

The Dalhousie Gazette

VOL. XLVIII

FEBRUARY 1st, 1916

No. 6

THE POWER OF ARMIES

The power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and
space;

But who the limits of that power shall
trace

Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may
chase,

No eye can follow, to a fatal place

That power, that spirit, whether on the
wing

Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the
wind

Within its awful caves.—From year to
year

Springs this indigenous produce far and
near;

No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

W. WORDSWORTH.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION IN NOVA SCOTIA

THE Council of Public Instruction
for the Province of Nova Scotia seem,
during the last few years, to be imbued with
the idea that the curriculum of the Public
Schools can be continually improved by
perpetual change. This change may be
inspired by a desire to better conditions,
but if so, the results have by no means just-
ified the aim. There appears to be a lack of
discrimination as to the relative merits of
the individual books and also as to the
general idea and object of the school course
as a whole.

The High School curriculum presents
the most flagrant example of annual vacilla-
tion with little if any improvement. Con-
sider English, the most important subject on
the course. It is within the memory of
men still living when the students were
compelled to spend weary hours over the
old "Royal Readers." About ten years
ago these were changed for the Nova Scotia
Readers—a distinct improvement. But
now, for some unknown reason, the On-
tario readers are forced on an innocent
public for apparently no reason under the
sun. They are not a whit better and prob-
ably not as good, the sole advantage
being their cheapness. Even the latter is
questionable when it is considered that a
large family must buy new books every
time the course is changed whereas other-
wise the younger children could use the
books of their predecessors.

In Grade XI we encounter "the most
unkindest cut of all." Meiklejohn, the
only book that should have been changed,
has been resolutely kept, and is crammed
down the pupils' rebellious throats as of
old. A book on the history of English
literature is condemned at the outset by
an artificial division into centuries. Any
literature will fall into natural periods due

(Continued on page 7)

OUR FIRST MILITARY CROSS

THE King has instituted a new
Decoration entitled "The Military
Cross." It consists of a cross of
silver having on each arm the Imperial
Crown, and bearing in the centre the
letters G. R. I. It is ordained that no per-
son shall be eligible for this Decoration nor
be nominated thereto unless he is a Captain,
a Commissioned Officer of a lower grade, or
a Warrant Officer in the Army, or the In-
dian or Colonial Military Forces. The
Military Cross will be worn immediately
after all Orders and before all Decorations
and medals (the Victoria Cross alone except-
ed) and will be worn on the left breast pen-
dant from a riband of one inch and three-



NORMAN MURRAY, '98. LIEUT. J. C. MACDONALD
"CAM."

eights in width, which shall be in colour
white with a purple stripe." The foregoing
is the statement of "The Times" of Jan.
8th, 1915 preceding the list of the first to
win the decoration. The *Chronicle* of
Jan. 17th contains the name of Lieutenant
James Campbell Macdonald, Engineers.
If it has been printed "Cam," everyone
would know who was meant. What he
got it for is not yet told; but none of his
friends will be surprised that he has dis-
tinguished himself. They will know the de-
tails later on. In the meantime they can
offer their heartiest congratulations.

Major Cameron whose photo we re-
produce in this issue, is now wearing his
uniform, which was belated on account of
the sailings from England. The Major
looks every inch a soldier.

A TRAVELLED GAZETTE

AS he opened the worn yellowish
envelope marked "On His Ma-
jesty's Service" and stamped with
the red triangle of Censor No. 2188., brown-
ish dust began to trickle out on the table—
to the alarm of the missus,—and then fol-
lowed a crumpled copy of the *Gazette*.
Finally a pencilled letter on the back of
Army Form C. 2121 gave the explanation of
the preceding phenomena. It ran:—

"The Trenches, 20, 12, 15.

"On a day which has been character-
ized by rather unusual activity, as perhaps
the papers will have advised you by the
time this reaches you, I am sending you a
copy of *The Dalhousie Gazette* of Nov. 17th
which may prove of unusual interest.
As perhaps you may have heard I joined
the 25th "here," about five weeks ago, and
for the past three weeks, have been direct-
ing the energy of the machine guns of this
particular frontage. This morning clad in
our gas helmets we were awaiting a gas
attack; I was getting my guns in position
and while in a trench about 90 yds from Mr.
Bosche I suddenly caught sight of my own
name on a piece of printed paper half
buried in an old fallen-in dug-out where
many good soldiers of the Gordons, the
King's Own, the Wilts, the Lincolns and
many others have existed. I got a shovel
and uncovered, much to my surprise the
college monthly. Where it came from, or
by whom it was owned I know not, but
thinking you might like to have it, I am
sending it along. I hope it gets past the
censor. It was certainly a peculiar coin-
cidence was it not? . . . I most
certainly enjoyed reading the mud-stained
Gazette, as you may well imagine . . .
My regards to the old College!"

Sincerely yours,

OWEN B. JONES.

Of course there are several Dalhousians
in the 25th notably Captain Jotham Logan.
As the *Gazette* was only printed here on
Nov. 17th and as "Toby" unearthed it in
Flanders only a month later this particular
copy could not have been very long in the
particular dug-out. Not only did it pass
the censor, but it reached the point from
which it set out in a fair state of preserva-
tion, in fact quite fresh, but for a coating of
Flanders mud. It has been exhibited as a
relic and will be kept as a memento of the
Great War. After its journey of 6000
miles and being "at the front, it deserves
the most reverent treatment.

Dr. Macmechan has a very interesting
article in "The Nation" on the effect of the
war on Canadian cities. Our learned Pro-
fessor in English bases his article on his
own observations in Halifax, Montreal, Tor-
onto and Kingston. The article is very read-
able and its title is featured on the cover.
Our students will find it to their advantage
to look up that number of the *Nation* and
read the article.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

FOUNDED 1869

Published semi-monthly under the authority of the Students' Council.

Subscription - \$1.00 per year.

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AS one reads the honor roll of the University, he cannot help thinking that this war is daily coming nearer to each and every one of us. At first it seemed like a horrible dream, now it is a terrible reality. Dalhousie has given nobly of her best to the Empire, she must do more. Canada has raised upwards of 250,000 men during the last year and a half, she is now pledged to raise that number to 500,000. A quarter of a million men must be enlisted here in Canada, if the war goes on for any great length of time. What does that mean to us, Dalhousians of the younger generation? 250,000 men must have 250 Colonels, probably more to guide them, 1000 majors to help the colonels and so ad infinitum. Officers are wanted and the men for these positions are the members of the C. O. T. C., men trained in military matters from the Universities. Britain's hope is in her young men. They must do their duty and they will do it. The raising of this great army from Canada must surely and forever prove to our students that the C. O. T. C. training is of the utmost value. Let us put our shoulders behind the movement and in this day of arms and bloodshed prepare ourselves to take our part in bringing about a crushing defeat for the Hun and a lasting peace for the world. If you are not an O. T. C. man, join now, if you have been a slacker get out and push.

