



English Nine Scores Triumph.

That Professor Bennet had "done it again" would be high praise but I feel that in this case it is insufficient. He has presented a group of more aptly chosen plays, in an even superior manner to last year. At first one was inclined to regret the absence of scenery, but as the plays proceeded this was altogether forgotten, obliterated by the finished performance of the players.

Professor Bennet opened the entertainment with a few words of explanation regarding "English 9" and the plays which they were presenting. The students, he said, were not prospective actors, the plays not finished productions, with the facilities obtainable this was impossible, so he requested the audience to forgive their shortcomings.

The curtain then rose on the first play, "Wurzel-Flummery," by Milne, a comedy of modern English life. H. B. Ross as Robert Crawshaw, M. P. was outstanding. He appeared to be perfectly at ease and his deep voice was well suited to the part. Blanchard Thompson was rather stiff but his own inimitable personality, breaking out from beneath that of Richard Merton M. P. made a place for him in the hearts of his audience. Dot Berry was essentially Dot Berry throughout and as such gave a most pleasing rendition. As the meek and obedient wife of a great man Elinor Barnstead was very effective. As Mr. Denis Clifton, Lee Chisholm had a part which suited him well, but in places he rather lacked conviction.

Eugene O'Neill's "Ile" was the next play. It is from the modern American school of drama and possessed, in a high degree, that harshness which is so characteristic. Allison Fitz Randolph gave a remarkable performance. She had a very difficult role and the lack of scenic effects was a far greater handicap here than in the other plays. Despite this she was genuine and effective, giving one of the best if not the best exhibition of the evening. Jarvis McCurdy was also excellent in another difficult role. He gave the impression of power so essential to the part but rather lacked force and conviction in the closing scenes. Harold Wilson, as the steward, while possessing a pleasing delivery, appeared ill at ease and did not work enough action into his part. Chalmers Wickwire gave a realistic interpretation as the second mate.

"Press Cuttings," is another one of Shaw's sugar-coated pills. The sugar was delightful, but was rather "too much

pill." The hardwood seats of the hall became even harder than before, and several times I was obliged to suppress an "O psaw!" However this is no reflection on the performers. E. M. McCord had a long, difficult, and sometimes tiresome role which he interpreted pleasingly. If at times he forgot his lines, and the melodious voice of Professor Bennet was heard ringing down the hall to the enlightenment of actor and audience, he could hardly be blamed. Seymour Gordon as the prime minister was excellent and his suavity was most becoming for a gentleman of the name of Balsquith. He gave a finished performance. Molly Beresford was very real as the char-woman and her "Irish" accent most fitting. Freda Winfield was convincing as a lady of fashion and Rita Morton although self-conscious was effective. However to Chalmers Wickwire must be given the highest honors. He was wonderful. His very entrance on the stage was the signal for a surge of mirth and expectation which swept over the hall. His ingenious smile and easy manner might have been the envy of many professionals.

The first act of "Quality Street", by Sir James Barrie, was the closing number. It made an interesting contrast with "Ile": both highly dramatic, yet one was harsh and cruel, the other winsome and whimsical. The honors were, I think, evenly divided between Florence MacMullen and Harriet Roberts. Miss MacMullen was charming and delightfully unsophisticated and while I found her modulation a little monotonous at times I feel almost ashamed for finding fault. Harriet Roberts was the typical "Frudence Prim", coy and innocent. But it was rather hard to understand just how she had escaped the snares of matrimony. I feel sure that Barrie would have been delighted with her performance as indeed with the whole play. Jarvis McCurdy was the typical cavalier, carefree, breezy, and radiating personality. Seymour Gordon was also good although it was difficult to conceive of Seymour as very "dashing". Marion Robb was a perfect old maid (in the play) and Edith Hallett, May Hines, and Edith Macneil were very good in minor parts. The very atmosphere of the play was remarkably true.

Again I must congratulate Professor Bennet and the entire cast on their high achievement.

A. L. M.

Fred McInnes

Year Book Disallowed.

On Tuesday at noon the first meeting of the Student Council elect was held in the Munro room. The main items of business were the election of officers for the coming year, the Year Book question, and that hardy annual, Freshman Hazing.

The office of President of the Council for 1926-27 was conferred on Mr. Fred McInnes. Mr. McInnes is a member of the Law Class of 1927, who has had a wide business experience, and his election assures the University of a sound business administration next year. Miss Helen Wickwire was unanimously elected Vice-President, and the Council showed its continued confidence in Gerald Godsoe by re-electing him to the position of Secretary-Treasurer. Elections for the Finance Committee resulted in the appointment of Messrs. Rankin, Merritt, and Fraser, and the executive chosen were Messrs. Dobson and Smith and Miss Avis Marshall.

Rev. Dr. Gordon at Dalhousie

"The people throughout the West are accustomed to think of Nova Scotia as the principle source of Canadian intellect," so said the Rev. Dr. Gordon speaking at the Dalhousie gymnasium at noon last Saturday.

One of the reasons for this, he continued, is that Nova Scotia has a history, while the West has none, adding, in his pleasing humor, that he himself was probably the oldest thing in Winnipeg! A second reason for the truth of this Western belief, said Dr. Gordon, is the strong Scotch element which at all times has had a dominating influence on the intellectual and spiritual development of our province. For the school and the church are two essentially Scotch institutions.

Dr. Gordon then touched upon some of the broader aspects of religion, that is, of Christian religion, for, said he, "the Christian religion is the only religion worthy of respect."

Whether we agree with this and other views to which Dr. Gordon gave utterance, his own personality, and the mellow, impressive tone of his voice made all those present feel as if inspired by the sincerity of his beliefs—a sensation which in some degree atoned for the students' general regret in not having heard Ralph Connor as well as Dr. Gordon.

In closing Mr. Jarvis McCurdy, the chairman, expressed in few words the deep appreciation which the students felt for Dr. Gordon's presence among them, and particularly he thanked him in the name of the Student's Christian Association, under whose auspices he had kindly consented to speak.

THE DREAMER.

All day I dream and hope to see
A better world, a better life;
And in the temple of my mind
There spins the close of armour'd strife.

I cannot tell my dreams to men,—
The better things I plan;
But one by one I treasure them
To help my fellow-man.

"A dreaming fool, unpractical,"
Loud yelps the cynic-schemer;
Yet wise men often learn from fools,
So I'll dream on, a dreamer.

SCRIBO

Superiority of English instructors of the University of California over any other:

An English instructor in the University of California recently won a Charleston endurance contest by dancing 45 minutes, or 5 minutes longer than his nearest opponent.

