

Dalhousie Gazette



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Five Cents The Copy

Libraries opened to Students

To the Editor
The Dalhousie Gazette.

Sir:—Let me, through the columns of *The Gazette*, inform undergraduate and post-graduate students at the University that the Nova Scotia offices and libraries of the Public Archives of Canada, are at their service.

The offices are now well appointed and inviting; and the libraries can rapidly be used by students who are interested in Canadian, Nova Scotia, United States and British, social, political, economic, educational, and literary history. There is a special room, with long table and chairs, for students doing original research; and there is another room neatly appointed for the use of any student who may wish to work here quite alone.

The walls of all rooms are hung with colored, prints, water-color sketches, original maps and photostat copies of maps and plans, all illustrating the history of Halifax and Nova Scotia from earliest times. There are rare and late books dealing with the history of our country and Canada in general: General Histories, County Histories, Township Records, all sorts of rare pamphlets, booklets, and monographs.

I herewith call the attention of Dalhousie University students to these facts, and extend to them a cordial invitation to make use of the Public Archives of Canada. Both myself and Miss Kinneir, assistant archivist, will gladly serve to our utmost students who are preparing essays or theses or who are doing special research work in any period of Canadian history; and should we not have "in stock" any special document or pamphlet or book desired, we shall obtain it from the Archives at Ottawa. This is in line with my policy of correlating all the libraries in the city.

Let me add specially that I have housed in the Archives at Halifax my own libraries of Philosophy, Social and Political Science, and works on Aesthetics and on Literary and Aesthetic History and Criticism. These also are available to Dalhousie Students; and what they may not be able to obtain from the books here, they can get by interrogating myself as philosopher and friend.

J. D. LOGAN, Dal. '92
*Associate Archivist, the
Public Archives of
Canada.*

Halifax, Feb. 11, 1926.

Junior-Senior Dance

MOST ENJOYABLE IN YEARS.

The annual reception given by the Junior Class in honor of the Seniors was held in the Studley Gymnasium on February 12th. Contrary to what there might be expected, there were none of the evidences of grief usually characterizing a farewell function. Perhaps the Juniors themselves were unconsciously looking forward to the day when they would occupy the eminence of the Senior Class; while the Seniors, although they could not but think with regret that all their good times as a class were about over, sternly repressed their emotions and shouted with Byron—"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined, etc." Perhaps the best explanation of the air of jollity and good fellowship is that Cupid was the patron and swayed each responsive bosom with feelings proper to the occasion. The fact that Valentine's Day was very near was remembered consistently in all the arrangements. The bower for the orchestra had conventional heart-shaped openings barred with spiral tissue, and was further decorated with red twin hearts on a white background. From this bower as a centre red and white streamers radiated and, at the eastern end were extended beyond the junction of the annex with the main building, thus giving a finished effect. This is the first time this has been done and the Juniors have established a worthy precedent. The same color scheme was carried out in the programs which were tastefully decorated with red hearts in each corner of the front and a large one in the centre containing the name of the function. The letters on the walls and the large "Junior-Senior" on the curtain were also placed on a heartshaped background, and the dainty refreshments were accompanied by heartshaped cakes topped by a card bearing "Junior-Senior 1926."

The address of welcome was made by Murray Fraser, President of the Junior Class, and replied to by Ian McDonald, President of the Senior Class, who mentioned the happy relations which had always existed between the two classes,

Mock Parliament.

LENGTHY SESSION ADJOURNS WITHOUT A VOTE BEING TAKEN
CONSERVATIVE POLICY ONE OF HINDRANCE.

Attendant with all the color and ceremony worthy of such an important occasion, the Dalhousie Mock Parliament held its first session on Thursday Evening, the 11th. The House met in the Munro Room and were called to wait upon the Governor-General in the Senate Chamber—which was the Moot Court Room. On returning to the Commons Professor A. L. MacDonald was elected speaker—a position which he capably filled in last year's Parliament. Led by their Speaker, the House returned to the Senate Chamber where the speech from the Throne was read by Col. W. E. Thompson who acted as Governor-General.

Mr. Gibbs, member from Newfoundland East who moved the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne—took occasion to congratulate the Speaker on his election. Continuing, he severely criticized the opposition—especially the leader of the Liberal Party whom he characterized as a "renegade". He dwelt at considerable length with the platform of the government—and discussed the grievances of the Maritimes, and proposed remedies which the Government intended to apply. On the conclusion of his address he was given a

hearty hand from the Government supporters.

Miss Josephine Dresner member for Halifax North in a brief, but nevertheless excellent speech seconded the motion, stressing the need of our developing our natural resources.

The Leader of the opposition Mr. F. W. Bissett, Jr. next took the floor and in a brilliant address severely assailed the government and more particularly the speech from the throne. He dwelt at length on the policies of the Conservative platform—laying much stress on the necessity of encouraging our industries. Concluding his address Mr. Bissett moved an amendment to the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne.

The Leader of the Liberals (R. J. Byrne) thought that both the Government and the Conservative opposition were a "curse" to the people and had only secured their majorities through a campaign of misrepresentation and fraud. He severely criticized the speech of Mr. Bissett—and the Minister of Finance, Hon. J. G. Godsoe, as well as the Minister of Railways and Canals Hon. C. F. McKenzie. So vociferous was his address that on several occasions he had to be called to order by the

Speaker for use of unparliamentary language.

The spirit of criticism also found place in the address of the Premier—the Rt. Hon. P. J. Lewis—who was unsparing in his condemnation of both Liberals and Conservatives. Premier Lewis defended the members of his cabinet who had been so ruthlessly attacked—and spoke at considerable length on proposed legislation. He closed his address with a plea for co-operation with the Government—in the best interests of Canada.

A motion made by Mr. Theriault that the House adjourn was defeated by the Government—who at this late period had an absolute majority and were desirous of defeating the opposition amendment. To prevent this vote—the Conservatives, showing a fine knowledge of political strategy—continued the debate—and were prepared "to speak all night" or rather to devote their time to reading from Hansard. After listening to A. J. Campbell who quoted from Hansard for about fifteen minutes and finally to Mr. E. J. Theriault who spoke in French—the fourth motion for adjournment was carried without a dissenting vote.

