



The Dalhousie Gazette.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorial	243
Class Re-Union	246
Address to Medical Society	246
Florence through American Eyes	255
The Class Pictures in the Munro Room	258
El Libro Rubicundo	260
The Schoolmaster (Poem)	261
Library Notes	262
Correspondence	265
College Notes	268
Alumni Notes	270
Results of Law Exams	271
Dallusiensia	273

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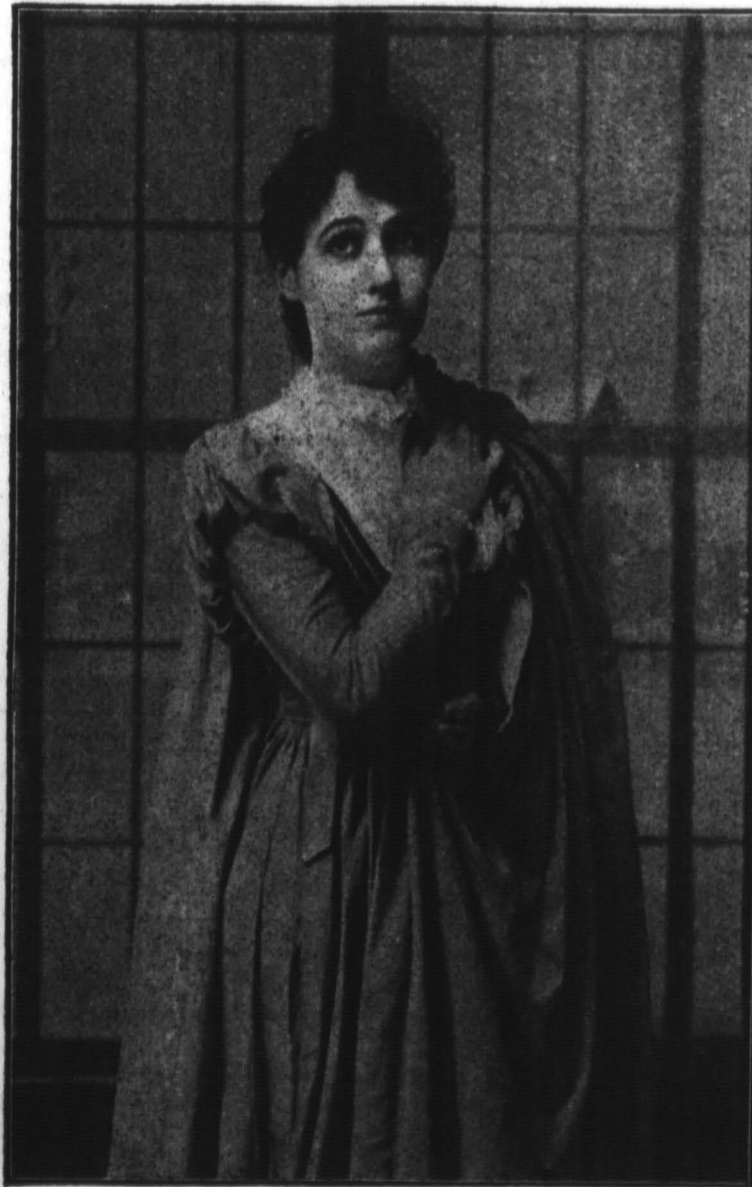
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"ORA ET LABORA."

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Editorial.

When we consider how much money is collected and expended every year under the authority of the University Students' Council, we realize that it is high time for some more modern system of taxation in Dalhousie. Hardly a meeting of the U. S. C. goes by without the imposition of some small levy of ten cents or fifteen cents or sometimes twenty-five cents. The money must be had for the Reading Room or for the Break-Up or for Theatre Night, or to meet some other of the frequent and vexing (because frequent) calls on the students' purse. Then the word goes forth to the treasurers of the classes, and straightway the collecting is begun. The system bears lightly on the Council officers, but is death on the class treasurers. Cheerfully they sally forth at the first call for funds, and the money is soon gathered. But as meeting after meeting is held, and more and more taxes are levied, the collector's life becomes a burden to him; his zeal flags, and at length it turns out that only the most willing of his class are approached.

The collector's genial if somewhat professional smile, so pleasantly returned by his classmates at the opening of the session, is answered dubiously towards Christmas time, while at the approach of spring and convocation, it is opposed with an unmistakable scowl. What wonder then if the office of class treasurer is not regarded as one of the honours of college life!

And apart from the strain upon the machine the returns are not satisfactory. There are some students who never fail to pay the tax. There are others whom no system of taxation, in the absence of a compelling power, will move. These two extreme classes will not be affected by a change. But there is an intermediate order of students who ward off the collector as long as possible and frequently escape him, but who are amenable to moral suasion if it is strongly enough applied, and it is upon these that some improved system would throw their meet share of the burden.

Our proposal then is to make a levy, say of fifty cents, once for all at the beginning of every college year, and with the clearest understanding that all the expenses must come out of the returns from this levy. Then the collectors' duties would be greatly simplified. Instead of going the rounds for a half dozen times, they need make but one canvass at the first of the term. The treasurers of the classes could furnish the Council treasurer with the names of all the students who have paid, and of all who have not paid. A means would then have to be devised to reduce the number of delinquents to a minimum, perhaps by reading out the names at a meeting or by posting them on the bulletin board.

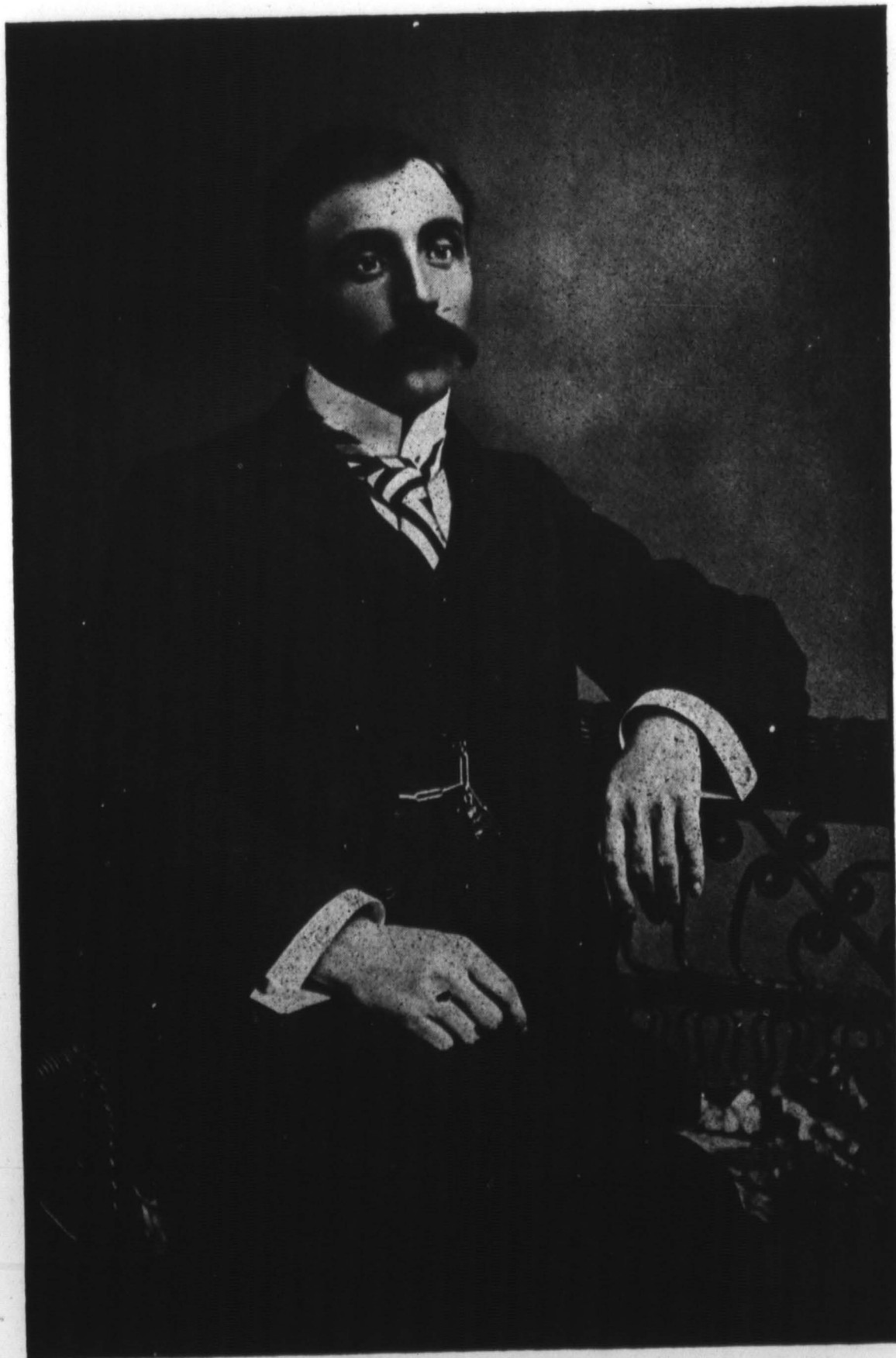
Some amendments to the constitution would of course be necessary. Owing to the increased financial business a treasurer would be needed apart from the secretary. It would perhaps be a wise move also to constitute two or three of the officers, including the treasurer, a treasury board, who would be required to consider all schemes involving the expenditure of money. If any such project should not be approved by this Board, then a larger majority, perhaps two-thirds majority, ought to be required to enable the vote to be made. In this way careful administration of the finances would be assured.

