

The Dalhousie Gazette

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No. 8

CALL TO ARMS.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the south that darkens the day!
Storm of battle and thunder of war!
Well if it do not roll our way
Storm, Storm, Riflemen form!
Ready be ready against the storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form!

Let your reforms for a moment go!
Look to your butts, and take good aims!
Better a rotten borough or so
Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames
Storm, storm, Riflemen Form!
Ready, be ready against the storm
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form.

—Tennyson.

A PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY

AT present the Dalhousie unit is located at Sandgate—a pretty little town situated on the bluffs overlooking the English Channel and one and a half miles from Folkestone—one of England's popular watering places and eight miles from Dover. Sandgate is in Kent County and Kent County is one of the most historic spots in England. It was in Kent that many of the early settlers landed and it was the scene of William the Conqueror's victory. Many historic towns, castles, churches and forts are within easy reach of Sandgate. Everything in England has a history—except perhaps the Ford Car and what it lacks in history it makes up in reputation, notorious or otherwise. Canterbury is only 18 miles from Sandgate and three-quarters of an hour's run in the train lands one in that historic old city.

Canterbury! There seems to be a charm in the very name. Probably it is due to association. From the time when we first began to study English history we have continually heard of Canterbury. It has become endeared to us through the writings of Chaucer and the love Dickens' shows for it in "David Copperfield." It was its fascination—historical and literary—that drew us, two Dalhousians, to it.

Leaving Shorncliffe Station at 5 p. m., Saturday, we reached Canterbury about 6 o'clock. It was night then and night in these cities means darkness too; for on account of Zeppelin Raids, all lights except those absolutely necessary are suppressed by law. Big jitney busses hurry around the crowded city streets with but one or two little red lights burning.

Canterbury at night—its throngs of soldiers, its narrow winding streets and lanes and its complete darkness. Such was the setting in which two strangers as, we were, found ourselves. We sought the Y. M. C. A. Every one we inquired of told us the same thing. "Just go along the main street. You can't miss it." After floundering around in Ethiopian darkness that "you can't miss it" Y. M. C. A. turned up suddenly. By the Secretary we were directed where we could get lodgings for the night. By 7 p. m., we had our bed for the night and breakfast for the next morning settled.

Then we started out to see the crowds and calculate what was the maximum number of people we could meet and not run into on the sidewalk. We walked through the long market building and found there somewhat of a rarity—ice-cream. Ice-cream in winter around here seems to be an unthought of thing—despite the fact that their winter here is as good as most of our Spring at home. Imagine if you can, two Dalhousians munching ice-cream cones quite contentedly and wandering through the Market places, the object of shivering glances from the English folk.

At the Theatre Royal we saw "Grumpy", a most excellent little play. Noticeably printed on the program was—"The male members of this Company are not eligible for military service." After the play we emerged from the theatre into a much clearer Canterbury, for the moon in all her glory was up. At a hotel we got a dandy supper for 1s. 2d. Then we sought our lodging. It was 11 Canterbury Lane—the dearest little lane and old brick house (only 300 years old) imaginable! It was like living in one of Dickens' stories to spend a night under that roof. The old lady—a widow—gave us the front bedroom and its soft, downy bed was quite a change from army sleeping quarters. We got hot water to wash with too—that's a luxury for us at present. We fell asleep in Canterbury's moonlight and awoke Sunday morning with the beautiful peal of Cathedral chimes in our ears.

After breakfast (Um! Um! and plenty of toast too—that's another luxury) and a chat with our hostess we departed from that humble, homely roof to view in striking contrast the magnificence and grandeur of the finest Church of England Cathedral in the world. We were just in time to see regiment after regiment of Imperial troops come marching out after the morning service.

We attended Divine Service at 10.30 a. m., in the choir of the Cathedral and after service we rambled around the precincts of the Cathedral—through the cloisters and out the "Gate of Dark Entry," saw the Deanery, the Bishop's Palace, walked through the Mint Yard, up the famous Norman Stairway to the King's School where Dr. Harvey who discovered the circulation of the blood (and by the way he was born in Folkestone), Christopher Marlowe, Chief Justice Tenterden and other notable men were educated.

It was dinner time and no matter where a soldier is—at meal hour he is hungry and so we looked about for a restaurant. On our way we passed the Sun Inn (built in 1503). It is the "Little Inn" of Micawber where he used "to wait for something to turn up."