Reason for female influx of college discovered at the University of Denver:

A professor of psychology at the University of Denver states that nine out of ten women go to college to find a husband.

Professor Howard Murray: "That word occurs in your exercise Mr. B. oftener than in all the rest of Greek Literature."

(And Mr. B. still insists that this was a compliment.)

Dalhousie Loses to Mt. Allison.

(Argosy Weekly).

The fifth consecutive victory in the Intercollegiate debating series was won by Mount Allison Thursday evening, when they defeated a team representing Dalhousie University, at Fawcett Memorial Hall, Sackville. Supporting the negative side of the question, "Resolved that an Imperial council with representatives from the Dominions should be established with full control over the foreign policy of the British Empire," the Mount A. team won the unanimous decision of the three judges selected to render their vote on the merits of the respective teams. This victory gives Mount Allison a total of seventeen victories since the establishing of the Intercollegiate league and insures her position at the head of the series, which position she jointly holds with Acadia University. The victory Thursday night was doubly appreciated because of the fact that in the five straight wins we have defeated each of the Maritime Universities in turn, the last defeat sustained by the Garnet and Gold being at the hands of the Dalhousie team in 1921.

The debate provided abundant interest from the standpoint of the audience in that sparkling repartee made its appearance on several occasions. Discounting our college loyalty the judges' decision was a very popular one, and our representatives earned the necessary margin by their style, argument and delivery. The two teams were entertained at Allison Hall after the debate where the representatives of the teams, faculty and the judges gave short speeches after the serving of a banquet.

The judges were Mr. F. L. Milner, K. C., of Amherst, Mr. W. J. S. Miles, Principal of the St. John High School, and Mr. G. F. G. Bridges, of the firm of Bridges and Allen, Moncton.

The debaters were introduced by President G. J. Trueman, who, in his address of introduction also extended a welcome to the visiting debaters.

Mr. S. H. Brown, the leader of the affirmative, opened the debate for Dalhousie by expressing greetings from one sister university to another and seconded these remarks with a plea for increase bonds of friendship between the two colleges.

The introductory portion of his speech was occupied in outlining the needs for an Imperial Council for the foreign affairs

of the dominions. The dominions within the British Empire must stand together but this concert of action will not be possible if the British foreign office continues to control the foreign policy of the dominions.

Sentiment should not decide whether such a council is a necessity as concerted action on the part of the dominions is indispensable. The only true estimate of its future value must be based on the lessons learned from the history of empire building.

His following remarks dealt with the value of the British fleet in the late war which was only necessary through the growth of an overseas empire. This war also proved the deficiency and unreliability of the machinery within the empire and this situation has been steadily growing worse in later years. If the British Empire is to continue, a single foreign policy must be advocated for the empire as a whole. Our well being is linked up with the other dominions, therefore such a change is a necessity.

Mr. A. W. Trueman opened fire for the negative by explaining the terms, dominions, foreign policy and full control. These he said, meant self-governing countries, course of action dealing with foreign affairs, and complete jurisdiction as an executive body respectively. This foreign policy could refer either to matters concerning the empire as a whole or to questions bearing separately upon the different units of this body. In the first event war would be the greatest question while in the second instance, treaties, negotiations and tariffs would be referred to. But the declaring of war lately has been assumed by the League of Nations, thus removing this momentous question from the foreign policy.

The spirit of a Dominion nationalism has been prevailing empire politics at the present time, not selfish, excessive nationalism, but the true right of every people for self-government.

He went on to prove that this development of the nationalistic spirit is natural, right, and ought to be encouraged, also this Imperial Council is directly opposed to any such spirit and must not be established.

The geographic position and individual history of each dominion prevents the formulating of the same foreign policy (Continued on page 4, col. 1).

They Also Serve.

You have heard of readers who turn to the conclusion of a story, so impatient are they to find how it ends, when they have hardly arrived at the first death. I am such a one, and find myself under the same disability in writing a story. I want to get to the conclusion; I have not the patience to start with merely a name; to stuff it and animate it till it becomes a human being; nor, this done, have I the heart to deform into a mere heroine or hero my laboured human being. How much easier it is to assume such necessities—to let x be a man and y a professor.

Give me a hero and a heroine; the profession of law for the former, a "life-work" for the latter, and love for both. Give me also permission, if the three of us can agree, to join them in holy wedlock. Give me these premises, I say, and I—Darii Ferioque Premis—will give you a worthy conclusion. A hero and a heroine—I will lead the pair as pretty a chase as two thousand words will allow: souse them in the Slough of Despond, ride them on the Maritime Express, and take them to the very gates of the Celestial City. Into a web about them I will wind the threads of my story—drawing them inevitably together yet holding them hopelessly apart. Then, cutting the web, the knife will come down, swift and merciful. To the oblivion whence they came the pretty pair will return.

It is not because the surroundings of a heroine should be heroic that I introduce Mary Scot in Halifax. I make this city the scene of my story's beginning because I find it easy. I always have difficulty in casting my thoughts about—in throwing them over oceans, or heaving them across continents. Halifax, I say, involves no effort.

On a September afternoon Mary walked in her father's garden. She restrained herself with difficulty as she listened to Bob Free. She was drawn in two directions: she wanted to yield to him; yet she couldn't—there was her work.

"I can't understand you Mary," he said. "What has a 'life work' to do with

love? You say you are going to devote your life to the service of Nova Scotia. I'm going to stay here; I have given up plans of British Columbia; I told you that."

"I know, Bob," Mary answered, "and I'm awfully glad. I wish I could marry you, but don't you see that would interfere with my work."

"What is your work anyway?" he asked. "Do you know what you are going to do?"

"That's not very nice of you Bob; you know I haven't decided yet. I've always planned it. I'm going to do something big for Nova Scotia—work for her and make her a better place. And I simply can't be married." Mary paused. "I will serve Nova Scotia," she finished. Involuntarily she put her hand to her throat—there was a dull ache there, almost as though she wanted to cry; and all that day the ache remained.

A couple of weeks later Mary returned for her senior year at McGill. To friendships and scholarships she returned; for Mary carried off in a manner creditable to any story the part of heroine. It was the best of four good years and for that reason the shortest. As spring came on she began to think of what she would do when she had graduated. It was difficult to decide—there were so many opportunities. She might reform the school system, she might do some sort of social work, she might go into politics. She was determined to serve her province, but determination didn't help her to decide. She wrote her father. "I have always known," he replied, "that you loved Nova Scotia, but I fear what you want will be difficult to find." It was a new view to Mary: she thought it a matter of choosing, but her father said "finding." She fought against discouragement.

