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EDITORIAL

On the wall of the Gazette office hangs a sketch dated 1889 portraying the senate in the shape of a modern Mrs. Partington sweeping college spirit out of Dalhousie. It is wonderful how little opinions change with the passing years when today the same cry is heard. So it is evident that it is not our intention to open such an old sore but to endeavor to find the cause of the disease.

It is a significant fact that among the medical students of this university, it is almost impossible to get a kind word spoken for Dalhousie. This from the most favoured faculty of the college, the group to which more bounties have been given surely indicates a wrong attitude in the donor or the recipient. We quote the medical faculty because it is the one with which we are most familiar, but we know the same holds true to some extent in all the other faculties. It is certainly no truism to say that a university is built on its graduates and we must shudder for the future of Dalhousie, the victim of an attitude like that.

Because we have been particularly interested in this problem we have made enquiries from many sources during the term for the reason of this. Below we give the findings, some of them ridiculous on the face of them but at the same time needing authoritative guidance. However to every one there must be a grain of truth to have brought them forth as a grievance in their exaggerated form the extent of which must be a shrewd conjecture.

- (1) We are treated like a bunch of kids.
- (2) Favouritism is shown in the way exceptions are made in some cases that would be impossible for others to obtain.
- (3) There is no personal interest from the

CORRESPONDENCE

DO WE BREAK FAITH

St. John's College,
Cambridge, Jan. 29, 1925.

"Do We Break Faith"—In another way? May I first make it clear that this is not to be considered as the beginning of a lengthy newspaper controversy with one of your contributors. Nothing, in my estimation, is more unsatisfactory or more likely to lead to unexpected consequences—unless it be, being kissed over the 'phone.

But I was deeply interested in an article in your issue of Dec. 10, 1924, on "preparedness for the next war", and feel that the matter is worthy of further consideration and even the presentation of another view of the situation.

I would like to have the pleasure of discussing with your contributor H. B., the conclusion he draws from the "scene in the temple," with which I disagree. Even if his interpretation is correct, I strongly suspect that the "money changers" were "on deck" again the next morning doing a thriving business, and that is just like war,—it never accomplishes any permanent good. Then I dislike the use made of those wonderful lines of McCreas. To me, and I believe to many others they were an "inspiration" in "a war that was fought to end war" and they are quoted by your contributor for the purpose of playing upon and stirring up our finest instincts in preparing for another war.

But these are minor issues; I want to deal with the article as a whole and more particularly with the attitude of mind responsible for it, that thinks and plans, and writes in

professors, all Dalhousie wants is our money.

(4) Dalhousie has nothing to do with the professional schools, at least not in their practical years. They are maintained by the kindness of the practising men of the city, to whom the third complaint does not apply.

(5) The university does not encourage sport enough.

It must be a matter of great disappointment to those who are so interested in Dalhousie and many graduates who love it so dearly that many students take this attitude. We have mentioned nothing of those students who do love their Alma Mater of whom their must be a goodly number because we feel the other class have more influence than the rest. We have stated the case as we have observed it over a period of several years, plainly and openly and we welcome frank expressions of opinions from faculty and students alike.

terms of the next war. Who does your contributor expect to fight or what does he expect to gain by his fighting? Surely the appalling desolation caused by the last war, and the even more terrible fates promised us in another, have convinced all those with any reasoning capacity left that war is "a plague" that threatens our very existence. Possibly he considers war,—like its brother death—is inevitable. Then may I recommend the reading of J. B. S. Haldar's little book, "The chemical warfare of the Future," or from another angle—Col. Fuller's work on the "Reformation of War", or failing those some other equally modern and authoritative work. If he is still convinced that war is inevitable I suggest that the O. T. C. be organized in and around the "chemistry lab." For, if education and "breeding," whatever this last means—were essential to the officer of the past, Chemistry, Physics, Aeronautics, and a capacity for digging fast and deep, will be the "Sive qua non" of even a short existence in the future. Of course "the soldiers" are concerned—"those men who know" and "who knew"—all about "red coats" in South Africa, and "open fighting" in the "trenches" of France and Flanders. But I am unkind to many who, to the best of their ability, are serving in the only way that they know. And may I here state that it isn't the proposal to organize an O.T.C. that I am condemning. It's the philosophy or lack of a philosophy behind the whole conception of preparing for another war. Personally I refuse to believe that war is inevitable or that preparing for war is the best way to avoid it. I am convinced that it is unnecessary and tremendously dangerous to myself, to my friends and to all that I hold dear. Therefore, I am concerned with its prevention and, in this I suspect, my unknown friend H. B. agrees with me. We merely disagree as to methods. But am I unjust or unfair in asking that, as much time and energy be given to a study of the methods of prevention as are now expended on preparedness, or that our government set aside material, money, and men, for the prevention of war, on a scale commensurate with the present "preparation for war."