It is expected that the next session of the Mock Parliament will prove even more entertaining and interesting than this first—when the opposition will make a concerted effort to remove the Government—and enjoy the fruits of office.

J. G. G.

Medical Society Banquet

MEDICAL SCHOOL SUBJECT TO CRITICISM AND DISCUSSION.

The Medical Society held their annual banquet at the Halifax Hotel on Monday evening, fully a hundred students being present as well as a large number of guests. Mr. Harold Robertson officiated ably at the piano his musical numbers being heartily applauded.

After an excellent dinner the toast to the King was proposed by Mr. Merritt, the President, and responded to by the singing of the Anthem.

The toast to the University was proposed by Mr. Archibald and responded to by Dr. Hattie. Dr. Hattie briefly traced the history of the Medical School and pointed out its two most outstanding needs,—a better library and more support for the clinical professors. He appealed to the Alumni to give their assistance and congratulated the Society on the great work they were doing in the school.

Mr. H. N. Scammel next spoke, telling of an old Pictou druggist, James Fraser, who prepared the first chloroform on this continent and with Dr. John Stewart was one of the first to use the antiseptic bandage.

Harry O'Brien commended the suggestions of Dr. Hattie and brought forth the fact that, there is much more personal friendliness between professors and students at the Forrest Building than in any other faculty of the University.

I. G. MacDonald, who declared that he was expressing the general views of the students, claimed that there was too much time spent on cultural subjects by the Medical Students. He also stated that the University was too greatly under the influence of American organizations and customs, and that the Medical School was unnecessarily subject to the Studley Business Office.

Dr. Rehffuss, in an eloquent address, took issue with Mr. MacDonald and pointed out the desirability of culture in the doctor. He regretted that idealism seemed to be losing ground before commercialism and petty jealousies and no present day practitioners. He entreated them to develop their cultural work and their personalities, and to look upon their fellow doctors as brothers and not as rivals.

Dr. G. H. Murphy congratulated Dr. Rehffuss on his sentiments and phrases. Contesting Mr. MacDonald's statements he declared that an art and science such as Medicine should have no national boundaries, that the United States were our best friends and that the Medical School and profession owed a great part of its success to them. Addressing himself to the students or "fellow students" as he called them, he urged them to observe the little things in their work and expressed the wish that they might read Hippocrates and see all that he had done without the aid of laboratories, but mainly by observation and sound thinking.

In a short address, Dr. Churchill told the students to cultivate personality and to imbibe all the culture they could.

Dr. Atlee also stressed the need of personality in the doctor and begged that the doctor should take a deep personal interest in his patient and literally fight with him against disease.

A discussion then arose among the students concerning Mr. MacDonald's remarks, both sides of the question being eagerly upheld.

The toast to the Society was proposed by Dr. Nicholls and responded to by Mr. Merritt.

The meeting closed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

In 1870.

Senior—"See that lady reeling slightly as she walks?"

Junior—"Yes."

Senior—"Well, she does that because she has corns."

1925.

Senior—"See that Co-ed reeling when she parades down the campus?"

Junior—"Sure."

Senior—"Well, she has corns."

First Freshman—Great Scott! I can't remember who wrote "Ivanhoe".

Second Ditto—"I'll tell you if you tell me who the dickens wrote "The Tale of Two Cities." "THE PRISM"

A LULLABY.

You of the Sunset, with soft dreamy eyes
What do you see dear, far off in the
skies?
Bright little Sunbeams, now going to
rest,
Nodding and sighing away in the west.

Here comes the Moon Lady guiding the
stars,
That timidly peep through Nights'
shadowy bars.

Sleep little drowsy one, Sandman is near:
He will take care of you,—nothing to
fear,

He will put sand in the tired sleepy eyes
Then whisk my drowsy one off to the
skies.
The sand is soft silver—and magic with-
all
So off will go Baby and never will fall.

Baby will see the Moon on Mount Byelow
Where little Prince Noddy comes often
does go.

Then in the morning light, Baby will
roam
Back to the sunny Earth, mother and
home.

R. E. G.

Phi Rho Sigma Holds Dance

The Medical Fraternity at Dalhousie, Alpha Eta Chapter of Phi Rho Sigma, began their Social Activities on Tuesday, February 9th, with their first Dance, held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Winfield.

The rooms were suitably decorated with the colours of the Fraternity, alternating with Dalhousie banners. The guests were received by the President of the Chapter, Mr. Murray Beardsley and the Chaperones—Dr. and Mrs. H. K. MacDonald.

The music was supplied by MacLean's Orchestra, which with the lasty refreshments enabled all those present to have a most enjoyable evening.

The members and their guests were Misses E. M. Phillips, Sylvia Shore, Kathleen McKean, Margaret Cook, Marion Campbell, Ruby Hayman, Fred Winfield, Bessie MacDonald, Marjory MacKinnon, Katherine MacLennan, Bernice Green, J. E. Pamer, Miss Colpitt, Harriett Matheson, Irene King, Ethel Daniels, Charlotta Johnson, Margaret MacKay.

Messrs. Murray Beardsley, Eddie, Cameron, Bill Hewat, Kenny Grant, Charley Jones, Mont Haslam, Arthur Murphy, Fred Minshull, Tom Morrison, Doug. Macdonald, Ian Macdonald, Harry Morton, Ralph Harlow, James Reid, Johnie Thurrott, Garth Tocmbs, Dan Wood, Gordon Winfield.

The absent-minded professor was coming out of the theater, passing the box office he noticed it was closed. "Well, this is unfortunate—all sold out."
—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

BROKE, BROKE, BROKE.

With Apologies to my Creditors.

Broke, broke, broke,
And a date with Kay for tea!
And 'tis well that my tongue can't utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the bootlegger's boy
As he sups with Kay, his friend o'er rich
wine!
O well for the waiter lad,
As he takes a fair damsel to dine.

And the happy pairs go on
To the tea room over the hill.

But O for the sound of a clinking coin
And the crisp crinkly touch of a bill.

Broke, broke, broke,
And a date with Kay, O Geel!
But I'm feeling blue, 'cause without a
sou, she
Will never come out with me.

