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"THE DANCERS"

All day beneath the hurtling shells
Before my burning eyes
Hover the dainty demoiselles—
The peacock dragon-flies.

Unceasingly they dart and glance
Above the stagnant stream—
And I am fighting here in France
As in a senseless dream—

A dream of shattering black shells
That hurtle overhead,
And dainty dancing demoiselles
Above the dreamless dead.

—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

A CONTEST OF THE AIR.

"And there rained a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies, grappling in
the central blue."

Away to the north and south the front line of battle stretched. The guns were silent. No rap-tap-tapping of machine guns broke the stillness. No rifle spoke. A stranger could scarce believe, that behind these lines on either side, in trench and dug-out, were the soldiers of either nation, ready and ever on the alert. Let him hold his hand aloft or but raise his hat above the parapet, and the spit-spat of bullets whisper the enemy is unsleeping.

It is a beautiful winter afternoon. The air is clear and frosty. Overhead, not a cloud in the sky. Underfoot, a white wrapping of snow blots out shell holes and tumuli. In this quiet winter silence it is hard to believe that here are ranged the lines for battle. Looking with keen interest, one sees the iron stakes and the wide criss-cross of barbed wire out a little distance in No-Man's Land; and its answering complement from thirty to three hundred yards away, covering the enemy's front. With varying width, more or less regular, these run up over the hill's crest, down its side, across the valley, like the parallel irons of a railway, till lost in distance.

Below us are the shattered ruins of villages. Churches dashed to pieces; steeples altogether down or perforated with holes; roofs blown off, and now and again an image of the Saviour or the Virgin half loosened from its place, swinging in the air. Only patches of wall remain to the houses. Looking back over the landscape, here is a ruined chateau; there a steeple half askew; yonder a village only partially riddled; drawing nearer, front, right, left and further left, remains of what were once thrifty villages, but now nothing but broken brick and heaps of stone. It is impossible these places will ever be rebuilt. And in and out and up

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CHANCE MEETINGS.

On a Wall.

In more youthful days it was a great pleasure to walk along the top of a stone wall—all the more pleasurable because forbidden. I remember too, when the days of childhood submission had passed, when schools, Common and High, had been left behind, when in the eyes of my world I was truly a grown woman, that a most lofty, uneven and tottering stone wall invited me to view the landscape o'er from its summit. I will forbear to tell the sequel, for it is a sad and lengthy tale. And moreover, I would speak not of a plebeian boundary to some farmer's field, but of the mighty wall which for many centuries has surrounded and protected the ancient city of York. Its *ascensus* is *facile*, for worn steps lead to the wall's highway whence it rises still further above us. As I walked along I saw that it was broken at regular distances by niches and loopholes. At intervals too, the path widened and a stone bench invited the foot-sore traveller. The sun was just setting and its golden glow irradiated the Minster across the fields, causing its myriad windows to burn and blaze with unseen fires; the path ahead gleamed almost white in the brightness of the rays; garden, tree and grassy field breathed forth sweet fragrance. Everything spoke happiness, content, peace and gratitude to the All-giving, the Minster bells chiming a soft accompaniment to my thoughts.

A voice at my elbow aroused me from idle dreaming—there was a woman, refined, poor, neatly clothed, but weary and travel-stained from much walking to and fro in a strange city; no work to be found though diligently sought for; no food to eat after many hours of privation; no roof to shelter her during the coming night. She told me her tale in a dreary tired monotone, and besought me to tell her of some place where she might rest. I was as much a stranger as she, but I found in my guide book the address of a charitable Home of Rest, and showed her the way there. The poor woman was grateful for even such scanty information as I had at my disposal. Whenever I think of her, sad, tired, alone—it is my bitter regret that I did not do as a good Samaritan many years before—help her with myself. True, I did not pass by unnoticed; but I only gave her words.

Sal' ve.

Solitary travelling has its disadvantages. I felt that most keenly at Geneva, when I enviously watched the crowds set off in the early morning to climb a mountain, or, free from the worry of trains and time-tables, to make a delectable journey on foot on the road to Anywhere. A certain modicum of propriety resided within me and restrained me from setting off alone to attain

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WITH THE R. A. M. C.

The Dalhousie Medical Society recently had the pleasure of listening to a most interesting address by Dr. Stanley Chisholm on his experience with the R. A. M. C. in France. Dr. Chisholm graduated in medicine in 1915 and sailed overseas in May of the same year. After over a year of hard work on the French front he has returned on furlough. He said in part:

"Arrival at Aldershot marked the real beginning of the soldier's life. Aldershot is composed of, I suppose, about a dozen different camps grouped about the town of Aldershot, which is the heart of the area and where the various headquarters, and commissariat of the army district are stationed.