It has been suggested that since there is a considerable change in the student body every year, it would be more fair to the senior class of each faculty, besides being greatly conducive to economy, if the balance of the fund, after the last meeting, were divided up and refunded to the contributors. No man of any class could then have any reasonable objection to paying his tax at the beginning of the college year.

In the death of Dr. Halliday the community has sustained a great loss, for his work concerned the public in many ways. Since April, 1898, with exception of the session 1900-01, he has

*The Late
Doctor Halliday.* been lecturer in Zoology at Dalhousie; for four years he has been teacher of Pathology in Halifax Medical College, first as Lecturer, then as Associate Professor; and since 1901 he has been Director of the Laboratory of the Provincial Board of Health. Dr. Halliday was born at Hutton, Scotland, and was educated at Wallace Hall Academy and Glasgow University. From the latter he was graduated M. B., C. M., with honours in 1891 after a brilliant course. In 1892 he came to Nova Scotia, and for eight years practised in Stewiacke and Shubenacadie. He resigned his practice in 1900 to devote himself to the study of Pathology, and spent a year in advanced work at Glasgow University. In 1901 he was awarded diploma of Public Health from Durham University. Never of very good health, his hard labours told heavily upon him. At the beginning of the present session he was compelled to give up work. After spending a few months in Muskoka Sanitarium he returned, apparently much improved in health; but disease had too strong a hold on him and on March 10th he died.

Dalhousians will hear of his death with great regret. His course in Zoology has been a popular one and his work in Halifax Medical College especially is gratefully remembered by all students there during the past four years. Dr. G. M. Campbell's praise of him may be quoted here:—"As a teacher Dr. Halliday has been a decided success. He carries the students with him and they become imbued with the same enthusiasm as himself. The lack of facilities for private research, I believe, has alone prevented Dr. Halliday's name from becoming widely known."



The Late Andrew Halliday, M. B., C. M., D. P. H.

Born February 1, 1867.

Died March 10, 1903.

(By kind permission of the Maritime Medical News).

Class Re-Union.

The re-union of the class of 1900 will be held in the Munro Room at 11 a. m. Tuesday, April 28th, 1903. The class letter will be read. It is hoped all who can will be present.

H. A. KENT,
Secretary.

Address to Medical Society.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:

In asking me to give a few words of advice to the young graduate going out to practice, you have reminded me of what I am not always cognizant, my advancing years. It is now just a quarter of a century since I stood where you now stand, as a final student in deep trepidation and terror. The approaching examinations seemed completely to monopolize my attention. You are more far-seeing than I was, and less perturbed by the dangers of examinations, for you look beyond them to the trials and triumphs of professional life. I sincerely commend your coolness while so near the fire zone. It augurs well for the future. But to what shall I attribute your absence of fear and far-reaching hope. Perhaps the answer had better come by way of illustration.

Dr. Chalmers, the great Scotch divine, was one day out for a drive. The horses became frightened at some object by the roadside, whereupon the driver whipped them vigorously—and then reined them in successfully. The doctor, astonished, asked him why he so wielded the whip upon already frightened animals, and was told that it was to give them something else to think about. This answer suggested the subject of one of the doctor's greatest sermons, viz., "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection."

To you the lines have fallen in more pleasant, if not more tempting, places than they did to me twenty-five years ago. An influence superior to the terrors of examinations pervades your halls. The chances for a practical companionship may ripen into a companionable practice, and the trials of the present be forgotten in the expectations of the future.

Twenty-five years ago! How long a time in the future; how short in the past. In looking back upon them I must exclaim with Ossian: "A voice comes to me that awakes my soul. It is the voice of years that are gone. They roll before me with their deeds." They rolled before him like a cloud of mist driven by the wind, mellowing and maturing the foliage in their onward course along the brows of his native hills. Yes, there is something instructive and edifying in the retrospections of maturity and age. Would that their voice was more heeded by those who are buckling on their armour. What mistakes would be avoided, what wrecks prevented, what triumphs secured!

But I would like to refer you to men of more experience than myself. Hippocrates, the father of medicine, wrote many things to which you would do well to pay heed. He lived near the heart of nature and wrested so many from death that the gods of the infernal regions became jealous. Possibly the high moral standing which he exhibited in his professional life and inculcated upon his followers, had something to do with this feeling. The oath which he exacted from his disciples you will be required to take, and as nothing better has ever been written to guide you in your professional career, you had better read, learn, inwardly digest and scrupulously follow it. It imposes honourable conduct towards your brethren, and pure, faithful dealing with your patients.

Now I speak from experience, when I say that the strongest temptations to which you will be subjected, will be that of injuring your rivals. Man is essentially selfish, your rival is a stumbling block in the path of your progress. He comes short of some of his patients' expectations. They come to you with their story. Mean selfishness or green-eyed jealousy gets the upper hand of manly honour when you encourage them. You trample honour in the dust when you take up a patient who is being attended by your rival. Put yourself in his place and do for him as you would have him do for you. This is the *summum bonum* of all professional etiquette, and if you follow it, you will win not only the friendship of your rival, but the respect of the public. Do not forget that your rival has his friends and that any mean action of yours will be resented by them and worked to your injury, whereas, straight, honourable

dealing will win their respect, confidence, friendship and support.

No matter how desirable, it will be impossible for me to take up the question of etiquette more fully. The golden rule covers it all. Follow it no matter what the temptations to break it, and your success will not be less sure or lasting. Beware of the man who has nothing good to say of his brethren. The serpent's fang lies close to his forked and darting tongue. It is quite as ready to bite you as your neighbour.

In the cure of disease Hippocrates was no less happy. His *maxim tuto, cito et jucundo* you should make your own. Safely, quickly and pleasantly should be your constant aim in healing the sick. The first two concern your knowledge, the last has largely to do with your manners. The human organism has many sided avenues for the inroads of suffering. These avenues are not wholly material. Some are mental, some spiritual. Sir Andrew Clark once delivered a lecture on the "Trinity of Man." The units of this Trinity were body, soul and spirit. Now as the body is pained by violence, so is the soul the seat of the affection pained by rudeness, and the spirit by immorality. You will see then that the philosophy of success requires that you should be gentle and noble men as well as educated men. Cultivate the delicacy of the Celt rather than the bluntness of the Teuton. When you have anything disagreeable to say, as you often will have, imitate the incomparable delicacy of Ossian, who in relating the rape of Oithona made her say:

"What could I do,
My hands were weak,
He took me in my grief.
My father shall blush in his Hall."