About 2.30 p. m., a daughter of one of the Canons took a party of fifty soldiers through the Cathedral and described its many historic parts. We were on the exact spot where the famous Sir Thomas à Becket was murdered and saw the course he took on the night of the murder from the Palace,

(Continued on page 5)

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

THE first couple of months at the front were rather interesting, but after that time the monotony of trench warfare is realized. One longs for some real activity, to be up and doing, as it were. Soon this stage passes away and we all come to the period of waiting, patiently or impatiently waiting for something to turn up. What follows this I cannot say, as at present I am one of the waiting ones. Leave is first on the list.

The other day, in the mess, one of us remarked that he wondered if American tourists would be in Belgium in a few years picking up souvenirs of present day battlefields.

Certainly there are many mementos lying around. To Americans the whole battle front will be interesting, but to Canadians the bit of land within a five mile radius of the dugout is more than of interest, it is next to sacred.

It is not quite a year since the 1st Canadians made history right here. Today I spent hours looking through the periscope at old dugouts where a Canadian battery had its position. Near them is a farm called by our name. Other dugouts are behind. On one side are rifle pits supposed to have been used by our boys. There is a wood where I am told one of the battalions recaptured a battery from the Bosches. Everything reminds me of Canada. The British Tommies are always mentioning that name. Officers pick up Ross rifles and carry them home. One of our colonels was a major with the 2nd battalion and showed me where their torn and shattered ranks rested after that second battle of Ypres. All this makes one proud of the country that gave him birth, and he longs for the day when the enemy shall be driven back from those places which they gained over our dead. For a Canadian this is all most stirring and as he sees white crosses here and there bearing names so well known and can almost make out, over a slight rise the "Princess Pats" cemetery, his blood rises, and it is hard to feel that he is fighting for higher motives than revenge.

There are not many Canadians here at the present moment. Very occasionally one runs across a prodigal like myself who has strayed among the British Tommies. I did manage to see A. B. Campbell a month ago. Rode over to the Canuck lines and felt "at home" once again. How quickly one notes the difference between British and Colonial troops. I often wonder which the Bosche would rather have opposite him. Must say that we are appreciated by our English friends and that they respect us for what the boys have done,

At present I am seated in a tiny dugout waiting for the mist to rise so that I can observe the Bosche lines through my periscope. It is nearly 48 hours since I have had a wash and thank goodness that a hot bath is one of the comforts back at our battery.

I had a nice surprise the other evening

(Continued on page 8)

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

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It is the duty of every man who is physically fit, between the ages of 18 and 45, to enlist. That is the proposition which faces every man today. There is one exception, and one only, that of men who are employed in industries which are necessary to the carrying on of the war. All others must face their duty or be enrolled among the shirkers and slackers. Not in every decade comes to men the opportunity of defending British rights and British freedom. Not to every man has come the responsibility of choosing between the pen and the sword. All these, however, have come to the man of today, "the heir of all the ages."

We read and dream of the great heroes of British history, men who were willing to sacrifice their lives if need be for a great principle. We revel in the deeds of knightly days, when chivalry reigned supreme and men took hard knocks as a matter of course. To imitate these men were aspirations of our boyhood, aspirations which were never realized. We need dream no longer, the day of war and chivalry has come again. Ours is the golden opportunity to fight for our country and to die for it. Those motives which inspired the men of old to go forth and do battle for their all in all should now move us, for the time has come when we must turn "a nation of shopkeepers" into a nation of soldiers. It is our bounden duty to throw down all selfish chance of advancement and take up the sword of Justice. The student must leave his books, the professional man his profession, the merchant his business and so on, in order that the danger which threatens the very existence of our Empire may be forever averted.

The call has now come to Dalhousians, more than ever before. The students and graduates of our college have not been backward in this great war as the roll of honor will show but more of that manly breed is wanted. Their country is calling them. Their brothers in France are awaiting them; it is their duty, their plain obligation to throw their studies to the four winds of Heaven and be up and at the foe.

A Dalhousie Platoon has been proposed in order that a little bit of Dalhousie may be transferred to the Nova Scotia Highlanders who are at present being recruited in Halifax. It would be part of the 219th Battalion, a Battalion which has already called to its ranks men like Capt. (Rev. Principal) Clarence Mackinnon and Capt. H. A. Kent. Under these men Dalhousians would serve without fear and without reproach. The formation of a Dalhousie Platoon would make life a lot easier for the 8 or 10 students who have

already enlisted, because they too would be among their old classmates, sleeping, eating and working with them. Dalhousians it is clearly your duty to see that our college as well as Acadia has a platoon in the 219th. Shall Halifax, Nova Scotia, say that our college failed where others have succeeded.

