

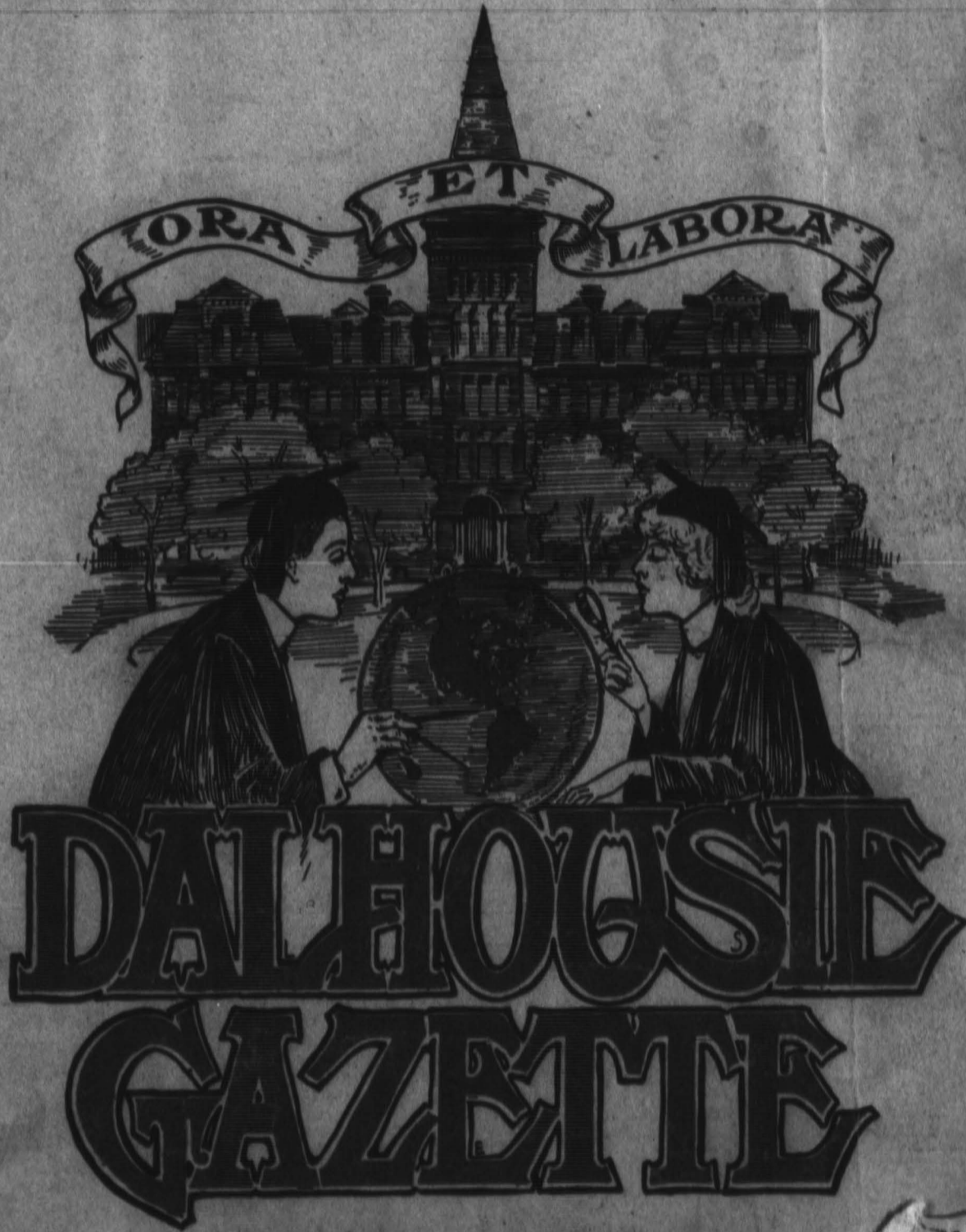
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No. 10-12

THE PRESIDENT.

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DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

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(Continued on Page 2)

Rev. Donald Sinclair
Nov, 1907

MORE SCRAPS.

Success in life depends not on the position you hold but upon how you handle yourself in that position.—Roosevelt.

No power on earth, nor under the earth, can make a man do wrong without his own consent.

Who never wins can rarely lose;
Who never climbs as rarely falls.

Whittier.

The best result of all education is the acquired power of making yourself do what you ought to do when you ought to do it, whether you like it or not.—Huxley.

To be good is noble, but to teach others to be good is nobler—and less trouble.—Mark Twain.

Wisdom is knowing what to do next; skill is knowing how to do it; virtue is doing it.

Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success;

You'll find what you look for; don't look for distress.

If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,

That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream, and don't shirk.

Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.

The worries will vanish, the work will be done.

No man sees his shadow who faces the sun.

Daring is the price paid for progress.—Victor Hugo.

One should fully realize that there is a vast difference between living and merely being alive.

Today's deeds make tomorrow's reputation.

A piece of cloth that stamped upon it is never one were it is woven. THE HALIFAX politeness, surface virtues, are cheap; the patterns of goodness, of nobility, are woven through and through our characters before we are really valuable to the world.



THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development or further specialization.

Candidates must be between their fourteenth and sixteenth birthdays on July 1st following the examination.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service

Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for



In two hours

IMO

GRAPHY

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The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

VOL. L

HALIFAX, N. S., JUNE 18, 1918

No. 10-12

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

ISSUED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Business Manager.....K. A. BAIRD
45 LeMarchant Street.

Editor.....J. H. MITCHELL

Associate Editors—MISS E. NICHOLS, MISS J. CAMPBELL, MISS TATTRIE, MISS A. MCKENZIE, JAMES POWELL, BENTLEY.

All subscriptions and advertising rates payable to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

EDITORIAL.

More than a month has elapsed since the last issue of the Gazette. At that time it was intended to bring out separate graduation issues for Arts and Medicine, but this plan was abandoned in favour of a composite number which should contain chronicles of both convocations, and, being supplied with a binding of sorts, should serve as a more durable souvenir than the usual Gazette leaflet.

The Gazette wishes to tender its congratulations to the graduates, and to wish them the best of success in the shaping of their own careers. May they remember the happy hours at Dalhousie, and forget those, alas all too many, which have been tinged with bitterness and disappointment.

The last few weeks of the session were not entirely devoid of noteworthy incidents, although the majority of the students only closed their text books as the dawn crept through the shutters. The campaign was greater success than the most enthusiastic dared dream of. The student contribution, when collected, will total upwards of four thousand dollars, which, added to the sum subscribed by the faculty, will approach eight thousand, one sixth of the sum demanded of all of Halifax. This is surely a splendid achievement. The committees and collectors worked strenuously and it is gratifying that their efforts were so completely crowned.

The change in the Military Service Act—the cancellation of exemptions and the lowering of the age limit—will affect Dalhousie to a large extent. Already many of the boys have been called, while others await the summons. The rumour, however, that the University will be obliged to close is unfounded. There will still be the girls, those under the age limit, and the medically unfit. The enrollment may be smaller, but Dalhousie will continue to carry on as she has carried on from the commencement of hostilities.

At Convocation, President McKenzie announced an anonymous gift to the library of one thousand dollars. The Gazette, always interested in the fortunes of Miss Lindsay's miniature kingdom, wishes herewith to express its gratitude to the donor. With so many demands upon every pocketbook in these wartime days, we are pleased that the cause of the higher learning has not been entirely forgotten. Such a gift is an act of patriotism as well as of kindness to the college. When our boys return and change the khaki for the gown, Dalhousie must be in a position to offer them the best of everything. By completing our library and keeping it up to date, we are working for them and future generations as well as for ourselves.

The finding of the commission on the Baird-Goode controversy was a masterpiece in the tender art of diplomatic equivocation, which might vulgarly be termed whitewashing. Without making any definite statement, it completely absolved everyone in question, leaving the entire matter just as it stood before the Inquiry. The question, however, is one which demands settlement. Does Dalhousie stand for uncompromising decency in athletics, or will it wink at practices which it would loudly condemn in an opponent? The Gazette does not blame any individual; it does blame the apathy of the student body.

The results of the spring examination were more than gratifying when one remembers the strain under which everyone has been working. In addition to the war and its horrors which has a faculty of printing itself upon every page, even of trigonometry, there were the shock of the explosion, the campaign, and numerous other incidents disastrous to concentration. To us it seems almost a miracle that any student was able to study at all. The average however, was practically the same as it has been for the past few years. The powers that be were unusually considerate. The papers were remarkably fair, and the Committee on Studies displayed a mercy with which it had never been credited.

At the conclusion of its first year as a weekly, the Gazette wishes to thank its advertisers, whose kindness in using its columns, especially after the irregular publication of former years, have done much towards making publication possible.

An Aid to Sleep.

You will sleep better tonight if your subscription is paid. TRY IT!

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Now that the session is over, and that four years of war have gone by, and that a class has graduated nearly all of whom, except the group in Medicine, were not here in the fabled days of peace, it is fitting to ask how Dalhousie has behaved under the changed conditions. And it must be remembered that no more testing conditions could exist to try out the stuff and prove the temper of men and women; actual war at our doors would have been easier, for then there were an obvious thing to do.

To slacken on the traces and neglect classes and studies when comrades and classmates are proudly appearing in khaki, to give way to the subconscious feeling of the futility of higher learning when war with its accompaniments of elemental brutality is in the air all around us, to slight examinations which come in the darkest hours of the struggle when the waves of the enemy seem to be sweeping on to certain success in their race for Amiens and Calais and the very fate of our Empire seems hanging in the balance, to see the leaders of the clubs and societies and class and college organizations leave for the front and not to step into their places and fill up the gaps as a matter of duty in order that we may not seem to be slackers, to lose one's hold on one's self when the moral values of many people are declining—all these things would have been easy. It is to the lasting credit of the Dalhousie student body that none of these things happened, but that the spirit to "carry on" dominated all temptations and difficulties; they felt that was the least they could do for the honour of their Alma Mater and to be worthy of their fellows who were carrying the name of Dalhousie across the seas. We in Dalhousie are often accused of having no distinctive Dalhousie spirit; but I consider this absolute preservation of morale during the last four years as a proof of the possession of the most enviable kind of true college spirit. If further evidence were needed, I would again, as I did in speaking at Convocation, point to the exhibition of that spirit in the carrying out of the campaign for the Prisoners of War Fund of the overseas Y. M. C. A. It was one of the finest things that Dalhousie students have done in recent years, and no commendation of it can be over-generous.

If those Dalhousians who have had to stay behind have acquitted themselves like men, what tribute is too high to pay to those who volunteered for the fight and played the game, and to the record they have established? We know the names.

(Continued on Page 2)

CLASS '18 ENTERTAINED.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 8th, the girls of Class '18 were entertained at an informal tea at the home of Miss Lindsay, Edward Street. Just such a pleasant time was spent as is possible when a congenial company is being entertained by a most gracious hostess.

A dainty luncheon was served by Misses Polly MacMechan, Jessie MacLeod and Merle Colpitt, while Mrs. Lindsay poured tea.

Merry conversation went on apace for some time, but when we were presented with documentary sheets of paper, there was a momentary lull. We surmised that some ingenious form of entertainment was in store for us, and were not disappointed. Quietness reigned while we racked our brains to recall any lads or lasses name which might make complete that thrilling love story—The Bible, the Faculty of Arts and Science and even the Sunday paper supplement were resorted to for names, and when the story was read, several had not yet guessed that the "Choir Boys sang carols (Carrol) on Christmas Eve."

As the girls separated for the last time we felt in our hearts that we owed a debt of gratitude to Miss Lindsay not only for this enjoyable afternoon but for the many pleasant hours spent at her home during our whole college course.

A Message From the President.

(Continued from Page 1)

of about 600 in the service; of these 53 have lost their lives, at least one in every ten of those who reached the danger zone; and 27, one in every twenty, have been decorated for meritorious service. This surely is an enviable record, and we have prided ourselves on this proof of the fine part our men have taken and of their glorious heroism and spirit of sacrifice. Their fame is surely worthy of the noblest memorial we can raise.

Perhaps there is a danger that we at this University and those of other universities of the land may need a chastening influence lest we be carried away by our pride and vain-glory in the deeds of our own. If so, it can be had by going back four years ago to conditions very similar in their gloominess to those of today, to those benumbing days of the retreat from Mons of that unique army of simple heroes whom the Kaiser termed "contemptible." Let us recall that they were just Tommies, not chosen for any special virtues or abilities, but just those who offered for the unknown service of their King and Country. We knew them as kindly, careless, whimsical fellows, ready for fun, ready for mischief, ready for trouble, perhaps rough at times, but on the whole an average lot of their breed and class. They walked our streets with well set-up air, with a swing of their own, but with no insolent pride as of supermen; and yet when the supreme test and necessity arose they became that very thing which the German believed himself to be and was not. We point with con-

(Continued on Page 2)

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

This year's graduating class in Arts and Science established a very proper precedent by holding their class day exercises in the MacDonald Memorial Library.

The class history, by Miss Jessie Campbell, the critique by Miss Lois Smith, and the class prophecy by Miss Jean Ross, abounded in witty, "home-going" touches which were received with enthusiastic appreciation expressed in applause and laughter.

The program was as follows. Miss Isobel McCurdy being the accompanist for W. B. Burgoyne.

Roll Call.

Address—Dr. Fraser Harris.

Class history—Jessie Campbell.

Solo—W. P. Burgoyne.

Critique—Lois Smith.

Prophecy—Jean Ross.

Solo—Mary Campbell.

Valedictory, E. D. Duchemin.

Full of brightness and of laughter as was the evening, an undercurrent of seriousness and, indeed, of sadness, was not lacking—no class day exercises marking the parting of the ways for Dalhousians can be entirely lacking in sadness, and this year, with its war-born circumstances and associations, has not been one through which the student body, full as it has shown itself of a fine, true patriotism, could pass wholly untouched.

But the brightness and the laughter playing delightfully through the whole evening, veiling, but by no means concealing the underlying sense of the significance of the occasion and of the fact that within twenty-four hours all the group would have passed out of the doors of their well-loved university into the larger greater, but far sterner school which is Life.

The address by Dr. Fraser Harris was a very fine one, and the various numbers on the program were all received in a way testifying conclusively to enjoyment.

The programs were tasteful souvenirs of the evening, in blue and white, bearing the names of the class officers and the names of the men on the class roll of honor. The latter is as follows:

Bowes, C., R.N.R.

Bell, H. B., Lieut. R.C.G.A., Halifax.

Bayne, B. E., R.A.F.

Bonnell, J. F., Sergt. No. 5 Siege Battery.

Cameron, E. R., Gunner, 66th Battery.

*Carson, J. R. C., Private, 4th University Co.

Chipman, H. R., Lieut. 66th Regt., Halifax.

Crowell, O. R., C.R.A., England.

Dickey, H. B., Gunner, 10th Siege Battery.

Fisher, F. L., Private, No. 7 Dalhousie Stationary Hospital.

Foley, G. R., R.A.F.

Forbes, G. R., N. S. Siege Artillery Draft.

Goode, J. A. D., Tank Battalion.

*Grierson, V. A., Sergt., 219th Battalion.

Halliburton, E. D., seaman R.N.R.

Hallet, E. J., Lieut. 219th Battalion.

Harris, J. T. McK., Gunner, 55th C.F.A.

Harrison, L. L., Lieut. C. G.A., Halifax.

*Hyde, Cyril, Lieut. 114th Siege Battery.

