

# The Dalhousie Gazette

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No. 7

## FRANCE

We were schooled for dear life's sake, to know each other's blade.  
What can blood and iron make more than we have made?  
We have learned by keenest use to know each other's mind.  
What shall blood and iron loose that we cannot bind?  
We who swept each other's coast, sacked each other's home,  
Since the sword of Brennus clashed on the scales at Rome,  
Listen, count and close again, wheeling girth to girth,  
In the linked and steadfast guard set for peace on earth!

Broke to every known mischance, lifted over all  
By the light sane joy of life, the buckler of the Gaul,  
Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,  
Terrible with strength renewed from a tireless soil,  
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's mind,  
First to face the Truth and last to leave old truths behind—  
France beloved of every soul that loves or serves its kind!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

## THE HOSPITAL UNIT

WE left Halifax by special train for St. John Friday evening December 31st, 1915. After an uneventful run of some twelve hours we reached St. John West, early in the morning of New Year's Day and at once went on board the R. M. S. "Metegama." Here we sought out our berths, away down in the steerage and sat down to await the arrival of further troops. For the most part, these came from Montreal, Toronto and the West. We were the only unit from Maritime Provinces. It was ten o'clock Saturday evening before our good ship pulled out from the wharf and our voyage to England was begun.

The voyage over was almost ideal so far as the weather was concerned. Only two out of the eight days we were at sea were at all rough, viz., Tuesday and Wednesday. Slight as was the sea that was running it was sufficient to make many of the boys sick as dogs. Nor did the officers escape. Some of them too succumbed. Hardly had the sea subsided than the submarine danger made its appearance. Many were the apprehensive looks cast over the rail from time to time. Some even plagued the life out of the stewards with questions as to whether or no there was any danger. Not till the convoy came alongside were the fearful ones reassured—a glowing tribute to the sense of security ensured by the British Navy.

Life on board ship was not at all dull. Each morning we had a parade and in-

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## A DAY NEAR YPRES

THE darkness still hangs over our trenches and there is the dull noise of the pick and shovel; the damage done by shells of the day before is being repaired; fresh sand bags are being filled, ready for the morning "Hymn of Hate" that is sure to come. Here and there we see the dull glow of the charcoal fire in a brazier, made from an empty biscuit tin, and there is the odor of tea and chocolate coming faintly on the listless breeze. Now comes a murmur down from the left, and, without hearing the words as yet, we know that the night is about over. "Stand to!" comes from the man at the end of the traverse and we pass it on. There is the click of bayonets being tested and the breeches of the rifles are looked to in order that we may be prepared for a rush from the trenches a short distance in front. Faint sounds over there indicate that our enemies are doing the same.

As the night has been very chilly, the rum ration is issued. A little distance away I hear a man saying to the sergeant issuing the allowance "I say, sergeant, don't get your finger too deep in the measure, it takes up too much valuable space." Near me is a lad of about nineteen who eagerly swallows his; all night he had been pacing around the trench and doing "sentry go" for some of his pals in order that he may be kept busy and forget the pain. Two days before a shrapnel hit his cheek and lodged there; the wound had been dressed and when the doctor's back was turned, he left the dressing station and came back to the trenches instead of going out to hospital. The second battle of Ypres was still on, three-quarters of the battalion were gone and he felt that every man was needed. I shall always remember that boy. He was nerve-shaken, tired and in pain. Fourteen days of terrible fighting without rest had made him realize the danger, and, realizing it, still he stuck to his place in the ranks, when he might have gone back and rested outside the fire zone. This is the bravery that has given Canadians a reputation that will long outlive those who helped to make it. Dawn has come at last and with it a mist that renders artillery fire difficult so there is more than the usual quietness for this time of the day; everyone is busy preparing breakfast; and there is the pleasant sound of frying bacon with the all prevailing odor of onions and coffee, which go along with the bread, cheese and jam to make up a fine trench meal. War seems rather far away, the sun is up somewhere glistening in the mist, and the birds are singing most beautifully. Taking advantage of the calm and the mist, numbers of men are going down the bank in rear to stretch their legs and converse with their pals in other sections, or with the French who are just to our left. There is always too the opportunity to do a little trading in wine, cigarettes and French bread, which is in long loaves like cordwood and tastes like the kind that mother used to make.

Breakfast is scarcely finished when

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## LEAVES FROM A DIARY

Wednesday, January 8th, 1916.

HAD a cheery letter to-day from F.—and by the same mail a belated Christmas card from him, boldly set forth—the dog!—in formal print even to the Bomrbadier. What a strapping figure he must make in his khaki.

Bombadier! No more may I give him his old title of Mate. The careless days of the *Wanderer* seem in these anxious hours like happy days of dream—very far away; too full of laughter, of jest, of color, to have been real.

And yet the fellow of this little book is filled with a summer of just such days; those afternoons when we first learned something of the winds and tides of Charlotte-town harbour; when we made our devious course up and down East and West Rivers, until every point, every buoy, every wharf (Hayden's, Red Bank, Appletree—what a wave of memories at the very names!), every field and wood and farm-house were charted in our minds. And the winds as we sailed—the sudden gusts of clover and timothy and wild roses, and always the damp salt smell of seaweed and marsh grass, as we drifted or slowly tacked past those warm red banks.

Do you remember, *mon brave*, that golden day on St. Peter's Island? Had we really such days, or is the entry I find in that other diary the stuff and substance of a dream?

Sept. 8th, 1908.

By two we had run well up into the bay at the north of the island. As bars and shallows lurk to an unbelievable distance, we anchored well out. We took our guns and paddled into one of the creeks. The tide was rapidly falling and the shore birds widely scattered. At a promising point we lay on the bank and waited. *Un tourbillon* of seagulls screamed warning above our heads for a quarter of an hour, then settled one by one on a far out clump of seaweed.

There is no place, more lonely, even on a bright summer day, than a long stretch of seashore where no houses peer over the bank to make it shunned of wild birds. If the day is fine and the wind asleep, seagulls hover and slide lazily through the air; one lone sandpiper flies hesitatingly along calling to his fellows; a flock of ducks speed low in a straight line with wings touching the water; and far off a white-sailed schooner drifts slowly along with sails full set to catch the slightest breeze. The cries of the birds are all keyed to the solitude and loneliness of the shore; the gulls answer one another in high-pitched, melancholy cry; curlews wheel quickly in with plaintive, questioning whistle; the sandpip's thin piping has the note of the wanderer in desolate places.

Through the afternoon we lay in the long sun-warmed grass and waited. Soon guns were forgotten; the spell of the shore was upon us; and drowsy with heat we gave

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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

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A "GREAT historic monument" has been destroyed. The parliament buildings at Ottawa are now a mass of ruins due perhaps to the plots of the incendiary. Aside from the lamentable loss of life and the costly demolition of one of our noted landmarks, it is interesting to view the disaster from an historic attitude. Let us for a moment glance at what has happened to our House of Commons

No longer do its members sit at ease in their comfortable arm-chairs, behind cunning little desks and daily newspapers. No longer does the speaker sit in state in his own chair, the monarch of all he surveys. The pomp and the ceremony has departed with the Mace, burnt up by the all conquering fire. This session is and truly a war session and the members of the House have been taken from their comfortable quarters, so to speak, and sent to the trenches. The following is a description of the scene from a contemporary:—

"The House met today in the auditorium of the Victoria Memorial Museum, a spacious theatre which will serve as the Commons Chamber for the rest of the session, and may be used also by the Senate sitting in the mornings.

