

Dalhousie Gazette



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Five Cents The Copy

The Undergraduate's Dream

The dull and dry words, drawled forth in monotonous intonations were wafted lazily upon my ears from the professorial dias at the other end of the room.

Only the evening before I had attended a class in dancing, which as classes often do, ran on long after it should have. But a little while since I had received a lecture on the proper hour to arrive home. So I was tired of lectures and classes. The lazy tones from the dias made a most lulling potion and it was with the greatest difficulty that I supported my drooping eyelids. The hot afternoon sun shone through the window, its rays falling upon my unprotected head and increasing my drowsiness. I reached forth listlessly to draw the blind, forgetting that I was in the Arts building where there are blinds only on every other window. Again I settled back in my chair but I could not keep awake. The monotonous intonations took on a sterner note. Evidently we did not know something or other, or anything. The voice broke in heartlessly on my dreamy thoughts.

"This is a most important part of the course, a part which you absolutely must know, and you appear to have no understanding of it, whatsoever. Look at your professors, I do not refer to myself but to any of your teachers. Think of the amount of learning they have assimilated, while you are required to know just forty percent of one small branch of the subject. Surely—"

But the tones died down somewhat and my eyelids drooped again. I tried vaguely to decide whether it would be better to fall asleep or boldly leave the class. My bemuddled brain argued the matter this way and that until finally I rose slowly to my feet and slipped quietly from the room. I strode uncertainly towards the stairs and the smoking room, but at the sound of laughter I turned again and retraced my steps. I wanted to be alone till I could thoroughly waken myself. Ah! possibly the room across the hall was unoccupied. I ambled over and applied my ear deftly to the keyhole. There was not a sound, so after waiting a moment to make sure, I opened the door and entered.

Imagine my surprise and embarrassment when I found the room to be occupied entirely by professors. Every professor of the University was there and every chair was taken with the exception of the arm chair on the platform. Blushing profusely I tried to utter an apology but my voice was drowned by the stamping of nearly fifty pairs of feet. I looked about me, bewildered, until Professor Stewart, comfortably ensconced in the front row, cheerfully remarked, "Your seven minutes is nearly up sir, we were just about to go." Ah, so that was it! These unfortunate gentlemen, overcome by the strain of their mental labors has lost control of their faculties and imagined themselves once again in their undergraduate days. And I was the professor! "It's certainly a strange world, and a much stranger classroom," I mused, "but I'll humor them for a while." And with true professorial pomp I mounted the platform.

About what on earth was I to lecture, and incidentally, where had I left off? Turning the pages of my note book I casually inquired, "Do you remember where I left off last day?"

Dr. Johnson responded readily. "This is Friday, sir, you were to give us a quiz." That was certainly an easy way out. "Quite right, Johnson," I replied, "Oh yes, quite right."

I was wide awake now and was even obliged to affect a prodigious yawn to cover the smile which played about my lips. "You may put away your papers", I said to the class, "I shall give you an oral quiz."

This seemed to cause considerable furor among the gentlemen before me and Professor Todd leaned over and whispered earnestly to President MacKenzie.

"Attention please" and I rapped on the desk.

"Now then—Mr. H.E. Read can you tell us anything about the sexual impulses and their relations to love?"

"I—er—well I'm afraid I can't sir."

"That is strange. Mr. Read, I thought you should know that. Possibly Mr. Maxwell knows, then." "No?—That is indeed strange." And I carefully opened my note book and made two imaginary marks opposite two imaginary names. "Now Mr. Symons, what do you know about the Amoeba?"

"It is a unicellular animal, sir?"

"Yes, continue."

"And moves, so to speak, by means of cilia."

"Wrong Mr. Symons, altogether wrong." Another imaginary mark after another imaginary name.

"Ah-h Mr. Murray, —Mr Howard Murray, at what temperature does Helium

liquify? —Please look at me and not at your book, Mr Murray."

Mr Murray inclined his head adeptly to one side and blandly replied, "I don't know, sir."

"It is strange that so exacting a man as you does not know that," and I looked on him sternly.

"You may remain standing Mr. Murray."

"This is poor" I muttered, "very poor."

"Mr. King will you please translate the following sentence into French. 'I believe Organic Chemistry to be the most disagreeable course on the college curriculum.'"

Mr. King made a faltering attempt but failed badly so I gave him a piece of advice which I had often received in my student days.

"The best student, Mr. King is not the chap who has a vast knowledge of one subject, but the all round man." Now Mr. Cameron I believe that you enjoy oral quizzes. Give me the four chief reasons for the downfall of the Roman Empire.

Mr. Cameron smiled genially.

"The period of which you ask is somewhat after Tutankhamen and before the time of Harvey; so I don't know. You see?"

But I remained firm to the captivating accents of the last two words.

"Your knowledge is very minute, Mr. Cameron, very microscopic. Evidently you believe that all you are required to know is contained in two little books. That will do."

"Mr. Stewart what is the relation between undistributed middle and the fat tissues?"

Mr. Stewart, however, was seized with a paroxysm of laughter over a joke he had just told to Mr. J. E. Read, and was unable to answer, so I turned to another section of the room.

"Mr. Bean I would like to ask you a little question in Ethics. What do you think of a professor, who sits in his office leaving the door to his laboratory (in which students are working) open, and allows the fragrant odor of cigarette upon cigarette to be wafted to the envious nostrils outside?"

An embarrassing silence ensued. So I dismissed the subject.