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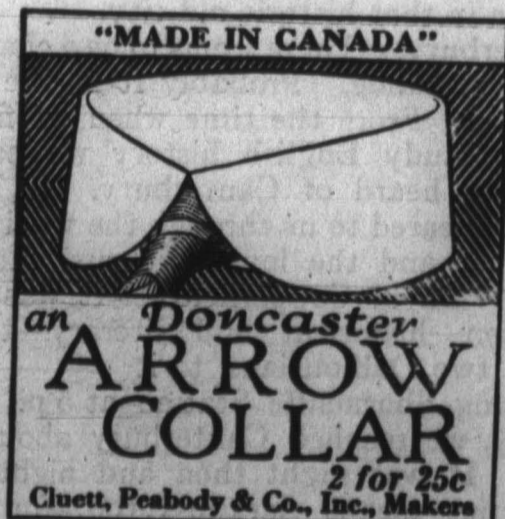
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A FOOL STUDIES PHILOSOPHY

The clock strikes eight. The Student's eyes glisten as he plucks up Sidgewick's "History of Ethics" and begins to read at page forty-one.

"We bring faint memories of a former state Where Good and Real met us face to face, Before this cloying flesh cramped in our souls And weighed us to the Earth."

Ah, Plato, thou Wert dreamer still! Could thy free soul commune With straying breaths from that dim Best beyond?

Wouldst thou have found the essence of a thing Which is it perfect?—Yet methinks I would Not want my violets changed,—“that sanguine flower”

Fills these cold months with scents I would not change.

Perhaps some perfect things escaped into this world, The flowers—it cannot be, for our deft souls

Would surely be the first to trick mere law.

Enough. How should I know. I have not read

One page of this full book—but this is deep—

Is it not right to think, and of the soul?

Wise Plato wakens many thoughts, To have This perfect soul would mean

Ah! two, three, ten! Strikes that clock hours or minutes? This vexed soul

Importunes mind for thought, mind flesh for rest,

What time is there for work? I must find time,

But not just now. Rest, Plato, thou and I.

The student lays Sidgewick's "History" on the piano-stool, yawns and goes to bed.

A. G. M., 16.

HUMOROUS ANSWERS.

Answers given at the Provincial Examination by a Grade A candidate.

Q.—Give an account of the life and writings of Joseph Addison.

A.—Joseph Addison was born in Shropshire, England in 1746 and died in London in 1802. He was educated at Cambridge. He was a contemporary of Steele. His chief works were—"The Innocents Abroad," "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Has Anybody here seen Kelly?"

When 14 years of age he went to India to study literature and hunt the tiger. After the first day's hunt, India had to import some more tigers. While in those terrible jungles he was bitten by an escaped cobra. However, much to the surprise of all his friends, the snake recovered. On his return to England, Addison found himself great and on April 1st, 1861 he was elected King of England. However, as he wore a 7 1/2 hat, and the crown was only a 7 he refused it. After a while his heart ceased to beat and he died as he had nothing else to live for. So died the most

notorious liar ever known. He was one of my ancestors.

Q.—State and briefly discuss the agencies which cooperated in bringing about the use of one language by all classes in England.

A.—The agencies were:—Agency for the Metropolitan Life, Agency for the Sun Accident, and Agency for the Prudential which is as strong as Gibraltar. Also—Sole Agent for Spalding & Co., Athletic Outfitters. There is no need to discuss them—you can find them in the advertising section of any magazine.

Q.—"Shakespeare was only the greatest in a group of great writers." Name the other members of the group. Mention their works, and give a specific account of any one.

A.—The others belonging to this group "need no introduction to the public" as the temperance lecturer said when speaking of strong drink; moreover it would be cruel to bring their names into undue notoriety or to malign the dead.

Q.—State the circumstances which led to the duel between Lord Castlewood and Lord Mohun? What part did Henry Esmond play in the affair?

A.—Lord Castlewood had a cow. This cow's name was Marjorie. Marjorie was very intellectual, and she was always striving to promote her master's interests. It is safe to say that Marjorie was probably the cleverest that ever existed—outside of my family.

Now Marjorie was of a very adventurous disposition and one day wandered over on Lord Mohun's lawn for a little fresh, green, juicy, succulent, dewy, edible grass, for Marjorie was a herbivorous animal of the bovine species.

When Lord Mohun perceived this indignity he gasped with surprise like a fish out of water, and seizing an Arabian scimitar from the wall he rushed out of the French window and into the garden to drive Marjorie away.

Now Lord Castlewood happened to look out of his window, and when he saw Marjorie in his neighbor's lawn he rushed out to drive her away for fear Lord Mohun should steal some milk. He also took a cavalry sabre along for company. But Marjorie was no fool cow; and when she saw Lord Mohun rushing at her on one side with a sword and Lord Castlewood coming from the other direction, also with a sword she saw she must move quickly or never. So when these valiant gentlemen had approached to within 3 feet of her, she moved ahead some distance.