MacLean, J. A., R.A.F.

Mason, G. M., Gunner, 10th Siege Battery.

Mooney, F. D., Private 85th Band.

Moore, F. L., Lieut., 17th Reserve, England.

Moseley, H. A., Private, 219th Battalion.

Murray, A. S., Gunner 5th Siege Battery.

Pentz, L. T., Gunner 4th Ammunition

Column, C.F.A.

Robinson, S. T., Gunner, 5th Siege Battery.

Ross, R. A., Gunner 10th Siege Battery.

Russell, J. D., Lieut. R.A.F.

Simpson, E., Gunner 58th Howitzer Battery

Stayner, C. St.C., Lieut. 26th Battalion.

Turnbull, A. A., Lieut. Composite Battalion.

Whelpley, H. T., Lieut. Depot Battalion.

*Killed in action.

CLASS '18 GIRLS' WALKING PARTY.

On Thursday morning, May 2, all the Senior Girls were up early to "examine the weather" and compare notes by phone. "Is it going to be fine?" was the one question, and "I hope so" the inevitable answer. Finally the necessary patch of blue appeared overhead and we took the 12.20 Armdale car from the "Academy".

Having posed at various angles on the stone fence at the Arm Bridge, we set out for the Rocking Stone. All had but hazy ideas of the distance, and only our Vice-President knew the way. Soon we became separated, and the fore ranks overtook a soldier who conducted us to the end of the Rocking Stone road. Here we were to pay our nickel for admission, and we also hoped to secure some milk. Having failed to receive any response at the house, a couple of Juniors searched the barns, and raided the hens' nests, not in vain. But we cannot drink tea without milk! Accordingly a bright-eyed Senior with two assistants approached a meek-looking cow, and obtained the necessary lactic fluid. Then, where do wells grow? Anywhere, judging from the quarters searched, but as usual it was found in the place last sought—and cream! We helped ourselves but being '18 we left the necessary medium of exchange.

Thus equipped, we proceeded toward the stone, but being overcome by hunger, we stopped by the lake, built a fire, and ate our lunch. Were we hungry? Well, I guess! Having satisfied we made the last lap. Arrived there, most of us, like the lotus-eaters, wished to stay and dream, but the cameras were a continual nightmare.

At last the sun warned us that even Seniors must not be out too late, so to the lilt of songs and a few rests we caught the 7.00 car, and in due time arrived home—tired but happy.

Zippety-whoop! Zippety-whoop!

Sis, boom, bah!

Dal Girls! Dal Girls!

Rah, Rah, Rah! M. C. S.

WANTED—Your back subscription!

Dalhousians at home must not seek to shine by reflecting the glory won for Alma Mater by her sons "over there"!

Are you upholding Dalhousie standards, or are Dalhousie's standards holding you up?

A Message From the President.

(Continued from Page 2)

scious pride to the long rolls of our students past and present who voluntarily marched off to defend the right, and with pride we add each new name to the scroll of those who have been awarded the coveted cross or medal. We may well be proud of the way they saw their duty and played their part. But these soldiers of ours were picked men, highly educated men, men whose intellectual training taught them to grasp all that was imperilled by the mad challenge of the Prussian; and yet they have outplayed that original British force whose university was the barrack-room and whose text-books the service regulations. These taught the man in khaki from every corner of the seven seas which wash Greater Britain what this cause calls for, and what it is to fight and die unconquered. Those who followed them had always before them an example of devotion that called for a courage and tenacity and dash that was hard to recall these men and their deeds. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the cream of our trained and disciplined young athletic manhood of Canada should have on their battle standards the names of Ypres and Langemarck, of Courcellette, of Vimy and Paschendaele? And that our University men have borne themselves with honour and filled us with pride that we can call them ours?

When we recall what the men of our race have done in these trying four years, whether they have come from the aristocratic of the intellectual or what we are pleased to call the common classes, and see that the same stern and dauntless fibre has been found in high and low, we are justified in believing in ourselves and in standing certain that we have the spirit and the stamina and the will to conquer in the end.

A. STANLEY MACKENZIE

Dalhousie University, June 4, 1918.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.

The various activities of the Band the past college year have included sending of representatives to other colleges, holding meetings in the city, assisting at the Missionary Conference, sending out a Christmas greeting pamphlet to friends, and the more recent work of acting as an executive for all the Student Volunteers of the Maritime Provinces in undertaking a more ambitious program of winning and aiding recruits both within and without the colleges. An account of this is given more fully elsewhere. In anything of value that has been accomplished we would not fail to mention the part played by the power of prayer.

There was once a man who was so slow that he didn't arrive at his own funeral in time to view the remains; and of course he still owes several years' subscriptions to the Gazette!

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

Through kindness of President MacKenzie we publish the following:

France, March 19, 1918.

Dear President Mackenzie.

Since receiving your letter last fall I have met and heard of the doings of more Dalhousians, which, I think, will be of interest to you. As the order in which I met them is entwined with certain events concerning myself, I shall write of both together.

At one time there were quite a number of Dalhousians at No. 2 Canadian General Hospital, among officers and men. Walls, of the 1917 class, went to a Field Ambulance in the summer of 1916. Later, succumbing to an attack of appendicitis he was evacuated to England. He is now a Sgt. in the Orpington Hospital. Fraser Craig, B. A. (Mount Allison), whom we remember so kindly, received his commission in the spring of 1916. During the Somme offensive he was reported "missing." D. J. Morrison is one of the most efficient Sgts. at No. 2. He is distinguished for his thoroughness and cheerfulness as well as for his sturdy soundness in the "doctrine" of his fathers. Knowlton, who attended the Medical classes of the Dalhousie Medical College in 1915, is now Corporal. He works in the Laboratory. I don't think that there is much that he does not know concerning the "bugs," as we familiarly call the disease germs. Captain Lebetter was with us for a little time during 1911. He then went "up the line."

In the month of December I had the happiness of my second leave in three years. Part of it was spent with Charlie MacInnes at Balliol College, Oxford. Like "Johnny Walker" he was "going strong," physically and mentally. We spent one day cycling. Our destination was a famous old church about eight miles away. The trip was devoid of accidents excepting the violent shock given to a policeman's dignity by a rear end collision. There were very few students at Oxford then. Among those who were there was an Australian ex-soldier. His expenses were paid by one of the bursaries offered to College students discharged from the Army.

On returning to the Hospital from England I found that my transfer had come through, the ultimate result being that I am now with the 16th Machine Gun Company, 4th Division Canadians.

On my way up I called at No. 1 Canadian General Hospital, where I saw Corp. R. A. Patterson. He was ill with nephritis. Since then he has gone to England, let us hope he gets Canada. From him I learned that Lt. G. J. Paterson of the R. F. A. is in Italy, where he finds Professor Murray's Latin "invaluable". Lt. Murchison is in India, also with the R. F. A. and Lt. Cyril Hyde, '17, is with the R. F. C.

Since coming up I have met Lieuts. Murray, M. C., and Archibald of the 85th Battalion. There are other Dalhousians there whom I did not meet, some of whom may be away just now on account of

(Continued on Page 16)

NOTES FROM THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

Since writing the above editorial, and before the greater part of the material for present Gazette had come in, the editor was called out of the city on account of the death of a relative, and the burden of "bringing out" the issue has fallen upon the business manager. It is four years since we had some slight experience at wielding an editorial pen, scissors, mucilage brush, etc., and your lenient judgment is bespoken for the results of our attempt to assemble a Graduation Number which the members of the various graduating classes may care to preserve.

A few words from the standpoint of the business manager may not be amiss. The experiment has been made this year of publishing the Gazette weekly, as is called for by the Constitution of the Dalhousie Shock Controller, sometimes called Students' Council. Financially this has meant a greater cost per page on the average, since a four page issue costs more than three times as much as a twelve page number and mailing costs per issue are about the same. The assets of the present volume should make it possible for us to have about four weekly numbers next fall, without any additional support from next year's Council. The Council this year paid off the debt on volume 49 and make the usual grant of \$400.00 towards the new volume, giving the Gazette a fresh start financially with the new weekly plan of issue.

We hope the Gazette will not be in debt again. Our subscribers can do much to prevent this by paying up back subscriptions and keeping their subscriptions paid yearly. The assistance of those who have already done this is appreciated. Some have asked for personal acknowledgement of their remittances, and we trust that they will pardon us in not breaking our rule that all acknowledgements are made through the Gazette columns. The following extract from a letter received from Dr. A. MacG. Young, Mayor of Saskatoon, was gratefully read:

"For some years I was Business Manager myself, and know just how necessary it is for those of us who are not there any longer to send in our subscriptions. According to this bill, it seems I have neglected this matter for a sufficient length of time already. I still appreciate getting a copy of the old Gazette, and think it is more interesting in its present form than it used to be. One thing in particular interests me, and that is the record of the boys who have gone Overseas."

ALUMNAE SOCIETY NOTICE.

The Alumnae Society of Dalhousie is anxious to assist any of the girls who wish employment for part of their time during the coming College term. Those interested may communicate with the Secretary.

M. L. POWER, Secretary
3 Vernon St., Halifax, N. S.

HISTORY OF CLASS '18.

Chapter 1.

The History of Class '18 may best be dated from that most memorable event, the first class meeting. This meeting took place in the English room at Old Dal, September, 1914, when 18 girls and three times that number of boys assembled, called themselves Class '18 and proceeded to elect class officers.

The first officer to be elected was a class President and this was by no means an easy task for there appeared five or six individuals who, judging from their masterful gestures as they rendered pompous little impromptu speeches, considered themselves peculiarly well-fitted to fill that most dignified office. Strange to say a most inoffensive looking youth was chosen, Leslie Harrison by name, and he at once entered upon his office of maintaining order in a very chaotic meeting.

Next came the choosing of a Vice-President and the boys were evidently quite anxious that the right girl should be chosen for when several nominations were made a request was boomed forth by some manly voice that the nominated fair ones rise, in order that all might see for whom they were voting. Whereupon the information was forthcoming that only the girls were eligible as voters and the boys subsided in indignation. Miss Arrabelle MacKenzie was elected.

After that to the great delight of the King's County boys, John Harris was made Secretary-Treasurer for the year. All that was lacking now was a class yell and after a few days of deep consultation and deliberation the following yell was adopted by us and criticised and laughed at by the other classes:

"Rumble, rumble, rumble ree,
Hoorah, hoorah, Dalhousie
Hale and hearty, strong and keen,
Arts and Science, Class '18."

With leaders and war-cry, we were ready to face the Sophs and straightway we pursued a turbulent course through the Freshman year, getting into scrapes wherever possible, much frowned upon by the Seniors and even by our friends the Juniors, and heartily disliked by the Sophs because it was at times hard to tell whether the Sophs were hazing or being hazed and members of both classes appeared with shorn locks.

After the Freshy-Soph debate in which our boys were, with great difficulty, defeated, a scrim took place on the campus in which both sides claimed the victory. Next day two or three of our boys sauntered into the library looking very convict-like as to their hair and how sorry we all felt, especially grieving for Horace Dickey's departed curls. But a moment later the dark cloud showed its silver lining for in strode the President of the Sophomore class with his scalp gleaming whitely through his close-shaven stubbles of hair.

The hazing continued fiercely and Sophs and Sophettes watched carefully for any evidence of having our Class Picture taken but their watch was a vain one. One morning word was quietly passed round

that at 1.30 we were to proceed to Climo's in as obscure a manner as possible. So after English I, spying Sophs might observe no change of route by any Freshette or Freshman, all apparently pursuing their usual course homeward. Nevertheless at the time appointed all the Freshman Class were congregated at Climo's, having arrived in "one's", two's, and "three's" from every point of the compass. We had outwitted the Sophs, our Freshman Class picture was to be taken without Soph interference, what a triumph! Mr. Climo could hardly take the picture because of our exuberant spirits but at last the ordeal was over and the next day how we girls crowded to the Sophettes.

It would not do to pass on without mentioning the hazing of the girls of Class '18 at "Delta Gamma" for every year new comers undergo initiation in the form of hazing by the Sophettes and we were assuredly no exception to the rule. And let me point out the fact that upon that occasion every girl of class '18 was present to be initiated in spite of the fact that it was a dismal rainy night.

Herded outside the Munro Room door we listened to the weird sounds that came from within as one or two of our classmates endeavored to whistle or sing some pathetic love-song, while the tune of "Tipperary" or "There was a Med from Dalhousie" rang in their ears from the piano or the lusty voices of their audience. As we listened we hoped that we would not have to do anything very silly but we did and the laughter of Sophettes, Juniors and Seniors testified to the fact that we all appeared sublimely ridiculous and there was only left to us the grim satisfaction that we would haze next year's Freshettes.

Soon the "Freshy-Soph" at Home was announced and this should have brought a formal end to hostilities between Freshmen and Sophomores, a conspicuous feature of this one was that it did not establish peace. The hatchet was not buried; in fact it was in continual evidence the whole year for Class '17 and Class '18 simply could not agree. Nevertheless the At Home was greatly enjoyed by both sides.

Class '18 about this time enjoyed a very successful walking party, chaperoned by Professor and Mrs. Macneil. Laughing and talking until you would have thought every Soph in town would have heard us, we proceeded to the home of our class President, Mr. Harrison, where we completed the enjoyment of the evening by very substantial refreshments, proceeding then in walking party order to the corner of South Park street where we disbanded and departed in "two's." And never a Soph in sight the whole evening!

Then came that "Theatre Night" so luridly described afterwards by newspaper men who had evidently never been there and for whom every pound bag of flour assumed the proportions of a cloud-burst and every scrim a riot. That night will long remain in the memory of Class '18 for we had spent a great deal of money in the preparation of lantern slides and had some perfectly splendid "hits" at the Sophs. And indeed every class in every

faculty had spent time and money no lantern slides and other "stunts".

So down in the Orchestra in a fairyland of color made by paper spirals cast from the galleries above, were the girls of Dalhousie; in the balcony above Medicine and Law faced each other on opposite sides of the gallery while Arts and Science flaunted their banners from the centre between the two, high up in "the Gods" a glowing banner of Class '18 hung, and over all was a suppressed air of excitement. Everybody was waiting for the slides. Then the bomb fell "No Slides allowed." The blame lay with Law and with one accord every student in the gallery rose and turning towards Law yelled "Hook! hook! hook!" and we in the orchestra echoed that shout in our hearts. Was it any wonder that before the evening was over scrim began in the gallery; Law and Medicine fighting to tear down the "Law in a coffin banner" possessed by the Meds and the effigy of medicine dangling from the Law side, and up in the gallery the Sophs and Freshmen contests for the Class '18 Banner. These scrim, however, were not serious despite the fact that several women near the front of the orchestra gathered up their wraps and with their noses in the air sailed out of the building thereby inflicting a terrific rebuke on the Dalhousie boys for being so rude as to quarrel.

The play was very interesting and intensely amusing and all enjoyed it. After it was over the boys collected outside in the usual manner intent upon nothing worse than the usual after "Theatre Night" fun but unfortunately the stupid police came along looking for trouble and got it. For a long time some of the people of Halifax talked about Dalhousie disgracing herself and all the rest of it but the talk soon blew over and thus ended "Theatre Night" and for good so Manager O'Connell decreed.

One of the triumphs of our Freshman year was a Theatre Party which we successfully carried out in spite of the Sophs. Our boys went to the Academy early and we joined them later passing the Sophs on the way lurking around watching for our boys not knowing that they were already sitting triumphantly in the three front rows of the Orchestra. Several of our girls on the way home that night were

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TO YOU.

