

The Dalhousie Gazette

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No. 6

THE DAY.

Twelve mailed men sat drinking late.
The wine was red as blood.
Cried one, "How long then must we wait
Ere we shall thunder at the gate
And crush the cursed brood?"
Twelve men of iron, drinking late,
Strike hands, and pledge a cup of hate;
"The Day!"

Twelve men met at the day's decline—
Eleven and One beside.
Their every thought, a thought benign,
Yet One—the One we call divine—
Next day was crucified.
Twelve men of God raised up the sign
And pledged in consecrated wine;
"The Day!"

Now nineteen hundred years have passed,
The day—whose shall it be at last,
Oh Christ!

—C. A. Richmond in *The Independent*.

NEWS FROM NO. 7.

It has occurred to me that probably the *Gazette* would be interested in some account of what the Dalhousie Hospital Unit is doing.

First of all, though, let me express on behalf of the Dalhousians in this unit, our appreciation of two things: The first is the three splendid copies of the *Gazette* which have just come to hand. The Editorial Staff is certainly to be congratulated on its product. May the succeeding issues be even more successful.

Secondly, let me say how pleased we are with the progress all the college societies seem to be making. Nothing delights us more than to hear how the Dal boys and girls are carrying on during these so called "lean years." In the way in which the girls of the university are assuming their share of responsibility for the various college activities, you are getting a taste of what is so marked in both England and France—the substitution of women for men in all civilian and even in a great many military pursuits.

Now a word about ourselves. Last March I wrote the *Gazette* an account of our work in England. Since that time our sphere of activity has been changed to France. We have now been here close on to seven months. In one respect we have been not a little disappointed with the so called active service, viz., in that we have been kept down at the base doing purely base work. By that I mean that all, or at least the majority, of our patients come from the Base Depots in and around Havre. A comparatively insignificant proportion of them are casualties from the front. The only consolation we have is

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A REVIEW.

The Chronicles of Canada—The Winning of Popular Government.—By Archibald MacMechan.

It is a pleasant task to review a book like Prof. MacMechan's delightful historical sketch, perhaps for the very reason that it calls for no parade of the usual paraphernalia of historical criticism. The trouble with much of our present day historical writing is that it is too obviously scientific. Too often the historian is nothing but a cataloguer of details, an accumulator of materials, with a passion for footnotes, but no eye for generalities. This is as much the fault of the critics as of the writers themselves. A school of reviewers has grown up, who, by ruthlessly demanding minute correctness of detail, have forced authors who have any regard for their reputation to subordinate presentation to accuracy. Trusting, perhaps, to an alleged identity between truth and beauty, or presupposing in their audience an enthusiasm for the subject equal to their own, they have been satisfied with productions that cause their long suffering readers to exclaim, with the prophet, "Can these dry bones live?" Now it would be foolish to decry the adoption of accurate historical methods by the historians of our day. It is gratifying to know that upon the foundations of scholarship laid in the past generation by Parkman, by H. C. Lea, by Admiral Mahan, hundreds are now building, if not with equal ability, yet with equal thoroughness. Certainly one thing has been accomplished; the introduction of a scientific standard has banished to the illustrated advertising sections of the magazines the amateur historians who used to flaunt themselves shamelessly upon our library shelves. Before we congratulate ourselves upon this achievement, however, let us ask the question whether or not we have gone too far in the other direction. There is grave need that we should heed the warning, voiced last year by the literary critic of the "Nation," that our scholarship is being bought at too dear a price. If our books are not read, of what value is their learning?

The remedy for this disease is a simple one. Few historical writers can combine, like Ranke, the gifts of investigation and expression. Most must rest content with being miners, supplying materials for more skilled craftsmen. Along with the literature of investigation must come a literature of interpretation; those who possess the gift of expression must serve as the mouthpieces of their burrowing fellows, must become, as it were, the barristers of their profession. In this roundabout way we return to the series of which Prof. MacMechan's book forms a part. The "Chronicles of Canada" serve this very salutary purpose of correcting the balance of our historical literature,

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WHAT KIND OF A BOAT ARE YOU?

A writer in a magazine, which is now out of date, made the suggestion that all humanity might be divided into two classes, according as they are "tug-boats" or "barges". The fundamental points of distinction between the two types of boat are similar to those between the two classes of people. So are their likenesses.

A barge floats; so do some people. A barge is towed from place to place, as some individuals are led from idea to idea and from task to task. A barge is steered by outside powers; so are the persons of whom we speak. Other points of resemblance may suggest themselves to the reader.

A tug-boat is a centre of energy; it moves and directs not only itself but several barges; it utilizes the supplies of potential energy carried by the barges, for the accomplishment of its purposes; chiefly because it exists, barges are useful. In these and other ways a smaller number of people may be put in a class by themselves. They are human "tug-boats". Perhaps you would prefer to call them the leaders, the directors, the organizers, of human activity and progress.

The important thing for each of us to consider is "Am I a barge, or a tug-boat?" The word that comes to us from many quarters was well expressed by Mr. Raymond Robbins in the opening sentences of his message to Dalhousie students. It is the call of the wide world for leadership—college men and women will not be worthy of their trust, will betray the confidence placed in them by the thousands who make their education possible, if they do not become the "tug-boats" of their generation. "Am I training for leadership? Am I a source of energy in one or more student organizations? Am I one who not only can be counted on to give support to Sodales, Gazette, Y. M. C. A., Athletics, Skating Club, or some other Dalhousie student society, but actually initiates and carries through its activities?" For the student who can answer these questions in the affirmative, so far so good. But to those who cannot, this suggestion is offered—that the qualities making for "tug-boat" men and women show themselves as a rule during college life. Those who have made Dalhousie famous were not "barges" in undergraduate days.

Just one more remark! It is not enough to be a tug-boat. The tugboat must be directed properly, else its name and the barges it tows will be entered in the records as "lost," or "wrecked". In view of their home training, their nationality, their opportunity, it is surely not too much to say that every Dalhousie student ought to be steering his or her life along that sea-lane which alone is entirely free from rocks, shoals, and submarines; and to take on board the only Pilot who has never lost a vessel over which he was given complete control. Are you that kind of a tug-boat?

