

# The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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## THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

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*Business Manager*.....K. A. BAIRD  
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*Editor*.....J. H. MITCHELL

*Associate Editors*—Miss E. NICHOLS, Miss J. CAMPBELL, Miss TATTRIE, Miss A. MCKENZIE, JAMES POWER, BENTLEY.

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### THE YEAR AT DALHOUSIE.

The months since the opening of the first term, early in October, have in many ways been eventful. Apart from external events affecting college activities, many things have happened in the University itself which will not soon be forgotten.

The attendance this year, in spite of the war, was slightly in excess of last year's. The Freshman Class in Arts and Medicine was particularly large. The Military Service Act did not produce any great effect upon the enrollment. Some few students were granted exemption until the spring but the majority were either under the age limit or unfit for service.

Little of importance happened during the first term. There was a spasmodic, only partially successful attempt at Athletics, several interclass debates, and the meetings of the college societies. The usual lackadaisical attitude of Dalhousie Under graduates towards their Alma Mater was painfully evident. The explosion was apparently necessary to awaken the student body.

There was a vast improvement after the lengthy Christmas vacation. Everyone fought with everyone else, and this at least showed that we were better than lay figures. The airing of soiled linen will not be without beneficial results. Finally Dalhousie became conscious of her responsibilities and the present campaign is the consequence.

#### The Explosion.

The catastrophe of December 6, 1917, affected Dalhousie even as it affected every household or institution in the city. Fortunately none of the students or staff were seriously injured. The damage to the buildings was considerable, approaching \$10,000. The students did much in assisting those who had suffered. Many worked at the Hospitals during the first terrible days. The Medicals, in particular, lessened to a great extent the misery of the unfortunate. Few, if any of our number were deaf to the call for help. In spite of the damage to the buildings, the College was able to reopen on January 3rd according to schedule.

#### Aid from the Carnegie Institute.

In spite of all its horror, many splendid things arose from the Explosion, and not  
(Continued on Page 4.)

### THE INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

Victory in the intercollegiate debating field was once more snatched away from Dalhousie, this time by Acadia, the points being two to one, probably awarded because of superiority of presentation as Dalhousie's arguments were well conceived and seemed to have the support of the majority of the audience. The judges were Principal Boyle of Kings, Professor Tweedie of Mount Allison, and Mr. T. S. Rogers of the Halifax Relief Commission. Professor J. W. Falconer occupied the chair.

The resolution was worded;—Resolved that as one of the terms of peace the allotment by the Allies to Germany of territory in Africa equal in area to that possessed by her on the continent on the outbreak of the war, on condition that they suffer no commercial restrictions by tariffs bounties or otherwise, would be in the interests of international harmony.

In this discussion the affirmative was upheld by Acadia, the negative by Dalhousie.

Mr. Estabrook opened for Acadia. Great interest attaches to him and Mr. Lumsden, in that they are both returned soldiers. Mr. Lumsden having been severely wounded at Courcellette. Mr. Estabrook's delivery and enunciation were excellent.

Goode was the first speaker for the negative. His forceful arguments were a trifle marred by huskiness, and his voice did not carry as well as Mr. Estabrook's.

Robbins and Distant followed. The latter did splendidly despite the fact that he was physically far from well.

Lumsden and Kerr were the third pair of speakers.

The rebuttals were in the hands of Estabrook and Distant.

A very praiseworthy, if not musical feature of the evening, was the behaviour of the gallery during the intermissions and while the judges were formulating their decisions. It brought back the good old days before the Academy of Music was closed to Dalhousie functions. Acadia was well supported by rooters male and female, but their vocal efforts were not equal to those of the Dalhousians who gave a fine imitation of the lower regions let loose. College songs were lustily rendered from printed leaflets. Altogether it was a conclusive refutation of the argument that Dalhousie lacks spirit. When the decision was made, the Acadia men rushed the stage and bounced their victorious fellows.

Perhaps the most satisfactory thing about the debate was that the usual cry of unfairness was not heard. Defeat was not welcome, but Dalhousians were not loath to acknowledge the excellence of the rival team. This is a definite step in our progress to achieve the old ideals. If we can lose well, we are better prepared for the victories that we will win in the future.

Later in the evening, the visitors were the guests of Dalhousie at a supper in the Tally-Ho. Toasts were proposed and responded

to by Messrs. Distant, Estabrook, Woody, Lumsden, Goode, Haslam, Kerr and Robbins. After an hour of singing, dancing, and general hilarity, the inevitable college yells brought the affair to an end, casting fear into the hearts of those who slumbered in adjacent tenements.

### REGARDING BANNERS.

The Banner Committee regrets that they will be unable to fill the orders for cushions and banners before the term ends, owing to the fact that gold felt cannot be obtained in Halifax. If anyone wishes to cancel an order, it will be done, but the Committee will take orders which will be filled by the girls during the summer.

### THE FUND FOR THE BLIND.

Previously acknowledged, \$48.80; A. C. M., Mrs. Anderson, G. E. Daley, F. F. P. MacIain, J. H. Poitier, E. Pearl Hopgood, M. Hutcheson, Leta Cochrane, C. Wilson, W. G. Henry, Elise Phillips, E. S. Campbell, Jessie Creighton, D. M. Rowlings, M. Sutherland, A. MacKenzie, F. E. Coster, G. Marshall, L. McCurdy, W. O. Thomson, Miss H. J. Harris, 25 cents each; N. Melrose, P. S. Irwin, Miss Lowe, Warrenna Maddin, 50 cents each; M. J. S., Another Crook, \$1.00 each; Crooks of the Fourth Year Med., \$1.50; Anonymous \$2.50. Total \$60.55.

### CAMPAIGN NOTES.

By the time this reaches the press, the campaign will be in full swing. Teams have been organised for collecting, and their work will begin on Monday, March 25th.

The members of the committee have set a splendid example by subscribing nearly five hundred dollars.

In view of the serious nature of the present world crisis, it was felt that the entertainment and dance scheduled for March 26 would be in the worst of taste, and accordingly it was cancelled, a mass meeting in the interests of the campaign being substituted.

Some of the girls are selling the Romance of the Halifax Disaster giving their commissions to the Fund for the Prisoners of War. It would be of great help if those intending to purchase this volume would buy from these amateur book-agents.

Milady used to bend her head  
Over the rose and lily,  
Gay larkspur, and subtle mignonette  
But now such things are silly.

Milady today in overalls,  
Like a farmer regular, snips  
Away at the beans and beets and peas,  
The brussels sprouts, and par snips.

## THE BALLAD OF SHELL HOLE IKE.

In the midnight heart of No Man's Land,  
Beyond the friendly wire,  
In a mud-lined, jam-tinned shell-hole,  
fanned  
By Fritz' machine gun fire,  
There sat the Ancient Shell-hole Ike,  
Up to his knees in mire.