"The R. A. M. C. camp is at Tweseldown, covers an area of about 50 acres, and has sometimes as many as 3000 men and 200 officers stationed there. Here men and officers are instructed in the various branches of the service and sent overseas as soon as they are fit and capable enough for their various duties.

"On our arrival we were immediately interviewed by the O. C. of camp, attached to a Field Ambulance and ordered to report at the officers' parade on the following morning at 6 a. m., billets and an orderly being supplied for us at the same time.

"The officers' training class is really an awkward squad and is treated as such; from 6 to 7 we were bullied and cheived around by a sergeant major, from 9 to 12 by an even more odious individual in the person of the senior major, lectured to from 2 to 4 by officers from other branches of the service and from 4.30 to 5.40 tortured in the riding school.

"After about two or three weeks in the Officer's Training Class, you are put through an exam, on the parade ground, and if passed, are then put on the waiting list for overseas service. This is your opportunity for choosing your future line of work, Base hospital, Field Ambulance, Regimental, or to go overseas at once with no definite knowledge of what you will do, or where you will go.

"Personally I advise the Field Ambulance as you get about an equal share of medical and Military work.

"I was fortunate enough to be attached to a Field Ambulance. It numbers 180 R. A. M. C. men and 10 officers with 50 from the Army Service Corps.

"We left Tweseltown at 2 a. m., on the morning of July 24th. After an eight mile march we entrained for Southampton and boarding a transport arrived at Rouen the following day. Next morning we entrained for St. Omar, the British headquarters, and reached there after a tedious twelve hour journey. The distance is about 150 miles, so you will see that troop trains in France travel very slowly. From St. Omar to the front, about forty miles, we did in three days' march, finally billeting in a

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A Contest of the Air.

Continued from page 1

the hill-sides, deep trenches run, and wired entanglements, a repetition of the battle-line. For back and forth, when the enemy in his first rush had passed this way, swayed now to this side, now to that, the tide of battle. How desperate, even the novice can gage, by the many shelters this village fighting affords; by remains of barricades and machine gun emplacements; by death rained by artillery when shells were falling thick as hail and with every burst, some building fell to ruins, some soul went shrieking out upon the winds. Or will he count it up by rule of three; then see the yards, God's Acres, in which lie German, French, British and Canadian dead, "Mort la Patrie."

On this winter afternoon the snow, white as charity, had spread its mantle over all, and, with guns silent, in the bright light of the sun falling to the West, all lay as peaceful as a summer pastoral. In burrows in the hillside, in caves and dug-outs, in sheltered bits of ruined cellars, like human rats, the men slept on, for with night all will be astir. But now the engines of destruction are at peace and only the faint echo of some distant shot betokens that some battery is still alive.

A warning whistle, and high above us an aeroplane. The guns speak and three thousand feet above us, the bursting shells, above, below, to right, to left, in front, behind, lend interest to his passage. The plane rides on, now swerving, now mounting, now taking some sudden drop to keep the gunners guessing. White puffs dot the air. They drive him high. Though many times they shoot, and hit him not, at least they force him up, and at that height he can not observe. They drive him farther when other guns speak forth. Men stand agape and praise or blame the marksman-ship. Often have they shot the grouse across the moors, or partridge on the plains of Canada, or tinker on the bleak north shore. But shooting birds, though calling for quick judgment and sure aim, is different when the shot is bursting shell, the bird a wide spread plane, its speed two miles a minute. The gunners keep the eagle up. He turns and wings his flight back to his eyrie.

A minute's pause, our flying scouts send signals. The guns fall silent. From different parts, like birds disturbed while resting on the ground, they come, till high above us soar a dozen planes and more. Three thousand feet above they circle, when from the foeman's line, a fleet of swift-winged planes. The battle joins. The land is silent, but in the air up yonder skill and judgment, speed and courage, are striving life with life. We see the hawk-like swoops, planes pass each other, and hear the rapping of their guns as each one seeks its target. Only a few moments hang they there, with their swift passing and repassing. What attempted and what accomplished, we can not tell. Some plan of battle action these airmen follow as our navy does. Wings shot through with bullet holes; but what matter; like bullet

through a limb, so long as head or heart or vital spot remain untouched. The combat rages still.

