

The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

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EDITORIAL.

The campaign is the main topic in the halls of Dalhousie. The petty squabbles of the past few weeks are forgotten. Even Rink, the Baird-Goode Controversy, and the Movies are left undiscussed. For the old spirit of Dalhousie has found a new incarnation. A call has come to us; a call that must be answered, or we show our true degeneration.

The sum of \$3,500 is asked for the relief of our prisoners of war in Germany; our prisoners of war who in many instances suffer a fate worse than death. To mitigate their misery to some slight extent is the privilege now offered to us.

The question is not, "Can we do it?" but "Will we do it?" It is possible, even easy of achievement, if we make sacrifices, insignificant compared with those that have been made for us. Forty of the girls have led the way by subscribing \$900. Let the rest of us follow in their footsteps. Let us show the world that Dalhousie has once more awakened, and is ready to do things herself, instead of being content to let others do them.

WHAT DALHOUSIANS OWE TO THE MEN IN THE PRISON CAMPS.

A series of articles contributed by those interested in the raising of the \$3,500 for the prisoners of war.

1

It has probably never occurred to the students of Canada how immeasurably comfortable has been their condition since the war began as compared with that of our brethren who are prisoners in the hands of our enemies. Not only are they continuing their studies very much as they would have done had there been no war, but they have not suffered, either individually or corporately, in mind, body, or estate.

But what have we given up as yet? What hardships have we endured? What privations have we suffered? The cost of living has indeed risen, has been almost doubled but the incomes of most people have risen in proportion. We are asked to conserve our food, but we have still food to conserve; we have the means of taking exercise, we have the solace of books

and intellectual companionship. But have we realised the condition of no less than 100,000 students who have been in the countries of our enemies for nearly three years? Not all of them, of course, were seized in battle; many of them were American and British students in Germany interned when the war broke out. They are now enclosed in barbed wire entanglements, are fed on insufficient and distasteful food, are practically without books or means of taking exercise. They cannot make the time pass and their thoughts are all the more bitter when they reflect that there is so much to read and they have so much enforced leisure for reading. How they would read had they but the books. Ten have been crowding around one man reading aloud. They cannot but think of the well-stocked libraries of their native lands, which are to them in the meantime as inaccessible as the mountains of the moon. The present campaign is to raise a sum of money sufficiently large to provide for these most unfortunate men chiefly three things—the services of neutral secretaries, the apparatus for athletic exercises, and BOOKS.

The present effort is part of that wonderful movement, already well advanced, to provide a University—the Khaki University—for the benefit of men in active service. The sum, a large one of \$35,000, is to be raised by undergraduate effort alone. It is felt that as a body the undergraduates of Canadian Universities have hitherto not been called upon to make any personal sacrifices similar to those which every other class of people have made most cheerfully. This appeal will be responded to right generously, for what could be more appropriate than that students should alleviate the intellectual sufferings of other students? The men for whom we entreat you are your own kindred, many were your comrades, all are of similar aims, training, and traditions. Through no fault of their own they are held in an irksome physical bondage without access to the solace even of the reading of a book.

—D. FRASER HARRIS.

WANTED \$3,500.

DO YOUR BIT.

DON'T JUST GIVE—GIVE UP.

THEY FOUGHT FOR US.

A JOB FOR STAY-AT-HOMES.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE
SHUT IN BY A BARBED
WIRE FENCE?

HAVE YOU JOINED THE CAMPAIGN?

FOLLOW THE GIRLS.

CONTRIBUTE TODAY.

A HINT TO THE FACULTY AND
ALUMNI.

2

How many times have we Dalhousie girls said: "Oh, how I wish that I could do something to help win the war! Knitting, rolling bandages, sending parcels, and writing letters seem such ordinary things to do. I wish I could go over as a nurse or even a V. A. D. and run an ambulance. Do Something"?

Never was a wish more unexpectedly or completely gratified—for the opportunity to do something, and at that a big something, has come to every Dalhousie girl, namely to contribute towards the Overseas Y. M. C. A. and Prisoners of War Fund.

To give money perhaps does not seem like the spectacular thing that we dreamed of doing, but it calls for just as real and heroic a sacrifice, and since money is the only weapon with which we are permitted to fight, let us use it with all our might and main.