LAST week the Alumni Executive met at the Board Room, Chronicle Building. The matter of the getting in of the Student Movement fund was talked over and it was decided that the Society should do all in its power to collect the outstanding subscriptions. The fund now on hand will be invested in Canadian War Loan Bonds until such a time as it is needed for its pledged purpose. This is a prudent and patriotic step on the part of the Alumni Society and all contributors will understand the advisability both of getting in the outstanding subscriptions and safely investing the proceeds until more palmy days. All those who are in arrears to this fund are cordially invited to square up with the Secretary of the Alumni Society. Let us prepare for a greater Student movement by getting in the proceeds of the last one. We need the money and we need the building. Too much cannot be said for the energy and diligence of the efficient Secretary of the Alumni Society along these lines. If the money can be corralled, he will do it. Credit where credit is due and the sooner the students understand

that the Alumni Secretary is carrying along the work which the Student Committee so hurriedly shuffled off, the better it will be for all concerned. If Dalhousie ever gets a Student building, one brick, at least, if not a whole wall should be named after our Alumni Secretary. Only those who know, can fully appreciate his task, but all can learn that the tail end of the Student Movement at least is in good hands.

THE business manager would like the delinquent Alumni to pay up their back subscriptions. We need the money and if it is not forthcoming, we shall be obliged to discontinue sending this paper to those who are in arrears. It has been the practice to send the Gazette to everyone on the mailing list, irrespective of the state of their subscriptions. We do not intend to do this any more. The management need the money and unless our graduates see fit to help us to the tune of \$1.00 per year, we shall perforce be obliged to discontinue mailing the paper to them. We are sending this paper free to all our graduates in the trenches and we are thus under a great deal of expense. Send in your arrears to-day. By doing this you are not only helping the old college paper but you are enabling us to spend your money on the betterment of it. This is our appeal to the Alumni. Can we get your subscription before next issue? Send it to the Business Manager to-day.

NOTWITHSTANDING the effort made by the Editor to get copy, in the last number of the Gazette, not one of the students has even inquired the rate which will be paid for same. We have neither seen or heard of our student constituency. Evidently they believe in the old adage that the Gazette will come out anyway and why should I bother about it. Anybody's business is nobody's business. This section of our college community, however, may get a shock some of these issues, if the student contributions do not get larger.

Again the prize competition has gone the way of all such competitions. We have received only one piece of prose and one poem worthy of the name. Nothing else has been received. In order to give our student readers another chance, the competition will be extended up and until February 7th, 1916. This is the final time of asking. We would also like more letters from the front for publication. There must surely be many receivers of such in the college. When you have read your letter hand it over to the Gazette. Our readers are very much interested in these epistles. Take enough interest in the college paper, at

least, to pass along the letters you receive from your college relatives at the front. They give a unique presentation of the inside of the war.



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AT DUSK

I have garnished my room with river weeds And strung my singing lyre, I have filled my vases with colored weeds And put on new attire; Now I count the hours on my amber beads That glow with a hidden fire.

The sun stepped into a golden sea And the dusk crept up from the shore, My heart is athrill with melody And my feet are light on the floor; A voice from the dusk is calling me And a hand is laid on my door.

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CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT

THERE is but one thing to write about just now—the biggest day of all the year and how we spent it at the front. It would be an impossible task to give a general idea of how Christmas was spent along the line. I can only give a sketch of Christmas as it was to me.

At four o'clock when I went out to do my guard the moon and stars were shining in a clear sky. Away to the South the rumble of artillery could be heard but on our front all was quiet. One could easily imagine oneself back in Nova Scotia with war a thing of the past. At five o'clock the sound of church-bells ringing the peasants to mass came sweetly to us. Later followed trumpets and bugles (not dozens as in England, but a few in the distance) rousing sleeping camps to action. Soon after came the tinny sound of horns such as Santa Claus likes to give his favorites, and down the beat came two of our men from the next post playing the Marseillaise. They shouted merry greetings and went on into our shed to pull blankets from the sleepers and to express their good-will.

At eight o'clock our relief came and we went for breakfast. The cook met us with a cheerful grin—"Bacon for Christmas breakfast boys." We landed in France on the 15th Sept. and this was just the one hundred and first time we had bacon for breakfast. Still the bacon is good.

Breakfast over, it started to rain. We have rain a great deal oftener than we have bacon.

At length the rain ceased and taking a bicycle I rode down along the line to make some Christmas calls on the boys from home who helped "save the situation" at Langemareke.

I will not weary you with a poor description of the shell-shattered villages through which I passed. But let us drop in together to see an old school-mate, Sandy. I hadn't seen him since landing in France. His battalion came out of the trenches this morning and is on the safe side of a little hill. His battalion is billeted in the left of that little barn—the one with the end blown off and the holes through the tile roof. There is a foot of muck to wade through and a rickety ladder—with a long distance between the rungs to climb. Having climbed this, a scene which has become common-place awaits us. Two groups of men are playing cards, a couple more men are writing letters, several rolled in their blankets lie asleep on the bare floor. Another is shaving, using a steel mirror and warm tea to aid in the operation. Along the wall are the blankets, equipments and rifles. "Sandy!" Everyone in the loft who is awake looks our way and then up jumps a ad, throws down a "full house" and his

chance for the "pot" and comes over with hand outstretched, a regular Christmas smile and the greeting—"Well I'll be—if it isn't Josh?" What a picture he would make for the cover of the Saturday Evening Post? There he stands bristly red hair and scrubby mustache, shaven but not clean, grey eyes that help me to understand how it was our first division was able to save the day for the Allies and win undying fame for Canada. He wears a very respectable grey flannel shirt, open in front and setting off massive shoulders and chest. (Queer Sandy used to be a rather slim lad). From his hips down he is coated with mud but still one can see that his trousers and putties once were khaki. Altogether it doesn't appear as if the blood he lost at Langemareke weakened him a great deal.