S. B. B. C.

WILSON AND WOODILL WIN
TOURNAMENT.

The finals of the Studley Bachelors Bridge Club were played on Saturday morning between the teams of Wilson and Woodill and Stephenson and Duran. It resulted in a win for the former in three straight rubbers, the final score being 1369-88. This brings to a close the activities of this Club, for the year. In the first year the winning team was Sedgwick and Sangster. Last year the former paired off with Atwood and they were victorious. This year there were 11 teams in the Club and it was a very successful tournament from every point of view. It is understood that the winners will play off with last year's champions in a challenge round, which should produce some exciting competition and draw a large gallery.

and considered this largely due to the old system where the pugilistic effects were abrested by a "fight" on the campus.

A pleasant feature of the supper interlude was a ballet dance by Miss Kathleen Hagen in her peculiarly dainty winsome style. Another delightful feature was a shower of kisses and confette during the thirteenth dance.

An unusually large number of professors were present among them being Professors Wilson and Nichols, Honorary-Presidents of the Junior and Senior Classes. The chaperones of the evening were Professor and Mrs. Murray Macneil, Professor and Mrs. C. H. Mercer and Mr. and Mrs. Martin King.

The music was supplied by the McLean's Orchestra in a manner to satisfy the most fastidious Terpsichorean.

DR. MacMECHAN.—*The Gazette* is pleased to note that Dr. MacMechan who has been suffering from a wrenched shoulder, the result of a fall, is able to resume his classes.

The Sociology Club

A few weeks ago a new society, the Dalhousie Sociology Club, came into being at Studley. Haven't we already enough societies, you say? That may be so, yet we think there is not only room but need for this new club. It has been organized primarily for students of Sociology, but all students who are interested in social problems but whose courses may not admit of their taking that subject, will be welcome.

The object of the club is to link up academic study with the practical social work carried on in Halifax. The members hope to meet weekly and at each meeting to have with them some man or woman who is daily grappling with the problems in our midst—problems of public welfare, of poverty, of crime and who will tell of his or her work, of its difficulties, of its hopes and possibilities.

By means of these talks and discussions a more intimate knowledge of social problems and their attempted solution will be obtained and, as this knowledge grows and as the students realize how deadly are these "social sores" and how vital to progress is their solution, it is hoped that the club out of its knowledge and its energy may be able to take some part in practical social work. For no longer can universities remain in cloistered gardens and stand aloof. They must line up with those who are trying to bring about a better civilization and the brotherhood of man, and this can best be done by first having an understanding of the problems and difficulties of our fellowmen. That the authorities of Dalhousie realize this is shown by their introducing a course in Sociology into the curriculum; that the students are beginning to realize this is proved by the formation of the Sociology Club.

On Thursday 11th February, Judge Wallace was the speaker at the first open meeting and he gave a most interesting and thought-provoking talk on "Juvenile Delinquency," one of the vital social problems of to-day. He dealt with various phases of delinquency and with the work of the Juvenile Court in Nova Scotia. He showed the good results accruing from preventive work among boys and girls who from various causes may be delinquent, yet emphasized the fact that the best preventive of all is good home training and parental supervision; the dangers of unemployment and idleness, and the pernicious influence of bad "movies" and literature were also touched on. The talk was listened to with much interest and the Club is very grateful to Judge Wallace for his address.

"AND IN MY FUTURE LIFE SHE'S GOING TO BE MY WIFE."

(With Apologies to I. H. R.)

Little thing of mighty power,
Charmers of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Amber lit and eye of fire,
And thy narrow rounded waist
In my finger close embraced!—
Happy! o'er and o'er again,
Happiest he of happy men
Who, when all the grind is done,
Who, when peaceful respites won,
Can afford his pipe to feed
With the fragrant Eastern weed.

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Editor-in-Chief:
ARTHUR L. MURPHY, 26.

Associate Editors:
MARY A. BERESFORD, 26.
AVIS H. MARSHALL, 27.
RONALD HAYES, 26.
WARREN PUBLICOVER, 26.
J. J. LYSONS ATWOOD, 28.

Financial Editor:
CHAS. F. MACKENZIE,
18 Walnut St.,
Phone S1961.

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The Examination Schedule

Although not deeply in the confidence of the Business Office of the University, we believe that the time is drawing nigh when the examination time table will be drawn up. For a number of terms past it has been the custom to set the Physics 20 and Chemistry 4 papers on the same day. This also applies to Physics 1 and Chemistry 1. The two first mentioned subjects are on the curriculum of the second year medical student, while the other two are taken by the first year student and all four are generally considered as very difficult classes. While we do not admit of being advocates of "plugging" and "cramming" the student must certainly review his work prior to the examination.

So it is most unfair to him, and places him under too great a mental and physical strain, to oblige him to write what are possibly his two most difficult subjects on the same day.

The students have been greatly incensed over this in previous sessions and we hope that this term will not bring a repetition of the occurrence.

It is indubitably the student who deserves the great consideration during examination week and the practice of grouping the exam. papers to suit the professors in their work of correction is also unworthy.

At such a time the student deserves, and must receive the utmost consideration.

The Annual Elections

The annual elections of executive members of the University for the Students' Council and for all the societies and clubs affiliated thereto will be held shortly, and it behooves everyone connected with these institutions to do his part in promoting the best interests of the particular society and the student body as a whole.

Tuesday, February 23rd, is the nomination day for the Students' Council and the election is on the following Tuesday, March 2nd, 1926. Discuss the prospective candidates with your fellows, get their opinions on men and women whom you think are eligible for office. In the past far too many executives at Dalhousie have been elected for their popularity and not for their ability to fill office. Consequently as the office holders did not have a live and burning interest in their work the society which they controlled became more and more inactive. As an example we would point to the Glee Club of two years ago. Officers were elected without being consulted, who had no desire to hold office and as a result the Glee Club for one year was a dormant society. Contrast this state of affairs with the present year. The Glee Club's efficient officers have made their society the most active one in our University life.

Therefore see to it that the most competent executive members are nominated and let there be "No square pegs in round holes."