And what are my methods or ideas for prevention? I'm afraid I have no panacea at hand to offer. I believe it will be a desperately long, hard, task to bring peace to this old world, but I do think there are possibilities, in a wider understanding of other nations and men, and of the conditions and difficulties under which they live, in the increase of international organizations and in a more whole hearted support of, and faith in, the

(Continued on page 2)

**City Exhibits Superior In
Fast Hen Party**

Amid the shrill discordant shrieks of frenzied supporters, the wails of the losers and the groans of the broken and bent, the final Hockey game of the Mystic Series took place on Friday last. Playing on soft ice the sextettes of the Hall, and the female members of A. Henry's brood battled, scratched and scrambled through a hectic hour to a heart gripping finish. Both teams had, by hard play, wire-pulling and hair-pulling between the teams. Partially because they had little left to lose, but more especially because the town girls had, by demanding strict compliance with the Immigration Law, excluded Tiny Garcin and Anna Wilson from the Hall team, and by causing a barbers' strike made it impossible for other members of previous teams to appear in public.

Irene Allen led the Hall warriors while Marge Kennedy skipped the town girls; the captains shook hands before the game—this was regarded as significant. Len Fraser handled the game, with Mrs. Virtue looking over the play. Len cautioned all the players that the toe-hold, strangle-hold and rabbit punch were barred. Jean MacRae demanded whether he intended to make any pronouncement as to the growth of Equity over the Common Law and being answered in the negative said, "I regard your instructions as inept and inefficacious, furthermore they are nugatory. My private opinion is that a writ is the per, in the per and cui, and in the post would lie". Len flushed but was comforted by other players.

The puck had to be thrown in four times at the start, Edith MacNeil and Alice Atherton clashing sticks to savagely that they splintered them time after time. Picking the splinters out of his neck and celluloid collar, Len pointed upwards, swiftly tossed the puck on the ice, and another game was on. Alice shot from centre, knocking Jack Atwood off the boards behind the goal. While the puck was being recovered conversation ensued, and Alice gave a brief but glowing account of Charlie—there was a scramble to obtain his address (?). Play in this period was slow but rough, the stretchers being handled by Gordon Bruce and Ron Forbes. "Squirt". Robertson and Isabelle Crawford left the ice to obtain pistols for two and coffee for one—a Law professor settled the disagreement. Marion Irving and K. Covert in goal were called upon to do little, but did that well. Shirreff Hall had all the breaks in their favour, consisting of two compound fractures of the femur, one broken clavicle and a bent scapula. The defence players were painting the defence area red with the gore of their opponents. No score was effected.

The teams responded to the gong in the second period with determination and ferocity depicted on almost every face—Flora McDonald however looked as placid and untroubled as usual, and said "Ha-low" cordially. Harriet Elliot made a speedy run ending in disaster when she was checked by Marge Kennedy, both going down together; Marge shocked the spectators by grinding Harriet's face into the ice, but they were less troubled when they saw the latter retaliate by chewing Marge's ear with relish and gusto. Shortly afterwards Eileen Stephens tripped in front of the City goal, and K. Covert

kicked her savagely with her skates in the head. The ref. warned K—that no more skates were procurable and she desisted. Flora and Marge Mosher combined in a rush to the defence but lingered awhile. After they were removed by Gordon and Ron, Margaret Colquhoun and Peggy Allen were sent in and bewildered the crowd by their checking and skilful rushing—of the referee. Irene Allen went to the City defence and passed ahead to K. Blanchette, who was lurking in the goal. Len allowed the goal, and pandemonium broke loose—he was assailed in three languages, vehement, profane and unprintable, but took it well although the permanent wave vanished from his hair. The period ended with the score column still as bare as a freshman's upper lip.

During the interval Toby, was being looked after by Hughie, barked and coughed. Sangster and Wright (embryo doctors) who had been feverishly awaiting such an event—rushed over and applied a plaster cast to his leg—he snorted, and they administered ether, then removing his ribs, lungs and liver—the snorting ceased.