"There are so many things that I can do," she said and decided to talk with someone more knowing than her father. A social-service worker, though Mary didn't believe all she said, surprised her. She talked with others.

(Continued on page 3, col. 2).

The Strongest Thing in the World

A great long time ago, before the white man came to our country, Indians lived away to the westward, perhaps across the great water. And over them all ruled one man as chief—he was very old, very wise and very strong. But he had no son, and being wise, he knew that a man is only as strong as the number of his sons.

He grew very old and still no son came to him. Then one day he called the young men of his tribe together and said to them, "That young man shall be my son who in one year shows me the strongest thing in the world; stronger than sun, stronger than mountains, stronger than rivers at flood.

So all the young men set out to search and they brought back many strange and wonderful things to their old chief: pieces of hemp-rope—strong as forty coyotes chained together; poison like rattlesnakes; glistening diamonds. But the old man only shook his head.

Then one day a youth named Theeka started out and he vowed that he would not return until he was sure.

For many days he walked—for there were no horses then—he walked until he had gone where no man had been before, and then at last he saw across the burning sand a great animal move and when he came up to it he saw it was an elephant. And he said to himself "This is indeed the strongest thing in the world" and he started to follow the elephant.

But one day he saw on the horizon another object—a tiny spot and when he came nearer he saw that it was a very beautiful young woman. She nodded to the youth and took up her place beside him and for a time they went on thus. Several times she fell and scrambled to her feet again, but one time Theeka looking back saw that she did not rise. He could not go back for fear of losing the elephant but his heart died within him. He went on ever looking back but never losing sight of the quarry until at last he could stand it no longer. Taking one last look at the elephant "Good-bye strongest thing"

To Spring

The spring is here, and on yon filmy spray
The shimmering dew lies sparkling in the sun.

In maple trees the sap begins to run,
And all things joyful wake to greet the day.

A thousand feathered minstrels chant
their lay.

Beside the gurgling brook the farmer's son,
After the evening chores have all been done,

Watches, with eager eyes, the trout at play,
Then pulse the veins with streams of living joy.

The whispering breeze wafts music o'er
the lea,

And fills the heart of every girl and boy,
As in the twilight shadow croons the dove,

And to his mate reveals his swelling joy,
The youth and maiden whisper thoughts of love.

W. L. H.

Mr. Ritchie (Maths. I. C.): "I didn't know a thing about it so I walked out of the room with the beansly quiz in one hand and a look of contempt in the other."

he said, "I go back to her I love" and his spirit died within him but his heart sang.

He went back to the beautiful girl and found she was not hurt. He lifted her to her feet and she folded her soft young arms about his neck and gave him her softer, sweeter lips.

And suddenly there came upon their ears the songs of birds in spring and turning they saw the elephant standing near a sparkling river. And the elephant stopped by the river, stopped so long, while a little Toc-hee bird built its nest in its side, that it turned to stone and lives for ever.

The Theeka knew; and taking his beautiful girl he went back and to his old chief he said "I have found the strongest thing in the world. It is love!" And the old chief bowed his head and said "I have not known love and so I die."

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After Graduation--What?

If it is not quite true that by the time he has obtained a degree the average student has become disinclined to set much store by academic distinctions—and we have even met alumni who told us that the reverence in which these are held by the *vulgus* is one of the few really gross superstitions of the age—it at least goes without saying that nine graduates out of ten discover with dismay that the degrees and the distinctions they have laboured to attain threaten to repay the labour rather poorly.

It is not merely a question of insufficient pecuniary remuneration; the man who wishes to make money ought to avoid the University as he would the plague. But the true student enters college with a desire to be qualified by study there for association with the noble powers and professions that move the world, mould its thought, and improve its condition; and it is not unnatural that we should regard it as an unkindly blow, that, when we have completed our training and are required to move into the ranks of real life, we discover our sheer incapacity. We seem to be very little further on than when we entered; our degrees mean little to us, even less to those who hold sway in the world of affairs, and are highly esteemed only by the ignorant. When we leave college we are qualified for nothing but to teach what we have been taught, and very few of us indeed are anything like qualified even to do that.

The American Universities' Graduation Day, known to us as Convocation, is called Commencement, and it is true that we are only at the beginning of life when we leave college, and, in spite of our opening sentence, we believe that we ought to be happy to begin at the beginning. But the point of our complaint is that the University might very well, if not very easily, be linked with the world without in a manner that would secure some continuity, and obviate the waste of time and talent involved now when even men (and women) who have accomplished practically all that is open for a man at college to accomplish, have to wander about looking for any kind of a post that they can by any means fill.

The evil results of this are obvious to any who are sufficiently clear-sighted. On the one hand, we see men of undoubted brilliance forced into odd occupations from which there is small hope that they will ever be set free, and in which they can have no range for the employment of their gifts; and, on the other hand, we see men perforce entering professions for which they are by no means suited, and for which they have no zeal, or it may even be no sincere respect.

There are, no doubt, unemployables in the Universities as elsewhere; there are no doubt, some men who cannot decide earlier what their life's work shall be; and there may also be a predestined few who must find their work for themselves because it is not of the world and the world cannot give it to them.

But certainly it would not be requiring too much if we asked the University to do all in its power to bridge the gap that still lies between its partly-trained men who require to do work and the work of so many kinds that requires to be done. We do not suggest that it does not wish to do so. We have merely stated a problem.

A Parable.

He was rather frail and bent and wrinkled with age yet from under his grey shaggy eyebrows there looked out the eyes of one who saw visions and dreamed dreams, eyes that still had something of the adventure of youth in them.

We were fellow-travellers two summers ago between Mon-eal and North Bay. I had thrown down the magazine I had been reading and was gazing out upon the passing tangle of bushes and fire-burnt timber, and dreaming of the past session and wondering what the future might hold for me. I know not how long he had been watching me; a low musical chuckle made me turn from the window to look at him.

"You wear the Gold and Black," he began quizzically. "Yes, sir," I said, with no little pride in my voice. "Ah," came the low chuckle again, "once I wore the Gold and Black too. Once like you I thought that truth was to be found easily, like you I believed it would be a light task to conquer the world, like you when a few magic words, the lilt of a verse would send a pulse of fire through me, I thought that I too could easily win the gift of speech and sway other men with my verses. And then something happened, something you will not believe."