Now here is what Lord Muhn saw:—his neighbor rushing at him with a drawn sword. Here is what Lord Castlewood saw:—his neighbor rushing at him with a drawn sword.

Result:—Lord Mohun said:—Here is Castlewood coming to attack me for chasing his cow." Lord Castlewood said:—"Here is Mohun coming to attack me because my cow is on his lawn." And each gentleman remembered the bit of scripture which says;—"Do unto others as they would do unto you, but do it first"—So they began a fast and furious duel on the lawn. At this moment Henry Esmond, the village policeman, appeared and arrested them both for disturbing the peace.

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A REQUIEM

For the Late Sergeant Alexander J. Mac Donald of "The Black Watch" (Royal Highlanders), Killed in Action, in Mesopotamia, January 21st, 1916.

BY DR. J. D. LOGAN,

PRIVATE IN "A" COMPANY, 87TH OVERSEAS BATTALION, NOVA SCOTIA HIGHLANDERS.

O, in that Islam land, where Turk and Hun Deal death to God's anointed hosts for Right And trample Freedom down, there now lies one Who sleeps within the arms of Mortal Night.

(Requiem aeternam dona eo, Domine.)

Brave scion of a noble race, he heard The weak and enslaved nations' clarion call For justice, peace, and liberty; and spurred Unto the cause, he gave Himself—his All.

(Requiem aeternam dona eo, Domine.)

Counted he the cost? Feared he to die? Not he; But gladly chose the Cross—and won the Crown; Warring for Right, he fell full gloriously, And on his grave the Persian stars look down.

(Requiem aeternam dona eo, Domine.)

Remember him, O Lord, on that great day When saint and sinner stand before Thy throne; Remember his soul's sacrifice, we pray, And mark him worthy for Thy very own.

(Requiem aeternam dona eo, Domine.)

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The late Sergeant Mac Donald was a Dalhousie man. He attended classes at the college in the early 90's. He was a general favorite, a lovable, companionable fellow, with a cheery, quizzical smile that went engagingly with his ready Gaelic wit and repartee. Amongst the older students—I was for a time his room-mate—he was dubbed in genuine affection "Little Alex" and "Baby" Mac Donald; for he was at the time a slight lad and became a sort of pet with us. But he developed into a strapping Highlander, worthy in body, mind, and energy of his race. For he was a lineal descendant of the famous Mac Donalds of Keppoch, Scotland, his father being Captain Ronald Mac Donald, or North Sydney. After leaving Dalhousie, Sergeant Mac Donald entered the field of journalism, his last connection being with a London journal. No doubt, when it is possible, Dalhousie will have in fitting places memorial tablets to Stairs, Mac Donald, and all the fallen who were gallant, noble sons of their Alma Mater. In the meantime, let other Dalhousians emulate the patriotism of Stairs and Mac Donald.—J. D. L., Dal. '93.

WITH THE HOSPITAL UNIT

(Continued from page 1)

through the Cloisters, to the Nave. In the Becket Shrine we viewed the tombs of Henry IV and his Queen, of Dean Wootton and that of the Black Prince (now being covered with sand bags to prevent its destruction by Zepps). We visited the Chapter House and the wonderful Crypt. In the latter are the French Chapel and the Chapel of the Virgin. At the time, services were being held in the French Chapel by the representatives of those French Protestants who fled from France at the time of the Huguenot Massacres. Service has been conducted there every Sunday since the time they found a Haven of Refuge in Canterbury. The carving and magnificence of this wonderful cathedral are beyond words.

Following out trip through the Cathedral, we visited Saint Augustine's Monastery, St. Martin's Church—the oldest Christian

Church in Great Britain, built in the time of the Romans; St. Dunstan's Church, the Canterbury Weavers, King's Bridge and River Stour, Chequer's Inn on Mercury Lane (where Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims" stayed). We saw the "House of Agnes" and the "Umble Ome of Uriah Heep" the West Gate and the Don Jon. By the time we saw all this the Canterbury darkness was again upon us. A good supper and a last walk through the oldest city in England we were soon on the train again and all too soon reached Shorncliffe Station.

This trip cost us only 10s. each,—i. e. about \$2.40 for a trip that we would gladly have given \$50.00 for. We hope it may be the lot of many more Dalhousians to visit Canterbury some time.

With best wishes to "Gazette" readers. Roy D. McNutt, '16. S. J. Dick, '19.

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EDUCATED.

