

coats and soiled collars. A freshman class of a few years ago, more discreet than sportsmanlike, avoided the combat by marching down Spring Garden road to Gauvin's studio, while the sophs were at a lecture. The class spirit prompting this action was generally frowned on by the student body.

No notes on Dalhousie life, however brief, should omit a reference to Dr. Price. The doctor, who was, I think, given his degree by the Meds. away back in the eighties was a notable personage. Ranked (in his own estimation) a little lower than the president, he was ranked by freshman and senior a great deal above the ordinary caretaker. I am convinced that the old "Doc" was possessed of qualities which might serve as the basis of an interesting sketch. My knowledge of him, however, is largely from hearsay, as during my second year he went the way of all living, and was succeeded by an ordinary, modern caretaker. Many a timid freshman, puzzled by the sinister advice of some soph., still remembers with gratitude some word of advice jerked out by old "Doc" Price.

Before speaking of the affiliated college of Pine Hill, it must be remembered that Dalhousie is non-sectarian and in the law and medical departments no one denomination has a yeary majority. In

the Arts Faculty, which is numerically the largest, the Presbyterians are the most numerous, as each of the other influential denominations has its own seat of learning in the Province. Pine Hill, that recruiting ground of college presidents, is the Presbyterian stronghold, and is situated a mile south of the city, on the beautiful Northwest Arm, a narrow branch of Halifax Harbour. Here, shut in by the primeval forest, the divinity student has surely an ideal spot for study and reflection. Right across the Arm—and here I am reverting to "Picturesque Halifax"—begin the fortifications, which extend along the harbour side. Of these York redoubt is the most prominent, if not the most effective, the batteries being for the most part quite inconspicuous. The impression made on the spectator by a sight of those rugged shores, concealing such terrifying forces, is lasting. Let the Haligonian—and at the end of his course a Dalhousian is a Haligonian—has for them a feeling of pride, and by reason of them a feeling of security, and quote with keen appreciation, Kipling's tribute:

"Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,

Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,  
The Warden of the Honour of the North,  
Sleepless and veiled am I."

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