"I agree with you Mr. Bean, it's unspeakable."

"And now Mr. Bell, will you please decline 'homo'?"

This, to my surprise, he did perfectly, but was unable to recite "My Wild Irish Rose."

"Oh, by the way, you may sit down now, Mr. Murray."

I then asked Mr. Gowanloch to tell me something about the most common accounting systems, to which he valiantly replied: "Sir I know nothing whatsoever about system," and he coolly ran his fingers through his hair.

At this point I noticed that Mr. MacMechan was garbed in a high necked sweater, which brought another question to my mind.

"A little problem in law, Mr. MacMechan. What legal right has a man who never shaves, to criticise a fellow mortal for wearing a sweater?"

Mr. MacMechan masticated his chewing gum slowly and thoughtfully and responded "No right at all, sir, no right at all."

"Very good, Mr. MacMechan," I replied, and smiled at him graciously.

So I asked questions here, and questions there, and was deeply grieved to find that the ignorance of the class concerning the most commonplace things was overwhelming. Mr. Nichols knew almost nothing of the Theory of Relativity while Mr. Nickerson was equally in ignorance as to the Greek for "home brew." Mr. Wilson could not distinguish stratified epithelium from columnar, and Mr. Munro knew nothing of the formation of granite. And so on and on. Their ignorance was appalling and at last in an effort to give them one more chance I appealed to each man's special forte.

This produced slightly better results, but was at best very poor.

"Mr Bennet" I said, please tell me the author of these words. "She clung to him desperately, passionately and her hot lips brushed his cheek." But Mr. Bennet was unable to recognize them.

"These lines, sir" I cried indignantly "are from the pen of one of the most distinguished writers of the present day Ethel M. Dell."

"Now Mr. Gautheron would you give us a brief review of the last edition of 'La Vie Parisienne.'"

The worthy little gentleman peeped over his collar and a look of bewilderment

(Continued on page 2 Column 4)

Punctuality

Keeping faith with an engagement may seem to some as not particularly essential. Nevertheless, it is a very important principle to incorporate in one's business or social habits. When you make an engagement, respect that engagement sufficiently to be on time, or else don't make it. Remember that the other person's time may be valuable.

When you registered at Dalhousie University, undoubtedly you recognized that you were making a definite engagement to be present at certain classes at a certain hour every day in accord with the established principle or custom of the University. You are, of course, respecting that obligation. If not—begin today.

A. E. J.

MY THREE RUNAWAYS

O where have you gone green bud of the Spring
That nodded to April's tune,
And where are you now O you rose so red
That danced to the pipe of June?

And you leaf in your coat of crimson and brown
That swung to October's chime?
I caught but a glimpse of you fluttering past,
You waited so short a time.

Why didn't you stay with me wee green bud,
And you velvety soft red rose?
I thought you were playing,
You leaf so brown,
But your hiding-place nobody knows.

Were you wooed by the Sorceress Summer so fair,
O you bud so young and gay?
To the warm night wind, O you rose so sweet,
Did you give your heart away?

Say, you leaf of the Autumn's dancing days
What took you so far to stray,
Did a shy wood-nymph love you more than I
That you went with her to play?

Will you all come back if I wait for you here,
You dear, you runaway three:
Or safe in the land of sleep and of dreams
Will you wait, till I come, for me?

Canora

Eve'n Adam Had 'Em

(Novelette)

It happened in Eden while Adam and Eve were there and before Eve and Percy, the snake, queered the whole show.

"Adam," said Eve pettishly one day, "you're spoiling Percy—the idea of lettin' him sleep around your neck. You'd better look out, he might get fresh."

"Yes, honey," admitted Adam "but he's such an affectionate little chap, y'know". And he stroked Percy's nose gently while Percy licked his mitt.

"Oh, you're absolutely hopeless!" cried Eve exasperated, and she strode off in a huff among the bushes.

Not long after this, Percy got fresh, the apple incident took place and they all had to beat it.

"I feel chilly" muttered Adam, and, embarrassed, he dashed in behind some shrubs and wove himself a pair of trousers out of leaves and grass. Suddenly a rustle was heard. It was Percy—who had followed him faithfully from the garden.

Looking sadly down at his little pal, Adam had a brainy idea. He grabbed the snake and swung him over his shoulder so that Percy, clinging there, was able to catch hold of the front of the trousers with his mouth and keep them up securely by linking his tail into a rent at the back. And so suspenders came into their own.

F. C. P.

Prof. Brown:—"What's that? Spell my name? B for Brontosaurus; R for Rhisophoraceae; O for Ophisthohelae W for Willugbaeya; and N for Nucifraga." (Listening Post).

Shirreff Hall Entertains

There's a noisy rush in the Hall tonight Supper at six, a tub to win,
My hair to wash and a slip to hem;
An hour to dress e'er the dance begin.

The Residence girls are giving a dance. Chairs have been grouped around the halls and pillows of every hue and description are there to ease the weary dancers. The rooms take on an air of festive expectancy and the piano finds itself removed to the dining-room, which looks bare without its white surpliced tables and straight-backed chairs. How quickly everyone scurries away after supper. The corridors resound with hurrying feet. Mary rushes into Kay's room to see if her dress hangs evenly, and the spray of flowers is in the right place and Flo hastens upstairs to recover her slippers and pearls that she loaned last night and to get a handkerchief from Jean to match her dress. The bustle and commotion gradually subsides and the lights in the rooms die out one by one. Upstairs quiet reigns once more. Downstairs the scene grows colorful. Soft pastel shades with their vivid sisters mingle with the ever popular black and white. The sound of voices, laughter, and excited whispers fill the air. The door-bell rings intermittently as the guests arrive.