The final period started slowly, working up to a bewildering whirl of skates, sticks and skirts. Five minutes after play started, Flora went down the ice in a flash of colour, followed by Marge Mosher and Peggy Allen, who mowed down the defence while she scored. An accidental clout rendered Len unconscious, so the goal was allowed. Play became as rough as a five-day beard, and Mrs. Virtue took a number of the players under her care. The ice was now covered with water, and the teams battled furiously amid showers of spray, which drenched their costumes and removed their complexions. Jean MacRae went from end to end, but a flying tackle by Edith prevented a score—Jean was located by a driver. Marge Kenn. got away on a run, and created a sensation by leaping the heads of defence, who threw their sticks as she soared overhead; she came down with a terrific splash, and Jack Friel who was staring wide-eyed and mouthed at the play, was in danger of strangling. It must be stated to the player's credit that she threw up a sure goal to go to the succour of the young Law student.

Shirreff Hall weakened, and time after time the City players went through, but K. was stopping them with pads, elbows and ears. The Hall girls were showing the result of dissipation and disappointment, but were hard to score against. They went to pieces when Margaret Colquhoun by driving at centre and swinging in the goal, netted No. 2 for the City by K. Blanchette. Marge's warriors came to life life and skated circles, parabolas, ellipses and hyperbolas around the now groggy Hall team. Marge won applause by leading out with a hypo-cycloid. The ref. did his best for the Hall, but a hint from the business end of a sturdy stick made him very impartial. Edith engineered a three-girl combination which swept the ice, Marge Kennedy scoring with a sizzling shot; Isabelle Crawford batted in the rebound, and Peggy Allen the rebound. The dazed referee allowed three goals. Two Maths. professors fainted.

The rest of the period was one-sided—showing more form than the Hall girls, the City girls netted five goals in quick succession. The whistle went as the Hall spectators threw their powder compacts at the referee, and

crowded on the ice, but Len was too quick for them. Disguised as Professor Bennett he walked coolly through them while they hunted vainly. The final score was 10-1 in favor of the City. This makes the City girls deserving champions in this exclusive league. They deserve to be congratulated—we do congratulate them. Felicitations!

The defeat of the Hall team is to be attributed to the fact that there has been laterly too much Gush—Gush and not enough real hockey practice. This was the fault of their coach—"the big Newfoundlander." Although several of the team—and another—claim that in the proper place he is an expert yet all admit that he wasn't big enough to handle a girls hockey team—he couldn't get around the bunch.

LINE-UP

CITY GIRLS—K. Covert, goal; Flora MacDonald, R. D.; M. Kennedy, L. D.; Edith MacNeil, C.; Isabelle Crawford, R. W.; Marge Mosher, L. W.; Margaret Colquhoun, Peggy Allen, spares;

SHIRREFF HALL—Marion Irving, goal; Jean MacRae, R. D.; Harriet Elliot, L. D.; Alice Atherton, C.; Irene Allen, R. W.; K. Blanchette, L. W.; Eileen Stephens, Marg. Robertson, spares;

(Note—The writer of these "Mystic" articles is a lad who hails from Boston and is studying law. He has been day-dreaming considerably of late and occasionally imagines himself a denizen of Shirreff Hall.)

(Continued from page 1.)

already existing. All this, together with the exercise, of those qualities that enable us to live in some degree of peace and harmony with the members of our families, neighborhood and nation, toward other nations and peoples, are well worthy of trial, and may prove to be the beginning of a real solution. In any event I am convinced that unless we replace, the hate, ignorance and fear, that at present are so largely the determining factors in our whole conception of, and dealing with international problems, by knowledge, reason and mutual confidence, then humanity is doomed to the fate it deserves, brought upon it by its inability to rise above animal passions. But this I refuse to believe.

N. A. M. MacKenzie

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The above fellowship, of the annual value of \$1,500.00, tenable at the University of Manitoba, in any branch of pure or applied science, open to graduates of any Canadian University, will be filled for 1925 about May 1st. Applications should be in the hands of the Registrar of Manitoba University, Winnipeg, Manitoba, by April 1st. Further particulars on application. Address

THE REGISTRAR,
University of Manitoba,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A DREAM

Oh I made me a boat of a pearly shell
With its sail dipped in dew from the rain-
bow's well,
And anchored it safe in a "Willow Veiled"
pool
Where the breezes of evening blow softly and
cool.
There, as I lay in my tiny boat
O'er yon dark lowering trees the great moon
did float.
And her girdle of silver blew in the sky
And trailed on the waters as she went by.
Swift, as it tipped each wave with light,
Fairies arose, thrilled with airy delight.
On gossamer wings of violet and blue
Away in the path of the moon they flew
Singing to me as they passed my boat,
Raise your anchor, set her afloat,
And follow the fairies far away
From the glaring haunts of common day.
For as fleet as the winds, as glancing as light
We go dancing and singing throughout the
dark night.
We ride on the swelling breast of the cloud
Where the soul of the wind is throbbing
aloud,
Or, we sink to rest 'neath the cove meadow
grass
Atremble for one loved shadow to pass.
Oh the ways of the fairies are mystic and
wild
Like the piercing thoughts of a lonely child;
And that frail boat was broken, her sails
were torn
When she sailed to her haven at break of the
morn. —"Rusticus"



