babies—"Rock the cradle, Pat; there's many a man would give his right hand to have a boy like that."
- The Scott Act.—Oxley, Armstrong.
Chorus: "Drunk last night, drunk the night before, Oh boys we'll never get drunk any more."
- Our Taskmasters—"Give us a rest."—Huggins, Magee.
- Our Best Girls—"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove."—Cummings, Lockhart.
Song: "There's only room for one."
- The Press—vide *Wason v. Walter*, L. R. 4 Q. B., 73.—A. J. Campbell, McNeill.
Song: "Sodalitatem num vetustam Decet interire Nec in mentem tempus illud Unquam nos recire."
Chorus: *Dies, O vetustos, care Dies jam vetustos? Potus sumemus gratos nunc In dies jam vetustos.*
- Mine Host—"For he is a nice kind of fellow."
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ARTS STUDENTS.

Of the 154 students in the Arts department of Dalhousie College it may be of interest to observe that

124 come from the Province of Nova Scotia.
16 " " " " P. E. Island.
13 " " " " New Brunswick.

Halifax County this year sends 54 students, 17 of whom are undergraduates and 37 generals, as against a total of 46 last year. It is noticeable, however, that this is the first year Halifax County has sent its proper quota of undergraduates. There were only 6 undergraduates out of the 46 students in attendance last year. The increase this year is significant of the fact that the citizens of Halifax are at length awakening to a realization of the privileges they have so long ignored.

Pictou County sends.....19
Island of Cape Breton.....18
Colchester County.....9
Kings County.....5
Annapolis.....4

Of the 88 undergraduates, 17 are in the fourth year; 15 in the third; 22 in second, and 34 in first year. It is also worthy of remark that Dalhousie has come to be recognized now as thoroughly unsectarian, and there are on her rolls many representatives of all denominations—Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Roman Catholic, etc.

In a future No. we will give some account of the Law School and of the Medical College, which has been affiliated with Dalhousie.

OUR ARTS COURSE AND WHAT IT WAS WORTH.

SUCH was the subject of our conversation on the way home from College. Had we succeeded in gaining our aim? Though it may be heresy to say so, we answered in the negative. The play was not worth the candle. For why? Had we not left home with grand constitutions, high spirits and an eager desire for learning? And did we not return uncultured, with weakened frames, and a degree which, by itself, would not win one a position as assistant teacher in a back-woods school? That we had staked high and lost was the universal decision. The reason of this is not hard to discover.

The Freshman, on entering College, arms himself with a series of note-books, in which he jots down the daily lectures of his Professors. His own judgment, his critical powers, his mind, his brain, excepting in the case of mathematics,

is rarely appealed to. On becoming a Senior, the student finds himself a regular automaton, so expert at reporting lectures that he can fill fifteen pages of his note-book without being conscious of a single sentence he has written. The Professor, in his monotone, might declare that several students were to be hanged, without any stir being occasioned, excepting the usual "Will you please repeat," and the dull "Thank you, sir," from some laggard. These notes are never again read, thought of, or referred to, until the close of the session, when the student commences to prepare for the examinations. In this proceeding the memory is the only faculty appealed to; the mind, in consequence, gains no strength, and the student leaves College with his originality and individuality completely lost.

College work, as it is now conducted, is then simply a gymnastic effort for the memory. But the present age does not need a man who can name the year, day and hour on which an insignificant Greek battle was fought. It has no need of a Mr. Casaubon; an encyclopaedia can take his place and occupy less room. What it wants is men of sound judgment, clear understanding and inventive powers. Unless, therefore, Universities can send out men of this type they must be blotted out as relics of a past age.

We have, then, no hesitation in saying that a young man who barely scrapes through his examinations, but keeps his mind uncrippled, has much more chance of making a name in the world than one who wins bursaries, honours, etc., and comes out neither himself nor anybody else, just a poor dictionary.

We advise students, who desire to go to College, to take a course of subjects suited to their aim in life, and to enrich their minds with ideas which they can make their own, but never to load their memories with dry facts.

Original work, the evolution of one's own mind, even though it be poor, far more deserves a prize than any amount of facts committed to memory, inasmuch as the former expands, the latter impairs the intellect.

