

Chucklets

by CHUCK GRAHAM
A CUP Feature

Well, Hello
Greetings, students! Like a breath of fresh salt air (mmmyumm smell the dead fish!) from the college by the sea (that's Dalhousie) comes your little sunshine salesman to make you forget that there's a war on, that exams are coming sooner or later, and that your favorite prof is giving you a quiz next Tuesday

Stuff
The coeds are supposed to be helping the war effort this year at McGill and Mt. Allison, so we are told, they are to study auto mechanics that auto be good (mmmyumm smell the dead pun!) elsewhere the males are grousing at the coed's inactivity not that they feel the girls could do anything useful, anyway the reason they're sore is because they HAVE to work at the war, and the girls get off the Indians had the right idea let the squaws dig the trenches

. . . . and Nonsense

And speaking of coeds, one of their number has achieved distinction for the first time in its history, the McGill Daily has a female managing editor the managing editor, you know, sees to the supplying of copy paper it will probably come in pastel shades this year and the typewriters will all have green and red ribbons don't let her put the Daily out on baby blue newsprint, boys!

Sports
Sports item of the week, coming breathlessly soon after the winding up of the bolo championships at Manitoba U., is the news that Law was victorious in the interfaculty tiddley-winks tournament at U.B.C. Which proves what we've said all along practise makes perfect the lawyers are at it all the time what do you do when you're down to your last two poker chips? that's right, play tiddley-winks.

Hickory Dock
Yes, just before hickory dock in that immortal poem come the words Tic Toc which incidentally is the name of one of Montreal's super night clubs it has probably doubled its business since McGill opened its doors again and rightly, too. They have a good comedian there
He can ad lib almost as fast as a coed trying to break a date.

Typical College Awakening
7.45: You open one eye, throw a shoe at the alarm clock which has just gone off, turn over, resolve to get right up and go back to sleep.
7.48: Your second alarm clock, which you set for this time, goes off. You throw the other shoe at it.
7.52: Your room-mate, who has been awakened by your alarm clock, tells you it is time to get up and pours a glass of water over you.
8.45: Your room-mate put the window down when he got up, so the room is now too stuffy to sleep in. You get up, miss breakfast, and are ten minutes late for your nine o'clock.

Advice fo' Freshies
Every college paper, as usual, carries the news that you frosh aren't living up to the freshman rules. Come now, kids! Play up! It makes the sophs so very very happy if you do. Oh yes and if you freshettes would only carry placards with your telephone numbers on them, it would simplify things a great deal a great deal
Which brings us to the question of the hour

WHO is Yehudi?
Yehudi is the guy who spends his time trying to find a word to rhyme with spitzigtmn in other words yours truly
—CHUCK.

Dalhousie Gazette

"THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA"



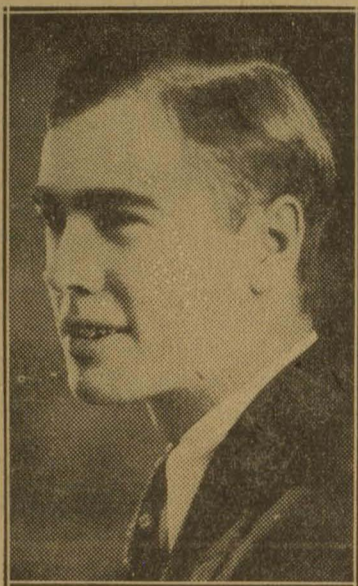
VOL. LXXIII

HALIFAX, N. S., OCTOBER 18, 1940

No. 3

Glee Club Opener This Month

"HUTCH"



CLAYTON HUTCHINS
D.A.A.C. Prexy

who has posted an agenda for a meeting Saturday noon which indicates that this year's executive is out to clear up a few bones of contention that have been bothering for years.

The first item, to wit: "The Minor Sports of the Club shall be Intermediate Football, Intermediate Basketball, Badminton, Swimming, and such other sports as the management committee may from time to time designate" will offer plentiful scope for argument.

The remaining item concerns the award of a minor felt "D" to students who compete in at least three meets and attend practice regularly.

The meeting promises to be a heated one for there are upholders of pro and con among the student ranks.

Educational Feature On Radio Network

The CBC is planning a new programme on "Democracy and Citizenship". It is another of those question and answer broadcasts. The questions are to be posed by ordinary citizens across Canada. As the advertising matter states: "Their questions, their hopes and doubts about democracy, will be collected, as they

(Continued on page 4)

Counsels Open Moot Court With Brilliant Sophistry

Frankish and Forbes Win Case

Wednesday, 16th at 2 p.m. High Sheriff Cameron McNeil officially declared Dalhousie's Supreme Moot Court officially opened for the year 1940.

The first case of the year was that notorious Libel case, "Youssouf vs Metro Goldwyn Mayer Pictures Limited." This case deals with the alleged relations between "Rasputin the Mad Monk" and a Russian Princess.

Princess Youssouf sued the Picture Company claiming that the General Public would think that she was the woman involved.

The arguments put forward by both Counsellors were brilliant and A. H. Hart showed a surprising knowledge of the "Doctrine of Sensual Satisfaction" while R. W. Frankish K.C. won the case on the question, "Did she fall or was she pushed?"

The highlights of the trial, aside from the legal proceedings was the bodily ejection of Lieu. A. Peake by the Sheriff. (Lieu. Peake was caught practising the projection of pellets.) Next came the waking of Amiro, who had drifted into unconsciousness as a result of the Gas attack laid down by the bench.

The bench, C. J. Corcoran, L. J. Hutchins and L. J. Macadam delivered separate judgments which sparkled with legal knowledge and keen thinking. The Judges found in favor of the Respondents, Counsel R. W. Frankish, with Macadam dissenting. Junior Counsel Forbes for Respondent, G. R. Kileel for the Appellants.

Next case Friday, October 18th. C.N.R. vs. Green, an appeal from the Supreme Court of Canada. Counsel for the Appellants Pete Nicholson, K.C. W. P. Kapak, LL.B. while appearing for the respondents are A. W. Gaudet, K.C. and J. J. Lemoine, LL.B.