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IN MEMORIAM

Harold Wilson

DIED, FEBRUARY 8, 1925

That gloomy, fated day,
Came the fog to bear his soul away,
Though he had been so brave,
Now his fighting ends but in the grave,
This last blow,
Nature gave,
Laid him low.

He leaves this thought for man,
One who, handicapped, his short race ran,
With cheerful courage filled,
Forced his frame to obey what'er he willed,
Noble power,
Early stilled,
Death's rich dower.

His spirits e'er were gay,
Oft he loved his violin to play,
Our grief would give him pain,
Since he showed us in his life it's vain,
Take his cheer,
Tears restrain,
Banish fear.

His perseverings long
Tend his grave—a watchful elfin throng,
His music—happy notes—
Like a train of fairies o'er him floats.
Praise his will,
Living still, . . .
Nought can kill.

On a Portrait

It is above one of the great fire places in the library. The man whose image it represents is not young—his hair is white—and yet he has a cheerful look in his eyes, or perhaps it is his mouth which gives the idea of whimsical confidence. I am glad that he has that look, because he has lived and has tried to make his life felt, and now, with white hair, he lets us know that life need not be a disappointment.

His clothes are free and easy, as if they appreciated being friends of his, and being with him. His hands, clasped before him, are quite big, and seem to have been employed in a great deal of work, for which they feel no regret.

He is placed quite high and his eyes take in all. I am sure he can see nearly every one of us, even behind the wooden screens. He seems to be satisfied, content to leave the future in our hands. We look up at him for a moment and seem to feel the hand of a kindly and appreciated friend on our shoulder. When we turn again to our work, it is with a feeling that was not there before.

E. B. F.

CLOTHES SEEN AT THE COLLEGES

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W. F. PAGE

Cor. George and Barrington Sts.

HALIFAX

Pine Hill Post

This is a chapter of incidents. The past week has been—hectic is not the word—shall we say, strenuous and eventful.

The "At Home is over; the tide of excitement is subsiding; the current of Residence life sinks once more into its accustomed channel but the flood has left its mark upon many of the members of our happy home. (We do not know what efforts it had upon our guests.)

ACCIDENT NO. 1.

His iron nerve completely shattered by the stress and strain of his maiden efforts to qualify himself to participate in the festivities, Hood decided to commit suicide and began smoking Bill Richardson's pipe. Within half a minute he was leaning against the wall. Thirty seconds more and he was on the floor kicking feebly. Drs. Knox and Sutherland were hastily summoned and after an hour of hard work they succeeded in restoring him to consciousness. After twenty-four hours in bed he arose again, sadder and wiser.

ACCIDENT NO. 2.

Russ Woodside and Gilmore escorted their partners into the college building just about an hour after the entertainment had commenced. We do not feel called upon to divulge what happened. They have the reputation of being quiet steady-going fellows or at least, they had.

ACCIDENT NO. 3.

Truth is stranger than fiction as the bacyneyed old saw has it. As a result of the "At Home" Chester Sutherland had a dream and such a dream!

He laboured diligently and well placing in position the tables which are used to provide the stage for entertainment. That night in the graveyard watch, he evidently decided to continue the task. At any rate, he got out of bed, climbed up on the table in his room and began promenading around it—a somewhat restricted area to say the least. Quite naturally he upset the table and crashed to the floor in the midst of a wild wreckage of books, ink bottles, pens and pipes. This famous midnight acrobat then sept the next half hour crawling about among the debris futilely trying to find Sam Profit whom he conceived to have been a partner in his hazardous task. When Bob Scott entered the room in the early morning light, the wreck was truly awe-inspiring in its magnitude. Chester numbers among his liabilities a fountain pen and a pipe, both crushed beyond recognition; also a number of handkerchiefs which were soaked in ink more-over there is a small matter of skinned shins and a bruised side. MORAL—"Never eat a pie just before going to bed."