Still, we spent many pleasant days in College, and it was with feelings of regret that we left it for ever, but regret solely that we had not devoted more of our time to each other, and less to our books; widened our sympathies, instead of cramping our interests, and thus become more fitted for social life than for a desolate hermitage.

Turn, then, ye students, your faces to the rising, not to the setting, sun. Leave arts to a past age; look to the new, to science; search for yourselves; use your own minds. Already electricity is taking the place of steam; greater

discoveries may await you. If you go on as you have been doing, on emerging from your studies you will find that, while you have been mastering Greek roots, the earth has gone round with immense velocity, and that it will take you another four years to get back to the living, thinking world again. A GRADUATE.

WRITTEN EXAMINATIONS.

THE dull monotony of reading examination papers is occasionally relieved by flashes of originality on the part of the examined. It has often been the lot of the writer to sit for hours reading and marking examination papers upon different subjects. He has also had associated with him another examiner, who perhaps has been more successful than himself in collecting curiosities. From our combined memorandums a few extracts, selected from the answers of candidates, are here given. The replies, even in the worst cases, will suggest the questions:

"Sir Walter Scott was a great dramatist. He is the author of Byron's poems of Scotland: Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled; The Fire King; Scotch Mary; Bonnie Dundee; Letters to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; Gertrude and Wyoming; Macbeth; Duncan; She Stoops to Conquer; The Valley of Nile."

"The *Leith* is a small stream in the vicinity of the poem."

In answer to a question on the Pyramids, the following answers were given:

"The principal Pyramids are Cheops, Chereeneses, Sarcophagus and Sphinx."

"There are large Pyramids in lairs of various shapes. There is one called the Pillars of Hercules. It is shaped like a lion's head."

"The Pyramids were famous for their durability—some of them lasting 700 years."

"Martin Luther was a Methodist local preacher. He also lectured on Temperance and other subjects."

Perhaps, however, the most amusing of all is an essay on the Dominion of Canada by a candidate for a teacher's certificate, which is here given in full:

DOMINION OF CANADA.

"The breadth of the Dominion is spread before us like a vast panorama, varied enough to shake the dullest spirit out of a patriotic emotion. We travelled in all over five thousand

miles. Through the coal mines of Nova Scotia, the forests of New Brunswick almost to Louisburg, and then to Quebec and to Ontario up the great lakes. Through Manitoba, where you would see the rolling prairies, through the North-West till we came to the Pacific.

"The poorness of the land do not make us traitors. The destiny of the nation depends on the character of the people, and not on moral resources. We may have good confidence that we came of people that have never hurt friend or foe, as far as freedom, loyalty or God was concerned. The doctrinaries think that at any time they can say go and make us a constitution, but a nation must grow and a constitution must grow with it. Some people say that our government is the same, but it is not; it is not the same on effect of character. Republicanism is one-sided and Despotism is other sided; Despotism is entirely based first."

The English Schools' Inquiry Commission revealed a condition of things, even in London which is exceedingly comical. Nothing can surpass the following from the examination of a class in geography in an Upper Class Girls' School. The questions were on the United States, Scotland and Ireland, after a half year's special instruction on the subject:

"United States is remarkable for its ruins. Each State manages its own affairs; has a Counsel-general appointed by the people, and a Governor by the Queen. Each State has a King chosen by the people, and a House of Commons and of Lords."

"The capital of the United States is Mexico. It is governed by a Queen, a council, and two representatives. It is very subject to earthquakes, and all the houses are built very low in consequence."

"The population of Scotland is 2,300,000 square miles." This was repeated by two others.

"The religion of Scotland is Protestant, and all the people are Catholics."

"One quarter of the inhabitants of the globe live in Scotland. Oats are the favorite food of the people."

"The climate of Scotland is in a thriving condition."

"Ireland is nice and clean in some places and dirty in others. It exports tallow candles and cork."

"Ireland is flat. The occupation of the people is to dig potatoes. Its ports are Aberdeen and Dundee, and its exports are largely of fish."

LAW SCHOOL NOTES.

THE Mock Parliament held their first session under the new regime on the evening of the 3rd inst. A quantity of preliminary business having been disposed of, a Home Rule resolution was introduced by Alex. MacNeil, Minister of Public Works, in a neat and well-delivered speech. The resolution was fully and freely discussed by a number of the members, and was carried on a division by a large majority.