The scene presented in the assembling of this extraordinary sitting stand probably without parallel in the history of Legislatures. The auditorium had been hastily transformed by officials of the Public Works Department into the semblance of a legislative chamber. Some few pieces of furniture had been saved from the Senate wing, including the massive chair occupied by H. R. H. the Governor-General. This chair was placed upon the stage of the Speaker, the stage itself was draped with flags, and carpeted, and in the body of the hall seats had been arranged for the members, with desks for the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition.

In the lobby of the Museum Building the members gathered for the meeting of the House. Without office, committee rooms, or lockers they stood around and waited for the customary bell, but there was no bell.

The Sergeant-at-Arms shouldered the mace saved from the Senate—the Commons' mace is gone—and walked into the theatre, followed by Speaker Seigny.

The little procession which is wont to proceed in much state from the Speaker's apartments, was made up in the lobby. The Speaker, instead of his customary robes of black silk and his three cornered hat, wore a borrowed suit of tweeds and no hat at all. He took his seat on the stage and opened the sitting.

The members grouped themselves to the right and left of the hall, and a large crowd of spectators, house attendants, etc., thronged the gallery running round the auditorium.

The sitting lasted for thirty-five minutes only, but it will be remembered always by those who took part in it or witnessed it. The leaders and members of the House labored under profound feeling. The disaster of the night was still in their minds, and before them was the empty chair of one of those who had gone."

Nothing more need be written. The account speaks for itself but it must have been an interesting incident in Canadian History which will probably never occur again.

THE Board of Governors should beware of the disintegration of Dalhousie University. They should provide for a United University. Before our migration to Studley, our faculties did not pull together, even though separated the one from the other by only a few yards. There was always a disintegrating power at work and it needed very little to make Arts at logger-heads with Law and Medicine with both and vice versa. One did not seek to mix with the other for many reasons, and, as a result, instead of one University there were at times three totally and distinct institutions, having nothing in common but name and government. Today Arts and Science have wended out Morris Street to Studley leaving Medicine and Law behind in the old brick building. Now the chance for social intercourse between these faculties is less than ever and unless something is done to change the situation, the inclination will be less than ever. Efforts should be made to bring together the men of all faculties in order that they may be united.

The line of least resistance today on account of geographical situation and inherited inclination is to let the matter drift from bad to worse. The Arts and Science men will look upon the new building as Dalhousie and the Law and Medicine men will look upon the old building as Dalhousie. Very few of them will have the comprehensive idea.

The following remedies may be respectfully suggested?

- 1. As speedily as possible to erect a students' union building where all students of the University may congregate.
2. The getting rid of the old property and the gathering in of the Law Dentistry Medicine and Pharmacy faculties in a building on our new site.
3. The instilling of Dalhousian ideas

into all faculties of the University and the eliminating of class spirit to the exclusion of University spirit.

4. The return of inter-faculty relations in debating, football and hockey.

5. Greater efforts on the part of all those in authority to stimulate interest in the University for the University's sake.

Let us try to do something along this line immediately before it is too late.

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Your trip, O Youth incarnate, down the stairs,

Dear Miss Nineteen, whose dance-fresh grace defies

Blossom of orchards, April's very skies; So might a nymph have slid to shepherd airs,

In groves of cypress where the ringdove pairs,

Lightfoot, elusive, panting, woodland-wise, With just a half-shy challenge in the eyes, To fan pursuit or wake the love that dares.

Still I, your mid-aged friend, do most acclaim

Not the curved lip, the sun-steeped eyes of you,

Nor two slim feet, the bard-sung "little mice,"

But that dear gift, the clean, untarnished flame.

That sends you, 'twixt the midnight chimes and two

With cheery gusto into supper thrice.

PATRICK R. CHAMBERS in Green Days and Blue Days.

THE SUPPOSED PROBLEM OF ACADEMIC DRESS

FROM a certain point of view, it is rather ludicrous to read in a recent number of the "Gazette" that at the University Debating Society the question of whether the under-graduates should or should not wear academic dress was solemnly discussed.

In some of the older Universities of the mother country, all the undergraduates are required to wear cap and gown, just as they are required to conform to other regulations such as attending a minimum number of lectures and being in their rooms by a certain hour at night. At yet other universities, gowns are worn only at some of the classes, it begin left to the individual professor to decide whether or not the gown shall be worn at his class. This is the state of matters at three out of the four Scottish Universities. Only at Edinburgh University has the wearing of the gown never been customary; but most of the professors lecture in gowns. It is quite true that Dalhousie University was modelled in a general way on Edinburgh University; but because it has never been the habit to wear gowns at Edinburgh, that is no reason why in 1916, gowns should not be worn at Dalhousie University.

The example of Edinburgh may be advantageously followed in some directions, but it need never be copied, if in our mature opinion, there is a more excellent way. To copy Edinburgh in all respects, whether we approve of her example or not, would be conservatism of the worst and most un-intelligent type.

The gown, hood and cap, or "academic dress," are certainly survivals from a day when a special dress distinguished the man of learning, the member of a learned community, or University. Academic dress denotes the University man, just as the uniform denotes the naval or military man, and his special dress denotes the clergyman, the judge, the lawyer, the policeman, or the postman.

Since academic dress is, as to its form a survival from the Middle Ages—from the monastic life of the Middle Ages—it may be held to be unsuited in modern life. New

while cap and gown are certainly not adapted to be worn out-of-doors in the winter season of Nova Scotia, there is no valid objection to academic dress being worn indoors at all lectures at Dalhousie University.

Not only did academic dress denote the members of a learned community, but by differences in the shape of the gowns, or the colours of the hoods, the several kinds of members of that university were distinguished from one another. For in the most democratic University, there is a President or Principal; there are persons who teach and persons who are taught, persons who rule and persons who obey, or are supposed to.

In a University some persons possess degrees and some do not, but these latter are preparing themselves to be worthy to receive a degree. The differences in academic (not social) rank can be proclaimed by differences in the shape of gown, cap or hood. Academic dress is useful at any large assembly of the members of a University and of the public, in that one can tell at a glance undergraduates from graduates, bachelors from masters, masters from doctors. Furthermore, by the colours of the hoods the various Faculties are indicated—for in a large University there is nowadays quite a number of faculties—Theology, Arts, Medicine, Dentistry, Law, Science, Commerce, Engineering, Music, Pedagogy and so forth.

All gowns do not indicate a degree; for instance, the Principal of a University wears an official gown which descends to his successor and which is quite different from the gown he wears as the possessor of any particular degree he may have. The janitor or bedellus wears a gown as the sexton does in church; but but they have no degree. The most democratic University must admit that even in it, all men are not equal; and since they are not, it has been by very ancient custom considered proper to discriminate amongst them by the form or colour of their dress. There are persons to whom ancient custom means nothing; we leave them in their outer darkness; they had better obtain their education at the "continuation" classes of a night-school.

In the debate on the subject of academic dress already alluded to, the objection was raised that the gown was "not democratic." The meaning of this remark is not clear to the present writer; for the gown has, ex hypothesi, to be worn by all undergraduates alike—by sons of peers and sons of p. oughmen—by all, quite irrespective of who they may be socially. Similarly for graduates; all graduates, who ever they may be, if they have the same degree, say, of M. A., must wear exactly similar gowns.