This reference to ink and midnight rambings to our mind the case of Robaire MacDonald. Seated one night at his radio he was weary and ill at ease. His theme was due to be handed in next day and he had not yet started to write it. Inspiration was slow in coming. At last at two thirty A. M. inspiration came and eagerly Robaire seized his pen but—his pen was dry. He looked for a pencil but none could be found. He went from room to room arousing the sleeping occupants and asking for ink. At last he obtained some of the precious fluid and hastily

Medical Notes

We note with pleasure the success—in so far as one can judge success—which has attended the last two meetings of the Medical Society. The discussion of cases at both these meetings was keen and interesting. The ardor with which many of the members of the Society, including men from the fourth, fifth and final years, participated, shows that a need for this sort of thing has been felt by the Medical Students of Dalhousie, and we cannot but believe that the interest in these meetings will grow. One was heard to express the thought in the minds of practically all who attended these discussions, "Well, I got more from that than from half a dozen clinics." And not only has the Society this value to medical students but it also provides that opportunity for fellowship among men of all the years which is so sadly needed in our faculty.

To-morrow evening, Thursday, the 19th, in the Munro Room at 8 o'clock there will be held another meeting of the Society. A new idea is to be tried out at this meeting and the chief value of it is that it will make the evening of equal interest to all men in the Medical faculty. The paper to be read by J. W. Merritt on "The History of Surgery" should be enough to attract a large number, but besides this there is an added feature of interest, which you can appreciate only if you are present. So be there to-morrow evening. —W. S. G.

returned to his room and seated himself but alas! the inspiration had fled; the Muse had returned to Parnassus; the night had become cold and lifeless and chilling to all creative art.

J. P. C. Fraser and Don Sinclair have been visiting us. J. P. C. is unchanged but Don—there is much more of him than there was last year.

The Pine Hill cat wants to know how Art Yuill and Charlie MacClennan enjoyed themselves at the Bagdad last Saturday night, also he would like to know whether it was their first experience at Kitty't that caused Jim Langile and Archie MacIntosh to act so strangely during the last week.

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SHIRREFF HALL

It used to be thought that the love of shopping was peculiarly characteristic of the female heart. It appears however, that we no longer have a monopoly on this evidence of human frailty. That our title was challenged, we realized on Tuesday, when one of the opposite species, and a senior, too, so far succumbed to this weakness as to suggest that he accompany Lib on a purely shopping expedition. Might not this be used as a weighty argument against co-education?

Since the Dance we have waited with fear and trembling to hear of sickness or death among those who attended. But as nothing serious has occurred so far, it must be that the rumour was false, which said that instead of buying tartaric acid for the punch, the "infallible committee" had invested in carbolio, or something equally poisonous. The truth is that they had planned to buy acetic acid, but changed their minds when the drug store informed them that that was generally used for warts.

We wonder if Jane and Blanche realize the peril which menaces them hourly. If they but knew! For the last week we have heard that cracker after cracker has been secretly smuggled into Anna Murray's room directly below them. If these rackets should suddenly ignite! * * ? !—where would poor Jane and Blanche go? We can only use our imagination. But an idea has suddenly occurred to us, strange though it may seem. Perhaps our reporter didn't mean fire-crackers, but merely soda ones. Ah—that makes all the difference in the world! Instead of our deserting that section of the Hall, we shall immediately honor them with a visit.

We would like to inform the Pine Hill Cat that his Logic is getting a trifle rusty. His middle term has not been distributed once, for all the Dal females do not live at Shirreff Hall—nay not half of them do. Alas! from what we can gather our interest in Franklin Street is mild, compared to that which emanates from the other streets of Halifax and Dartmouth, and even Bedford. So pray, why blame us for such verses?

Also, we are thinking seriously of engaging Leonard Fraser and Carl Bethune to take up our case against that individual or group of individuals, who wrote verses in the issue of February 6, and signed them "Jehi Remm". The one on "Beauty Deformed" must, like Browning's poems, need a key. Pray submit one, and enlighten us, for a certain Pine Hiller has informed us that these two attempts are the product of that institution, and we therefore suppose there must be something worth while in them somewhere. It is a shame to keep us in the dark.

The anagram on Shirreff Hall shows such marked resemblance to the one on Pine Hill, that we feel justified in warning the gentlemen that they must have a foe in the ranks.

JEHI REMM

After the Shirreff Hall Dance, Marie Ericksen started out to class with a pair of shoe-trees. Katherine Vickery heard a sogc sparrow.

Was it punch or —?

Lasting Gold

Close to the Sahara desert, in the enchanting little town of Beni-Mora, two little girls lived. Their garden was flooded with sunshine always. Perhaps that why they both had golden hair. This was most remarkable, for they lived in the land of dark-hued people. Nobody ever saw them in their sleepy, sun-lit garden except their grandmother, who lived there with them.