MAJOR JOHN CAMERON O. C. OF DALHOUSIE'S TRAINING CORPS

But since he belongs to the—battalion we should hear him speak. "And how are you?" "Me, oh fine, fine!" "Just got out this morning." "Pretty quiet this trip" "Oh yes a couple of casualties, several "blighties" Lost our sergeant this time—just this morning it was . . . You see we've been effecting something here and the last couple of nights been on double shifts—two hours on and one off. Good head the sergeant was . . . got a bit nervous and said he was going over to see how Fritz was getting on. Forgot to warn the sentry. Coming back Ned saw him and fired—just once. Went through his head. Tough luck, you know. Christmas morning and shot by his own man. Yep! good head the sergeant was! . . . Like to go to Blighty again? Oh I dunno. Pretty slow over there. Suppose I should have held on to that M. P. job in London till Spring, but got tired of it. If I went back I'd get tired again. "Home! oh sure! Mother always writes whether I do or not—had a letter last week. There'll be another along tomorrow or next day" . . . Oh you should have seen the box I got last week. Haw! Haw! I've had the belly-ache ever since. Boys it was great! . . . Yes, guess they will be lonesome to-day. Perhaps will be home next Christmas. Got to go so soon? Well you will be at Red Kelly's Gorge Hotel on New

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Year's for sure. Max will be there and Wally and Jim and Charlie and Bye and a lot more from home. If you must be going so-long. Don't forget to remember me to the folks at home when you write."

So we leave the loft and go in search of another of the boys we used to play and fight with long ago. As we leave one of our bird-men comes towards us flying low right across the enemies' lines. The rifles crack and a thousand bullets go whizzing round him. A little later there is the popping of anti-air craft guns. One turns to see the same gent move higher up with the shells bursting round him. That must be life—but not for mine.

At length I started for "home." From an "estaminet" comes boisterous singing—"In the good old summer time." I went in for a cup of coffee. Another Tommy paid for his with a penny and a kiss. The girl was pretty. I offered the same payment. The penny was accepted but the other was turned down. I left in confusion amid the laughter of our men, solacing myself with the thought that many a poor fellow in Canada has worked a couple of years for the same reward and then missed it.

But our Christmas dinner was scheduled for four o'clock. Riding against time I arrived at the cook-house door, in a lather and puffing hard, in time to see the men along the table bow their heads while our section's chaplain invoked the presence of our Saviour Captain and asked the Father's blessing on those of whom we couldn't but think as we sat around the Christmas feast.

Then came the dinner! The last big dinner I attended was memorable indeed—as a guest of Dalhousie at the Halifax Hotel. But when only a hazy remembrance remains even of the speeches by Dr. Forest and Corporal Young, I'll still remember the details of this banquet. At headquarters our officers dined on canned turkey from home. With us after soup came goose (almost still kicking), chicken and roast pork. Then came plum pudding galore with custard sauce. The table was piled high with Christmas cake, fruit, nuts and candy.

When all had eaten till we could eat no more (and remember the last we had eaten was the bacon for breakfast) the toastmaster arose and proposed the King. Then came other toasts, Canada, the Folks at Home, the Allies, the Navy, the Downfall of the Kaiser, Our Officers, the Ladies, the Cook and Waiters, and we would be toasting yet but that the "water" ran out. As it was, we had more toasts than we had persons to propose and respond and so several of our number had to make two speeches. With each toast went a song and sometimes two or three. The singing was as much a treat as the dinner. An "Arts and Science" critic would have been in his glory tearing the orations to pieces, for all were extemporaneous. Nevertheless the speeches were not unbecoming young Canadian soldiers—they were manly and clear.

To give an account of the speeches in detail would take too long. The shortest speech might be given verbatim. "Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen I have been asked to propose the Downfall of the Kaiser." A long silence on the part of the speaker followed during which many encouraging remarks were addressed to him

from around the table. At length the speaker's tongue loosed with a crash. "To hell with him. The downfall of the Kaiser." We rose, the glasses clinked and amid such remarks as "Strafe him." "May he hang as high as Haman." "May his downfall be over many precipices." "A downfall long and speedy," the toast was drunk.

So our banquet went on until brought to a close with the National Anthem. All but one were able to stand at attention and even he made a fair attempt.

Ere another Christmas comes it is more than probable that for some of us who dined together all will be over. Those who remain will not forget the scene—the low-roofed shed, brightly lighted with candles, the decoration of ivy and holly, the long rough table covered with old "Halifax Herald's" and burdened with edibles, the keen boyish faces of the men and the strong healthy khaki-clad figures.

At eight o'clock I took my turn on guard again. It was just the kind of a night one would like for Christmas—the kind which must have pleased the shepherds of Palestine long ago.

At 11.30 when I met the sentry from the next post he passed me a bunch of Canadian letters for us—the first mail in several days. My "buddy" took it in when he waked our relief.

When I went in the candles were burning and the letters were being read. All were awake tho' one feigned to sleep. He lay there silent with his face in the shadow. His Christmas had been spoiled at the twelfth hour—the mail had come and there was no letter for him.

I read my letter. Then I cut a hunk of fruit cake. A year ago a piece that big would have made me see little niggers in my sleep for a week. I ate it. (It had no ill effects).

Yesterday we had bully beef and plum pudding for dinner. To-day we had no plum pudding. These days we are smoking cigars fit for a king. Next week we start again on the tobacco—"Specially prepared for His Majesty's forces in the field."

The soil of Belgium is stained with the Canadian blood. Before another Christmas comes it may be saturated. Here's hoping that what remains of our division will gloriously celebrate next Christmas in Britain or quietly at home.

B. C. SALTER, ('12)

IF THE SHOE FITS—WEAR IT.

At several meetings of Sodales we have noticed a regrettable and apparently growing habit, which seemed to possess a few of those present; the practise of carrying on a conversation in a stage whisper while a speaker has the floor. Some of the men were guilty of this even at the Delta Gamma debate. In the majority of cases it was probably done thoughtlessly, but when those who have adopted this custom consider that it disturbs the audience, embarrasses the speaker, and is discourteous to both, they will surely find it possible to withhold their remarks, no matter how important, until a more opportune time.

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SONNETS POUR RIRE

I

Farewell dear Waltz and Two-Step ever gay!

Such names are rarely heard from modern lip.

Instead of these, the shocking Frisco Gyp, The Hesitation, which has come to stay, The Bunny Hug and Grizzly Bear hold sway.

The Tango leads them all with horrid Dip Resulting sometimes in a broken hip: Such are the dances of the present day.

But let us not exchange old lamps for new! Or think of keeping on the Turkey Trot, The Castle Walk and many more as bad. For modern dances, with exceptions few, Are piffle, skittles, bogus, tommy-rot Return, O Waltz, and oust each foolish fad.

II

The day was dark; the rain in torrents poured;

I sat in meditation deep, and tried

To write a cheerful sonnet. At my side

A happier theologian most deeply snored.

And soon my eyes grew heavy in accord,

And I too slept, and in my dream desiered

A sonnet ready written, *bona fide*.

It was a dream. I woke extremely bored.

Oh, had I but the gift to make one verse, Such as immortal Milton might have writ, I think with meekness I'd accept a pluck. But, woe is me! the Muse remains averse. Nor will vouchsafe me wisdom, words or wit.

I cannot write a sonnet. No such luck!