Come and let me introduce you to Miss Lowe and Florence MacMullen, our House President—"The usual three, yes, fifth and second extra?—yes"—Hello, yes, thank you—"Have you seen Grace, I can't find her anywhere"—"Isn't it crowded"—"Have you any dances left"—"Jim's looking for you, he's just

over there"—"Thirteenth? Yes"—"Have you saved me a dance?"—"Sorry, my card is filled"—"Was ours the seventeenth?"—"Oh dear"—"This is Mr. Mac—"

"Any left."

Then the strains of the Joe Mills orchestra floated out from the dining room and.

the couples went in and to and fro swirled evening-dress and tuxedo.

So the dancing went on. The punch bowl gathered a large circle of friends. The library, in its soft coloring, the more stately drawing-room, the hall where the men might smoke was successively crowded and deserted as the party moved to and from the dining-room.

Everywhere friends laughed and talked and the newly acquainted exchanged the usual remarks. Sometimes the lights in the dining room were turned out and a kindly moon shed its soft glow over the couples gracefully wheeling in and out. Dr. "Jack" and Mrs. Cameron graced the merry gathering with their presence and Prof. Wilson moved about with his usual smile. (Someone said that he didn't mention History once during the evening.) Dr. Nichols managed to retain his sense of humor though he tried to look conventionally bored.

The opening bars of "God Save the King" brought the party to a stand-still. With three lusty cheers and a Dal yell, the guests departed. Much credit is due to the Dance Committee, ably chaired by Dorothea Berry for the enjoyable evening.

A. F.

The Scottish Rectorial

"Here's to the Rector come to see
The students of this Varsity,
Head o'er all the Profs and we,
The mightiest he in the Varsity."

The extract from "The Gateway" of the University of Alberta seems to have given a strange impression of what a Scottish Rectorial Election is. It is not necessarily a political affair though the candidates chosen may be such that the fight lies between Liberals and Conservatives. Sometimes the choice is between politics and literature, at other times it is between two men of letters, and oftentimes the election is unanimous and there is no fight at all.

The most interesting point is that if you take the Rectors of the four Scottish Universities you are likely to find out who are the men most admired by the young folks of Britain at any particular period. To be Lord Rector of a Scottish University is an honor highly appreciated by Scotsmen and Englishmen alike: (the English Universities have no such honor to bestow.) "A King can make a belted knight," he can appoint a University President, but he can't appoint a Lord Rector—only the students can do that.

The oldest Scottish University is that of St. Andrews which dates back to 1411, and so far as is known the first Rector was Laurence of Lindores Abbey, a great theologian of his day. The Council of Pisa deposed Pope Benedict in 1409 but the Cathedral and Monasteries of St. Andrews still held him Pope, and it was to Peniscola in Spain that a young Scottish graduate of Paris travelled to obtain the papal bulls for the founding of the University and, according to history, bonfires blazed, processions of clerics and monks took place, and the people gave themselves up to revelry and rejoicing. Fifty years later, also by papal bulls, the University of Glasgow was founded amid similar rejoicings, and the other two, Aberdeen and Edinburgh, came later. During the centuries following, the Scottish King became King of Britain and the court migrated to London; the Scottish Parliament was merged in Westminster; the Reformation swept through the land and Catholic cardinal and Protestant peasant alike suffered martyrdom; Flodden Field wiped out the Scottish nobility and Culloden Field the gallant Highlanders. Little of the old Scotland remained except the Universities, "these frugal seats of learning where earnest students burned the midnight oil and kept life together on a little oatmeal and ale".

In the early days Professors were called Regents and the Lord Rectors were ecclesiastics, and we know the Rector had often to battle with the regents over College matters and had also to act as a buffer between the university and the city—in older days there were often pitched battles between the students and the townsfolk, "town and gown".

And now what about the Rectorial fight? Well, there have been generations of Rectorial fights and many a time and oft have the college walls been battered with peasealme and rotten eggs and still they stand, and the old quadrangles seem none the worse for the battles that have taken place therein. I almost think Alberta wants to use the recent fight as a justification for their own frolics. Scottish students ask for no justification. To refer to the fight as a "wanton and vulgar display" is nonsense. It is not a display at all. I wonder if Alberta got its information from a Glasgow Daily that is known in vulgar parlance as the "Halfpenny Liar", not so much from its misfacts as from its attitude which despises culture except of communistic type and dearly delights to have a "dig" at the students of the Varsity. Of course the fight took place but if the editor of "The Gateway" cares to join the students' tour next summer and visit Glasgow, I assure him he won't smell even the faintest scent of an egg at Gilmorehill, and I assure him the more readily in that my Alma Mater was St. Andrews, and is now Dalhousie.

The appointing of the Lord Rector is one of the most notable duties of the students. The Lord Rectorship is the one power (students used to have more power), they have managed to retain through the centuries. It is a sort of symbol of independence, it is a reminder to Senators and University Staffs that there might be a College without Professors but that without students there would be no college or need for one. The Lord Rector is the students' champion and many Lord Rectors have worked hard to bring about certain reforms desired by the students and opposed by the university. So, though there is a certain amount of fun and frolic, the students treat the matter in deadly earnest and the nominating committee is chosen with great care. Once the names of the candidates are out you begin to work for your man. You make speeches, you canvas for votes, you bribe, if you can, the fair sex and the stronger sex alike. The night before the great day you scorn sleep; you are rallying your men, you are gathering ammunition; you are trying to gain the point of vantage; you are detailing your campaign. There is usually a particular citadel to be stormed, a particular gate to be held.