"Go on, go on," I urged, for it seemed he had read my thoughts like a book. "Sometimes I can hardly believe that it was not a dream, yet it has made me what I am. The queer thing is that I cannot well remember what came before but one night I found myself in a lonely place among the hills. Behind me was a black fir wood, before me at my feet a great valley, through which a river shimmered to the moon, a river which had sprung from the splintered mountains that towered in the east. A streak of purple and gold still lingered in the western sky, and here and there in the black solitude of the hills I could see the light from a shepherd's hut. Slowly I followed the path, stopping now and then to gaze at the shining water, or the ghost-like wreaths of mist that rose from the valley.

All at once I came upon her, an old woman sitting on a heap of stones crooning a low plaintive song. Why did my heart beat faster? Why did I stop short and then turn away? As I did so she rose and beckoned to me so that I went up to her. Strange and meaningless were the words she spoke:

'You can have it, the wine that gives wisdom and speech.' Then I saw that in her hand she held a golden cup whose rim was studded with precious stones.

'I do not want it, good mother,' I answered, trembling a little. 'You have prayed for it.'

'Not I. What do you mean?' I said.

'Are you not he that would fain see visions and weave them into words? Are you not he who would rebuild the world and make all things beautiful? Would you not rejoice to stir men with your words and to move men with your verses when the heart that made them and the hand that wrote them are with the dust? Drink! The wisdom of scholars will be folly to you, your folly the greatest wisdom; sorrow at your bidding will change to content, and content to a bitter-sweet sorrow. Life will not bewilder you, even Death will seem gracious to you, nor will the meaning of Love be hidden from you.'

She was silent, or rather her voice, seemed to melt into the sound of the wind among the trees.

'What do you mean?' I asked again.

'If you would be a scholar and a poet, take this cup.'

I stretched out my hand. 'Stay!' she cried, 'Are you willing to pay the price?'

'What must I give?' I asked.

'Nothing is given for nothing,' she replied. 'Knowledge is bought with a price but finds little sale among men, and poetry is no marketable ware. Your vision must be kept clear, your mind alert, so you may never know the pleasures that other men know. The love you sing will never come to you, sorrow will wait upon you, temptation will prevail with you more than with other men, success will haply stay far from you. As men judge, your life will be poor and broken; when you die it is likely your only monument will be a few green blades of grass. The price is very high.'

'But the ware is precious. Give me the cup.' She gave it to me and I drank. Such a draught I have never since tasted, harsh, almost bitter it seemed at first, then sweet, very sweet, and as I drank thought chased thought through my head, and music whose beauty and majesty wrought pain through my soul, seemed to crash in my ears. I looked at the blossoming moon and the company of the stars in the sky; they seemed to blaze with a new splendour. I looked at the old woman, her tattered garments had become shimmering robes of blue, a star-like jewel shone in her dark hair, and her face was the most solemn, the most beautiful that I have ever seen.

'You have chosen well,' she said.'

The old man sighed, and bowed his head on his breast and was silent.

'Go on,' I pleaded, "that cannot be the end of the story."

"Have I not said enough?" said the old man. "There was nothing I heard that night that has not since come true, but that's neither here nor there."

"But who are you?" I asked, "Tell me that."

Again came the low chuckling laugh, "And who are you that asks?"

And with that he closed his eyes and was silent for the rest of the journey.

His story came back to my mind when the Editor started his two weeks work campaign. Two weeks, two months, two years—nay a lifetime is all too short to gain even the tiniest speck of the wisdom of the ages. So when the Editor asked me to write this week's Editorial I thought I would tell you the old man's story. The interpretation of it I cannot tell you; each of us must find the meaning for himself.

M. A. B.

Over The Top?

Unfortunately it is impossible to determine, even approximately, the success of the Work Campaign. Its benefits, its accomplishments, if any, cannot be measured in dollars. However our editorial ears, ever on the alert for private opinions of different students and for choice morsels of gossip, culled from here and there, tell us that it was very generously received and supported by the student body as a whole.

To those who have endorsed our campaign we wish to express our gratitude and the assurance that they will not be the losers.

My Lady Disdainful

When you were born I think the fairies flew
In secret wise and hovered o'er your head
And many a lovely gift bestowed on you,
Yet took one gift from you before they fled.

You came in Autumn, so with fingers fleet
They stripped the berries from the rowan tree,
Trode them in faery press with dainty feet
To tint your cheeks and mouth all rosily.

They gathered up the spikes of golden rod
From every meadow and by every rill
Till they had garnered all these flowers of God,
Then wove them in your hair with cunning skill.

Safe hidden in a wood they found a pool
Reflecting deep the purple of the skies
And from its waters shadowy and cool
They stole the subtle colour of your eyes.

They saw a leaf advancing down the street
So light so swift they scarce could win the race
Yet captured it at last that so your feet
Would tread the world with airy, comely grace.

But ah! the fairies give not of their wealth
To men for nought, (I heard a wise man say),
So, when they spied you fast asleep, by stealth
They must, I think, have stolen your heart away.

M. A. B.

From the Mail Bag

OBSERVATION OR IMAGINATION.

Halifax, N. S.,
March 8th, 1926.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir:—My interest has been aroused by an article published in a late issue of the *Gazette* entitled, "Morons and Muckers", and I would be glad if you would find space in your paper for these few remarks concerning same.

I must first commend the writer on his or her achievements, for the letter, if written from first-hand knowledge, is certainly by a person above the average. For who but a super-being could see something that did not happen at a distance of not less than twelve feet in a light by which it was hardly possible to discern an object five feet away? It is undoubtedly, a feat that would excite the envy of any cat.

On second glance, I see that the writer does not claim to have seen the things described in his or her letter, how then was he or she aware of them?

Since the indulgence in the "divine of divine pleasures" does not, to my knowledge, make any characteristic sounds, I do not believe that the writer would claim to have heard them. How else could he possibly know? I claim, no other way. The letter, therefore, is purely a product of the IMAGINATION, and such an imagination is truly the mark of a genius; again I repeat, the author of that letter is not based on FACTS. Contrary to "A. B. C.'s" remarks, the wrestling mats were not in "an almost totally dark nook," but were about ten feet from the door, and approximately twice that distance from the north wall. They also had a white background made by the housing which was used for the orchestra at the Junior-Senior Dance. Myself together with a friend and some boys about nine years of age were sitting on these mats. Over in the north-east corner a few more boys were climbing about the punching bag platform; besides these there was no one north of the door, within fifteen feet of the back of the Gym.

I hope that this will correct any false impressions that may have been created by "A. B. C.'s" letter. The darkest corner, instead of containing "loving, petting, crooning couples" was being used by some boys to practice dare-devil stunts, and the wrestling mats, rather than holding in some obscure spot, those who express "other than in words, the tender passions they feel" were out in the open, and occupied by two drama fans, and several small boys who were, evidently, trying to find out which knew the greatest number of words of a type not to be found in a dictionary.