[NOTE:—Original sonnets are sometimes required of English 2; with the above results. Ed.]

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS

Absit Invidiam

III

IN ante bellum days when the generation that then held sway had not reached its present hoary age and in those many days when fog horns, flour and ochre were used to defy the primitive Senate of that time and roosters were plucked, not men, he was "the very devil" so the story goes. Suffice it to say, however, that such matters although persistently set forth as truth, are merely folklore, hearsay passed along from one generation to another and becoming more and more embellished and improbable as they were passed along.

Let it be granted that such is the case and that the stories told about *svve* high in authority at the present time are *un* justified and absolutely untrue. Is this any reason why the poor green freshman should tremble in cold fear before the terrorizing tones that bid him stand up and stammer in a language long since laid to rest, but whose grim spectre still bars the path of him who would seek to earn the mystic sign "Baccalaureatus in Artibus." Dead languages banned by great educationalists from over the harbor and absolutely ignored by newspapers from important railway centres. Why should this be? "Is there not something rotten in the state of Denmark?"

THE Royal Bank of Canada

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THE DELTA GAMMA DANCE

He does not believe in giving his classes too long Christmas holidays, holding that when a man goes over into law he should not get any holidays at all. On this subject there seems to be a difference of opinion among his students, which does not amount to very much owing to the strict rule of the Senate, that might be right and that the Senate is 9 points of the law. There were, however, some who managed to use the other point to great advantage last Christmas. As a whole, and not in particular he is a worthy successor of his distinguished predecessor and in time will bring the north end of the building into a state of civilization.

V

When he first came to Dalhousie to take the place of his genial, blushing, diffident predecessor, it was a noticeable fact that the pass mark went up from 30 to 40, slackers were thrown out at Christmas, records, those damning evidences of a college course became up to date and scrims and flour throwing in the hall became a thing of the past. Perhaps he had nothing to do with it, but at least he was blamed for it. These new ideas, fads and regulations which were in vogue in other and larger universities were not needed for free and easy Dalhousie and cursed be he who first brought them here. Though cursed by the populace, his house and home speedily became popular with certain classes, probably due to the entertaining abilities of his better half. "Our Chaperones" were seen at all the dances and functions of the University every year during the Autumn, early winter and late spring, then suddenly there was a falling off on the part of one of them. No longer did the lesser half frequent the warm and brightly lighted scenes of merriment. It was rumored that clad in a feathered cap and a rough suit, bound round by a many colored bandage, he had sought cold storage in the south end, where men curl and sweep and do many other things—the arts of bye gone days. Where strange phrases like "break an egg on it" and "man you're a hog"—predominate and friend holds fellowship with friend.

He never laughs, he grins. The silent companion of his bachelor days—his pipe—prevents him from any further signs of merriment. There are those who say that at times his placid countenance has aided him in a strange game called "bug" where "full houses" beat "three of a kind" and "Royal flushes" are hard to get. The College could ill afford to lose him, the Alumni Society will not let him go and the before mentioned cold storage company places a great deal of its dependence on him in competitions. Take him for all in all, a mighty useful man among men and among the ladies—well that is for the ladies to say.

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It is a sacred college tradition that the elements are invariably unfavorable on the evening of the Delta Gamma "At Home." This long established rule was very nearly broken this year. The primary elements are, we believe, air, fire and water. The first two were all that could be desired, and the latter was only present underfoot in a congealed condition. The dance was as usual a decided success, due in the main to the efforts of Mrs. Macneil, the Chaperone, and Miss Lily Bayne, the vivacious president of the Society.

The Delta Gamma are indeed to be congratulated on the distinguished and representative guests who were present. Never have the halls of Dalhousie witnessed such a gathering of notables and such brilliancy of costume, particularly among the sterner and less beautiful sex.

Space does not allow of either a full list of the guests nor an exhaustive description of their costumes, but a few of the more prominent may be mentioned. The Faculty of Law was ably represented by Messrs. C. R. B-r-y and F. H. P-t-r-s-n. Both were attired in black evening dress relieved by a broad expanse of white pique. This was surmounted by a simple white cravat which set off very effectively the regularity and beauty of their features. Neither of the gentlemen wore any head-dress. Their feet were encased in black patent leather pumps, which were low enough to allow a small portion of black *peau de soie* socks to be visible.

The leading military light was a certain ——— who wore a dress of a brownish green hue, trimmed very effectively with brass buttons. A brown tie and boots of the same color made the appearance of this gentleman a delight to any person with artistic or aesthetic taste. The portly figure of J. Ly-n-s of Medicine among the crowd can only be compared to that of Jupiter towering among the lesser gods. This *distingue* apostle of the skull and cross-bones radiated a *bonne camaraderie* towards all. He was clothed in an evening dress of black crowned by the conventional white. Black shoes, white gloves and a handkerchief of *crepe de chine* completed this triumph of the tailor's art.

The costumes of the other guests were on the whole equally commendable, and it is certain that there never has been a more beautifully begowned assembly in Halifax. Various other happenings tended to make this function a tremendous success. Some of the refreshments had a peculiar tang which was pronounced by the dancers to be absolutely unique in their experience. One fair damozel went home minus a slipper, and the Law Library has been crowded night and day ever since awaiting the return of the lost Cinderella.

NOT TO BE INITIALED.

A New York paper says that Professor Stewart's book on "Neitche" shows beyond a doubt why American Universities are so anxious to get their professors from Canada. Anyone who has not heard Dr. Stewart can attend his lecture on Monday night in the Macdonald Memorial Library in aid of the Dalhousie Alumnae Society. Shall our professors be without honor in their own University?



The Royal Military College of Canada

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

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

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

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

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

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

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually. The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Survey to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B. A. degree.

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

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

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

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

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PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION IN N. S.

(Continued from page 1)

to the varying influences that are brought to bear on the country and its writers. A couple of hours of the Meiklejohn encyclopedia is enough to make the normal student forswear English literature for the rest of his natural life and hie back to ancient Greek mythology. It gives cause for no small wonder and amazement that the head authorities, believing as implicitly as they do in something new, have not introduced the "Canadian Grammar," compiled by that noted scholar, James D. Gillis, author of the "Cape Breton Giant" and other famous works.

In History it is observed with great sorrow that Swinton's "History of the World," an excellent book, has been supplanted by Myers' "History of Ancient Times." The latter is undoubtedly one of the best books of the kind, but we do not like the kind. A large part of Myers is of use only to a student who aspires to be an antiquarian, an archeologist or a collector of scarabs of the Fourth Dynasty. Would it not be of greater use to the average student to know about the French Revolution, of the unification of Italy than to be well versed in cuneiform writing or the reign of Psammethichus I? Is the Council of Public Instruction aware that the courses from Grades I to XI do not touch in the slightest degree on mediaeval, or modern history save that of England and Canada?