Wednesday, October 23rd, 2 p.m. Dixon vs. Reuter's Telegraph Company, before their Lordships L. J. K. Hanway, E. Disher and A. Poirier.

Council Elections At Pine Hill Today

Pine Hillers go to the polls today to elect their 1940-41 Student Council. As usual, interest is centred in the Presidential election, where big, persuasive Allan Barrett, a member of last year's Council, is being opposed by Aubrey Moore and "Turk" MacKenzie in a three-cornered battle. Ed. Harrigan and Pete Nicholson are candidates for the Vice-Presidency, while Burton Crowe, Danny Matheson, and Stan MacQueen are all in the running for another Council seat. "Skippy" Embree is being opposed as Secretary by Doug MacKean.

Competition for the Council seats held by the various floors is keen. Don Robb and Ed Brown are running on the top floor of the Old Building, Lawrence Read and Doug Cantelone on the 2nd. In the Annex, Frank Lacey is elected by acclamation on the 1st floor, while Stan MacQueen and Andy Dunn are competing on the 2nd, and Cliff Stewart is being opposed by Fred Forbes on the 3rd. Interest is higher than for several years.

U. B. C. Plans To Expand After War

Vancouver—Expansion of the University of British Columbia and all Canadian universities after the war is won, was forecast in the traditional Cairn Ceremony by Robert Bonner, President of the Literary and Scientific Executive.

Speaking to the undergraduates who gathered around the Cairn, Bonner advised them that as alumni they would be called upon to support a student campaign for more buildings and expansion that would rival the historic campaign of the year 1922.

It was then that students, tired of the cramped quarters in the traditional Fairview shacks, petitioned the Provincial Government to complete the construction of the University of British Columbia at Point Grey which had been commenced in 1915 and stopped because of the first World War.

As part of a detailed plan the students marched and hiked from Fairview to the Point Grey campus, some six miles distant, singing college songs, in an effort to arouse support from the public.

When they arrived at Point Grey they constructed the Cairn with available rocks and placed in it the signatures of 51,000 citizens of Vancouver and British Columbia who supported their demands for a newer and better University. They won their case, but not before Ab Richards, President of the Alma Mater Society, had to appear before the Provincial Legislature with his arguments for immediate construction. Subsequently the university was erected and finally opened in 1925.

This trek and campaign has developed into a tradition which is revived in spirit each year at the Cairn Ceremony.

CAST BEGINS WORK ON FROSH MUSICAL COMEDY

"Cinderella" Will Show October 29th

This week plans for the first Glee Club show were completed, and rehearsals begun for a grand Frosh Show, which will feature farce, frolic and quality talent. Thrown in at no extra cost will be a chorus to show off this year's more than usually shapely freshettes.

Artsmen Greeted by Smith Munroe Vice-President

Formal Dance Mooted

On Tuesday the Arts and Science Society assembled in the Chemistry Theatre with President Inez Smith on the stool. A hearty welcome was given the members and Inez proceeded to direct the election of officers from her position behind the counter.

The nominations for vice-president were Don Black and Bain Munroe. Sieve Munroe was very successful in this contest. Bill Hagen was chosen as D.A.A.C. representative and Peter McCulloch as Hockey Manager.

(Continued on page 4)

The McMaster Silhouette runs an interesting item on the freshmen initiation there in its October first issue, in which it emphasizes a new idea—that initiation activities there were cut down on account of the war.

Accordingly, this year the frosh only had to wear green belts, ties, and identification disks for ONE MONTH; all they had to do besides that was carry matches, hold doors, give up seats, run errands, and "retain an attitude of distant admiration" for upperclassmen.

Sometimes it is doubtful whether Dal frosh realize how lucky they are.

Think what McMaster must have been like before the war!

? D I P O ? Dalhousie Institute of Public Opinion

Should Lower Gym Dances Be Revived?

Opinion seemed to be decidedly in favour of having the Wurlitzer affairs this year. Of those quizzed, 49% favored them, another 5% saying, "Yes, but not every Saturday". Another 26% were against the idea altogether, while 20% just didn't have any opinion.

Who Will Win the City League Football Title?

We blush to say that only 49%, or less than half, picked Dal to win the League championship. But other teams fared much worse, 8% picking Acadia, 5% Wanderers, and 3% the Navy. 30% simply wouldn't pick anybody, and 5% dared to say that they weren't interested in football. They were mostly males, too!

What Do You Think of Roy's Coffee?

On the basis of the opinions of those who drink it, Roy's coffee is not much worse than fair. 17% said they liked it, 21% that they didn't, in such terms as "punk," "putrid," "it stinks", and some others which we aren't printing because they were uncomplimentary. The most astonishing revelation is of the number of people who "don't touch the stuff". 8% don't drink coffee at all, 17% said they don't drink Roy's coffee but admitted that they had tried it, while 37%, for some reason or other, have just never tried it. It looks like the insidious work of Rufus Rayne.

Dalhousie Gazette

Undergraduate Publication of the College by the Sea

Founded 1869 — "The Oldest College Paper in America"

The views expressed in any column of THE GAZETTE are those of the author; it cannot be assumed that they represent the opinion of the Student Body.

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A PLUG FOR PLACIDITY

The decision by which Dalhousie has been spared a program of regimental training for women seems to have met with almost universal approval on the campus—those grouching males who complain that "women these days get all the breaks" excepted.

According to his interviewer, President Stanley pointed out that much was done last year and more can be done this year by Dalhousie women through Delta Gamma and city agencies. There are other good reasons why no mass program such as some colleges have adopted for their women should be undertaken here just now. The job of getting the males' training under way throughout Canada is making serious demands on personnel and materials. Moreover, with men and women still unemployed in Canada it hardly seems necessary as yet to go to the colleges for female auto mechanics and to burden them with the necessity of finding equipment and instructors for an elaborate training project. First aid and rudimentary nursing can be taught to small groups without fuss or display or interference with other necessary activities. Our first job at university is still to get an education in the arts and sciences.