You will remember how Ian McLaren exalts this trait of the Scotch character in the inhabitants of Drumtochty at the trial of Rev. Mr. MacOmish. When the raw young lawyer bluntly asked, "Was he intoxicated?" the witness horrified answered; "Losh man! hoo cud ony richt-thinkin' man sweer tae sic an awfu' word. Na, na, a' daurna use that kin' o' langidge; it's no cannie."

"Was there the smell of drink on him?"

"Noo, since ye press me, a'll juist tell ye the hale truth; it wes doon richt stupid o' me, but as sure as a'm livin' a clean forgot to try him."

"Will you answer one question, sir? you are on your oath. Did you see anything unusual in Mr. MacOmish's walk? Did he stagger?"

"Na, I cudna say stagger, but he nicht gie a bit trimmil."

"We are coming to the truth now; what did you consider the cause of trimmiling as you call it?" and the innocent young advocate looked round in triumph.

"Well," replied Drumtochty, "since ye maun hae it, a' heard he wes a very learned man, and it cam intae ma mind that the Hebrew, which a'm telt is a very contrairy langidge had gaen doon and settled in his legs."

So did a Drumtochty witness hold his own in an ecclesiastical court. So you will best hold your patients by not calling a spade a spade. I remember being once asked by a cancer patient, "Doctor, how long do you think I shall live?" Not being in a very amiable frame of mind, I turned round and quickly answered, "As long as the Lord will let you." She never forgave me and years after I heard from one of her friends why I was no more called to that house. Now I answer similar questions differently by saying, "Well, our lives are in God's hands, and it is impossible for us to say what he is going to do."

You will often be asked, "Doctor, what do you think of our brother?" A friend of mine answers such questions by saying very reluctantly and slowly, "Well, he is not in a very satisfactory condition." It is astonishing how this simple answer will ward off any further questioning.

But sometimes patients and their friends are more persistent. They want to know the worst. They will not be frightened. I was once attending a rather acute case of phthisis. Two members of the family had already died of it. One day I was specially sent for to examine the patient and to tell the truth as to whether she would recover or not. Another examination was quite unnecessary for a prognosis, but I proceeded, and after finishing I told the friends outside that she could not possible recover. Next morning's mail brought a letter saying:—"Since you can do nothing for our sister, we want you

to discontinue your visits." They called another who gave a hopeful prognosis, but she died in two months. In such circumstances it is wise to say that "the case now looks very unpromising, but that you will do your best and that if they would like some other opinion, you would be too happy to have it."

But if delicacy of speech be important, how much more so delicacy or correctness of conduct? We say such and such is the correct or not the correct thing to do. Did you ever enquire as to the origin of the measure by which we estimate correctness, rightness, rectitude, propriety? Some one traces it to culture, but it ante-dates that. There was not much culture among the Celts in Ossian's time, but his correctness of deportment and description was inimitable. To what then can we trace it? There is but one answer: Before Abraham was *I am*. I, my law and my attributes are graven upon the hearts of men. Our idea of correctness is but a faint reflexion of his glory. Beware then of doing violence to sentiments so divinely implanted, so deeply rooted, so universally accepted.

But here again you will be tempted above measure. When your pockets are empty and your practice tormentingly dull, some married vampire will walk into your office and say after many preliminaries, "Doctor, I have had one baby, I don't want another, but I find I am in trouble. Can't you help me? I will give you any money if you do." Or, it may be that a well-dressed brute on two legs, will drive to your office in a closed cab with a bundle of despoiled virtue, and he will offer you from fifty to a hundred dollars to get both of them out of trouble. Now beware, for the bait is tempting and covered well with specious arguments, touching appeals, sighs and tears. Though suffering like Job, like him maintain your integrity. Imbue not your hands in innocent blood. For the voice of the Almighty reflected from every true heart will cry out in horror and vengeance against you if you do. The bulk of our noble profession is *sans peur et sans reproche* in this matter. They will not yoke themselves with Herod in slaughtering the innocents even though the lamentations of Rachel be changed to petitions for slaughter.

So much for correctness of morals. The field is wide. I have but turned one sod in it. I must hasten to another field lying close beside it. I mean correctness of dress and manners.

Do you ever consider the divine right of the tailor, and by whose authority he changes dress and fashions? If you do you will set no mean estimate upon his labours, nor wonder why beauty of dress is so captivating. Listen. "They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons." Well, what of that? Simply that it was not the correct form of dress, for we read further on, "And for Adam and for his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skin and clothed them." What must have been the beauty of those coats, their cut and style, coming from the hands of Him who fashioned the Lily of the Valley! Despise not correct dress then, for it bears the imprimatur of the Almighty and the appreciation of his offspring.

We never read that the Almighty made goggles, therefore beware of foppery. A cold glass eye is no accomplishment in the lying-in room, neither is a screwed-up waist in a surgical amphitheatre, nor the modern modification of the primitive apron in our fashionable assemblies. "He clothed them."

Time would fail me to go deeply into the subject of manners. Years ago I was passing on a Sunday through our Public Gardens. My attention was attracted by a large crowd which had congregated around the pond. On going nearer I found that the centre of this attraction was the graceful form and movements of a swan. I would have been much better off to-day if I had never forgotten that object lesson. Gentlemen, always remember that the brainless swan attracts the crowd.

Coming back to the first two words of Aesculapius' *maxim tuto, cito*, I have already said that they largely concern your knowledge. Now the true stimulus to the acquirement of medical knowledge is responsiveness to human suffering. There are other stimuli such as wealth and position, but these, though valuable, are of little importance in the making up of a true physician. If wealth and position be your object, you have missed your calling. If your hearts are responsive to the cry of human suffering, you will find enough of it to nerve you to action in this word of smiles and tears.

The poet asks :

"Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the highest suffer most,
That the strongest wander farthest and most hopelessly are
lost,
That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,
And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the
strain?"

Yes, it is true. Anguish racks the highest and the strongest most keenly if not most frequently. It racks the lowest most frequently if not most keenly. It is yours to sooth the aching brow, to calm the tortured mind and even to become the substitute of mind when reason from innumerable causes is dethroned. It is yours to woo back the rosy cheek and the wandering soul, and there is that in human nature, fallen though it may be, which will abundantly reward you and forever call you blessed. Yes! responsiveness to suffering will crown you with certain success.

Now this idea of responsiveness to suffering involves many things. It involves fitness for your calling. The lazy, cold, calculating, peevish, unsympathetic, rough, surly, meddlesome, tell-tale, tattling doctor has missed his or her calling. Better the proverbial bull in a china shop than a doctor with many of those failings in a sick room.

It involves knowledge of the natural history of disease. Every disease has its *facies* or its distinguishing characteristics. In process of time they will become as familiar to you as the faces of your friends, and as your capacity for service to your friends will grow with your knowledge of them, so will your usefulness at the bedside with your knowledge of disease. You must therefore cultivate the faculties of close observation and correct delineation. The ability to see well is becoming, I fear, a lost art in these days of goggles and glasses, and the ability to give a correct word painting of natural scenes is not much advanced by over-familiarity with imaginary colourings in works of fiction. Read these sparingly, but nature and your professional works unsparingly. When you are not at the bedside, hold converse with the masters. Get well acquainted with Osler, Errichson and Lusk. I mention these as representative in their branches. But do not confine yourself to text books. Stock your libraries with monographs, Ewald on the Stomach, Dickinson on the Kidney, Fenwick on the Bladder,

Allingham on the Picture, Gower on the Nervous System, Fothergill on Dietetics. These will give you a fullness and breadth of view which you can never obtain from textbooks. It is a mistake to multiply textbooks, but it is wise to invest in monographs. It is also a mistake to multiply magazines, but it is impossible to keep abreast of medical science in their absence. One or two like the *British Medical Journal*, *The Practitioner*, or *The Lancet* will keep you well posted in the march of progress. The field of medical situations is bewilderingly vast. No finite mind can compass it. You will therefore be compelled to specialize. Better to know one branch well than all the branches indifferently. But as general practitioners you cannot indulge too much in the luxury of specializing. You must keep up to your general knowledge. To this end you must give attention to reading.