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Plagiarism is a heinous sin. This is a sentiment that needs to be burned in upon the minds of all with literary or oratorical ambitions while they are yet "young and tender." As these fields are largely supplied by the product of our colleges, it is while they are yet students that our future authors and orators need to be imbued with the desire to maintain that integrity of mind which will disdain to stoop to the methods of plagiarists. This done, the malady will not be so prevalent as it has become.

It is only too apparent that in much of the literary production of our time the producers "lard their lean books with the fat of others' works." Nor is the sin confined to the product of the pen alone, but is too often evident in much of the silverness of tongue. One is reminded of Disraeli's words, "The Plagiarism of orators is the art, or an ingenious and easy mode, which some adroitly employ to change, or disguise all sorts of speeches of their own composition, or that of other authors, for their pleasure or their utility; in such a manner that it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognise his own work, his own genius, his own style, so skilfully shall the whole be disguised." At times, the very nature of the task undertaken by a writer or speaker is frankly that of "a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff," and where no pretense to original ownership is laid, no criticism can be made. But it is when men and women pilfer and mangle another's property and, having clothed it in a clever disguise, give it forth as their own, that condemnation rests upon them. It is a violation of that integrity of intellect which is as truly stealing in the sphere of thought as is shop-lifting in the sphere of tangible things.

Not only is this done, however, but the culprits take the same pride in their work as does the criminal in a clever piece of burglary or fraud. Pope in his "Dunciad" pictures the gloating over their success of these past masters in the art of deception: "Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll, In pleasing memory of all he stole; How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug, And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug."

A recent number of the "Literary Digest" draws attention to a vigorous protest against this evil by the editor of the *Munsey* publications. He writes in "The Bulletin of the Author's League of America," and speaks out of the fulness of his heart for he knows whereof he speaks. He terms this sin

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"larceny of the mind." We quote him at some length:—

"It ramifies into every avenue of literature—into books, into magazines, drama, and motion-pictures. An army of mercenaries, fattening upon the thoughts of other men, is in the saddle. They apply to the business of plagiarism the same kind of intelligence and cunning, and even art, that a forger or a check-lifter brings to his unholy calling. By divers and sundry tricks they absorb the idea, if not in letter, in spirit—breathe into it an unwholesome vitality, christen it with a new name, and thrust it out into the world as a legitimate offspring. Its acceptance is regarded as a triumph on the part of the scalaway parent, whose intellectual communion is held solely with the devil.

"The arguments of defense put forth by these most pernicious of all thieves are characteristic of sinners. Confronted by the evidence of their guilt, they take refuge behind any one of the following excuses:

"(a) 'I had no idea it had ever been printed before. It was told me as an original story by a friend.'

"(b) 'A gentleman whose whereabouts at the present moment are unknown gave me the story in the form of a manuscript and asked me to touch it up a bit.'

"(c) 'I can't understand it at all. Probably I read it somewhere when I was a child and it clung to my memory. This is a surprise!'

"There are a number of other equally vapid and ridiculous explanations that come from the liar's lips, but samples cited will suffice.

"They seldom make it clear how such vacillating memories and deficient intellectual mechanism as they appear to possess are able to absorb and hold details, dialog, situations, etc., *ad infinitum*. Of course you can't expect a pickpocket to announce in advance that he is about to go through your clothes. And so, therefore, these belated explanations awaken irritation instead of satisfaction.

"The most profound and noble countenance I ever saw, upon which were written reflection, wisdom, and serenity, belonged to a man who had spent thirty years of his life in an insane asylum, under the impression that he was the lost Dauphin.

"The kindest and most benignant individual I ever met—one whom I would have felt secure in naming as my executor—was in a penitentiary, where he had been thrust as a youth of eighteen for assassinating his father.

"If you want to pick out a nice, quiet-looking boy to sing in the church choir, step into any reform-school.

"But for pure, undefiled innocence, a face carrying the expression of an archangel, a pair of eyes that can brew tears against accusation, I commend you to a plagiarist.

"It is seldom that plagiarists are actually convicted beyond the peradventure of a doubt. They possess the delicate sensibilities of a vitrified brick. An accusation pointed and proved has about as much weight with them as would have an autumn leaf falling upon the bosom of Lake Superior.

"It is the business of the Authors' League of America to set its traps for these varmint and exterminate them. There are hundreds of cases known to every editor, and perhaps half of them are known to every author. Should we not make it our business to define plagiarism so that it can not hereafter be misinterpreted?

"I would recommend that a committee be appointed to examine into all charges of plagiarism; to read both the original and so-called plagiarized version of any story out of which charges of plagiarism grow; to make a report to the League and to publish a verdict in 'The Bulletin,' and that all book publishers, magazine editors, dramatic producers, and motion picture scenario editors be notified of such verdict.

"Ten years ago contributions from strangers were accepted on their merit and printed under the assumption that the writers were honest men. It is now regarded as a necessary precaution to write a new author, whose manuscript has attracted attention, and ask for references. Even these precautions do not always succeed. One must wait for the publication of the plagiarism before a comparison with the original can be made. In the interval the fraud is accomplished. A comparison of the two stories supplies the evidence of guilt.

"It is the opinion of the writer that unwarranted leniency has been shown these offenders. The usual penalty is a severance of connections, followed occasionally by the return of the money dishonestly collected. A period of agreeable silence follows, after which the malefactor sits down with a ream of white paper, selects another alias, and continues in the business of selling old tales for new."

A Review.

Continued from page 1

of presenting to the general reader the results of most recent investigations without burdening him with the processes by which those conclusions have been reached. The series does for Canadian history what the "American Nation" series has done for the history of the United States, and the Home University Library for general information. The maintenance of a high literary standard, and the selection of authors whose names will stand as a guarantee of accurate scholarship, have been fundamental principles of the scheme. The problem faced by the author resolves itself largely into considerations of style and selection.