After flowers, sunshine!
Also after dew!
But after gloomy musings
Come sweet thoughts—of you!

When I am so weary—
Wonder what I'll do?
How once more be happy?
Why—just think of you!

Sometimes, when 'tis hardest
To be good and true,
Help, in danger's hour,
Comes from thoughts of—you!

YERXA.

History of Class '18

(Continued from Page 4)

deprived of their escorts by the Sophs who offered to substitute a Soph escort. Of course the offer was scornfully refused and they proceeded alone rejoicing that the Sophs had not appeared earlier in the evening.

The after Christmas term brought an absolutely new experience to us. One day in English Class when Cyril Hyde's name was called it was answered by the stamping of feet: Cyril had enlisted. Close upon that came the days when the names Douglas Russell, Ernest Simpson and Horace Dickey were read out and greeted with the tramping of feet and it was announced that they had joined the 6th Mounted Rifles. Then it was that we began to realize what war meant. However, rink went merrily on and Class '18 had a hockey team to be proud of so that we did not worry much about the war at that time. The "Delta Gamma" dance was held and was a great success; then we had an Orpheus Party going back to Professor MacNeil's, where we had such a time as one can have with such a delightful hostess. But all too soon the Spring Exams appeared and our first year was at an end. The graduating class Historian describing us as "a horde of barbarians that descended upon the college in 1914."

Chapter 2.

Our Sophomore year saw us in our new buildings at Studley, strange they seemed and different, but still they seemed part of the new experiences that began to crowd upon us. Great recruiting meetings were being held everywhere. Delta Gamma took up Red Cross work; the number of boys at college was constantly diminishing and everywhere around was spread the shadow of the war. The November Gazette announced the name of the first Dalhousian to fall in action, George Stairs, and that made the war feel near indeed. In this year the 40th Battalion, which contained so many well known Dalhousie boys, went overseas and later on the 85th and 219th Battalions took a great number into their ranks towards the end of the term.

Class '18 before the fall of 1916 had only five or six boys left in the class, for the majority had offered their services to King and Country.

The Freshy-Soph At Home was under our management that year and we, in all the dignity of our Sophhood, spoke of entertaining the little Freshmen and marvelled at their greenness, forgetting that only a short time ago we too were Freshmen. The hazing had been restricted to the college grounds and had not amounted to much more than a few scrim so that the hatchet to be buried at this At Home was not very greatly blood-stained.

Gowns were ordered by every class in the College as a mark of respect to the new buildings and they added greatly to our Sophomore dignity, our only regret being that Class '19 wore them also.

TO A NOVA-SCOTIA MINING TOWN.

Gray are thy streets, little town, little town,

And dingy thy walls and thy lawns,
But never a place in the wide wide world,
Had sweeter or rosier dawns.

Gray are thy streets, little town, little town

And dingy the hills that surround thee,
But under the stars no spot, little town,
Was ever the charmer I've found thee.

Out on thy hills, little town, little town,
Thy dear dingy hills like a widespreading crown,

I've looked on thy walls and thy dear dingy lawns.

Thy funny gray houses, thy sweet rosy dawns,

And dreamed all the dreams of a maid seventeen,

The sweet tender dreams that could never have been;

They have all passed away as the soft spells of night

Fly from the harsh revelations of light.

Ah would little town, I had stayed by thy lawns,

Thy dear dingy houses, thy sweet rosy dawns;

And died ere I knew that a maid seventeen
Ever dreamed dreams that could never have been.

JULIET.

However we showed our authority in full to the girls of the Freshman class at Delta Gamma during the usual hazing and discovered much latent talent among them in the art of singing, giving speeches etc. The evening passed very agreeably.

The Freshy-Soph Debate was upon the subject of hazing and was consequently very amusing. The Freshmen debated well and showed firm conviction in their belief that hazing was a barbarous custom. However, the Sophs won the debate, John Harris showing conclusively that hazing was necessary to Freshmen.

A Freshy-Soph Debate held at Delta Gamma later in the term was also an amusing one, the subject being "Resolved that an untidy good-natured wife is better for a man than a tidy bad-tempered one." The debate was a close one but Miss Tattie swayed the victory in our favor by her spirited rebuttal.

During that year rink, foot-ball games, basket-ball with dancing afterwards all afforded amusement for the college and Class '18 also had some class affairs including an Orpheus Party with dancing afterwards at Mrs. Macneil's, a very jolly dance at the Waegwoltic, a toboggan party and last but not least a theatre party which ended in a supper at the Maze Cafe. This theatre party was the last affair at which Class '18 had a majority of her own class boys, for even the Freshy-Sophs who entered our class that year began to enlist and drop out as spring approached, two of our members went in the Dalhousie Unit which had been formed, others in the Highland Brigade. MacMillan and

Grierson from our class were the first Dalhousians to enlist in the 219th.

Once more the spring exams came upon us and our Sophomore year was at an end.

Chapter 3.

The fall of 1916 saw us launched upon our Jolly Junior year but it was different from the Jolly Junior years of former days when the Junior class was supposed to fairly live on moonlight boat saile, dances and parties. We as a class indulged in one toboggan party with boys and one Orpheus party without boys.

The toboggan party was a great success. The night was perfect and it took the suggestion of hot beans and coffee waiting us at Forrest Hall to induce us to leave the hills. But at length with many backward glances at the snowy fields and the voices of merry tobogganers still ringing in our ears, we dragged our toboggans to Forrest Hall. Arrived there we did full justice to the coffee and beans, after which we indulged in a game or two, sang and went home.

The Orpheus Party also was very enjoyable and if by chance there was among us a poor feminine heart that missed the protecting presence of members of the sterner sex it was well concealed, for a happier, more care-free crowd you never saw. In fact the proprietor of the Green Lantern was so very much impressed with our cheerful countenances that he presented each one of us with a calendar.

Although Class '18 functions were scarce that year it did not prevent the year from being a very jolly one and when the spring exams came we had many pleasant recollections of the year (if we did not have something more substantial in the form of "supps".)

Chapter 4.

In October, 1917, Class '18 entered upon the last lap in their journey. The year began with two informal At Homes, the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. and the Freshy-Soph, both providing very enjoyable entertainments. The Class functions of '18 consisted of a picnic in the Dartmouth Lakes, a walking party in Dartmouth and an Orpheus Party. The Orpheus Party was chaperoned by Mrs. Mcneil who entertained us afterwards at her home.

Mrs. McNeil will always be remembered by Class '18 for the interest she has taken in us all through College; she has been our standby and never has she refused to chaperon a party if it was at all possible for her to be present. Many a mile has she, and Prof. McNeil too, tramped with Class walking parties, always bright and gay, the life of the party. Our gratitude to her is inexpressible.

This year entertainments being few in all college Classes, the Gazette has provided unlimited entertainment. For what could one find more interesting than to join a group of fellow students and discuss the outrageous silliness and inanity of the Gazette, new adjectives constantly arising which adequately described it.

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CRITIQUE OF CLASS '18.

You have been thrilled by the heroic deeds of Class '18 as recounted by the "Historian". The "Prophecy" to follow will doubtless fill you with still greater enthusiasm as to the great things you will accomplish in the future. The class "Critique" then, interposed between the two, must serve as a beneficial check to your soaring opinions of your powers. In it alone do you find yourselves properly weighed and your true place assigned you; for the critic must deal with the plain unvarnished truth.

To arrive at such truth is not to give the biased, distorted opinion of one person but the general impression made upon the whole student body. In attempting to get such an opinion one characteristic of the class as a whole was very conspicuous. It was absolutely impossible to extort from any one member of the class any really adverse criticism of any other member. Lest you be reassured too soon that only your merits have been discovered, let me haste to remind you that the Junior class is peculiarly well qualified to testify to the weaker points of the class, which so efficiently hazed and initiated them. By a nice balancing of conflicting sentiments, I have at length arranged the class "Critique" as I now present it to you.

A few years ago, the task of criticism was much simplified by the fact that the critic was always able to state that the co-eds were above criticism. I regret that this cannot be said of classes of the present time, hence I proceed to the Vice President,

Sally MacDonald.

If the fair Vice President of the class in its Senior year should chance to disagree with you, the scornful tilt of her chin is quite subduing. Sally lives up to the dignity of her name. She is a general favorite with those who know her, but she is too reserved to make friends quickly.

Kath. Tattie: Wearing a bright smile, Katherine Tattie is always on the spot at "At Homes" and social functions trying to make others enjoy themselves. Her resources are boundless as she proved on a certain walk to the "Rocking Stone," when after despairing of obtaining milk for the tea by legitimate means, at sight of a cow grazing peacefully in a nearby pasture, Katherine assisted by two Juniors surmounted the difficulty with ease. Katherine is rather emotional but is a splendid college girl with an interest in every activity.

John Distant: Deeply interested in his class and college in general John Distant is the very best type of college man. He has held office in practically every society and has worked in them all, sacrificing high marks for other college activities. Rather conservative but very dependable, and with a keen sense of humor he has been a success as Class President in the Senior year, President of "Arts and Science" and for two years leader of the "Debating Team."

Clarence Anderson: Has left a lasting impression on the class by his persevering attempts to enlist. His infectious laugh was so attractive that it was imitated by some of his classmates. As an inventive genius he may some day surpass Edison. One of his accomplishments was the famous slides of "Theatre Night".

Everybody knows and everybody likes **Nan Anderson**, who remained in the class for one year preparatory to a Medical course. An excellent leader, a good sport and possessed of more than the ordinary common sense and ability, Nan is a girl of high ideals, and a type of which we could not have too many.

Harold Arthur always attended class affairs but without any active interest in co-eds. Rumor hath it that he had many romances in the city. He is now in the R. N. A. S. where he will no doubt be as spirited an airman as he was a hockey player.

Harvey Whelpley, distinguished by his good nature, has made more of a success at soldiering than he did at Greek. It is feared that he may never return to his studies for the ministry judging by his interest in dancing and slang. He is to be congratulated for winning a lieutenantcy overseas and for his gold stripe.

A boon companion of Whelpley's was **Frank Fisher** who went overseas in the same unit. He was quiet and not well known. His worst fault so far as we know and it is not a grievous one, is that he came from Truro.

B. E. Bayne and **Ray MacLelland**, commonly known as "Big Bayne" and "Wee MacLelland" were usually seen together. Bayne was here for only two long years, but how long they were. He took little interest in college but much in his own work. Yet those who know him best missed him when he was gone.

Ray McLelland was bound to do his bit like a loyal Britisher and the class may be proud of him. His Herculean efforts in the Classroom were paralleled by his prodigious attempts to fulfil such extemporaneous tasks as were allotted to him in the college sphere. Always ready to help and always smiling, Wee MacLelland was popular with his class and those who really knew him.

Mary Sutherland is a type of the all round college girl who takes an interest in everything that turns up. She has done good classwork, her strong point being Latin, and has always been a hard worker. Nevertheless she is seldom too busy for an escapade of any sort. She is a girl whose executive ability has been in constant demand.

Quiet but full of fun and well liked by those who knew him, **Guy Mason** in addition to doing good class work taught at the blind School. He proved beyond the shadow of a doubt his great magnanimity on the night of the Junior Toboggan party when he generously loaned his

pocket to one of the girls to warm her hands—at least it is hoped he did not merely share it.

J. S. Bonnell was back among us a few days ago and we were glad to see his six feet three of sterling manhood again. He was a great college man and though here but a year, made a name for himself. Having done his bit "over there," we hope to have him back at Dalhousie next year.

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History of Class '18

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Then again came the Baird-Good controversy which, mixed in with Lawleyism, was a constant source of inspiration and entertainment. The Senior Class should feel greatly indebted to those who started it, for now they shall have some very good maxims to take out into the world with them and I am sure they'll never, never ask "leading questions." At any rate, this could not be left out from among the Social entertainments of the year.

The hazing at Delta Gamma this year, while not nearly so original as that of the year before, was as always laughter-provoking. The Seniors have found the year very enjoyable for there seemed to be more of College spirit abroad this term, and the Acadia debate brought it in evidence. The College basket-ball games were largely attended, the H. L. C. Gym presenting an appearance more like that of former days, and there was an atmosphere of cheerfulness which everyone felt. The graduating Class will feel regret at leaving the College and not unenvious of those who next year will be post Seniors. We have pulled well together and the girls of Class '18 will be friends for life.

In recounting the history of the Class I might profitably have touched upon some of our studies throughout the past four years from the time when we labored over Eng. I and II themes, Math. questions, Chemistry experiments, syllogisms, up to the past term when we were supposed to show "great fluency" in answering English questions and when with fiendish glee we criticised Plato and Aristotle, tearing to shreds the theories of Jeremy Bentham and John Stewart Mill, wondering why they labored so long in darkness while we so easily found the light until at last we realized that it was easier to case aside ideas than to find new ones and gradually there came to us the consciousness that in this world it is easier to destroy than to rebuild and that our knowledge being only partial we must not confound it with the complete truth. I might have told how we labored over the distinction between Wealth and Capital and other economic problems but time and space restrain me and now you shall hear what the representative of those who will succeed us and have known us from our "lordly Sophomore" days has to say about us.

H. JESSIE CAMPBELL.

Critique of Class '18

(Continued from Page 6)

Frank Walsh and **Saul Keshen** transferred their affections to medicine after a short stay in Arts. Two characteristics serve to distinguish Frank Walsh from the rabble. One is that like the youthful Samuel Johnson he possesses an amazing store of extraordinary information on diverse subjects, which however he will only divulge at his pleasure. The other is an equally extraordinary faculty for falling in love on short notice.

Saul Keshen referred to by his class mates of Medicine Class '20 as Doctor Keshen, renders indispensable services at the Infirmary. He is a good class man ready to fall in with any scheme that may suit the majority. Clever and a hard worker and with his already great experience Doctor Keshen will doubtless some day be a famous M. D.

When choosing a committee for any purpose where capable work is required, **Jean Munro** is chosen as a matter of course. No girl at college has done more towards making college affairs, outside the regular class work, a success. Jean is well known and very popular, never known to be glum unless up against a Math. problem.

J. Douglas Russell was an all round college man. Nothing ever dragged when Doug. Russell was near. Combined with a remarkable faculty for writing themes and getting firsts he was the life and soul of a crowd at Pine Hill who saw to it that law and order should not be maintained. He was a general favorite and his promotion to a lieutenantcy in the R. A. F. is hailed with joy by his college friends.

Russell's roommate and associate in all Pine Hill escapades was **Ernest Simpson**, always ready for mischief of any sort. No doubt his black eyes and rosy cheeks are still breaking the hearts of French and English girls as they used to here at Dal. for he joined the Howitzer Ammunition Column in his Sophomore Year.

John Bentley's strong points are Latin and Greek and an indisposition to yield to the opinion of the majority in class meetings. A good student and clever, he finds time to attend all college and class affairs.

Clever, straightforward and dependable, **Parker Duchemin**, one of the youngest members of the class and a general favorite, will make a successful lawyer when he conquers his diffidence.

The law of identity does not hold in the case of **Mary Dence** for Mary is not dense. On the other hand she is particularly intelligent and although in the class only one year has by her force of character and gentle manner won a place in the affections of her classmates.

Of especially attractive appearance and reserved disposition, **Gwen Fraser**, possesses under her quiet manner considerable decision of character and when her mind is made up she is not afraid to give her

opinion and stand by it. Gwen has been one of the most enthusiastic supporters of Y. W. C. A. and Student Volunteer Band.