It is not easy to do without the traditional graduation dresses and pictures, mind the neighbour's children, or clean the landlady's silver. But neither is it easy to live in dug-outs, or to wade in muddy trenches daily exposed to enemy shellfire, hunger, and unspeakable fatigue. Nor is it easy to remain idle, or worse still, be forced to work for the enemy behind the barbed wire fence which encircles our prisoners of war. Can any who heard Captain Carrie ever forget his word picture of our boys held behind that fence! Canadians, many of them students who sacrificed their degrees that we might have ours, perhaps before the summer is over your brother or mine.

No matter how dark and unpromising things look, effort still seems worth while if there is anybody who still cares. We must let our boys know through the Y. M. C. A., which carries such splendid cheer, and help to them, other pens will tell you how, that we are standing behind them and consider no sacrifice too great which lends them any aid.

Girls! It is a sacred privilege as well as a moral obligation that we dare not pass by, that of holding out the hand of encouragement and comradeship to the boys who have offered their all for us.

Soldiers' Motto: I. N. F.—I'll Not Fail.
Dalhousie Girl's Motto: W. N. F.—We'll Not Fail.

A. A. ANDERSON.

3

Perhaps it may be a surprise to Dalhousians to know that there are at present approximately 100,000 student prisoners of war in Germany. Many of them were studying in the country of Kultur at the outbreak of hostilities and immediately interned, but a large proportion were captured during the progress of the war and amongst them three Dalhousie Boys.

Their present condition is one of such utter discomfort and misery that many of

(Continued on Page 2.)

What Dalhousians Owe to the Men in the Prison Camps.

(Continued from Page 1)

them are becoming actually insane. They have nothing to help to while away the weary hours except the fond remembrance of home and friends. A book is an almost invaluable acquisition and fortunate is he who procures one. Dr. Mott, while visiting the prison camps saw in one of them all of the prisoners gathered into a group to listen while one of them read aloud from some volume which had fallen into his hands. If we would but sit and think the matter quietly over with ourselves—just picture conditions in our own imagination—no books, no friends nothing good to eat, no beautiful surroundings except an eight foot barbed wire fence and outside that sentries on their beat—just think this over quietly and contrast it with your own comfortable lot of which we often bitterly complain. Do you not think, my reader, that it is time that we too were making some sacrifice?

Stories come to us from time to time of the way our boys are being used in those awful places. After a big British drive the parcels of food sent in by the kind and willing friends at home are all dumped into the daily soup ration, mixed up and served to those noble boys who deserve nothing but the best which the world can give. Here is another tale told by an escaped prisoner: A mere boy who had been taken refused to obey orders. His penalty was to be booted. The German brutes did their work so willingly and completely with the result that when the poor youth returned to consciousness he was insane. These stories are true and such treatment of our men stop, and the only way now seems to be our opportunity. Send the Y. M. C. A. men to them. They will help nobly and well.

Have you ever considered what your life's happiness would amount to without hope for the future? We live largely in such hope. Listen to what Malcolm McCharles, a good Cape Bretoner, and a loyal Dalhousian, says in his last letter from their beastly camp. These are his very words: "Only today was I thinking of things at Dalhousie and how changed they must be. I live practically in the past, almost afraid to look into the future."

Boys, consider this and, when the campaign begins, do your part to make Malcolm McCharles and thousands of his fellow prisoners—our fellow students—happy in the thought that Dalhousie spirit cannot be killed by war itself and that the boys in the Black and Gold are still in the game as of old, ready to pay any price for justice and liberty.

J. H. LAWLEY.

To think of what we owe carries one back immediately to the session of 1914-15. A few of the boys had gone in the First Contingent—not many, just those who had belonged to the Militia. Then the call came to Dalhousie students suddenly, much as this campaign has. The Cycle Corps was being formed. Their O. C. came to Dalhousie and said that he wanted men. Other units followed, with their call. What Dalhousian is there who is not filled

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with pride at the manner in which the students responded. They gave up, not money, but their whole careers. Over seven hundred Dalhousians are now in Khaki. Three hundred of these were Undergraduates like ourselves.

