

N. S. Basketball Title In Sight

Hayes Presents Outstanding Glee Club Show of Year

VARIETY AND ORIGINALITY MAKE SHOW THE BEST PRODUCED AT GLEE CLUB THIS YEAR

(By F. C. P.)

As every member of the audience will tell you, last Wednesday's Glee Club show was the outstanding one of the year so far. It had variety and originality; it was neither too brief nor too lengthy; all the participants acted well among the most effective ever seen on the gym stage. There was no announcer—each number being heralded by the changing of large printed cards beside the piano—another novelty.

There were two one-act plays—one farcial the other serious. The farce—"The Flying Doctor"—is a story of a lover whose sweetheart's perverse father prevents him from seeing her. The doctor effects the meeting. The two principals, Ken Smith (lover) and "Kelly" Morton (father) did excellent work—as did the rest of the cast.

Commerce Society Holds Meeting

Mr. B. O. Moxon, manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, Halifax Branch, addressed the Commerce Society on Thursday afternoon.

Speaking of university training for the business world, Mr. Moxon described himself as being 100% in favor of it; for, he said, it offers a chance for development which seldom takes place under the pressure of routine drudgery and staff duties which tend to kill all else.

Mr. Moxon then dealt in some detail with the subjects of Bank Credit, Budgeting and Balance Sheet reading. Throughout his address, Mr. Moxon revealed a keen interest in the business problems of the Maritime Provinces.

On Friday night a Commerce smoker was held at the Y. M. C. A. for the purpose of further discussing the economic problems of the Maritimes.

Mr. Snow read an interesting paper on the Nova Scotia Fishing Industry, followed by Mr. Matheson who read a carefully prepared paper on the Nova Scotia Steel Industry.

One more smoker will be held before the annual banquet.

At this meeting, the Society hopes to hear a paper on the Nova Scotia Lumber Industry by Mr. Piercy, a graduate of Dalhousie Commerce.

Form Literary Club

On Tuesday morning there was an enthusiastic meeting to organize a literary club. An unexpectedly large number of students were present, of whom a number expressed views favouring such an organization. Professors Griffin and Bennet also spoke and kindly offered their assistance. It was unanimously decided that no restriction would be placed on membership and that professors as well as lady students should be admitted. The following officers were elected:

Hon. Pres.: Dr. Archibald MacMechan
President: George Nicholls
Vice-Pres.: Miss Alice Atherton
Sec.-Treas.: Ernest Howse
Executive: Professors Wilson, Bennett and Dean Read.

A meeting will be held in the near future.

Sodales Debate

The adjourned Sodales debate on the subject—"Resolved that Nova Scotia was well advised in entering Confederation"—was held in the Moot Court Room on Thursday Feb. 25th. The following spoke from the floor: Messrs Gavsie, Campbell, Darby, McLeod, George Laurence, Roy Laurence, McKenzie, Tanner and Crouse. Prof. Angus McDonald closed the debate with a very illuminating review of the question. He pointed out that Nova Scotia had not come to the place where secession was to be considered, and that sentiment is no small consideration. The debate was on a much higher plain than that of Feb. 8. No vote was taken.

Prize Awards

More people have won distinction by getting in the list of Gazette prize winners. The best verse is, Margaret Ells' Aurora Borealis. The best prose Irene MacDougall's In the Heart of Cape Breton; second prose P. L. H. Muschamp's, On the Futility of Latin. The best verse last month was Freda Winfield's, To A White Birch.

With Ben Guss To Antigonish

It is history by now that St. F. X. won the Intercollegiate debate. The hearty congratulations of every Dalhousian go to the Xaverians. "Hearty" because we know, although most of us were unable to hear them, that they are debaters indeed to have overcome the Howse, Ross, Guss combination. Whereas we have not received from our Antigonish correspondent a "Special to the Dalhousie Gazette", whereas every Dalhousian eagerly perused last Saturday the reports of the city dailies, whereas the liquor problem is of no great interest to Dalhousians and we could not hope to do justice to the thrusts and repartees of the debaters, it was resolved to secure a first person story from one of the debaters. It's a corker! Go to Antigonish and back with Mr. Ben Guss in two minutes! Dalhousie's most sensational register of impressions!

The Antigonish Trip

It was early on that cold morning of that memorable day, Feb. 25, 1927, when in three bed rooms, 3 big Bens rang loud and 3 Big Boys awoke and 3 big: Ah h—Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and, aw—Haw—Ah! I wonder if I can say my speech in 14½ minutes. Ah!

On the train Walter and Ernie waxed exceedingly poetical. Of all I heard this much I do recall:
Mountains high that reach the sky,
Lives there the man with soul so dead.
The fateful hours are drifting by.
The intoxication of Love, hath turned my head.
The last line being Walter's favorite. Perhaps Edith can explain. She knows. She knows.