A measure aiming at a reform in the Senate so as to have them in the future elected by the several local legislatures for a term of years, was then introduced by Mr. Patterson, Finance Minister, who clearly set forth the essential features of the scheme and the necessity of a speedy reform. He was followed by MacNeill, (A. H.), in opposition, and Dennison in favor of the measure.

Mackay then moved the adjournment of the debate.

At the next meeting, on the 10th inst., there was a full attendance of the students, and much enthusiasm prevailed among the embryo M. P's. A large number of visitors were present in the lobby of the House, among whom we were pleased to notice the Dean.

After disposing (in committee) of some matters relative to suitably equipping a club room for the use of the Law students, the Speaker resumed the chair and the adjourned debate was taken up by Mr. Mackay. He was followed by Ross, Forsythe, Reid, Armstrong and Patterson, for, and Cummings, McInnis, Lovett, Roberts and MacNeill, against the measure. At a late hour "question" was called, and on a division there appeared 12 for and 11 against it. The House then adjourned until after the Christmas vacation.

MOOT COURT.—The case of *Blaikie v. Grindley* was argued December 15th, J. M. Chisholm, of the firm of Harrington & Chisholm, presiding. This was an appeal from the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, which held that a prior unrecorded deed was avoided by the registry of a judgment recovered subsequently, but first registered.

Counsel for the respondent contended that the many English and United States cases cited in reference to equitable mortgages were not in point, as the case turns on the effect of the Registry Act, Revised Statutes, (4th Series), Chapter 79, sec. 22, which reads: "A judgment duly recovered and docketed shall bind the lands of the party against whom the judgment shall have passed from and after the registry thereof in the county or district where the lands shall

have been acquired before or after the registering of such judgment; and deeds or mortgages shall be void against the judgment creditor who shall first register his judgment."

Magee and Campbell for the appellant.

Morrison and A. J. Campbell for respondent.

The arguments were quite exhaustive.

Judgment reserved.

DALLUSIENSIA.

We wish our contemporaries to note that this column is not intended for the public, but belongs exclusively to the students at present attending College, who are alone expected to understand its contents.

LARD is good for a moustache.

IT is a shame, Freshmen, to use the Meds. so roughly in the scrimmages.

GOOD for the Soph. who gave the Faculty a piece of his mind on the subject of mauls!

IT is stretching courtesy a little too far when every girl around the city calls a Senior by the name of Regie.

THE precocious Senior has again crossed the bounding main to see the wicked Haman's sister!

WE are pleased to learn that the friend of the last year's Freshmen is recovering from an attack of the measles.

WHAT filial piety was in the breast of the homesick Freshman who left so long before lectures closed to see his dear ma! Oh, John Brown!

DURING the progress of the march a certain limb of the law was attending, not exactly to the duties of the bar, but to something nice by the light of a torch—like any other freeman.

THE philosophic junior, devotee of Bacchus, was in his glory the night of the procession. What, too, shall be said of his mathematical compeer of the fourth year?

IT is said that the first hymn sung by the choir of the Robie Street Methodist Church, after admitting our ambitious Freshie, was that one beginning: "By *Jordan's* stormy side we stand."

A CERTAIN Soph. has been likened with Caractacus, the British King conquered by the Romans, because "his brave and dauntless bearing before the Senate won for him a free pardon."

"ONE hopeful Dibyite found his way to the Police Station on Saturday unable to take care of himself on the street. We will not give his

name, but trust he will take warning. *He was not a student.*—*Dalhousie Cor. of Digby Courier.* The *Natu Maximus* should remember that he who *excuses accuses!*

ONE of the Freshmen who hails from the far east was heard to remark, as he gazed intently upon a large automatic doll in one of the shop windows: "By golly, if that girl doesn't beat my Jemima!"

A NICE mustache takes well with the ladies. Three of the fair sex presented (Christmas gift) our pretty Soph with a handsome mustache cup, on which was inscribed this verse:

Accept this cup, the gift of love;

And when you care to sip,

'Twill serve to keep the dear hairs dry

That grace thine upper lip.