The central figure in a photograph entitled "Boys of the Highland Brigade" taken in France is **Fraser Mooney**, one of the most popular members of Class '18, smiling as happily and looking as trim as ever. He preferred music to his studies and has played in a band since his infancy, but he made a splendid success of his work also.

To describe **James Arthur Drysdale Goodé** at full length is a task quite beyond my power. He resembles the philosopher St. Simon in that he is somewhat "obsessed with the cosmic significance of his own personality". He is well known for the circumlocutious manner in which he gives his opinion "when he's asked and when he isn't." His undoubted ability and power of leadership have not been put to the best use on account of his love of ease, but lest I be arraigned before the Student Council, I hasten on.

Barry Moore, where art thou now, with thy six feet four of manhood increased by five inches of pompadour. Those of us who heard your eloquent voice and triple adjectives in Sodales have long wondered how Bryan and Sir George Foster can yet aspire to fame. Your stirring account of those militia officers who had

flaunted their uniforms before the war but at the first sound of the trumpet shrank by their firesides, shut up like clams, and shewed the white feather will rank in history as one of the greatest oratorical feats of the present war.

You would have been an able student, **Fred Moore**, if you had studied as hard as you might have. But the company of untheological students at the theological residence interfered with your studies somewhat. Before you had a chance to shew your ability you graduated from the football field to the "great game." There you have done credit to Colchester County.

Having sat beside **Jean Ross** throughout a course in History '3, and having been struck with amazement by the amount of history she knows, I feel quite incapable of criticizing her. Jean is not afraid of a hard course and may often be seen in the library ingrossed in some ponderous philosophical volume. When her mind is made up, it takes a strong force to change her decision.

A. O. Fraser came to Dalhousie from Queens to specialize in Greek. He did specialize but not in the way he had anticipated. His strong point was preaching the Gospel in the Gaelic tongue in a very evangelistic manner but doing all the weeping himself. A natural fear of girls kept him away from class functions and college entertainments. He believed firmly in the teachings of St. Paul that it is well for man to be alone. His chief topic of discussion was "Can a man do more effective work married or single." He always cham-

pioned the latter view, and a frequent saying of his was "Women will get you in wrong with the people—eh?"

K. Buchanan in Engineering is not well-known in college but does excellent class work.

Walter Forsythe, quiet and retiring, came to Dal with a captured heart and before two years were up became a lieutenant and a Benedict.

A. G. Fulton: You were devoted to Latin and Greek. Would that I could perorate further but your native shyness left you a stranger even to your classmates. In the presence of your future congregations no doubt you will expand.

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AS OTHERS SEE US.

Hopewell, N. S.,

April 27th, 1913.

Mr. K. A. Baird,
Business Manager,
Dalhousie Gazette.

Dear Mr. Baird:—

I am returning your account unpaid for the simple reason that I have not received the Gazette for the last two years. Had Dalhousie kept track of her graduates, she could have the list that goes overseas, and it could have been properly addressed.

For purposes of record you may as well note that I have a Ph. D. from Harvard. Why, our largest University in N. S., is so careless in these matters of record which are important from the historical point of view, I do not know. I do know that Harvard never loses trace of her graduates and hardly a month passes but one received a form to fill out. This enables the university to keep a complete record of its graduates? Personally I am of the opinion that the fault lies with the faculty.

Another McGill professor and myself were in Halifax for three months training for overseas and with the exception of Dr. Eben MacKay not one Dalhousie teacher extended the customary academic courtesies. One can only call this by the name of boorishness and lack of the elementary principles of good-manners. McGill would most certainly not be lacking in hospitality had two Dalhousie professors been in the city for such a long period.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM D. TAIT.

(Ed. Note.—Unfortunately, Mr. Tait is correct in several of the above statements. Dalhousie has been dilatory in preserving a record of her graduates. In justice to the present staff, however, it must be said that they are doing their utmost to remedy this condition. As to Mr. Tait's complaint as to the inhospitality of Dalhousie, we can only trust that there may have been some mistake. Our professors, whatever the undergraduate thinks of them, are certainly not deficient in "the elementary principles of good manners.")

RECENT ACTIVITIES OF THE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

At the present time most people are thinking of war and its attending responsibilities, and it is right that they should be so found. But in spite, or because, of the seriousness of the situation, Christian people must not forget that it is but part of a still more important conflict—that between right and wrong, between civilization and heathenism, between God and Mammon. This article is sent out to our friends and co-workers with the earnest hope and prayer that you will realize the responsibility resting upon us all, and that you will "do your bit" for the furtherance of the cause of righteousness, along these particular lines as well as others.

The Foreign Missionary undertaking is an attempt to have the whole race understand and adopt the ideals of Christianity, to the end that instead of destroying each other all men might be united in removing from the earth the forces that destroy human happiness. It is an effort to cultivate "the international mind" and the spirit of brotherhood, and to remove the very seeds of war.

It is evident to all that in the past our Missionary programs have been absolutely inadequate to meet the demands of the different fields of effort. For the last quarter century the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions has endeavored to place the needs of the non-Christian world before the Christian students of North America in such a way that the knowledge of the very need would constitute a strong call to these young people to consecrate their lives in this form of service. The churches have depended almost entirely upon the Movement for a supply of prospective missionaries. But there was such an area to be covered by so few people that we in the Maritime Provinces have had slight opportunity of having this problem placed squarely before us. Outside the colleges there is no definitely organized attempt to win or assist recruits for service in the Foreign Field. It is known that throughout the country and in the colleges there are a number of young men and women who are interested in Missionary work but not definitely connected with any movement. There are also those who would gladly take up the work if the matter were presented to them.

It has been felt for some time by the Student Volunteers of the Maritime Provinces that an effort should be made to bring to other young people throughout the churches something of the vision of need and service which others have helped us to see. The need of assisting and linking together those who are planning on the Foreign Field, but who are not attending college and are not in touch with the Student Volunteer Movement, has also appealed to us strongly. An effort has therefore been made this spring to have this necessary work begun. The Dalhousie Band have been acting as an executive for the present, but feel of course that there should at an early date be a committee

representing the several Volunteer Bands and Mission Boards interested. The plan proposed and which is being undertaken is to recruit an army for the Foreign Field in much the same way and on something of the same scale as our government enlisted an army for service in France. The Student Volunteers are trying through their representatives to enlist and organize a little army of young people (several hundred from the Maritime Provinces) largely outside the institutions of higher learning, many of whom would later come to the colleges and become Student Volunteers, and others of whom might take some non-college training to fit them for the Foreign Field. In either case the organization would simply be feeding in to the various church boards an increasingly large number of prospective missionaries.

In a recruiting campaign much depends on the men sent out. It makes a great difference when the person who solicits help and support can say that he is willing to do his utmost in the performance of that duty himself, or that he has spent years of his life in the service and is about to leave it to "the hosts behind" to determine whether what he has done will count or not. In choosing a man to recruit young men and women for the service in non-Christian lands it means a great deal to be able to have that man say "Come to me Foreign Field." The Student Volunteers of the Maritime Provinces have unanimously decided upon Rev. D. G. Cock of India as the leader they desire in organizing this campaign. Mr. Cock has a long record of useful service already, and we believe he will be of even greater value to the cause he loves in the coming years. After graduation he spent a number of years in the Yukon, and then went to India, where he has been very successful in Missionary work. He is a fluent speaker and an able organizer, and we already have had evidence that he has a very special message and challenge for young people. At present he is connected with the Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, being home on furlough from India. This board has allowed us to have Mr. Cock take up the work proposed, for about three months until his return to India, but as yet they have not consented to his remaining for a longer period. They also appointed a committee to co-operate with the Student Volunteer Bands in this matter. Groups at Dalhousie, Mt. Allison, Prince of Wales College and Fredericton (P. N. S. and U. N. B.) are supporting the work. Acadia has no Student Volunteers but a group of students there have expressed themselves as entirely in sympathy with the undertaking.

A great Forward Movement of the Evangelical denominations of Canada is just beginning, and their committees are now meeting and a program undertaken which will be somewhat more adequate for the missionary undertaking. Everything we can do here in the Maritime Provinces to have a supply of workers and a strong sympathetic interest will fit right into this larger movement when it gets under way.

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Critique of Class '18

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Ritchie Chipman was not extremely well known and has now forgotten his fellow students. His wit and brains, and his power of regulating his voice from a high soprano to a deep bass distinguished him among his classmates.

Next we must deal with **Josiah McQuarrie**, the infant of Class '18. His strong point is in being ill and not able to attend classes. Physically he would suit the Kaiser as a superman.

Coming from St. Francis Xavier and joining the class in its Junior year to finish his course at Dalhousie and in Halifax "for various reasons" shew **Gerlad Foley's** great good sense. He possesses the right college spirit and has always taken an interest in the class. His calm exterior has never been known to be ruffled. He is fond of mysteriously disappearing from classes for short periods and returning in two or three days as serene as ever. We wish him every success in the R. A. F., which he joined at the close of his year.

Velma Moore is not very well known outside her class. Her college is brilliant. In addition to her class work, to which she devoted the greater part of her interest, Velma always found time to do her bit in affairs of the class and college in general. Loyal and generous Velma's friendship is one that is highly appreciated by those who enjoy the privilege of it.

The epitome of energy, ability and ambition is found in **Leslie Harrison**, a captain in the R. G. A. who is more of a success in the outside world than he was at college. In his studies he was decidedly erratic, getting "firsts" and "plucks" promiscuously. His military career is an unmitigated success.

Pine Hill sheltered **Horace Dickey** and his long row of medicine bottles which he partook of at regular and stated intervals for his health. He attempted to enlist in the 6th Mounted Rifles with others of his classmates, but was refused. After that he tried to enlist regularly in everything that turned up but was as regularly rejected, until he finally got away in a draft of No. 10 Siege Battery. Everyone agreed that "Horace" was alright, a good college man in every way.

Charles Staynor was undoubtedly nice if you knew him, but he as was superlatively shy the difficulty was to get acquainted. He went overseas early as a lieutenant.

Good-natured and fond of ease, **Henry Mosely**, usually known as "Ragtus" hails from the town across the harbour. He was not fond of study.

You would know that **A. S. Murray** was a Murray if you had ever seen our genial Latin Professor; you would know that he was from Prince Edward Island if you had heard the tone of his voice

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Critique of Class 18

(Continued from Page 8)

which seemed to say "Excuse me for speaking but then you are wrong and I am right." You were always working Alex even when you stuffed rabbits for a pastime.

The mental capacity of **Christine MacKinnon** has been for three years the amazement and wonder of her fellow students and the pride of her professors. However, Christine would scorn to be a mere pluggler but has a large amount of college spirit, and has spent much time in Y. W. C. A. work and in debating. When up against problems which she can so easily surmount Christine might allow her fine sense of humor wider scope.

Arabella MacKenzie left the Arts class to take up the profession of Dentistry. Ambitious and persevering and well equipped mentally, Arabella is a success in the prosthetic laboratory. She is something of a mystic and is inclined to stay away from the society of other students. Arabella has decided opinions and the courage of her convictions.

Wm. Ross Cameron, who never quite mastered the Latin alphabet always took an enthusiastic interest in his class and college.

Carleton Bowes, another quiet member of the Class is now making a success as a naval officer. To him the class is indebted for one of its pleasantest functions.

O. R. Crowell was a very promising Dalhousian who sought to do his bit in the classroom and in meetings of the debating societies where he often exceeded the speed limit in his arguments. He is now a lieutenant in His Majesty's Forces.

A hard and successful worker, especially prominent in angel administration at the City Home is **Ethel Chisholm**. With a few friends Ethel is something of a wit. She has never been heard to make an unkind remark about another student.

Hugh Bell, a cigarette fancier and loquacious raconteur, when last heard of, was in the Bermudas.

Are you as excitable as ever, **E. J. Hallett** or has the discipline of the army cooled your fiery spirit which Chemistry could never affect. Those of us who saw you in your uniform, striding along, stabbing the air, but never the earth with your cane, felt that here indeed was one who longed for the fray. Your friends predict a D. C. M. for you.

Claudia Noiles was always a great worker but has had her work broken up while at college. Rumor hath it that she keeps a copy of Omar's History for sentimental reasons connected with her high school days. She is pronounced "a great girl" by those who know her, but they are unfortunately few as she is not a good "mixer".

Though capable of brilliant things **Elsie Phillips** has never allowed her studies

to interfere with her education and has managed to get a lot of joy out of the more frivolous side of Dal. Elsie's wit and loyalty have won for her a warm place in the hearts of Class '18 and of all who know her.

"We came to college quite, and quiet we remained." **Blanche Urquhart**, who has not mixed with the other girls sufficiently in supporting college activities is hence not well known. Her class work has been good.

R. A. Ross, with his rosy cheeks and shy blushes, was found to be one of the most generous boys in college. Coming from Cape Breton, he was naturally shy at first, but he was recovering. With lots of character and ambition, he was an excellent student and class member, enlisting in the 10th Siege in the Senior year.

A small dark figure to be seen every Thursday evening flying around the H. L. C. gymnasium talking much and fast is **Dot MacKay**. Anthing with which Dot is connected is likely to "go"—studies, basketball or collecting pictures for the class group. Dot has maintained a well-balanced course.

Jack Merrick, quiet in company but very talkative among his friends, has many ambitious plans for the future.

Sarah Morash is of the finest make. Her classmates find her always generous, kindly and helpful, a real friend through thick and thin. Dignified in appearance she perhaps allows this dignity to prevent quick friendships.

Charlie MacMillan of fiery head and fiery spirit never missed a scrim nor a hockey nor football game. He was also an exceptionally good student. His musical talent kept him engaged at the piano while the others "tripped the light fantastic."

S. I. Robinson spent most of his Freshman year defending his class against the accusations of the Sophomores that they would rather go home after the Freshie-Soph debate than stay to scrim. You never were successful Si, but you did many other things for your class and a few for the college.

Lorne Pentz preferred foot-ball and co-eds to studies. The latter he disdained. He was the personification of good nature coming through many a scrape with a smiling countenance.

Three girls who remained for only a year or two in the class were **Luella Beirato**, one of the Forrest Hall girls, very popular and a splendid trainer of Freshettes; **Margaret Morrison**, never long depressed nor long in one place, but soon "tooting" off for a change, and **Grace Harper**, a clever girl, whose interest in her work was evidenced by the questions she asked and whose illness, which caused her to leave college, is regretted by her classmates.

Aubrey Turnbull, now a neat lieutenant in the 63rd is considered "awfully

A FANTASY.

In a toy shop window
Beside a tiny pond—
With an everturning mill-wheel
Were four little ducks,
Adorable balls of soft yellow fluff,
With wee black bills,
And beady black eyes.
Three of them splashed about in the water,
Pleasantly squabbled over their food,
Or slept with heads under one another's
wings;

But the fourth
Always sat upon the shore
And gazed out on the street
With vacant, far-seeing eyes.
He could not join in their games,
Because he was stuffed.
Poor little saw-dust filled duckling!
Yet, perhaps after all you were the happiest,
You could never know that anything else
existed
Except the pond and the mill-wheel,
You could never know the discomfort
Of attending a dinner
With your feet in paper frillings.
You had already achieved that beatitude,
So sought after by men,
A static condition.

ERIMINTRUDE.

nice" by the co-eds. If he gets to France and bayonets a German he will probably say: "I am very sorry but you see it's orders." He was a very popular member of the class.