EVERY autumn several thousand members of that particular species of the genus homo which is popularly called college Freshman enter with high hopes and several thousand different ambitions upon the various courses of our Canadian colleges and universities. Each spring sees a considerably smaller number of young men and women being graduated by their respective Alma Maters, and starting out into the wide world to take up their chosen tasks. A question which is asked perhaps more often by the public than by the undergraduate himself is, "What is involved in a college education—what equipment should a student get during the several years he spends at college?"

The present article is an attempt to suggest at least a partial answer to this practical enquiry. Let the reader ask himself the very personal question, Is anything mentioned here which I should be receiving from my college course, but am not? Should one suggestion assist one reader to make a better use of the opportunities that belong to him as a member of a privileged class, and to better equip himself for his life in the larger world beyond the college walls, the aim of the writer will be accomplished.

There are still a few individuals who retain the idea that an educated man is one who has absorbed all the knowledge he can possibly obtain in four years. Hence those strange creatures one occasionally observes at college, whose sole aim in life seems to be to attend lectures and pass exams. All college functions and societies being omitted from their time table. Any necessity for applying the few facts accumulated seems to be absent from their thoughts.

The present tendency of public opinion is to look upon the ideal college man less and less as one who should know everything about everything, and more and more as one who is possessed of some general knowledge, in touch with the sources of further facts that may be required, and capable of accomplishing his work with greater efficiency than is possible without the equivalent of a college education. Not to minimize the value of the knowledge obtained, it is nevertheless true that the value of a course is not to be measured so much by facts learned as by the spirit created in the student,—his attitude of mind, his efficiency at work, the way in which he meets novel situations, his outlook on life, his purpose in life. The problem for the individual is how best to obtain these.

If college men were classified on a basis of study, the result would probably be a large percentage who spend too little time at study, a larger class who spend enough or too much time at inefficient study, and a very small number who have learned to accomplish a maximum of class or other work with a minimum of effort. Some will probably disagree with such a statement, but consider the facts. Is it not true—"and pity, 'tis, 'tis true"—that there is a considerable number of students at any college, whom the paternal purse supports and who are supposed to be taking advantage of their opportunities, but are without a greater ambition than to be amused and avoid work. Do not the majority of those who attempt to do some

honest work, study with a great deal of inefficiency? Take a typical case; a student is able to persuade himself that he had been studying Greek or Mathematics for an hour, yet during that hour he has been thinking of innumerable other interests,—the inter-class league, the good times he will have in holidays, the hunting trip he took last autumn, perhaps the fair co-ed with whom he had the last band at rink last night! Intermittently he has been studying Greek! Self-control and concentration of mind are habits not easily acquired, but habits that will lighten the student's tasks, make his course a real pleasure, and make him efficient in his life beyond college.

Some people who have heard various reports concerning undergraduate organizations and athletics and social functions, and who have perhaps known one or two students who went to extremes with these legitimate activities, have become convinced that the average student wastes his time on frivolities. Yet the same individuals expect from a college graduate those very abilities which he can acquire only through activities outside the curriculum. Too many students neglect the opportunities of getting these.

Every college graduate is expected to be able intelligently to express himself in public, yet it is pitiable to see the number of men who have splendid ideas, but falter so in attempting to give them to others that their value is lost. The writer has heard Senior Engineers express regret that they had not taken advantage early in their course of the opportunities presented by the debating society. Many a medical doctor has wished too late for the benefits of some training in public speaking. Graduates in Arts are often put to shame when called upon for a public speech.

It is often necessary for the professional man to write an article for publication, perhaps upon some part of his work. What tragedies are the literary efforts sometimes made! Yet a few hours spent in contributing to the college paper would have given an ease of expression that is not easily acquired in the wide world. Why do you not contribute to your paper?

Another very valuable asset is the ability to organize and plan. The various undergraduate social and athletic functions afford real training in this; yet the burden of responsibility if frequently laid upon a few, who receive the advantage of the training,—and the too ready criticisms of their less energetic fellow-students.

In inter-class and intercollegiate contests the undergraduate learns how to be loyal to the group, to subordinate personal desires to the good of the commonwealth to which he belongs. The ability to work harmoniously for a common cause with those whose views on other matters are divergent from his, to mix with others, to be a friend,—these are valuable possessions which can be acquired at college, outside the curriculum.

To conclude, are we as Dalhousians getting the most out of our college course,—are we putting the most into it? Surely it is possible for the majority of us to make vastly better use of these years of training—such use as would make our studies less laborious, our student activities more progressive, our whole course more pleasant and valuable, ourselves better equipped for living.

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.

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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 \$600.