Prof. MacMechan has acquitted himself of his task in the excellent fashion which his admirers have learned to expect. The tale he has to tell is a fascinating one. It is the story of the achievement of union between the two Canadas: the turbulent times after '37; Durham's investigation and report; Sydenham's application of the heroic remedy; the threatened collapse of the scheme under his immediate successors; its eventual establishment through the labors of two patriotic ministers—Baldwin and LaFontaine—and a firm and able Governor-General—Lord Elgin. The tale loses nothing in the telling. The style of such a book must be simple enough to appeal to the large audience it is intended to reach. The author has fortunately achieved this simplicity and lucidity without sacrificing dignity and without excluding wealth of allusions to tickle the palate of the initiated. He has caught, too, the knack of weaving his story about the dominant personalities so that they live before us like actors on the screen. We sympathize with Durham's chagrin at the fickleness of a ministry which conferred

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THE ABOLITION OF VICTORY.

The President said to the kangaroo: "Don't jump as far as you're able to do." To the kitten in front of the dog he said: "Slow up a bit; you are getting ahead."

A policeman was trying to raise a nub On a rioter's head with a locust club. "Stop that!" cried the President. "Don't you see That you are attempting a victory?"

Little Louise on a summer day Was beating her brother at croquet. The President saw her, if you please. "Tut, tut!" he said to little Louise.

The President noticed one bright morn That weeds were racing with the corn. He made no comment on what he saw. He may have hoped it would be a draw.

A poor wretch, poised on a perilous brink, Was trying to conquer a rage for drink. Out of the tail of a saddened eye The President saw as he hurried by.

He came to a church and found within The preacher waging a fight with sin. Stout were the blows the good man dealt; Fierce was the pious rage he felt.

'Twas plain that the adversary vile Must take the count in a little while. The President thoughtfully shook his head. "It's a difficult world," the President said. —E. D. Beach in the *New York Tribune*.

DALLUSIENSIA.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Miller, at Penticton, B. C., on January 17, a daughter.

Capt. J. Flint Cahan writes from New York that he hopes "eventually to be able to paddle about with two sticks." In France he met Jack Read, Jack Stairs, and "Cam" Macdonald and many other Dalhousians.

F. M. Dawson is in camp at Crowborough with the Canadian Engineers.

Frank B. Fox is still with No. 2 Canadian General Hospital in spite of his efforts to see a little more active service with a field ambulance. He writes: "In England on leave, I ran across MacInnes. I was his guest for three days at Balliol College. . . . To me the student life there was wonderful, even in war time, when only those unable to serve their country by bearing arms were there. . . . Norman Mackenzie came to this hospital sick and has gone to England. A. D. Archibald and J. G. Patterson are taking commissions in Infantry and Artillery respectively. They like the work very much."

Dr. Roy Mackenzie, of Washington University, has a volume ready for the press on the ballads which he has collected in Pictou and Colchester counties. It will probably be published after the war.

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It is all right," said his host. "Don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite?'"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman. "I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb; but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"

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SOPHOMORE WALKING PARTY.

Following a remark in a general meeting of Class '19 that "of course the boys would give the girls whatever they wanted" the Social Committee received instructions to make all arrangements for a Walking Party. Now, a Walking Party at Dalhousie consists of getting to the nearest Club by the shortest and easiest way and there amusing oneself until time to run for the last car. With this brief word of explanation, the initiated might have understood what was happening at Old Dalhousie on the evening of Jan. 29th.

One by one the girls gathered in the Munro Room carrying slipper bags of varying sizes. One by one the boys gathered outside the door. Then Mrs. MacNeill, our jolly chaperon, arrived and the important business of filling topics occupied the attention of both boys and girls. One of the male members of the class was unavoidably detained, but as his faith in his fellow students was strong, he had his card filled by proxy and arrived in time to start with the others.

The evening was so pleasant that even those poor souls afflicted with chill-blains, enjoyed the walk to the "Waeg".

The first topic was continued after we arrived at the Club and several of the class made a new acquaintance with Sir Roger de Coverly. The resemblance of that pre-Christmas English of last year was not very marked but the students seemed well pleased for all that.

During the second topic there seemed to be some trouble with the lights in the Conservatory but possibly the Lighting Company was not to be blamed.

Through the third and fourth topics practically all indulged in a game of "Wink" and, judging from the proficiency of some, there must be a chance for practise either in class or elsewhere. The Class President seemed to have a little more difficulty than some of the others and audibly wished "they would wink louder."

Dan Tucker in the fifth topic made everyone welcome the sixth and the "eats". The supper seemed to please all and some were so reluctant to leave that they lingered behind to break cake with their partners, making a wish meanwhile.

"Dan Tucker" was the favorite amusement for the seventh topic and would have been most enjoyable had there not been an accident at the end. Miss White, in turning suddenly, twisted her arm, thus dislocating her shoulder. Mr. Baird rendered "First Aid" and the patient having returned to Forrest Hall via auto, a "real doctor" put the bone into place.

During the other topics some danced, others played cards, others talked, but all apparently enjoyed themselves. Some of the visitors in khaki being no longer their own masters had to be in barracks at midnight and for that reason left early. However, a soldier may be forgiven many things.

Everyone voted the affair a great success and Mrs. MacNeill has the heartiest thanks of each member of Class '19 for so kindly acting as their chaperone.

E. N.

"Metre."

There's metre iambic and metre trochaic, And meter that's tender in tone, But the meter that's sweeter, completer and neater Is to meet her by moonlight alone.



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News from No. 7

Continued from page 1

that we are doing absolutely necessary work.