And as he sat on the busted door  
Of a house that wasn't there,  
The murky flash and the deep-mouthed roar  
From the heavies rent the air;  
And up through the ghostly death-haze tore  
The sizzling light of a flare.

And he thought of the speakers that  
roared at home,  
Of the dastardly evil Hun—  
How he must be crushed till his crafty dome  
Wasn't visible under the sun.  
And he murmured "PRUNES" in his  
unkempt beard.  
Then he silently reached for his gun.

He thought of those whose duties led  
Far, far from his gore-stained post;  
Whose eyes never saw the crimson red  
As a man gave up the ghost,  
To whom a death from a ripe old age  
Was the death they need fear the most.

He thought of the staff in the dugouts deep  
That were hatching the devilish plans  
That would cause the scenery round to leap  
And the bathmats to clap their hands,  
That would possibly cause the demise of a  
few  
Of the guys who are known as the "fans."

"Two minutes to go." Along the line  
The strongest hearts beat fast  
As the watch for the roar of the "OVER"  
sign.  
All was still—the seconds passed—  
The dew of death breathed over the scene;  
Yet Ike murmured "PRUNES" to the  
blast.

Then the blood-red fangs of Death shot out  
With a crash from the throat of Hell,  
As if the warring gods in a bout  
Were engaged in a struggle fell;  
While the machine guns rattled the kettle  
drum part  
In the Heavies' earthquake knell.

The murky slime in the shell holes round  
Took on a crimson hue,  
As the tearing feet of the bombers bound  
Where the angry Stokes bombs flew  
In an iron rain through the rusty wire  
On Fritz and his deadly crew.

An angry "snip" and Ike lay still  
In the mud and the slime and the gore,  
But he muttered "PRUNES" as the leaden  
pill  
Caused his heart's best blood to pour  
And he passed in a bound to the shadow  
land  
Where the "four-fives" bark no more.

In the midnight heart of No Man's Land,  
Beyond the friendly wire  
In a mud-lined, jam-tinned shell-hole fanned  
By Fritz' machine gun fire,  
There lay the Ancient Shell-hole Ike,  
Dead—on the rusty wire.

—D. F. MARSHALL.

I wish I were a mermaid,  
Plus a Poiret frock and stays;  
I never should be late to class  
These slushy April days.

When Archie said that Swinburne  
Was rather, well you know;  
A certain lady tried to learn  
If it were really so.

## The Orpheus Theatre The House of Quality

Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday

Jesse L. Lasky

PRESENTS

Gessue Hayakawa

— IN —

"THE SECRET GAME"

By MARION FAIRFAX Directed by  
Wm. C. DeMille

Thursday - Friday - Saturday

Thos. H. Ince

PRESENTS

Charles Ray

— IN —

"HIS MOTHER'S BOY"

A picturization of Rupert Hughes' story,  
"When Life Is Marked Down."

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Total Assets, - - - 335,000,000

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## WHEN WE HAVE A MEMORIAL.

It is not too soon to commence thinking of a memorial for those of our fellows in learning who have yielded up their lives for their country. A memorial is necessary. We shall remember them, even though our minds strive to break away from the horrors we have gone through. But what of those who follow after us? They will not have known the personality of the dead, their gladness, their loveableness. It will be easy for them to forget mere names. But we, the students of today, must not allow this, we must incorporate our glorious memories into some lasting monument.

This may not be practical until the close of the war, but there is no reason to prevent our consideration of the question now. How shall our gratitude to those who have fought for us be most appropriately crystallised? Let it not be with a tablet, stowed away in the darkest corner of the library for the dust to collect over it. Let it stand out in the open where all may see it, a simple marble column or a fountain, something beautiful like their lives were.

## TO THOSE WHO LIVE.

On this page the Gazette renders honour to our noble dead; but honour is not due to the dead alone. The wounded, the prisoners of war, and those who have come through Hell unscathed are equally deserving of our gratitude and love. They have not given their lives, but they have offered them for us. Often they have suffered worse than death. They have sacrificed their homes, their friends, their careers, that we might enjoy peace, happiness, and liberty. They have voluntarily thrown their futures upon the gaming table. It is they who are securing for us everything that makes the world a good place wherein to dwell.

## CARRYING ON.

As these lines are penned, the gravest moments, perhaps of the entire war confront us. The Germans are making one last desperate effort. Will they succeed? Never was the necessity of carrying on by those at home more apparent. That our boys may not have died in vain, that our children may not be slaves demands that our determination should not be diminished even by reverses. We should have two watch words; "Save" and "Give." All superfluous expenditure must be eliminated, every penny that we can spare must be given to the Empire. The ultimate victory will be ours, but not if we are content to sit idly back, hoarding our shekels, while others pour out their life blood.

## FOR THE SOULS OF THE HEROES.

An Alberta prairie town on a winter's evening. You have thrown aside your books, Algebra, Modern History, Latin; you will forget this teaching business for a while. Your daily paper must be read. Page by page the usual thing that is there every night. Then startlingly, stands out a name in the casualties. You stop breathing and you are not in Alberta, you are not in France, you are again at the little college by the sea.

It is the last night of College Rink, the weekly college night, and the very last one. That was the last time you ever skated in

## IN MEMORIAM

Arundell, J. P. Auvergne H.  
Billman, Walter Melville  
Blois, Harry Morris  
Cameron, William James  
Campbell, George Henderson  
Carson, John Burgess Calkin  
Cavanagh, Harry  
Chipman, Nathan Lewis  
Clayton, Edward Reginald, M. C.  
Craig, Alexander Fraser  
Cunningham, George Allan.  
Cutler, John Geoffrey  
Dawson, Charles Howard  
Dickey, Horace Arthur  
Doane, William Edward Everett  
Foster, William Gore  
Fraser, Raymond Stewart  
Grierson, Vernon Arthur  
Hyde, Cyril  
Johnson, Howard  
Jardine, David  
Kirk, Oscar Howe  
Layton, Francis Paul Hamilton  
Livingstone, Charles Donald  
Lockerly, John Earle  
MacAloney, Ralph Gordon  
Macaskill William Ross,  
McLeave, Harry Austin  
McCuish, Kenneth Angus  
McCurdy, Edward Grant  
MacDonald, Alexander James  
MacDonald, Charles Hugh  
MacIver, Arthur P.  
MacKenzie, Earle Eaton  
MacLean, Neil Archibald  
MacLean, Thomas Gordon  
MacLean, Walter Leonard  
MacLeod, Colin Arthur  
MacQueen, J. P.  
Maxwell, George Herbert  
Murray, Norman Fred  
Murray, Norman Grant  
Pickup, Walter Willet  
Pineo, Henry Hoyt  
Roche, Charles Joseph  
Stairs, Gavin Laing  
Stairs, George William  
Stairs, Graham  
Stairs, John Cuthbert  
Swanson, John King  
Swanson, John King  
Sylvester, George MacDonald

the little province. The last band, of the evening comes. There always was a thrill to those last bands. That meant the "home band," and if he were a nice boy, who was to have it, why, from the start, the evening was a success.