Dalhousie Campus does not lend itself to a siege as there are too many entries but a Quadrangle makes a good field of battle. Suppose you are an ordinary voter. Picture yourself arriving to vote about 9 a. m. according to instructions to "come early", and picture the gates held by rival parties. The approach to the gate is guarded by opposing ranks of convoys and warriors armed with peas, flour and other more noxious ammunition. Inside you can hear whoops and yells and you wonder if you are back in the days of your forefathers and their fights with Indians. You see a man try to enter. You see him received with a bouquet of flour that makes him a study

(Continued on page 3 column 1.)

"The Dalhousie Gazette."

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A Mental Defeat

Last Saturday Dalhousie was defeated and the Wanderers became champions for another year. Of this we can only say that we are deeply disappointed. Our beliefs in lieu of the merits of the two teams have not wavered because of Saturday's game, for we, like you, are Dalhousians. But the firmer our convictions are that Dalhousie was and is the greater, the more credit must we yield to her vanquisher.

This final game, however, was not won by either power or skill. Chance played a great part, as chance always does, and yet there was a certain other thing. It was not physical fatigue which made Dalhousie weaken when the game was nearly won; nor was it strength nor skill alone that gave to her opponents the winning score. This certain other thing, then, we might call (for want of better words) the mental attitude of the players.

The game went on quite evenly until the Wanderers scored their first try and converted it. The Tigers immediately took the offensive and scored twice in rapid succession. In the second period they continued their offensive tactics for about the first twenty minutes. Then, when the game was almost over, the Trophy nearly won, Dalhousie weakened. The opposing team scored. Again Dalhousie took the upper hand, but it was too late.

Possibly we are wrong but we ascribe the defeat to overconfidence, present only for a few minutes, but even then present too long. It is an old, old fault of Dalhousie's and one which will handicap her as long as she permits it to prey upon her.

It would be difficult to accuse Dalhousie of lacking college spirit, on Saturday. The President, the chairman of the Board of Governors, and the deans of three faculties were present, as were many other professors. Of those who were not there we have only the right, as students, to say that they have disappointed us. The undergraduates were admirably represented and while they may be guilty of the same fault of the team of weakening when they most were needed, they showed that they possessed the true spirit. The support they gave the team during the last ten minutes was wonderful and when the final whistle sounded we thought we saw tears blinking repressed from several pairs of eyes. Possibly it was that our own vision was rather blurred and what we really saw were drops of rain, but we sincerely hope that we were not mistaken.



The Dalhousie Medical Society at its last monthly meeting gave further evidence of its value as a flourishing and wide-awake organization that provides not only an opportunity for the medical students to become better acquainted, but also a common meeting-ground with the members of the faculty, whose more genial qualities are perhaps somewhat dulled by the trials of the lecture or clinic room. This gathering took the form of a supper at the Green Lantern, and was largely attended by the members of the Society. The menu was in the best style of Mine Host Hart, and left nothing to be desired. The excellence of the repast was further enhanced with synopated melody dispensed by three musical Meds—Messrs. Robertson, Thurrott and MacDonald. The President of the Society, Mr. J. W. Merritt, was at the head of the table, and around him as guests of honor were Profs. Hattie, Babkin, Nicholls, Gibbs, Young, McKenzie, Dryer, Bean, and Gowanloch.

The President called the meeting to order after supper, and the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved of by the society. Mr. E. Cameron then reported for the Dance Committee, which staged the best dance for many moons and turned over a considerable surplus to the Society Funds. Mr. H. L. Scammell presented recommendations from a committee appointed to deal with the matter of an emblem for the Society. Dr. Nicholls, called upon to speak in this connection, emphasized the advisability of procuring some novel design, and endorsed the suggestion presented by the committee.

Dr. Hattie was then called upon, and expressed his pleasure at being present. He spoke of the necessity of keeping up the standard of medical education, and drew many interesting illustrations from medical education in ancient times.

Dr. Gibbs congratulated the Society upon the Progress it had made in the last year, largely due to the fact that an efficient organization was in force and the society running on a well drawn-up constitution.

The chief speaker of the evening was Dr. Babkin, who gave the Society a most interesting address. He spoke of life in Russia before and during the revolution and of the difficulties under which they carried on under Bolshevik rule. His ad-

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From The Mail Bag

To the Editor, Dalhousie Gazette.

Dear Sir:—Will you allow me space in your valued columns to ask why it is that the Dalhousie Review can not be obtained in the library? In the first issue of this year's Gazette we were advised to read it and follow world wide events. The Atlantic Monthly and many other magazines are available, but our own college publication has not been obtainable since the January issue.

Further, I would like to draw the attention of the Library Committee to the fact that many of Dr. McMechan's books are not available. Before we stock up with outside books we should see that home talent is encouraged.

Thanking you, I am, Yours sincerely,
READER.