This paragraph is a description of my first impression of Antigonish. A great author originated it. The stillness was intense and almost sabbath, as if it were a natural sabbath and I fancied that that noon-time was the evening of a celestial day. The air was so crystalline that it had the same effect on the snow bedecked landscape that a glass has on

(Continued on page 4)

Dal Senior Basketball Team Wins 1927 City Title

TIGERS PLAY LIKE PERFECT MACHINE AND SHUT OUT THE Y IN ALL DEPARTMENTS OF GAME

By G. K. M.

By completely outclassing the "Y" quintette in all departments of the game the Dalhousie Senior Basket-Ball team annexed the 1927 City League title, on Saturday night in the second and last game of the play-off series by a 33-24 score, making the total count for the two games played 73-42.

Langstroth and Cox played brilliant ball on the forward line, their combination work and flawless shooting netting thirty points for the collegians out of the total 33.

Brown at center played a splendid defensive game and although he was not able to score, his absence from the floor in the last of the first half was greatly appreciated by the "Y" supporters when the "Red and White" staging a revival, changed the tally from 14-6 in favour of Dal to an 18-18 deadlock at half time.

Moore and Smith played airtight ball on the defense reaching for rebounds and clutching loose balls in a manner a la proverbial Ikey.

The play in detail:—

First Period

Langstroth scored from side in first minute, followed by J. Piers for the Y. Langstroth made two fouls good and scored from under the basket on a pass from Cox, score 6-2. Worsely netted a foul for the Association, but Cox cancelled this with a foul shot. Langstroth then dropped in one from near the foul line. Piers netted a foul. Cox twisted one in on a swift pass from Brown. Score 11-4. Bevil Piers then scored from under the gallery and Cox batted in a pretty rebound. Rex Moore pocketed a foul. Score 14-6. Brown was taken off having three fouls on him and was relieved by Doc Smith. J. Piers started "Y" rally with a long shot. Cox picked up a loose ball under gallery and trotted in for a nice basket. J. Piers and Fordham then found the twine with two long shots and Piers followed with a close-in basket and repeated in one minute, tying the score

16-16. Mitchell who relieved Bevil Piers then scored from a pass at the tap off and Cox evened matters at the whistle with a counter from the side. Score 18-18.

Second Period

Brown back at center. Cox scored seven points in first four minutes of play, one from center, one from a pass under the basket another on a rebound and the last on a foul.

Ab Smith then sank one from past center floor and Cox followed depositing a long pass from Brown, score 29-18 in favour of Dal.

The "Y" then scored from near the foul line and Langstroth tallied from the side, "Y" repeated and Langstroth ditto. Murley notched the final basket making the tally read 33-24.

Brickey Stevenson and Turk MacKenzie both of Sydney handled the game.

Line up—
Dalhousie — Forwards, Langstroth, Cox, MacLennan, MacLeod, Harrison, Centers, Brown and Smith, Guards, Moore, Smith and Sperry.

Dal May Play In British Columbia

Dalhousie University Football team has been invited by the President of the British Columbia Rugby Union to visit the Pacific Coast during the Christmas holidays of the coming academic year, 1927-28.

Tentative arrangements have been made to play two or three matches in Vancouver with club teams and also with the team representing the University of British Columbia.

In the event of the tour taking place the Dalhousie team would leave Halifax immediately after the Christmas examinations and arrive in British Columbia the day after Christmas. Three matches would be played, and the team would return, arriving in Halifax about one week after the commencement of lectures in January, 1928.

The proposal has been considered by a committee representing the Alumni Association, the Senate of the University, and the Council of Students. This committee has approved the policy of making such a tour subject to a satisfactory settlement of certain detailed arrangements.

If it is possible to reach a satisfactory settlement as to these details, the Dalhousie University football team will be able to meet Pacific Coast teams during the coming season.

Early Risers

Professor Symons has devised a method, by means of which even the stately seniors condescend to rise at 7.30 a. m. We all would do the same, no doubt, if we were obliged to be present at a school on Gottingen St. at 9.00 a. m. to receive instructions in the art of teaching.