Avona, which in Arabic means "Child of Play", was one; Athlea, which means "Child of Industry" was the other.

They were both very happy in their garden, and the older they grew, the sunnier grew their hair; but Athlea's hair grew more golden by every task she did, while Avona's air was gilded by the rays of the sun. Athlea often sat in the shade to feed the ducks in te pond, or to trim the trees, and with every task of kindness she performed, a new strand of gold appeared in her hair. Avona, playing with sand heaps out in the sun, would call to Athlea in the shade.

"Come out into the sun with me, Athlea. Why do you work so hard to gild every strand of hair. The sun will do it so much easier for you. See, my hair is as golden as yours, and all I can do is sit in the sun."

And so it was. As Avona sat in the sun, the bees hummed around her, attracted by the glory of her hair.

At about the time these golden girls were budding into young womanhood. A great desert chieftain was discussing a very grave matter with the wisemen of his clan. He spoke to his people in this wise:

"I bring to you tidings of hope. It has been prophesied that our hateful bondage in this dark city may at last be broken. We pray to get back to the sun of the Sahara, the garden of Allah. We are told that a golden goddess will bring us our freedom; a goddess with hair like the sun, and shining with truth and charity. She shall have the most exalted position among us and shall be worshipped by all the sheiks of the desert. I pray for her swift coming."

Now, when the grandmother of Avona and Athlea heard this, she journeyed with her grand-daughter across the desert to the dark city. Leaving Athlea on the outskirts, she entered the city with Avona. There was a mighty shout as the bonded people saw Avona, and they fell on their faces and worshipped her.

"Ah," they thought, "Here is our goddess of truth, sincerity and charity."

But, as Avona stood there, her beautiful hair tarnished and faded, and was no longer golden. The people, rising from their knees, gazed in astonishment. This was not their goddess, for her hair was not gold.

Avona left the city, and strove desperately to burnish her hair, for she was anxious to be the goddess. It was of no use. After a few minutes in the dark city, her hair always faded.

Then Athlea entered the city gates, and the longer she remained, the more radiant grew her hair, until all the people seemed to be bathed in its radiance. They knew their goddess at last, and Athlea remained to lead them to freedom.

Avona journeyed back to her garden, but now she did not spend all her days in the sun.

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Mt. A. Defeats Dalhousie Girls

The first of the girls' intercollegiate basketball games for the season was played between Dalhousie and Mt. A. at Sackville on Saturday, February 14. The Dal girls left on Friday's Maritime with Mrs. Stirling as chaperone. They spent the night at the Intercolonial Hotel instead of at Allison Hall as was first planned, owing to the illness of a number of girls at the residence.

The game which began at 2.30 was indeed exciting. Both teams were in good form and the speed with which they travelled round the floor attested to this. The combination of the Mt. A. girls was splendid. At the end of the first half the score was 9-1 in favor of Mt. A. The second period was even more strenuous. The ball was in the Dal territory more than it was at the other end but the forwards did not get their shots in. The game ended 18-13 in favor of Mt. A. Miss MacArthur of the St. John Y. W. refereed satisfactorily.

The audience was tremendously enthusiastic all through the game and was generous in its rooting for Dalhousie. Good sportsmanship was displayed by both teams and a feeling of friendship and enjoyment prevailed.

After the game the Mt. A. girls entertained the visiting team at tea and later to supper at Allison Hall. At the station the yells and songs of the various colleges were given and the train started off to "What's the matter with the Dal girls? They're all right." The team arrived home tired but feeling sure that with some hard practice they would be able to make up the score in the return match to be played here March 14.

The following was the line up:—

Mt. Allison Team:—Forwards—Gert Thomas, Muriel Smith, Verna Smith. Centres—Marguerite Smith, Jessie Ripley, M. Winters. Guards—M. Fawcett, Anita Smith (captain). Sub.—A. Gough.

Dalhousie Team:—Forwards—M. Campbell, A. Clark. Centres—M. Kennedy, M. Borden. Guards—H. Roberts, E. Barnstead. Subs—M. Thomson, B. Freeman.

The next intercollegiate match is to be

though it is not accorded to them by public opinion. Executive or administrative control is one of the great fields for engineers and engineering is the best training at present to make the best executive man. The time is not long distant when the world will look to the engineer to manage the intricate affairs of municipal and state management. Herbert Hoover is perhaps the most striking example of an engineer in an executive position. The most deplorable fault in the present system of training is its extremely narrow and scientific character. This can be in some way overcome by individual interest in the more cultural subjects.

played between Mt. A. and Acadia at Wolfville on February 20. The following week the Acadia girls come to Halifax when Dalhousie will meet them.