Engineering Notes

February 13th saw the Engineers at the Lorne Automatic telephone exchange on their third inspection trip. To anyone who had taken in the Sackville exchange on the previous Saturday the north end central was a marvel of compactness. Serving the entire northern section of the city as well as the Armdale subdivision and having as many phones to care for, the equipment is all centrally located on a single floor which covers a smaller area than one section of the Sackville exchange. Yet in this comparatively small space is located a 100,000 line apparatus in well ordered and uncrowded positions with plenty of room to spare.

When the equipment itself is considered, we find that because it is of the remote control type it does not prove as interesting as that worked directly by manual labour. It consists for the most part of hundreds of little gray boxes containing the automatic mechanism, and the only sounds to be heard are the many little clicks coming from these boxes indicating the various calls which are being put through the exchange. Two very interesting objects which were found here were the demonstration board and the new type of automatic pay telephone. At the former were located two telephones connected in the usual manner with specimens of the automatic machinery and so arranged that a call could be put through from one to the other while observing all the intermediate operations. The latter was one of the new telephones which are gradually making their appearance through the automatic district. It is a very complicated instrument and each one costs about \$100. In order to call any number a nickel must be inserted and if the connection is not obtained the replacing of the receiver on the hook causes the money to return through a special slot. Only the proper coin in the proper slot will work this telephone, all insufficient and improperly placed amounts being politely returned.

The most interesting fact brought out during the visit was a comparison between the number of employees at the two exchanges. At the south end there are between 75 and 100, at the north end there are but 8. Here is one of the great advantages of the automatic exchange and an excellent reason for the replacing of the cumbersome Sackville machinery with the more modern equipment. The Lorne exchange has been well called "the nearest mechanically perfect machine in Halifax."

Luck

Along the busy street lined with brilliantly lighted shops, the seething crowd of six o'clock home seekers ebbed and flowed. Hopeless faces eager faces—tired faces—all passed Jim Mallory as he stood on the curb unnoticed and unnoticed.

"To-night was the end. All through the past two weeks, he had tramped over the big city inquiring and answering advertisements for "Male Help" and all without avail. It was the same old story of countless months before. Terribly wounded in the war, he was unable to do strenuous physical labor even if he could have mastered the now fast-fading spark of pride which remained in his heart.

Now he had resolved to use the last of his money, take a train and go—somewhere.

He crossed wearily to the depot, leaned his drooping indifferent body against a post and stood watching the hurrying taxis as they shot in all directions over the vast square in front of him.

Suddenly one dashed up, an oldish man stepped falteringly out and paid his fare. The taxi leaped into motion again, the rear bumper catching the man's leg and throwing him violently to the ground where he lay quite still. Jim suddenly became aware of another pair of fast approaching lights—"no time to lose" he thought and he leaned sharply forward catching hold of and dragging the prostrate form swiftly, safely to his side amid the muttered curses of the careless driver.

The man lay for a time gasping weakly then staggered to his feet. As Jim helped him smooth his rumpled clothes, he met the other's appealing eyes which, spoke his gratitude more eloquently than his faltering words.

"How... my dear fellow... really I... how can I ever thank you enough," Jim smiled awkwardly. "Oh that's all right, sir!—glad I was near enough."

He turned abruptly away with bowed head. Ah! if only the swerving machine



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had struck his aching body hard—hard and knocked him into merciful oblivion where he would cease the hopeless struggle!

He bought a ticket which would take him to a town some distance away. Out into the bustling train-shed he passed along the platform down beside the long train—no comfortable sleeper for him—to the day coach. He stepped in, sat down heavily and buried his face in his hands striving to forget.

The train quivered and crept out from the garish depot into the peaceful night. On it went ever gathering speed, with its precious cargo of human souls—some happy, many indifferent and one at least in despair.

The sudden roar of a passing engine woke Jim from his reverie. He felt in his pockets and discovering a lone cigarette there, he got up to go to the smoking room to consume it.

On entering he was surprised to find his new acquaintance there. Oh! well one couldn't very well turn back now, so he sat down beside him and lit his cigarette.

"Hope you're feeling quite O. K. now sir?" he asked.

"Quite all right—thanks to you," replied the older man. "I don't like to think what would have happened if—"

Jim interrupted hastily "That's all over now—let's talk about something more pleasant."

So they sat and smoked and talked—Jim discovering that his companion's name was Marshall, that he owned extensive plantations in the Southern States and that he was a widower whose grown-up children had now left him.

"They seem to have lost their interest in the old place" he said sadly.

"But you, Mallory, you haven't told me about yourself"—he turned suddenly realizing all at once no doubt that his new and undeniably shabby, emaciated acquaintance was quite unknown to him.

Jim was silent beneath his questioning gaze. Must he go over the miserable tale again—hear the same old sympathetic comments which had become so unbearably hackneyed to him? He could hear it now. "I'm awfully sorry, old man, rotten luck for you—I regret very much, but I'm afraid etc., etc. God! how much he'd had to drink from the bitter cup—and those countless letters, bristling with the studied artificiality of the enamelled smoothness of their phrases!

Yes, he dreaded it anew; but something seemed to break down the barriers of his reserve and soon he found himself telling Marshall about his bitter struggle to find employment from those for whom he had struggled and fought so bravely during the ghastly years of the war. He painted the picture simply, but with touching conviction; and as he talked his new friend realized that here was no ordinary man, but a true gentleman whom Dame Fortune seemed to have cast aside. Through all the grime

of his unshaven face, one could see the finely-cut features and deep luminous eyes which had once marked Jim as the handsomest officer in his regiment.

He had finished and thought wearily "The same old reply, I suppose." But Marshall had leaned forward.

"Look here," he said. "I know and you know that I owe you far more than I could ever repay you; but even so, I also know that you'd be the last to receive a... charity, as it were. Now you can see that I'm no longer a young man—my children all have their own homes to look after and to tell the truth I'm finding the job of keeping an eye on my business a bit too much for me. Would you take the job? You would of course live at the house and be really a sort of secretary, you know answering letters and that sort of thing."

Jim was silent for a minute—speechless. This was too good to be true—absolutely! At last—at last the sulky winds of chance had blown his way!

"I'd like it immensely sir,—but I'm afraid you wouldn't find the right man in me," he added desperately.