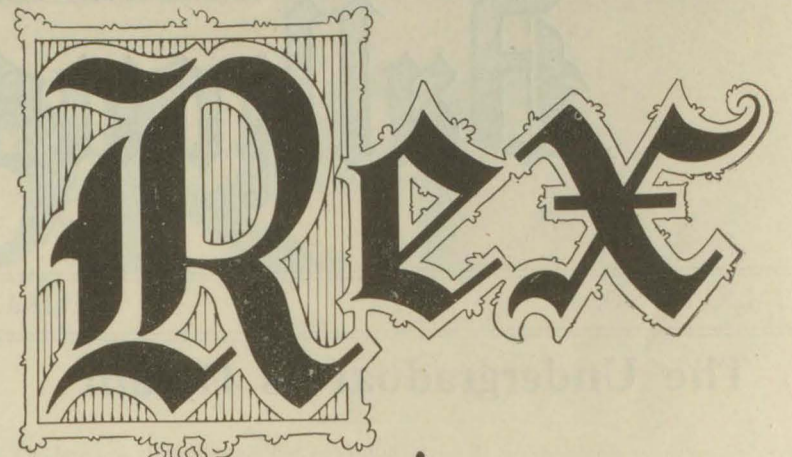
dress was illustrated with very interesting incidents from his own experience at the University of Odessa, during the revolution.

Messrs. Murphy and O'Brien moved and seconded, respectively, a vote of thanks to Dr. Babkin, which was heartily responded to by the members of the Society. The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

On Friday afternoon the students of the fourth year had the pleasure of attending a very interesting and enthusiastic discussion on a subject on Pharmacology. The topic of argument was "Alcohol as a pure depressant" vs. "Alcohol as a stimulant followed by depression."

The debators on both sides presented the argument in a very pleasing manner showing a thorough grasp of the subject and in some cases accurate practical experience. Some of the participants deserve special praise for their eloquence.

We are very pleased to report that Bill Hewat has again resumed his classes after a serious illness during the last three weeks.



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The Undergraduate's Dream

(Continued from page 1.)

spread over his features. "Je ne sais, monsieur."

"Mr. Bronson please tell me the duties of a Physics instructor."

"Well er-r, she must assist the students in the laboratory, and er-r that, I think is all."

"That is all?"

"Yes sir."

"You had better review your work of the last few months carefully, Mr. Bronson."

"Now Mr. Macdonald can you give me any good reasons why a professor at Dalhousie is not allowed to play on the Dalhousie rugby team?"

Mr. Macdonald replied apologetically, "I'm sorry sir, but that is a matter which I have not been able to really understand."

"I can sympathize with you Mr. Macdonald," I replied. "I think you might speak to Mr. MacKenzie after class. Possibly he can give you some explanation of this."

"Oh yes, Mr. Macneill can you tell us what two multiplied by two equals?"

"Four, sir."

"And two plus two?"

"Four, sir."

"Very good, Mr. Macneill, very good indeed. And what would you infer from these calculations?"

"I would infer that two plus two and two multiplied by two were equal, sir."

"Excellent! Mr. Macneill. You show much more promise than any other member of the class. Now if the class will—"

But a voice vaguely like thunder broke in on my words, a voice quite different to the humble tones of my students, a voice of authority.

"I wonder if the somnambulant gentleman in the corner could throw any light on this matter?"

I looked up with a start. I was back in my class room again, as a student, though how it happened I really did not know. The words were repeated, even louder than before. "I wonder if the somnambulant gentleman in the corner could bring any light on the matter?"

I looked curiously about and smiled.

Some one must have actually fallen asleep during the lecture!

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The Scottish Rectorial

(Continued from page 1 column 5.)

in black and white. A man darts out and asks "Who's your man?" Your answer is received with a groan and a battery of peas. Then one of the convoys on your side spies you and runs out. His face and garments are probably covered with peas of a lovely ochre hue and it may be there are a few rents in his coat which he wisely wears inside out for the occasion. But the light of righteous battle and of high adventure shines in his eye. Youth comes but once and you wish you had been chosen one of the henchmen, "Follow me," he calls. You follow. You are raked from both sides by volleys of peas and eggs far from fragrant, and peas and eggshells crunch and crackle beneath your feet. You feel that here indeed you are receiving your baptism of fire, you are passing through the enemy lines. Of course you are hit by friend and foe alike and the party you support possibly rain as much damage on you in their efforts to facilitate your advance as do the other side in their efforts to hinder your progress. But at last you are right into the campus. Here there is comparative peace. Your escort passes you on to another and returns to his work of convoy. You may encounter some opposition at the steps but more likely you are peacefully escorted in to the presiding officer. You record your vote and you come out feeling you have done a far far bigger thing than you will ever do again. You have helped to elect a Lord Rector. And when the Lord Rector comes to visit his students you will join the crowd that unyokes the horses and drags his carriage through the streets to the University; you will listen to his Rectorial address, even if it be two hours long, with a quiet attention that you never give to the speeches of Chancellors and Presidents; you will proudly march in the Rectorial torchlight procession that ends in the Gaudeamus (supper), and you will cheer as the Lord Rector, following ancient tradition, asks the Head of the College that next day be the Rectorial holiday; and you will go home feeling that your Lord Rector is both your representative and your friend. This year St. Andrews has elected an Arctic explorer and turned down a man of letters and Glasgow has chosen Austen Chamberlain in preference to G. K. Chesterton. Why? Ah well, just find out what the men have done and you will see that the judgment of students is, in spite of youth, wise and that the men whom students delight to honor are men indeed. Dalhousie is said to be founded on the principle of a Scottish University. If that be so, what sinister hand cut out the office of Lord Rector?