The Truro Y. W. A. team are coming to play the Dal team on Saturday of this week. As the game at Truro ended in a tie this match promises to be exciting and nobody should miss seeing it.

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Dalhousie Wins City Championship

Dalhousie are City League Champions

Professors' Volleyball

BASKETBALL

By defeating the Wanderers on Monday night, Dal snatched City League honors for 1925. Owing to the ice conditions, it was almost impossible to raise the rubber off the ice on a shot and scoring was at a premium. The only tally of the game was made by Wilfred Creighton, Dal's new whirlwind, who, early in the first period, carried the puck through the opposing defence for a pretty score.

Notwithstanding the fact that the ice was in terrible condition, the game was a fast one and both teams fought hard. The excitement was intense, when in the last few minutes of the game, with Haslam penalized, the Wanderers concentrated their whole team around the Dal net. Lewis now showed his skill to great advantage and came through victorious.

LEAGUE STANDING

	games		goals	
	W.	L.	F.	A.
Dal.	4	2	24	17
Crescents	3	3	20	16
Dartmouth	3	3	15	27
Wanderers	2	4	18	21

Wanderers—Sharp, goal; Young and Art-Line-up.
hurs, D. McCay, C. Lave and Hunter, W. Cahill, O'Brien and Hanahan subs.

Dal.—Lewis, goal; D. Lopand Wilson-D. Bates, C; Haslam and Cheighton W; Ernest, Moore and Coleman Subs.

The Wanderers were the winners in the Second League game on Monday night. (Fuller account of games in next issue).

A young freshette (Helen Robertson) is returning one morning from golf; there is a hole in her left stocking.

Enter Hughie Turnbull:—"Good day, Helen, I see you got a hole in one, this morning."

NOTICE

Bargains in Dalhousie Sweaters at Scotts.

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ON A

European College Tour

Several Dalhousians are going. If you are interested, see

G. MacG. GRANT or
C. G. MacLENNAN

Dal Students are not the only ones who are these days excelling in sport; the profs., also, in a quiet way, are making themselves famous in City Volleyball circles. The team, consisting of Capt. Prof. Wilson, Dean Read, Profs. Smith, Hunt, Young, MacDonald and Maxwell, is considered the fastest Volleyball Team in the Maritime Provinces, and easily won the First Section of the Halifax City League, conquering in seven out of eight games. Having won the first series, they will be entitled to play off for the Brister Cup irrespective of their standing in the Second Section.

It would be unfair to single out any member of the team as star—it is an all-star team. Capt. Wilson is noted for his steadiness; never is he seen to become ruffled during the progress of a game and at the conclusion of the contest, every hair of his head is in its wonted position.

The Dean is a very precise and exact player, complying with every rule, and form of the game as if he were following the Rules and Forms of the Judicature Act. Before the first game, some of the opposing players raised a preliminary objection re the Dean's Gym uniform but he assured them that the article in question was really a jersey and not what they thought it was.

Professor Smith is perhaps a little more excitable than his confreres and is, as someone has said, "continually effervescing, forever bubbling over." This nice looking professor is the palying cheer leader of the team and on more than one occasion the team's victory has been attributed to the vociferous volleys of his voluminous vocal vibrations. He was out of the game for a time owing to injuries received in a particularly exciting contest but is in the struggle again with renewed gusto.

Prof. Hunt is the "find" of the season. This is his first year at the game but he has proved a veritable "tower" of strength to the team. The Commerce Professor maintains his dignity even in the most exciting moments of a contest and has a poise which is characteristic of the real professional.

Dr. Young is by far the most graceful performer of all the players in the City League, and chases the ball in real "butterfly" style. It is humorous that on one occasion he perched on top of the net in order to intercept the serves of the opposing team, but was warned off by the referee.

Professor McDonald is a close second in vocal ability to Prof. Smith. His tongue betrays his Irish ancestry, at times becoming uncontrollable. The short professor should control his temper in a game and model himself after his captain. On the whole, though, he is an excellent player and is the mighty atom of his team.

By decisively defeating the Wanderers by a score of 36-11 on Saturday night, Dalhousie has come successfully through the first round of the City Basketball League.

It took several minutes for the Dal players to get going in good form but even during this time they prevented the opposing team from scoring. From then on Dal completely outclassed the Wanderers in every way.

McLean was the individual star making 18 points although the game as a whole was featured by good guarding and fine combination.