It would be wrong to suppose that because our work is of the kind it is, we are not busy. If I were free to tell you the number of British and Dominion soldiers there are in the vicinity of Havre, you would readily understand that there are quite enough local sick to keep more than one base hospital busy. Immediately upon our arrival in this country we took over a hospital in Havre. This was a somewhat smaller hospital than our establishment called for. Now militarism cannot brook such a state of affairs. Hence scarcely a month had elapsed before a new hospital was opened up outside the city and part of our unit was diverted there. This latter became known as the Tent Section and was in charge of Major Murray. From July to December, No. 7 ran both these hospitals, the one with a capacity of three hundred patients, the other with only a hundred. For a good part of that time we have kept going on our own establishment which is designed for only four hundred patients. For a short time we were assisted by R. A. M. C. and C. A. M. C. details. Lately we have had a few Permanent Base Duty men attached to us, but not nearly as many as we really required. Now, however, we are on easy street again. On the first of January the Havre hospital was merged into a general hospital established in the city before our time and that section of our unit accordingly migrated out here. This brought the whole unit together again.

Our hospital here is what is known as a Tent Hospital. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that there are no buildings at all in connection with it. All the administrative offices, the sisters' quarters and mess, the officers' mess, the cook houses, company dining hall, operating and subsidiary rooms, and the Quartermaster's stores are housed in buildings of corrugated iron. All the patients and the male personnel are under canvas, the patients in large marquees and the male staff, for the most part, in common bell tents.

The hospital lies on the lower slope of a gentle hill, on the heights of which are the outskirts of the city of Havre. It was my privilege to be here all summer and this I can say of our location: It is one of rare beauty. I must forbear describing it in greater detail, otherwise I would get the censor hot on my trail. The hospital lines both sides of a road that runs away into the city of Havre. On the upper side of the road are situated the administrative block, the officers' mess and quarters and the sisters' mess and quarters. On the lower side are the operating room block, cook houses, company dining hall, stores, wards, and company tents. The wards are arranged in four blocks of three wards each. Each block is separated from the other by a roadway. With the exception of two wards which consist of three marquees each, all the wards are made up of two

marquees placed end to end. Without overcrowding at all, each marquee will accommodate fifteen patients. On the left hand side of the hospital compound and to the rear of the wards are the company lines of bell tents. Twenty-four tents arranged in three rows house the one hundred and twenty N. C. O's and men.

Perhaps the question arises, how is warmth secured? As far as the N. C. O's and men go, that is easy. It is not secured at all. The officers are, I believe, obliged to provide their own means of heating their tents. The Government looks after the sisters' quarters, the wards, the messes, and the offices. The wards are heated by stoves, one in each marquee. The walls of these marquees are so constructed that they roll back from the centre. Into the space so formed in one wall of the marquee, a piece of woodwork with a centre of heavy zinc is fitted. A portion of pipe runs from the stove out through this zinc. Outside the pipe assumes a vertical position and is secured to a post. These stoves are horrid things to work around—as the sisters say—but they certainly warm the marquees. Many a time have we envied the patients as we get up in the morning or retire at nights, in the cold atmosphere of our bell tents. Sometimes we are even tempted to think that our patients find life in the wards so comfortable this cold weather that some deliberately try to prolong their stay with us. If they do, we can hardly blame them. Life in a bell tent in winter time, even if it be merely the winter of Northern France, is far from pleasant.

In our personnel, as well as in our sphere of activity, there have been a number of changes since I last wrote the Gazette. The Dal representation is smaller by nine than it was then. J. A. Nicholson '16 and S. J. Dick '18 were two Dal men who, with some half dozen others transferred to the artillery shortly before we left England. Nich and Dick have been at the Front now since last August. I had a letter from the former a few nights ago. They are with a Divisional Ammunition Column of the Canadian Field Artillery. Both of them saw service on the Somme. A number of other men of the unit, both while in England and since coming to France have taken out commissions and have been in or are preparing for service at the Front. Among them are two Dalhousie men, M. H. Dawson '16, and T. H. Whelpley '18. Sgt. J. D. Van (Arts '11, Law '13) was recalled to London in October to take up work in the Canadian Pay and Record Office, while Sgt. A. T. MacDonald (Arts '10), has returned to Canada to resume his ministerial duties. Last April Sgts. Collie Sutherland (Arts '13) and Fraser MacGregor (I'm not sure of his year) were ordered back to Canada to finish their medical courses. In October we were ordered to provide a draft of twenty men for service up the line. In the party that went was Frank (alias Bud) Fisher, another Dal man. The Dalhousie representatives with the unit now are Harry Archibald, Roy MacNutt,

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Anything You Need a Drug Store For?

If you need anything that a really modern drug store can supply, let us place ourselves at your service. If it is the Purest Drugs, Proprietary Medicines, Toilet Articles, Cigars, Confectionery, Kodaks and Supplies, you will find this bright, new store your best shopping place. Prove it by a trial.

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PRESIDENT OF D. A. K. A. MAKES INTERESTING ADDRESS.

The Library, H. L. C., 10.00 p. m., Feb. 7, 1917.

The meeting was opened by the president in a brief and timely speech. Among other things, he said the following:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—At this, the fourth meeting of our Association, it is perhaps not unbecoming that we should briefly review the work accomplished. Through the devotion of individual members, the zeal of the executive, and the kind co-operation of the Gazette Editor, we have made our Society a success. Interest in its minutes has not flagged, and through the splendid and untiring efforts of our detectives, it is becoming increasingly true that no student can have a swelled head, or show a marked preference for one of the opposite sex, or get a hair cut, or do anything which would be detrimental to the interests of Dalhousie, without having a secret fear in his or her heart that our Association will register a kick. No more can any student do that which is a credit to the name Dalhousie but the hope rises high that he or she will receive honorable mention in the minutes of the D. A. K. A. We knew the very next day that -s-l-r M-c-L-n lost his boots at rink, and went home in a friend's rubbers! We heard J-h-n McN-l ask if Miss G-n is a Freshman! We had our detectives on the line when the room-mate at Pine Hill, of the President of the Skating Club, said, 'Hello. This is F-r-s-th speaking,' being apparently ashamed of his own name. We notice and appreciate the efforts being made by the President of the Glee Club to make that organization a howling success. It is with regret that we hear of the decease of the Gazette Editor. He has been a true and loyal and close-mouthed friend of our Association. The Gazette has prospered under his guiding hand. May his successor be as good! Of one thing I should perhaps remind you: to kick, the object of our society, is to approve of the good as well as to protest against the evil. It would be very sad if any of those mentioned in our meetings should receive it in any spirit other than that in which our Minutes are written—the spirit of genial, good-natured nonsense. We have heard many explanations given concerning the source of these minutes. The most evident one has apparently escaped everyone; the idea of the actual existence of such an organization as this seems to exceed the mental capacity of the reading public. We shall now proceed with the regular business for which this meeting was called."