Signed: "M. E."

Halifax, N. S.,

March 5th, 1926.

To the Editor,
Dalhousie Gazette,

Halifax, N. S.

Dear Sir:—

Would you be good enough to publish in your valuable paper the following few remarks re the article entitled "Morons and Muckers" written by one who signs himself "A. B. C."?

I refer chiefly to that part of the letter having to do with "Morons." "A. B. C." would do well to invest in a new pair of glasses, although undoubtedly he seems to have seen remarkably well—things that were supposed to be happening in "almost totally dark nooks and corners". Well, Mr. Editor, you know how much you can see in "almost total darkness."

From all appearances the person who wrote the letter seems to know considerably more than most of us about this so-called "necking and petting," and perhaps his *vivid imagination* worked overtime on the night he refers to. He would do well to bear in mind that "people in glass houses should not throw stones."

When one is thoughtful enough to stay in the back of the Gymnasium when people are on the stage, I do not think that there should be any remarks reflecting on their behaviour in "almost total darkness" such as those made in his letter. However, I suppose there is at least one in every college, and this time, evidently he had to be it. However, I did find his letter rather humorous, if in nothing else than its inconsistency.

Signed: "KEN."

Halifax, N. S.,

March 5th, 1926.

Mr. Arthur L. Murphy,
Editor of the *Dalhousie Gazette.*

Halifax, N. S.

Dear Sir:—

I was somewhat surprised when reading your valuable paper, to see a letter

(Continued on page 3, col. 1.)

"THE CLASS WE LOVE THE WORST"

(Latin II.)

(With apologies to Macaulay.)

ODE I (before the class):

The professor's brow was sad,
The professor's speech was low,
And darkly looked he in the hall
While strutting to and fro.
"This gang will be upon me;
When will that bell abate?
For if they once may win the door
What hope to mark them late?"

But hark! the cry is 'Howard!'
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great man of classics
Walks in with stately pride.
Quoth he: "You bunch of dumbbells
Why can't ye chant the lay,
But will ye dare to translate
If I shall clear the way?"

ODE II (in class; a question has been asked):

The three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the prose,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the students rose.
Far from the bell's sweet ringing
Rumped round the would-be sage,
And for a time no man stood forth,
Or offered to assuage such wrath
And 'key' that gruesome page.

ODE III:

Alone stood brave dumb Dora
Trusting alone to grace,
Thrice thirty thousand lines before
And a blank look on her face.
But she saw in Ecum Secum
The white porch of her home,
And she thought of the noble cow-path
Where she was wont to roam.

ODE IV:

Never, I ween, did student
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a terrible ode
With a smile upon her face.
But her Wrigley tongue wagged bravely
By the brave heart within,
She had made no preparation
But plowed through, thick and thin.

ODE V (second bell has rung long since):

And now the final bell has rung,
Now in the hall she stands,
Now round her press the students
To shake her trembling hands.
And now with shouts and clapping,
And scuttling hard and fast,
She dashes from the Latin room
Too late for her next class.

QUIS?

FROM THE MAIL BAG

(Continued from page 2, col. 5.)

under the heading of "Morons and Muckers." Do you not think that "A. B. C." carried the matter a little too far in his remarks about the so-called "Morons"? Why, Mr. Editor, it was nothing, absolutely nothing, short of libelous, and as I happen to be at the back of the Gym several times during Glee Club entertainments, it was not altogether what I would call pleasant to me. To my mind, and to many others, it was an absolutely crude article, and we were all surprised, as I said above, to think that the *Dalhousie Gazette* would publish an article of its kind, which to any intelligent person, was the quintessence of ROT.

Signed: "HONI SOIT."

Ed. Note—The *Gazette* is not responsible for letters published in its correspondence column. Regarding the classification of "A. B. C.'s" article as "crude" we would refer to the last writer to his pseudonym, "HONI SOIT" while "A. B. C." may have exaggerated conditions somewhat his statements were at least founded on the truth.

THEY ALSO SERVE.

(Continued from page 1, col. 2.)

"I may have some difficulties," she told another student who smiled appreciatively. "But," she added, "difficulties determine me."

The girl to whom she talked was looking at that object so familiar to the study of a college girl—the photograph of a handsome man. It stood on Mary's table. "If I were you," she pointed to the photograph, "I'd marry him."

Mary looked at her friend and laughed; she looked at the photograph and sighed, she might have married him. She forgot her friend,—the garden at home, a September afternoon, Bob's proposal, came back to her; that might have been a more memorable day. Bob was a wonderful man; what a happy woman his wife would be! how happy she might have been! From the photograph her eyes wandered to the wall above the table, where hung a bluenose banner; contentment returned as she reflected how worthy of sacrifice was Nova Scotia. She loved the old province. "If I am unhappy," she thought, "I'll keep it to myself. I did what was right and I don't regret it. I don't care how difficult serving Nova Scotia is, nor how few the opportunities—I'll serve her in some way." Mary turned again to the photograph: she could look at it now without a sigh. "I am glad," she thought, "that he is going to live in Nova Scotia: my province will be the better because of him. I may see him sometimes too."

Bob had a law office. Some day he hoped to have a practice. Huddled together in a corner of the otherwise empty shelves was his legal library—the texts he had used in college and the "presentation" volumes which every law graduate attaches from the library of his alma mater. The motto of his college, not inappropriate to a Halifax law office, decorated the judicial and juridical dust on the wall above his desk. A stenographer, if Bob could have afforded one, would have said that it was Latin, "Ora et Labora." Though Bob had adopted the motto, it brought him a scant living; he looked at it sometimes and laughed. Until he aspired to Mary Scot, he had planned to squeeze the motto—to the last dead accent—for all it was worth in British Columbia. Nova Scotia, in the person of Mary, rewarded him ill for deserting the province he had chosen.

Bob was heartbroken. Law didn't interest him, and no longer did he pretend busyness. He would sit in his office and think—but I'm not going to get sentimental just because he did. He wrote once in a while to Mary—not often because he couldn't trust himself to omit all mention of marriage, which, he knew, would make her unhappy. He was determined that he would suffer by himself, that she whom he loved should not be sad on his account; though he regretted her decision to remain unmarried, he admired her determination to serve Nova Scotia and was resolved to make it as easy for her as lay in his power. He was broken hearted, but suicide never occurred to him.