M. A. B.

Famous English Actor Coming

Wyndham Standing plays the debonaire role of Gerald Shannon in the new Goldwyn-Fitzmaurice production, "The Dark Angel," which First National is showing at the Casino Theatre the first three days next week. Of English birth and education, Standing is well fitted, indeed, for the part.....that of an English army officer. Ronald Colman plays the leading male role, Hilary Trent, another English officer. Strangely, he, too, is of British birth and education, and served as a commissioned English officer during the world war. Vilma Banky, the Budapest discovery recently brought from Europe by Samuel Goldwyn, makes her American screen debut as Kitty Vane, opposite Colman, in "The Dark Angel," thus completing the attractive triangle. Hoot Gibson in "The Spook Ranch," is the next week end attraction.

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The Hockey Dance

On Friday evening at 8 o'clock, a most enjoyable hockey dance was held at Shirreff Hall in honor of the Maine hockey team, when Miss Edith Macneill manager of the Dal hockey team, proved a most charming hostess. Only the two girls' teams, including spares, managers, linesmen and officers of the D.G.A.C were present, together with the boys' hockey team and other Dal boys who had helped to make the Maine girls' stay in Halifax a pleasant one. Miss Lowe had kindly consented to allow the drawing-room to be used besides the reception hall and never did dancers dance so gaily to such excellent music as was provided by Mr. Keyes. There seemed to be a spirit of unusual gaiety in the air despite the fact that Dal had lost the game that day, while the extreme friendliness between the two teams was several times remarked upon by the visitors who repeatedly spoke of the kindness shown them. The sixteen dances and three extras were all too short and eleven o'clock, when supper was served, arrived very soon. After supper all the dances were "cut-ins", which was particularly satisfactory at this dance for the boys were ever anxious to obtain the Maine girls for partners. At 12 o'clock the dance broke up with loud cheering for "Maine" and the usual Dal yells. The guests for the evening were Dr. Colvin, the dean of women in the University of Maine, Miss Helen Lengyel, Miss Achsa Bean, Miss Lowe and Prof. Gowanloch.

ON A KITE

Oh shimmery thing, all dark and light
You imitate the wild-bird's flight
A childish toy? Oh yes, but still
Symbolic of the human will
The wish, the great desire to take
Some earthly things and joyful make
Something to imitate the soul
That while eternal ages roll
Flies on—is free.

Oh Shiny Thing that onward flies
Tell me, what's yonder tin hose skies?
See you the day that sinks to rest?
The moon which at God's wise behest
Reflects the glory of the sun
When all day's rosy beauty's done,
And night comes on with rapid pace
With wondrous majesty and grace
O'er land—and sea?

See you the stars that one by one
Shine out when all day's toils are done?
What are those worlds so far away?
Is theirs an endless shining day
Or do they cease to shine so bright
When day has vanquished all our night
Tell me, Oh Shimmery Thing, are they
Inhabited by those who play
And work—above?

Tell me, if I had wings to fly
On to those tiny worlds, could I
Discern their shining vales and hills
And hear the music of their rills?
Or is it that I should not know
Those things while here on earth below?
If so, Bright Thing, 'twere better far
Earth's sweet contentment not to mar,
But live—and love.

R. E. G.

POOR FISH

A little fish, a swimming in a brook,
Heard of a river lying far beyond,
He sighed, and gave his infant tail a flip,
And said, "I'll leave this silly little pond."

A little fish swam out into the stream,
Nor looked he back to flowing waters cool.
"That surely was an antiquated place
I'll seek for me a faster running pool."

A little fish, a swimming in a stream,
Thought that the ocean surely must be great.
"Tis only there I'll find the perfect realm
Of all things wonderful for fish—the gate."

A little fish, grown weary of his home
Thought of the sleepy sand beds he forsook
He swam back to his silly little pond
Found treasures, that he sought, were in the brook.

W. J. M., '29.

Delta Gamma

The debate at Delta Gamma last Saturday night was well worth anyone's best attention. The subject, "Resolved that Girls in College Hinder the Scholastic Attainments of the Boys," was one which in itself called forth spontaneous attention from the audience. From the beginning to the end, it was a hotly contested debate between Juniors and Sophettes.

The first speaker for the affirmative, Arley MacDonald, started the ball rolling. In all seriousness, Arley affirmed that a girl's presence in the class room detracted the attention of both professor and students, due to her attractiveness of attire.

The negative side of the question was then propounded by Allison MacCurdy. Her speech was significant for its systematic arrangement. She clearly brought out the idea that co-education was a wonderful factor in the all-round development of the college boy.

The affirmative was upheld by Eveleen Burns in the third speech for the evening. She forcibly reminded us that education was taken far more seriously by the gentlemen of the nineties than it is by the lads of the present day, simply because there were no fair ladies tripping about the college halls and demanding attentions, which the youths have no time to offer.

The last speaker, Jean Shaw, created a very pleasing effect on her audience. She maintained that the tuition of the ladies should be free, their presence in the college plays such a great part in the scholastic attainments of the boys, that nothing short of a course in Feminology ought to be instituted.

A clever and amusing rebuttal between Allison MacCurdy and Eveleen Burns closed the debate.

After anxiously waiting for the verdict of the judges, Mary MacIntyre, Gertrude Mees, and Allison FitzRandolph, the Juniors were chosen as the winners of the debate. Refreshments were served and the sociable evening came to a close.