If by its not being democratic it meant that the gown distinguishes members to a University from those who are not members, and discriminates between the various academic ranks of the former, the reply is that this is precisely what the gown is intended to do.

If a community has a University at all, then there may be distinction made between those who are members of that University and those who are not. This is quite in keeping with a democracy, for we know how many Universities flourish in the United States of America.—the fountain-head of Democracy. Democratic Scotland has four Universities. A man who is entitled to write M. A. after his name is igno farth distinguished from the man who cannot do so, and for the M. A. to wear a

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dress which the other man may not wear is neither more or less democratic than allowing him to become a Master of Arts originally.

A University cannot be a democratic institution if by that is meant that all men in it are to be academically equal, for if they were, the University would cease to exist.

To return to our contention—the undergraduate gown should be worn at Dalhousie University. In the first place, it would make the students look like University students elsewhere. It cannot be contended that the wearing of the gown is an innovation in the Maritime Provinces, for it is worn at all the other seats of learning here—at King's, at St. Francis Xavier, at Wolfville, and at Sackville. Dalhousie is, in fact, the only one at which it is not worn. To do them justice, it should be mentioned that the women students of Dalhousie do wear the gown. As far as the writer can learn, the undergraduate gown is worn by women students, by women when wearing "fancy" dress, and by men students once a year in order to be photographed.

Now all this is very far from what should be. All members of the University should wear their gowns at all classes of the University, (except those held in laboratories), and at all gatherings of the University whether by day or by night.

Academic dress may be worn over evening dress and over uniform, when the occasion demands it. When Lord Kitchener received the degree of LL. D., from the University of Cambridge, he wore his gown over uniform.

The gown and hood should be worn in church on such occasions as a special service attended by members of the University. Men never wear the cap in church, whereas women in academic dress do, because women must not appear without a head-dress in Christian churches. When members of a University officially attend a public funeral or other ceremony, they wear cap and gown and hood. A graduate without his cap or hood is, academically speaking, incompletely attired. It is perfectly correct to attend a funeral in a coloured hood, for the hood is the sign of the particular degree possessed by the wearer. The fact that the hood may be coloured does not make it unsuitable to be worn with mourning any more than a soldier attending a funeral in his red tunic. The mace is draped in crape at a funeral.

At the Universities of the old country even coloured gowns are worn at a funeral, provided that full-dress has been ordered; for in the case of some degrees there are gowns which are undress and gowns which are full-dress.

At the British Universities, graduates who are Doctors and who are attending some ceremonial such as a graduation or funeral or a reception, wear their scarlet or full-dress gowns, for scarlet is the colour of Doctor's full-dress gowns in the older Faculties of Theology, Law and Medicine. Doctors in the Faculty of Science at some even quite modern Universities in England are also entitled to wear a scarlet gown. It so happens that at the Scottish Universities, the under-graduate gown is scarlet, but it is made of woollen material, whereas, the Doctor's robes are of fine cloth, or silk.

In the Faculty of Music at the modern

University of London, the Doctor's gown is purple silk, faced with white silk and silver tassels.

In many Universities, the bachelors in all Faculties are distinguished by white fur on the hoods.

The ordinary college cap or "mortar-board" does not designate any degree; it is merely the sign that the wearer belongs to a University; for instance, the janitor or mace-bearer wears a college cap. Mortar-boards are worn by graduates and undergraduates alike: for certain graduates, however, these caps are undress. Not all degrees have a full-dress cap; some of those which have, are as follow—The degree of M. A. of the University of St. Andrews (a degree no longer conferred); this was a high cylindrical cap resembling an old form used at the University of Paris; the full dress cap of a Doctor of Medicine of Glasgow University is a soft, four-cornered, velvet biretta; Doctors of Science of Oxford and of Birmingham wear a large, flat-brimmed, black, velvet cap with a gold tassel on the left side.

The writer can discover no valid reason against the wearing of the gown by all students of the University at all gatherings. The gowns undoubtedly would have to be left in lockers in the cloak-room. Only in summer time could they be worn out of doors. But it takes no great effort of the imagination to see a "quadrangle" of stately buildings at Studley, buildings of necessity new, but tenanted by those whose gowns show us that the latest seat of learning is in reality a lineal descendant from some of those great Universities of the old land where the lamp of learning has never been extinguished for more than a thousand years.

D. F. H.

#### MILITARY Y. M. C. A. WORK

The amount subscribed up to the present by the students of all faculties toward the support of Kenny Austen in his work among soldiers is \$141.35. Payments are made monthly or in any other way suitable to the subscriber. For the convenience of the treasurer of the fund, C. G. MacKenzie, the contributors are requested to pay their subscriptions to men of their own faculties or classes appointed to receive them. These men are:—

For Pharmacy C. E. Watt.

- " 1st Yr. Medicine C. M. Bayne.
- " Dentistry, G. B. Richmond.
- " Law, R. E. Inglis.
- " Class '16 Arts, C. A. Pugsley.
- " Class '17 Arts, F. H. Anderson.
- " Class '18 Arts, J. A. D. Goode.
- " Class '19 Arts, J. H. Power.

The students who have given are not the majority and there is still opportunity for others to have a part in this important enterprise. Austen is doing good work and he is our representative.

All friends of the later Professor J. Gordon MacGregor will be interested to know that his son Archie has enlisted and is going to the front. At present he is stationed at Dunmow, Essex.

Major Walter Crowe (Law '86) was in Halifax for Col. Guthrie's recruiting meeting on February 6th. He is going to the front with his battery very soon.

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#### A VISION OF DALHOUSIE

'I had a vision when the night was late, Methought I rode up to Dalhousie's gate, Just fifty years from now; to my amaze Nine massive, stony structures met my gaze.

"Whence came these seven?" wonderingly I asked

The well-paid gardener who in sunshine basked—

"O they are mostly presents," he replied, "The people who in Halifax reside

Donated the three largest, for, you know, They always loved Dalhousie students so.

Th' next a memorial is of class '16— 'Tis said not since has its true equal been:

Then the gymnasium and dance-hall grand Are presents from some kind professor's hand,

And Forrest Hall, that sunny residence The Alumnae gave from pure benevolence."

Weakly I thanked him and strolled up the glade

Bordered with roseclad lawns where fountains played—

Until I reached a bower with vines enclosed, Where, book in hand, a young Freshette reposed.

And when I spoke, around she, yawning, turned

And by my many questions, much I learned:—

They now could skip a class whene'er they pleased;

From danger of a "pluck" they were released.

History and Ethics now were quite a fad.

In Mathematics they just learned to add. Old Latin II had met an awful death;

It was pulled up by root (so rumor saith) Carried abroad and planted at Pine Hill,

And perished in the atmosphere so chill. To study worms and fish was out of date;

They caught the fish and used fresh worms for bait;

In English, youths adorned with sweaters gay

Chewed gum, the Professor passed around each day,

And near me, humble Seniors meekly strayed

For the law was: "Freshmen must be obeyed."

And sad-eyed Juniors walked as in a shroud,

One dance a year was all they were allowed. No longer lives the "lordly Sophomore."

Annihilated was he years before.

A bell rings—the heavy doors wide open burst.

And each one rushes to get out the first: They madly jostle—then a mighty hoot.

A poor Professor's trampled under foot—I shriek aloud and wakened by my cry—

Go back to Latin with a happy sigh.

CLARA SMITH.