It was nearly spring when Bob realized that there was nothing to keep him in Nova Scotia—he might as well carry out his original purpose of going to British Columbia. "If I cannot choose my wife" he said, concealing his unhappiness in a manner which showed him not unfitted for the role of hero, "I will choose my home." With all his eagerness however he postponed his going away so that Graduation time would find him in Montreal.

Halifax, which had starved him, regretted his intention to leave. Who goes away carries with him good wishes; but who goes away a hero carries with him good wishes plus. At a banquet in Bob's honour, which in the words of one speaker they all wished were his wedding breakfast, his friends gave him many magnificent presents. If Bob was at all reluctant to accept them, it was not because he even dreamed of detriment. Going away was somehow a sadder business than he had thought. A farewell however, if it is not a funeral, shows a man how numerous are his friends; Bob was surprised.

Many of these friends went to the station to see him off—to send him from ocean to ocean. On the train he fell in with a former Nova Scotian who was returning to British Columbia after a visit to the scenes of his wisdom. Only the young are wise.

"It is the best place in the world," the British Columbian said. "There are no people like the Nova Scotians."

Bob began to think. Perhaps he was making a mistake—he murmured some maxim about success and happiness. From his pocket he took a letter which bore the McGill coat of arms; thought it came from Montreal it bubbled over with Nova Scotia. "It seems impossible to find something really big to do," Mary wrote. And, "I shall be awfully glad to see you, but I wish—oh, so much, that you had stayed. I never dreamed you would leave Nova Scotia." British Columbia, Bob reflected, couldn't be such a remarkable place.

It was impossible however for him to go back now—it was too late, he meditated, to change his mind. The farewell gifts prevented him from returning. Even if he had attempted it, I should have thwarted him. No hero of mine will go bumming back to the scene of a send-off, and so by making himself liable

to an action for obtaining goods by fraudulent misrepresentation jeopardize the success of my story. I would not allow it. I'll admit however that giving him the presents without warning him that they might be used against him was somewhat unfair. Experience, however, teaches heroes as well as fools. "Strange," Bob thought, "it never occurred to me that way before. They meant to do a kindness, while really they have made the world smaller by Nova Scotia to me. I can only visit."

He became aware of his thoughts, "What As if I wanted to go back." He settled down in his seat, "Well, whether I do or I don't, it's out of the question." His thoughts turned to more pleasant pastures. Tomorrow would be Montreal, Convocation, Mary.

In hood and gown, carrying the roses he had sent her, she was more than heroine. Bob cursed his geographical ambitions; and regretted the generosity of his friends which had exiled him from Mary's province. He couldn't go back. An idea occurred to him; perhaps—but no, he wouldn't ask it of her; she had her work to do. If he could, he would restrain his love; he would make it as easy as possible for May. These few days in Montreal must be happy ones for her.

The time flew. There was so much to say—about everything. It was not unlikely that they would never meet again. Had she ever talked so delightfully? Had he ever been so interesting? They postponed the day when they were to leave Montreal—she for the East, he for the West.

Nevertheless the sob-and-sentiment day arrived. They discussed their friendship, their prospects. He had failed to regain the enthusiasm of his college days for British Columbia; she was beginning to realize that her father was right—that serving Nova Scotia in any of the ways she had thought of was impracticable. She saw a possible way nevertheless, though she wished the occasion had never arisen, a way unlike anything she had previously planned, in which she might serve Nova Scotia as largely as she had ever dreamed of. Of her hope, however, she said nothing to Bob. Finally, for the first time since he had arrived in Montreal, they discussed their love. It was with great difficulty that they were able to talk at all calmly—Cupid ran wild in both.

"If only things were different!" Bob burst out. "If only we could marry and live our lives together!" He paused to gain control of himself. "But what is the use of talking," he went on dejectedly. "You have to return to Nova Scotia, while I can't. You couldn't marry me if I did."

"Why can't you return?" she asked. He told her. "Oh!" she exclaimed faintly; the hope she had begun to entertain left her. It had occurred to her, that if she could, by marrying him, keep in Nova Scotia the perfect man, she would be performing a great service—she would fulfil her dream. Her hope however was now gone. (In the hope of pleasing you I refrain from including at this point, though not without regret, a dissertation on the inevitability of destiny).

Mary made a brave effort to give matrimony the six months' hoist. "I don't know what I am going to do Bob," she said, "when I go home. But I'll do something, no matter how small, for Nova Scotia. I don't see how you can go away. If it weren't for those farewell gifts—if there were less of them, if they weren't so splendid. I'd do anything to keep you in the old province." She winced as seemingly without reason Bob's grip tightened on her arm. "If I could be the means of your return," she continued, "I would feel that I had indeed served Nova Scotia."

"Would you? Would you?" the words fairly rushed from his mouth. "I've been thinking—There may be a way."

Mary started, "A way!" she exclaimed. "What is it?"

"Those farewell gifts," he stuttered, "—make them our wedding presents."

In her face joy followed surprise. "I will serve Nova Scotia," she said.

Alpha O.

Engineering Notes

The fourth and last of the Engineering Society's series of winter inspection trips was made on March 13th when a party of fifteen travelled down to Imperoyal and were conducted over the huge plant under the able leadership of Mr. Dimock.

Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Engineering Society was held on March 12th when much important business was transacted.

The most important thing before the meeting was the election of officers for 1926-1927—and the following are those who were chosen:—

- Honorary President—Professor Copp.
- President—Bob Doull.
- Vice-President—G. J. (Skip) Currie.
- Secretary-Treasurer—Harry Bell.
- Additional Executive—J. M. Morton and H. M. Beaton.

For the first time in the history of the department, on March 11th the drafting room was officially open to the students in the evening. About 25 engineers took advantage of this to get up back work and there is no doubt that it will be well patronized on all such future occasions.

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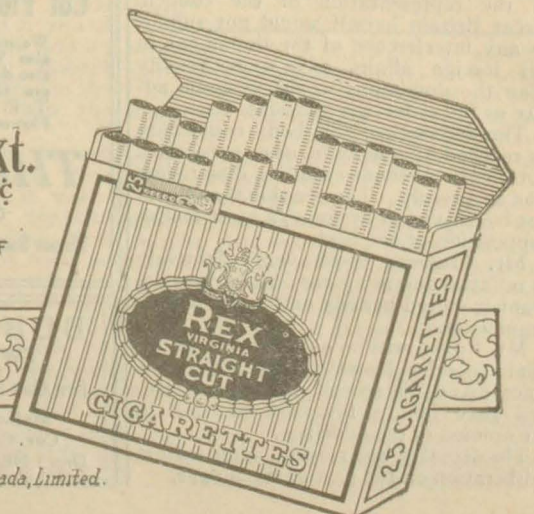
Chairman at the meeting of Arts and Science: "Order! Order!"
Voice: "All right. I've just ordered a bottle of beer."