The changes in the Geometry and Physics, though the former is to be regretted, are not of so serious a character. In the High School course the languages are practically all that remain intact, and even the Bertenshaw's French Grammar has had to make way for another of the Ontario variety. The classics are almost unaltered, they could not easily be otherwise, though this upheaval has removed the old Latin Grammar from the list.

The pupils of our Common and High Schools may be divided into three main classes:—

Class I. The ordinary pupil who will drop out about Grade VIII or IX.

Class II. The good pupil who will leave after Grade XI or XII.

Class III. The prospective university student.

The trouble with the present system is that too much stress is laid on Classes II and III and not enough on Class I. The latter will never get another chance to be educated, Classes II and III can educate themselves to a large degree. The Common Schools should be for the common people and should give what is necessary and helpful for them. For this reason Nature and Music should be reduced to a minimum in the lower grades, and if it is still considered a vital part of the course, it should be placed as an alternative in the High School. For the same reason, the innovation in Grade IX of Elementary Agriculture is a good one, but more stress should be laid on it in Grades VII and VIII. Book-keeping should be more extensively taught. The Domestic Science and Manual Training are also great assets to the general usefulness of the Common School course but they are unfortunately out of the reach of many schools in the country. The elective subjects in the High School are well fitted for the good student and the prospective collegian, though the individual books are ill chosen in many cases.

Perpetual change is not synonymous with perpetual progress. The steps taken by the Council of Public Instruction in changing the course so frequently, are, to a great extent, reactionary. It is feared that they have been guided too much by cheapness and not enough by quality and suitability. A book is certainly the most expensive which lowers the general education of the community, and is the cheapest which though costing a few cents more, turns out a better and more intelligent citizen.

R. MACG. D.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS

AMONG the improved facilities which the first and second year Medical students enjoy, perhaps none has proven more useful and ornamental than the large receptacle, made of tin-covered sheet iron, which has found a resting place in the east corner of the Practical Anatomy Room.

In former years the Med, when he had completed his gruesome task each afternoon in the ancient abode of ghosts and stiffs, was compelled to choose the lesser of two evils,—whether to plunge his hands into the icy liquid which poured so copiously from the tap, and thus cleanse them, or whether to adopt the more comfortable procedure of rubbing them against his dissection coat, and excusing himself on the plea that he had been merely reading that day.

One day last autumn as the days became shorter and the nights longer,—and the water colder,—those present in the new Anatomy Room might have observed, and did, that a conference was in session, near the door. The head of the University was engaged in earnest conversation with the head of the department, whilst the feet of the department were also in attendance. After sundry weird and mystic signs the aforesaid feet departed, to return ere long with an ancient tin boiler and an equally antiquated species of gas range. These were placed in various positions, whilst the two heads above mentioned gravely considered the whole matter. Many were the hopes and fears expressed by the students. "What?" "Hot water!" "An impossibility!" "They couldn't afford it!"

Not many days passed ere the wildest dreams of the Meds were realized and even surpassed. Now it is a common sight of an afternoon to see that good friend of well-behaved Meds,—therefore of all Meds,—enter the dissecting room, fill the boiler, and light the gas. Then after looking about the room he winks at whoever happens to be watching him, and beats a retreat,—not a hasty one, of course.

O indescribable and excruciating joy! As each student immerses his hands in warm water there arises within him a great feeling of thankfulness to the resourceful originator of the ingenious arrangement. Some day we may have an up-to-date system, but never will the classes of '19 and '20 forget the old boiler and heater. Rumor says that during the holidays our esteemed janitor spent several hours in making the apparatus ornamental as well as useful.

"Thanks, thanks to thee, our worthy friend For the labour thou has wrought: Now, when we lift the cover off, We find the water hot."

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BOOKS AND CARDS

FROM what I have heard and seen, I am quite sure that casual readers, yes, and sometimes earnest students in a library, think that the business of putting a book into circulation is an extremely simple matter. Haven't I been asked time and time again "How many books can you catalogue in an hour?—in a day?" They wait expectantly for my answer, ready to work out just how long it would take to catalogue 20,000 books, to the very day, hour and minute. Their countenances show signs of perturbation when I meekly respond "Well, really, I cannot say. Sometimes I take a day to decide the entry of one book, and sometimes I can put through twenty-five." "Decide the entry" and "put through" are Library expressions and therefore Greek to them, but I hope at least they got the glimmer of an idea that one can't grind out books as coffee from a mill, so many a day, so many an hour.

There are so many separate processes, and some of them are so variable—but perhaps I might try to give the *Gazette* readers a rough sketch of all that it means to catalogue a book, beginning with its arrival by parcel post. After unwrapping a book, fresh from bookseller or publisher, and after putting the enclosed bill carefully on file, we must first find out who is the author. Usually that is solved by turning to the title-page. e. g. *La tulipe noire*, par Alexandre Dumas, or *The History of England* by S. R. Gardiner. But which Dumas is it—pere or fils? What do Gardiner's initials stand for? Nearly every title-page has some such difficulty, only to be solved by careful search through *Universal Biographies* or *Who's Whos*. The author's real full name *must* be found, if possible, for only so can our catalogue attain perfection, which is our goal. When no name, or an assumed name appears on the title-page as author, a vigorous search has to be made to find the real hidden name of these modest people. Often it is a long, long hunt, but I imagine we librarians experience the same joy at the end of a successful chase after these elusive names, as does an ardent fisherman who has succeeded in landing his salmon!

The author found, we enter a summary of the book in, what is called an Accessions Book, which contains a list of all books added to the library, preferably from the beginning—the author, title, size, paging, cost, to put it briefly. In a minute we can tell when a certain book was bought, and how much was paid for it, or, if a gift, who was the donor.

The book can now be classified, which means much more than dumping together all the books on Philosophy, Mathematics or Chemistry, as the case may be. We must find out to what particular division of the subject it belongs, and then, as we say 'bring it down' to its last subdivision, so that all books on a particular topic may be together, and can be found in a minute of time. Sometimes this business of classification is comparatively simple, especially in Literature, History and the Sciences; but in Philosophy and Mathematics, and sometimes in all, the Librarian must think, and reason, and apply. Many reference books may have to be consulted, and in the last resort those experts, the Professors, are always glad to lend their minds out. But it is interesting, educating work, and

many a little item of knowledge is tucked away in a pigeon-hole of memory, to be taken out and made use of again, some time, one never knows when.