"Well, come and stay a fortnight anyhow and we'll see how you like the place!" Marshall's kindly old face lit up with a friendly smile and he offered his hand.

Jim grasped it and flashed a grateful smile at his friend. He leaned back sleepily thinking of the bright days to come—while on and on rushed the train through the dark night. No more sleeping on park benches—no more dirt and filth and grime, but a real bed and baths—(good Lord! what an age since that last hot bath!) and decent food three times a day. Ah yes! life was not so bad now—not so utterly sordid and hopeless after all. And surely, surely he deserved it! He closed his eyes, and dozed—and dozed—

A deafening crash—the car heaving and whirling around dizzily—something hitting him on the head (great scott! what a devilishly hard smash) He felt himself hurled through the air and then lapsed into merciful unconsciousness.

When he opened his eyes, he was lying on a soft grassy bank with the hideous, shapeless, smoking wreck before his eyes. He staggered to his feet—not so badly knocked about after all. Damned lucky! He could see the more fortunate assisting the less fortunate and everywhere blood and smoking debris.

Suddenly his brain reeled—what about Marshall? He started to rush feverishly around hunting for that kind old face. Ha! a sheet covered form over there! What if Marshall—but surely not! Yet even before his shaking hands lifted the snowy covering, something told him that it was quite useless to hope.

Ah! blinding irony of fate incredible in its malignancy. Ah! cruel Dame Fortune relentless in your savage blows! He collapsed weakly to the ground and sat trembling and crying like a frightened little child.

"Damn!" he sobbed, "Oh Damn it all!"
F. C. P.

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The Splendid Dalhousian.

In a sea-girt corner of Nova Scotia, looking out over the grey Atlantic, is a little University town. It is a strange old place, with its long water-front, its narrow hilly streets, and its frowning Citadel. All winter the east winds beat in from the Atlantic and white sea-fogs creep through the town, silently eating up the snows that the north wind scatters down as he blows with icy breath and blusters on. All winter, too, the merry faces of the students are seen about the streets of the city and long into the night you can hear young voices raised in song and laughter.

Here is the story of one of them. It was half-past six on a January afternoon and Allan Grahame was lying back luxuriously in an easy chair in his room on South Street. It was that lazy time just after supper when it is too early to begin the night work and one can yield for a few minutes to the drowsy charm of a bright fire and pleasant thoughts.

He fell to musing on his life at Dalhousie and how happy it had been. He could hardly identify himself with the clumsy, blundering school-boy of two years ago, stuffed full of wild enthusiasms and prejudices, over-shy and over-expansive by turns. The keenness, the intellectual-hunger still remained, but his whole nature had broadened, and he who had once been so self-conscious and distrustful now began to discover that he had a mysterious hold on the minds of the debating team, and only a day or two before one of his professors, a man sparing in praise, had called him aside, complimented him on his work and hinted that he should go to Harvard or McGill when his course at Dalhousie was finished. His heart leaped as he thought what a few years might bring. He was in his junior year now, each session had been happier than the one before, why should it not go on?

He was so immersed in his dreams that he did not hear the telephone ring, and hardly noticed his landlady as she bustled into the room. "You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Grahame," she started. "O, thanks, Mrs. Smith," and he sauntered lazily to the phone.

"What's that? Long distance speaking! Yes, this is Allan Grahame." And then from what afterwards seemed an eternity of time and space came the words, "Dr. Macdonald speaking. Your father is very ill. Come at once. I'm at the farm now." . . . and then silence. He had just time to catch the last train, and a miserable journey began. He will never forget it, so tossed about and tormented was he by hopes and fears as the wheels ground out endlessly and rhythmically, "Your father is very ill. Come at once," but at last the train drew up at the little country station, and he descended. He looked about the dimly lighted platform, but no one was waiting for him, and with a nod to the station master he strode out into the night. Up the hill he went, past the three aged birches, hit the clump of Douglas firs, till he hit the farm-road and could see the lights of the farm glimmering in the hollow. His heart drummed against his side, and he stopped for a moment before he went down the slope. There was no one at the gate, and the house seemed strangely quiet. His mother came to the door in answer to his knock, her face working pitifully. There was no need to ask any question he had come too late.

It was the evening of the funeral, three days afterwards. Grahame had moved about all this time in a kind of daze, and now he was sitting in his room trying to understand the situation. His mind was quieter even in the familiar little den where even the chairs and the pictures seemed like old friends. Here were his mother, the tattered veterans he had not taken to Dalhousie, and his

fishing rod retired for the winter; here was the table where he had toiled at Latin prose and dreamed of going to College; at this window he had sat and watched the wind snowing the apple-blossoms on the walks in the long days after his illness, six years before. He could hardly think now that the life on which he was looking back was his own life; he seemed to have grown years older in three days, and to have put boyhood off once and for all. But, troubled as he was, he found difficulty in understanding why he should be troubled; so far, it was simply a vague, sickening feeling of emptiness that had bowed him down; there was no clear image of his father in his mind, nor had he ever thought of what his father's death would mean to the career he had mapped out for himself.

A knock came to the door and his mother entered softly. She went up to him and sat down beside him on the old couch, taking his hand in hers. "Its about yourself I want to speak tonight, Allan," she said gently, "try not to be hurt at what I am going to say. You'll promise, now?" "I'll try, mother," he said slowly, puzzling his brains to find out what was coming. Two or three times she tried to speak but the words would not come. Grahame looked pitifully at the brave little figure, far more bent and worn than a woman of forty-five ought to be, and something made him stroke the hand that was holding his. Was there anything that he could refuse her? "Allan," she said at last, "your father was proud of you too. I am going to ask you to do something," she paused; "Allan, we are very poor, your father had to work hard to keep the farm going, and you are the eldest of the four. Your great-grandfather was on this farm, and your grandfather, and I have lived here for twenty-five years, but—we'll have to give it up unless—she was silent. "Unless what, mother?"