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**DALHOUSIE POSES UNANIMOUS
 DECISION TO MT. A.**

(Continued from page 1, col. 5).

for them all and even if these factors did not oppose this project, the temper, as expressed by their representations, of the dominions is in opposition to the establishment of such a council.

Mr. W. B. Ross, the second speaker for the affirmative, dealt with the history of our Empire affairs under three heads: (1) the present situation of the British Empire, (2) Sidelights on our foreign policy since 1914, (3) Political history demands the establishment of this Imperial council.

He stressed the important part the Dominions had played in the late war, especially noteworthy because popular opinion had not expected such a display of loyalty. Germany, perhaps if she had foreseen such a development might never have brought about hostilities, and under this Imperial council Germany would have foreseen it.

The voice of the Imperial conferences since the war, has been raised in support of this Imperial council, which would operate equally well in war or peace. It would, for instance, have prevented the fiasco of 1922, when Britain was contemplating war with Turkey and was refused aid by her dominions. With the presence of the council such a refusal would have been kept secret and the dignity of our Empire preserved.

Mr. C. T. Bruce as Mount A.'s second speaker, asserted that such an Imperial council would destroy the bonds of unity now present under the existing system of development. He continued in this run of thought by explaining the ties which operate in our empire system. Bonds of sympathy are formed by blood relationship, and immigration. Such an autocratic imperial council would be detrimental to the life of these bonds. He quoted freely from references stressing the present unity of the Empire under the present course of Imperial development.

Independence of the dominions as recognized by Great Britain has been the means of developing a confidence among the different portions of the empire and this confidence could not last under the proposed change. Lastly the tendency away from the old colonial system has brought to the dominions the obligation of sharing the burdens of the Empire.

Mr. R. H. McLeod closed the argument for the affirmative by clearing away a number of misconceptions that might hamper our idea of the proposed council.

That the Imperial Council is a legislative instrument of coercion is a mistaken concept for a unanimous and not a majority vote will predominate in the course of deliberations. He went on to contrast the benefits of experience under this council with deficiencies felt without such a body. Another wrong idea prevalent is that this council is a retrograde movement rather than an advancement. An equality in the commonwealth of nations is not possible for Canada in her present position. She is bound by Great Britain's policy and in international law is not recognized apart from the British Empire. In this Imperial Council her influence would be felt and her opinion respected.

Mr. K. A. Parker very brilliantly concluded the case for Mount Allison. He showed in his opening remarks the impracticability of such a council. Its radical nature and its interference with man's essential factors of the present system. Even our relations with the League of Nations would be greatly disrupted.

Again as the word dominion could not be applied to India, this large and powerful colony would not be included in the representation of the council. Great Britain herself would not submit to any interference of the dominions in her foreign affairs any more readily than the dominions would welcome advice as to her foreign decisions.

The decisions of this body could only be reached by a unanimous or a majority vote, both methods entailing dissatisfaction as a result. The decision then could not be arrived at by force, a most foolish supposition at the best.

Mr. Trueman spoke very effectively in rebuttal and in his easy conversational manner scored heavily on his opponent's arguments.

Mr. Brown was no quite as clear in his final speech. However his convincing voice saved his speech from mediocrity and gave him a favorable position in the opinion of the audience.

The decision was reached after a short deliberation on the part of the judges.

**Dalhousie
 Normal College**

Dalhousie's Co-eds won their return game with the Normal College last week by defeating them 25-14. The game was fairly even with Dal having the play their way by a considerable margin. Marion Campbell was not on the floor which accounted for the smallness of the score. Had she been in her accustomed place on the forward line Dal would have probably had a far larger score, for the forwards missed many golden opportunities to score by poor shooting. Dalhousie had waited anxiously for several days speculating as to what kind of superwomen the Sloanites would turn out to be so when the game started there was a fairly large audience to witness the victims of a modern inquisition. The work of the Dal team was very good in spots and fair for the best part of the game. The centers turned in a particularly good game. Gertrude Phinney at side-center handling the ball exceptionally well. Allison McCurdy as jumping center was also very good. She appears slow in her actions but when watched closely it can be seen that she is really covering a lot of ground. Alice Atherton and Marjorie Thompson played well on the forward line, but were not up to their usual form. The two Dal guards were also a little off form neither of them displaying the air tightness that they have exhibited in former games. Now for the Truro team. It is doubtful whether it is much good saying anything about them as the *Gazette* had decided not to send their paper to the Normal School until there is a better moral atmosphere there, which condition will be decided shortly by arbitration, Royal Commission, and a straw vote taken among the residents of Preston, "Bud" Smith having kindly consented to count the tickets. However they all played a fair game and with more experience and practice they will be a formidable team. Miss Humble who scored all the points for her team has an excellent shot, and handles the ball very well. Art McPhee handled the whistle in the first period and "Turk" MacKenzie relieved him in the second. Truro had with them a large team and were in addition accompanied by a dozen or so rooters.

Dalhousie: Alice Atherton 12, Marjorie Thompson 11, Allison McCurdy 2, Gertrude Phinney, Ruth Foote, Madeline Thompson, Margaret McKay, Betty Freeman, Blanch McPhail.

Normal—E. Humble 14, M. McPherson, B. Fralick, D. Mossman, M. MacKenzie, M. McLaughlin, A. Westhaver, I. MacKenzie.

Law 22 St. Mary's 9.

Law defeated St. Mary's High School team last Tuesday afternoon in a practise match. St. Mary's led 5-2 at the end of the first period but the Lawyers weight told and they ran in 20 points in the second stanza. It was a very clean game and well played. St. Mary's showed poor form in their shooting missing the basket on many occasions. Law on the other hand played an excellent combination game nearly all their points resulting from a passing flurry to an unguarded man who dropped the ball in.

Law—Richardson 8, Doyle 8, Mitchell 6, Coughlan, McInnes, Outhit.

St. Mary's—F. Montague, G. Montague, Dyer 2, Doyle, Fraser 2, Carrol 3, Fattie, Peffler, Clancy 2.

Mr. Sterling refereed.

Senior Basketball

Dal wins game but loses league by one point.

