

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY, HALIFAX, N. S.

Special interest was attached to the recent Convocation, as this is the century year in Dalhousie's history. On the night before the ceremony of conferring degrees in Arts, Science and Law, the graduating class was entertained by the Alumni and Alumnae Associations. A large company of friends of the University met together at a most enjoyable dinner which, it is hoped, may be made an annual event for the eve of Convocation. Mr. H. E. Mahon was chairman, and enthusiastic speeches on the past record and future prospects of Dalhousie were delivered by the President, Mrs. G. S. Campbell, Miss Emmeline Mackenzie, Mr. Walter Crowe, Mr. G. Fred. Pearson, Professor Murray Macneill, Professor A. MacMechan, Captain J. E. Read, and Mr. Sidney Bonnell. It was intimated amid great applause that the centenary year is to be marked by a vigorous campaign for funds to extend the university's work, and especially to provide residences upon the campus for both men and women students. At Convocation on the following day President Mackenzie outlined to a very large audience the programme of extension which is contemplated, and for which the sum of a million dollars is to be asked. Addresses were delivered also by two Dalhousie graduates, upon whom the honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred in recognition of their eminent educational services, Principal Melville Cumming of the Agricultural College, Truro, and Principal Clarence Mackinnon of Pine Hill Theological College, Halifax. The proceedings were followed by the President's usual reception in the afternoon.

A fortnight later the Convocation for Medicine and Dentistry was held, and the first woman graduate in Dentistry in the Maritime Provinces, Miss Arrabelle Mackenzie, received the degree of D. D. S. Speeches were delivered by Lieutenant-Colonel Mackenzie and Captain H. A. Kent, both of whom had seen prolonged service overseas. Colonel Mackenzie's address upon the opportunities and responsibilities of the profession will not soon be forgotten by the graduates who listened to him, and Captain Kent, speaking as a returned chaplain, paid a glowing tribute to the work of the medical men and the nursing sisters at the front.

KNOW YOUR CHILD

By Dr. J. H. Francis of the United States Bureau of Education

No two children are alike, not even twin sisters. Any effort to make them so is wicked and wasteful. Courses of study administered to all children in the same way are destructive of originality and initiative. Uniformity of treatment is deadly and deadening.

Every normal child has possibilities in some things.

To help him to discover and develop them is the greatest service society can render him and itself.

To study about a child is not to know the individual child. Traditions, customs, preconceived notions of habit and conduct must be subordinated if not eliminated, while studying the child. Fraternize with him, associate with him, be a good fellow with him and study him. But do not let him know you are doing this. There is no other study so fascinating, so absorbingly interesting. He will surprise you every day with what he knows and can do. Really he will teach you some things worth knowing, that is if you are in a mood to learn.

First of all the child is a little animal. He needs food fit to eat, clothes fit to wear and a house fit to live in. But he is also eminently spiritual and needs spirits fit to associate with.

The child learns as naturally as he eats or grows. Thus he needs mental food. If he does not thrive on that found in the home or school, change his mental diet. It will do him good and may help you.

Fear is one of the most withering curses of all ages. Don't try to scare him. Cultivate his hope, faith and courage. He will need these qualities later. The fact that they are rare does not lessen their value.

A GALLANT IRISH SOLDIER

The following story is a true account of an episode in the Great War, told by a soldier who witnessed it.

At the Battle of Fricourt, 1st July, 1916, we were given orders to "go over" at 7.30 prompt, immediately following an hour's terrific bombardment by our artillery. This was the beginning of the great Somme offensive. Almost to the minute the artillery ceased its uproar, and over we went, amid the rattling of German machine-guns and thundering barrage fire.

Three of us were in one group—a Scot, an Irishman and myself—moving steadily towards the German lines. Arriving in Fritz's battered first line, we discovered a concrete "double-header," which is the soldiers' term for a two-entrance dug-out.

A dozen hand-grenades were quickly tossed down the steps, and we stood by, with bayonets ready, for the exit of the foe. And then it happened!

A huge German shell landed on the parapet in front of us and exploded with an ear-splitting "crump."

Finding myself gasping for breath and well-nigh crushed under the weight of earth which had half-buried me, I could only watch my comrades, and then I saw one of the noblest deeds ever enacted.

Now, each British soldier carries a medical kit, which consists of two compressed bandages, two medicated gauze dressings, two safety-pins, and a bottle of iodine, all enclosed in a waterproof covering. This is