"Can I ask it, Allan? Unless you will take your father's place." She felt his hand tighten within hers. "I knew it would hurt you, and I won't say any more tonight. But you'll think about us all and tell me in the morning. Good-night," Allan could hardly utter an answering "good-night," he barely returned her kiss, so stunned was he by the news. He had never thought of this; it seemed absurd to regard it as the only solution to the problem. Another eighteen months and he would have his degree—could they not wait? No, they could not wait; his summers had been spent on the farm and he knew the grim struggle which his father had waged to keep himself clear of debt and make both ends meet. That was the one alternative, to step into his father's place; the other was to leave things as they were and go back to the University—he had his scholarship and did not add to their burden. But the trouble was that things wouldn't stay as they were, the farm would have to be given up, his sisters taken from school, and his mother—but that was impossible. If only they had some rich relative who would keep them going for a year! There was no escape, he must take over the farm, toil early and late, give up his old friendships, put his books aside—he had no pleasant illusions on that score, the farm would have to fill his whole life if he were to make anything of it.

Morning came at last after a weary, sleepless night. Little was said at the breakfast table, but when the meal was over he drew his mother aside. "I have made up my mind," he said, "I will stay with you." "I knew you would," she said softly, "and now you must go up to Halifax to get your books together and see your friends. Stay for a day or two, it will do you good." "I don't want to stay there any longer than I can help—now."

A few days later he was back in the familiar room on South Street, sitting again in his old chair by the cheery fire. But the room had changed its appearance; table and chairs alike were free of books; his hockey-stick no longer stood in its corner, and the mantleshelf lacked its usual adornment of photographs, pipes and tobacco tins; instead the floor was littered with paper and two big boxes stood grimly near the door. The cosy little room looked strangely desolate and bare; still it was good to be back in the wind-swept city by the sea and he resolved to go out.

It was a little after nine o'clock, a keen blast blew from the north and the great spaces of the sky were strewn with stars. As he stepped out into the darkness he could hear the cheery voices and the hum of skates from the rink, and from where he stood he could see the lighted windows of the gymnasium and a faint wail of violins and the beat of a syncopated piano and a hiccupping saxophone came to him on the frosty air. He smiled—it was the first dance after Christmas, once he had meant to go to it—the smile faded from his lips, he grit his teeth and strode on . . . the merry company meant nothing to him now. The ice cracked under his feet as he walked and the air, strong and keen, was heady as new wine. He found himself keeping step to the tune he was humming, the tune of his favorite College song, "Yes, we come from Dalhousie." Never again would he join in the chorus yet he felt it was good to have had the chance to learn it. He turned down Tower Road and kept right on and on till he reached the Point.

A solitary beacon gleamed far out at sea, and by the dim light of the stars he could see that the bay was white with foam. At Dalhousie one grows accustomed to the sea, it is simply a background to the bustling, self-satisfied student life—it is rather nice to sing of the "College by the Sea." But now, troubled as he was, it was the sea, these great, desolate wastes of waters that became the only reality. When Halifax was only an Indian settlement, a cluster of wigwags, these breakers had been foaming and roaring on the rocks, and they would sound on and on when Halifax would be only a heap of stones. It seemed so cold, so lonely, so careless of human things that Grahame shuddered and turned away.

A few lights were still burning in the town and the mass of buildings rose black against the starlit sky. He had often seen it thus in happier days, mysterious and beautiful like an enchanted city, but it was no longer his city, he could take no pleasure in it. Slowly and heavily he walked back. The streets were deserted now, the tired skaters had gone home, only the languishing strains of a waltz came across the campus and broke the silence mournfully as he wearily climbed the steps to his room. It was all dark, the fire had gone out and the wind whistled drearily round the gables—his old life was ended.

Two years passed, years of hard, relentless toil. He settled down to his new life more easily than he had thought he would, more easily even than he hoped for, his contentment only showed how far he was removed from his former

estate. Sometimes in the first few months, when he had an hour or two to spare he would take down his books and try to read, but his mind had been worn out on other things, and only the lightest of light novels could hold his attention. Sometimes he climbed to the little clump of firs which crowned the neighbouring hill. All around lay his own country, mean and rather bleak, traversed by fences and hedges, with only an occasional orchard or a mass of bare farm buildings to break the monotonous expanse of land. But his gaze would often travel far eastwards to a spot where he knew a silver streak of sea bit into the land. Not here in these bleak, wind-bared fields, but away in a quiet green campus was his dream and his desire. Yet even this had ceased, and he became wholly immersed in the work of the farm.

He had got out of touch with most of his old friends, their interests were no longer his interests, and though he knew it was wrong he was more afraid of their pity than of their neglect. But one day, early in October, as he was going along the streets of Kentville where he had been attending a Farmers' Conference, he walked into the arms of Thomkins, a man whom he had not known very well at College, although they both belonged to the same year.

"Hello, Grahame," he cried, "what-ever are you doing here? What hands! What a back! Dear me, you're just like a farmer."

"So I am," he answered quietly. "Are you going back to Dalhousie?"

"Yes, well, Pinehill now," Thomkins replied, "Good thing too; after four years you begin to get quite sick of the old place. But where did you vanish to?"

"I am farming now."

"Farming! I thought you were joking. Do you mean to say you have buried yourself alive in the country? I thought you had gone to McGill or Harvard. Every one expected you to go, you know. You might have waited to take your degree, at any rate."

"Well, something happened which made me change my mind."

"Oh, yes! I remember," said Thomkins turning red and looking awkward. "Your father died. Hard luck, old man. I wish you could come back; you may do it yet, you know."

It was this sort of thing that Grahame had dreaded, and after he had listened to a little more of the same kind of talk he murmured something about an appointment and hurried off. He felt angry, and again hurried at himself for being angry, for Thomkins certainly meant well. Yet everything he had said rankled and Grahame found that his laboriously acquired contentment was fast slipping away. In the train he heard hardly a word of the talk addressed to him by a neighbouring farmer. When he arrived at the station his brain was whirling with mad desires and invincible regrets; so much so that he was afraid to go straight home, but he climbed up instead to the little clump of firs.

It was not very late, a dim rosy light still lingered in the west, but a violet haze rested upon the eastern sky-line where his dream-city lay. Again the impotent anger flamed up within him. Why should a man like Thomkins, with no special virtue beyond "meaning well" get so easily, almost against his will, what had been denied to far better men. "The race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong."

A cold wind swept down from the north, making him shiver. The fire would be burning in the little sitting-room, and the cloth would be spread for him. His mother must be growing anxious too, so he forced down his rebellious thoughts and hurried to the farm. She was waiting for him.