A suppressed cry is heard from trenches watching on the ground. A bursting sheet of flame. The machine is hit and in a vital spot. All control is gone. Three thousand feet above the ground it wobbles in the air with wild erratic motions. A plunge or two and then—that keen blue-eyed airman facing death now turns and fights for mastery for his life. It steadies. With circling swoops the great planes take the air. Like some great bird in spiral after spiral from the height it steadily descends and drops perhaps a thousand feet. But what transpired in the plane is known alone to God. Another burst of flame. Another struggle for the mastery. With uneven, hitching movements down it comes and then again it steadies. The hand of the scorched and perhaps wounded man is again on the wheel. Again she plunges, then soars planing on, but upside down. It may be that explosion in the tank has sent its flames far forward. It may have scorched the pilot in his seat, jammed or smashed the steering gear or heated it to burn his hand. Be what it will, the struggle is over. From the plane those fifteen hundred feet or more, a body falls. The airman's days are over. No more will his machine ascend and he spy out the movements of the enemy, beat back assaults, or, flying low, lend help and courage to attacking comrades on the ground. The plane, now guideless, soars and sweeps along no more. Its hour too has struck, and tumbling over and over, it crashes to the ground. This is the reality of war.

Meanwhile the battle rages on. A minute more and all is white and still again. The sun shines in the heavens. On earth the snow hides gashes, cuts and craters. A sigh of sympathy, and the watching trenches back to duty, leave one to ponder much and long on this the first battle sight that met him, on his first entrance to the trenches. This is the simple tale of but one casualty on that aerial battlefield.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

(We are pleased to have the above contribution from Captain Farquhar, ('07). The incident which he so interestingly narates was one, he tells us, which occurred on his first day in the trenches. Before crossing the Channel Captain Farquhar was senior chaplain at Shorncliffe, but is now attached as chaplain to the 44th Canadian Infantry in France. In his letter he wishes "the Gazette every success and dear old Dal prosperity in its new home." We heartily reciprocate his good wishes and trust that he will be sustained in health and safety to come back to us again, enriched through the wealth of an experience that has brought him into close touch with the solid realities of life and death as the battle fronts alone must reveal them, and within our Canadian land to enter an even larger field of service than the one he left.—Ed.)

Deeds are males, words females are.

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A SPLENDID GIFT.

The months have sped by since the news first came of the death upon the field of battle of George Henderson Campbell. But the sorrow that that news brought with it is still fresh in the hearts of all that knew him. "Geordie" was one of the most likeable fellow students that it has been the good fortune of any of us to know. His popularity with his class and with the whole student body was unusual and was given expression on many occasions. Seldom has the death of any one of our number called forth more expressions of sorrow and regret.

It is most fitting therefore that one so honored by his fellow students should continue to be honored by future generations of Dalhousians. This will be done in a noteworthy way by the splendid memorial which his parents, Mr and Mrs. G. S. Campbell, have established in his memory. They have presented the university with the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars to be known as the "George H. Campbell Scholarship Fund." The income from this fund will provide annually a series of six scholarships, each of the value of two hundred dollars, and will be awarded to students of the first and second years. Further details remain to be worked out.

The letter conveying this magnificent gift to the university is as follows:—

The Secretary of the Board of Governors, Dalhousie University, Halifax.

Dear Sir,—Mrs. Campbell and I have been considering in what way we could appropriately commemorate our son George's connection with Dalhousie. He took such a loyal interest in collegiate life, and has so many warm friends among the students, that we would like to associate his name with the university where he spent the happiest years of his short life. We can think of no better way of doing this than by helping young men of ambition, but of limited means, to secure the advantage of a liberal education.

Our idea is to provide scholarships which would help students over the first and second years of college life, when their earning powers are most limited. The scholarships might be open to students from certain areas, so that different parts of the province may be represented. Prince Edward Island might perhaps be included as one of the districts.

For that purpose I am prepared to hand over to the university the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars for the creation of a fund to be known as the "George H. Campbell Scholarship Fund," the interest on which would provide the scholarships. I would prefer few scholarships of substantial value, rather than a large number of smaller value.

I would like the boys who win the scholarships to feel under a moral obligation, if their financial circumstances in after years permitted, to donate the value of the scholarship back to their alma mater. Any sums so returned would go to augment the original fund, and thus enlarge its usefulness. In that way graduates would have the satisfaction of knowing that they were helping others as they themselves had been helped.

I think the regulations should be of an elastic nature, so that if in future years the authorities deemed it in the interest of the university to modify the terms and condi-

tions of the trust, they would have the legal right to do so.

Yours faithfully,
G. S. CAMPBELL.

SOPHOMORE SLEIGH DRIVE.

Someone has said that the Social Committee of Class '19 is the only one in the college that is really "on the job." Whether this is true or not, the Sophomores have had more to do with entertainments since the beginning of the 1916-17 term than any other class in the university.