Dal Line-up—McLean (18), Mader (7), D. Smith (6), McDonald, McQuade, A. Smith (5), Miller.

Intermediate Game

The Second Basketball team won a clear cut victory over the Wanderer's Seconds on Saturday night by a score of 29-14. From the outset, the winners showed their superiority in combination and guarding but could not score easily. In the latter half of the game, their score was heavier; in this half they controlled the ball and scored at will. Brown at center worked like a Trojan and the guards, McQuarrie and Miller, played a steady game throughout. Harrison and McLennan were the best of the forwards getting some miraculous shots.

LINE-UP—Harrison, McLennan, Hewat, Sangstroth, Douglas, Brown, McQuarrie, Miller.

Prof. Maxwell, owing to illness, has been off the floor of late. He was one of the buwarks of last year's team and is a steady player. His only fault is that he plays a little too much to the galleries.

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Law Society Luncheon

On Wednesday of last week the Law Society held another of its enjoyable luncheons at the Tarry Inn. Although the attendance was not as large as usual yet, that fact detracted nothing from the pleasure and benefit derived by those who attended, while if those who were absent it may truthfully be said that their's indeed was the loss.

This time the society was singularly fortunate in securing as speaker His Lordship Chief Justice Harris of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. The honourable speaker chose as his subject—"Some practical hints for youthful lawyers," and in a paternal way he propounded some very sound advice to his youthful listeners.

His Lordship prefaced his address to the students by congratulating Dalhousie for having secured as Dean of the Law School, one so eminently fitted for the position as John E. Read. He paid a glowing tribute to the qualifications of our newly appointed Dean and stated, that he, was qualified to speak of Dean Read's ability as the latter had served his clerkship under him. While the honourable speaker considered it no mean honour to be appointed Dean of the first Law School in Canada yet, he could not but regret the loss the profession would sustain by Dean Read's withdrawal from its ranks.

The speaker now opened his address with the following words:—"Develop character, and reputation for integrity, take things as you find them and think for yourselves." He pointed out that, character, was the essential qualification to success. Without it, success was impossible, and constituted with it, ability and genius were but secondary considerations while to the lack of it, may be attributed the reason for the majority of failures in the various branches of the world.

Dealing with the qualifications needed by the legal practitioner of today as compared with those required half a century ago. His Lordship said, that the development in the scientific world had caused corresponding changes in the legal sphere. The introduction of telegraph and telephone had brought into close contact places once geographically isolated and had made business dealings bigger and better and more frequent. This condition of affairs had led to the practise of business men having to seek legal advice before they enjoyed in any undertaking, instead of waiting 'until the trouble had begun as they did fifty years ago.' The result was, that a closer intimacy had sprung up between the legal and the business world; with the necessary consequence that in order to be a successful lawyer today one should have a knowledge of business affairs. "After all" said the speaker, "lawsuits are but business affairs and this knowledge which is needful to the pleader who is arguing the case, is equally necessary to the judge who has to decide it."

His Lordship asserted that a profound knowledge of the law was an absolute necessity for success, and the foundation upon which all practise was based. Such, said the speaker could only be acquired by industry and application consistently applied, and even with these conditions fulfilled, was a lifetime's task. He emphasized the fact that studies were not to cease when the college doors were closed

but, if the lawyer would gain success he should remain a student so long as he remained a member of the profession.

Another quality to be developed by the lawyer was the art of speaking,—according to His Lordship, "Get the reputation" he declared, "of speaking sincerely, logically and consistently; for, the practitioner appearing at the bar who has the reputation of speaking from his convictions has all the advantage over his opponent also is reputed for his exaggeration.

Dealing with the problem of handling the first case the honourable speaker advised:—"Take things as you find them and think for yourselves." He laid emphasis on the fact that a good lawyer always studied every detail of the case and he advised his youthful listeners—"find the weak points yourselves, while in your own office, and so not have your opponent find them for you when in court."

In concluding he reverted to his opening remarks regarding character, which he described as the greatest of all assets and he said that no success was lasting which did not have good morals for a foundation. Without it a good name was impossible, ability and industry were useless and failure was the inevitable. With it no good was unattainable and compared with industry, it was a sure road to success. He therefore extorted his listeners always to keep the highest ideals of the profession before their minds and thereby help to live down the contempt with which the law is today being held.

At the close of His Lordship's address Dean Read thanked the speaker on behalf of the students for his splendid address and then with the starting of a doleful national anthem keyed by a sepulchral note from one C. P. Bethune another pleasant luncheon was finished.

P. J. L.

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