"You are late to-night, Allan," she said, "and, dear me, you are cold. Come, I have your supper ready. We'll have it together. The others are out but I waited for you."

Majestic Notes

Commencing today the Majestic presents "Winds of Chance" directed by Frank Lloyd. It is a Rex Beach story, of thrilling adventure, of the Klondike and of gold. The cast is an all star one including Anna Q. Nilsson, Viola Dana, Ben Lyon, Hobart Bosworth and others. Monday evening Ivan Williams presents a combined program by the Choral Union and the Conservatory of Music Orchestra. The program is a varied one and on it may be found the foremost in music ranks in Halifax.

Tuesday and Wednesday Norma Shearer appears in "His Secretary" Lew Cody is her leading man. It is a story of a plain looking little stenographer who learns how to wear beautiful clothes and win her employer. We recommend this as a really delightful picture.

They sat down, but Grahame gave only the shortest of answers to his mother's questions and she soon saw that there was something amiss. She asked no more questions, but talked cheerfully about indifferent matters till the meal was finished, then she drew her chair near to his and stroked his great rough hands. "Allan," she said, "I want to talk to you to-night." He pressed her hand, and she went on: "We are all very happy here, Allan, and two years ago I thought I would never be happy again. I thought that our home might be broken up and we would be scattered, but we are all together, all in good health. And when I think of you I feel—O Allan! I feel so proud of you! I know how hard it was for you to take up your father's work, for I know what you had set your heart on, and often when you didn't know it I was thinking of you and wondering if there was no other way. And you never complained, never once; you have given it all so freely, so ungrudgingly; it is that which makes the gift so very beautiful. I thank God for you every day, Allan, for giving me such a splendid son. It is a great thing to be a scholar, but it is better to be a man."

Allan looked at her, brave and bright, yet worn beyond her years, so fragile that he almost grew afraid as he looked at her. He wondered what he would do if he were to lose her, and if even a thwarted career counted for much beside her. He stroked her hand; she gazed at her son proudly, leant over and kissed him.

Then, as is the fashion with Scotch people, their talk dropped back to everyday things. But he never forgot these words, and when he went up to his room that night he sat for a long time pondering. Henceforth there was to be no self-pity, no whinings at Fortune. "It is a great thing to be a scholar," he murmured, "but it is better to be a man."

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Girls City League
Dal 46-10
 Marion Campbell Stars.

Dal. Girls' Second Team are practically certain of their section of the League for by beating the Y. W. C. A. "A" team last week they remain the only undefeated team in their section. The first period opened fast with Dal. slow in waking up and letting the "YW" score several times before they got their initial register. The play in this period was very close and Dal. emerged with a scant point lead. In the second Marion Campbell went on a scoring bee netting the ball for a total of 28 points. The Dal. forwards controlled the ball for practically the entire period, giving the "YW" guards plenty of work, and the Dal. guards a much needed rest. The shooting of the Dal. forwards in the first period was very much off and it was only on the appearance of Marion Campbell that they showed any signs of life. The guards were rather inclined to play too far in front of the opposing forwards when they had the ball with the result that the "YW" got several baskets that they shouldn't have if they had been closely guarded. Line up:—Forwards, Campbell 32, Thompson 6, Atherton 8; Centers McCurdy, Phinney; Guards, McPhail, Freeman; Sub., Thompson, Foote.

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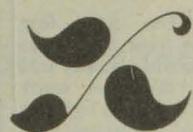
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SPORT NEWS



Interfaculty Basketball

Commerce 18—Engineers 16.

Commerce upset the dope by defeating the Engineers in a fast and hard fought game, which required six minutes overtime to divide. The first half ended 12-6 in favor of the Millionaires, but the Engineers easily evened up matters in the second. Line ups: Commerce, McDuff, Miller 2, Smith 6, Harris 2, McDonald 8, McColl. Engineers—Brown 4, McKeagan 12, Currie, Allan, Lowe, Roper, Beaton.

Arts 23—Medicine 4.

Arts scuttled the Medical ship in the second game 23-4. Keeping the Doctors on the run continually from the first whistle they had the game well in hand throughout, and at no time were they in danger. This game was featured by the excellent shooting of the Arts forwards. Medicine were forced to play one man short for the best part of the game. The first period ended 16-0 for Arts. Line up: Arts, —Keating 11, Hood 6, Jardin, 6, Ross, Grant. Medicine—Phillips 2, Richardson 2, Doull, McDonald, Bayne, Baird.

Law 11—Dentistry 9

Law defeated Dentistry 11-9 in the third game at the Studley Gym. This was the closest and best game of the afternoon, the result being in doubt right up to the last minute. The work of the guards on both sides was particularly good. Line up:—Law—Richardson 2, Doyle 4, McInnes, Outhit, Forwards; Coughlan 1, Mitchell 4, Guards. Dentistry—Godsoe 2, Dobson 3, Sullivan 4, Oldfield, Tupper, Duaberry.

Interfaculty Hockey

Arts 2—Eng. 1.

Arts won its second victory of the league by downing Engineers 2-1. Having the balance of territory throughout the game they were only prevented from running in a larger score by the excellent work of Beaton in the nets. He was by far the most outstanding player on the ice and stopped many hard shots labelled as scores. The first period ended in the Engineers favor 1-0 Robinson having scored on a long shot towards the end of that period. In the second however Arts evened up matters before the game had progressed very far, Redmond scoring. The period ended 1-1. About the middle of the third Murray scored with a hard shot that had Beaton beaten all the way. The game was effectively handled by Jim Macdonald who was forced to hand out many penalties to both sides.

Line up:—Engineers—Beaton, Goal; Horne, Falconer, Defence; Robinson, Currie, Lee. Arts:—MacKenzie, Goal; Wickwire, Murray, Defence; Redmond, Ross, McLean, Subs, Foley, Dockrill.