Gavin Stairs is home again from the front, on six weeks leave. Gav was a member of the 14th what did its duty at Ypres, Langemarck and other great battles where Canadians and Dalhousians made a name for themselves. His many friends are glad to see him home safe and sound again.

#### "IN TIMES LIKE THESE."

THE above mentioned book may easily be classed among not only the best, but also the most forceful and intelligent of recent publications by Canadian writers. It is a trumpet calling the women of Canada to battle for their rights, but while some of the notes are clear and unmistakable, i. e., equal suffrage and prohibition, great many others are faint and indistinct and must be supplied by the imagination.

We regret that the book extols the heroic (?) deeds of the English militant suffragettes, and tries to justify their many senseless performances as examples of peerless heroism. Beware, Oh, M. P's at Ottawa, beware, Sir Robert Borden, for the advocates of women's suffrage are already contemplating an attack on the House of Commons, and you may expect to hear the tramp of militant feet at any moment! Nevertheless, congratulations are due to the women of Manitoba for obtaining the vote, especially under much more peaceful conditions than Mrs. McClung advocates.

Another position adopted in the book causes no little surprise. In Chapter II there are statements which question the justice of the English cause in the present war. This is out of place, to say the least, at the present time. The following sentence also appears, "She (the mother) thinks enviously of her neighbor across the way, who had no son to give, the childless woman for whom in the old days she felt so sorry, but whom now she envies." Is this the proper spirit for the Canadian mother to adopt? If so, let us pray for a part at least of the old Spartan spirit, "Return with your shield or upon it!"

The general argument contains many contradictions and inconsistencies. For example, at the first of the book the oft-quoted maxim, "the hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world" is held up to ridicule, and yet later on occurs the sentence "the race can raise no higher than its women." Both quotations surely amount to the same thing. The vast improvements that will be wrought by the advent of the intelligence of women into politics are held up to our admiring gaze, and yet a few pages further on the authoress supplies a graphic illustration of woman's ignorance and distaste for sociological and political affairs. We are left to a large extent in ignorance as to the ideas which women wish to embody in the platform of their campaign. There is a lack of explicit statement and definite demands. That the women want the vote is clear, but the question as to whether we are to have female M. P's. or not is by no means so positively expressed. Absolute equality is not possible on account of the physical element, but are the women of Canada anxious to go as far as possible and approximate to equality as near as they can? For example will they dispense with all ideas of chivalry and the like, denounce them as fantastic and absurd, and as another "Titanic" settles in the Atlantic refuse to take advantage of the cry "women and children first?"

For the rest we have nothing but praise. The trenchant demolition of the argument against woman's suffrage is complete and unanswerable. The section entitled "Hardy Perennials" abounds in clear illustrations which is the book's

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## TWO PORTRAITS

A CONTRAST.

greatest charm. The argument against the double standard of morality, though not as strong as it might be, is very good. The novel suggestion that the "motherhood of God" is in many respects a more comprehensive idea than the "fatherhood of God" is worthy of more study on the part of theologians. The slang, which is too prevalent in the book, may be and is bad English, but it certainly gives a piquancy to the style and a forcefulness to the truths which are driven so remorselessly home to a large number of the readers.

The book will do a vast amount of good. While its lack of definiteness is to be lamented, it may make the readers put far more thought on the subject than would be the case if clear-cut demands were being advanced. But the women of Canada must understand thoroughly what views they themselves hold and how far they wish to go before they begin to agitate. Mrs. McClung in her first chapter says that an alarm clock in action is not generally beloved, and we might venture to add that her book is not an ordinary clock, but a "Big Ben" ringing sixty minutes in the hour. Women in Canada are applauding the book, and justly so; for it will make these same women realize their duties and responsibilities as inhabitants (or, let us hope, citizens) of the Dominion.

R. MACG. D.

## HISTORY V

First the mighty House of Hapsburg with its rule so fierce and sly,  
Great became through lucky marriage.  
Alberoni next comes by  
And his plans for reformation  
of Spain's rulers took the eye.

But Elizabeth, the wily,  
did not care for such tame things,  
And was heard to mutter crossly—  
"What's the use of being kings  
If we can't have some excitement?  
I must really have my flings.

So she kept the nations jumping  
years and years, well-nigh a score,  
And the "failure of male issue"  
made, of wars, a number more,  
Such as—Nay, I spare your feelings  
you have heard it oft before.

Next the troubles of Don Carlos  
filled our hearts with deepest woe;  
While in Austria old Charlie  
hunted shadows to and fro;  
But his daughter, gay Maria,  
would not let her kingdom go.

Then the bold and wicked Fred'rick  
raised a storm of angry scorn,  
And his seizure of Silesia  
Made him wish he'd ne'er been born;  
For his Allies all deserted  
leaving him sad and forlorn.

There were many other happenings  
in that eighteenth century—  
Nations fought, and men ambitious troubles  
made on land and sea,  
But the tenth of all their actions at exams  
is Greek to me.

A. I. F.

"DER NEDERLANDER."

THE current issue of a leading American journal contains, among others, the portraits of two statesmen, who have, during the past decade, dominated the national and international policy of the United States.

The first portrays the features of him who now controls the destinies of the American Republic. The carefully parted hair, the intellectual brow, the pensive eyes, the aristocratic nose, delicate nostrils and sensitive lips—the entire face conveys the impression of gentility, tranquility, scholastic ability—but never that of aggression, or even of great force. It is the face of him who, refusing to recognize Huerta on the ground that his government was founded upon violence, supported Villa, the personification of violence—the likeness of him who, declaring his contempt of Carranza, now accords him official recognition. He has disregarded his obligations to his own citizens both in Mexico and upon the high seas, has been deaf to the cries of Belgium and has repudiated the cause of honor, freedom and democracy as opposed to German arrogance and oppression: "Too proud to fight" he has failed to protect American men from murder, American women from outrage and death, or the American flag from insult and dishonor.

Only too truly is it the face of a pacifist and a dreamer.

The second portrait is that of Theodore Roosevelt, probably the most picturesque figure in American history.

In his face Holland and America struggle for the mastery. The round head, broad face, half closed eyes with their beetling brows and heavy lids, looking out upon the world half critically, half humorously, the outstanding ear, heavy jaw and florid complexion,—these *alone* would make Roosevelt a typical Dutchman but in his expressive features Dutch "stolidity" has capitulated to American "action". Action? why the very portrait itself, inanimate as it is, seems to start out from the page upon which it is printed. Intellectual, capable, irritable, persevering, obstinate, he may be, but with all, supremely and above all, Theodore Roosevelt is the embodiment of ceaseless activity. Predisposed to tuberculosis, his indomitable Dutch will and his irrepressible American activity overcame his physical weakness and carried him from fame as Colonel of the "Rough Riders" to fame as President of the United States. Returning to politics in 1912, he organized the "Progressive Party" and evened his score with Taft by defeating him in the Presidential election of that year. Since that he has assumed the arduous roles of explorer and journalist.

His work, his play, even his oratory declares him a man of character and of action.

His views upon the present war, his scathing denunciations of Wilson's foreign policy, and the coming Presidential election have once more brought the impetuous, somewhat Quixotic Theodore Roosevelt into the lime light as one of the most interesting figures in the lists of world politics.