You must also give attention to case taking. Keep an accurate account of your cases. Nothing is so stimulating to the habit of close observation. Nothing will be more interesting to yourselves in after years.

Responsiveness to suffering involves the ability to entertain and amuse. Not all diseases are physical. Many as you well know are mental. Here the lively, cheerful, entertaining and amusing doctor is invaluable. The ability to tell a funny tale, and take your patient's mind away from imaginary or real suffering is an accomplishment which you should earnestly covet and cultivate. Even the ability to read well will often prove most useful and profitable to yourselves and your patients. All this involves constant self-improvement, extensive reading, culture in its widest sense. Sometimes your duties will press you too hardly to admit of any efforts in this direction. It will not be so always. When your patients become convalescent you will have a breathing spell, and then instead of frittering your time in nonsense, store your minds with anecdote, biography, history and poetry. You will thus save yourselves from becoming dull bedside machines.

Responsiveness to suffering and weakness involves some knowledge of dietetics and culinary art. There is more truth than poetry in the rhyme:

Throughout all creation
Hardship is the common lot,
And the struggle of the nation
Is the boiling of the pot.

This is doubly true of the sick room, where the palate must be tickled because the appetite languishes. To be able to give directions for the preparation of suitable dishes for certain diseases and stages of diseases is no mean accomplishment. I know a family in this city who lost all confidence in a very able doctor because he ordered trout where he should have ordered something much more digestible. On the other hand the number of families who know absolutely nothing of the dietetics of the sick room is appalling. I have ordered gruel and seen it served as thick as porridge. Success in these cases will depend on your knowledge of cooking and how to impart it.

Again, responsiveness to weakness will make you zealous of the honour of your patients. Most homes have a skeleton in the closet. You must not pry into their dark corners. Often, however, you will be conducted through them, and not seldom will you see things to startle you. Weak, frail humanity crushed by its weight of woe, of sin and of shame, will seek to ease its burden by making you confidants. Let the seal of eternal secrecy guard your lips. Keep the name of your patients unsullied as your own. Let not the breath of scandal pollute your reputation.

Finally, responsiveness to suffering involves preparation for the rainy day. Your strength and vigour will decline with the rapidly approaching autumn of your lives. Dark, cold winter will soon overtake your autumn, and then God help you if your coffers be empty. In the language of Ossian:

"Age is dark and unlovely. It is like the glimmering light
"of the moon when it shines through the clouds, and the mist
"is on the hills. The cold blast of the north blows upon the
"plain and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

The labourer is worthy of his hire, and you must take care that the necessities of your patients shall minister to your future years. I speak from experience when I say that they are most ungrateful to whom you have most forgiven. There-

fore exact your fees with promptness. Grind not the poor nor extort from the rich, but at the same time you must enhance your reputation by good round fees. Your patients will think all the more of you if you exhibit what is too often lacking in our profession, viz., good business ability.

In conclusion, you have chosen a noble profession, although a difficult and trying one. It takes its origin from suffering and that again from violation of law. You will be appalled by the universality of broken law and its consequences. Your hands will often hang heavy and your hearts grow faint.
Still

In paths of mercy bending
You must lighten every load
Occupy your time in mending
Vases shattered on the road.

Florence Through American Eyes.

DEC. 13, 1855.

Florence is thought in many respects to be the most beautiful town in Europe, yet I suppose few people ever look about them at first in astonishment that it should ever have attained such a reputation. The reason is that the city itself is but the central point of a vast periphery of palaces, villas, castles and villages, which extend over the large basin of the Arno. The city itself is compact—the gates are narrow; the houses, vast and sombre, with fortress-like walls, narrow windows and high butting cornices; the churches heavy, stern and gloomy. The territory in the midst of which the town has been standing one or two thousand years (to be precise) is singularly beautiful. The City of Florence (for that is its fragrant appellation) is built upon a garden. A flat, verdant, luxuriant plain of three or four miles in width, is encircled by a chain of gentle flowing mountains; and if there were any little hills which "clapped their hands and skipped like lambs", according to the Psalmist, these are the ones to do it. The character of the environs is as jocund as that of the city is sombre. All the hills are sown broadcast with palaces and castellated mansions, monasteries and villages gleaming whitely through

silvery forests of olives, luxuriant vines and solemn cypresses. The town itself, with the towers and belfries in its centre, is but the heart of the vast flower; the stamens and pistils and inner petals are here, while the beautiful and vast corolla unfolds itself far and wide as far as the eye can reach. To feel this, one has but to ascend any steeple of any height outside the town, and see how Florence is wrapped up and encircled by a series of little Florences.

The Arno is not much of a river in appearance, yellow and shallow and full of gravel banks, yet it serves to keep green the velvet cushions upon which the luxurious city lies, extended like Cleopatra upon a couch. The river is, however, capable of much mischief, and in times past has produced inundations very much like the deluge. Five hundred years ago the whole town was laid under water to the depth of ten feet. Since the canalisation of the river to Leghorn, however, such pranks have become impossible; but even last year the whole country round was overflowed and it was almost as bad this autumn. It is not used, I need not say, for the purposes of navigation, and it would be quite impossible now for a city placed as this is to attain to a tithe of the commercial and political importance it enjoyed in the 14th and 15th centuries. If one subtracts from the list of articles of commerce such trifles as tea and coffee, sugar, tobacco and cotton, which make up pretty much the whole bulk of the world's merchaudise just now, one can understand how a city which from its position could take no part in such a traffic, could rise to eminence at a time when these necessities of life had not been invented. Before compasses, Capes of Good Hope and Horn, Californias and Hong Kongs came into fashion, it was easy for a few cities to monopolise the business of the world's little interchanges of commodities. Genoa had its factories in the Crimea, and received the caravans from the North and East; Venice its colonies in the Levant, and Florence with its great banking houses and manufactories, its large capital, its sound metallic currency, its corn and oil, received the golden streams as they flowed from the urns of its sister cities, and conducted them northward through the marble aqueduct of a few splendid cities in Germany and the Netherlands. All this is changed now.

Moreover, the trade and enterprise of the city flourished only during its republican organization. I think the advocates of a democratic system had better rest their case on the achievements of two cities, Athens and Florence. I doubt if either, in the days of their greatness, were very comfortable places to live in, but there can be no question that the amount of intellectual vigour displayed by both at the epoch of their greatest turbulence was superior to anything ever heard of in history. The fierce rivalries and passions of Florence—the constant conflicts of mind with mind, man with man, and mass with mass—the never ceasing human attrition, brought out intellectual electricity enough to make the whole world vibrate so long that its throbs are still distinctly felt and traceable to their cause—intellectual flame enough to light the torches of civilization over the earth, after they had been extinguished in the Gothic deluge—intellectual names brilliant and numerous enough to people the whole firmament with immortal constellations. We are proud of Boston as the Athens of America, but we shall be prouder when she has produced, even with Portland and Newburyport to back her, such names as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Cimabue, Giotto, Arnolfo, Brunelleschi, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Macchiavello, and Galileo; and I only mention such names as rise spontaneously like spirits when the magic name of Florence is pronounced—names which have echoed for centuries everywhere in the world where the progress and the triumphs of the human intellect in the various fields of the Arts and Sciences are looked upon with sympathy. Hundreds of other names might be mentioned, known not only to scholars but to the world at large; and it must be confessed that no satisfactory reason can be given for such splendid coruscations of genius around one single spot, but the vivifying presence of political liberty.