Often, in troubled times, serenity is a valued asset. We believe that the calm attitude displayed here is more befitting to an institute of learning than the reckless busyness of those university males who elsewhere have decided that their women students wish to be dragooned.

A DANGEROUS FALLACY

Our most dangerous enemy today seems to be a weakening of faith among our people in the efficacy of democracy. Part of this is due to the failure to understand what democracy really is. Mistakenly, we identify it with universal franchise in our own country or with the "pluto-oligarchy that has continued through constitutional forms" in Europe. We forget that, in its essence, democracy is a belief in the common man, a system that treats men as equal units of social value.

It has been said that unless democracy functions throughout our lives it does not function at all, and in this sense it is true that the ills of our society are due, not to the weakness of democracy, but to the lack of it. In the arts, in industry, in education, no one can say that democracy has functioned. Rather, behind a facade of democracy, special privilege has maintained its hold by playing on the strings of tradition and ignorance and by utilizing an advantage in authority and influence.

Irwin Edman, professor of philosophy at Columbia, attributes this uncertainty in the adequacy of democracy to three things: lack of faith in the common man, lack of belief that people could be deeply or effectively concerned with the common good, and third, a sense that society could not be effectively planned without suppressing the liberty of individual living. He goes on to say that there is nothing in the crescendo of evil that has swept over the western world that ought to make us lose faith in the common man, nothing to make us believe that those elements of decency and kindness, of living and letting live, which people exhibit if they are allowed to live without fear and security, might not animate the decisions of mankind. He adds that "the vaunted liberties of a democratic society have too often been liberties of the already entrenched and privileged, the economic and moral slavery of the many. To organize the means of living for all is not to preclude the possibility of living well, or variously, or individually, by each . . ."

Indeed, it is notable that the fortitude and humor most praised in the terror-ridden England of today is that typical of the lowly cockney. The record of the late republican government in Spain, tricked and betrayed by its democratic neighbors, shows that bravery, decency and respect for order were by and large the qualities displayed by the humble and illiterate populace in their trials. The passive resistance tactics of Gandhi's followers in this decade demonstrate an almost unbelievable self-discipline practised by massed thousands. And in China, where practically the whole populace has rallied with a unity and heroism no one could have imagined possible a few years ago, the common man has proved his competence and worth.

It would be unjustified and tragic indeed to allow democracy to stand condemned in our minds because of the record of our politics, spoken of as the gentle art of getting votes from the poor and campaign funds from the rich by promising to protect each from the other. Democracy is more than a system of balloting or a framework of laws. Its possibilities have not been exhausted, for its essential principles have never been properly implemented.

PLEASE READ THIS

It is astonishing that there is no one to date who has read the opinions put forward in this column, differed with them and possessed sufficient energy to write and say so, and why so.

Notwithstanding, we shall continue to look eagerly through the mail each day in hopes eventually of finding some comment or criticism or suggestion on how to improve YOUR GAZETTE. Anonymity will be respected in the printing of letters, but only if the author signs his name for our personal information.

LITERARY

You have now had two opportunities to see what sort of material the Literary Editor needs for this column. Surely there are other people on the campus who can write short stories that will be as good as the one published this week! If there is any interest the Gazette might run off a short story contest later. Anyhow, all contributions will be gratefully received. Just leave them at the Gazette Office. Please note too that this column is still nameless.

"BLUEBERRY PIE"

Short Short Story

How old Stewart ever came to marry the sort of woman he did no one ever discovered. He was a middle aged hard-rock miner, toughened and hard-living; and she was a young member of the minor social set, with romantic ideas about life and men. His life was drilling and blasting the rigid stone in an atmosphere damp and reeking with powder smoke. Hers was dressing and dining and deftly steering her way through an atmosphere of niceness and prettiness and triviality. She had come to the mining camp with Stewart after the marriage, naively excited about a new adventurous life. But the severe habits and the discomforts of a newly settled community soon turned her enthusiasm to abomination. The massive, steep brown mountains, dotted with ugly Jack Pines, the narrow tortuous roads, the almost vertical ravines with roaring streams far below, dismayed and terrorized her. The unfertile lava ash, the thin, rare atmosphere and the mountains, towering rocky giants that reflected the scorching sun and hemmed in her vision in every direction, oppressed her and made her sullen. While Stewart revelled in the sharp tang of the morning air she resented its coldness; while he looked every evening for the sunset with valleys deeply shadowed and peaks standing out all golden, she yearned every evening for the society and entertainment of the city. While he regarded the mountains with a fascination born of the lure of gold, she felt them closing in and crushing her soul.

And so she had gone home with an excuse about failing health, and Stewart had set about building a house with modern comforts. Out of a small income, diminished by her requirements in the city, he bought the fittings, paid for the milling of trees he felled and hewed, the cement and shingles and furniture. Slowly constructing the little building himself in the few daylight hours at the end of a long day of roaring drills and curses and thunderous blasts, he toiled at his home, keeping weary hands at their work with false visions and vain hopes.

On this day the little house was near completion, already appearing cosy and convenient and admired enthusiastically by the little group of neighbors who watched it grow.

Stewart had come up from underground with the first load of ore after lunch and had presented himself at the door of the cook-house early in the afternoon with the unusual request for a piece of blueberry pie. Silently he had eaten it while the cook tried vainly to engage him in conversation with questions concerning his wife and comments on his house. When he had finished he had asked for another piece, and after the cook, mystified, had unasily complied, a third. When the three pieces were gone, slowly eaten, and the empty plate contemplated in silence for some time, Stewart had risen and thanked the cook with a grave tersity. "I never," he murmured, "had all the pie I was hungry fer, before."