Our last social affair was eminently successful. The girls came to the unanimous conclusion that they ought to entertain the boys in some manner, and their good intentions materialized in the form of a sleigh drive. During the earlier days of the week the Sophomores, and others who were required to make numbers complete, received hearty invitations to meet at the home of our Vice-President, Miss Dickson, on Friday evening, about 7.15. About that hour bands of jolly Sophs and Sophettes could be seen wending their way up the hill from the Dartmouth ferry wharf, and proceeding to Dr. Dickson's home. Having arrived there they were received by their host and hostess in a becoming manner. Topic cards were distributed and the noise, disappointment, exultation, and diplomacy characteristic of such occasions were fully indulged in.

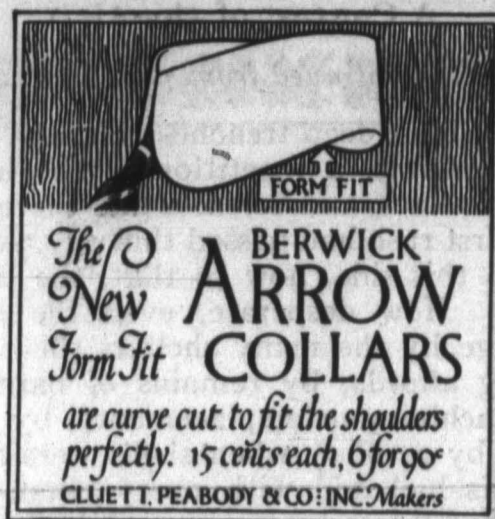
It might be mentioned that two members of the class who claim to be theologically inclined, believing steadfastly in the Biblical declaration that "the first shall be last and the last first," did not arrive until five minutes before the hour of departure on the drive. These hurriedly received topic cards, but alas! all the co-eds had their cards scrawled over from top to bottom, and the helpless victims of their own folly were compelled to play their part as best they could, enjoying their own company.

Accompanied by our popular chaperone Mrs. Macneill, we started off on our sleigh drive towards Waverley. One of the above mentioned late arrivals was given a seat on the lofty eminence beside the driver; the other, on account of his ability for singing popular songs, was allowed a seat in the crowded sleigh. Having had about two hours drive we again returned to Dr. Dickson's where Mrs. Dickson had a sumptuous meal all prepared. After having satisfied the inner man, games were played, jokes cracked, riddles solved, and songs sung until everyone was certain that they had spent the most enjoyable evening for some time. As it was nearing the midnight hour, and the last boat could not be detained by fair means or foul, the guests took their departure in parties of two, and left the Dartmouth shore behind them with very pleasant memories of the occasion.

The members of the class will never forget the many manifestations of kindness shown them by Dr. and Mrs. Dickson, not only on this occasion, but at many times since we entered Dalhousie. Our thanks are also due Mrs. Macneill for the willingness with which she gives up everything in order to be of service to us.

J. M.

Man,—whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,—
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!



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COUNCIL ELECTIONS.

The elections to the Council of the Students on the 6th of this month, passed off very quietly. The old time enthusiasm was not in evidence. The vote polled was not as large as might have been expected, but this would be accounted for in some measure by the very stormy weather that prevailed throughout the day. Probably only those taking classes that day made an appearance on the college premises, and of that number there must still have been a good many who failed to register their votes.

Owing to the greatly diminished attendance this year the representation on the Council permitted to Arts and Science had to be reduced to seven. Medicine was entitled to four representatives and Dentistry to one. The new council will thus consist of twelve members. The balloting elected the following representatives for the year 1917-18:

Arts and Science:—John Distant, Miss Elsie Phillips, Leon Gauvin, Miss Lois Smith, John Macneill, Cyril Crowe, C. F. MacLennan. Medicine:—J. W. Anderson, Kenneth A. Baird, C. M. Bayne. Dentistry:—G. N. Stultz.

AN INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

Again and again during the past two years have the words of the prophet of old, "there is no new thing under the sun" been disproved by Dalhousians.

Time was, when the heading of this article would have been The Intercollegiate Debate, for only one such event occurred in the year, but since 1914 the girls of the University have taken up many tasks previously relegated to their brothers and the Dalhousie Girls' Debating team has been appointed to contend with that of Mt. Allison in the near future.

After the preliminary trial debates held just before the close of the year, six speakers were chosen for the final trial by a committee of graduates—skilled in the knitting art—and on January 9th the event took place.

The Ladies' College hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, indeed some were even heard to suggest that such things were not in keeping. Be that as it may, the speakers, nothing dismayed, debated with vigor on the subject "Resolved that great Britain and her colonies should have adopted a system of conscription at the outbreak of the present war."