CO-ED.

Christmas exams will be here before we know it! Christmas day comes! And we do not have a minute to find any gifts for our friends until the last day. Then what a rush! Do save yourselves from that "mad tear" the day after exams and buy your gifts tomorrow (Friday). In the gymnasium all kinds of beautiful and appropriate gifts can be bought for a very reasonable sum. Attractive novelties are there for your best girl—or beau—and beautiful hand-work for your relatives. If you are one of those who say, "What SHALL I give sis for Christmas?" come to the gym any time between 12 a. m. and 8 p. m. and a "suggestion committee" will help you with your choice. Here is a chance to get rid of the "night before" rush. Send your Christmas presents early. Buy them early. Let's go!

Question—"Give rules for restful sleep."
Med. Student—"Wake up, when you get up."
(Stanstead College Magazine.)

The Dental Dance seems to be regarded with more than enthusiastic favor by those who have attended the function in the past. This year's dance will give YOU the opportunity of attending such an affair. If you were there last year, then nothing will keep you away this year.

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Majestic Notes

For the balance of this week "Romeo and Juliet" will be played at the Majestic. Mr. Sidney Lee, a noted critic declares, "As a tragic poem on the theme of love it has no rival in any literature." It is full-blooded, imbued with the spirit of youth, and rejoicing (in the character of Juliet) in one of the most striking female figures ever drawn by Shakespeare. Miss Glossop-Harris plays Juliet, while Mr. Wellesley is in his favorite role as her lover.

During the whole of next week Miss Florence Glossop-Harris will present her farewell performance—"Milestones". "Milestones" is from the pen of Arnold Bennet and Edward Knoblock. The play is at once extremely interesting and instructive. The scene is laid in the living room of a home in Kensington Gore, England and the theme of the play concerns the family through three generations. Thus the first act is in the period of 1860. All the details of dress and customs are carried out with the utmost exactitude even to the flickering candles which light the room. In the second act the years have rolled on to 1885 and the stage is illuminated by gas, while the third act represents the period of 1912. The room is equipped with electric light and everything possesses a more modern touch. The ship building industry is the fundamental of the plot and there is just the wooden sailing ship, which is replaced by the steamboat and finally by the modern turbine. The play gives a most interesting comparative study of the periods and is at the same time an intensely gripping drama.

It is with the very deepest regret that Halifax theatre patrons will witness the departure of Miss Florence Glossop-Harris and her Company and all hope that they will return again in the near future.

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SPORT



Ground Hockey Dalhousie vs. Maine

Friday morning, the 13th, dawned dull and bleak to the dismay of both the Maine and Dalhousie hockey teams and by 1.30 the scheduled time for the game, it was everything that had been feared—a pouring, beating rain plus a driving wind. However, the teams assembled on the Dalhousie field for the first international game in this branch of sport that has ever been played in Halifax.

The teams were very evenly matched although the Maine team seemed to have been in training for some time. In the first half the ball went from one goal to the other and at one time, when it was in the local's territory, Bessie MacDonald secured it and sent it far to the opposite end. The Maine goalie was called upon to make some very neat saves and the ball went again to the local's territory. Here Marie Erikson, the goalie for Dal, saved the situation several times in a very sensational manner. Thus the play continued back and forth and at the end of the first period neither team had scored.

In the second period, which was faster and more furious, the ball was again brought from goal to goal and although Edith Macneill captured it, it was soon sent back to Dal's goal line where two bullies were called directly in front of the goal. Here, once more, Marie Erikson did her usual good work. About the middle of the session, however, Marjorie Jones secured the ball and with a swift drive scored the only goal of the game. The Dal girls did not let that bother them but kept playing on better and better and the Maine goalie had to do some swift thinking and acting to keep the determined girls from scoring. Dal forced the play to the end and the whistle blew only too soon to stop the best hockey game ever played at Dal. Despite the rain, it was voted one of the most thrilling events of this year and never was the rooting and cheering so well done. The Maine team showed themselves to be good sports and this game will likely change the attitude towards ground hockey to a considerable degree.

Line-up	
MAINE	DALHOUSIE
Goal	Marie Erikson
R. Fullback	Helen Sexton
Alma Perkins (Capt.)	
L. Fullback	Keltie Holman
Jessie Woods	
L. Half	Ruth Elder
Helen Peabody	
C. Half	Helen Robertson (Capt.)
Edwina Bartlett	
R. Half	Anna Wilson
Lorenda Orne	
R. Wing	Jean McKenzie
Margaret Preble	
R. Inside	Anne Clark
Alma White	

Wanderers Capture McCurdy Trophy

Wanderers won the City League title at the Wanderers Grounds on Saturday before the largest crowd that has witnessed a game this year and under practically the same circumstances as in the first game of the year. The Wanderers converted, Dal didn't.

Dalhousie kicked off with the wind and the ball was returned to center field. The Wanderers got two free kicks in quick succession. Monte relieved with some great kicks. Wanderers free kicked to half-line but the ball was worked back by our half line. Wanderers free kicked once more to half-line and once again to 25 yard line. Wanderers got another free kick and McCoy kicked it right into the arms of one of Dal's halves but muffed it he knocked it on to the feet of the charging Reds who dribbled it over for the first touch. Herman converted.