After giving the book its classification number, which fixes its exact location on the shelves, we take it to the typewriter open the book at the title-page, that most indispensable part of a book, and copy it in a certain way. About an inch down to the left we print the call number, the library term for the classification number, then the author's name in full, the surname first. Below the author entry, two spaces over we begin the title as it appears on the title-page, following it with the edition, if any, place, publisher, date, paging, illustrations, size. Two spaces below, any notes are added with reference to book-plate, rarity of book, its contents, etc. At least two cards are copied, one for the general catalogue, for the use of readers, and the other for the use of the Library staff, is filed in a box of cards following the order of the books on the shelves. If two people are concerned in the authorship of a book, the second author has what is called a reference card, which refers you to the main entry for full information. In a complete catalogue, besides these cards, which are called author cards, there is an equally full file of subject cards, possessing the advantage of bringing together all the cards of a certain subject, which is a great help in finding out just what we have on, say, Woman suffrage, or, The war, 1914—. In recataloguing the Dalhousie Library we have not printed up subject cards, as it seemed more important to have all the books rearranged as speedily as possible. We are doing this much—each book has its subject or subjects assigned when classified, and these subjects are recorded on the author cards made. It will be a comparatively simple matter, though a matter of time, to have these copied up when the main work is finished, and the books are arranged as they should be.

The book and cards are now taken to another table. A book-plate, charging card and pocket are affixed within the covers, and a label with the call number printed in true vertical 'library hand' is pasted on the back. That is all—

Almost all. A thorough revision follows. Accuracy and neatness are library watch words. Cards and labels, printing and typewriting must be revised, the wording on the card must be compared with the title-page, the call number must be checked up with the number jotted down inside the book, and corrections must be made until the card is neat and accurate. Then, and only then, is the book ready to be taken to its section on the shelves, to its place among its own kith and kin. The cards may now be separated, put in alphabetical or shelf order, as the case may be, and filed away. The first library work that a novice learns, is to file, and to file, she must learn her alphabet by the eye, which is much more than by heart.

With cards in place and the book on the shelf the process is complete. Nothing remains but to do it all over again, like the song of the Ninety-nine bottles—only it will take a very much longer time than it does to sing the song. Have patience, give us time, and we will surely complete the work, and we hope that you will consider it well done.

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LIBRARY NOTES

OUR official statistician has handed us some records with reference to the use of our new Library. Figures and the calculation of results therefrom seem to possess a peculiar fascination to our friend the statistician. From our superior point of view, figures seem such lifeless things, but he asked us just to look over them and study them a bit, and just to oblige an old friend we did. And, do you know we found some life in those queer little pencil marks, a faint shadow of the life of that great body we call the University.

In the matter of attendance for instance—we could see at a glance a decided increase from the first week of college when classes and students were alike unsettled, and the average attendance was 62, to December, when the work of preparing for mid-year examinations had begun in grim earnest, and when on one day the library attendance registered 107. Thereupon we read over the figures, this time more carefully and saw how this increase was gradual until December, when, not counting examination days, when attendance was very slim, the average leaped to 83. This showed remarkable agility which we had not expected in such dead pencil marks. Maybe the statistician is not so foolish after all.

With a greater show of interest we took up his next table, with reference to the circulation of books. We had an idea that the number of prescribed books taken out would be decidedly greater than the number of books taken out for general reading. We had a pleasant surprise in that connection. In October 66 books of miscellaneous character were taken out, as against 53 text-books. In November, the proportion was 58 to 51. In December they were practically equal, 65 to 63. It is good to see this broader interest in outside books, for it seems to show that the students are beginning to love books for the books' own sake, and not merely because the Professor says, Read this or that.

The detailed figures were more surprising. The first and second year students were the best patrons and took out more of the "outside" books.

First year,	16	'outside'	11	prescribed
Second year,	13	"	4	"
Third year,	19	"	16	"
Fourth year,	10	"	20	"

the latter being the only year to reverse the order.

The number of students in each year who have taken out books is not large. In November we find 14 Freshmen, 11 Sophomores, 18 Juniors and 13 Seniors, which may be taken as a fair proportion. There ought to be more.

Later, we may have some statistics about the work of the Library staff. The Statistician tells us in his mathematical way that up to the first of the year 407 books were catalogued and 1000 cards typewritten. For the first month or more their time seems to have been taken up in planning a modus operandi, and in arranging the old Catalogue so that it would be usable until the work of re-cataloguing is completed. Their work now is two-fold first of all attending to the daily routine work of the Library, and then devoting every available minute to the business of re-cataloguing. We shall await further statistics with interest.

MRS. FITZ-JONES TO MRS. DUNNE SMITH

I WENT last week to call on my old friend Mrs. Jenkyns. Not that she is old. She is just my age—that is I am two years older and we were girls together and went to school in the same place. We have been separated ever since we were married, and she lives in New York, of course I live in Chicago and of course my friends in New York think I should live there, but I don't care. I like Chicago. It is so big and free and we are all very progressive and keep up with the times. We read a great deal, too. In my club we read the works of Henry James nearly all through. I think he is a wonderful writer. I don't know just what his books mean, and his long sentences are hard to understand, but he is very wonderful and there is such a sense of uplift in his works. I don't see why he turned English. I suppose it is on account of this horrid war. People are very barbarous to fight. Miss Addams says war belongs to the stone ages—or was it the middle ages. Anyhow it belongs a long while ago when people were all ignorant and had wrong ideas about things. I know we Americans will never do that. But I was telling about Mrs. Jenkyns. She lives in New York, and George had to come to New York on business, and I hunted her up and we talked a while. I hadn't long to stay for George and I were going on to Boston. Jennie—that is Mrs. Jenkyns told me all about the wonderful things they are doing in her club. They take a great interest in education and social service and church work and all those things that make for the uplift of fallen humanity. And she explained all about the way she wants it done. She has more ideas than I, I believe. But then she never was very pretty and she needs something to make up. I think a great deal of her. She hadn't much new to tell me about the church work. Of course it is important in church work to get people out of the notion of believing anything. We must help the poor and make people stop drinking and being bad and out of work and all that, but we really must not try to make them believe everything about religion. Of course we have very up-to-date ministers now in Chicago as well as in New York, and it isn't really necessary to believe anything to be a good Christian. That is what our minister Dr. Brown says. I think he is a wonderful man. He wears the nicest clothes, and he has such a splendid head of hair. He looks almost as well as an actor. And he is so particular about his eyeglasses. Oh yes, Jennie says that in social service it is a great thing to help people to be contented. I am sure that it is. I know I always try to be contented. We are very saving and give a great deal to uplift work. We keep only one chauffeur and an assistant to look after the car. But I really think she has some new ideas about education. She says education ought to be for social service, and that all our old ideas are wrong and foolish. Her young niece was there, and Jennie is having her educated on the right lines. She does the most wonderful raffia work. There are all sorts of little things around that she has made and I am sure they look well in the room. That is very useful and then she is beginning to speak in the Woman's Club for Suffrage and Social Service, and may do a great deal for the world some day.