Long was the debate among the judges as to those on whom the lot should fall, but finally Judge Russell rewarded the patience of his audience by giving the verdict in favor of Mrs. Anderson, Miss McKinnon and Miss Murray.

This is a new task, but as the girls of the college have proved their ability in other lines we may feel sure that this trio will uphold the honor of Dalhousie in the coming Intercollegiate Debate. It is for the student body to aid them by their enthusiastic support.

On March 23rd, then, see to it that every Dalhousie student is on hand to inspire and cheer the Dalhousie Girls' Debating Team on to the victory which should await it. Arguments! Logic! Philosophy!

D. G. D. T. Oui! Oui! Oui!
A. I. F.

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THE JUNIOR TOBOGGANING PARTY.

It was a bright moonlight night. Soon after seven o'clock, in different parts of the city, one might have seen girls drawing behind them one, or two, or even three toboggans. They were on their way to the "Old Building." Then the boys began to arrive—certainly not all '18 boys. The roll having been called, and all found present the topic cards were distributed, when—"There is one toboggan gone! Oh, those Law Boys!" broke forth from one fair damsel, who had been reconnoitering. Never did school boys pour forth in more haste at four o'clock than did those Jolly Juniors and their friends. One small youth was spied with a toboggan. A rush was made in his direction. "If he runs, its ours." But before he could be insulted by any such accusation, the lost was found tied to a tree. After a recount, all went back to have their topics filled. This having been completed, off they went to the Golf Links.

The night was just cold enough to make one wish to keep busy, and what can help better than two or three "upsets." But all did not receive the white mark of distinction. However the slide was all that could be desired and all were sorry when 9.30 came, but then they were going to Forrest Hall!

While supper was being prepared by the few, the many might have been seen roaming around the room, gazing avariciously at a large dark coin held in the hand of the sterner partner. This was interrupted by the odor of baked beans, and supper was served.

After a few college songs and the national anthem, the gathering broke up. But it did not disperse very readily owing to the fact that so many toboggans had green cushions. Finally, the different shades of green having been agreed upon, Forrest Hall was left behind.

It was unanimously agreed that the Juniors are as "jolly" as ever, and that a hearty vote of thanks was due Miss Manners for acting as chaperone and for the use of Forrest Hall.

C. S. M.

TRAGIC ENDING OF D. A. K. A.

It is with great regret that I, the only survivor of the fifth and last meeting of the D. A. K. A., do here record the events which transpired at that meeting. There was a good attendance in the home of a member from the city, and all officers were present, except the secretary. Committees reported as usual, after reading of the last minutes. The most interesting report was that of the Lost and Found Committee, who could not find a claimant for the piece of paper, covered with a weird inscription, which was published in the minutes of the last meeting. Neither could they decipher the language. Someone expressed a doubt as to the existence of such a paper, but the article in question was thereupon exhibited.

A vote of sincere regret was passed that it has been necessary for the new Gazette Editor to leave college, and the hope expressed that he will soon return.

A communication was read from the German Ambassador to Bedford Basin, regretting his inability to accept the urgent invitation of Second Year Medicine to attend his own post mortem in the practical anatomy room.

Committees of Investigation were appointed to report on the following:—

If the Pine Hill Philosophical Senior found Jamieson a boarding house yet. Why the Honor Student in History, &c., doesn't always notice you when he meets you on the street.

Whether the Senior of Clan McL—n admires the singing or the singer of St. Andrew's Church.

Why W—d is in a hurry to be graduated. If there is any connection between A—d—rs—n and Ladies' College measles.

Whether "grandpa" studies History or character in the library.

If "Sheffield's Mills" always goes to extremes (witness D—ck—e and F—rs—th!). If the diminutive Freshman spoke truth when he said he never had a girl of his own till he came to Dalhousie.

If Prof. M—rr—y tried to swallow a Key would he take lockjaw.

Why one of the first Dentals looked so disgusted when Rev. Bolster said, "judging from the top of your heads some of you are older than I am."

Why W—d left his room at 1 a. m. Not to return that night.

If McCl—v— is really Grandpa. Who made B. V—ns McL. ticket agent at Pine Hill.

Who won in the recent contest of wits between the little freshman and Eb—n. What Prof. W—ddy said about co—eds style—or lack of it.

The Committee on Unique Conversations reported the following:—

Diminutive Freshman (after St. Andrew's Social): "Well, I'm not married, and she's a pretty nice looking girl."

Bible Study group leader—"Haven't we caste here as well as in India."

K—rr (earnestly)—"I don't think so."