At five o'clock in the afternoon when the shift had come above ground Mr. Shepherd, the mine manager, was brought an unusual letter, addressed in the scrawl with which Stewart addressed letters to his wife in the city. Twenty seconds after receiving it he was at the bunk-house, asking for a volunteer on an errand which might prove dangerous. Louis, the French carpenter, offered his services and they set off in Shepherd's Cadillac, up a steep logging road to the shack where Stewart slept, picking up the young doctor, who was out walking, on the way.

Cases of suicide within Shepherd's

EX LIBRIS

(By A. M. W.)

How Green Was My Valley

Richard Llewellyn

One has but to read very few pages indeed of *How Green Was My Valley* to understand why this book is rated as one of the outstanding books of the year. There is a charming simplicity and directness of style sustained all the way through that carries the reader at so swift and absorbing a pace that he tends to pass rather hastily over passages that are almost poetry in their beauty. It is a book that will haunt your memory — a story of Wild Wales through which the untamed spirit of the Celt runs like a living flame. In Richard Llewellyn, the Cymric bards of another era have been given a new lease of life, and once again the story of Wales is sung by a native son who knows and loves her well.

How Green Was My Valley is the story of the Morgans, a clannish and spirited family who for generations have wrested their livelihood from the collieries beneath their native hills and who at the end of the nineteenth century are beginning to feel in earnest the encroachment of Industrialism which threatens to stamp out their life both spiritually and physically. The central figure is that of Huw Morgan, youngest of the Morgan boys, whose lot it is to grow up and see his family and home dispersed before the onslaught of forces against which the miners are helpless to oppose. The relentless onset of these forces is symbolized by the grim advance of the slag heap from the mines, crushing every green thing before it and threatening at last to grind to ruins the cottage of the Morgans itself.

It is a story of wild people who live according to a code known only to themselves. There are no introverts or jaded personalities here—these people are real; passionate, fiercely loyal, with temperaments high-strung and never predictable. There is Beth Morgan, mother of the clan, who threatens a group of strikers that she will kill with her own hands the man who dares to lay a finger upon any of her family. There is Mr. Gruffydd, the preacher at the Zion Chapel, a man with the material as well as the spiritual welfare of his congregation at heart and who after a valiant struggle leaves for Patagonia having bowed to forces too strong for his broad shoulders alone. There is, too, Dai Bando, the

experience had made him aware that a man intent on ending his life will sometimes turn on those who attempt to thwart him, and it was with caution that he levered open the cabin door and peered into the gloom. Hastily he withdrew his head at the moment his eyes became accustomed to the half-light, for he saw Stewart, sitting on top of the cot, his knees up and his back against the wall, his head on his chest and a long barrelled colt revolver clutched in hands held between his knees, pointed dead at the door. Shepherd covered the figure on the bed with his Manlicher rifle while the young doc edged forward into the room, but old Stewart did not move. His colt, held under his chin while he pulled the trigger, had done its work, and his hands and head had sagged forward as he died.

The letter, scratched in bad spelling with a pencil, read:

"Dear Mr. Shepherd, thank you for all yore kindness to me. You can hev my house as I don't need it. My wife has sent an tol me she will never come up and live with me no more."

Shepherd, in telling the story, often philosophizes that life has its queer sources of satisfaction as well as its pathos, and that a long denied sufficiency of blueberry pie may have helped to pull the trigger.



"I can't think where Sherlock Holmes got to."
"Perhaps he went out to get Sweet Caps."

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IN THE SUPREME COURT OF DALHOUSIE

BETWEEN:

THE DALHOUSIE LAW SOCIETY,
Plaintiff and Judgment Creditor
AND
THE STUDENTS OF DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY,
Defendants of Judgment Debtors

IN THE MATTER OF THE HEARING OF JERRY NAUGLER
IN THE MATTER OF THE LAW BALL

To the Students of Dalhousie University in the County of Halifax, Defendants and Judgment Debtors:

WHEREAS it has been made to appear to me that the Plaintiff is entitled to receive from you the sum of \$3.50 in respect of a certain judgment of this Honourable Court.

Therefore, TAKE NOTICE that you are hereby required to attend a hearing before me at the Nova Scotian Hotel on Friday, the 25th day of October, A.D. 1940, at the hour of 9.20 o'clock in the evening then to be dealt with as this Honourable Court may see fit.

And further TAKE NOTICE that, in the event of your failing to attend at such time and place, a warrant may be issued for your arrest.

Dated at the Law School, in the County of Dalhousie, this 18th day of October, A.D. 1940.

E. W. DISHER,

Dalhousie Supreme Moot Court.

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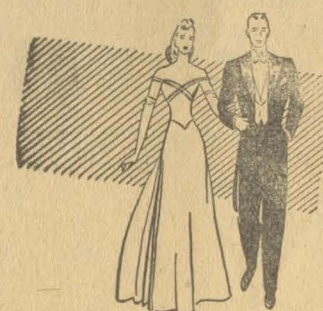
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Dalhousie's Who's Who

BURNIE



BURNETT A. RALSTON, B.Sc.

Coach "Burnie" Ralston needs no introduction to anybody who has read the newspapers during the past ten years.

He was born in the south shore town of Shelburne in 1912, where he received his grade school education. He took Grade VIII and IX in Morris St. School, Halifax, and Grade X in Halifax High. He graduated from St. John High in 1929, a four letter man in Sport.

From here on his career follows a course which every young man dreams of, but seldom attains. He entered Acadia University and was a leader in every phase of College life. He gave up hockey in favor of basketball and it was largely due to his ability that Acadia established her hoop reputation.

He graduated from Acadia with a B.Sc. having established a reputation which has been seldom equalled, as an all around athlete in rugger, basketball, track and field, and aquatics. He attended Dalhousie for one year when his athletic ability came to the fore.

He was prominent in St. John Seniors' climb to Maritime Senior honors, as high scoring forward; he held the short field berth of Ketepec Aces, New Brunswick softball titlists. While in hardball he was second baseman for the St. John Baptist nine. He played for the St. Andrews soccer club in 1939.