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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LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

(Continued from page 1)

when upon entering my sleeping dugout a Dalhousie Gazette was seen lying on the blankets. It did not take me long to remove trench waders and coat and jump into bed. There, by the light of a candle resting upon a bayonet, stuck into the sand bag wall, I read it from cover to cover. It was better than two days' "mail." You notice that we put mail ahead of food. Because when letters arrive we forget our "bully beef" and bread or whatever else it is and feed upon the pages.

During the last half hour one would scarcely believe that there was a war on. I have not heard a shot for some minutes and then only an occasional sniper's bullet bent on its deadly way.

Later.

Pardon this interruption but the Bosche began to shell our trenches and we had to retaliate. They put two big ones, each within twelve yards of this dugout, and made its way besides throwing two of us up against the wall. The concussion was a head ache. Things are quieter now. One, after a time, does get somewhat accustomed to the shelling, but there is always that thought as a shell comes screeching through the air, "Where is it going to burst."

Well this is a most rambling letter, but it is written right on the spot and one's thoughts cannot work as calmly as in a study room. It was simply the arrival of the Gazette that prompted me to write to you.

Must finish it up before I leave to-day as may not have another chance.

Trusting that everything is first class about Dalhousie and with best wishes.

R. E. G. Roome, P. T. O.

PROVINCIAL EXAMINATION ANSWERS.

(Continued from page 4)

Q.—What do you consider the most prominent "Traits" in the characters of Marcus Antonius, and Cassius. Illustrate your answers by quotations.

A.—The prominent "Traits" in the characters of these men are those that you have to add "CR" to, to describe their possessors: i. e., **Traitors.**

Q.—Describe the scene at the castle between Ophelia and Hamlet.

A.—What castle was "between Ophelia and Hamlet?" Why did not Hamlet go around the castle so as to be on the same side as Ophelia? I wouldn't allow any castle or barn or henhouse or anything else to be between me and my girl.

Q.—Give in your own words Milton's description of Satan.

A.—Impossible. If I give it in my own words it wouldn't be Milton's description and if I give Milton's description it wouldn't be my own words. What's the use of stirring up Satan by describing him anyhow.

All civilian students should endeavour to get their names in the lists of those enlisting to serve their King and Country. The civilian student and graduate will soon be as hard to find as the proverbial needle in the bundle of straw. It is rumoured that the boys who have not donned the khaki seek the less frequent glance of the man who is doing "his

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Royal Naval College of Canada

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

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

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

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service,

Ottawa, January 11th, 1916.

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DOING OF THE DELTA GAMMA.

IT has been said, by some of those among the students at Dalhousie variously referred to as 'lords of creation' and 'mere men,' that the co-eds do not find much pleasure in any social function from which the sterner sex are excluded. Possibly some of the latter have wondered what went on at the fortnightly meetings of the Delta Gamma Society, a society that meets more regularly and has a larger and more representative attendance than Sodales or the Glee Club, not to mention the Medical Society. Had they been in the waiting room of the Dartmouth Ferry Saturday evening, February fifth, before the arrival of the 7.45 boat and seen the members of Delta Gamma arrive, in numbers varying from one solitary maiden to the chattering group from Forrest Hall or the equally large and enthusiastic contingent from the Ladies' College, they would have come to the conclusion that, to occasion the eagerness of the crowd, something decidedly interesting must have been impending. Some of those who were there manifested considerable curiosity as to the purpose and destination of the society. Chief among these curious ones was a burly sailor, smelling strongly of liquor, who, as each new arrival appeared on the scene, laughed audibly to himself and demanded, "What's this? What's this?"

But soon the boat appeared and Delta Gamma took possession of the upper deck. A few minutes, and the girls were hurrying up from the landing on the Dartmouth side. "Who knows the way?" "How far is it?" "Where does Dr. D— live?" "Who's ahead there?" were a few of the questions that many were asking and no one answering. However, the girls ahead knew where they were going, the others followed and soon all were up stairs busily taking off hats, coats and rubbers, each girl trying to put hers a little apart from the rest or at least on top of the heap where there would be some likelihood of her finding them again in a hurry.

Then down stairs went all, and, after shaking hands with Mrs. D—and the three young hostesses, they sat down, some on chairs and sofas, some, with a fine disregard of dignity, on the floor, and the president called the meeting to order but the secretary has recorded this part of the meeting in the minutes, in which important document any one with sufficient curiosity may read the account of the business transactions of Delta Gamma.