No one can say that they did not realize what they were sacrificing. One of my friends told me: "I can't just see how I can go, but I know I can't stay. I can't refuse this call on me!" He is dead now, killed in an action a year ago. They all saw their duty in that personal right which made them say: "What am I going to do?"

Follow these men to France. Look at our Roll of Honour. Here are our fellow whose names will never die: Campbell, Swanson, McLean, Dennis, many more, killed in action! The list is long. And these others? Where are Bill and Jack? Well, Bill has been wounded twice, and is back in the trenches again. Jack is a prisoner in Germany, taken in the scrap of June 2. He writes as often as they allow him and says: "Write to me! I live in the past, thinking so much of old days at Dalhousie."

These men gave up their careers and their lives freely and today their call comes to us.

Students of Dalhousie, your brothers are going insane, dying in German prison camps. If you will you can help them!

We are here. We cannot go. We are told to carry on until we are called. But here is a way in which we can show our true spirit. Our men in the field, our men in the prison camps, our noble dead look to us. Is not this thirty-five hundred dollars a small thing for us to give?

We are here because of the sacrifices of these men. We enjoy all the comforts of normal life because they answered the call.

Can we then be deaf to its appeal? Can any Dalhousie student say that the sacrifice is not worth fifteen dollars to him; that it is not worth all we can give?

The girls have set us an example; our fighting men look to us. We are indeed lacking in manhood if we let this call go unanswered by our best efforts.

A. B. CAMPBELL.

WANTED \$3,500.
DO YOUR BIT.

AT THE ORPHEUS.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to see Jack Piekford as Tom Sawyer will eagerly await the booking of his *Further Adventures*. Mark Twain's immortal tale of the April years lost nothing in the screening. Tom, Huck, Aunt Polly, Becky Thatcher and the others might have stepped directly from the well-thumbed, yellowing pages of the copy in my library. The quaint old Mississippi town, with its venerable trees, its ivy festooned porches, and the crinolined and panted passersby was a masterly bit of staging. You could almost smell the honeysuckle and the locust trees.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Editor Dalhousie Gazette.

Sir:—The recent investigation into the charges laid against the secretary-treasurer of the Student's Council by the officials of the D. A. A. C. has revealed some facts which should arouse a suspicion of some laxity in the management of college ath-

NOTES.

It is a dull day which does not see the publication of another book on the Halifax disaster. It has been rumoured that a new stack room will have to be built immediately to accommodate them. About the only people who have not written books about the explosion so far are those who were in it themselves.

Old memories flooded back with the appearance of Louise Power and Mary Ross at the Rink. Only Lily Bayne was lacking to complete the Heavenly triplets, or with the addition of the statuesque Miss Gillis, the Ambrosial Quartette, which would make even Justine Johnson look like a stewed prune.

Lee Fluck is returning to Canada early in the summer to resume his studies in dentistry.

Frederick Porter who lingered among us for the brief space preceding the Christmas Exams two years ago is now the proud parent of a son, and by the same token, Carol McInnis, one of our three Portias, receives the honour of Aunthood.

The next issue of the Gazette will be the last of the weekly issues for this term. The Graduation Number, to appear Convocation Week, will be brought out with the assistance of the Graduating Class.

What many Dalhousians would have done this winter without Mrs. Ives and her merry little parties is a problem too deep for solution.

To paraphrase Kipling: "Snow, snow snow, Darn it. Snow has come again!"

The final acknowledgments for the Blind Fund will appear in the next issue. The Science Buildings contributed fifty dollars. We wish that we might say the same of the Medical Building.

One worthy Haligonienne, on seeing the advertisement of Damaged Goods reached for her hat to fare forth in quest of bargains.

One more month and the days of the locust, or rather the plucked pigeon are upon us. Old examination papers are rivalling the Gazette in popularity.

Work for the Debate goes on apace under the direction of Professor Woody. Albeit some members of the team find their time too valuable to squander on anything so trivial as practices.

DON'T JUST GIVE—GIVE UP.
THEY FOUGHT FOR US.
A JOB FOR STAY-AT-HOMES.

DALHOUSIE vs. CANADA.