Royal Naval College of Canada

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

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

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

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, January 11th, 1916.

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I stayed to lunch, and it wasn't nearly as good as the lunches I get up, I am sure. But then her cook was sick—no the cook's child was sick and the cook stayed home with it. I think servants are so ungrateful. Jennie pays her well, and she is always having her children get sick and going off to look after them. But that is the way with that class of people. I am sure we need to be patient, but patience has a limit. Oh yes, and the niece does work in the infant ward in the hospital, and they have a class in social paralysis—no, infant paralysis. Then she goes to the teachers college and learns all about pedagogy. That is a great science. The thing is that you learn how to teach any subject without knowing anything about the subject. It is very useful to do that and saves all the time people used to spend studying mathematics and Latin and History and all that sort of thing. My nephew was dismissed from college because he couldn't pass his examinations in Greek—that is he didn't get any B. A., but I don't see that it matters much because he is such a splendid athlete. He almost made the first football team and belonged to the most select secret society and I am sure he is a useful citizen. His father took him into the office and now he makes a splendid income and keeps the most wonderful dog. It is a full blooded Lapland spaniel. I am not sure about the 'Lapland,' perhaps it is Arabian, but I know he won a prize at the dog show. Then Jennie's niece teaches the bible class in passepartout work, and helps the poor in other ways besides. Now I must stop. We are having wonderful bridge parties, and I mustn't miss it this evening. I shall try to put some of Jennie's ideas into my work here. She is a wonderful woman I think. I am so sorry her nose is such a horrid pug.

ELEN.

TRIAL DEBATE

THE second trial debate was held in the auditorium of the Halifax Ladies' College on the evening of January 13th. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, and the lubricant which nature had so abundantly spread upon the pavements, there was a fairly large audience present, to cheer the speakers and stimulate them to their best efforts.

After a suitable rendering of "Come Sons of Old Dalhousie," "Where Smiles the Sea," and "Lord John," the chairman, Dr. John Forrest, took the chair, the debaters took their places and the business of the evening was at once proceeded with. For obvious reasons we do not publish any detailed account of the respective speeches. The six debaters were Messrs. Blauvelt, Bonnell, Patterson, Salter, Fielding and Anderson. After some delay the team chosen to represent Dalhousie was announced to be Messrs. Bonnell, Patterson and Anderson.

As the audience was leaving, and afterwards, more than one remark of this nature was heard, "I thought that our stock of debaters at Dal had about died out, but I guess there is some real good material left still." The impression one carried away from the debate was that Dalhousie has good prospects of retaining her debating record for another year, and should anything happen to prevent one of our first team men from debating there is still more than

one man available who could uphold the honour of Dal in a manner worthy of her past history.

GEORGE'S STREET

LISTEN! if but women were Half as kind as they are fair. There would be an end to all Miseries that do befall.

Cloud and wind would run together In a dance of sunny weather And the happy trees would throw Gifts to travellers below.

Then the lion meek and mild With the lamb, would side by side, Couch him friendly, and would be Innocent of enmity.

Then the Frozen Pole would go, Tossing off his fields of snow, And would shake delighted feet With the girls of George's Street.

These, if women only were Half as kind as they are fair.

JAMES STEPHENS, in *The Rocky Road to Dublin*.

Frank B. Fox, No. 50044, No. 2 Canadian General Hospital, "somewhere in France," writes cheerfully of his life as an orderly at the front. The weather has been very cold and the men are only now being housed in huts after living for months in bell-tents. "But everyone is in good humor, most of all the gallant sick and wounded conveyed to us in ambulances from the hospital train, with their muddy clothes still on them." He gives an interesting account of his daily routine, and tells how the men appreciate gifts of food, such as apples sent by the Ontario Fruit Growers and chocolates sent from Granada. "We are very much pleased about the Dalhousie Hospital. Although we cannot serve in its wards, yet its place in our good wishes is permanent."

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CORRESPONDENCE

Fredericton 15th Jan, 1916.

Dear Fred:—I was glad to see in the last issue of the Dal. Gazette a list of grads in the Expeditionary Forces and thought you had a hand in its preparation. This is a task which ought to be a labor of love to some alumnus to keep track of the Dalhousie men who are coming forward at this time. They are helping to make a page in the college history of which all will be proud when this thing is over.

We are slated for overseas in probably a month's time I thought they would give me only a schoolmaster's job of breaking in recruits passing them on—but they have a better opinion of my capacity to lead a Field Battery than I had of myself. I'm in now as deep as I can get and shall see it through.

But keep the College historian gathering up facts and data as to the part Dalhousians are playing.

Yours very truly,

To the Editor Dal Gazette.

Dear Sir:—In the last issue of the "Gazette" appeared the announcement that "the oldest college paper in America will pay for its copy." The fact that the Gazette is the oldest college paper in America is not the only reason why we may well be proud of it. For instance, since 1869 it has been supported by voluntary contribution and has always been worthy the college. One thrills to think that generation after generation of Dalhousians has striven mightily on the campus for the honor of Dalhousie. Is it any less a reason for pride that the Gazette has weathered half a century because of the devoted efforts of Dalhousians of the same breed? No one would dream of paying the first team. It would insult them to suggest it. Yet now the Gazette is going to pay for contributions! This appears to say that voluntary contributions are no longer forthcoming and is therefore a reflection upon the student body. To gain copy by paying for it is quite as much as to say that the present generation of Dalhousians will not without selfish motives support their own institutions.

There can be no doubt that the Gazette is a student's institution. It is published "Under the authority of the Students Council" following out the implications of this change of policy on the part of the Gazette, one is inclined to ask whether it is a student paper and whether it does portray the life of Dalhousie.

It has been painfully noticeable that the Gazette for some years has shown a great lack of student composition and that the Editor has had to fall back upon alumni and professors to fill its pages. That is no reflection upon the Gazette as a paper. Rather otherwise! Still it has not been a student's publication. Everyone is phased to read articles from the pens of our able professors but the Gazette should contain for the greater part the efforts of the students. Again it has been noticeable this year especially that not only has there been a dearth of student composition but also

that even our college activities have, only in the rarest cases, found attention in the columns of the college organ.

It is true that in point of general excellency it is not easily surpassed, at least in these provinces. But we should require this besides the other standards which have been set. Why then is the Gazette not a students paper and why does it fail to portray college life? Does the Student Council having once appointed an editor wash their hands of the whole matter and calmly let him work out his own salvation? Or does the student body having once shouldered off all responsibility upon the Council thereby relieve itself of any abnormal interest in college institutions? The Editor with his undoubted qualifications for his task is still only a man. Being also an alumnus it is quite impossible for him to record the whole of our many-sided college life. Consider the load we have foisted upon him and question whether any other man in his position can bring the Gazette up to those high standards of perfection which any Dalhousian has the right to demand of his college paper. The fault lies not with the Editor but with the reporters and in greater measure with the student body. When the question is asked, "Who is to blame?" let each one of us be man enough to say I am." Having once had moral courage enough to admit that, we can quite as easily remedy the fault. Let us all remember that, it is not the other fellow, not the reporter, nor the Editor, but each and every registered student.