After several hours of applause, committees of investigation were appointed to find out about the following:

Where Z-ck got that hair-cut. If the Pine Hill Freshman has kept his New Year Resolution, "I am not going to swear a d-n bit this year!"

Whether the Pine Hill "Constitution" is as good this year in Miss Ph-l-ps estimation as it was last year.

What the Freshette meant when she inquired at Rink, "Are those two twins?" (pointing at M-c-K-y and F-r-s-th-).

Has W-l-s' short cut to Forrest Hall from the Arena any connection with ten cent hair cuts?

If a Senior from Pine Hill really did say, "There ain't nothin' new on the bulleting board today."

Why the car lines on Edward and Brenton Streets are not on the map in the Y. M. C. A. Hand Book.

Why Freshmen in Arts and Medicine can't count higher than three.

What the man with the metallic name meant by saying, "Here I am with seven subjects, and the responsibility of the whole University on my shoulders."

Who said at the Sophomore Walking Party: "Wink louder!" "Come here!" "I can't wink!"

If the following dialogue really took place:

M-c-K-y (on car)—"K-rr, who is that alongside of Cho?"

K-rr (practising language of Eden)—"Ha neil is'm" (which is, being interpreted, "I don't know.")

Young Lady (to friend)—"Hear what those two fellows said? One asked the other who sat beside 'So-and-so' and he answered, 'Haneilism'—one of those Celestials, you know!"

If it is true that the first year Medical students paid for their sleigh drive by selling the gold teeth they found in Practical Anatomy room.

If the Freshmen and Sophomores have agreed to disagree about that hockey game.

If certain boys go to Fort Massey Church to worship or to see the Ladies' College girls.

Who is going to take measles next at H. L. C.

When one girl kicks another out of bed, should the latter cease diplomatic relations.

The Chairman of the Lost and Found Committee reported the finding of a piece of wrapping paper in the Practical Anatomy Room with the following strange inscription:

-rm- Cl--d-n- N--l-s courtship. // // // // //

J-hn D-n-l-d M--L--d friendship. / / // / // //

-rr-b-ll- C-th-r-n- M--k-nz-- L. / / // / // //

J--th- S--h M--r-- C // // // // // Have her.

There were several other hieroglyphics. The committee was empowered to find the owner and also what this new language is.

The rumor that a Dalhousie Antiquated Anti-Kickers Association is being formed was not thought worthy of investigation.

Many other important items of business were deferred, and the meeting adjourned on account of the cold. Some Pine Hillers were very loth to leave, however.

WILL U KICK, Secretary (pro tem).

Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend

To mean devices for a sordid end. Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne

By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.

Great in itself, nor praises of the crowd, Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud. Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,

By which those great in war, are great in love.

The spring of all brave acts is seated here, As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear.—Farquhar—Love and a Battle.

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News from No. 7.

Continued from page 5

Clyde (alias Dutch) Holland, Lewis Morrison, Clarence Moriarty and myself. In our officers too, there have been changes. Capt. S. J. MacLennan left us in England to take up special work in a Canadian Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Hospital. In August Captains M. A. MacAulay, E. Douglas, F. V. Woodbury and John Rankine transferred to medical units doing service right up in the War Zone. At one time we thought that we had lost Colonel Stewart. Fortunately the war office acceded to his own request and sent him back to us. Nor have our nursing sisters been free from change. Ten of them were loaned for a time to casualty clearing stations in close proximity to the Front. I believe they had quite a lot of interesting experiences up there. Two of the sisters have been invalided to England, while a third resigned her commission at the termination of her year of service. These have been the main changes in our unit during the past seven or eight months.

I think that the foregoing includes nearly all the main points of interest in the past few months. Of course, if I were to indulge, as some have done in their letters home, in the peculiar army vice of—well I'll not say it, the expression is rather crude and might shock some ultra refined and sensitive ears—I could make our life seem full of excitement and novelty. Such there certainly is not in our work here. Our record is not that of great and heroic things; rather it is that of little tiresome things, if not done with a good heart, at least we hope done well.

N. M. RATTEE.

Note.—Sgt. Neil M. Rattee was editor-in-chief of the Gazette during the first months of the '15-'16 term. He resigned his position in order to enlist in No. 7 Hospital Unit (Dalhousie). His article will be read with interest both by the Dalhousie students who knew him and by the ones who have come to college since the Hospital Corps sailed. All are interested in the Unit which contains so many Dalhousians.—Ed.

SODALES.

Sodales has been for the last two months chiefly interested in preparations for the two intercollegiate debates. An account of the picking of the team for the Dalhousie-Mt. Allison Ladies Debate will be found elsewhere in this issue. The trial debates for the men's team, which will argue the affirmative of the subject "Resolved that, in default of absolutely prohibitory legislation, the Parliament of Canada should enact legislation vesting the sole right to import, manufacture and sell intoxicating liquors within Canada in salaried officials of the Crown to be appointed for that purpose and subject to the control of the Parliament and the Executive Government of Canada," brought to light a lot of new material, as well as some of the older debaters in Dalhousie. Messrs. Distant, Goode, and Zinck, who were finally chosen for the team, are hard at work with Coach Illsley.

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ANTHONY CRUNDLE.

Here lies the body of Anthony Crundle, Farmer, of this Parish, Who died in 1849 at the age of 82. "He delighted in music." R.I.P. And of Susan For fifty-three years his wife. Who died in 1860, aged 86.

Anthony Crundle, of Dorrington Wood, Played on a piccolo. Lord was he, For seventy years, of sheaves that stood Under the perry and cider tree; Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

And because he prospered with sickle and scythe, With cattle afield and laboring ewe, Anthony was uncommonly blithe, And played of a night to himself and Sue, Anthony Crundle, eighty-two.