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Dalhousie Loses to Wanderers

In a very listless game the Dal-Kings team once more bowed to the Red shirts by 5-1, in what was probably their last appearance for the season. The play was about even in the first period with Ernst and Wilson showing up well. In the second the Royal Tigers went to bits for a few minutes and the Wanderers ran in four counters. Play in this period was fast and the checking very heavy. Fabie got a stick in the eye partially closing it. In the first "Nutty" got hit on the nose and play was suspended for a few minutes while he was doctored up. In the third Fabie got away on one of his rushes, shot and then banged in the rebound. It was much the same as the first Dalhousie having the edge of the play but lacking as they did throughout the entire game the necessary scoring punch. Creighton was back in old time form and was the most consistent man on the team.

The game ended as it began, listlessly. The outstanding feature of the game was the number of Dal rooters. In the rush section there were exactly three supporters, who were aided by some second team men in making a few feeble hoots and some very criticizing remarks. Line up:—Lewis, Wilson, Ernst, Bates, Creighton, Colman, Waddington, Andrews.

Intermediate Basketball

Dal 11—Y. M. C. A. 33.

Dal. Intermediates lost their first game of the league to the Y. M. C. A. last Friday night. The "Y" were entirely too heavy for them and checked them into submission. This practically gives the "Y" the league unless they are defeated in one of their remaining games which isn't at all likely. However Dal has still a chance and should they manage to pull out a win against Pine Hill they will probably play off with "Y" for the title. Line up:—McDonald 2, Hewat 5, Clark, Sperry 4, Jones, Miller.

ATTENTION, "WAKE UP."

Lend me just a little space here,
 Just a little space, to-day,
 For, although my verse is base, there
 Are some things I wish to say.

First, to help a willing worker,
 Upon whose shoulders falls enough,
 I would never be a shirker,
 But do my best to write some "Stuff."

I know I need not e'er aspire
 For a "Literary D",
 But some tips I may acquire,
 Which, in writing, may help me.

Therefore, since I've read your column,
 This is what I'm going to swear—
 I swear on oath, and swear it solemn,
 That I'll do my little share!

DREAMER—'29.

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Dal Heads Basketball

DEFEATS "Y", 15-14 IN FAST GAME.

Dal. just managed to nose out a win in the Senior Basket Ball fixture last Saturday night and by so doing are now tie with the "Y" for premier honors. The game was very fast but somewhat rough, being featured by very close guarding which resulted in the score being kept down on both sides. The "Y" started off well and ran in a couple of baskets before Dal. woke up, and then the fun started. With a rapidity that was almost impossible to follow the ball shot from one to another, up and down the floor. Langstroth managed to collect two baskets and got two more points on penalties. McLeod also managed to get two and had a third, but Ritchie McCoy blew his whistle by mistake. In this period Dal. had the misfortune to miss many of the penalty shots awarded them, for if they had collected more they would have had a nice margin of safety. As it was the period ended 10-8. In the second Dal. watched the "Y" like long lost brothers with the result that it was several minutes before anyone scored. Dal. ran in five more points in this frame but once again missed several penalties. McLennan who went off in the middle of the first period came on again replacing Clark who had taken his place for that time. Then with but two minutes to go and Dal. three points in the lead the "Y" got a penalty which they easily made safe. And so ended one of the most heated games of Basket Ball seen for a long time.

The gallery was in an uproar when the final whistle blew making Dal. the winner by one point. Quite a large crowd witnessed the game, for it was at a very convenient hour giving the spectators plenty of time to make the second show after it was over. For Dal. the guards were probably the best particularly Doyle who played a very excellent game. Ab Smith also was very good, using his weight to advantage on every legitimate opportunity. Of the forwards Langstroth was the pick followed closely by McLeod. McLennan who usually shows up well was unable to stand the heavy checking. Clark was also fairly good, but a little too easily thrown around. Dal. certainly deserved the win for the whole five of them worked like trojans from beginning to end, their only weak point being their inability to find the basket on penalty shots. At times their passing was a bit erratic the "Y" having the edge on this branch of the game. Dal. won the game on her ability to make the most of her chances, which is an unusual thing for a Dalhousie team. Line up: Center, Langstroth, 7; McLeod, 6; McLennan, 2; Clark. Guards, Smith, Doyle, Moore.

Referees, McCoy and Schwartz.

M. B. C. 35—Engineers 18.

Maritime Business College defeated the Engineers in a fast exhibition game at the Dal. Gym last week. Leading all the way the M. B. C. with several first and second City League men on their team had not much difficulty in winning. The first period was fairly even, the Engineers keeping the M. B. C. down to a 3 point lead. However they made up for it in the third walking right away from them. Engineers:—Beaton, Currie 8, McKeagan 6, Horne 4, Roper, Lowe, Allan.

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Dal-Acadia

Dal 43—Acadia 35.

Last week Dal journeyed up to Wolfville and played the Acadia team. They beat them but only after a hard fight. Starting off well they ran in a couple of baskets before Acadia woke up. When they did they made it 10-5. Dal soon climbed ahead mainly through the excellent work of Langstroth, and the period ended 23-18. McLeod was removed for too many fouls and Smith went up in his place Moore coming on the defence. In a few minutes however Doyle was removed and Smith dropped back. Clark coming on. In the second period the play speeded up, but Dal outstripped Acadia and emerged ahead once more. Line up:—Langstroth 16, McLennan 16, McLeod 1, Clark 6, Smith 3, Moore 1, Doyle.

Intermediate Hockey

Dal. went under before the Wanderers to the tune of 4-2 in the second game Tuesday week. As far as hockey was concerned the game was far better than the Senior one, both as regards passing and individual efforts. Taylor collected the first one for Dal. in a mix-up. This was scored in the first period. Dal. didn't score again until the last when Andrew's batted in the puck for Dal's final score. For Dal. Taylor Andrews and McCunn were the pick with Godsoe running them close for the honors. Dal. is now at the foot of Intermediate League.

Dalhousie 29 Normal College 14

Dalhousie Girls City League team triumphed over the Truro Normal College at Truro in an exhibition game last week. The game was quite interesting and kept the large crowd in an uproar. Alice Atherton played about the best for Dal, but was given a close run for honours by Marjorie Thompson. Miss Phinney also played rather well and the two guards showed up to advantage. Line up: Atherton, Thompson, McCurdy, Phinney, McPhail, Freeman; Subs, MacKay, Fcote, M. Thompson.

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