Letters of J. R. MOTLEY, II., vi., p. 183-186.

The Class Pictures in the Munro Room.

At last the pictures in the Munro room have been hung, order has been brought out of chaos, and our agora has lost the appearance of a ship at sea.

The order adopted is that of time. Beginning at the northern end of the east wall, the earlier photographs have been arranged in two tiers for at first there were only small group pictures and the classes were not large. At the very beginning are two photographs not classified or named, possibly primitive examples of the "Freshmen's photo." From 1881, there is no gap until 1889, but the senior class for this year missing. We hope if the picture was taken, that some member will be kind enough to donate a copy, and not allow the class to go unrepresented.

The class of '91 had an inspiration,—separate pictures. They also were the first to perceive the artistic possibilities of the professorial physiognomy. They include the staff in their group, and surround them protectingly. Lyall, Alexander, Seth are to be seen here and nowhere else.

'92 went back to a group in the hall and omitted the staff. '93 was grouped also in a photographer's room; '94 was taken in a group without staff, and without back-ground. In the centre is Angus McKay, who deserved the name of the "earnest student."

The class of '93 had separate pictures with a spray arrangement about them; no staff. '96 were, of course, original, and had themselves duplicated, so that there might be no mistake. They are grouped about tables in the library, and their separate, named likenesses make a fringe or frame about the central picture. This is the first of the *long* pictures. The other two big pictures (of '91 and '95) were tall and narrow. '96 also was the first to adopt the sensible practice of attaching the name to the individual portrait.

'97 takes the faculty again to its bosom and preserves their portraits in an open book; because they could *read* them so easily, perhaps.

'98 introduced the novelty of a picture of the college in the centre about which the staff circle, each in his separate sphere, like so many stars of the—magnitude.

'99 put the staff on a black shield-thing, with College in the centre, and a view of the library and of the hall flanking it.

"Naughty-naught" retain the general form, but imprison the staff in a sort of I. O. O. F. series of rings.

"Naughty-One" has, besides the students' pictures round the staff, four views of the College, within and without, at the four corners.

"Naughty-two" is dark in tone and contains a new view of the "venerable pile" from Morris Street, inserted below the central group of professors.

The general form of the class picture is now fairly well settled. It is oblong and made up of separate named pictures of the staff and students, with or without gowns, for the Great Gown Question is found in active operation even here. In the eighties, only classes '82 and '83 were photographed without gowns, but none of them wore their bachelor's hoods. '92 was the first to figure in both gown and hood, but without trenchers. '93, '94, '97, '98, '99, '00, '01 all appear with hoods. '91, '95, '02 are all "plain-clothes" men. Characteristically, '96 gives two views, "before taking" and "after taking" the degree. The present tendency is all towards "plain clothes," separate, named pictures, including these of the staff.

The football pictures are comparatively few. The "old master" of Aulay Morrison occupies the place of honour in the middle of the west wall, with Captain Gordon's team of victorious giants immediately above it.

There is also the engraving of Mr. Munro in the centre of the east wall, to make the name of the room intelligible.

It is a startling fact that the room will accommodate no more than five or six more class pictures of the standard size and pattern. Where are the others to go? One answer is, to the corridors. But what is to be done with the football pictures? They should be preserved for several reasons. Where can they be put?

One would like to know if no class pictures were taken in the seventies. It is too bad to have a whole decade left a blank. One interesting picture is the group before the porch of *Old Dalhousie*, on the Parade, which includes MacGregor, Seeton, Thorburn, Dr. Lindsay and other notables. This is

the gem of the collection, the earliest of all. It will also soon be put in place.

The series as it stands, is a pictorial history of our growth for more than twenty years.

E Libro Rubicundo.

The adventure, or rather experience, which I am about to relate, happened about seven years ago, when I was eighteen years of age. One beautiful evening in the *De Ghostibus*. spring of that year, 1896, it fell to my lot to drive a young lady from our place to Belfast, a distance of four or five miles. I harnessed up a black four-year-old, and soon we were on our way. The evening was all that could be desired, but as it was early in the spring, the roads were bad and snow was yet to be seen in some parts of the lanes.

We had to drive through a very low and swampy place, known as Anderson's Road. As we drove along, we talked of the miserable state of the roads, and as we were passing Anderson's gate, we observed many carriage tracks made by the funeral procession, which had left the house, a few hours before. We journeyed along and were soon at our destination.

As I was returning alone, through this long dark lane, just about dusk, I said to myself the sooner I get out of here the better, so I drove on quite rapidly, when all of a sudden, my horse stopped, snorted and shied, apparently seeing something. As he was a young horse and of a lively nature, I did not take much notice of him. However, he jumped to the side of the road against a fence. Thinking it was time to use my whip, I did so freely, but to no avail. I looked ahead and there, to my great surprise and dismay, I saw a few yards beyond, quite near the woods (for there was a dense wood on one side of this lane) a white figure slowly approaching. Up to this time, I did not believe in ghosts or apparitions, and used to say I should like to see one. I heard quite distinctly the rustling of this long white cloak, but could not see anything natural about it. I was fully convinced it was no one trying to

frighten me. My hair stood on end, and I imagined I had lost my cap.

During this short interval of a few seconds, my horse was mad with frenzy; he jumped around, and, taking the bit in his teeth, he bolted. I could no more hold him than a child. A short distance ahead was a steep hill with a very sharp curve. At the bottom of this hill is a high bridge, which spans a rapidly flowing stream. Thinking my carriage would surely be upset turning this curve, which would mean death for me and my horse, I put my whole strength on the lines; but I could not check him. Fortunately we passed in safety. He ran thus for about two miles, until at a very steep hill, I checked his speed.

I met a young blacksmith who, asked me why my horse was sweating so. After stating the simple facts to him, he told me that ghosts had been seen in that vicinity. On my arrival home, I was asked what was the matter with me as I was pale as death, and after a while I told them my experience. Some of my friends told me to wait and see if there would not be something happen down around Anderson's. The next night, an old man walked down this lane, and committed suicide by drowning himself in Anderson's Mill dam.

Munrovi cctatem quis aureatum reddit? Jocoseria. BROWNING.

The Schoolmaster.

(XXTH CENTURY.)

Through life he taught, with zeal for truth,
Nor mixed the greater with the lesser :
Yet oft in spirit did he groan
To hear, before his name, "Professor."

At last he died; yet after death
In their abuse "kind friends" persist;
And in the papers he is called
"An expert educationist."

X.

Library Notes.

"*Finis coronat opus.*" *Mecan., Lucubrationes Philistinæ, lib. 11., cap. vi.*

THE ACHIEVEMENT.—Let us envisage the strange new fact in our corporate life that within one year nearly one hundred thousand dollars has been promised to Dalhousie College; that a large part of it has been paid in, and that the rest of it is as sure as the bank. It is passing strange. No one has broken down under the strain, no one is impoverished; everyone takes this unheard of thing as a simple matter of course. One hundred thousand! It was only two years ago that two professors took a walk on the road to York Redoubt and dreamed a programme of extension involving an increase of endowment to the extent of \$200,000. That was the sum named. Half that is, we may say, realized. The rest will come.

THE MEMORIAL.—Over a fifth of this sum is for the library. A short time ago, the figures were, \$21,500 subscribed, \$4,300 paid in, with all deductions made. There is only one reason why the Macdonald Memorial Library should not be a reality, in brick and mortar in the Year of Grace, 1904. And that reason is that we have not two dollars, where now we have one. With \$10,000 actually in the bank, it is possible to begin building operations. One more dollar paid in for every dollar already banked, and Dalhousie should not have to wait for her library longer than the architect could draw the plans and the committee let the contract. The building in '04!