In English Association Football he played for the St. John "Dry Docks" and later for the "Post Royals". He tallied 17 of the 25 goals scored by the "Dry Docks" in one season.

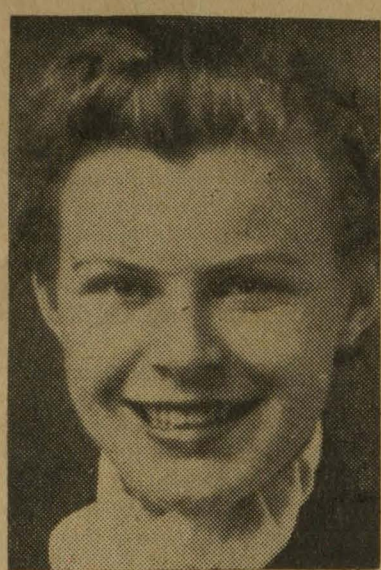
"Burnie" lead the Dalhousie Rugger team which almost took the McCurdy Cup from Caledonia in 1939.

His swimming attainments include the saving of two lives.

Burnie was declared winner of the Clark award in 1939, given to the leading athlete of St. John, taking forty-one points out of a poll of fifty.

The "Clark Award", is based on five chief qualities—"general ability"

PHYL



PHYLLIS WRAY BARRATT

It is with great pride that we introduce Mrs. George Barrott, formerly Miss Phyllis Wray to the readers of Who's Who. Fortunately the bonds of maternity didn't take Phil away from us, and as well as being a Mrs. she is still Physical Instructress and Director of Girls' Sports at Dalhousie.

Phil was born in Lethbridge, Alberta, and started her education at St. Hilda's in Calgary, as an Art student. This was soon set aside however, for a course in Physical education at Margaret Eaton's School in Toronto. Any one who ever attended Margaret Eaton's seems to know Phil.

Upon graduating in 1937, Miss Wray came further East to Halifax to take up the position of Physical Instructress at the Y. W. C. A. During this same year she got her introduction to Dalhousie in a part time capacity. In the fall of 1938 Phyllis accepted the post as Physical Instructress. Since then under her able guidance the Co-Ed's athletic activities have shown a marked and decided improvement.

Modestly Phil gives all the credit to the success of physical education to the girls and the D.G.A.C. She is extremely gratified by the interest which the girls are showing and trusts that their interest may grow. We feel sure that it will, under her capable management and guidance, for this alone she deserves a hand and for the benefit of the girls we hope she keeps up the good work.

"Conduct or sportsmanship"—"popularity" and "Color" and "most value to the team".

"Burnie" is married and is the proud father of a son.

His appointment to Dalhousie came in the summer of 1938 in recognition of his sports leadership. His success as coach speaks for itself—more to follow—we hope!

STUFF and NONSENSE

Rufus Rayne From Rangoon

The Strange Case of the Bottomless Biped, or
By Jingo if you Dolt.

CHAPTER 3

When Minna McMean and her following of friendly fraills clanked into the Haul last week in her number 13 rattler longest wait no springs, the Gelta Dammit Sobriety was having its bimonthly stir at the witches brew. Barber Schnortz in her capacity as sezal knowzol was answering a question posed by the philosophical Merry McDeacon as to whether or not the war had brought about a decline in the general standard of loving. Supposing, she was vacantly shouting above the chatter, supposing we take the party of the first part, to wit and not withstanding nonetheless, in the case of Jeems the Doorkeeper, a breach of the peace if there ever was one. He was old Auntie Oldbuck's first and only sweetheart and Auntie, by a judicious use of double entendres and salted peanuts, had lured him into the elevator and stopped it between floors. "Don't be so old fashioned," snorted Inda Manger, "I can tell you a better one than that about Jay Song Woodbelly, the Chinese fiend,

and his demountable roadster." "Velly solly to change subject" interrupted Joan Gloomytress sympathetically, but Phyllis without a Wray of Barratts was invited here to give an exhibition of weight lifting and she can't weight any longer—har har. Whereupon a flurry of fanfares was sounded and after several dramatic explosions had occurred, a graceful cloud of campfire smoke dissolved and Phyllis stepped out of her teepee, clad in a lion skin and a silver fox choker, with a cannon ball under each arm.

The Horrible Mr. Hokum

Unable to get ourselves out of this predicament by fair means we now adopt foul and turn our attention to that foulest of all felons, Wilbur P. Fizzleque, who, soulfully singing, "Take oh take those lips away, lights that do mislead the men," was toasting hamburgers at the dying embers of his desire and dreaming of his lost love Kissy. The luckless Wilbur at this moment had his reverie shattered by the gusty arrival of Pixie Pellet, who was chasing a salamander in and out among the bleachers. Come my pet, shouted Pixie and see this theologue Flossie Umstrunge has under her microscope, that will cheer you up no end. You mean it would end me up no cheer, sassily retorted the freshman oddity, and speaking of cheer, I wonder if my friend Hokum has any beer. So saying, the ungrateful Fizzleque disappeared into Major Hokum's private dugout, where moans of dismay from the corner centred his attention on Gallstone's troupe of tame tigers arrayed in kilts and trussed neatly into bundles of five, tagged "Somewhere in Angleterre, handle with medium care—steerage," ready for shipment on the next convoy. Ding bust you Major, Crutch McLimpny was remonstrating from under Wubber McTunnelled's toupee, we gotta meet the navy tomorra. "You'll meet the navy alright my boy" tittered the Major, popping all his pantie buttons in undisguised merriment, "And how".



Having obtained the sheet of yellow paper from the former writer—begin with hesitancy to take up his pen. It may be difficult to replace him but it's not impossible. Bear with us, dear reader, and say '99' each Friday.

A certain prof. is wondering if Charlie Gordon was only making time last year. At all events the 'reformed' red head is also in first year now. Does she like Marlborough woods, Charlie?

The Meds, even though short of girls, were very much in evidence at the Council Dance last Tuesday. Their meeting we hear was quite exciting and rumour has it that Ralph (Cuddles) Plummer made a grave mistake during the election of officers.