Leader—"Well, look! Wouldn't you rather walk between two Dukes than between two porters?"

It was moved, seconded, and unanimously carried that F—rs—th— shall never again be mentioned in the Association.

On account of opportunities furnished the Association, but not utilized, the following were elected honorary members:—

J—n Pr—tt, J— T—ttr—, M—rj—r— St—l—ng, D—r—th— D—y; Messrs. D—v—ds—n, P—pp—rd, and D—cks—n.

The President next announced that the Committee on the Thought Reading Machine had completed the new apparatus, which was such an improvement over the old that it could give some suggestion of past and future thoughts, besides telling accurately the present ideas of the persons operated on. The Committee proceeded to make very illuminating demonstrations of what A. J. M—cL—n meant when he said, "Oh, I'm all infatuated," and of the chaotic state of mind of the Sophomore president when he heard that "my girl" had become Mrs. ----.

There was great excitement among some of the members, who suggested that it might be possible to turn the machine on some of the professors just before exams. Others claimed that such a proceeding would be quite as immoral, and as detrimental to the best interests of Dalhousie, as it would be to cheat in the examination room. Just as discussion waxed warm, an event of momentous import occurred. Probably the operator reversed the machine or ran it sideways. At any rate all the members suddenly felt dizzy, there was a roar, a blinding flash, and when the writer came to, there was no sign of the Thought Reading Machine nor of any other members.

but lying in one corner of the room was the Minute Book. A most remarkable feature of the whole event is the failure of everyone present, except the writer, to remember even the fact that such an association as the D. A. K. A., ever existed. It is probable that the machine, on being reversed, absorbed all such memories and then exploded. Having been appointed secretary *pro tem*, I have taken the liberty of writing this brief account, aiding my memory by the Minutes I had written during the meeting.

(Sgd.) I. KICKNO MOORE,
Sec'y pro tem.

Post Script.

It is perhaps not amiss that we offer a word of explanation. The D. A. K. A. originated in the imagination of a Dalhousie student. In the first few issues material was collected by one or two persons. Of late contributions from many sources have reached us through the Gazette Editor. Some of these have not been published. A third year Medical sent us information the other day that one professor suggested it was large meals that "put dome in abdomen," and another enquired, "Would you expect to find an incompressible pulse in a dead man?" A Senior sent an inquiry as to why M—cK—y and Ch— are not good friends now, and the suggestion was received that the first year Medicals ought to be "roasted" for their neglect of their class co—eds. With this latter we agree,— they ought to be. We trust no-one's feelings have been seriously hurt, and crave pardon should this have been unwittingly done.

If we might be permitted to moralize, two facts stand out in our experience with the D. A. K. A. One is the remarkable ease of getting information about the doings of others, if you just listen and observe. When a very few could collect what has come to the D. A. K. A., both published and unpublished, what a fund of interesting notes on events in our college community would come to the Editor if everyone would stop, look, listen, and then hand him the results! The other fact is how easily the public mind is occupied. Our object has been to introduce into the Gazette a feature of interest. Judging by what has been observed at Forrest Hall, Pine Hill, H. L. C., in various class rooms, and even at the Arena, we dare to suggest this object has been attained. You have been interested. In spite of all its absurdity, you have obeyed an impulse to pass over articles of real value, and read first the Minutes of the D. A. K. A. Lest someone should think otherwise, we exonerate the Editor from responsibility in the matter. Someone has suggested that a woman can't keep a secret. We think a co—ed can, under certain circumstances. Not desiring notoriety of fame, we wish you still to remember us simply as

THE ORIGINATORS OF THE D. A. K. A.

O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,
And let no warrior in the heat of fight
Do what may bring him shame in others' eyes;
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.
Homer—*Iliad*.—Bryant's Trans.

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With the R. A. M. C.

Continued from page 1

small village just outside of Bethune. We had at last reached the front where our work began in real earnest.

"Early next morning we took over the village school house and with the aid of stretchers, and the contents of the surgical and medical panniers transformed it into a nice little hospital of about fifty beds which the officers and men of the tent sub-division took charge of.

"Patients soon began to arrive, being cleared from the various battalions of the brigade to which we were attached, and brought to us in motor ambulances. That evening all the cases except the minor ones were sent on to the casualty clearing station, and so the daily work went on, and, as we became more accustomed to the ordinary routine, and procedure of the army we became more sure of ourselves, and gradually took on all the airs of old campaigners.