And he was a nice boy. His first news, too, carried the required thrill. "Sandy McLean's in a hard hat! "Did that mean much? It surely did. Sandy was a Freshman, and the unwritten, unchangeable College Law said no Freshman should wear a hard hat. Why a soft hat was within the law and a derby without, I cannot say. But it stood unquestioned, and it would stand while the College did.

"Are they going to get him?" you ask. Sure they would, just as soon as he left the rink eight Sophomores would scize him. There would be a sprinkling of Juniors and Seniors to superintend matters—oh, not to take any part, merely to look on with tolerant interest, and see that the deed was scientifically done.

There was to be a rink supper down town as a grand finale; but you both knew that the supper could wait. Four years at College and this would be the first time you

had actually seen a Freshie captured. The nice boy would see that you missed none of it, too.

It was beautifully done. There wasn't a sound; but there was a bareheaded boy held very closely and affectionately by five Sophs. The bareheaded one did not appreciate the attention. They you both chuckled as another boy passed you escorting Sandy's girl up the hill; for they were very gentlemanly those Sophs. And you still treasure that little, irregular bit of black felt you were presented with a day or so later.

What laughing there was around that long supper table when you both explained your lateness! What laughing there always seemed to be at those college parties! \* \* \*

Your eye falls again on your paper. Sandy of the cycle corps you think you heard has been wounded. And the nice boy, Captain they call him \* \* \* \* \* it says "Died of wounds."

And the Algebra, Modern History and Latin are not opened. You sit heartsick and homesick till the refrain of "The Deathless Army" swinging through your brain for nearly an hour finally, in its insistence, makes its words understood.

"Marching in a deathless army,  
Leading us forever more,  
For the souls of the heroes die not  
In the land that they adore."

And somehow the ache seems erased a trifle, and you know that the hero himself has come back, back from the Fields of Flanders, back to his Canada. '12.

## ANOTHER DISTINCTION.

Dalhousians, past and present, will rejoice with Professor and Mrs. Jones over the news that their son Fred has been awarded a Military Cross for gallant service. Fred, whose popularity was great during the brief year he spent at Dalhousie, sacrificed a brilliant collegiate career to fight for his country, and has been in the army since the very beginning of the war.

## ERIC DENNIS.

To another University belongs the honour of emblazoning Eric Denis' name upon the roll of her Soldier Sons', but that will not prevent Dalhousie from placing his name among her most sacred traditions. By their noble gift, his parents have made this college their debtors, and we feel that the only way in which they would care to have this debt repaid is in the remembering of their son.

## CYRIL HYDE.

A student at Pine Hill, Cyril Hyde went overseas with a Hospital Corps, obtained a transfer to a Combatant Unit, and then to the Flying Service. He was posted as missing in December.

## A SPLENDID RECORD.

Few college classes can challenge record of '14 of Dalhousie. Of the male members of the class, all except one are now in Khaki.

SONG.

Tarries Spring, the silver-sandalled,  
On the brim of a liting river,  
Hands with violets adripping?

Tarries Spring, where the tall white birches  
Capture pale sunbeams and fling them  
Quivering on the leafy ground?

I shall follow; I shall find her;  
Crush her violets with my kisses,  
And with Spring, and Youth, and Laughter,  
Dance along the April road.

ADOLF.

WILL DALHOUSIE REVIVE THE DRAMA?

Lovers of the theatre in Halifax are forced to endure starvation with only the pallid solace of the movies as alleviation. It is to the University that they should look to have their needs supplied. Will Dalhousie help them?

The Sophomore Class was preparing a production of *Midsummer's Night Dream*, but it was found necessary to abandon it for the present. The Class, however, plans to resume rehearsals immediately after the commencement of the Autumn session. Here is a suggestion. Why not revive the Dramatic Club and let the entire University participate? There are numerous other plays that could easily be given, the *Miracle Plays*, the *Pre-Elizabethan* and *Sheridan*, none of these require royalty and they are all actor proof. There is an ample public in Halifax for such offerings. They would prove profitable intellectually and financially. Let the Sophomore Class pave the way for a Dalhousie Dramatic Club which will be a force in the mental life of the community.

MORE SIMILES.

As obliging as Gladys Littler.  
As polite as Mr. Cho.  
As irrepressible as McGillivray.  
As energetic as Margaret Pugsley.  
As literary as Vincent MacDonald.  
As cherubic as Gallagher.  
As equal suffrage as Emmiline McKenzie.  
As affable as Tom Acker.  
As beaubrummelish as Boyden.

AT THE ORPHEUS.

Three stars twinkled at the Ohpheus last week, twinkled in time to the newly installed and excellent Orchestra. Wallace Reid, the well tailored Appollo, for once divorced from his co-star, the luscious Geraldine; William S. Hart who visualises to the youth of today what Buffalo Bill and Jack Harkaway meant to the elder generation, and Vivian Martin, the golden-haired ingenue. Helen Holmes was back again also in a maze of villains, stolen blue-prints, and lost expressoes. Altogether it was a well assorted theatrical menu, which went a little way to make us forget the unpleasant taste that Damaged Goods, dull and yet revolting, had left in our mouths. This week Sessue Hayakawa, who is bringing to the Occident a new conception of the Eastern world, will appear.

The Year at Dalcoosie.

(Continued from Page 1)

the least of these was the action of the Carnegie Institute with regard to the building at Studley. On being asked to contribute to the repairs of the Science Building, they generously offered to assume the cost of any damage which might have been sustained.

The Gift of Senator and Mrs. Dennis.

Another landmark in Dalhousie's history was the gift of Senator and Mrs. Dennis of Halifax. In memory of their gallant son Eric, who perished at Vimy Ridge, they presented Dalhousie with \$60,000 to be used in the endowment of the Eric Dennis Chair of The Science of Government. It is a long time since the University has been the recipient of such generosity, and its gratitude to the donors can not easily be expressed.

Dalhousie's Heroes.

The year has brought sorrow with it also. Several of our bravest and best have given up their lives for their country. Others have been wounded or taken prisoner. But even this picture has its bright side, for some have returned to Canada again. Honours, too, have been won by Dalhousians, whose greatest honour lay in the khaki that they wore.

Athletics.