James (Doctor) Watson should obtain the help of the great Sherlock these days. On Friday last he even had his brunetts mixed—maybe he's taking refuge in numbers.

Not to be outdone by Willie (Tatamagouche) Murray, Harrigan was seen making passes at the blonde Doris one day last week. No luck, Ed?

Full news of the week-end festivities are not yet at hand but it appears that Leo (Ah, come on, Sam!) Greene was celebrating with a cook on Sunday evening.

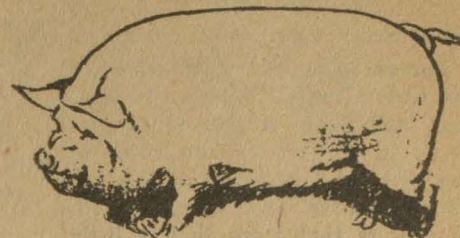
The third years, we don't blame them, have given up hissing, stamping and jeering for coin tossing. We think this is aptly suited to their mentalities—nice course, Hygiene!

It is reported that Bruce McConnell and Ralston Ryan are to start a home for forlorn lovers and car drivers. It is said that Ryan has lost his liberty and Bruce his car. Maybe these boys will take up studying, now, just for a change.

Can Fiendel find time for Blondes and military training? It's also hard on Ingraham, but don't worry, boys, Lawton and Shirley are ready to look after all lonely girls for the duration. By the way, Lew, who's keeping Mickey's fire burning these nights?

And now, dear patients, we end for this week but beware of the man with the stethoscope—he hears all the breath sounds, heart thrills and murmurs.

The Pig Sty



We have it on very good authority that the sore ankle wasn't the only thing that kept "Kissy" home from the Freshie-Soph. Maybe "Diggy" didn't have "Joan" Fur long, but we understand it turned out to be "quite an evening".

"Lightning" MacKenzie has found that it doesn't pay to make dates too far ahead. Did "Gummy's" arrival on the day of the dance put our Jack on the spot, or was it his interest in the "Freshman Activities"?

Cy Kempston's touching concern for the chaperones at the Frosh Brawl make us realize that beneath the outward habiliments of gentility there beats a heart that would make Emily Post proud.

Conspicuous by her absence at the F. S. was "True-Blue" Christie. Has she run out of Navy, or has Navy run out on her?

Speaking of Navy, we understand that Johnny MacInnes is plus one fraternity pin and minus one Marie.

We wonder if the affinity the Shirreff Hall Freshettes have for the Pine Hillbillies is chemical or physical?

The early appearance of Bill Meade and Co. on the campus the morning after is not due to the fact that they got up early.

We wonder if Ken and Austin (two Med students) are 'All Wright' after their holiday in Cape Breton. Is Inez interested in Theology or Dan? Perhaps Neil might know!

We're sorry that the circumstances of Clayton's holiday at home couldn't have been more pleasant—it's always hard to break off old ties, though, isn't it?

The visit of two fair Cape Bretoners over the week-end was responsible, we are told, for the twin expressions of bliss on Ben Wilson and Lloyd MacLeod at the Phi Rho party on Saturday night.

There are three kinds of Freshettes: (1) The Beautiful. (2) The Talented. (3) The Majority. Ask the man who owns one.

FABLES FROM THE ITCH, OR GRAHAM'S LAMENT

And here's a toast to Shirreff Hall, When you're dating one, you date them all,

For if at first you don't succeed, To try again is rash indeed. The wagging tongues that there reside

Have wounded many's the manly pride.

So, Freshmen, hearken to this ditty, And find your dates around the city. —(No apologies to anybody)

CAPITOL THEATRE - HALIFAX

ALL THIS WEEK

BOOM TOWN

CLARK GABLE

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

SPENCER TRACY

HEDY LAMARR

OXFORD

Midnite Show Sunday

Friday and Saturday

"U BOAT 29"

"Swiss Family Robinson"

Monday and Tuesday

"OF MICE AND MEN"

Burgess Meredith and Betty Fields

"CHUMP AT OXFORD"

Laurel and Hardy

ORPHEUS

Today and Saturday

"WAGONS WESTWARD"

and

"MILITARY ACADEMY"

STARTING MONDAY

"Love, Life & Laughter"

GRACIE FIELDS and "Gangs of Chicago"

CASINO NOW!

WALLACE BEERY

—in—

"WYOMING"

EXTRA!

LAUREL AND HARDY

—in—

"BUSYBODIES"

GARRICK

Friday and Saturday

"ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE"

Monday and Tuesday

"Saturday's Children"

"Goldrush Maisie"

Wednesday and Thursday

"Flight Angels"

"Wildcat Bus"



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With most ladies, neatness comes first. Well-groomed hair always finds acceptance. Remember, BRYLCREEM—

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No Alcohol—No Gum—No Starch—No Soap

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We invite your Committee to come in and take advantage of our experience.

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SPORT SHOTS

by DON BLACK

For once the Tigers can resort to the time honored "We wuz robbed" and really have a case to present in favor of their opinion. Not to say that the Tigers will do this but there was a feeling at the game with Wanderers that more than a little favoritism was being shown by both referees towards the Redmen. Jack Buckley, being an official of the Wanderers club was a particularly unfortunate choice anyway for the position of an impartial judge in an important contest. This did not bother Jack in the least. We do not mean to crab out the thing, the game is over. But let it be a warning that in the future impartial men should be chosen for referees.

It was under the apparently all-seeing eye of Chief Petty Officer MacDonald that the penalty kick was awarded which won the game. MacDonald was better than Buckley but it is a peculiar thing that when the second Dal man in the scrum heeled the ball out it was not legal. Wanderers did it a number of times but it was apparently not seen. Dal were not entirely little angels on the field. Not a few of the penalties meted out were deserved. However, many a Wanderer's heel and fist left a bruise that is still sore. It is to the credit of the Dal team more than their opponents that a fight did not break out twice during the course of the game.