## The Royal Military College of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Survey to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B. A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisional areas and districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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## A DAY NEAR YPRES

(Continued from page 1)

the mist begins to clear away and the men return to their dugouts knowing full well that something will be doing very soon. We are not kept waiting very long. Some where above we can hear the hum of an aeroplane and we all get under cover so that the observer may not be able to tell whether our trench is strongly manned or not. This time however it is one of our own, and we get out to watch his progress; soon the white fluffy bursts of smoke appear around it and there comes the faint report of the bursting shell, however by clever dodging he manages to complete his flight and return with reports to headquarters, some miles in rear.

The morning "Hymn of Hate" has started. There is the waspish snap of a "whizz-bang" just clearing our parapet and bursting in the field in rear; this is closely followed by others and the mud begins to fly around us, but no damage is done other than that which can be repaired very quickly. Now comes a different note and a "Weary Willie" drones its way over our heads; this is not its destination however, and away in rear we see a huge burst of black smoke and a few seconds after the tremendous boom of the explosion is heard. Others are now hitting all over the countryside. Our own batteries are in action, the uproar is deafening, but still in the midst of it all we can pick out the various kinds of shell,—the rumbling roar of the Jack Johnson, the adult sighing of the "Big Willie," the childish whine of a "Little Willie," the metallic clang of a bursting shrapnel and the swish! swish! swish! in quick succession as the shells from a French seventy-five speed over our heads about fifty feet up; trees and buildings seem suddenly to fall to pieces and vanish in the smoke cloud, a shell bursts in the canal in front of us and there is a miniature cloud-burst. Water falls all around us and our dugouts shake and threaten to fall to pieces while the thunder-claps of the big guns in the immediate rear make us dizzy with their concussion. Then comes a shriek, most awful, and it seems to embody the spirit of the enemy's hatred. It is only the loose driving band of a six inch shell but it seems to be the climax of this inferno of sound.

The violence of the duel abates and settles down to the long range fire of heavy guns. The towns and important points are receiving the attention of our own and the enemy's batteries, and aeroplanes of both sides are out, but ours seem to assert their superiority and drive the others in. We can follow the courses of the various planes by the downy balls of smoke where they have been subject to fire. Over to our left is Ypres, and who among us shall ever forget it. That mass of ruins that once was a beautiful city with its quaint houses and masterpieces of medieval architecture, now gradually crumbling to pieces. Ypres; and oh! the pictures it brings up before us and the mixed feelings of pride, sorrow and the bitter hatred of the "Kultur" that has turned this garden into a blood-soaked ruin.

The thoughts do not last long. New things break in constantly. And now the beginning of a battle above our heads proves a fresh source of interest. A Boche plane is coming over our lines and when above us drops a bomb on our dressing station, wounding our doctor. But

revenge is coming quickly. Up behind a cloud is one of our machines keeping out of the sight of the German and constantly gaining elevation; suddenly it sweeps down on the enemy like a hawk on its prey, there is the sharp rattle of a machine gun, the Hun wavers and disappears into the cloud to reappear in a few seconds, diving nose down to the earth, and is smashed to pieces on the road about half a mile from us. There is a cheer from our trench and then we look for fresh interest, or turn in for a bit of a sleep.

Thus the day wears on until about five o'clock when the evening hate commences and lasts for a couple of hours. To-night it seems a little more severe than usual and while we are still thinking about it there comes the faint odor of gas with the stinging sensation in the eyes and air passages. Over to the right the cloud is rolling along, dull red at the bottom changing to a green at the top. The word comes along to "stand to" and we improvise respirators out of handkerchiefs and sleeping caps and make ready in case the attack is directed against us.

This time however fortune favors us; the wind changes driving the fumes back along the German trenches, smothering the occupants and driving them out. Their flight is so hurried that their communicating trench is filled very quickly and many break out across the open. As the cloud rolls on, they are exposed to the direct fire of our field and machine guns. The gas cloud is superseded by one of shell smoke and the escaping Boches are cut down by the score.

In the excitement, three of us get about the parapet and watch through our glasses. A shell bursts over us but we do not hear it. The first thing I know is the fall of the centre man against me as he tumbled into the trench. I get down to assist in dressing him, while the third still remains up until pulled down; he has two cuts along the back of his jacket from shrapnel bullets but otherwise is untouched.

The war of the artillery still continues and about seven o'clock we get the order to "stand to." All are now on the alert in readiness for any move on the part of the enemy, but no attack is made and half an hour after dark "as by night" is passed along, the pick and shovel are busy again; fatigue parties are told off to bring up food, water and ammunition, the trenches are inspected by the C. O., and we settle down for the night work.

A flare goes up, spreading its ghastly light over all, another and then whole bunches of them. Now and again the rattle of a machine-gun breaks out and the bullets "ping" over our heads, or go "phutt" into the earth.

The road behind our trench, a deserted place in the daylight, is now crowded with traffic, ambulances, gun-limbers, water carts, supply wagons and troops relieving or being relieved, and every little while a shell spreads destruction over it. But the work goes on as though nothing had happened, the men and guns must be fed at any cost and casualties are part of the day's events. Our work is soon finished to-night and the men collected around the braziers smoke and talk over things of to-day and the probabilities of to-morrow. A corporal has just come in, after being absent since the night of the big charge—four days ago—and he is recounting his story of having

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## ARTS AND SCIENCE

ON Jan. 24th, a memorable meeting of Arts and Science" was held. The meeting came to order with Vice. Pres. J. T. McK. Harris in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting, were not read or approved for the very good and sufficient reason that they had not put in an appearance. The most important business was the election of Mr. Melvin to the Presidential chair to fill the vacancy created by the enlisting of Mr. Dawson.

The subject for the evening's debate was "Resolved that labor unions are detrimental rather than beneficial to society." and the speakers were, for the Affirmative, Messrs. Goode and Colquhoun, for the Negative, Messrs. Dickie and Cameron.

Mr. Goode, the first speaker put forward a very strong argument for the Affirmative, prefacing his speech with a short sketch of the history of unions and criticising rather severely their methods and customs. He showed a remarkable memory for figures which he read from his note-book and, though they proved nothing, he could still exclaim to any audience visibly impressed,—"In the face of figures like that can you help acknowledging that trade's unions are detrimental to society."

The leader of the Negative was Mr. Dickie. It has been said that this lanky individual has an inch for every month of his life but any person of sane judgment will discredit the statement. Winding his legs gracefully around each other and placing one hand upon the table, Mr. Dickie proceeded to tickle the ears of the audience with seven reasons why labor unions should gain the support and admiration of all loyal and open-minded citizens. No doubt Mr. Dickie's "line-up" was strong but if he had concentrated rather on two or three broad arguments his speech would have been more effective.

Mr. Colquhoun next arose to a hearty applause from the galleries. Like the other speakers he kept closely to his notes but excelled the others in that he supplemented them with a copy of his speech. It was noticeable that both the gentlemen of the Affirmative spoke in tones sepulchral as if they were the ghosts of capitalists slain in "strikes." Mr. Colquhoun showed that unions were ineffective thus following directly on the argument of Mr. Goode. He had apparently a great love for the Secretary of the Society and addressed nearly all his remarks to that gentleman. On the whole the Affirmative brought forward a fairly consistent argument.

The orator of the evening was Mr. Cameron. It was unfortunate that in the earlier part of his speech he had to refer frequently to his notes but when he recovered from his nervousness he looked the audience in the face as if confident that he spoke the truth. The impression left by Mr. Cameron was very good. At any rate when he resumed his seat one was almost inclined to believe that labor unions are the key to Ellysium.