I pass now to the more purely college events. As might be expected, athletics did not flourish, but there was no reason that they should degenerate as they have done. Lack of college spirit and interest are the only answers. There were some football games, of which the least said the better. The destruction of the Arena and the frequent blizzards rendered hockey out of the question. Only the girls, with their successful season of basketball, have succeeded in preserving the Dalhousie tradition. Evidence at the recent Investigation demonstrated that Dalhousie Athletic Spirit needs to turn over a new leaf, both material and mental.

The Y. M. C. A.

This society has done good work as usual. The secretary returned to Halifax several weeks in advance of the opening of the session to arrange for accommodation for the students. The sale of text books was also taken care of. After Christmas a campaign for \$260 was inaugurated and was highly successful in spite of certain students, who, disliking the president personally, endeavoured to hinder the collection of funds for the Society.

The Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. also carried on. Frequent meetings were held at which the lower class girls were unfortunately in the minority. The Y. W. were also responsible for the Pageant which Teufelsdröckh jr. immortalised in these columns, thereby causing those concerned to breathe fire fast and furiously.

The Delta Gamma.

The Delta Gamma had a very successful season. Considerable knitting was done, and a substantial sum was contributed

to the upkeep of a prisoner of war. They showed their deep appreciation of literature and Anthony Comstock by censuring the Editor of the Gazette. Early in March they staged a concert, supper, and dance in the Monroe Room which was a great financial and artistic success.

The Skating Club.

For a time, the destruction of the Arena seemed to doom the devotees of Charlotte to shovelling Murray's whenever they wished to disport themselves, but St. Mary's College Rink was secured, and thus the skating students were afforded many pleasant Wednesday evenings.

The Debating Societies.

Debates have not been as numerous as in other years but their popularity has not diminished. The Intercollegiate Debate with Acadia was the chief event, the honours going to Acadia.

The Investigation.

One of the events of the term was the charge of slander preferred against the secretary of the students council by members of the D. A. A. C. and the subsequent open inquiry. All Dalhousies forwent the movies and imminent quizzes in order to attend. Although a month has elapsed the committee have not yet made their decision public.

The Conference.

In the latter weeks of February, a Conference was held in the Old Building for three days. Representatives of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., who have been conducting similar conferences all over Canada were present. The attendance at all sessions was large, and the affair was a splendid success.

(Continued on Page 5)

I NEVER HEAR THE OLD SONGS.

I never hear the old songs now,  
I heard when I was young  
In vaudeville and cabarets  
By wild-haired soubrettes sung?  
Their subtle orchestration was  
Cowbells and Klaxon horns.  
Their sweetly delicate lyrics  
A modern poet scorns.

O bring me back my old songs,  
"Alexander's Ragtime Band,"  
"I want to be in Dixie"—  
That melody so grand—  
"Hitchy-Koo" and "The Midnight Choo-choo,"

The good old "Dublin Rag,"  
"For the Robert E. Lee awaitin'."  
The poignant "Kangaroo Drag."  
Has all the word forgotten  
The songs of yesterday.  
To my yellow keyed piano,  
I sometimes creep and play  
"Yaaka Hula, Hickey Dula."  
"On the beach at Wai-ki-ki."  
Oh, these memories of my April years  
They mean so much to me.

The Year at Dalhousie.

(Continued from Page 5)

The Gazette.

This year the Gazette has led a very checkered existence. No issues were brought out before Christmas, although three were in preparation. On January 29, 1918, the weekly policy was inaugurated, and, since then, for the first time in many years, the Gazette has been published practically on time. Artistically it has not been so successful. Many of the students have been generous in their support, but an equally large number who were well qualified to help have expended their energy in knocking. However, our record would do credit to the yellowest journal. We have been almost suppressed by the Puritans, in itself a great compliment; have started an inquiry, and have narrowly escaped a libel suit. Surely the Squakwo could say no more.

Work for Others.

Dalhousie has not forgotten others who are less fortunate. I have mentioned relief work at the time of the explosion and the activities of the Delta Gamma. In addition to this, some of the girls have picked over sphagnum moss for the Red Cross. The Freshettes had a Relief Fund all their own. More than fifty dollars was contributed to the Gazette's Fund for the Blind. There were other instances of generosity too numerous to chronicle.

Social Activities.

This season has marked a revival of social activities within University circles. True, there has been only one official function, but the number of festivities on a smaller scale has been greatly in excess of those held in past years. The lower classes set the pace with dances, sleigh drives, and movie-fests. Then, too, the girls have had several waiting-room feeds. It may be argued that this sudden flood of gaiety is not in keeping with the war situation; but none of these gatherings have been large enough to occasion any extravagance. They have served to stimulate college spirit just as it was reaching its ebb, and they have helped to create among the students the fellowship and better-understanding of one another which is necessary if this college of ours is to uphold the traditions which have been handed down to her.

The Campaign.

The latest, and perhaps most important, event of the year is the campaign which is now being conducted in the interests of the Fund for the Prisoners of War. The vigour with which it is being carried on shows that Dalhousie is not yet dead. The plan is to raise \$3,500 in the University, a large sum, but not an impossible one if every student gives and gives. The girls have led the way. They have gone without new frocks—Heaven alone knows how much that costs a woman; they have given their slender savings; they are cudgelling their brains to think of new ways to obtain money. Forty of them contributed nine hundred dollars. They are fairly blazing with enthusiasm at the chance to "do something". If the male students will only follow their lead, the required sum and much more will soon be collected.

MODERN LITERATURE FOR THE LIBRARY.

In a recent issue, under the heading of "Give a Book to the Library" appeared a suggestion that undergraduates and alumni interestd in their Alma Mater should undertake to repair the Library's very apparent deficiency in modern literature, and appended a list of some of the works that are absent from the shelves. This is an excellent idea and one that should appeal widely. Dalhousie's Library should be among the best equipped on the continent. At present the classic catalogue is fairly complete, but after Stevenson there is practically nothing, save for a few isolated volumes of Shaw, Wilde, Chesterton, and a full set of Kipling, Poe, Harte, Hardy and many other unquestioned geni, are not represented. As for the more purely moderns, they might never have existed. Someone might say, knowing the undergraduate antipathy towards anything which stimulates the intellect, that they would never be read. But does this alter the fact? Even if only one or two of the more mentally ambitious read them, would they not be worth having? And if they were in the library, they would be read. A book published in the twentieth century does not seem so formidable to the immature mind as one whose pages are yellowing with age. Once lured into the vicious habit, who knows what debauches in literature might be committed. With Dunsany as an appetiser, even Shakespeare might become a pleasure rather than a duty.

Apart from this, contemporary literature and schools of thought have a historical value. The learning and ideas of today, whatever their quality may be, are the links between the learning of yesterday and tomorrow. From them, or in spite of them, the future literature will arise. Within a century, the savants will regard our so-called moderns as interesting curiosities. For this reason, if no other, to preserve the tendencies and ideals of the nineteenth century as expressed by its authors, the Library should be kept up-to-date.