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.—The work of collecting is going forward. Besides, a small committee have been studying library needs, requirements, &c. from a large collection of data. The results of their studies have been embodied in first plans which have recently been examined and approved by the Senate. They consist of a ground plan and an elevation, which have met very general approval from all who have seen them. The new building will be a library pure and simple, a convenient place for the storage, distribution and study of

books; not combined with anything else, though one of its rooms may be used to accommodate the museum, until the new science building is erected. The plans, it may be said, have already received the approval of three distinguished librarians, Gould, of McGill; Fletcher, of Amherst, and Steiner, of the Pratt Free Library in Baltimore. They will serve at least as suggestions or specifications to the architect, when he is selected.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.—We are a set of hopeless Philistines at Dalhousie, as we have been recently informed by a candid friend; and yet, peradventure there is among us a Remnant, small and suffering and not discoverable in a rapid, baird's-eye view of the situation. For their benefit, let us consider what it is to build.

Imprimis.—A library is not a tent, nor a hut. It is not pitched to-day to be struck to-morrow, nor rushed up one year to be cleared away the next. It is to be edified, erected, established, to stand for centuries. No less. Long after the generation that built it are dust, it should but be flourishing in its first youth. Unless it is to stand, why build it?

Item.—Another reason for making it a permanent structure is in the character of the man, whose memory it is to hand down to coming generations. Sturdy, stoical, substantial, a four-square piece of Aberdeen granite—Macdonald deserves a monument in keeping. Every stone of it should be laid not in mortar, but in honesty; every nail should be driven by truth. It should be a building that will not warp or sag, or the foundations of it sink, or the slates blow off the roof. It should be so built that not a repair need be made for fifty years. In structure, strength; without, simplicity; within, riches;—these should be the key-notes of the Macdonald Library.

Item.—To build is an act of religion. It is a solemn provision for coming ages. To lay corner-stones and open buildings with religious ceremonies appeals to the deepest instincts in our nature. In this case, the aim is to provide a temple for the things of the intellect and the imagination. It might and should be pervaded by ideas embodied in lifeless things, mere stone and wood that will uplift, inspire, educate quietly and unconsciously. To build a library is not merely to cover in a certain

space, make it weather-proof, store it with books, and turn students in to read. It is possible to build a library, so that any one entering will feel as if he were in a cathedral, *teste*, the great palace of learning in Copley Square, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Item.—The library offers the one opportunity for a beauty spot about grim, gaunt, puritan Dalhousie. The next thing will be the mining school, and while it may be good architecture, it can never be beautiful inside. But the library opens possibilities. The great chamber where a hundred students shall read together in comfort at one time can easily be made light, airy, dignified, impressive with an atmosphere of refinement that will strike the senses at once. But there should be something more.

“If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents.”

In that reading room there should be something beautiful to look on, between times, when the brain grows weary of study, a bronze, a piece of stained glass, a band of marble. Lovely colour or lovely form would be good for the tired eyes. There should not be many things, perhaps not more than two or three. Perhaps the face of Shakespeare looking down perpetually from a painted window, and beneath it the last three lines of Arnold's sonnet. If Keble would part with it, Hunt's "Light of the World" should hang over the chimney-piece, or the horsemen of the Parthenon should canter for ever across the wall. The great and good Sir Walter, "True gentleman, heart, blood and bone" was the friend of our founder. We *might* get the Leslie portrait for the reading-room,—or the "Lady of Christ's"—or Sir Galahad,—or Sargent might paint something for us alone—or St. Gaudens might design—or

* * * * *

"Was uns alle bændigt, das Gemein," said the wise Goethe. There should be one place about a college from which the "Gemein" should be banished,—the home of the books. Ruskin called them King's Palaces, in his fanciful way.

A SERIOUS DEFECT.—The attention of the Board of Governors, the Senate, the Librarian, the Janitor and the Bell-boy

should be called to the fact that there are not enough chairs in the Library. So scarce are they that zealous students in search of knowledge are compelled to sit on the tables, and even, in extreme cases, to perch on the "high C" shelves, like—you know Who, when He was a cormorant—on the Tree of Knowledge. This shameful neglect should be looked to. Students should not be expected to study standing up, or to sit on the floor, like Turks.

Correspondence.

AN OPEN LETTER.

DEAR MR. BAIRD,—I cannot but admire the bold and decided stand you have taken in writing as you have about Dalhousie's culture. You have told many truths and doubtless unwelcome, and have added to your reputation of being a frank friend who will not gloss the truth. But there is an old proverb you know that goes "save us from our friends," and many times it applies to you. When you ask if culture is not being given a far too subordinate place at Dalhousie, I assent; when you say that Dalhousie is at present in a double danger, I agree, and when you say that Dalhousie is on the brink of becoming a great University, I applaud. But when you suggest that Dalhousie is the most uncultured college in Canada, I wonder if you remember that the greater number of Canadian colleges are denominational, that denominational colleges are of necessity narrower than college free from sect, and that Matthew Arnold himself held that a sectarian would not become a complete man, a man of real culture, so long as he remained a sectarian; when you say that the Dalhousian is the worst-mannered graduate in Canada, I long to have you see some of the men I have seen, and when you said that at Dalhousie life is a thing of marks, that culture counts for nothing, then in the names of the friends I have made, in the name of whatever appreciation and inspiration and purpose for life I have gained, knowing that many others have realized these things more fully than I have, I protest!

I do not only marvel how thou spendest thy time at Dal-

housie, but also how thou wert accompanied. For I spent the last four years at Dalhousie, and I saw none of the greater breaches of manners of which you complain; and when you talk of Halifax society, you forget that Halifax has reached a very high general standard in music and a high, though less general standing, in literature. The daughter of the Governor has just published her second book, for example. It is to be feared that you have not had a fair view of Dalhousie and Halifax.

But what is culture? It is something better than "a smattering of the two dead languages of Latin and Greek," as John Bright put it. It is something better than "knowledge harmonized by artistic instinct, and deepened by an abiding moral glow," as Mr. Frederick Harrison says of George Eliot's culture.

Arnold surely is right when he calls it "*a study of perfection*," holding the view "in which all the love of our neighbour, the impulses towards action help and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it—motives eminently such as are called social—come in as part of the grounds of culture, the main and pre-eminent part," and the college whose graduates, comparatively young and poor, are building the Macdonald Memorial, is not to be set down as wanting in that culture.

But I fancy that what you mean is that at Dalhousie there is too much Hebraism and too little Hellenism, too much Puritan and too little Cavalier, too much sternness and too little sweetness and light.

That is true, and the reason is plain, Dalhousie in all her traditions a Puritan College, founded "on the same plan and principle as that in Edinburgh" our founder said (and Stevenson *did* nearly die at Edinburgh, didn't he?). We Dalhousians, too, are Puritans by tradition. The ancestors of most of us were either King's men of '76 from New England or Scots. In either case they were austere men, and their hardships as settlers increased their sternness. It is but natural that Dalhousie should be a Puritan college.

Dalhousie stands for Canada wonderfully well. Canada is

Puritan. It is on the brink of becoming great, and it is in a double danger—which is really a single danger, attacking it from within and without—danger from the Philistinism, the gross materialism, the narrowness, of the United States. The time of Puritanism, of self-repression is past. What path shall we take now? As Canadians we turn thoughtfully and deliberately, yet with high hopes and glowing hearts into the way of the Empire. As Dalhousians need we hesitate?

Dalhousie stands just where Harvard stood fifty years ago. Then she began her material expansion and now she is Philistine. Before that came Lowell and Emerson and Longfellow and Norton. To-day her President tells school children that long hours and hard work is the greatest thing in the world, and the three men who make the strongest appeal for the complete life will, it is said, never become "full professors." But the reaction is beginning, and the remedy offered is, Oxford.

"Matthew Arnold," you say on page 198, "was quite satisfied with Oxford," and pages 186 to 197 deals with "the Rhodes scholarships," for giving breadth to their views and instruction in life and manners. A Dalhousian sent to Oxford every third year, will lead Dalhousians to model themselves after the measure set by Rhodes and must have a great influence upon the life of the whole college.