Dal defeated the "Y" 22-20 last Saturday night in a game filled with everything that it is possible to fill a game with. From the moment that "Strangler" Hermann dropped a pot shot in from center floor until the referee did a spread eagle to the final whistle there was everything to be seen from a 25 yard drop-out to some fancy work on the parallel bars with face-offs, cross-checks, half-nelsons, trips, charges, poke-checks, upper-cuts, straight-arms, no-trumps, tackles and interference thrown in for good measure. There were toss-ups all the time so that it positively rained basketballs. The only pity is that they didn't use more balls as it would have given the referee a better chance to take a more active part in the game and toss them up oftener. Hermann gave one of the nicest exhibitions of "necking" that could possibly be imagined. If some of the local shieks could have seen him work on "Doc" Smith they would have turned green with envy. Wallace of Dartmouth handled the whistle and after calling the players together telling them there was to be no hitting in the clinches, that the Rabbit Punch was barred and besides he nearly got a hole in one last Summer, he quoted to them several sections from the Criminal Code, Hoyle, Belcher's Almanac, and the rule book of 1905, he reserved judgment, pronounced them man and wife and then started the game. The game considering the anxiety of both teams, the speed of the play and the manner in which it was handled was clean. There was no deliberate breach of the rules but as soon as some of the players saw that it was possible to get away with murder they proceeded to do so in a very efficient manner. Dal are to be congratulated on their very fine showing, for they were a very young team and with two exceptions new players in senior company. The "Y" are to be congratulated as a team for winning the championship. They always played a good game and are an experienced team that should be able to make a good showing against the Trojans if they play them. To which might be added, not by way of excuse for defeat or disparaging the "Y's" victory that had Acadia not forbidden Brown to come down the result might have been different for he showed that he had a competent knowledge of the game. But that would be another story. Dal started out well and got the first period 14-9 much to the great delight of the large gallery of Dal supporters both students and Profs. Once again Dal was weak on penalty shots, failing to collect a single point out of about a dozen tries. Dal has played eleven games this season, two against Wanderers, St. George's and Acadia and five against the "Y," giving them a grand total of 346 for to 245 against. In the five contacts with the "Y" one of the games was protested (Dal 15-14) of the other four Dal won two and lost two giving Dal 109 points to 91 for the "Y". McLennan has the most number of points 114, followed by McLeod 94, Langstroth 74, "Doc" Smith 25 in three games, Wilson 8 in three games, Capt. "Ab" Smith 8, Moore 7, Doyle and Clark 6 each, and Hewat 4.

Line up—"Doc" Smith 6, McLennan 2, McLeod 6, Langstroth 6, Doyle 2, Moore, Jones, Hewat, Percy Wallace of the D. B. C. A. referee.

Dal Girls Acadia

Dal's Intercollegiate team chaperoned by Mrs. Sterling and accompanied by two rooters journeyed to Wolfville last Saturday and played their first game with Acadia. Dal won and have a ten point lead on the championship, but that should be no reason why they should for one moment consider they are going to win next Friday the return game with Acadia. If they do, it will be only after a hard struggle. The two Dal guards; Elinor Barnstead and Harriett Roberts played a perfect game keeping the Acadians from getting many chances to shoot particularly in the second period when they were the two hardest worked on the team. Mable Borden as side-center played an excellent game being possibly the best on the floor. Marjorie Thompson started at center and played for half the period being relieved by Edwina Archibald for the remainder. This was repeated in the second period and was a very good move as it meant that a fresh center was on through the whole game. Marion Campbell as usual was responsible for the score, getting 19 points. Alice Atherton played her usual steady game and Edwina Archibald who played both forward and center was on her best behavior. Art McPhee of Truro boosted his stock still higher by handling the game in an impartial and excellent manner.

Dal—Campbell 19, Atherton 2, Archibald 4, Thompson, Borden, Barnstead, Roberts, Freeman.

**Interfaculty
 Basketball**

LAW 12—ENGINEERS 17.

Engineers defeated Law in a closely contested and exciting match last Saturday. Leading 6-4 at the end of the first period they stepped away from the Forrest Bld. team in the second and gave them their second defeat of the season.

Law—Richardson 4, Doyle 2, Mitchell 6, Coughlan, McInnes.
 Eng.—Doul 5, Brown 4, Currie 2, Allen 6, Lowe, McKeagan, Beaton, Roper.

COMMERCE 13—ARTS 29.

Arts like the Engineers ran away from their opponents in the second period and won the game by accurate shooting and passing. In the first period Jim McDonald twisted a ligament in his ankle and was forced to retire. Arts had it 7-6 at the end of the first and with Keating and Ross right on the basket they had not much further trouble.

Commerce—Smith 5, McDonald, Miller, McColl 4, McDuff, Harris 2, Grant 2.
 Arts—Hockin, Hood 1, Keating 15, Grant, Jardine 2, Ross 11.

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Law Captures Meet

For the first time in Dalhousie an Interfaculty Badminton meet was held last Friday night. In the doubles Langstroth and Musgrave (Arts) defeated Dobson (Dent.) and Doyle (Com.), 15-6, 15-11. Law won the doubles championship when Sperry and Mitchell (Law) defeated Langstroth and Musgrave (Arts) 9-15, 15-12, 15-10. In the singles Langstroth (Arts) defeated Doyle (Com.) 15-11, 15-7. Sperry (Law) defeated Musgrave (Arts) 15-10, 15-9. Dobson (Dent.) defeated Death (Arts) 20-5, 15-11, Dobson (Dent.) defeated Mitchell (Law) 13-15, 15-10, 15-12. Sperry (Law) defeated Langstroth (Arts) 4-15, 15-10, 15-12. Sperry (Law) won the singles by defeating Dobson (Dent) 15-7, 15-6. Law captured the meet with 6 points and Dentistry and Arts got one apiece as runners up. Altogether it was very successful and will be an added attraction to athletics in Dalhousie if it is continued next year with a regular league formed.

Majestic Notes

Colleen Moore will be at the Majestic for the remainder of this week. After the dramatic and grim "Sea Beast" Majestic patrons are greeting the light breezy comedy "Irene" with open arms. Mr. Hugh Mills, of Jensen and Mills, is presenting a fashion show with living models as a prelude to the picture. This is a distinct innovation, being the first of its kind to be presented in Halifax. Don't miss it.

Next Monday night the Masonic Choir are presenting a musical entertainment. There will be a Choir of fifty voices and the Masonic Orchestra of twenty-five pieces.

For the remainder of the week the "Quaker Girl" will be staged by the Halifax Music and Dramatic Club. This musical comedy has never before been produced in Halifax and is the biggest show ever undertaken by the Dramatic Club which has given Halifax so many good performances. The musical numbers are delightful from beginning to end. There is no jazz, the music was written before its time, but even the foremost exponents of jazz will find it equally "catchy" and far prettier.

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