Business over, recreation began. A solo by one of the stately seniors, a humorous reading by the president of Y. W., and a recitation by the college elocutionist and fortune-teller were all enjoyed and heartily encored by the girls. Then came a series of pantomimes of historical characters and college professors. A little girl in short dresses and with long curls led about the room a good-sized white quadruped (about the joints which lurked traces of other and more more sombre hues) having an astonishing candal appendage in the rear. Though the movements of this animal were not as graceful and lively as depicted in the picture books of childish days, the girls cried as with one voice, "Mary had a little lamb." The lamb had to come back and frisk (?) about again and though he might not have been recognized even by the combined intelligence of Delta Gamma

had Mary not been there, and probably would not have been by an ordinary member of the genus *Ovis Aries* under any circumstances whatever. he, nevertheless made a very impressive appearance and provoked peals of laughter and much clapping from the spectators.

A rather stout gentleman of preoccupied appearance next engaged their attention. This capable individual apparently did not put into practice the old but good advice 'one thing at a time,' for, as he walked, he smoked a cigar, intently studied a book, and (it must be confessed the last occupation did not appear to receive much of his attention) wheeled a baby carriage. Again the guess was unanimous and correct "Professor—"

Next appeared a stately lady dressed in a strange mixture of old and modern times. A long train swept the floor behind her. Jewels gleamed in her hair and about her neck. By her side was a young and handsome gentleman whose appearance partook of the varied character of that of his companion. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the chivalrous knight divested himself of his gorgeous coat and spread it on the floor for the lady to walk upon. "Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh!" said every voice in unison.

These august personages were followed by a dignified gentleman who wielded a broom in an exceeding energetic fashion but in such a way as would have shocked the housemaid had he been trying to sweep a floor "Professor—," and the answer was right again.

Now-a-days everything must have something military about it, and Delta Gamma is not to be behind. But no big corporal of the 85th who marches his men up and down in front of Forrest Hall, no man in khaki even, made his appearance before the society that night. A short, stout, pompous man, wearing a little three-cornered hat, long cloak, top boots, and a heavy sword stood in characteristic attitude. Once more the girls were right "Napoleon Buonaparte."

After Napoleon had departed, (for St. Helena no doubt), refreshments appeared and disappeared with amazing rapidity. Coffee—hot coffee—with whipped cream on top! The H. L. C. girls fairly gasped but soon recovered and proceeded to show that the shock was only momentary and that, they too knew how to dispose of such an unaccustomed luxury. And cake—with frosting! Not since last Delta Gamma night had they partaken of such a treat. Not till next Delta Gamma night would such a thing occur again, unless a trip to the "Green" might break the monotony and give their gastric apparatus a deserved rest, for a change is as good as rest they tell us. Fudge, too! The biscuit plates, the cake plates, might return to the kitchen still bearing remnants of the feast, but never again will that fudge be seen. Here Forrest Hall had its innings. Not a girl desisted until the exhaustion of the supply compelled her to do so.

"Girls," said a voice, "the eleven o'clock boat leaves in ten minutes. What a scramble ensued! Running upstairs, searching for rubbers, of course your things weren't where you left them. Some one could not find her scarf. O the lamb had it for a tail she was told. "Where was it? Where could it be?" "Here, here!" found at last. "I've only one glove," wails some-

one else. "Dear me, where can I have put the other?" "You're sure it isn't in your muff?" "O so it is!" and they ran down stairs, shook hands with the hostess and were off to catch the boat.

Arriving there, they found she had just come in. All gathered at the bow (if a ferry with both ends alike may be said to have a bow), and, in the clear night air, watching the lights around one of the best harbors in the world, they sang college songs. Standing there, a healthy hearty group of college girls full of hope and enthusiasm for the future, yet do you wonder if the thought went through some minds that college days are the best in life?

CORRESPONDENCE

THE last issue of the Gazette contained remarks over the feebly disguising subscription "R. M. G. D." His criticisms are as vague as they are popular. At one concrete instance which he does single out, he levels unhappy words.

"Meiklejohn" is a valuable book. Because the study of English is generally a sugar-coated pill, exception is often taken to this book at which a learner must work. The work is amply paid. The comprehensive outline of English Letters which the student who masters Meiklejohn has, is the strongest foundation he could lay for the study of English Literature. Names that would have been accidents become a negotiable part of his thought equipment. He has realized chronological relations which prevent the inevitable confusion that a hop-skip-and-jump study of "periods" causes. I am aware that in some sections of the Province this "Outline of the History of English Literature" is mauled rather than taught. This does not condemn the book.

Under the instruction of a competent teacher, pupils could be taught to see the brilliancy of the therein mentioned literature shine along the dull places.

If the amiable indicator of Professor Meiklejohn's failure realizes no obligations to him, I do. "Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of"—the Council of Public Instruction. ARTHUR GORDON MELVIN.