Some additions might be made to the previous list; translations or the originals of Bjoernstern, Hauptman, Schnitzler, Suderman, D'Annunzio, Rostand, Brieux, Bernstein and Bahr; The Nibelungen Lied; Dunsany's whimsical plays and self-created mythology; Galsworthy, Barker, Jones, Piner, Maugham, Githa Sowerby, Rann Kennedy, Clyde Fitch, Thomas Vaughan Moody, Hurlbutt and the dramatic anthologies; Teasdale, Amy Lowell, Masters, Krembyorg, Ezra Pound, Robert Frost, if only as curiosities; at least one work each of Jack London, David Graham Phillips, Margaret Deland, Gertrude Atherton, Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Poole, W. L. George, Hugh Walpole, Zoe Akins, Clare Kummer, Booth Tarkington; Books on the new tendencies in painting and sculpture; Books on Oriental literature and art.

Be brave, dear heart, be brave!  
Your country's honour proud to save!  
Back home there is a maiden proud  
Your past shortcomings forever to shroud  
And to pray for you day by day.  
Fight, on brave lad, fight on  
Till the day of peace shall dawn,  
And back you may come to me;  
Then I'll listen to the plea  
You made before you went away.

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## THRIFT STAMPS.

It is to be hoped that the Dominion Government will follow the example of the United States and issue Thrift Stamps in denominations as low as twenty-five cents. There are many people who cannot afford to buy Victory Bonds, but who would like to apply their small savings to the winning of the war. These Thrift Stamps would solve their problem. Moreover, they would be an excellent way of disposing of loose change which otherwise would be invested in movies, purple periodicals, or chocolate creams.

## WHO IS THIS?

Although the approach of exams has slightly affected the interest in our competition, there are yet many students who aver that they would infinitely prefer the possession of one of our prizes to a parchment. Their wish will probably be gratified. To qualify for one of the awards, a contestant must write a thesis on the aesthetic value of Jack Canuck,—if a member of the Y. W., Lavender and Old Lace may be substituted,—must use a narrow "a" through three consecutive classes in English, and must prove his talent for mendacity by saying that he likes the Gazette. These conditions fulfilled the rest will be plain sailing.

5.

Marguerite Clark with a dash of Theda Bara; more attractive to sailors than their billowy ocean; in bloomers, a candidate for the Midnight Frolic; a refutation of the theory that clever women lack beauty; an eager student of Italian. Who is she?

6.

A girl who would look well in a rose satin crinoline; whose hair is never untidy; who is dignified and gracious without being stiff; who is an oasis in a desert of feminists; who can disarm even critics of the Y. W. Who is she?

7.

A lion among the ladies, svelte, blonde, and blue-belted; who once failed to keep an engagement with a damsel, and afterwards learned the truth of the "Sauce for the Gander" platitude. Who is he?

8.

A gentle youth; spiritualistically inclined, who hides beneath a meek demanour, more intelligence than is usually found within a Dalhousian skull. Who can he be?

## A ROMANCE OF THE HALIFAX DISASTER.

The Royal Print and Litho are to be congratulated on the booklet which they have just issued, entitled "A Romance of the Halifax Disaster," the narrative being written by Colonel McKelvie Bell, whose previous work, "The First Canadians in France" is familiar to local readers. The Romance is an excellent example of printing as it should be, but usually is not. The type is easily read, the paper is good, the colour work is charming. In all it is distinctly pleasing to the eye which is the true test of the purely material value of a book. The illustrations of the explosion surpass any that have hitherto appeared. We are tempted to wonder if a cynical sense of humour prompted the insertion of a picture of the Relief Commission in the list of unidentified dead. As for the story itself, words fail to describe it aptly.

## LADY MOON.

Our lady moon sails in the heavens  
And as she sails, she sadly sings,  
Sweet, sweet her lovely song she sings  
As she doth glide on silver wings.

O Wind who roamest the whole world  
over,

O Wind, West Wind, who art such a rover,  
Why doth my lady laugh and sigh  
As softly she steals across the sky?

O Ocean, embracing thy rock-bound shore  
For ever and ever and evermore;  
Why doth my lady smile and weep  
As she her midnight watch doth keep?

Our lady moon sails in the heavens,  
And as she sails she sadly sings.  
Sweet, sweet her lovely song she sings  
As she doth glide on her silver wings.

MOONEY.

## A RESURRECTION OF THE GLEE CLUB.

To hear the singing at the Debate brought back a flood of old memories. There used to be a time when Dalhousians liked to get together and, some might call this a euphonism, sing. They were even interested enough to collect the college songs and publish them. Alas, those days have drifted far away. True, a sort of Glee Club was formed two years ago, but it was only for those who could read music and so did the vast mass of the student body little good. Modern Dalhousians have almost forgotten the old melodies, not to mention the words that they accompany. Would it not be an excellent idea to raise the Glee Club from oblivion, not to exploit our few would-be Carusos and Galli-Curcis; but to give all the students an opportunity to get together, say once a week, and exercise their vocal chords. In New York and the American cities, community "sings" form an important part of the social life of the municipality. Their success has often been demonstrated in Halifax at the Army and Navy entertainments at St. Matthews. A revival of the Glee Club would materially stimulate College Spirit, and aid in the preservation of our traditions before they are lost forever.

## ARE GOOD PLAYS COMING BACK?

Those who take an interest in the intellectual drama should find encouragement in certain productions which hold, or will hold the boards in New York during the Spring Seasons. The Washington Square Players are presenting Mrs. Warren's Profession and Wilde's Salome, which once made a puritanical censor see red, but which are now almost in the class of Sunday School literature. Margaret Anglin has revived two Greek Plays, Orestes and Electra. Nazimova has inaugurated an Ibsen season at the Plymouth, consisting of The Wild Duck—its first presentation in America, Hedda Gabler, The Master Builder, Pillar of Society, and perhaps Ghosts. Edith Wynne Mathison has revived Everyman. A series of Shakespearian matinees with casts largely made up of those who have taken part in the Festivals at Stratford-on-Avon is proving highly successful. Ethel Barrymore has promised to do Pinero's Midchannel, morbid but interesting. Altogether it is an outlook which is hopeful to those who had wearied of crook melodrama, underdressed musical shows, and salacious farces.

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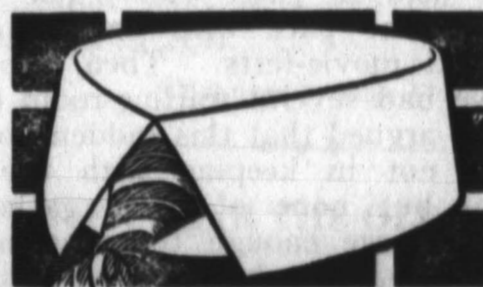
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## THE TRURO CONFERENCE.