Lively, whimsical, diplomatic, serene **Marjorie MacDougall** is always ready for anything from a three hour Latin paper to the wildest of jolly junior pranks. Her brain capacity is exceptionally large, but she has never yet overtaxed it.

A somewhat remarkable combination of qualities is found in a certain fair haired, round cheeked, pleasant looking youth from Lunenburg. An insatiable thirst for scholasticism, and a strong tendency towards inertia; a total lack of interest in fair co-eds and a disposition towards real frivolity at times; all these combine to distinguish **Claude James William Keddy** from the common herd.

One of the most genial and social members of the class comes from Korea. **Hi Yum Cho** has mastered the English language to such an extent that he can grapple even with the awesome sentences uttered in Philosophy 8. Mr. Cho is a most conscientious worker but is also fond of a good time. He has been known to skip classes to go to the "movies" but he assures the professors that they would have enjoyed the pictures too.

From Dartmouth came **Jess Campbell** usually late but with an excellent excuse and hailed with shouts of joy on her arrival. Jess is "a regular girl" in every sense of the expressive phrase. Ingenious and original and ready to help anybody with anything she not only invents but executes her good ideas. She is absolutely incapable of anything small or mean.

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Recent Activities of the Student Volunteers of the Maritime Provinces

(Continued from Page 8)

In fact it is essential that young people should volunteer for Foreign service and start training now with that work in mind, in order to be ready to be the first contingent of that large army of reinforcements which we all hope will be sent to carry on the work that pioneer missionaries have so wonderfully opened up. We are doing our best therefore to organize this smaller movement as a desirable thing to meet a present need, even though it should in a few years become merged with a vaster program of the whole church. Until that movement develops we wish to carry on. Mr. Cock and the executive of the Dalhousie group are a temporary committee to organize more completely, and to approach the other church boards when they meet. Mr. Cock and B. Vans MacLean (a Dalhousie student, a former Prince of Wales student, who is ineligible for military service, a Student Volunteer, and one of the originators of the present undertaking) are to spend their full time at the work this summer. It is not thought wise at this time to make public announcement of incomplete plans, or appeal generally for financial support. Meantime there will be certain expenses in organizing, office expenditures, printing, travelling expenses, and Mr. MacLean's salary. The acting committee estimates that we will need about \$1,000 for the entire work of organization this summer and fall. The Student Volunteers of the various centres are setting out to raise this amount among friends.

The Student Work Committee for the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion Council of Y. M. C. A.'s has given the undertaking its sympathetic and practical support.

PROFESSOR GORDON MacGREGOR

The unveiling of the portrait of the late Professor J. Gordon MacGregor was one of the most significant incidents of the college year. Some few names stand out prominently in the history of the University and MacGregor is not the least of these. For but small return, he gave up the best years of his life, and it was external conditions rather than his own inclinations that led him to leave Dalhousie for Edinburgh.

To many of the older folk in the audience who had known MacGregor, Dr. MacMechan's words brought back all the charm and strength of an exceptional character. His path was far from smooth, he had great difficulties to contend with, yet he never grew discouraged or bitter. To him work in itself was sufficient wages, he asked for nothing more save the love of his family.

It is not my purpose to tell again the events of MacGregor's life so often chronicled in these pages, but no year should pass by without the Gazette rendering honour to one whose efforts did much to lay the foundations of the New Dalhousie.

CONVOCATION.

The annual convocation was held on the ninth of May in the library at Studley. Because of the war the programme was necessarily of the simplest, but nevertheless the room was filled to overflowing with friends of the graduates and of the University. The desks were replaced by chairs. At the eastern end of the building a platform was erected upon which the senate and the guests of honor were seated. Above this dais was hung a long white banner bearing the names of the twenty-seven Dalhousians who have been awarded military honors in the present conflict.

Promptly at three o'clock those who were to obtain degrees marched down the aisle to the places reserved for them in the four front rows. The co-eds looked particularly charming in their white frocks and black gowns. There were no bouquets this year, but each girl wore a single daffodil at her corsage. The guests of honor and the professors followed. I can not recall all of the, but I noticed Mrs. and Miss Dennis, Dr. John Forrest, Dr. Cuttend of Acadia, Dr. Boyle of Kings, John Read and Gerald Dwyer, Dalhousians wounded while fighting for King and country. His Honour the Lieutenant Governor, the very Reverend Dean Llwyd, and many other prominent citizens of Halifax.

The invocation was delivered by Dr. Cutten. Then President MacKenzie spoke, briefly recounting the events which have befallen the University in the year which has gone by. Particularly interesting were his statements with reference to the part which Dalhousie has played in the war. Upwards of seven hundred Dalhousians either of the student body or the alumni, are wearing kahki.

The awarding of prizes and diplomas, a list of which will be found in another column, followed. Although the platform was narrow and the candidates nervous, none of them fell off as they made their parade across it.

The President spoke again, delivering a few words of advice to the graduates. Then the portrait of the late professor J. Gordon MacGregor, a gift of the Honourable R. M. MacGregor of New Glasgow, was unveiled by the professor's nephew, Mr. John Read. Dr. MacMechan in short speech paid a fitting tribute to Professor MacGregor. Dr. MacMechan always speaks well, this time he spoke beautifully. To many his address was the most pleasing feature of the afternoon.

The programme was closed with a talk to the graduates by Dr. T. Stannage Boyle of Kings College. Dr. Boyle spoke strongly and sincerely, and kept away from the platitudes which usually flow so freely at convocations. After the benediction, the gathering dispersed.

List of Graduates:—

Bachelor of Arts.

Katherine Lillian Campbell—Halifax.
Ethel May Chisholm—New Glasgow.
Mary Josephine Dence—Halifax.
Anna Gwendolyn Sarah Fraser—Halifax.

ORPHEUS PARTY OF CLASS '18.

May 13th, 1918, dawned bright and fair and ended with a perfect Spring evening which thrilled the hearts of a merry group of Seniors and their guests who gathered at old Dal at 7.30 to indulge in an Orpheus Party.

Topic cards were soon filled and the party made their way to the Orpheus. When we arrived, a fair damsel on the screen was sitting at a table going through most heart-rending facial contortions and rubbing her cheeks or ears, we are not sure which. All became sympathetic at once feeling sure that the maiden was suffering either from toothache or earache. However, she apparently recovered and to our surprise we saw her strolling round a desert with a person who might have posed for a cigarette poster.

The picture ended with violence and final happiness, and we were plunged into a Helen Holmes escapade, during which a telegram containing the message, "No. 10. Love." arrived for the heroine, and caused much speculation among the party. Finally the intermission came, during which a violin solo was played, unnoticed by any of the party until the clapping commenced, nevertheless all gave an enthusiastic ovation after which an interested inquiry was circulated as to what had taken place.

Some of the crowd did not wait to see the beginning of the first picture which they had missed, others waited long enough to discover that the aforementioned lady's distress was mental. Finally all were congregated at Mrs. Macneil's, where a contest, instructive as well as amusing was engaged in, since it served to show that if the number of streets was any token of the size of the city, Halifax was large indeed.

Then came the refreshments which the party heartily welcomed, after which Mrs. McNeil allowed us to pull up the rugs for a dance and all too soon the evening was gone, and the last class affair of Class '18 was over. There remained only the pleasant task of expressing our hearty appreciation of the many kindnesses of Mrs. Macneil to us as a class, during our whole college career, and this being done with right good will we went our several ways.

H. J. C.

Marjorie Claudine McDougall—Kentville.
Dorothy Mary Estelle MacKay—Stellar-ton.
Christine Anna May Mackinnon—Louis-burg.
Jessie MacLeod—Port Tupper.
Velma Jane Moore—Economy.
Sarah Margaret Morash—Dartmouth.
Sarah Dorothy Nicholson (in absentia)—Newcastle, N. B.
Irma Claudina Noiles—Springhill.
Elsie Louise Philips—Truro.
Jean Lindsay Ross—Lunenburg.
Christena Beryl Saunders (in absentia), Westville.
Mary Catherine Sutherland—Pictou.
Annie Katherine Tattie—River John

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Convocation

(Continued from Page 10)

Blanche Janet Urquhart—Stellar-ton.
Sister Marie (in absentia), Mt. St. Vin-cent Academy.
Sister Mary Berchmans (in absentia), Mt. St. Vincent Academy.
Sister Marie Agnes (in absentia), Mt. St. Vincent Academy.
John Campbell Distant (in absentia), Halifax.
Ernest Parker Duchemin,—Sydney.
Gerald Joseph Foley (in absentia), New-castle, N. B.
Claude James William Kedy—Mahone Bay.
Donald Gordon MacGregor (in absentia), Amherst.
John Hanlon Mitchell—Halifax.

Bachelor of Engineering.

Thomas Woodburne Hardy, (in absentia), Ottawa.

Bachelor of Science.

Robert Alexander Ross, (in absentia), St Peter's, N. S.

Bachelor of Laws.

Frances Lillian Fish—Newcastle, N. B.
John Robert Howard Harley, B. A., (Kings)—Windsor.
Augustine McGillivray, —Glace Bay.
Clovis Thomas Richard—College Bridge, N. B.
James Glen Allan Robertson, Barrington Passage.

Diploma of Licentiate of Music.

Elsie Alma Campbell—Halifax.
Mary Rede Campbell—Sawyerville, Que.
Frances Dorothy Higgins—Dartmouth.
Florence Natalie Littler—Halifax.

THE PRIZE LIST FOR THE YEAR.

Entrance Scholarships.
(In order of merit).

G. H. Campbell Memorial Scholarship—Jean K. G. Dunlop.
G. H. Campbell Memorial Scholarship—Jessie M. Creighton.
G. H. Campbell Memorial Scholarship—Hazel M. White.
Sir William Young Scholarship—Andrew L. Doucette; Rita C. Frame.
MacKenzie Scholarship—Annie Sutherland MacKenzie.
University Scholarship—A. M. Marshall, resigned.
Halifax City Free Scholarship—Ada V. Tyler.

First Year Scholarships.

G. H. Campbell Memorial Scholarship—Rita C. Frame.
G. H. Campbell Memorial Scholarship—Ruth W. Ross.

Special Prizes.

Waverley Prize—Kenneth N. Buchanan.
North British Society Bursary—Horace V. D. Laing.
National Drug Co. Gold Medal—John E. Surette.

Graduate Prizes and Diplomas.

English and History—High Honours—J. H. Mitchell.
Great Distinction—Christine A. M. MacKinnon, Claude J. W. Kedy, Ernest P. Duchemin.
Distinction—Velma J. Moore; Jean Lindsay Ross.
Avery Prize—Christine MacKinnon; Claude Kedy.
Governor-General's Gold Medal—John H. Mitchell.
Alliance Francaise Bronze Medal—Mary C. Sutherland.

HIGHER DEGREES.

Master of Arts.

Merle Colpitt—By Examination in Physics.
William Thomas Townsend—By examination in Tennyson.

Master of Science.

Hubert Bradford Vickery—By research and examination in Chemistry.

Critique of Class '18

(Continued from Page 9)

John Thomas MacKittrick Harris has left an "aching void" which time will never fill until he comes back again. Who has not heard of his famous charge against he massed Sophomores on the night of the Freshie-Soph debate when only his wounds prevented him from losing his hair. I can imagine you, O Harris, leading a forlorn hope against a German stronghold. You will do it well and never give up. For who does not know how at the Freshman "Theatre Party" you, valiantly sought to see the fair co-ed home and were only prevented by two stalwart Sophomores. A strong devotion to duty was one of your strong points.

Of the very large percentage of the class which enlisted for overseas service, three have given their lives. These are Vernon Grierson, Cyril Hyde, and J. B. C. Carson. All three were of the finest type of college manhood and the fact that they have given their lives for the cause of Right places them above any criticism.

These are a few of the characteristics of the individuals of Class '18. Of the class as a whole all that is necessary to say is that we believe that we may safely entrust to those who received their degrees tomorrow the traditions and reputation of our Alma Mater which those who have already left the class for greater work in the defense of the Empire have so ably maintained.

EXTRA COPIES

of this number of the Gazette can be obtained for 25 cents each if you send your name and cash at once to the Business Manager.

OUR CENTENNARY.

This year Dalhousie celebrates her one hundredth birthday. It means a good deal to say that.—One Hundred years of unflinching struggles against almost overwhelming odds, of holding a torch aloft among a people who were quite content to dwell in the darkness. At times failure seemed inevitable, but she never gave up hope. There were always some few who loved her, who were willing to sacrifice much in her support. Those days are over now. Although the road is not smooth yet, Dalhousie has gained the strength to travel in confidence. Whatever vicissitudes she may pass through, the ultimate outcome is certain. The college by the sea; has established herself, has made herself an essential part of the life of Nova Scotia.

It has been hoped that a suitable celebration might have been held this autumn, at which Dalhousians from the four corners of the earth should have assembled to render honour to their Alma Mater. War conditions prevent such a gathering. Nevertheless the occasion will not pass unnoticed. The century mark is not achieved every day by an institution of learning. Quiet though the observance of this anniversary may be, the emotions which it calls forth will be even stronger amidst the prevailing sadness.

As nineteen hundred and nineteen will be the fiftieth year since the foundation of the Gazette, it is the hope of the Editor to devote a special number to these two events.

A SOLDIER GRADUATE.

Great interest attached itself to the conferring of the degree of LL. B., upon John Robert Harley at the recent Convocation, in that Mr. Harley is the first veteran of the great world war to receive academic honors from Dalhousie. After winning a B. A., at Kings, Mr. Harley came to the Halifax Law School. He enlisted in the middle of his first year there. He went overseas, and sustained a serious wound in the arm. Last autumn after a long period of convalescence he returned to the Law School and obtained his degree, no easy task after two years of thinking more of Brownings than Blackstone. The Gazette congratulates Mr. Harley upon his success and wishes him the best of luck in his future career.

EXCHANGES.

The Gazette wishes to thank the representative magazines and papers of various other colleges for their kindness in sending two copies of their issues, thus making it possible for us to have one in each library. Among the latest exchanges received are: Queen's Journal, The Merchistonian, McMaster University Monthly, The Mitre, The Gateway, Stanstead College Maggazine, Acadia Athenaeum, Argosy, Lassel Leaves, University Monthly, Trinity University Review, Presbyterian and Westminster.

Others may sing of the lure of the south
And the kashmerino trees;
But give me the northlands, rugged, free,
And the roar of rocky seas.

What do I care for your purple nights,
When a ruddy moon hangs low,
And the rippling waves kiss the silken sand,
And scented breezes blow.

Mine for a night on a barren peak
Rimmed round with murmuring pine,
With a crying loon to lull me to sleep,
And pale little stars ashine.

Others may sing of the lure of the south,
Of its women with flaming eyes;
But a fair-haired girl of the sturdy north
Can lead me to Paradise.

ADOLF.

THE DALHOUSIE CHAUTAUQUA.

President MacKenzie has completed arrangements which provide for the holding of a Chautauqua on the Studley Campus some time in June, an event which all those who are interested in mental culture will anticipate with extreme pleasure. Chautauquas are not so well known in Canada as they are in the United States, where such affairs have long proved a stimulus to the intellectual life of the smaller communities. They are a series of meetings, usually in the open air, addressed by speakers of national repute on subjects of universal interest. Good music, and sometimes good plays, also form an important part of the proceedings. These gatherings leaven to a large extent the narrow onesidedness which menaces most small town folk. The programme of the Dalhousie Chautauqua has not yet been announced, that it will be engrossing and edifying is a certainty. More beautiful surroundings than the Studley Campus would be difficult to discover. The simple dignity of the buildings, the verdant smoothness of the lawns, and the misty panorama of the wooded hills across the Arm, all these combine in a setting so exquisite that it could only evoke the most sublime of sentiments.