"In the meantime the bearer officers and N. C. O's were sent up to the advanced aid posts and trenches for training in their particular line of work. Finally the day came for us to take over an advanced aid post of our own with all its many duties and responsibilities. Our first station was a warm one, in an old ruined farm house, called LeRutoire, just in front of the village of Loos, then in German hands. We opened up a small aid post in the cellar with field dressings, splints and other requisites for first aid work, and sent squads of men to the various battalions in our section of the trenches, to bring in the wounded for dressing, and transport to the rear.

"From Sept. 9th to 22nd we had a most ideal rest, with beautiful weather. But there was a fly in the ointment. The air was rife with rumours, new battalions were constantly arriving, ammunition columns were building great blocks of square shaped boxes containing shells of every size and description, and the sky was thick, morning and evening, with scout planes and fighters. Finally on Sept. 22nd the cannonading, which had been more or less desultory in character, gradually increased in violence until it assumed a steady roar and we realized that the much talked of offensive had begun. The following afternoon B. section, in charge of myself, was ordered to the front to reinforce the Bearers of No. 1 Field Ambulance.

"We had about six miles to march and what a march it was. In one village cross road the congestion of traffic was greater than I have ever seen in London or New York. Wounded by the hundreds were returning from the battlefield, some walking, others in ambulances, returning forage carts, or any convenient vehicle.

"As we neared the trenches we had our first sight of the Bosh, about five hundred prisoners being brought back. Guns were flashing from every conceivable cover. Our shells went screaming overhead and occasionally others with a softer hum burst in the air with a sharp crack, or threw up a great black cloud where they exploded in the ground. The Hun was retaliating.

"After an exciting march we finally reached our old air post at LeRutoire but it had become almost unrecognizable. The farm house was practically obliterated, hundreds of torn and suffering humanity were laid out side by side on stretchers, awaiting transport to the rear; shells were bursting everywhere and a nauseous smell from Ger-

man gas turned the place into a veritable hell.

"However, we had plenty of work to do I can assure you, and under the guidance of a Gordon Highlander we set out for the scene of the morning attack. By this time it was dark, but the burning village of Loos, and the flashes of the guns directed our steps and we were soon at the captured German trenches. Here we attended to the wounded and carried them in to the A. D. S.

"Carrying a man on a stretcher is hard work at any time but when you are constantly tripping over barbed wire, and falling into shell holes full of water, (it had been raining all day,) you can imagine how we felt after two days of it with scarcely a rest.

"However, we kept at it until we were absolutely "all in." By this time two of our bearers were killed and eleven wounded when word came that we were to be relieved by A. section and we set out on the return journey with thankful hearts.

"I was pleased when I was sent into the push in charge of B. section as I had thought it would be quite an experience, but I can assure you I was a great deal more pleased when I got away from it. It was one of those experiences which leave impressions so vivid that they do not need frequent renewing.

"Two days after my return to Headquarters I was stretched out with a severe attack of trench fever, sent to the C. C. S. and from thence, by hospital train, to a base hospital at Paris Place, a French summer resort on the English Channel. After a fortnight in hospital I returned to the front and was attached to the 23rd F. A., 7th Division, resuming my old duties as a bearer officer. Not long after joining the 23rd F. A. I had my first experience as an R. M. O. (Regimental Medical Officer) relieving the M. O. of the Gordon Highlander who had gone on leave.

"I might say that all reliefs for the various medical officers in the brigade, are supplied by the Field Ambulance attached to that brigade. The Gordons were then holding the area in front of the village of Festubert. This section of the line is perfectly level for several miles and as it had been raining heavily for the past week, you can imagine the state of the trenches. Most of them were full of water, and had to be bridged up by the engineers to make them at all passable. Woe to the unlucky person who slipped off the board walk; he had a cold bath. The communication trenches were practically useless and all traffic was done at night time over the open, as most of us preferred to chance a stray bullet, rather than the certainty of a ducking; ninety per cent. of our casualties occurred behind the firing line, because of the impossibility of remaining in the communication trenches. Altogether it was a most unpleasant ten days and we were all most heartily thankful when our relief arrived.

"Shortly after our relief the 7th Division was transferred to the Somme district, about fifty miles to the south, and went into rest billets for two months. My experiences in the Somme valley were but a repetition of those in Northern France."

During his address Dr. Chisholm gave much information that would prove of immense value to those in his audience who were looking forward to being engaged in similar scenes and work in the near future.

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VOLUNTEER BAND NOTES

The Study group has met regularly Tuesday evenings. The outstanding feature of the month's activities was Dr. G. Purvis Smith's visit. His lecture on Saturday evening, Feb. 17th, was well attended. As the meeting was rather late in starting it was necessary to somewhat abbreviate the intended program of Dalhousie songs. After singing four of these, Dr. Smith was introduced and gave an interesting address on his first trip in Mongolia to meet his future colleague, Jas. B. Gilmour. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides. Dr. Smith's testimony after 26 years experience as a Medical Missionary in China, is that if he were beginning life anew he would undertake Medical Missions, as the greatest opportunity for service and the most joyous life possible.