The Maritime Intercollegiate Student Conference was held in Truro this year beginning on Friday March 8, and ending on Sunday March 10. As usual Dalhousie was not behind the other colleges in the number of delegates, eleven students and Professor Bronson being present. The meetings were held under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Cock, who has a place in the hearts of maritime collegians that is not held by any other man. He conducted the Conference in a most praiseworthy manner and, although he has been out of touch with college men for the last twenty years, he has shown that he is still vitally interested in their difficulties and can tactfully and sympathetically help them in the solution of the problems that daily confront them.

Interesting discussions were held on such subjects as; The Place and Value of Bible Study; Our Missionary Responsibility; Students and the war; and The Individual Price paid for Leadership. On Saturday morning reports were made by the Presidents of the Association in the different colleges on the work done by their respective organisations during the year. Sunday night, Rev. Mr. Cock addressed the delegates in the First Baptist Church and emphasised the responsibility that rested upon students for the carrying of the Gospel message to the "millions of souls in heathen darkness dwelling."

A special feature of the Conference was the address given by Captain Carrie on the "Prisoner of War." Captain Carrie is a graduate of the University of Toronto, a Rhodes Scholar, who was attending Oxford at the outbreak of the war. He went to the front and spent two and a half years there as a Y. M. C. A. secretary. He made one remark in the course of his address that should be borne in mind by every delegate present—"many people get all the religion they can, and then can all they get."

A closely contested basket-ball game and a banquet, followed by songs from various delegations were among the pleasant events of Saturday afternoon and evening.

On the whole the Conference was a decided success. Students from the various colleges met and discussed difficulties which are common to all, and each one helped the other in the solution of these problems. The Professors contributed much by bringing the lessons taught them by experience to bear on the present situations, and Mr. Cock was always ready with a helpful suggestion or pleasing approval. Consequently when the delegates departed for their several colleges on Monday, each man felt that it was good for him to have been there; that the privilege of being a college student is but an index to a great responsibility, and that time spent in the service of others is never lost.

J. McM.

## NOTES.

Offspring of the Faculty were well represented upon a steamer which recently docked at a Canadian port. Among its passengers were Mrs. Willits, daughter of Dr. McMechan, and Helen Jones, daughter of Professor Jones, who has been doing nursing service abroad. Other future arrivals are the Reverend Clarence McKinnon and John Read, whose wife is accompanying him to Canada.

Miss Clara Fraser, sister of Stanley of precious memory, was recently the guest of Mrs. Murray McNeil.

Gerald Percy Strong, better known as Bun, familiar to many Dalhousians of pre-war classes is in Halifax on furlough.

C. C. Mitchell and H. R. Chipman are now at Wellington Barracks.

Ronald Fielding is defending his country somewhere in Cape Breton.

Professor Murray McNeil is endeavouring to persuade small claimants that curtains and crockery ware, lost in the explosion, are not worth their weight in gold.

The exemption of a formerly prominent Dalhousie student has been rejected by the final court of appeal.

Clyde Holland, who went overseas with the Dalhousie Hospital Unit, is now in the air service, which Rogers Munnis intends joining.

Geoffrey MacColl is in Halifax on sick leave, recovering from an attack of mumps which he acquired at Desoronto.

Miss Lindsay, after a week of depending upon her knees as a mode of locomotion, is now upon crutches, and will probably be back in the library by the time this is issued.

## THE GRIPPE.

(Not a personal experience.)

Tonight I sat beside the fire,  
And held in mine your little hand;  
But, oh, if I had known in time,  
A different evening I had planned!

In spite of your endearing charms,  
In spite of tender words you said,  
I really think I had preferred  
To have been warmly tucked in bed.

It was not that I loved you less  
Than when I kissed your rosy lip;  
But how can one romantic be,  
With aches and chills?—I had "a grippe!"  
—YERXA.

## A CLASS MEMORIAL.

A rumour around the halls, whispered that the graduating class are thinking of a stained glass window as a memorial. This is doubtless an excellent idea; but we beg to suggest that there are other things of which the University has greater need, and a useful gift is doubly welcome. The library can get along quite well enough with its present plebeian windows, indeed one elaborate one would seem out of place. Its stock of books, however, emphatically requires supplement, and this supplement must come from its friends. The Gazette has frequently pointed out the deficiencies of the library, and we would suggest that the graduating class, if they really wish to be of service to their Alma Mater rather than gratify class vanity, should carefully consider the matter before they arrive at any definite decision.

Fellow students,  
Friends of yesteryear,  
Out of our misery we call  
To you in your prosperity.  
Help us  
Return to us but one millionth part  
Of that which we sacrificed  
That you might retain it.

## An Ode To A Purely Feminine Hostelry.

Hail! Thou Paradise of the Ultra-feminist!  
The timid spinster need never peer beneath  
thy beds in fearful expectation.

A plain woman may go to thee without  
risking comparison;

For her lovelier sister avoids thee as she  
would a poisonous serpent.

Why should she waste her beauty on the  
desert air

Or the envious eyes of those blessed with  
little pulchritude?

In thy lobbies, the suffering sisterhood may  
talk to their heart's content.

They will not meet anyone who can pick  
logical flaws in their arguments.

But the fond mama with five marriageable  
daughters flees from thee.

She knows that for her thou wouldst prove  
a bad investment!

Hail! Thou Paradise of the Ultra-Feminist!  
May thou never be compelled to employ  
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## A VISIT TO THE HALIFAX SCHOOL OF ART.

After much mental agitation, Guinevere and I decided to visit the School of Art—as in due accord with college ethics and an evidence of our true yearning after knowledge. The said agitation arose from the fact that in doing this we should be acting contrary to recognized Haligonian rules of conduct.

Halifax resents any attempts to inculcate Art into the otherwise well-balanced minds of her self-respecting citizens. She is convinced that Art is one of two things—a last resort of the feeble-minded or an excuse for an exhibition of depraved morals. However—we went.

After considerable investigation, we located the School. It is situated in a particularly dirty section of a particularly objectionable part of the town. We wondered whether one knocked at Bohemian doors but decided probably not.

After a moment's silent conflict between a natural fear of the unknown and our thirst after knowledge, the latter emerged victorious and Guinevere disappeared within. I followed. May the Recording Angel give me credit, full credit. I deserve it.

Once in, there was no stopping Guinevere. She had always longed for a real glimpse into Bohemia! And now, thought I, we are getting it!