The rebuttal speeches of Messrs. Goode and Dickie were better than their opening ones as was noted in the critique delivered by a certain dyed-in-history individual—Mr. MacCleave. The judges awarded the decision to the Affirmative.

After the debate a period was allowed by the Chairman for general discussion of the resolution. Several gentlemen took

part in this viz. The above mentioned Mr. MacCleave, Mr. Fielding an orator of some fame, Mr. Robt. MacDonald the strike-breaker from Springhill Mines and Mr. Melvin the austere new President. Next Mr. Goode, followed by Messrs. MacCleave and Melvin, rose to speak about the wearing of gowns at the debates. When the third of these had commenced to speak the impatience of one Mr. Salter broke out and rising to a point of order he called the attention of the Chairman to the fact that the whole three of these speakers were out of order inasmuch as they had not spoken to the resolution. Hereupon a wild-cat scene ensued during which compliments were bandied back and forth. A resolution for adjournment was brought in and defeated. The chairman ruled the gowns out of order. Next came an attack by Mr. Goode upon the personal character of Mr. Salter which also the chairman ruled out of order. The time allotted for discussion of the Resolution having now escaped the gown question came up again. Mr. Dickie prevented further discussion by bringing in a second motion of adjournment which was passed. Much to the chagrin of certain upholders of the Dalhousie Feministic Movement the meeting was dismissed.

On Jan. 28th, Arts and Science decided to abolish the Canadian Senate. Let anyone should say that a band of presumptuous youths should be punished for such flagrant disloyalty, let it be pointed out that Arts and Science is completely irresponsible and without the pale of law and order.

The leaders of the debate showed their desire for the fray by engaging in a wordy duel before the debate. In the previous meeting, the minutes of a former debate had been dispensed with. These were not read on Jan. 28th, and Mr. Salter wanted to know why. Mr. Fielding, the Secretary, and leader of the Negative showed a reluctance to read them. Mr. Salter said there was no reason why the minutes should not be read and that there seemed to be a "Nigger in the wood-pile." Mr. Fielding took exception to Mr. Salter's language as it appeared to cast a reflection on the officers of the club, all of whom belonged to the white race. Mr. Salter apologised by saying that it was far from his intention to hurt any person's feelings and moved that the minutes in question be read. Then it turned out that there was something in the wood-pile—as a meeting had been held on Dec. 19th which was not attended by a quorum. Those present had passed a motion to make the meeting constitutional, which was beyond their power to do, as they did not constitute a quorum. Further business had gone through. When these facts were brought to light on Jan. 28th, there was no little excitement, Finally Mr. Salter moved "Whereas the meeting of Dec. 19 was unconstitutional, that the minutes of that meeting be utterly disregarded and wiped off the minute book." The motion passed.

Next came the debate. The resolution was opposed, and the Senate ably defended by Messrs. Fielding and Distant, or rather, by Mr. Fielding. Messrs. Salter and McKenzie attacked the Senate in such a fashion that every Senator would resign to-morrow, were he but to hear of it. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The critic, Mr. Crosby soothed the feelings of the Negative by saying that in his opinion they had won.

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## Royal Naval College of Canada

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1916, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th by the Secretary, Civil Service Commissions, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1916.

The scheme of training at the College is based on that in force in the English Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, but it is not compulsory for cadets to follow a Naval Career when they have completed the course, which lasts three years. McGill and Toronto Universities allow the College course to count as one year at the Science School. The Admiralty will take a maximum of 8 cadets annually into the Royal Navy, where the pay and prospects would be identical with that of cadets who have passed into the Navy from Osborne and Dartmouth.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,

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AT a previous meeting of the society it was announced that the Constitution would be read at a future meeting. This was done on Feb. 4th to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

The subject for debate was "Resolved that Britain should enforce a complete blockade for Germany." This was upheld by Messrs. Brookfield and Crowell, opposed by Messrs. MacLelland and Marshall.

Mr. Brookfield on first appearance took the pose which Napoleon made famous at Ratisbon, but it turned out presently that he resembled rather the more illustrious Billy Sunday. His voice exercised a complete control over him forcing him into many weird contortions of face and body. There is an element of truth in the theory that mind is powerful over matter. Perhaps if Mr. Brookfield gave it a trial he would develop into a forceful speaker. At least he would not say, for instance, that "The German Army travels on its stomach. It is our duty to bring it to its knees."

Mr. Brookfield's fellow Olympian was Mr. MacLelland. This gentleman might be said to resemble rather Lord Roberts—in size and in fixity of purpose. Very consistently he attacked the resolution. Kipling's impression of Roberts as the man "whom neither ease nor honors moved a hair's breadth from his aim," was similar to that given by this speaker; for it seemed that no power under heaven would prevent him from speaking to the resolution and to the resolution alone.

The affirmative was supported next by Mr. Crowell. This blasé speaker and the suavity of his manner are quite familiar to Arts and Science. One need only say that Mr. Crowell maintained his reputation for leisurely speaking. When timed by the Scribe his rate was only about 200 words per minute!

Mr. Marshall now spoke against the resolution. He stated that whereas his leader had spoken theoretically, he himself meant to argue from a material standpoint. So far as one might judge, he meant rather a material lean-point, for he held up the table very effectively for exactly seven minutes and one second. He seemed to have a taste for the graceful in art, and most of the time there was a crook in at least two of his four limbs. Although nervous at first, Mr. Marshall made a good speech and showed a fund of common sense.

If Mr. Brookfield's voice had control over him in his first speech, this phenomenon was even more striking in his rebuttal. It was a whirlwind of sound, but one did not hear the crash of many arguments overthrown. If this gentleman can take a suggestion, which is intended to be kindly, he will speak in a more leisurely manner when he appears next and make sure that his voice is only the instrument of expressing his thought. He has a good appearance and there is no excuse for his failing to become an effective speaker.

Mr. MacLelland's last speech was a good rebuttal. Although little in size, Mr. MacLelland is a heavy weight in argument.

The Scribe who considers himself in the position of another Cato mourns that an insidious femininity has crept even into Arts and Science. The men of Dalhousie are of the same stern type as always, but it seems the luxurious customs of a new age are teaching them to hide the rugged beauty of their figures in the flow-

ing folds of the toga. First the seed and then the fruit. Sow feminism of attire and of habit. Reap feminism of character. The President congratulated the speakers on wearing gowns, but it is rumored that a presidential edict commanded it. At any rate the opponents of Cato and the prophets of a new age are the men of high places.

The debate was won by the Negative. Mr. MacCleave delivered the critique short and to the point.

## LEAVES FROM A DIARY

(Continued from page 1)

ourselves wholly to its magic and half listened and wholly dreamed.

The tide was still far out when the sun went down, and, save for an arm of water in the centre of the bay, a glistening reach of seaweed stretched from one shore to the other. As the sun burned its way into the hills, sky and water caught and spread out its ruddy gold. When it had quite disappeared, a light rosy mist stole quickly over the roof of the sky. In the east, low-lying cloud-scarfs caught the red and gold and turned them by subtle alchemy into violet and purple.

As the richer colors died away in the sky, the seaweed became a will-o'-the-wisp mass of green and opal flame. Then by some magic brush all the colors of the palette were smeared over it—red, orange, green, purple, misty blue. Magic; sheer magic!