On Sunday afternoon Dr. Smith told the students about the beginnings of the Student Movement in Edinburgh University. This began with a few of the medical students who became concerned about the spiritual welfare of their fellow students. They banded themselves together and Dr. Smith became their secretary. By personal work among the students and by advertising they got hundreds to come to evangelistic meetings led by prominent students from England who were about to leave for the foreign field. This was followed by meetings led by Professor Drummond. Many students decided for the Christian life. But the movement was not long confined to one university. Meetings were arranged for and delegates sent to the other universities of Scotland and England, where as great success was experienced as at Edinburgh. This movement, originating in the devotion and personal work of a very few students in one university, has become a great world force and has been the cause of hundreds of foreign missionaries going to the foreign field.

Dr. Smith is a man who has had a part in the beginnings of events that have influenced the whole world, and his visit to Dalhousie has been a help and inspiration to many. Those who were privileged to associate more intimately with him during his brief stay, found his conversation and suggestions most helpful, and his great faith a means of strengthening their own.

The Band has recently taken responsibility for supplying a number of students to lead the singing at Cogswell Street Military Hospital on Sunday evenings. This is a work much appreciated by patients, orderlies, and nurses there, who cannot attend church services; and which may well appeal to every student asked to assist, as a duty and privilege towards those who have enlisted to defend our liberties.

The following letter from Dr. Parkin, the Manager of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust, will be of interest to all Dalhousians, and especially to the friends of our last three Rhodes Scholars, Messrs. Billman, McCleave, and MacGregor.

Seymour House,
Waterloo Place, S. W.,
January 26th, 1917.

Dear Professor Murray:

I have your letter of January the 5th announcing the nomination of Mr. Donald Gordon MacGregor as your Rhodes

Continued over the page

The Royal
Military College of Canada

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR MORTON & THOMSON

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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ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

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Scholar for 1917. If Mr. MacGregor brings to Oxford the spirit which has marked your Dalhousie men he will be sure to get along.

I meant to have written to you some time ago about the losses which you have suffered among your men here. Only extreme pressure of work and numbers of parallel matters to deal with have prevented me from doing so.

Billman's death especially came to me as a distinct personal loss. I had got to know him fairly well and was much charmed with his simple and sincere character. To me he seemed quite an admirable type of Rhodes Scholar. I came to recognise very clearly the qualities which determined your choice. The ready response which he made to the call of duty completed the proof of the wisdom of the selection you made, if any such proof were needed. He had established himself in the good opinion of everybody at Oxford, and I had looked forward to seeing a great deal more of him. I wish you would convey to his relatives the strongest expression of my sympathy and of the regret felt by everybody connected with the Trust for the loss of so promising and valuable a life.

I am sorry that I never came to know Mr. McCleave. As you know he gave his life in our great cause before he had ever entered the University. But we regret his loss all the same and sympathise deeply with his friends. In all we have now lost twenty-one of our men. We must all feel richer in the memory of their splendid sacrifice and defiance of death, but alas! infinitely poorer in the material we have for taking up the problems so vast and complicated of the new generation. We can only hope that their work will help in achieving a better future for the world and greater safety for our civilisation.

I trust that the new year will not end without bringing us the victory which will secure the future and will enable us all to return to the normal occupations of life and the work of reconstructing the shattered foundations of society.

With all good wishes, believe me,
Yours most sincerely,

GEORGE R. PARKIN.

PRO PATRIA MORI

When he who adores thee has left but the name

Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
O! say wilt thou weep, when they darken
the fame

Of a life that for thee was resign'd!
Yes, weep, and however my foes may
condemn,

Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For, Heaven can witness, tho' guilty to them
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest
love;

Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit
above

Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
O! blest are the lovers and friends who
shall live

The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven
can give

Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

—Thomas Moore.

The Soldier and the White Plague.

Continued from page 2

private citizens, should act more energetically than ever, and perfect the efficiency of the methods used.

A little hand-book entitled "Fighting Tuberculosis," by Lieut. J. R. Byers, C.A.M.C., who has charge of the two sanatoria at St. Agathe, has just been published by the Military Hospitals Commission for the soldiers concerned. Similar pamphlets have been got out by certain local organizations and insurance companies

The seeds of safety, in such publications, should be spread as widely and cultivated as actively as the seeds of danger are now being spread and cultivated by our neglect.

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