But we can seek more direct benefit from Oxford. At Oxford there is complete separation of technical school and professional school from the colleges. At Oxford the undergraduate is not studying his profession, he is preparing for life. At Oxford nineteen is considered the proper age for matriculants. At Oxford social life, athletics, scholarship, well-balanced. At Oxford the tutorial system. At Oxford, above all, residence in the colleges. These are the things to be imitated. Though one may doubt if the Oxford plan is in its entirety suited to Canada, it is beyond dispute that all we can get of Oxford into our present scheme of things will do good.

They ask money for the School of Mines, and what not, that stands for material progress. Let them not forget that the country and the college need just as what will result only

n the things of the spirit. For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

I seem to have reached the same port that you did. But I have come by a different tack, and two views are better than one, so I shall offer mine to those who read yours. Proud of the past and hopeful of the future, I have the honour to be, in any motion to Oxfordize Dalhousie.

Your seconder,

KENNETH F. MACKENZIE.

Harvard, March 5th.

College Notes.

DELTA GAMMA :—The last regular meeting of Delta Gamma for the year was held on Feb. 28th at Mrs. Faulkner's, South Park street. A programme of music and reading was given. The attendance was small, owing to grippe, storm and fires.

A special meeting was held in the Munro Room on March 6th, for the election of officers for next year. The result of the election was as follows: President, Miss Bayer, Arts '04; Vice-President, Miss E. MacKenzie, Medicine '04; Secretary, Miss Stanfield, Arts '05; Treasurer, Miss Harris, Arts '05. After an admirable speech by the retiring President, Miss MacDougall, the meeting adjourned.

SODALES :—Sodales met on Friday, March 6, and officers for the coming year were elected as follows :—

Honorary President—Prof. Dixon.

President—E. Fraser.

Vice-President—W. F. Carroll, B. A.

Secretary—W. H. Coffin.

Treasurer—D. MacLean.

Executive Com. { N. McDonald, Med.
G. M. J. MacKay, Arts
J. A. Ferguson, Sc.
W. C. Robertson, Law.

Lecture Com. { L. Brehaut.
D. G. Dain.
E. B. Ross.
E. Blackadar.
J. A. Redmond.

The following were appointed a committee to arrange for a series of inter-class debates under the auspices of Sodales: Messrs. J. A. Scrimgeour, H. D. Brunt and W. J. Green.

After the business meeting an interesting debate was held on the following resolution:

Resolved, That the immigration of American citizens into Canada is a menace to the country.

A. S. Weir and W. J. Green supported the resolution and J. A. Ferguson and W. H. Coffin spoke against it. After considerable discussion, in which Messrs. Proudfoot, Scrimgeour and others took part, the resolution was put to vote and lost. E. B. Ross acted as Critic.

THE GLEE CLUB CONCERT :—The Orpheus Hall was crowded to the doors on the evening of Tuesday, March 24th, when the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Wikel, gave its annual concert. The following programme was rendered to an audience as appreciative as it was large :—

1. College Song—"Dalhousie".....*Godfrey*
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.
2. Unison Chorus—"The Trooper".....*Lyra*
MALE CHORUS.
3. Baritone Song—"A Merry Andrew".....*Borton*
MR. S. A. MARSHALL, JR.
4. Violin Solo—"Introd. and Rondo Capriccioso"....*Saint-Saens*
MISS BEATRICE B. WHIDDEN.
5. Song and Chorus—"Susie Rose".....*Anon*
MR. GORDON AND MALE CHORUS.
6. Contralto Song—"O, for a Burst of Song".....*Allitsen*
MISS MARGARET MACKINNON.
7. Chorus—"O, Italia Beloved".....*Donizetti*
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.
8. Violin Solos—(a) Adagio }.....*Ries*
(b) Perpetuum Mobile }
MISS BEATRICE B. WHIDDEN.
9. Chorus, with Solos—"Levee Song".....*Anon*
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.

10. Contralto Song—"In the Chimney Corner".....*Cowen*
MISS MARGARET MACKINNON.
11. Chorus—"Maria's Little Lambkin".....*Anon*
MR. HILL AND MALE CHORUS.
12. Chorus—"Chorus of Bacchantes".....*Gounod*
DALHOUSIE GLEE CLUB.

Miss Whidden's violin solos were splendid and she was greeted with a most enthusiastic welcome on her second appearance. Miss MacKinnon had to respond to encores after both her songs. Mr. Marshall's song was also encored. The numbers by the Club were well received, "O, Italia Beloved" being probably the best chorus. "Susie Rose" by Mr. Gordon and male chorus "caught on" and had to be repeated. Altogether Mr. Wikel and the club are to be congratulated on a very successful concert.

U. S. C:—The University Students' Council met on March 20th. Convocation and Class-Day Committees were appointed. It was decided to leave the arrangements for a sermon to graduates to the discretion of the Convocation Committee.

On motion the election of the following GAZETTE Editors for next year was confirmed:—

L. Brehaut, '04.	} Arts.
W. M. Corbett, '04.	
R. B. Forsythe, '05.	
H. C. Fraser, '06.	
W. F. Carroll, B. A., '04.	} Law.
V. H. Shaw, '05.	
F. W. Jardine, '04.	} Medicine.
J. A. Proudfoot, '05.	

Alumn Notes.

Norman G. Murray LL. B., '01, has been appointed Secretary of the Liberal-Conservative Association for the County of Richmond, C. B.

Recently admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia were Thomas M. Phelan, '03; H. C. Moseley, '03, and J. L. Ralston. Mr.

Phelan will practice his profession in North Sydney, Mr. Ralston will look after the business of the M. P. for Cumberland, when the latter is away, and Mr. Moseley goes to Sydney.

Hon. A. B. Morine, LL. B., '92, has retired from the political arena and will in the future devote himself to the Newfoundland Railway Company, so speaks the Sydney correspondent of the *Herald*.

Mentioned as successor to Dr. Clarke Murray, late Professor of Moral Philosophy at McGill University, is Dr. A. R. Hill, B. A., '92, who at present holds the same chair in the University of Nebraska.

The All-Canada football team returned by S. S. Pretorian and among its members was "Cam" Macdonald, whom we were all glad to see looking so hale and hearty.

The GAZETTE extends its sympathy to Miss Nora K. MacKay, B. A., '00, on the death of her mother, which occurred at Dartmouth, N. S., on the 10th ult.

G. O. Cheese left by the S. S. Parisian for Little Kimble, Buchs, England, where he spends a while at home.

Two more Dalhousians have been admitted to the Bar, A. H. S. Murray, '03, and H. P. O. Savary, who was a quondam member of the same class.

Edward K. Harvey, B. A., '01, was recently made Assistant Principal of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, Boston, Mass. We understand Mr. Harvey has charge of the Literary Department.

Law Exams.

The results of the Law School examinations appeared this year within ten days after the last paper, something quite unprecedented in the history of the School. The names appear in the Pass List in alphabetical order, and only those in the First Class are ranked in order of merit.

The following is a complete list:—

PROCEDURE.

Class I.—J. W. Weldon, J. E. A. Macleod.
Passed—J. McK. Cameron, G. O. Cheese, G. S. Harrington, C. D. Livingstone, A. H. S. Murray.

EVIDENCE.

Class I.—L. J. Miller, R. Trites, (W. F. Carroll, G. S. Harrington, W. McC. Robertson and J. W. Weldon, equal), J. McK. Cameron.
Passed—I. H. Bell, J. J. Cameron, G. O. Cheese, H. Alan Dickie, T. B. Gilpin, C. D. Livingstone, J. E. A. Macleod, W. McC. Manning, T. J. N. Meagher, J. W. G. Morrison, R. B. Mounce, A. H. S. Murray, T. M. Phelan, J. A. Redmond, B. W. Roscoe.

CONFLICT OF LAWS.