When play was resumed, Dal got a free kick and then another one. The Wanderers relieved with a free kick only to have Haslam kick it out of touch a few yards from their line. Wickwire scored and Haslam converted. Haslam missed the posts twice by small margins on two free kicks, but a few minutes later almost went over. Murphy went over in the corner. Monte failed to convert and the period ended 8-5. In the second, Dal didn't come to life as quickly as they might have but they were soon hammering at the Red's line. Then came the rain driving right down the field in a cold stinging sheet. The Reds, with the rain beating on their backs and in Dal's faces, almost went over twice but Dal held them and getting free kicks at opportune moments staved them off until a few minutes before the end when Lane went over in a wild scramble. Herman kicked the convert and the ball hit the post poised for a moment spinning in the air and then dropped over the bar taking with Dal's

hope of victory and giving Wanderers their fourth win since the War. Dal attacked with great vigor after play was resumed but the Wanderers were not going to have victory snatched from them and the end of the game saw rush and counter rush, kick and counter kick but with Dal slowly and surely forging up the field. The end came with both teams battling in center field, one flushed with victory; the other with defeat staring them in the face.

Taking all in all, it was a very good and exciting game to watch. The kicking of Haslam, McCoy and Herman was the great feature of a game that was all features. Murphy, Haslam, Tupper and Harrington starred for Dal while McCoy, Hunter, Herman and Edwards were the Redshirts' best. There were nine free kicks handed out by Lt. Comm. Murray in the first period, 3 to Dal and 6 to Wanderers, which more than effectively kept any pugilistic aspirations that the players might have had under cover. The team was backed up by a good Dal turnout, every part of the University being represented from "Stan" to the greenest Freshman, all blending their voices to make some of the best and most consistent rooting heard for a long time. If the hockey and basketball teams get the support next winter that the football team got last Saturday, there should be no complaints on that score. It is interesting to note that Saturday's victory is the ninth for the Wanderers since 1892, as against sixteen for Dal.

Dalhousie's line up—Moore, Haslam, Murphy, "Doc" Smith, McInnes, Wickwire, Langstroth, "A. C." Smith, Baird, McLean, Livingstone, Cox, Tupper, Harrington, Sutherland.

Wanderers' including three Tech men: Edwards, Hunter, McCoy, Lane, Shaw, Farnsworth, McLeod, Thompson, Herman, Armitage, Young, Tuttle, Cameron, Anderson.

Wanderers Take Intermediate Title

Dal also lost the Intermediate League by 6-0. Stevenson, of Tech, making the first touch, which he failed to convert and Clancy, also of Tech, making the other, also not converted. Wanderers had the edge on the play and kept things on the go from start to finish. Dobson and Jones starred for Dal. The second period was without any score, both touches being made early in the game. Wanderers' team was considerably strengthened by the presence of three Tech men. This is also the ninth win for the Wanderers in this League since 1892 as against thirteen for Dalhousie.

Our Sporting Professors

No. 1. Prof. Charles H. Mercer.

Many students do not realize that in our professors we have not only men learned in their chosen subjects, but also tennis champions, football heroes, and hockey stars. One of the foremost among these is Mr. C. H. Mercer, associate professor of modern language, who has held various championships in Tennis and Badminton, and who has always been a keen sportsman.

Born at Clitheroe, Lancashire, England, Mr. Mercer attended Manchester Grammar School, where he was captain of the "under-16" Cricket Team. He played all kinds of games, and in 1904 was captain of the Manchester University Tennis Six, and also played Lacrosse for the University Team.

After leaving Manchester, Mr. Mercer spent several years on the continent, where he played in tournaments and won many trophies.

In 1912 Mr. Mercer came to Canada and taught at Toronto University. From there he went to Vancouver where he was on the staff of the University of British Columbia. In Vancouver Mr. Mercer played his best tennis. He became Hard Court Champion of British Columbia in 1919, defeating Marshall Allan of Seattle, now one of the highest ranking American players.

In 1921 Mr. Mercer accepted his present post at Dalhousie. He plays badminton in the winter, and tennis in the summer, and is a member of the South End Tennis Club and the Dalhousie Badminton Club. Since his arrival in Halifax Mr. Mercer has held the following titles:

TENNIS.

Maritime Singles, 1923.
 Maritime Mixed Doubles with Miss Hilda Douglas, 1924.
 Nova Scotia Singles, 1924.

BADMINTON.

Maritime Singles 1923.
 Maritime Mixed Doubles with Mrs. Frank Woodbury—1924-1925.
 Maritime Men's Doubles with Major C. H. Grant, 1925.

Last summer Prof. Mercer was unable to enter the Provincial Tournament because he was travelling to Europe, but two days before his boat left he captured the Halifax County Mixed Doubles with Mrs. Gerald Grant as partner. His match with Willard Crocker, Canadian Champion in September, 1924, in which, after holding the Match point in the second set, he finally lost, 6-4, 15-17, 3-8, will long be remembered in Halifax, athletic circles.

E. I. M.

College Songs and Yells

The Shirreff Hall yell, heard for the first time at Friday's game against Maine, is as follows:

Look us over, you will see
 We are girls from Dalhousie;
 That's not all, that's not all,
 Better still, Shirreff Hall.

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L. Inside	
Marjorie Jones	Edith MacNeil
L. Wing	
Virginia Smith	Edwina Archibald
Spares	
Elizabeth Newcombe	Mabel Borden
Anna Sargent	Amy Adams

Miss Helen Lengyel, of Maine, and Jack Grant, of Dal, were the referees and proved satisfactory to both sides.

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