Professor of Piety at Pine Hill, was noted for his insistence on the value of artistic penmanship.

The cleverest agent in the British Secret Service was Marjorie Claudine MacDougall. Her best work was in discovering the frivolities of the great.

I felt the power growing less and less. In vain I tried to discern the future of Mac Buchanan but could not.

JEAN LINDSAY ROSS.

Please Remember
Not To Forget
To Send Your Subscription
To The Business Manager
Before You Finish Reading
This Number!

Despite depressing war conditions, the social calendar was not absolutely arid during the last week of the term. The usual graduation festivities were held, naturally with smaller attendance, but highly enjoyable.

The evening of May 8, the Class of 1918 took part in its Class Day Exercises. The Prophecy, Valedictory, Critique and History were read. Miss Mary Campbell played several selections upon the piano, and Dr. Fraser Harris delivered a stirring address. An occasion not untouched by wartime sadness, it will nevertheless be long remembered.

The Friday previous, the Class attended the Orpheus en masse. A pleasing feature was the presence of several former students who are on military duty. The picture, Robert Hichen's Barbary Sheep, was rather uninteresting and not calculated to edify the Y. W., but nobody payed very much attention to the screen. After about an hour, the party adjourned to the residence of Mrs. Murray MacNeil, who had chaperoned their first party as freshmen four years ago. Mrs. Murray's hospitality is too well known to require comment. Sufficient to say that, after a supper, soul-thrilling in these days of food control, they danced until Friday slipped into Saturday. The gathering broke up with college yells which reminded the statute of Lohengrin in an opposite garden of its Wagnerian setting.

The next day Miss Lindsay entertained the girls at her flat on Henry street. Like Mrs. MacNeil's affairs, it is only necessary to say that Mrs. and Miss Lindsay were the hostesses to know that everyone had a perfectly corking time.

Another tea was that held by the members of the Alumnae in the Monroe Room. A large measure of its success was due to the efforts of Miss Louise Power, who hooverised the menu without rendering it any the less delicious. The war bread was most popular. For Miss Power, we would like to inform the Canada Food Board that she only used half a pound of sugar for fifty tea-drinkers. Of course, if the lovely Louise poured the tea, sugar would be superfluous.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

We note with pleasure that McGill University will hereafter admit women to the study of Medicine and Dentistry. We do not wish our "big sister" university to take offence if it be pointed out that Dalhousie has already M. D.'s among its lady graduates, and would like to assure the present generation of medical and dental students at McGill that the fair "Med" and "Dent" undergraduates are not so very much more dangerous than their sisters in the other faculties.

Do You Expect
The Business Manager
To Run The Gazette
On Its Reputation?

LETTER FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD.

Perhaps the average Dalhousie undergraduate seldom stops to realize that the doings at the old college are noted by former Dalhousians the wide world over. The following letter was not sent us primarily for publication, but we think Mr. E. J. O. Fraser, its author, will pardon our taking the liberty of printing it, as it will prove of interest to a number of our readers:

Wonsan, Korea, April 17, 1918.

The Dalhousie Gazette,
Halifax, N. S., Canada.

Dear Sirs:

It has been a great pleasure to me to receive the "Gazette" more or less intermittently since my coming to Korea. Since it has started on its weekly career, it has been more regular, and I have no doubt that it will now continue to find me.

That the path of the Editor and Business Manager is not strewn with roses all the way I well know, for the time that I spent on that work enabled me to understand a good deal of the human nature of the average college student as well as of the prospective advertiser. However, it is a fine school, and I have no doubt that those who now learn by their mistakes will profit by the experience in the future.

Criticism is not what I intended to give, but I should just like to say that if you can find some more material of a similar nature to that published in No. 6, Vol. 50, instead of the great part of that of the previous issues, it will reflect more credit on the intellectual status of the students of the present day Dalhousie. I know that the Editor has often to take what comes, and is glad enough to get enough to fill the pages up, but perhaps less knocking and slang would be productive of a more appreciative audience.

With every good wish, and hoping that the staff will have a most profitable year, and that the "Gazette" will always uphold its original standard, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

E. J. O. FRASER.

P. S. Congratulations to Old Dal on the new Chair, the gift of Senator and Mrs. Dennis. I regret most deeply that the occasion of it should have been the death of a Dalhousian, but so may his name live.

E. J. O. F.

Of Walter Forsythe, enveloped in matrimonial bliss, I had but a moment's view. Immediately after graduation, Velma Jane Moore went as a V. A. D. to England, where her kindness and sympathy did much to cheer her patients.

William Raymond MacClelland established a large factory and secured the monopoly of the many inventions of Clarence Anderson. Lorne Pents travelled for this firm. That he might be near his friend, Blair Edmundston Bayne built a rink next door. Here the professional hockey player, Fred Laurence Moore, was often to be seen.

(Continued on Page 18)

of the leading lady were designed by Eleanor Marie Perry. This picture was shown in Halifax owing to the efforts of Margaret Douglas Morrison, chairman of a committee for the entertainment of returned soldiers. Fraser Dudley Mooney directed the orchestra which accompanied it.

A College for the instruction of women dentists was founded by Arrabella Catherine Mackenzie and under her efficient leadership it rose to great prominence.

Henry Moseley patented an unailing cure for insomnia which was truly effective.

Hi Yum Cho was eventually elected Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in Korea.

I heard a man ask his workmen if they would mind hurrying. I was not surprised when he turned out to be Aubrey Turnbull, then City engineer.

John Campbell Distant became principal of Halifax Academy. He did much to promote Scout Work.

Along the frosty shores of Labrador, a racing motor launch carried Dr. Annie Almira Anderson on her daily round of visits.

Jean Cameron, practising domestic science at home, discovered a new recipe for fudge, which popular opinion said was "Just sweet!"

A love for Horace was John Sidney Bonnell's grand passion. One bookcase could not contain the editions and appreciations which he wrote on this subject.

Blanche Janet Urquhart took up the cause of Women's Rights. As president of the Women's Club in her native town, she greatly advanced the cause.

The Dalhousie Library came before my eyes, and the librarian was Mary Josephine Dence.

The presidency of the Halifax Ladies' College becoming vacant, Harry Ritchie Chipman resigned an important position in order to accept it.

The Soldiers of the Soil gained a recruit in Annie Katherine Tattrie. The Tattrie potato was named in honor of her.

Saul Harold Keshen, Francis Eugene Walsh, and John Archibald MacLean all practised medicine in Halifax with great success. William Ross Cameron also studied medicine specializing in the eye and ear. His favourite recreation was singing the "March of the Cameron Clan."

"By the light of her own flaming soul," and by the help of apparatus as well, Irma Claudina Nolles successfully advanced the cause of science and discovered the new element of Dalhousium.

John Thomas McKittrick Harris was a popular minister in a large town. His sayings and doings were faithfully recorded in the daily paper edited by Ernest Simpson, representative elder.

A pair of glossy black horses drew the carriage of her who had been Jean MacRae Munro, not the wife of a rising business man and very prominent in social life.

Judge Josiah MacQuarrie ably filled the bench. Before him the deep voice of Barry DeWolfe Moore frequently demanded justice.

CLASS PROPHECY, 1918.

One day, when thinking of my classmates, I said aloud, "How I wish I could know what they will all be doing years hence!" "You shall know" said a mischievous voice. Startled, I looked everywhere, but no one was to be seen. Then a strange power possessed me, and as I thought of each one I immediately perceived what the future held for him.

George Ronald Forbes appeared in the midst of beakers, retorts, and other apparatus. His discoveries, the result of profound research, astonished the scientific world.

In a remote village, and far from the street, stood a tiny cottage, nearly hidden by dense trees. Here, with a favourite cat, dwelt a shy spinster, Miss Elsie Louise Phillips.

Harold Franklyn Arthur continued to be flighty and remained in the air.

Clothed in fine raiment, Gerald Joseph Foley directed the Nova Scotia air mail service.

Osborne Randolph Crowell was the president of a line of fast steamships. Carleton Frederick Bowes superintended the wireless department of the company. Every stateroom was equipped with a wireless telephone the special features of which he invented. The doctor on one of the largest boats was Guy Montague Mason. "Joe" Lewis was connected with this company as a diver. He was noted for his ability to remain submerged for long periods of time.

Ethel May Chisholm lived among the far Chinese—a missionary's wife.

The great prima donna, Abbie Alma Hemphill, had sung all over the world. The newspapers all proclaimed her a howling success.

The drug firm of which Roy James Edward Hirtle was a member, established branches all over Canada.

The phenomenal earnestness of Ernest Parker Duchemin brought him to the top of the ladder of fame as an expounder of Economics.

When the women of Canada were permitted to enlist for Overseas service, the first company of the Canadian Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was captained by Elizabeth Gray Macdonald.

I caught a fleeting glimpse of Grace Harper training youthful citizens. On misty waters I saw a canoe. As it neared I recognized one of the two occupants as Leslie Lonsdale Harrison. Then the mist closed over them.

Politics called James Arthur Drysdale Goode, and as leader of the opposition in the legislative assembly, his objections lengthened the session by several months.

Edwin Hallett settled in England. There he prospered, but frequent visits proved that Canada was not forgotten.

Douglas Russell, always interested in the movies, wrote scenarios. A scenario adopted from an exciting war novel by Charles William MacMillan, was one of his greatest successes. Mr. Russell directed the production of this himself. The leading man was Thomas Harvey Whelpley. Frank Lemuel Fisher as his valet had an important part. The gowns

VALEDICTORY.

Delivered by E. P. Duchemin.

Partings, and farewells are, by general consent, classed among the melancholy experiences of mankind. And perhaps it might be demonstrated, by a plausible system of reasoning, that this farewell assembly of Class '18, whose members will tomorrow break away from the leading-strings of Alma Mater and pass out into the great world on their several ways, should be a decidedly depressing and dismal function. For we are bidding farewell not only to the professors, who have smoothed and broadened and made attractive the paths of learning for us; not only to the comradeship that has been forged between us as fellow-students in the years of our undergraduate course; not only to the College we have learned to love with an affection that shall persist throughout life. These are partings that should, and do, fill us with deep sadness. But there is yet another separation which older and wiser heads than ours—philosophic "men of rathe and riper years"—would tell us is the most solemn and saddening of all. It is that involved in closing a momentous chapter of our lives, in breaking from a past whose memory and influence will ever be with us, in saying farewell to our own "dead selves" who have lived moved, and had their being, for the past four years, within the academic precincts of old Dalhousie.

But would honest introspection show that the consciousness of the twenty students, who will tomorrow be enrolled among Dalhousie's graduates, is just now overcharged with solemn, sad, and melancholy emotions? As we pass through the College corridors for the last time as undergraduates, and pay a farewell visit to the lecture rooms which we entered for the first time as budding freshmen three or four years ago, can we truly say that the call of the past issues from every cranny and crevice, to the drowning of all other impressions and appeals, so as to overwhelm us with vain yearnings and fond regrets? It might be conventional and seemly to give prompt and hearty affirmations to such questions. But at our time of life, truth sometimes breaks through the shackles of convention. And truth dictates a somewhat different kind of answer. We know nothing of the experiences of those who have gone before us. We speak only for ourselves and of ourselves. To every one of us graduation is as new a thing as if it had been invented yesterday. To every one of us the call of the future is vastly more imperative than the call of the past. To us, graduation brings the satisfaction of the attainment of one of youth's great ambitions, suggests other and higher land-marks of endeavour, inspires us with strength and confidence as we pass on into the struggle of life, and, at the same time, tempers those feelings with just enough of the pain of parting to create, what the Psychology books would describe as "A state of mind, which is on the whole, distinctly pleasurable.

In several respects the career of Class 1918 has been unique. Ours is the first graduating class whose entire course has been passed under the shadow of the great War. The spectre of the war has been with us continually. It has haunted us at our studies as at our sports, in the lecture rooms, at our College functions, and in all the varied activities of College life. The War has interpreted history, literature and philosophy for us in new and impressive ways. It has broken our class circles by the departure of those who have responded to the call of Country. Its stern realities have been brought home to us with terrible force as the announcements have periodically come of one Dalhousian after another having fallen on the stricken field, dying that the noblest ideals of civilization might live. Its glories and heroisms have stirred us as we have read of the numerous decorations for distinguished service on the field that have come to those whom we are proud to claim as alumni of our Alma Mater. It would be strange indeed if a collegiate course passed under such circumstances should not impart to the present graduating class lessons which were not prescribed in the curriculum, and material for the building of character not to be discovered in any formal system of ethics. Our earnest wish is that we may turn these lessons to good account, and that we may prove not unworthy graduates of a University with such a noble and imposing roll of honour.

When class '18 came into existence with the opening of the Autumn session of 1914 it consisted of thirty-seven members, whose numbers were afterwards increased to seventy-two by the admission of thirty-five additional students to advanced undergraduate standing. But its ranks have been so decimated at that tomorrow's convocation but twenty will receive their academic degrees. Thirty-four have enlisted for service at the front. Three of these, Carson, Grierson and Hyde, have made the supreme sacrifice, and their names are enshrined in the University's Roll of Honour as a heritage and inspiration to future generations of Dalhousians. Others have discontinued their studies in response to the Country's call in other fields of service. Never have the forces of disintegration wrought such havoc with college life. But through it all, we are inspired by the confident belief that these very forces are even now conspiring to vitalize the college spirit to a degree not heretofore known, and to usher in an era of prosperity and usefulness for all Dalhousie that will be the greatest in all her honoured history. "There is that that scattereth and yet increaseth." No college ever suffered or can suffer from the kind of sacrifices Dalhousie is making in these trying times. All that is necessary now is the vision that will enable us to reach the hand of faith to catch the far-off interest of the heavy sacrifices and seeming losses of the present.

Through change and stress, and at times under discouraging conditions, the student organizations have continued to flourish, and to keep alive the college spirit. Though college sports have languished somewhat of

late years, the Dalhousie Athletic Club has kept its organization intact, and has continued to do good work. The social life of the College has also had free and healthy expression, through the activities of the various student societies, which have just passed through a highly successful and useful year. We shall carry with us memories of delightful hours spent in Arts and Science, Delta Gamma, the College Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., and at the many social functions with which these organizations have interspersed the grind and routine of University work. In bidding these societies farewell, we wish them increasing prosperity in their mission of broadening university education and developing the spirit of sympathy and co-operation among the students of Dalhousie.

The Whirlwind Campaign in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund was an incident of the closing weeks of the present term which proves that Dalhousians are prepared to respond to the call for service even where personal sacrifices are involved. The objective aimed at was \$3,500, and this goal has not only been realized but exceeded. This is being supplemented by generous contributions by the University faculty. Considering the number of Dalhousie Professors and students, as compared with other colleges, the result of the campaign has been very gratifying, though all of us would like to have been able to do even more for such a necessary and worthy object.