The earth to till, and a tune to play, And Susan for fifty years and three, And Dorrington Wood at the end of day— May providence do no worse by me, Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

John Drinkwater, In the London New Witness.

MEDICAL LAURELS.

At last the Meds did it! The Freshmen Meds too! For a long time the several Dalhousie classes have contemplated it, it has even been talked about in subdued tones, but never before did any class venture such a courageous deed. Just picture it! A beautiful moonlight night, the best sleigh to be had in town, horses not too fast for comfort, all the Freshmen one could care for, and not one Freshette in sight!

How did they manage it? Even to older and (supposedly) wiser heads this matter would have presented some difficulties. They would have hesitated through fear of giving offence; they would possibly have imagined that it was only the Freshettes' rights as belonging to the class, they might even have stooped to it for appearance's sake, or they might have "taken a chance" on an invitation trusting to the generosity of the Freshettes to decline. But not so our Meds! If they are not self-sacrificing heroes they are certainly not hypocrites and following the dictates of conscience they saw that the only honorable course for them was to completely ignore their fair classmates. And the ability which they displayed is beyond the comprehension of their senior classes.

And the intoxicating success of it! The perfect harmony of that drive, then the dinner which awaited them at the "Tallyho" on their return, the blissful companionship of Business and Ladies' College girls, not to mention the "Youtside" ones, all combined to make the most perfect evening one could imagine.

It was only an experiment! Dalhousie has waited long for it, but now the ice has been broken the difficulty will be solved for other classes; the same solution will be doubly easy for the Meds themselves. Class affairs need never again show those for which mercies let us humbly thank the most worthy Freshmen of Class 1921.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE WAR.

The question of the duty of the Universities of Great Britain to the young men who will return from the war was raised recently at a joint meeting of the Geographical and Mathematical Associations of England. The Chairman, Mrs. J. H. Mackinder, stated that "For the first time since the days of Charles the First, the tradition of Oxford and Cambridge had completely broken. A whole generation of undergraduate life had dropped out. It was impossible to think that after the war the vast majority of young men now at the front, who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been the recruits of our learned professions, would ever go through the normal undergraduate course. It would take too big a slice out of life, and the demand for men would be far too urgent, and the tasks to be done so great. It would be up to the Universities to give to these practical young men who come back the essence of a liberal education, and to do it in the only way that they would, generally speaking be ready to submit to, namely, in some shortened way, and in a way that obviously bore directly upon life." The same problem will face our Universities in Canada. We cannot expect our young men who have lost three or four years out of their University life, to make up these years after their return. There must, in many cases at least, be some shorter course for their entrance upon their life work.—Presbyterian Witness.

HAVE YOU ENLISTED?

The merits, the demerits, and the works of almost all the student societies of Dalhousie have been placed before the students in the columns of the Gazette from time to time. Some of these organizations have existed ever since the college began; others have sprung up quite recently, and others are still in embryo. But there is one society which represents only a small minority of the students, yet which, in the enthusiasm which characterizes each member of that small number, promises to outshadow and outgrow all the other societies. I refer to the Student Volunteer Band, which was organized in the fall of 1914 by ten members of the Volunteer Movement, then in the institution.

It is perhaps necessary to give a short and condensed account of the foundations of the general movement. In 1886 Evangelist D. L. Moody organized a conference at Northfield, Mass., for college students. From the first session of this conference sprang the Student Volunteer Movement. The men who attended received inspirations and convictions which they put into actual practice when they returned to their colleges all over America, and they made it their aim to organize bands among their fellow students of those who would be willing to actually go forth from the United States and Canada, to spend their lives in non-Christian lands in the work of establishing Christ's Kingdom. At the end of every four years since that time, Volunteer Conventions have been held at different places throughout the North American Continent. These Conventions, which are the largest and most representative gatherings of Christian Students held anywhere in the world, have marked

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epochs in the missionary life of the American and Canadian colleges. They give the students a chance to review the progress made during the preceding four years, an opportunity of setting new aims and ideals for the future, and give these men and women a realization of the true nature and importance of their work. It is a ground for sincere gratitude that within the lifetime of the Movement about 7,500 Volunteers have sailed to the non-Christian world. About twice as many have gone out from the United States and Canada during the years 1910-14 as from the universities and colleges of all the other Christian nations combined.

Having given an account of what the general movement is, let me now say something of what our local Band at Dalhousie has done and is doing. Since its inauguration the members of the Band have made it a point to meet together at suitable times throughout the college term to discuss problems concerning their own relation, and that of Christianity, to Dalhousie, as well as their responsibility towards the work which they shall be called upon to take up in a later stage of their experience. At the beginning of this term the Band decided to take up the study of a book called "Christian Standards of Life," which contains accounts of the lives of missionaries and others who have fought the good fight, and have spent the greater part of their lives in administering the Balm of Gilead to sin-sick souls. The members have invited all their student friends in any way interested in Missions either at home or abroad to come in with them and enjoy and benefit themselves by the discussions. The meetings held thus far have been most successful both in attendance and enthusiasm shown. By studying the lives of those men and women who have persevered to the end, we learn to understand the demands that may be made at any moment upon the time, the pleasure, and even the life of anyone who relates himself or herself to this movement. The study of the lives of Mills, who was so obedient to his purpose; of Jackson, who was so enthusiastic; of George Leslie MacKay, who was so fearless; of Isabella Thorburn, who embodied her own ideals of character and was the living illustration of her ideals of service; and of Borden, who, although a millionaire, saw that the Great Commission did not exclude him; has benefited us immensely.

The Band has also agreed to secure the services of returned missionaries, and others interested in missionary work, to give Sunday afternoon lectures throughout the year. Dr. G. Purvis Smith, who has been doing a practical and medical missionary work in China for the last 26 years—a part of which time he spent as private physician to the late president, Yuan Shi Kai—was to have been our first speaker along these lines, but owing to an accident Dr. Smith was not able to be with us on the date assigned, so Mr. J. H. Geldart, who is in the city, doing work among the soldiers, and who has just returned from China, gave an address on that date. Although it was not known until Sunday morning that Mr. Geldart was to speak, the Student Volunteers, in co-operation with the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., worked by means of telephone, conversation, and strategem, in such a way that we had a very large gathering. It is hoped that during the next two months we shall

Continued on page 11

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WRITE FOR CALENDAR

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THE END OF THE WAR.