When at length even the bubbling of opalescent flame had ceased, and while the water rose darkly luminous, we tramped round to the marsh where the ducks come in at night. A boat-load of Indians had landed at a skirting point and were busy putting up a wigwam. A wood-fire showed two men wrapping bark around the poles, some squaws busy over a kettle and half a dozen children scampering round gathering sticks and playing pranks on one another. A dog barked at our approach.

It was the hour between sunset and moonrise, when wandering, far-flung shadows blot out all little things and twist the larger into fantastic shape. In the distance Point Prim and the Block House sent out, the one, flash upon flash, the other a steady soft beam. The leaping flames of the Indians' fire were broken and twisted in the water below. The laughter and shouts of the children and the sharp barking of the dog broke pleasantly the quiet of the early night.

As we chatted in low tones, and watched the little group on the point, the east began to grow softly luminous. A dust of faint gold was whirled high up over the eastern sky. Gradually the gold changed to silver and suddenly an immense moon peered over a crest. The hill sank rapidly below it.

Bombardier! Oh, no; it will always be Mate. L. J. M., '01.

## A DAY NEAR YPRES

(Continued from page 1)

found a German machine gun with ammunition, and of his having used it against its former owners. Since that time he had been with an English unit and at last found his own battalion. His story is a thrilling one, told without frills, there is no need for any, the plain facts are stirring enough.

Thus the night goes on and the day dawns, that is to bring forth, What? Who knows? who knows?

LIEUT. NICHOLS, C. E. F.

## SODALES

A MEETING of Sodales was held on Feb. 4th. A new President had to be elected because of the illness of Mr. J. McK. Stewart. Robt. McGregor Dawson became the third President of the society for the year and Mr. R. E. Inglis was elected Secretary in Mr. Dawson's place.

The debate was one which should have interested the college as a whole but unfortunately it did not. The Subject was "Resolved that compulsory subjects should be abolished from the Arts course of Dalhousie." Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Anderson upheld the resolution which Mr. Inglis and Miss Murray opposed.

Mr. Dawson spoke first. He argued that compulsory subjects represented a primitive element in our educational system, an element contrary to the right of personal freedom and to true preparation for life work. Moreover it was morally harmful encouraging deceit. Mr. Dawson was evidently one of those who had suffered. At least his fair opponent Miss Murray made some of his statements in connection with Harvard and Ex. pres Elliott look doubtful.

Mr. Inglis opened the negative side of the debate. He pointed out that a course was not entirely elective so long as one compulsory subject remained and that the duty of the Affirmative was to prove that not even one compulsory subject should be allowed. He went on to say that compulsory subjects were consistent with the aim of an arts course which was to give a good training. This the student received under the present systems and benefited by the experience of others. Not only were compulsory subjects beneficial during the period of training but were fruitful in good results in after life.

Mrs. Anderson was perhaps the most pleasing of the speakers to the listener her voice was well under control and quite musical and still she spoke forcefully. She said that an Arts course with compulsory subjects was not practical in that it did not suit the purposes of individual students; that in an elective course only the most suitable subjects would be chosen for the students own goal in life; that compulsion was inconsistent with coeducation. This subject of co-education has been known to raise the derision of a Dalhousie audience before, but was handled so skilfully that the audience listened very soberly. Mrs. Anderson however kept the audience in a pleasant mood throughout her speech by her saving humor.

Miss Murray spoke last taking up the subject in three ways:—the effect of the abolition of compulsory subjects upon the college, upon the student at college and upon the student in after life. Miss Murray has been heard before and on this occasion did not lower her reputation as a speaker. She showed some ability in argument as when she prefaced her speech with an attack upon Mr. Dawson.

Mr. Inglis first speech was very deliberate. Mr. Inglis second speech was very deliberate. He went down to solid rock principles and revolved in demolishing the arguments of his opponents as a child destroys a house of cards.

Mr. Dawson's rebuttal on the other hand was quite of the thunder and lightning type. Apparently he left the Negative without a leg to stand on, but a just critic

would say that he was skilled in the methods of the sophists and of politicians.

No one knows which side won the debate. Without doubt this news will be a relief to the Dalhousie Senate. A second debate occurred between the chairman and the judges concerning the decision which came to no satisfactory conclusion. On motion, the meeting adjourned.

## HOCKEY NOTES

THE class of '19 has distinguished itself in the realm of sport lately. They have played two games of hockey with St. Mary's Academy defeating them to the tune of 5-3 and 3-2. So formidable is the freshman hockey team that it is whispered on the inside circles that even the valiant Sophomores do not care to risk defeat at their hands.

On Wednesday Feb. 9th, they attacked a team picked from the University of Dalhousie and the city of Halifax. Fast hockey was played throughout the work of Murphy and Holmes being particularly good. These two men made several brilliant end to end rushes which usually ended in a score. The work of the freshman goal tender J. H. MacDonald also should be commended.

At the end of the first half the score stood 2-0 in favor of '19. Their opponents opened the second half with fast playing and equalled the score. Mooney and H. McInnis played a good game during this half but the final score was 6-2 for class '19.

The line-up swere as follows:—

	Picked Team.
	Goal.
J. H. MacDonald	Merrick—2nd yr. Dentistry).
	Defence.
V. C. MacDonald	H. McInnis (City).
Netting	D. Colquhoun (3rd yr. English).
Fleck	Mooney (85th).
Holmes	Smith '18.
	Forward.
McLeod	Holmes '16.
Murphy	Seirven (Royal Bk)
Keith	McMillan '18.
	Campbell 16.

Those who attended the Dalhousie Night at the Arena on February 9th were treated to an exhibition of marvellous speed skating. The skater was none other than Mr. Geo. M. McQuoid who, it will be remembered did such a fast half-mile last year that he received flattering references in the columns of the Halifax daily press. Duke claims to have done the first lap in nothing; and in the end, to have passed himself twice; while in the third he claims that he had to skate sideways to keep from flying; he says that he skated a fourth lap, but nobody can be found who saw him doing so. Quade's motto appears to be, "Stand back and let a man skate what can skate." It is the earnest wish of many patrons that the Skating Club can see its way clear to force Mr. Biff McBang to carry a red light on future occasions. Well done Swade!

Miss Eugene Archibald ('99) has the post of Cataloguer in the Forbes Library, Northampton, Mass.

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## THE HOSPITAL UNIT

(Continued from page 1)

spection by the officer commanding the troops. This was followed by an hour strenuous physical drill which made many of the men pant and puff and swear as no company drill on the old Dalhousie campus had never done. The afternoon were given over to sport which usually took the form of boxing bouts. Varied exhibitions of the art from the more or less professional to the grotesquely amateurish were given. Especially amusing were the bouts in which those participating were blindfolded. That these matches were immensely popular may be inferred from the fact that long before the hour set for their beginning every available inch of space around the ringside was occupied. Officers, nursing sisters, and men—all were interested spectators.

In the evenings concerts were held. The crowning one of these was that held on Friday evening in the second-class cabin. In the variety of its programme and in the way in which those taking part acquitted themselves it was a huge success. Choruses, solos, vocal and instrumental.—the latter pianoforte and banjo,—comedy sketches readings—made up the programme, No. 7 was not behind any of the other unit in the part it took in this concert.

I cannot close this account without expressing on behalf of the whole unit our deep appreciation of the kindness of the Ladies' Aid. Their lunches were just the thing. Their scarves more than once both on the ocean passage and since have helped to shut out the chilling blast. Every man of the unit is with me when through the *Gazette* I extend to them a sincere "Thank You."