Students and Alumni of Dalhousie rejoice to know that while the War has brought stressful times to all Canadian Universities, it has also brought substantial marks of appreciation of what our own College is doing along the lines of higher education. Dalhousie has received a number of generous benefactions since the beginning of the War. Two of these are worthy of special reference. In 1917 the Chairman of our Board of Governors, Mr. George S. Campbell, and Mrs. Campbell made the splendid donation of \$25,000 to found scholarships for deserving students in memory of their only son, George H. Campbell, B. A. of 1915, who enlisted during his senior year and was killed while on active duty at the front. During the present year the Hon. Senator Dennis and Mrs. Dennis made the generous gift of \$60,000 to the Senate of Dalhousie to found a Chair of Government and Political Science to commemorate their son Lieutenant Eric Dennis, who fell fighting at Vimy Ridge a year ago. Dalhousie is honoured in being made the custodian of these monuments of Nova Scotia heroism. And what more fitting monuments could be erected to the memory of these gallant sons of our province, who gave their lives for freedom and democracy? Both gifts express, in a far-seeing and enlightened manner the very principles for which the donor's sons have fought and died. In both cases these public spirited men have the same patriotic object in view, namely, to democratize higher education in Nova Scotia. The George H. Campbell scholarships will bring the advantages of University train-

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Valedictory.—(Concluded)

ing within reach of a larger number of Nova Scotia boys and girls. The Eric Dennis Chair of Government and Political Science—the first chair of its kind to be established in any Canadian University—will broaden the influence of Dalhousie as a force in the moulding of the future citizenship of the country. President Wilson has said that the United States is fighting to make the world as comprehensive and universal as it can be made, which will create a wise and intelligent citizenship, is the one thing necessary to make Democracy safer for the world.

A break came in the work of our classes this year owing to the most awful tragedy that ever visited Halifax, or indeed any American city—a tragedy that has had nothing like a counterpart in modern times. The catastrophe that broke upon Halifax on the 6th of last December, burying a large section of the city in ruin, and carrying desolation and death into thousands of homes cast a pall over our college life, that has not yet lifted. The injury to the college buildings and the disorganization of the work of our classes were but trifling incidents compared with the suffering and anguish into which the entire city was plunged. Again towards the close of the term and almost before we had fully settled down to the routine of class work, the War crisis in Europe and the consequent needs of further reinforcements for the Canadian Army summoned a number of our men from the lecture room to active military service. The year 1917-1918 will long be remembered by Dalhousians as a period of unexampled disaster and grave crisis, and the term which is now coming to a close will be memorable in the annals of the college.

The time for separation has at length come. The society which has bound us together as students since we first crossed the threshold of Dalhousie a few years ago, is about to be broken. But not, we would fondly hope, the friendships we have formed with one another, the ties of mutual sympathy that have been created by the common pursuit of common aims, or the priceless kinship that unites us as fellow Dalhousians. As we bid farewell to one another today, and clasp hands for the last time as fellow students, the sadness of parting is mitigated by the thought that the associations we have formed here and the remembrance of our undergraduate days in old Dalhousie will be an inspiration and a source of strength to all of us in the years to come.

In taking leave of our professors to whose wisdom, patience and skill we are so heavily indebted for what we have been able to accomplish in college, for the ideals we take with us into the world and our aspirations to realize them, we know not how to express the gratitude with which a review of the past four years fills us. We can but thank them with full hearts, and express the hope that their handiwork may, in some measure at least, prove worthy of the craftsmen, in the future that lies before us.

PERSONAL NOTES OF PEOPLE PAST AND PRESENT.

Gerald Foley, who refuted the argument that Dalhousie men were never well-groomed, has enlisted in the Flying Corps. It is to be hoped that the French grisettes—according to comic opera they are thicker than mosquitoes—will cure him of his misogyny.

The latest recruits to the simple live—very simple, three limp meals a day with obese board bills—are Dr. and Mrs. Mac-Mechan. After a wearing-winter of dropped "g"s and aquiline "a"s, followed by the English 5 fiasco when there were more plucks than anonymous letters to the Gazette, the Professor and his gracious lady, who holds a lofty niche in the Gazette's Hall of Charm, have retreated to Wolfville. There they will find Omar's wilderness, minus the jug.

Dalhousie sympathises with Robert Mac-Cleave in the death of his grandmother on the eve of the examinations, which he came through with his usual crown of laurels, plus a few extra branches.

Robert McG. Dawson, who challenges Paul Swan and Kenneth Harlan for the title of the Modern Apollo, is attached to a siege battery in Halifax. He will shortly proceed overseas.

John Read, but slightly changed, was present at Convocation. If every military Dalhousian brings back such a charming wife, Canada will indeed be fortunate.

Miss Helen Jones, after an eight weeks furlough with her parents, has returned to England where she resumes her hospital duties.

John Harley, who just loves Zoolak and Grape Juice, meditates a trip to that very undelta-gamma city, New York. We would recommend him to the third from the left at the Winter Garden.

Eliphail Nichols, Little Paprika, if we may be so familiar, is camouflaging herself as a schoolmistress in Dartmouth. Without Miss Nichols assistance, not always graciously received, we must admit, the Gazette would have been even more maudlin than it has been.

Christine MacKinnon's mother was in Halifax to see her graduate.

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AVE PORTIA.

At last a lady lawyer! Feminists, tinkle your cymbals, kick up your heels, and flaunt your ruddy banners. Dalhousie has granted an LL. B. to a woman. Miss Frances Lillian Fish is the recipient—we resist the temptation to put on her name. She has made an excellent record during her three year course. In addition to the above degree, she can also suffix to her signature a B. A. from the University of New Brunswick, and a Ph. D. from an American University. For the present she will work in a Halifax office, and we hope that she will soon be admitted to the bar. Her success is certain. No jury could withstand logic and eloquence plus feminine fascination.

BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY.

Miss Lindsay wishes us to acknowledge the anonymous gift to the library of Maeterlinck's "Ariane and Barbe Bleue;" also one of Stephen Leacock's delightfully whimsical volumes. The Gazette is grateful for this response to the appeal in a former issue. It is to be hoped that other graduates and friends of the college will follow suit, and donate the specimens of modern literature of which our shelves are at present barren. We shall not reiterate the arguments so often advanced in these columns as to the value of contemporary artistic achievement. Sufficient to say that such gifts as the above, while not entailing any great personal sacrifice, are a distinct service to the Alma Mater.

HALIFAX PAPERS PLEASE COPY

A recent issue of the New York Tribune carries a story of the arrest of one of the promoters of Nuxated Iron for misuse of the mails in connection with patent medicine activities. Reputable American newspapers refuse to carry its advertising matter. Apparently Canadian journals have different views of the duty they owe to their communities.

Personal Notes of People Past and Present.

(Continued from Page 15)

It may be an impertinent assertion for a mere man to make, but we nominate the five girls who took the Licentiate of Music for the beauty chorus in the forthcoming production of *Midsummer Nights' Dream*. The Gazette extends its sympathy to Mr. G. H. Campbell in the illness of his daughter, Mrs. Williams, in Washington. The Blackstonians on the distaff side are doing their darnedest. In addition to the piscatorial lady for whom we tune our harp in another column, Mesdames McInnes and MacKenzie Emelyn, accent on the "lyn" won so many first classes that there was a shortage in type for several days afterwards.

We were very glad that John Distant obtained his degree in spite of the severe illness which hindered his work and prevented his attending Convocation. His pluck in carrying on the Intercollegiate Debate when he should have been home in bed, will not soon be forgotten.

The Gazette is in receipt of a letter from Sir Frederick Fraser, courteously acknowledging the sum contributed to the Fund for the Blinded by the students of Dalhousie. Unfortunately space prevents its reproduction in these columns.

Professor MacNeil expects to remain in Halifax during the summer months. With Small Claims Courts, Red Cross Work, and Newfoundland Examination Papers, his vacation will not be one unbroken round of pleasure. Mrs. Murray is busily engaged in tilling a two-by-four war garden.

Professor Wooddy has severed his connection with Dalhousie, and enlisted in the United States Army. He was very popular here, both with his students and his many friends. It is to be hoped that he will return to Halifax when the war is over.

Mr. Fraser, the Latin tutor, has also donned khaki, and is now a member of No. 10 siege battery, which, as President MacKenzie said at convocation, might be called a Dalhousie battery from the number of our fellow students who have signed up with it.

Miss Edith MacMechan—to Anonymous Correspondent, we will mention her as much as we choose—has gone to Kingston Ontario for a few days to gladden the eyes of the Naval College cadets.

When last heard from, Professor Todd was in India.

C. F. McLellan, late editor of this esteemed periodical, is melting even thinner while working at a mission school in Demerara.

Harvey Doane is still doing a Cook's Tour of Mesopotamia. He will soon be able to completely grasp the geography of a Sunday School Quarterly.

This year the Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered by the Very Reverend—and oratorical—Dean Lwyd.

Ward Griswold Cameron, instructor in French and English, will be with us no longer. Weep, ye lovers of tonsorial embellishments!

COUNCIL OF STUDENTS FINANCIAL STATEMENT, 1917-18.

Receipts.

Balance in bank, Oct. 31, 1917.....	\$ 128.01
Cash from bursar.....	1417.50
Cash from Girl's Ath. Club (Acadia game).....	30.23
Cash Sodales (Acadia Debate).....	14.40
Uncollected assets Gazette (Vol. 49).....	217.78
Cash from Gazette.....	364.63
Sale song books.....	2.00
Interest on savings account.....	1.57
Balance of credits unused: x	
Sodales.....	9.05
Girls' Athletic Club.....	.60
Skating Club.....	12.15
D. A. A. C.....	57.87
	<u>\$2255.79</u>

Expenditures.

Credits extended to:	
Y. W. C. A.....	\$ 100.00
Delta Gamma.....	60.00
Girls' Athletic Club.....	75.00
Sodales.....	60.00
D. A. A. C.....	150.00
Skating Club.....	125.00
Expenses of Council.....	249.65
Paid balance due on Gazette (Vol. 49).....	618.69
Exchange on cheque.....	.10
Credit extended to Gazette (Vol. 50).....	400.00
Balance on hand.....	417.35
	<u>\$2255.79</u>

Of the balance, the sum of \$250.00 was set aside to form the nucleus of a fund to erect a suitable memorial to Dalhousians who have lost their lives in the war.

The books, showing balance as above, were audited and found correct by the auditing committee of the Council, Messrs. C. M. Bayne and R. D. MacCleave.

K. A. BAIRD, Secy.-Treas.

Mrs. and Miss Dennis occupied chairs upon the platform at Convocation. Remembering what Senator and Mrs. Dennis have done for Dalhousie, it is but fitting that they should hold places of honour at every university function.

Ivan Patrick, formerly of Dalhousie, who has just graduated from the McGill Medical School, was recently married to Miss Motie Munns of Halifax.

Margaret Irwin MacLeod, who showed our village just how fascinating a widow could be, has betaken herself to Boston. We wish we could follow. There is more to drink there than grape juice.

Owen Jones has been in the United States speaking for the third Liberty Loan. His press notices were glowing, but not more than he deserved.

Walter Mitchell jr. of the Class of 1911 was married in April to Miss Grace Willett of Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia.

An engagement of intense interest to University circles will shortly be announced.

A Letter From France

(Continued from Page 3)

wounds. Among the latter were Lt. Fred Moore, Dal. '18, and Lt. Dawson of, I think, the 1917 class.

At the Canadian Corps Reinforcement School I met Neil MacDonald, '17 (80th Battalion), looking hale and hearty after three years in France. I also met Corp. Perley Lewis of the '17 class. He has been with the 85th for some time. At present he is taking a course at that school. There were one or two other Dalhousie boys there that I did not know and have not their names or years accurately.

Two weeks ago we were near George MacLeod, 1915, who is in No. 2 Siege Battery. I also heard that Millet Salter, 1915, was near, but had not time to investigate. He is in a Siege Battery.

Sgt. Laurie Campbell '14, is still with No. 3 Field Ambulance, beloved by everyone I have met from that Unit.

Corp. Chalmers Salter is with the 42nd Kilted Battalion. He has passed through some heavy fighting, including Passchendaele without a scratch.

I came quite near Austen of the '15 class one day, but we did not meet. He is in the 25th, our Nova Scotia Battalion, with enviable records.

At present I cannot think of any more accurate information about the old boys. I have heard indirectly about some others, but not enough to retell, as I have not even their Battalions. Among them are MacNevin and Blanchard, of whom I have learned that they are well and heard that MacNevin had received a commission.

Concerning myself, I am in excellent health. Nothing disturbs my equanimity. When one's eating, clothes, "uprising and down sitting" are ordained by a terrestrial providence, it does not leave one much to worry over.

As to the Machine Gun work, it is very interesting. Its value you know from the havoc the Germans wrought with theirs in the beginning. Some call it the "Peanut Artillery".

This letter is written while sitting on a petrol tin in a hut with 23 other occupants, so I am sure you will pardon any "falling off" from the elegance of diction that a pupil of Professor MacMechan should possess.

Yours sincerely and respectfully,

FRANK B. FOX.

LYRIC.

Winter; summer, autumn and spring,—
Willow, willow, the years are long—
What can their passing to me bring
But the lilt of a half-remembered song.

Song of an April long ago,—
Willow, willow, the years are gray,—
Of a lonely heart that learned to know
That love could lead through the darkest way.

Ah could I sing that song again,—
Hey niddy-noddy, the years would gleam,
Forgotten the sorrow, forgotten the pain,
Like violets by an April stream.

ADOLF.

MEDICINE AND DENTISTRY CONVOCATION.

The spring convocation for the faculties of Medicine and Dentistry was held at 3 o'clock, May 30, in the MacDonald Memorial Library at Studley.

Following the invocation by former President, Rev. Dr. John Forrest, President Mackenzie spoke briefly reviewing the work for the year.

The President read the announcement and award of undergraduate prizes as follows:

Dr. Lindsay prize (2nd Prof. Examinations): Daniel W. Hoare.

Dr. John Cameron's Prize (first year Practical Anatomy): J. Osler MacLean.

Practical Histology Prize (presented by Dr. D. Fraser Harris): Albert C. Hayford.

N. S. Dental Association Prizes (3rd Prof. Examinations): M. C. Connors; Arrabelle C. Mackenzie.

Maritime Dental Supply Company Prizes (1st Prof.): C. A. Elliott; M. D. Finigan.

2nd Professional: W. P. S. Fitzpatrick.

The following undergraduates were the recipients of degrees:

Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery.

Blauvelt, Hugh Osmund, Tusket, N. S.
Drury, David, Dartmouth.

MacInnis, Daniel Finlayson, Middle River, N. S.

McKay, Joseph William, Truro.

MacKenzie, Donald John, Broughton, N. S.

Nichols, Theodore Theophilus, British Guiana, S. A.

Thorne, Clarence William, Lower Granville, N. S.

Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Adamson, Howard John, Lyons' Brook, N. S.

Finigan, Lindsay Melbourne, Freeport, N. S.

Stultz, Guy Nobles, Ottawa.

President Mackenzie then presented the University's Medal Faculty of Dentistry to L. M. Finigan.

Lieutenant-Colonel (Dr.) Andrew Croll, F. R. C. S., a surgeon of the first professional distinction, of whose skill our returned men are getting the benefit, addressed the graduates. He referred to the progress of Surgery during the past fifty years and particularly of the achievements of the French, British and American surgeons.

He paid a warm tribute to the Army Medical Corps, commending not only on the services of the Doctors, but of the stretcher bearers, orderlies and nursing sisters. As it was not possible for the graduates to take a post-graduate course in surgery, he advised them to go into the A. M. C. where they would greatly benefit themselves.