The Y. M. C. A. is about to launch a vigorous campaign for funds for its war work—two and one half millions is the goal set, and of this sum one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is to be devoted to the relief of prisoners of war. This is the part in which the colleges have been asked to help and it is to the solace of our own men who are dragging out a weary existence in the prison camps of Germany that Dalhousie's contributions will go. Other Colleges have done well, but Dalhousie aims at something higher than has been attempted in any of her sister colleges—what other colleges have done or will do does not so intimately concern us as what Dalhousie can do. To do our bit is not enough, we must do our best.

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Dalhousie vs. Canada.*(Continued from Page 2)*

We have a slogan for our campaign, not "What will you give," but "What will you give up?" To reach our goal all the students, not merely our earnest enthusiastic leaders, but the rank and file of all faculties and classes must give and give until it hurts, not only what they can give but what they cannot afford as well.

My aim in this short paper, however, is not to make a direct appeal to the students, but rather to send their thoughts outside the walls of the University to the city, the province, the dominion.

We are all familiar with the splendid work of the Y. M. C. A. is carrying on among our soldiers. Its scope is widening and as the work grows and extends its influence, in like proportions must its financial needs increase. Each year the Canadian people have responded to the appeal and this year the need is much greater. The contribution of Canada, of Nova Scotia, of Dalhousie, must be larger. Shall we fail to measure up? That is the question the college faces today. Shall not her solution of her own problem affect the same problem as it applies to the outer circle of support?

Can the Y. M. C. A. meet their obligations? They aim to establish a centre in every prison camp in Germany. Can we help them to do it? How about proving that our slogan was not empty words, but the battle cry that led on to victory!

The business men here have a general idea of a Dalhousie student. In some ways the Town and the Gown do not understand one another. They realize, however, that we are as a whole poor, many making our own way but all imbued with the same ambition, a college education.

We are aiming to raise a big sum; so big that we have not finished gasping over it, but no one succeeds unless one dares. We face a big issue, but it is worth a big risk.

The impossible was achieved in the Million Dollar Friendship War Fund in American Colleges last year, a fund raised by American students for the relief of our prisoners in Germany, and a fund in which we, though asked to help, did not participate. Our fellow students to the south have begun the good work. Shall we not carry it on?

Some of us have had a vision—let us make it real. Let us show those sceptical business men of Halifax that Dalhousie can give not out of her abundance but out of her poverty! Let them see that she has a vision beyond the college interests, one that reaches to Germany's prison camps, and then let them apply it to themselves. If the citizens of Canada give in a like spirit of sacrifice, we can not but win!

Let us prove that the old spirit of Dalhousie still reigns within her walls.

CHRISTINE MacKINNON

STROKES OF A VAGRANT PEN.

The recent action of the Medical Board which seriously affects the very existence of our institution for embryonic M. D.'s, apparently has a good deal of foresight in it. Doctors are really becoming superfluous creatures. I have been reading the advertisements in the local journals this week, and from them have discovered that there is practically no ill to which flesh is heir which cannot be cured in the

privacy of the home at fifty cents per box and one dollar per bottle. Oh, that our Social Service organisations, so eager to arrest small shopkeepers for selling milk on Sundays, would only live up to the names that they bear and wage a crusade upon those patent medicines which so often practice the most despicable form of trickery, promising to sell health to those for whom there is no hope.

Damaged Goods has come and gone. Great wonder was it that our saintly suburb permitted its exhibition. Brieux' pathological piece, though devoid of dramatic interest, has a great moral and social value. More the pity, that in Halifax as elsewhere it was so emphatically commercialised by those who presented it. In their extensive and rather sickening advertising campaign, they puffed themselves upon the great good they were doing the human race, and at the same time raised the price of admission.

A PLAINT.

The rink is most enjoyable,
But I should like to rave
About the lanky, long-haired gent
Whose legs just won't behave.
He hogs the centre of the ice,
And tries to ape Charlotte.
One risks a broken leg or death
To venture near the spot.
Where he is trying grass-hoppers,
Mohawks or else an anvil.
I emphasise "trying" for he
Is not a Bernard Granville.
I long to trip him up some day,
For, though I'm not a Prussian,
He might not come to Rink if he
Acquired a concussion.

—PLAIN SKATER.

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WIRE FENCE?**

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