Class I.—J. W. Weldon, W. McC. Manning.
Passed—I. H. Bell, J. McK. Cameron, G. O. Cheese, H. Alan Dickie, G. S. Harrington, J. A. Haviland, C. D. Livingstone, J. E. A. Macleod, T. J. N. Meagher, H. C. Moseley, A. H. S. Murray, T. M. Phelan, J. L. Ralston.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

Class I.—J. E. A. Macleod, J. W. Weldon, T. M. Phelan.
Passed—C. D. Livingstone, H. C. Moseley, A. H. S. Murray.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

Class I.—R. Trites, W. McC. Robertson, B. W. Roscoe, J. McK. Cameron, I. H. Bell, W. McC. Manning.
Passed—J. J. Cameron, W. F. Carroll, G. O. Cheese, H. Alan Dickie, G. S. Harrington, W. McC. Manning, T. J. N. Meagher, L. J. Miller, R. B. Mounce, J. A. Redmond.

SHIPPING.

Class I.—W. McC. Robertson, J. McK. Cameron, L. J. Miller, G. S. Harrington, W. F. Carroll.
Passed—I. H. Bell, J. J. Cameron, G. O. Cheese, H. Alan Dickie, Elmore McDonald, T. J. N. Meagher, J. W. G. Morrison, J. A. Redmond.

EQUITY.

Class I.—(W. McC. Robertson and J. W. Weldon, equal), J. McK. Cameron, R. Trites, W. F. Carroll, B. W. Roscoe, L. J. Miller, A. H. S. Murray, W. McC. Manning.
Passed—I. H. Bell, J. J. Cameron, G. O. Cheese, H. Alan Dickie, T. B. Gilpin, G. S. Harrington, C. D. Livingstone, T. J. N. Meagher, R. B. Mounce, J. W. G. Morrison, T. M. Phelan, J. A. Redmond.

SALES.

Class I.—J. E. A. Macleod, W. McC. Robertson, L. J. Miller, R. Trites, J. W. Weldon, B. W. Roscoe, T. M. Phelan.
Passed—I. H. Bell, J. J. Cameron, J. McK. Cameron, W. F. Carroll, G. O. Cheese, T. B. Gilpin, G. S. Harrington, C. D. Livingstone, W. McC. Manning, Elmore McDonald, T. J. N. Meagher, J. W. G. Morrison, R. B. Mounce, A. H. S. Murray, J. A. Redmond.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

Class I.—E. C. Locke, T. G. MacKenzie, V. H. Shaw, E. B. Ross.

Passed—J. L. Acham, W. M. Corbett, B. S. Corey, L. H. Fenerty, W. G. Foster, H. Alan Dickie, G. W. Loughhead, R. G. MacKay, D. MacLean, D. McLennan, J. G. Meek, H. Miller, G. A. Moulton, A. R. Roy, D. M. Smith, H. M. Upham, J. Wood.

CRIMES.

Class I.—R. Trites, R. G. MacKay, V. H. Shaw, (R. B. Mounce and D. McLennan, equal), B. W. Boscoe.
Passed—A. H. Bown, B. S. Corey, H. Arthur Dickey, M. W. Eagar, L. H. Fenerty, W. G. Foster, T. B. Gilpin, Elmore MacDonald, J. W. G. Morrison, G. A. Moulton, J. Wood.

TORTS.

Class I.—B. W. Roscoe, R. G. MacKay, R. B. Mounce, D. McLennan, R. Trites, V. H. Shaw, L. H. Fenerty.
Passed—E. Church, B. S. Corey, H. Arthur Dickey, M. W. Eagar, W. G. Foster, T. B. Gilpin, D. MacLean, J. W. G. Morrison, G. A. Moulton, John Wood.

CONTRACTS.

Class I.—V. H. Shaw, John Wood, D. McLennan.
Passed—B. S. Corey, H. Arthur Dickey, L. H. Fenerty, W. G. Foster, R. G. MacKay, D. MacLean, J. W. G. Morrison.

Dallusiensia.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

Mr. D. G. D-v-s wishes to announce that he is prepared to do all kinds of electric wiring. Satisfaction guaranteed in all emergency cases.

Mr. Scr-mg-our, to Fair Friend.—“I am a little bit of a singer, an athlete, I stand well in my classes at old Dall., I am president of the Volunteer Band, and to-day I've been made president of the Y. M. C. A.”

Among the heavy losers at the recent Moir fire in this city were Messrs. H-ll and Ar-hi-ld of Dalhousie. Total loss as follows:—

- 2 tattered night shirts,
- 1 pr. old football boots (borrowed),
- 1 Key to Cicero.
- 1 Clay pipe.

No insurance. In behalf of the College in general we offer our sympathy.



P-p-lease s-s-sir are you an of-of-officer?

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.

A Sophomore and a Freshman truged side by side, under the Soph's umbrella, from Orpheus Hall to Dalhousie College, where the *friendly* Freshie gave a whistle which soon brought a gang of his honourable chums, and after stripping the Soph. of his watch and chain they quickly disappeared. But the Soph, though overpowered was by no means outwitted. He soon gathered a few classmates, one of whom donned the suit of an obliging "Cop", and proceeded to recover his stolen property.

The rest of the story is soon told. The poor little Freshies were so terribly frightened by the appearance of "a real Cop", that they quickly handed back the watch and promised never more to read any books about wild-west "hold up's".

Scene I. *Robie St., 11.30 p. m.* McC-n accosted by three Freshmen, L-n-s-y, Ar-h-b-ld and *Dux F-r-q-r*; "Your money or your watch." Watch forcibly taken.

Scene II. *Dr. L-n-s-y's—12.10 a. m.* Enter McC-n and other Sophs.

B-l-l-e, the Policeman—"L-n-s-y, my boy, where is the watch?"

L-n-s-y (crying)—"Please sir, I don't want to tell."

Policeman—"You must tell or we'll arrest *you*."

L-n-s-y (crying harder)—"Oh please sir, Ar-h-b-ld has the watch."

Scene III. *Ar-h-b-ld's bourding house 1 a. m.* Soph policeman knocks at door. Landlord appears in night shirt.

Policeman—"Does Mr. Ar-h-b-ld board here?"

Landlord—"Yessir!"

Policeman—"Tell him I want him." (Enter Ar-h-b-ld trembling.)

Policeman—"Deliver up the watch you stole."

Ar-h-b-ld (violently shaking at the knees)—"Oh! Please sir, are you an officer?"

Policeman (in thundering tones)—"Give me that watch."

Ar-h-b-ld (scarcely able to speak)—"He-e-e-re is th-th-e wa-a-tch."

Landlord (who was listening)—"What have I got in my house, a d-n thief?"

Great rejoicing among the Sophs, who retire in a body congratulating their quondam policeman on his success.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

An innocent Freshie, with long curly hair, answering to the name of *Dandy*. Last seen wandering around Inglis St., with a fair damsel on his arm. A small reward awaits the finder at Pine Hill.

The following are clippings from an important weekly published in this city:

"What is the sense of this barbarous College yell? "One, two, three; U-pe-dee, Dal-how-zee. It looks as if students were trying to make themselves appear before the public in the very rudest capacity they can. Goths could hardly do worse than this ignorant roaring. If they mean to let the public know that they are "good fellows" they succeed. Is education barbarism?"

When the students from St. Francis Xavier's came here they were just as bad; shouting their silly yell, that makes them appear puerile, uncivilized buffoons in the eyes of thinking men. Can they not sing if they wish to make themselves prominent? Or, at any rate, if they are so desirous to be known, would it not be better that we know them to behave as Christians?"

If students play a rough game like Rugby Football, they cannot be expected to understand that there is anything "un-Christian" in yelling.

Miss R-s-, taking gymnasium class,—looking to the Sergeant-Major for support. "Ladies, stand with your feet erect!" Collapse of the Sergt-Major.

"Freshie" Millar, discussing '03-'05 hockey photos. "Er—er—I guess I'll take *two*."

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