The singing of the National Anthem followed, and another successful year in the history of Dalhousie was brought to a close.

COUNCIL OF STUDENTS.

At a recent meeting of the Council, Mr. John Mitchell was reappointed Editor of Gazette for next year, and the appointment of Misses Elphal Nichols and Erma Nelson as assistant editors to represent Delta Gamma was approved.

The sum of \$50.00 has been placed in the hands of Miss Harris to be spent on improvements to the athletic field during the summer.

Copies of the By-Laws of the Council have been printed. These are up-to-date. Get one from the Secretary-Treasurer of Council, and become intelligent as to how student affairs are, or should be, conducted.

The following extract from the minutes of the last meeting should prove of interest to all Dalhousians:

"It was moved, seconded and carried that the sum of \$250.00 be placed in the hands of the Advisory Board, with the request that the Board act as trustees of this sum and any interest, etc., thereon, until such time as a suitable memorial is erected in memory of Dalhousians who have given their lives in the present war; when, with consent of the then existing Council, they shall place it to the credit of any fund raised for that purpose."

A condensed financial report for the year appears elsewhere.

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN WILCOX ANDERSON.

The closing weeks of the term were saddened by the death of a member of the fifth year in Medicine. The long line of his fellow students and professors who formed the funeral procession bore more eloquent testimony than can be made through these columns to the popularity and sterling character of the late Mr. Anderson. The heartfelt sympathy of the student body went out to his friends and relatives, especially to the grief-stricken family in Newfoundland and his classmates here at Dalhousie. We remind them and ourselves once more that:

"There is no death; what seems so is transition.

This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

THE TANK BATTALION.

Three Dalhousians, perhaps more since the writing of this paragraph, have enlisted in the Canadian Tank Battalion. They are Messrs. J. A. D. Goode, president of the D. A. A. C., former Editor of the Gazette, and member of the Students Council; J. A. Lawley; and W. H. Forsythe. It is dangerous and fascinating work, and she Gazette is glad that Dalhousians are gleaning in it. We wish the three gentlemen godspeed, the best of luck and a safe return.

STROKES OF A VAGRANT PEN.

With the present serious shortage of paper, I arise to protest against the use of this commodity for other than its primary purpose, to preserve the thoughts of men. That paper is wasted needlessly is very evident. Of what good are paper scollops around chocolates? They do not improve the taste, they lessen the net weight, they cause less value to be given for one's money. Or again why need soft-drinks be served in paper cups. True, it has sanitary arguments in its favour, but would not a conscientious scrubbing of the despised glasses produce the same result? Again the use of wrapping paper for many pieces of merchandise, always superfluous, is nowadays thoroughly unpatriotic. Is it any disgrace, as the man in "Punch" said, to "carry a good mangel-wurzel." Meat, sugar, etc., do need some sort of a covering, but tinned goods, always well guarded from the air, most certainly do not. Yet our grocers, at the demand of their customers, wrap these very things up in paper, precious paper? Is it any wonder that there is a shortage? In my opinion a law should be passed strictly limiting the use of paper to those things to which it is absolutely essential, such as books and newspapers.

A lesson which we might profitably learn from our neighbours below the border is the vital importance of small change in all patriotic and charity funds. It has been the privilege of the writer to be present in New York during the tremendous Red Cross Campaign in which fifty millions more than the hundred million asked for were raised. In addition to the canvassing by teams of organised districts, which has proved so successful in Halifax, a small army of girls in Red Cross uniform were placed upon the streets to solicit small contributions. Their banks were shoe-boxes, cigar-boxes, anything that they could find. Sometimes four of them would hold a flag or a stretcher into which money was to be flung. At all the theatres, prominent people spoke between the acts, and in addition to the soliciting of pledges for larger amounts, collection plates were passed through the audience. It did not matter how much was given as long as something was given. Even a copper was gratefully accepted. Everywhere that one went these collectors were stationed. It was a case of keeping one's hand perpetually in one's pocket. It made giving infinitely easy. The opportunity was always at hand. Best of all, the nickels, dimes and pennies dropped into these odd receptacles aggregated the glorious sum of over one million dollars in seven days.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

Perhaps the bitterest thing in life
Is to be graduated
And then to discover
That the world is not clamouring
For the use of one's services.

A TALK TO NEXT YEAR'S STUDENTS

Next year the attendance at Dalhousie will of a necessity be even smaller than it has been. The new Military Service Aid will take away many of the few men who remained. This means that those who are left will have to work all the harder to preserve the institutions and traditions of the college. It is a duty. When the boys do come back to Dalhousie, they must not find everything dead and forgotten, nor even just as it was when they went away. Dalhousie must advance, so that they will not find it dull and slow compared with the English institutions that they have seen. This term marked a certain resurrection of collegiate energy. The apathy of preceding years was to a certain extent shaken off. The campaign helped the students quite as much as it helped the prisoners of war in that it will bind them more closely together. Those of us who do return must not let all of this go for nothing. Difficult as it may be, we must do more than carry on, we must do our utmost to build up the new and glorious Dalhousie which is to be, we must turn a dream into a splendid reality.

Athletics of course, are out of the question until the end of the war. We must not forget however, the old tradition that Dal stands for straightness and cleanness. In recent years there has been a regrettable tendency to disregard this slogan a tendency to care more for the winning than the methods of winning. No particular person was to blame, the entire college either countenanced or did not care enough to interfere with the questionable proceedings. Let us hope that next year this will be changed. In allowing the good name of Dalhousie in the athletic field to be clouded, we have played false to those Dalhousians who, leaving the traditions in our hands for protection and preservation, went bravely out there to give their very lives for our happiness.

Don't let us forget the revival of the Dramatic and Glee Clubs. Both of these societies have too long been quiescent. They are essential to the college, both in that they would advertise it to the outside world, would stimulate undergraduate activity, and themselves provide liberal and helpful education. The Drama and Music, although we Nova Scotians are slow in realising it, has played and will play a tremendous part in the progress of civilisation. Its influence reaches everywhere, affects everything. "Culture" is a hackneyed word, perhaps a tabooed word from its Teutonic connotation, but it best expresses what may be derived from music and the drama. Moreover by doing these beautiful things ourselves instead of merely being content to listen to others, we shall do ourselves the most good, and perhaps help to spread the cult.

JUST A FILLER.

I have been asked to take the time To fill this space with words in rhyme; And so I send this note to you, Whose back subscription rates are due!

BUSINESS MANAGER.

A FEW MORE PERSONALS.

Gerald Rogers is working hard in a field at Cape St. George.

Cyril Evans, when last heard from, was still in England.

Hugh (Brenton St.) Bell has been declared unfit, and may return to the front at any moment.

Hugh (Pleasant St.) Bell has brought the sunshine of his smile back from St. Lucia.

Mrs. Harvey Doane is spending the summer in the Adirondacks.

Ye editor of ye Gazette is trying to forget examinations in New York.

Much interest is felt as to who will succeed Professors Woody and Fraser.

A FAREWELL TO TWO SUPERWOMEN

"Eheu," warble we, "pulchrae puellae fugunt," or as they might say on Market street, "Swell dames always beat it." A blight is about to fall upon Dalhousie. Our two prize pippins are leaving us, not for the front row at the Winter Garden where they belong, but nevertheless far enough away to deprive us of illustrations in the flesh of Tennyson's Fair Women. Who are these sirens? What need is there to ask? Who else but Edith McMechan and Mary Louise Power who respectively gladden the Arts and Medical Libraries. Polly—dear lady forgive the familiarity—goes to Baddeck to act as secretary for Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, while Lovely Louisa has not yet confided her plans to us. Let us hope that she reconsiders and remains at Dalhousie so that we may not suffer the pain of losing two better-than-Harrison-Fisher-girls in one deal. Whatever happens, we know that the paths of both of them will be continually paved with broken hearts.

WHY NOT.

The darkest hour of pain or sorrow Is only joy turned wrong side out; Have patience now, and on the morrow You'll see the other side, no doubt.

Then is our privilege, not our duty, To cast aside old sorrows, while We treasure hours of joy and beauty, And learn, when things go wrong—to smile.

YERXA.

MEMORIES.

Memories linger in this place— Happy thoughts, and sad! Bright glad flowers once bloomed here— Joyous times we had!

Yet the buds so promising Bore but bitter fruit, Must I then from all my thoughts Pluck them branch and root?

Nay, the bitterness is gone, Flowers bloom anew— Memories must be beautiful, When they are of you.

YERXA.

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(Continued on Page 19)

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Y. M. C. A. FINANCIAL REPORT.

The activities of the association have been carried on in as inexpensive a manner as possible, both on account of desire to economize, and because the work has been much handicapped by the enlistment of many of the most active workers. The subscriptions by members of the faculty, as mentioned below, were given early last fall entirely by professors who had not been asked to support the association last spring. Considering the Prisoners of War Fund campaign, no canvass has been made of anyone outside the student body this year. A brief financial statement follows:

Receipts.

Cash on hand Oct. 1, 1917 \$ 2.36
Subscriptions of professors 40.00
Hand book advertisements 87.00
Student subscriptions 98.00
Offering at missionary conference . . . 10.00

\$237.36

Expenditures.

Advs. for board, lantern slides, postage, etc. \$ 12.36
Printing hand book 88.00
Bible study books 14.58
President's expenses in fall 55.00
Part expenses, delegate to Knowlton . 20.00
Missionary conference expenses . . . 12.85
Reception 24.25
Balance on hand May 31, 1918 10.32

K. A. BAIRD, Treas

WEST INDIAN LYRIC.

Amid the bloom-bespangled foliage,
Wee paroquets flash vivid wings,
And marmosets, their faces quaintly human,
Pierce the thick silence with shrill chattering.

Great moths, pale winged with purple
splotches,
Drift like strange orchids through the trees,
Or pause upon some bell-lipped flower,
Hybiscus or the golden-petalled pouis.

Sadder am I than the white-breasted dove
That mourns alone above my door.
Love, through the jungle twilight I am calling;
"Come back again, and never leave me
more!"

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Why not make it stay free of debt?

Last year it was the D. A. K. A.
This year a libel suit!
What shall we do for excitement next year?

ANSWERS TO THE ANXIOUS.

Dear Miss Adamsapple.—My greatest ambition is to go on the stage. How should I make up for an Ibsen heroine.—*Aspiring Najimova.*

A.—Swallow a pint of alum.

Dear Miss Anastasia.—I belong to a very refined family. Father sells pork and dill-pickles. A young fellow of inferior social station, a verslibrist, is infatuated with me. Should I reciprocate?—*Anxious Irma.*

A.—Grab anything you can get in war-time.

Dear Madam.—I am the wife of a soldier overseas (i. e. MacNabs island). Halifax society treats me something fierce. My ex-mistress will not receive me as a social visitor. Is she not unpatriotic? How shall I show her her place?—*Mrs. Maggie Moskowiaki.*

A.—Your case is a very sad one. Such conditions would not be tolerated in present day Russia. Get your gallant husband to turn a gun on her house; you will thus put her in one place or the other.

Dear Miss Adamsapple.—What is free love?—*Ethelinda.*

A.—There ain't no such animal. All love is exceedingly expensive.

Dear Lady.—I have a nice gentleman friend. He spends Wednesday and Saturday evenings in my back parlor. I have lately learned that on Monday and Friday evenings he keeps company with my girl friend Lottie, and Tuesday and Friday with my enemy Lizzie Lixsplitz. What shall I do?—*Aching Heart.*

A.—Foe Heaven's sake don't be stingy. Men are scarce.

ODE TO "NANCY"

You've completely ta'en my fancy
And your smile, my darling Nancy,
Makes my heart within me sing
For you have me on a string.

Nancy's eyes are brighter far
Than the glorious evening star,
And my stomach in me cries—
I ate one of Nancy's pies.

YERXA.

GREAT SOULS.

Our souls are bowed by bitter pain,
As trees oft bent before the blast—
And yet while grief and death do last
There will be souls, as in the past,
Whom sorrows seek to break in vain.

My faith is strong through such a friend,
O'er whom the waves of loss did roll,
Who, giving all, still seeks the goal
Of service to mankind—whose soul
Still trusts its Saviour to the end.

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Whither have they vanished,
 All those fair females
 Whose faces in English I,
 Made even Johnson seem pleasant?
 Emma Gillis, Lily Bayne, Marguerite Mc-Askill,
 Mary Ross, Agnes Ross, the titian-haired Irving,
 Gladys Lawrence, Janet Wolfe, also Gladys Sibbly,
 The two lovely corridors enamoured of philosophy,—
 Whither have they vanished,
 Tell me, O Yogi
 And why is Dalhousie deprived of their beauty.

The hardest executive job is to order your own life.
 Simplicity, of all things, is the hardest to be copied.—Steele.
 Now and then a man blunders into success, but most of us have to earn it.
 Four things a man must learn to do
 If he would keep his calling true;
 To think without confusion clearly,
 To love his fellow man sincerely,
 To act from honest motives purely,
 To trust in God and heaven securely.
Henry Vandyke.

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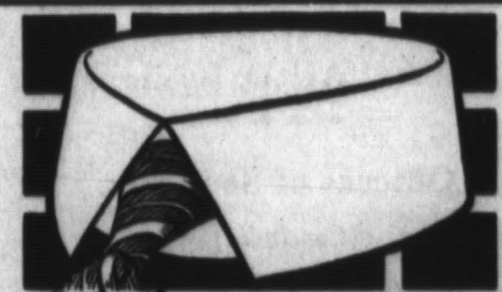
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AT SUNSET.

Strange joys surge round, all life seems bright,

Nor know I how, nor whence, nor why; Methinks I should be sad tonight, As fades yon glory from the sky.

When I consider all the past And think on all that might have been, The memories come crowding fast, And many throb with bitter pain.

I know not what the morrow holds Of peace or heart-ache, joy or woe, A crisis of my life unfolds, And on the morrow I shall know!

Tomorrow brings its good or ill, I'll meet it bravely as I can! And if it be not what I will, Oh, may I quit me like a man!

AMATEUR POET.

TRUTH.

Truth—only what is true shall stand Within the borders of that land To which there goes the happy band Of those whose lives on earth are planned To follow what is true.

And men are fools to turn their eyes From golden truth to gilded lies, For even on earth all falsehood dies, And even earth rewards the wise, Who follow what is true.

Fear not the truth, which makes men free! For truth Christ died upon the tree; He died for truth—and you and me! That visions splendid we might see, And follow what is true.

A race that turned from truth and right, To grope their own dark ways through night, Have found that truth alone hath might. O God of mercy, give us light! And show us what is true!

For visions splendid, Lord we pray, Help us to seek the better day, The price of honesty to pay, And follow Him who is the Way The Life, and What is true!

YERXA

No matter if you are hidden in an obscure post, never content yourself with doing your second best.—Gen. Phil. Sheridan.

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SCRAPS OF WISDOM.

The way to be honest is to strive to be what you wish to seem.—Socrates.

We should believe only in deeds—words go for nothing, everywhere.—Rojas.

He only is exempt from failures who makes no efforts.—Whalley.

"What a dust I have raised!" quoth the fly upon the coach.—Old English Proverb.

You will always find the greatest number of sticks and stones under the best apple tree.—Sir John MacDonald.

Knowledge without wisdom is a dangerous thing.—John Burroughs.

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to my fellow-being, let me do it now.

It or neglect Professor

brilliant abelished and clever

it, sketched the Governor's career, ent, lawyer, author, and statesman, quite the most effective event of the

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Dal-hou-sie!!!