Actual evidence I have none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son,
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a housemaid in Downing Street
That he had a brother who had a friend,
Who knew when the war was going to end.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

Witley Camp,
January 11th, 1917.

Dear _____:
Through the thoughtfulness of some kind friends I have before me a copy of the *Dalhousie Gazette* dated Dec. 1st, 1916.

I might say that I have read this copy from cover to cover (advertisements and all) and I must congratulate you upon its high standard of excellence. We all know that the *Gazette* never depended upon numbers for its existence. It has always been the Faithful Few who have given their time and labor to keep up its high standard. But no doubt a great many did think that the success of Dalhousie's societies depended upon the number of students attending. However, I think that this year at Dalhousie has proved that even this contention is wrong. (That is, if one can judge the success of the societies from the reports given in the *Gazette*.) I think that the success of Dal's societies this year speaks well for those who are left to "Keep the Home Fires Burning." It all goes to show the possibilities of human energy.

If we were told three years ago that England could raise, equip and supply, by 1917, the army she has in the field today, we would have doubted it. And yet she has done it merely by the unflinching energy of a few of her leading men (not to mention her women). So I feel that the College Spirit which lay dormant after the first shock of war has, on being concentrated into a few individuals, sprung up into a patriotism for Old Dal which finds expression in energy put into her societies. It reminds me of what one of the professors said when Dal opened in 1914. He did not put it into so many words but the idea is the same: "Come what may, Dalhousie goes on forever".

The Highland Brigade has been slightly broken up since coming to England. However, I think two battalions, the 85th and the 185th, will get to the front as units. I have been transferred to the 85th. We hope to leave for France in a week or two. A number of cases of mumps have broken out causing over a company to be in quarantine, but whenever we get rid of that classical disease, we hope to leave for France.

I have enjoyed my stay in England very much. Spent six days in London in which I saw, I think, as much as could be seen in six days.

But, you know, a soldier can never settle down and be absolutely contented; he must always be on the move. And so we are all longing to get to France, where, I have no doubt, it will be quite lively enough for the most of us.

There have been quite a number of Dalhousie boys here at Witley Camp. We were talking of having a Dalhousie re-union at Christmas time, but for several reasons it never materialized. The chief reason was that a number of the boys were taken away before Christmas. Had we

known that, we might have had it early in December, but one never knows in the army what is going to happen.

When in London, while travelling in the "Underground," who should I come across but our old friend Dave McLean. Last time I had seen Dave was at Dal closing in 1915. Little did I think then that the next place I would meet him would be on an Underground Railway in London. But such are the peculiarities of war.

Well, —, I'm afraid I will have to cut this short for this time, since they are closing up for the night. (I'm writing this in Canada Hall.)

Would be glad to hear from you any time you feel inclined to write.

Yours sincerely,

PERLEY C. LEWIS,
No. 282095 Pte. P. C. Lewis,
"C" Coy. 85th Battn, C. E. F.,
c-o Army Post Office, London, Eng.

A McCULLOCH RELIC.

Recently a gentleman in Halifax showed a Dalhousie professor a gold watch bearing this inscription: "Presented to the Reverend Thomas McCulloch, D. D., by the class attending his Evening Lectures in Experimental Philosophy as a Token of their Esteem and Respect. Halifax, Ap. 7 1830."

It is a good watch, keeping excellent time though now at least eighty-seven years old.

A Review.

Continued from page 2

powers only to revoke them when their exercise was most necessary. We rejoice at the fulfillment of his prophecy that the future would vindicate his claim to Canada's gratitude. We smile at Poulett Thompson's unctuous progress as a peripatetic peacemaker, soothing the outbursts of faction with a combination of persuasion and authority. Our patriotism is inspired by the sight of Baldwin and LaFontaine forgetting their sectional party interests to fight for their country's common interest; of Elgin holding firmly to his conception of duty though stones might fly and Parliament buildings burn. Not only do these personalities assume for us the substance of reality, but through their difficulties and achievements we get more than a glimpse of the Canada of the day—of religious and educational problems, of economic as well as political life.

To carry the story farther would be to trench upon the reader's privilege of enjoying to the full the perusal of the book itself. It is necessary only to assure him that his anticipations of pleasure will be fulfilled. Prof. MacMechan has well carried out the purpose of the series of which his book forms a part; nowhere will the reader find a more accurate and entertaining account of the years of Canadian history with which it deals.

C. H. W.

Domina omnium et regina ratio.—*Cicero*.

Deliberandum est diu, quod statuendum semel.—*Syrus*.

O fortunata mors quae, naturae debita, pro patria potissimum redita!—*Cicero*.

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1920.

What's the matter with Class '20?
Like the woodchuck on Candlemas Day,
they all came out of their burrows, (or
wherever they are spending the winter) for
the first time since they entered last fall.
Although the moon was shining by night,
as the sun was by day, we hope that unlike
the woodchuck, the sight of their shadows
will not prevent them from appearing out
again for the next six weeks.

"How many girls could a Freshman take
if a Freshman would take girls?" This
seemed to be the question which harrassed
the minds of the class for many moons
before the event, but it was satisfactorily
settled by the discovery "that a Freshman
could take as many girls as a Freshman
would."

Following the example of the worthy
Seniors, we proceeded to the Academy
of Music—whether "we all got on the
wrong train" or not remains to be seen.
The play, "The Butterfly on the Wheel,"
offered much valuable advice on the divorce
question, by which we hope that the
Freshettes profited equally with their
partners.

When the curtain fell for the last time
"we all went to the same hotel"—the
Tally-Ho—where our united efforts soon
relieved the table of its burden.