Rickety stairs led from the entrance—heaven knew where. Seeing Guinevere already partly way up, I remonstrated dismally, saying that we were doubtless on our way to a Gambling Den, or a resort of Chinese Opium Eaters—(or do they smoke it; anyway it doesn't matter). But when Guinevere once makes up her mind to a thing, nothing short of sudden death can keep her from it. This was no exception.

With trembling knees I followed her. In a sudden turn of the stairs (and the architects had playfully inserted many of them—one wondered how any man could have such a rotten sense of humour) we came face to face with a portrait of I think the most villainous looking man I ever saw. This was proof enough of the wickedness of the place, and I said as much to Guinevere. But she sniffed and said something about it being "decidedly Rembrandtesque!" so I subsided.

Along several dark corridors that breathed an air of utter abandon to all sorts of evil crimes, were doors, which Guinevere tried. Evidently they had been made fast with hooks and eyes, as they could be forced to a point above the keyhole. I know this because I watched Guinevere; and Guinevere does everything thoroughly.

After trying out two floors in this manner Guinevere came upon another flight of stairs, presumably leading to the garret. Here, she said, we should probably find a Struggling Artist, as they prefer a Garret to a Third Floor Back every time.

But I, seeing her vanish in the Stygian darkness of this last winding way, uttered a terrible cry. It was really born of despair, for I was convinced that I should never see her again on this earth—if she herself managed to escape (which seemed impossible) then I at any rate would be set upon and killed, probably without even being given the satisfaction of an outcry. I felt that this would be a little more than I could bear—my last cry had been so well-done. Guinevere seemed annoyed and called down quite sternly:

"Stop that racket! Someone will think you are being murdered." "They might as well know now as later," I thought, but I did wish it would come quickly. Besides I felt it to be unsanitary for us to be in the dust of Bohemia much longer, and the surroundings were beginning to assume nightmarish characteristics. I almost thought that one of the stairs behind me creaked, but I quickly recovered myself and suppressed the shriek. Guinevere had been so decided.

Meantime, dear Guinevere was continuing on her upward way. But neither my love for her, nor the certainty of some bloodthirsty demon lurking behind those closed doors, could induce me to travel further into the depths of this threatening place.

In desperation at finding myself alone, I thought of the one thing capable of moving Guinevere. I shrieked up to her that Artists always napped in the afternoons so as to be able to wander the streets at night and eat in the underground cafes.

Darling Guinevere is ever delicately considerate. Even now, on the very Brink of Discovery, so to speak, this care for the comfort of others held her back. Her loved footsteps were heard descending the stairs. She appeared. We departed.

Afterwards, though, I wondered: Should we have left our cards? M. M. S.

**Did you subscribe all you could To the Y. M. C. A. Campaign last week? If not, stop and think about it It is not very pleasant To be shut in by barbed wire Without any books, Without any exercise, And know that the folks at home Have all the food, magazines and movies they desire. How would you like it? Stop and think?**

### ON DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

Within the memory of the writer, and theatre-going is to him as cocaine is to a dope-fiend, only one show has been roasted in our local journals; yet of the few productions which do barnstorm the Maritime Provinces, fully seventy-five per cent. are not worth the price of admission. Nevertheless, no matter how inane the piece, how amateurish the actors, and how tawdry the scenic investiture, the write-up next morning always out-barnums Barnum in point of superlatives. Why is this? The critic, if he has an atom of taste or intelligence, cannot mean what he says. Some of these shows are on the level of a Sunday School entertainment. Can it be that the paper is afraid of offending its advertisers, which it apparently values more than the public which it professes to serve? Has it not yet learned that the periodical has the real power and can dictate to its advertisers?

This policy of puffing does no one any good. Readers overlook it, well aware of its calibre. It takes up space which might be used for Tuberculosis Cures and similar nostrums. It does not help the theatrical manager, for when a good play is put on, no one believes the reviews. Indeed, to extol a poor performance borders dangerously on dishonesty. Carlisle calls journalists priests of a new religion; if so, the religion of Halifax journalists is one to which I had rather not be converted.

I went to Damaged Goods one night. The Draft Police did too, And I was Damaged Goods myself Before the rush was through.

"O most adorable conductress, What is the reason for your distress?" "My etiquette book says no lady can Accept money from a gentleman!"

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir:—It would seem as though Mr. Lawley required the services of an optician, for while speaking of the investigation held a few weeks ago, in reference to me he remarks; "But, as it looks to me now, that is where the whole trouble began." In other words had it not been for my "air of mysterious secrecy," Mr. Baird would have had no difficulty in collecting funds for the Y. M. C. A., and certain bills presented by the D. A. A. C. would have been paid in full.

Any reasonable person knows from what he or she heard at the investigation that, before Mr. Baird mentioned the D. A. A. C., his requests for funds for the Y. M. C. A. were refused, and it was not until then that he made his undiplomatic statements. Now Mr. Lawley, in order that you may be able to see more clearly in the future, allow me to tell you that the first bill from the D. A. A. C. which the Council refused to pay, was not paid because there was no receipt for an amount which could not have been incidental. A few weeks later a sheaf of papers came in, apparently arranged according to Mr. Lawley's idea, but to the Council they were not consistent.

Yes, Mr. Lawley, as long as it is in my power, I shall refuse to sign any cheques for bills which are inconsistent or unaccompanied by receipts. The Alma Mater, which I have learned to love and respect, commands me never to act in a way which is to her disadvantage.

Yours sincerely,

C. M. BAYNE.

(N. B.—This controversy must now be considered closed. It has occupied considerable space in these columns, and the sooner it is forgotten, the better for those concerned and the whole University. Ed.)

Editor Gazette,

Dear Sir:—Kindly permit me to express my appreciation of Mr. Lawley's kind remarks in your columns recently. I am very glad the matter in question is losing any unfortunate tendency to personalities which it may once have shown. He has apparently misunderstood my remark in regard to Mr. Bayne. The latter's statement that he would not sign the cheque merely served to reinforce my own conviction, and was not its cause. Moreover I would like it understood that I would not have signed a cheque for the purpose as explained by Mr. Goode at the second session of the investigation, unless it had been passed by the Council, and then only under protest. The whole matter is a question as to which ideal Dalhousians wish expressed in their athletics and business management. Personally I feel that Dalhousie cannot be proud of any team and any business transactions that cannot be approved by the Council, and, if need be, by the Senate. Others think differently; and the clash of these ideals, not any personal animosities between Mr. Goode and myself, has been the matter at issue.

Yours very sincerely,

K. A. BAIRD.

Adolf, bete-noir of F. J. M. In deep abasement begs To say he is reformed and now Says limbs instead of—

## SATIRIC VERSE.

Sweetest Frieda, fairest mortal,  
How distracting are thy glances—  
Minuets and old romances—  
Lovely Frieda!

Heavenly Olive, beautiful goddess,  
Thy face is welcome as flowers in May;  
But how dost thou get thy hair to stay?  
Exquisite Olive!