Sig Neilson is fast on his feet. The former Mount A. star can go like the wind. The look on three Navy players as he passed them like a shot Saturday to make the first try of the game was one of astonishment to say the least. We have never seen Neilson in open competition at a track meet but we'll now credit the exclamation of friends who have. Wanderers had the tall fellow marked on Saturday but in future contests the breakaways should not be so difficult.

Much may depend on the coming game with Truro to be played tomorrow. Acadia has yet to lose a game in the series and is now consequently leading the league. Dal has a bare chance to forge ahead if the Axemen drop a couple of their remaining three contests but that chance is very slim. We are picking Dal to take Truro by a margin of at least three tries. This is not much of a limb to get out on but it is the best that we can do at present.

The Cubs need practice. They need the assistance of those experienced players who know the game of English rugby and have not tried for the senior team. The backfield is weak. The punting is good all told. The scrum is just mediocre. A little pep. A little inspiration, some experienced players and they will go places.

For the information of the Tiger forwards a scrum should endeavour to get the ball out to their backfield as well as push the other forwards all over the playing surface. Outweighing most of the forward lines in the City League Dal has not been coming out even on the scrums due to the fact that someone just isn't heeling. The other forwards are relying on skill with their heels to get the ball to the backfield. Weight is a great advantage and it must be utilized. Let Neilson, Forsythe, Martell, Feindel, MacIntosh and Burke have a chance to get it over, for those tries really count.

A little humble pie is in order. Not much though because as suggested here there was no astonishing turnout to the first Dal home game of the year Saturday. Navy and city people by far filled the stands. The band was there. We're still Scotch enough to want a real good ten dollars' worth.

Upon consulting exchanges we find our friends from Mount A. have decided, and quite patriotically too they think, to give back all the money they have been collecting for a new rink. They also are not going to bother about intercollegiate sports any more. They are very, very purist about it all and now intimate they never thought of anything else. Before a meeting of their officials

TIGERS SUFFER DEFEAT FROM WANDERERS

NAVY DEFEATED ON SATURDAY, 11-5

Cubs Have Little Success Against Navy and New Glasgow In Week-end Play. Poor Refereeing Feature of Redland Contest.

After a week-end of football Dal Tigers and Cubs retired to lick their wounds Tuesday and chalked up only one victory in four games. The Tigers were successful in downing Navy 11-5 Saturday, but became disorganized Monday to let Wanderers win at Redland by a bare three points. Cubs took a trimming from Navy Intermediates Saturday and another defeat from New Glasgow on Monday.

In the one contest which the Tigers won, Sig Neilson, in a series of long, sparkling runs, kept Dal well into Navy's field for the greater part of the game. In the opening minutes Neilson broke away along the left field sidelines and, passing a number of Navy players, went over for a try while they were still watching him.

MacRitchie failed to convert. Webber and Spiddell engaged in punting duels at several points throughout the contest that resulted in Navy gaining ground which Dal took back with dribbling attacks.

Second score for Dal was made by Bus Phillips, who placed the ball fairly between the uprights on a penalty kick. Navy carried the attack to Dal's ten yard line immediately after this score, but were unable to get the ball across. Neilson relieved the pressure by an exceedingly long run through the center of the field.

Yank Forsythe took the ball on a smooth passing play in his own backfield to go over for the last Dal tally in the closing seconds of the first half. He battled through half the Navy squad to reach the line. MacRitchie converted.

In the second half Navy came to the attack, led by the beautiful punting of Spiddell. Navy punted down the field during the greater part of the game, while Dal was forced to run or dribble the ball back.

Climaxing a long series of sallies on the Tiger goal line, Don Bauld finally went over for the bluejackets and then converted his try. Hard play was featured by both sides throughout the second half.

Joe Feindel saved a Navy score in the last part of the game by forcing Jay out almost in touch.

A good crowd of Navy supporters were on hand to cheer their squad and a fair representation from Dal. The day was hot and play in the last half slowed considerably as a result.

DAL CUBS TROUNCED

Dal Cubs took a trouncing from a more experienced and smoother working Navy fifteen to the tune of 8-3. Play centered around the mid-field strip for the greater part of the second half, with Dal pushing the play at intervals behind long kicking by Jack MacKenzie. Surging back and forth with dribbling attacks, the two teams did not manage to score for the first half.

During the second period, however, the Cubs got away to a good start, with Jack MacKenzie making good a penalty kick near Navy's uprights. Navy forced right back down the field and did the same, with Lapierre, who was scheduled for the senior bluejackets, doing the booting.

Scott then came back for the Navy and scored a try which Lapierre easily converted. Navy carried the play for the greater part of the second

with college authorities we sensed a real feeling among the student body there that the "no intercollegiate sport" ruling just might have been aimed against the commercialized affairs called sporting events in Upper Canada. There was a large body of opinion and there still is a large body among Dal students who feel that way too. But here a reasonable attitude of discussion and decision has been taken in the matter. The finger on the pulse of public opinion has not dictated as it is sensed it has in the case of the sister institution. The rule of reasoning prevails here. Opinion contrary to that of official quarters has been tempered to official rulings. (e.g. City League) There is a difference of attitude and method.

Team for Truro Game FULLBACK Webber THREE QUARTERS Feindel Forsythe Neilson MacIntosh HALVES Martell Ferguson Burke FORWARDS MacDonald McRitchie Jefferson Vail Phillips MacGregor Sutherland or Smith

half. Poor refereeing did not make the Cubs any too gentle towards the end of the game.

The backfield, with its multiferous fumbles, however, was responsible for the Dal downfall. Invariably, whenever a clear spot appeared, the Cubs would drop the ball and kick it around until Navy had time to form up a well organized dribbling assault. One player in particular was guilty of this offense. Nice quick kicking kept the blue men back a number of times.

The catastrophic match as far as Dal was concerned was the defeat sustained at the hands of the Wanderers, Monday afternoon, on the first game of a double bill.

Hard, tough playing was the main feature of this game. Sig Neilson got away on a few nice runs, but was well marked by the red and blacks.