Following the example of our President,
the hopeful boy, brilliant but brief speeches
were indulged in by practically every
member of the class. Then, after a rousing
cheer for our charming chaperon, Mrs.
Murray Macneil, the party broke up.

"There's nothing the matter with Class
'20, it's alright." S. E. L.

Have You Enlisted?

Continued from page 9

be able to procure men who will address
Dalhousians so as to interest them even
more greatly in this work of Gospel exten-
sion. These are two of the direct ways in
which we relate ourselves to the Christian-
ity and the ideals of service which should
characterize a university like Dalhousie.

The work of the general movement has
been summarized; our local Band and its
work have been partly discussed. But there
may be—and I know there are—students
in the University, who hold the opinion
that missionary activity is a vague and
far-flung theory, which has no direct rela-
tion to them. They are indifferent to the
calls of service which are summoning them
and all of us to higher and to nobler things.
As in these times our friends and loved
ones are so cheerfully laying their lives
on the altar of sacrifice in order that the
principles of liberty, righteousness, and
truth may not be violated, the plain duty
devolves upon us to ask ourselves if we are
living lives worthy of their sacrifice. We
have not as yet enlisted in the army of
King and Country, but if we have brought
our lives into direct relation with the
King of Kings we are enabled to feel that
there is much work for us to do in the home
land, and particularly in the Foreign Field.
To any man or woman in the college, who
begins to realize that the Great Commission,
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the
gospel to every creature," concerns him
or her, the Dalhousie Student Volunteer
Band extends a hearty and cordial invita-
tion to our group meetings on Tuesday
evening of each week. J. M.

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THERE are few national institutions of more
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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 com-
plete 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 educa-
tion.

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
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The total cost of the course, including board,
uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is
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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
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nation.

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to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil
Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom
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Candidates for examination must have
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reached their sixteenth birthday, on the
1st July following the examination.

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

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

Unauthorized publication of this ad-
vertisement will not be paid for.

In the Bright
Lexicon of Youth

There is one word that
should be read, learned
and invariably digested

NA-DRU-CO

It is an abbreviation of
National Drug Co.

and indicates a line of
Medicines and Toilet
Requisites

— SUCH AS —

SHAVING STICKS
SHAVING LOTION
TALCUM POWDER
TOOTH PASTE
COLD CREAM
WITCH HAZEL CREAM
VANISHING CREAM
HAIR RESTORER
ETC., ETC., ETC.

Which are reliable and
first class in every re-
spect and guaranteed to
give satisfaction by the

National Drug and
Chemical Co., Limited
HALIFAX BRANCH

ATHLETICS.

Dalhousie cannot, this year, boast of any senior hockey team but several of the classes, notably the First Year Meds and the Arts Freshmen and Sophomores, have placed teams on the ice. In the first game of the season the Meds defeated the "Hospital" after a hard game on soft ice. Don Campbell and "Juniper" Godfrey for the hospital defence put up good games, and Capt. Murdoch also made a good showing. McLeod and Murphy were the pick of the Meds.

Two hard-fought games between the Meds and the Freshmen both ended with the score 3-3. McLeod was again the best of the Meds, while Dunn, of the Freshmen, was head and shoulders over his team mates.

The most interesting games of the season were those of the annual Freshman-Sophomore series for the "Turkey Supper". The Sophomores were unfortunate in the first game in that they played without any practice. Fluck was easily the best man on the ice. He had little support from his team-mates but every few minutes showed his ability to skate through the entire Freshman team. Only the wonderful work of Wilson, the Freshman goal-tender, kept the game from being much closer than it was. Dunn and McAskill were the best of the Class '20's team, the former in particular showing up well. Several minutes were lost at one stage of the game because of the mysterious disappearance of the puck. Referee Lawley relieved the situation and in a neat speech presented the rival teams with one of the pucks he had confiscated in a previous game. The score was 5-2 in favor of the Freshmen.

The second game of the series was probably the best of the season. The Sophomores were much better acquainted with each other and played a vastly improved game, with the exception of Fluck who fell below the standard he had set for himself in the first game. McDonald and Crowe played good hockey, the former breaking up many of the Freshmen rushes. The Freshmen are an unusually consistent team but they excelled themselves in this game. Dunn played his best game of the season and was the most effective man on the ice. McAskill was the pick of the rest. "Sully" Wood refereed the game in splendid fashion. The final score was 3-2 for the Freshmen. An unfortunate feature of the game was a dispute over the time. The teams were late in starting and when President Lawley of the Skating Club claimed the ice only two periods had been played. The Sophomores argued that the game was therefore unfinished. The Freshmen said it had been agreed to play only two periods. Result—big talk in which Davy Colquhoun starred with Laing and McAskill running him a close second. Mr. Lawley was the recipient of many undeserved tributes from the supporters of both teams. The Scribe's heart was gladdened by a report that the referee had declared all bets off. Alas! It was only a groundless rumor, started presumably by some of the younger fry who love to tease their elders.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us,
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and
shrives us,

We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking,
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

Lowel—*The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

"While here on earth our lives we spend,
Be this the goal toward which we tend:
A body sound, a mind that sees
Deep into life's strange mysteries;
A soul that seeks the highest things;
A heart where love forever springs;
A quiet conscience; God for friend;
And at the last a peaceful end."

**Plumbers,
Sheet Iron Workers,
Roofers,
Hot Water Heaters,
Electricians**

FARQUHAR BROS.

**Use Tungsten Lamps and
SAVE 50%
on Your Light Bills.**

Students of Dalhousie

We are French Dry Cleaning Suits
for the Students of Dalhousie at

ONE DOLLAR EACH

The same efficient service that
has characterized our methods in
the past is assured. :: :: :: ::

Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works

HENRY BIRKS & SONS, LIMITED

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

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—MANUFACTURERS OF—
School and Class Pins, Emblems
and Fraternal Jewellery.

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Our Insignia Department will
gladly furnish sketches or any
:: information on request. ::

■ ■ ■

MONTREAL

OTTAWA

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

Brown—Back to town again? I thought
you were a farmer

Green—You made the same mistake I
did