Dear Editor—Those students that found time to go and listen to what Col. Borden had to say to all the students of Dalhousie were amply repaid for their trouble. Everybody came away with a clear and scientific idea of what war means to each one of us, and in particular this war. Col. Borden left no loop holes,—clearly it is the duty of every man from 18 to 45 to don the khaki who is physically fit or not engaged in some active service for the state, no matter what the inconveniences to his business or his family.

Now Mr. Editor, the President of the University, in introducing Col. Borden, made the statement that the heads of Dalhousie University considered it was the duty of every one of its students, who fell in the above mentioned class, to enlist, adding that the country looks to the University for the best expression of her public opinion, therefore let Dalhousie set the example and show by deed rather than word that she is ready to stand behind the statement made by her President and, willing to forgo material gain and endure inconvenience for the rest of the war by putting

into force a regulation that no students can from now on until the end of the war register in Dalhousie University unless they have a certificate from a military doctor, exempting them from military service because of physical defect. (This is understood to only refer to the male sex).

Here is your chance Dalhousie to lead the way, show the other universities that you are willing to make a sacrifice as well as those brave Canadians, who have already gone to the "front."

Let us put an end to such scenes as the skating night when Dal's able body men students are sporting themselves with the girls, while their fellow students of former years are bleeding and dying; for what? Surely, not that their old college chums should be able to remain to take their places with the girls, to attend theatres, to play football and incidentally to get more education, in order to better themselves at the expense of those, who were far sighted enough to see, that this is indeed Canada's own struggle for existence. Is it true that we are like the citizens of the Roman Empire when she was in her decline, paying others to fight our battles while we remain at home in luxury? Gentlemen you know Rome's fate and that of her colonies! Is history to repeat itself and the Greatest Empire the world has ever seen is it to be over run by the Hun? What is to be our answer students and yours our Alma Mater? The bugle is calling let us fall in!

A student now at Dal.

Dear Editor:—

Could you publish this above letter in the next issue before the iron gets cold How about a recruiting number for the Gazette.

Here's to luck, yours,

Student.

P. S.—There is lacking at Dal some good organizer who will get the boys together, get them interested and lined up. By the way a lot of the students are waiting for an artillery battery. But what ever it is battery or platoon something ought to be done to keep the fellows together. A leader is wanted such as a popular professor, preferably one of those in uniform, at the present time, who will say "come along with me boys and we will take Dalhousie to Flanders with us to drown kultur."

"Mashie" Logan has joined the forces of the 85th. Doctor J. D. Logan is a well known product of our University.

C. Gordon Smith is with the Ammunition Column as is also J. R. Conroy. Climo '18 will also go overseas with MacKinnon's Column.

Major "Hub" Maxwell and Lieut. B. W. Russell are among those who will shortly leave for the front with the 64th.

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HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

Charles Holland of Duncan's Cove has seen a bull frog. Do you get that, a bull frog? And it happened on Feb. 1. Now if it had been January 1, one would think that was a pretty bad way for Charles to start the new year; or if it had been April 1, one would think Charlie was giving us a jolly, you know. But it was February and so it must have happened.

Charles,—all great men are known by their first names,—was taking his usual morning stroll. We had just run over his plans for conducting the war if he were Kitchener, and settled on whether or not he would increase the oats of that hoss "Old Thousand Dollars," when he suddenly saw a bull frog. Charles says it was "swimming in a pool of water." He noticed particularly that it was "swimming" in the pool of water and not walking. Notice also, gentle reader, that is, if you have read thus far, he was swimming in a "pool of water." It was not a pool of sand, or snow, or even one of those war stock pools, he was swimming in, mind you, but in a real honest to goodness "pool of water." This too, is important. You will be thinking this is getting rather involved but take it slowly and it will work out all

right. But what a world of meaning is contained in the closing words of the letter. "I was very much surprised to see such a thing at this time of year." O Charles, what restraint. Had you "croaked," even the bull frog would have thought it extraordinary.

"Ken" MacLeod, N. L. Chipman and Wm. Noblette will go to the firing line with the Highland Brigade.

Blanchard, Macmillan, Campbell, Greirson and Matheson have enlisted with the 219th Highland Battalion and will form the nucleus of the Dalhousie Platoon. Who's next?

J. J. Martin (Law '10) has joined the Soldiers of the King at Fernie, B. C. Another football player doing his duty.

Lieut. Marshall Rogers has gone South on leave of absence. Marshall belongs to the 64th who will go to the front soon.

"Davy" Graham, Law '13 has enlisted in the 193rd Highlanders. Earl Day '11 and Hervey Jones have enrolled with the 219th.

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