To be forced to grant that Dal students do not support their own institutions is bad enough but there is an implication in this announcement which is worse. It supposes that they will support them for the sake of the miserable coppers they may get for their efforts. Such a supposition, if it prove true, brands the college as one where selfishness rules and declares that the criterion of our actions as a community of college men is self-interest. Is it true? Dalhousians in the past have not been selfish or materialistic. Wherever Dalhousians have been found they were men. They have given their best to their Alma Mater while here and quite as readily they have later sacrificed themselves or their best gifts of mind and heart and hand to their King and to civilisation. Surely the old fibre remains. But if in these latter days we cannot say that Dalhousians are still true to the old college by the sea, a curse has fallen upon us and upon the miserable walls wherein we grope in the darkness of materialism and clutch after the things our selfishness demands.

The path of all true Dalhousians is plain. A reflection has been laid upon us, and therefore upon the college whose name we bear. What shall we do about it? Our college paper—will it attain to those ideals which we know in our hearts should characterise it or will the canker of materialism eat into this very heart of our college Society? Is the Gazette to be our paper who love our Alma Mater or the organ of those few self-seekers among us who wish to grasp the paltry dollars their contributions will secure? Let us rally around the Editor and make this Gazette in very deed a students paper because of that very love we have for the plain old college

by the sea and so doing let us not forget to maintain its standards of excellency.

DALHOUSIAN.

HERE AND THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Hedley V. Ross, ('94) Ph. D. (Cornell) is now living in Winnipeg and employed on the staff of "The Free Press."

Among the many Pictonians serving their King and country in this great war is Lieutenant James A. Proudfoot, a native of Saltsprings, where his father, John Proudfoot, still resides. Dr. Proudfoot is an old Pictou Academy student and graduated from Dalhousie University in 1905. He was a captain in No. 1 Field Ambulance, Canadian Militia. At the time that war broke out he was in England on his wedding trip. He came home about a year ago and offered to go overseas with the Canadians. In July of last year there was a call for doctors for the Royal Army Medical Corps, and he enlisted, and is now serving in a hospital camp in Cairo, Egypt. Before going on service he practiced in Inverness, C. B., for some years, where his wife and baby girl now reside.

Mr. C. E. Creighton of Dartmouth, has received a cable from England informing him that his son, Dr. T. M. Creighton, who was reported invalided home from the Dardanelles, has completely recovered.

Hal Attlee D. S. O. ('11) and Guido Goodwin, ('11) after having sojourned in the Dardanelles for some time have been removed to the less heated districts of Alexandria. Let us hope the degree of heat will always grow less as they move from place to place.

G. F. Heal ('14) after having been in the Dardanelles for some time, contracted typhoid and is now convalescing in England.

Gavin Stairs who went to the front with the First contingent and who has been in the trenches from March until November has been invalided home. It is related that Gav. was with Al Fraser when the latter was wounded. Two good Dalhousians Al and Gav.

Capt Frank Woodbury, Dalhousie Hospital Unit who contracted meningitis on the way over to the old Country is on a fair way to recovery. Many were the anxious enquiries made when it was heard that Frank was sick. We hope that he will entirely recover from his illness.

Rod Macdonald, C. J. Roche, and T. F. Morrison are some of the good Dalhousians who will shortly leave for "Somewhere in France." They belong to overseas detachments of the 66th and 63rd Regiments. Good luck to you boys.

Another man whose name should have appeared in our Overseas Honor Roll is Dewitt Young, '15, who is with the Cycle Corps. None of those who were present

at the Dalhousie Banquet given a year ago will forget, Young's speech. It was the hit of the evening.

Dr. C. B. ("Bullfrog") Cameron is one of our latest graduates to succumb to the wiles of Cupid. He was married early in January to Miss Davies of Seaforth. Cameron practiced at Tangier, N. S. and was well thought of there but he has given up that work to do his bit. He will join the R. A. M. C.

This interesting document appeared in the *London Daily Telegraph* for June 5th, 1915:

Public Notice.—Change of Name.—Gilbert Rowe.—Take Notice that I GILBERT ROWE (formerly Rosenbusch) Mechanical Engineer (degree granted in the year 1894 Stevens Institute of Technology New Jersey, U. S. A.) Fellow American Institute of E. E. Assoc. M. Inst. C. E. (London 1901) M. I. E. E. M. I. Mech. E. M. Iron and Steel Institute being an American Citizen born in the State of New Jersey U. S. A. desire to make the following statement. Having been brought up with Anglo-Saxon ideals and aspirations, I am horrified and disgusted at the series of acts perpetrated by the German Army and navy, and the subsequent approval thereof by the German peoples, which have culminated in the Lusitania atrocity. As I wish



to dissociate myself from everything German, I have decided to CHANGE my NAME which might wrongly mislead people to believe that I am a German or have German characteristics and sympathies. I consequently adopt this means of publicly announcing to my friends and others that from now on I wish and intend to be KNOWN and to SUBSCRIBE myself as GILBERT ROWE instead of Gilbert Rosenbusch. I have caused the necessary steps to be taken to legally effect the change of my name by a petition to the Circuit Court of Hudson County New Jersey.

GILBERT ROWE, Queen Anne's-chambers, London, S. W., 5 Lee-terrace, Blackheath, S. E.

Witness, R. C. Bartlett, 44 Bedford-row, London, W. C., Solicitor.

June 3rd, 1915.

It is said that Collie Sutherland ('12) now of the Hospital Unit, when taking the course at the R. P. I. had to be instructed how to return the salute of the various sol-

diers who saluted him on the streets. Collie wanted to know why the Tommies put their hand smartly to their hats when they passed him.

"Do you intend to make your wife any allowance from your pay?" inquired the Company Commander "Wot!" said the unpleasant looking recruit "Wy, its worth ten bob a week to her to 'ave me ere—and she's paying it."

First year Med. (seeing S-m-y Wh---h--- at an Applied Anatomy demonstration): "Who is that little fellow on the high chair?"

Dr. C-m-r-n:—"One way to avoid this difficulty is to disregard it altogether."

A RIVAL FOR GUY.—Dr. H-r-r-s (speaking of dilator nerves):—"These die more slowly, and to describe this fact someone has perpetrated a most horrible pun, 'They die later.'"

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