Flaring tempers on both sides nearly broke out into a melee in both the first and second halves of the game, but players on each side had the hotheads under control.

The refereeing was particularly bad in both halves. In the first period the whistle was handled by Jack Buckley, head of the committee managing the Redmen. In the second it was handled by C. P. O. MacDonald, coach of Navy, who should have known better.

The kicking of Doug Spruin of the Wanderers also figured heavily in the yardage gains on each side. Webber could not go the lengths that Spruin apparently achieved with ease. Low dribbling attacks held the Wanderers off from the Dal line for the first half, although much ground was lost due to free kicks given to the former at various vital points in the game.

Wanderers' tally came early in the second half when Referee MacDonald gave Wanderers a free kick on Dal's twenty-five yard line for interfering. Spruin booted the ball over without difficulty.

Wanderers' scrum, although pushed over much of the playing surface by the heavier Dal forwards, heeled the ball consistently to their backfield. Joudrey and Bauld made good use of it when it came out.

Wanderers also tackled hard and often when the Dal backfield took up the ball.

In the latter part of the first half Dal was well into Wanderers' territory but were unable to score before the whistle blew. In the second half Wanderers took up the attack and Dal was hampered considerably by the lowering sun.

The Tiger backfield became disorganized after the Reds completed their sole tally. Wanderers' heeling

Tigers Meet Truro Again

Dal Tigers meet Truro in the fourth game of the City League schedule here Saturday. As Truro have yet to win a game since they started the year in senior competition, confidence has been expressed by the whole team as to the outcome. Coach Burny Ralston will play the same team that he has been sending into the contests up to the present.

Truro are expected to show up with their regular squad, who, although they have been defeated, have not lost heart and are out to take the measure of the Tigers if it can be done. The seniors scored an easy victory at the Truro field in the first contest of the season, but the team from the Hub has put a lot of experience behind it since that encounter.

A good crowd is expected to attend this the first "free" game of the season on Studley. The players and fans are hoping for a continuation of the fair weather that has marked all the contests in the league so far. There have been no games cancelled on account of precipitation in any shape or form.

An intermediate match will be arranged for the Cubs if opponents are to be found. Whether this will be played at home or elsewhere is not known at present.

took a big toll of hard fought gains on the part of the Tigers throughout the second half. At the end of the game Wanderers had put on a power drive that sent them down the field after a Tiger attack to the Dal 20 yard line and there a final scrum was without result as the play ended. It is not known whether the refereeing will be protested by the Dal team.

The Intermediates fared no better than the Seniors on Monday, as they were defeated by the same score by a picked team from New Glasgow in that town. This was the second game for the Cubs and they apparently did not do enough home-work over Sunday to enable them to overcome New Glasgow.

The same faults in the backfield made themselves apparent again with the natural result.

Tigers: Webber, Feindel, Forsythe, MacIntosh, Neilson, Martell, MacLeod, Burke, Jefferson, MacRitchie, Phillips, Vail, Sutherland, Smith, Seaman.

Navy: Spiddell, Jay, Pell, Arnott, Vickers, Bauld, MacInnis, Blades, Gunn, Davidson, Lloyd, Bates, Pack, MacLeod, Travis.

Wanderers: Spruin, Dickinson, Hutton, Bauld, Joudrey, Eaton, West, Meagher, Lownds, Wall, Holland, Cohn, Arthurs, Nickerson, MacLellan.

Cubs: Murray, Wiswell, McLellan, Crory, J. McKenzie, Ferguson, H. McLellan, P. Smith, McCollough, Murphy, Goodman, Dunsworth, Kirkpatrick, Roby, Hagen.

Navy Intermediates: Harper, Holley, Besingneault, A. Vickers, Roland, Connolly, Irvine, Jukes, Tobin, J. Jones, Burchell, Lapierre, Owens, Scribener, Mirand.

Hockey Plans Are Discussed

At a meeting of the City Hockey League held Wednesday evening in the Gym no definite action was taken in regard to the coming season's hockey but it was unofficially decided that the league would be senior this year and would include six teams if at all possible. Bain Munro, president of the league, presided at the gathering which representatives from Navy, Air Force and Tech attended.

Air Force in particular promises to turn out a strong squad. Navy also has a number of prominent players lined up. As no Dal representative was present at the meeting it is not known just what action the university will take in this sport. Military training will doubtless affect it.

Another meeting will be held Monday at 8.00 and representatives of all the interested teams will be asked to attend to elect officers and organize for the year. Votes will be taken on the entrance of Tech and Army and whether the league will be senior or intermediate as before. Kings has withdrawn from the circuit for this year. The City intercollegiate circuit will not be operating as far as is known at present.

Interfaculty Football To Be Started Soon

Interfaculty sports will begin as soon as the military program is finalized. The first games to be played will be interfaculty football and soccer competitions. Kings also may take part in these since there is no intermediate league this year. Other sports will get underway when time on the gym floor has been finally apportioned.

Physical Training Classes Open in Few Days

The physical training classes for the new students under eighteen or unable to take military training because of their medical category will begin at the earliest possible time according to physical instructor Burny Ralston. Those taking the O.T.C. and training course will not be required to take the extra training. As the classes will be greatly reduced this year it is hoped that the gym floor will be available for the students during most of the mornings. This will in part make up for the time lost through the extra hours allotted to the military authorities. Hockey

DAL OFF HOURS Can Be Very Profitably Spent at the MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE 73 COLLEGE STREET Students who do not desire a complete course in any of the Seven Courses are admitted as GENERAL STUDENTS. The Evening Classes are Held on MONDAY and THURSDAY 7.30 - 9.30 Tuition \$5 per Month SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING will be a valuable aid in future years. ENTER ANY DAY. Tuition counts from date of Registration.

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This will Delight MILLIONS — 4 FLAVORS CHOCOLATE BORDEAUX CARAMEL VANILLA Neilson's LIQUID FOUR FLAVOR