## CORRESPONDENCE

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 11th, 1916.

Dear Editor:—You asked me if G might send something to the *Gazette*, and we have asked him to do so. In the meantime I enclose a letter received from him, part of which you might think of sufficient interest to publish in the next issue. You can extract what you think would be of interest to the boys.

I notice you are sending the *Gazette* to the Dalhousie boys at the front; capital idea. I enclose a cheque to help to pay for cost of postage.

Yours truly,

G. S. CAMPBELL.

NOTE—By the courtesy of the Secretary of Senate, *The Gazette* is allowed to produce the letter given below. Ed.

Dear Sir:—This will serve to acknowledge receipt of your letter of January 6th enclosing the two essays for which the "Industrial Canada" scholarships have been awarded. We have looked over both of them and must congratulate the writers on the excellent manner in which they have presented the claims of their respective subjects.

We are placing these essays on file and when occasion offers will make use of them. Thanking you for your interest in the matter, we are,

Yours faithfully,

CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS

ASSOCIATION.

W. A. C.

Bramshott Camp,  
Hants.

France, Jan. 12, 1915.

Canadian Base Depot.

*Dearest Mother:*—Here we are again, with Christmas over and no casualties. I am safely back from London again. Bill Doane was up with me also on sick leave and we did ten theatres in five days.

We had a very weird trip up to London. We started off at three p. m., to motor the forty one miles and got half way when just as we were discoursing upon the joys of motoring in England down met a fog, and such a fog! We had to follow a team at a walking pace for about five miles until it disappeared up a lane and then we struck a river. The chauffeur appeared at the door and said "I say—I got a bloody river ere!"

However, we put on full steam and started across just like a tug-boat with a huge white wave in front and landed safely on the opposite shore. Finally we transferred to a tram and it took us an hour and a half to do the remaining ten miles to town.

When we arrived we had a good dinner at the "Cecil" and then went to see a "Revue" at one of the theatres. London is not nearly so dark as I had expected. The taxes toot gayly along and there are crowds everywhere. It is certainly not at all panic stricken so far as outward appearances go. The theatres are all full and of course khaki everywhere.

We had rather a time at the "Savoy" on New Years Eve but were up and around again allright the next morning.

When I got back to camp I found I had been one of those chosen to conduct this weeks range practise. So I have been getting up at four thirty a. m. and marching to the range. The shooting has been very good. That means we have a chance of getting to France all the sooner. If I can keep those men of mine as far as the trenches I will be quite happy, for I can trust them quite and I think they trust me because I never pretend to know a thing when I do not.

I enclose some drawings of the cavalry and infantry officers. We do all the dirty work. You can always tell the two apart. The infantryman's clothes get well used up in the liquid mud through which he is continually wading. The clothes of the artillery or cavalry officer never dirty as he is always on his horse. Still, I would not trade for the world.

You would laugh if you could see me on the wet dark mornings taking about ten minutes to pull on my huge issue boots caked with four days mud, then my dirty old puttees, my muddy trench coat, and last but not least my cap still wet. Here it is that we meet some cavalry officers who have not been of their horses and only on them in fine weather and they look at us and turn up their noses.

I have stood from seven thirty a. m. in a heavy rain storm on the range until four p. m., with half an hour for lunch—sandwiches behind a bush and I never felt better in my life. By the way—I never discovered why the sun never sets on the British Empire. Answer by G. H. Campbell—It never rises!

I got the bundle of papers and the *Gazette* and found them exceedingly interesting. Please send me some more.

Your letter was received, and believe me I was very pleased to hear from you and to learn that you are well and have taken the serious step. For I firmly believe that it is the duty of every one of us to put on a uniform and fight for what is at stake.

We have had four casualties amongst us already. We have been in France about seven weeks. I am at the base now but some are up in the trenches. We finished our training very rapidly and landed in France in four months almost to the day from when I enlisted. That was very rapid work, don't you think? Just before I left Shorncliffe, I heard that Roy Sifton had arrived in Bramshott but of course being in my position (a private) I could not get leave, else I should have made an appointment to meet him up in London or somewhere.

I hope—(Law '14) takes the step and hope he could get in with you. Tell him to answer my last letter and tell him to go into the artillery, preferably to any other branch of the service.

I used to often go over to see Eddie Chisholm and "Sleep" James in Shorncliffe. They were right beside us and had a good time over in their mess. But of course I knew nearly all the others from Upper Canada College and R. M. C., before the war ever started. I did not see Keeler McKay as he left and had taken command of a howitzer battery at another camp. I met—in Shorncliffe—but I am afraid he had developed a sudden liking for the society of his own rank, so of course I did not worry him at all. But I always remember that if we are lucky, our course has to be finished at Dalhousie Law School and then I wonder what way poor old—will look around him.

I tried to get up to the London hospital to see your cousin Jack but we were warned for draft so of course I could not.

The winter so far, over in France has been very mild I think. We hardly ever wear our coats through need of them. But it is very rainy and that hurts us most of anything. It gets into your bones and we are all wishing for the summer. The equipment is very good indeed and so is the mail service. We get lots of parcels from home, in fact I got more around this Christmas and New Years than letters. We had a very decent time around the holidays. I was at the base for them and had to work on Christmas day up to 1 o'clock. I was sore you can imagine perhaps. A bunch of unfit men are just leaving for England and then Canada. It makes me very lonesome indeed and I can only hope that 1916 will be a year of peace, but I am afraid.

Well P D write me soon again for I enjoy hearing from you and I will close and wish you every success.

GORDON MCLEAN, LAW '18.

## NOTICE

WHEREAS my cousin twice-removed, R-b-t P-i-p-s B-o-k-s B-l-u-e-d-t has left my bed and board without just cause I hereby give notice that I will not be responsible for debts contracted by him in my name.

H. O. B-U-L-T.

Jan 22nd, 1916.

**HERE AND THERE AND EVERYWHERE**

Mrs. Bruce, (Elma Baker '96) has moved from Nelson to Vancouver, B. C. Her address is Holly Lodge. One of the noteworthy local institutions is the University Women's club, which has representatives from every college in Canada.

Professor Douglas McIntosh, ('96) is head of the Department of Chemistry in the new university of British Columbia. The latter is a flourishing institution, having already an attendance of three hundred students and being cramped for room.

For nearly half a century Dalhousie has been training teachers and professors. The total roll-call with a list of the achievements of each would be very interesting reading. Indeed the data should be gathered and carefully preserved. Perhaps the most remarkable educational achievement of any single Dalhousian is the founding of Western Canada College by Dr. A. O. MacRae ('93). It began in the days when Calgary was small, and has increased in prosperity and prestige with the growth of the city. Although Dr. MacRae got his degree in Germany, he is a fervid patriot. His influence is seen in the fact that nearly twenty-five per cent of his Old Boys have enlisted, and four of them have already given up their lives for the Good Cause. Dr. MacRae's two nephews are also serving.

Captain Jotham Logan, 25th Batt. C. E. F., has been heard from. As a Hellenist, he believes in Spartan brevity of speech and employs for correspondence the printed post card which the Army P. O. so wisely provides. It covers nearly every possible case: therefore the information "I am quite well. I have received your letter dated Xmas" above his well remembered signature is reassuring, if not satisfying. He has more important work on hand than writing letters. Anyone who ever saw J. W. play football will have a good idea of how he would fight. He was one of those who stood the sudden and severe ordeal when the German mine exploded beneath their feet.

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