THE following was found on the College floor on the last day of lectures. It evidently fell out of some student's pocket:

"Dear Archie, I have a deal of concern

For that down on your upper lip,

And therefore I send you this moustache cup

For you your tea to sip."

TALL was the Soph. as he entered a strange Church, but before the preacher was through praying for "those who came here through curiosity" he had sunk so far down in the seat that he was a very ob-scure man.

LAW SCHOOL FACETIÆ.

ONE of our Juniors who does not belong to Cape Breton has gone down there to spend his vacation. *P(h)at* is this for?

WE are afraid that some of our boys are wearying their brains at this season given for rest. A letter was received from one of them the other day asking to have his cribbage-board sent out to him.

A Freshman who noticed for the first time the symbols "8 S." "7 S." in a hymn book, remarked to a friend that he did not regret now having deserted the Muses, since that was all that was paid for good poetry now-a-days.

A decision was rendered a short time ago which the Supreme Court reporters failed to get a hold of. Two Pine Hill men agreed to go on an extended *keg*. The terms of the agreement were that neither of them was to use the *weed nicotiana* "until the last day for lectures," and the one who first broke the agreement was to give the other a Family Bible. On the last day on which lectures were given and before the last lecture was given, one of the parties to the agreement discovered the other using a pipe, and immediately claimed the forfeit. A dispute then

arose as to the proper construction to be put upon the phrase "last day for lectures." As neither party would admit the correctness of the others opinion, it was finally agreed to submit a special case to some law student, and to abide by his decision. Having selected one famous for his intimate acquaintance with the weed and knowledge of the law of Contracts, they stated the case and each of them gave his view of the matter. The pipe was produced in evidence and handed over to the judge who pocketed it, claiming that it belonged to the crown, by virtue of its prerogative, as *bona vacantia*. The learned judge then, after reviewing the authorities cited, held that as the parties did not contemplate any particular time of day as the period at which lectures were to close, the agreement had expired at twelve o'clock the night before, and the parties were at liberty to smoke on the whole of the last day, and accordingly dismissed the case.

ONE of our Freshmen whose social qualities are appreciated in Dartmouth, was lately the subject of a number of adventures. He had been up till four o'clock one morning deciphering his notes on Constitutional History, and in consequence felt rather weary in the following afternoon. Thinking he had gained so much time the night before, that he could afford to take an afternoon for enjoyment he went down to see a few intimate friends. In the evening his social tendencies again overcame his desire for work and he sallied out, this time to a house where he knew some young ladies from Dartmouth were spending the evening. When the hour for their departure came, with the proverbial gallantry of Law Students, he offered to accompany the aforesaid young ladies to their respective homes. Everything went well until they had boarded the ferry boat. As there were many passengers around there was no opportunity for conversation, and the cabin in which they were seated being very warm (that is the only way we can account for it) our young friend fell fast asleep; not even the jarring of the boat at the wharf and the passengers hurrying past him was sufficient to arouse him from his slumbers. As he held a muff belonging to one of the young ladies, it was necessary for the fair owner to wake him, and this she did with such excuses for disturbing his slumbers as she in the embarrassing position could utter. Nothing daunted, the candidate for the long robe insisted in fulfilling his mission to the end, thinking that he could do so and get to the wharf in time to catch the last boat for the city. Whether it was owing to the time necessary to make proper

apologies for his conduct, or from other causes he found that on getting back to the wharf that the last boat had just left the dock. A night in Dartmouth he did not desire, so after much searching and many promises of something less than a silver pound, he induced a boatman to row him o'er the ferry. We learn that he has resolved never again to cross the stormy water at night.

REVIEW COLUMN:

THE Christmas number of the *London Illustrated News*, (American Edition), is on our table. It is beautifully and appropriately illustrated with pictures well befitting this festive season. The story, "A Phyllis of the Sierras," by Bret Harte, is exceedingly interesting. The supplement of four beautifully coloured pictures, unique in design and execution, are prizes in themselves particularly the one "Bubbles," from the celebrated painting by Sir J. E. Millais.

ONLY for a minute—
 Yet the kiss was sweet;
 Death were joy to win it,
 Little laughing linnet,
 Yours were lips to greet.
 Only for a minute—
 Yet the kiss was sweet!

—*Ex.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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