Intellectual Ruth, studious person,  
Your mental activity does not detract  
From your personal charm which is there  
for a fact,  
Scholarly Ruth! —FRESH.

**There are all sorts of ways  
Of doing one's bit.  
Sometimes it means giving up life.  
Sometimes giving up liberty.  
Compared with these sacrifices,  
What is giving up fifteen dollars  
If you have or can earn it?**

**Captain Carrie, spoke splendidly,  
But your money  
Can be much more eloquent  
Than anything he said.  
Let it talk for you.**

## HORACE.

Carmine II 8.

If broken vows could make, my Flossie,  
Your teeth less white, your nails less glossy,  
I might believe this stuff about  
How all our sins will find us out.

You give your promise, "hope to die."  
And grow more lovely as you lie,  
And when you walk the avenue  
We see the whole town after you.

You pledge the plot where mother lies,  
The stilly night, the stars, the skies,  
The blessed gods that be always.  
You lie and lie and make it pay.

Yes, Venus chuckles in her sleeve.  
The Graces laugh as you deceive.  
Fierce Cupid whets his darta and smiles—  
He makes munitions for your wiles.—

Then, too, the cradle fills your hopper.  
The yearlings flock to come a cropper.  
Your graduates can't bear to quit  
Although they have often threatened it.

You scart the pater and the mater,  
For fear their lamb may see you later  
And brides keep hubby tied, they say,  
For fear you'll whistle him away.

DR. KEITH PRESTON,  
Classical Journal, Jan. 1918.

## A CENSOR FOR THE GAZETTE?

In view of the several difficulties in which the Gazette has recently been involved because of an over inclination towards candour, the suggestion that a Gazette Censor be appointed may be worth consideration. The idea is this; that some member of the Faculty who is in touch with college activities, should read the page proofs of every issue, and decide if the matter therein would prove offensive to any individual or group in the University; the student body should accept his decision as final. Thus the present uncertainty as to where responsibility belongs would be removed and there would be no opportunity for the accidental insertion of articles which might not seem objectionable in the eyes of the editor, but which create a different impression upon the readers of these columns.

## TRAGIC HOURS.

A wailing sweeps through our corridors sadder than the winter wind. The crackling of dead leaves is not more dismal than the furious fluttering of the musty pages of hitherto unopened text-books. No longer do the boys tell each other tales not from the Ladies Home Journal in the halls, nor do the girls fill the waiting rooms with the babble of a thousand tongues. Movie and teashop attendance has slacked. The sale of Snappy Stories had diminished. Where, oh where, is the laughter of yesterday? For now every brow is furrowed, every mouth nibbles a pencil. Willow, willow, the examinations are upon us, and have drawn a veil of sordid black over the buoyant April weeks.

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**BASKETBALL.**

In two basketball games on Saturday, March 23, Dalhousie recouped any prestige which she lost the night before by utterly and conclusively vanquishing two Acadia teams which had come to Halifax confident of a walk-over.

The boys' game was played in St. Mary's Gymnasium resulting in a score of 42-20 chalked up for Dalhousie. A large and enthusiastic crowd was present. Dalhousie did her best work in the second half when 27 baskets were accounted for to Acadia's 8. Dal's stars were MacLeod, Coster and Marsters, while Cross and Eastbrooks saved Acadia from the ignominy of a grand slam.

The line-up was:

Dal,		Acadia,
	Defence.	
McLeod		Estabrooks.
Laing,		Cameron.
	Centre.	
Marsters,		Dobson.
	Forwards.	
Baird,		Beardsley.
Coster?		Cross.
	Fleming (spare).	

The girls' game took place in the Ladies College Gymnasium before record breaking attendance. One of the most enthusiastic crooter was President MacKenzie himself. The ovation tendered the victors at the conclusion has seldom been equalled in Dalhousie history. One very pleasing feature was that the gate receipts aggregated \$42.00. The score was 25-7 in favour of the Dal Girls, despited the fact that the Acadia team was heavier and employed a substitute in the second half. The Dal Girls playing were Jessie Campbell, Otilie Caddell, Roberta Bond, Laura Smith and Dot MacKay. The most work fell to the lot of Misses Caddell and MacKay.

On Thursday March 21st, the first and second teams played two fast and interesting games with the first and second teams of the County Academy, both games resulting in victory to the latter.

**ANSWERS TO THE ANXIOUS.**

Dear Miss Adamsapple.

What can I do to help my country? Enclosed find my picture, which my friends say does not do justice to my beauty.

ALMA X.

A.—From the photo, you might stand in the front line trenches, and the Huns would retreat immediately.

Dear Miss Adamsapple.

A cruel Junior, driven from his home by the explosion, has rent my trusting heart. I knit him a pair of socks, purple with magenta clocks, and he refuses to wear them. Who has lured him away from me.

IMOGENE CAMOUFLAGE

A.—Poor suffering soul! You are not the only one whom this philandering junior has deceived. Save your socks until you acquire a colour blind lover.

**MY—**

(An appreciation deleted by the censor).

I'll praise your eyes;  
I'll praise your nose;  
I'll even praise your little toes.  
My—!

I'll praise the manner of your walk;  
I'll praise the very way you talk;  
I'll praise your mouth so red and sweet.  
My—!

I'll go with you on Sunday noon.  
I hope that we'll be married soon,  
And then I hope that we can spoon.  
My—!

**TWEEDLEDUM.**

**REINCARNATION.**

The blossoms in my old rose garden die,  
And strew their bloodless petals on the ground.  
Even the trees fling off their wind-swept cloaks,  
Standing erect, stark, lifeless sentinels,  
Wrapped in the shroud that stern-browed winter weaves.  
But, when the Northern skies grow mild and blue,  
Life quivers through the earth. Wee buds uncurl  
Their verdant frillings. Drowsy bulbs trust forth  
Curious, scouting tendrils; and, ere long,  
The garden smiles again beneath the sun.  
Think you, since this is so, that I, having bloomed  
Into a lovely flower or rank weed,  
Must sink into the darkness of despair,  
And never more grow in God's orchard?  
No!  
Even as the plants awake, I shall return,  
And spring o' light, and strengthen, and bear fruit,  
Until the Universe crashes through space,  
A crumbling mass of incohesive dust.

**CASUALTIES IN THE HALIFAX EXPLOSION.**

According to the Acadian Recorder, the number of known dead in the Halifax Disaster is 1578, with many persons yet to be accounted for. Of those killed, 933 were male and 645 females; 867 were single, 546 married, and 58 widowed, with 98 unascertainable. The religious denomination most affected was the Roman Catholic with 530 dead. 478 children under 14 years of age lost their lives.



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G. J. DESBARATS,  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service

Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

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