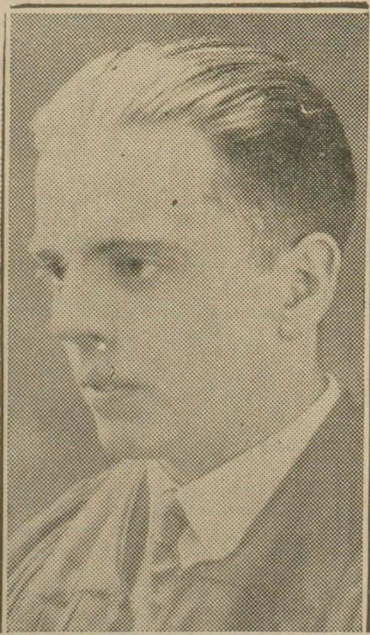
D.A.A.C. Election

THE Annual Meeting of the D. A. A. C. for the election of officers will be held in the Munro Room on Tuesday, March 8, at 12 o'clock noon. The officers to be then elected are Honorary President, President, Vice-President, Secretary, Manager and Assistant Manager of the Football Team, Manager and Assistant Manager of the Hockey Team, Manager of the Basketball Team, Manager of the Track Team and members of the Managing Committee.

A number of important amendments and additions to the Constitution have been proposed by the Managing Committee. These amendments have been posted on the different notice boards for the consideration of the Club members and will be duly submitted for the Club's approval at this meeting.

M. M. RANKIN,
Sec.-Treas. D.A.A.C.

Dalhousie Team Defeated By St. F. X.



ERNEST HOUSE



WALTER ROSS



BEN GUSS

The Intercollegiate debaters did the college proud. So long as Dalhousie can turn out teams like this year's, it's merely secondary whether or not they bring home the bacon. The boys are loud in their praises of Xaverian courtesy.

The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869).

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Do Dalhousie Students Read?

A CLASS of senior students states that, with the exception of text-books and assignments and mere printed matter, the average Dalhousie student does not read. Does it matter? Is reading essential?

It is not difficult to maintain, with fair success, that non-reading generally does not matter. Some people can read a whole literature and become no wiser. As for the rest—those who profit from reading cannot waste time—they will always be learning, whether they read or not. Moreover, if a man has the intelligence to profit from reading, he has the intelligence to read as much as is good for him. Or you can argue differently. People read too much and think too little; they are acquiring mere knowledge which they do not digest. That is, of course, an old preaching—with the obvious answer that reading less will not result, necessarily, in more thinking. Such anti-reading arguments are weak and you can call them, without much hesitation, helping a lame dog over a stile.

It is easier to justify the non-reading of college students particularly. The most important kind of knowledge anyone can acquire is knowledge of people. Here at the university a student has an opportunity he is unlikely to have again; and so little time to take advantage of it, that, to exaggerate considerably, every minute he spends with a book is a minute lost. A university is like the concentrated beef you see advertised on the bill-boards—you have crowded on a small stage a conglomeration of actors who have won their places in the play by the remarkable performance of having passed hundreds of examinations. Some of the dramatis personae have only good memories, but most are pretty shrewd. There are among them modest and immodest, thoughtful and thoughtless, self-conscious persons and physical leaders—you find all types. The important fact, from the point of view of the student of human nature, is the predominance of leaders. A leader is concentrated human nature—you can learn as much from one person of the leader type as from a whole village of rustics; and when Greek meets Greek, as he does at the university every day, there is an opportunity for all who want to learn. There are many lessons for the student who has his eyes open, these days when Dalhousie is choosing next year's executives; there is now a better opportunity to learn than perhaps at any other time of the year. We will take the word of an ex-member of the Federal House that the standard of intelligence is higher than in parliament. With such actors can the student help but learn? The university is a many-ring circus. Would it not be foolish to pay the price of admission and then run off in a corner to read books and not look at the circus?

That is how we justify the non-reading of Dalhousie students. How do you justify it?

The Rollo Boys Series

No. 5469

An Extraordinary Adventure
or
Fun in Hamlet

Permission of Corey Ford

"Hello Tom!"
"How's she goin' Dick?"
"Hi Harry!"
"Well, here we are," said Tom, as usual, "at Merriwell Hall, already for another adventure."
"Yes," agreed Dick, "I guess we have a life of interest."
"At two and a half per cent?" asked Tom, his eye twinkling, and the boys could not restrain a laugh at his witty sally. Tom was a fun-loving joker and his family took after him—usually with cleavers.
"Well," said Harry, "we'd best be hurrying."
"Where?" asked Dick seriously.
"Who knows?" said Tom, "but let's get going."
So the boys tore up the road, but with their customary thoughtfulness they laid down a nice new macadamized one, than which there was no better in the state.
Our heroes ran like a streak of lightning; in fact several people rushed for shelter and Washington issued a storm-warning.
"Let's rest beneath a shady oak," said Dick seriously.
"Oak wan!" said Tom, and the boys laughed fit to kill.
"There's nothing like a shady rest," said Harry, and, with a few bars from the orchestra, he made a rail and leaned on it by the foot-lights. Then as a row of dainty chorines danced the Black-bottom behind him, he sang:
"There's nothing like a shady rest,
"Not even eating olives with a spoon.

"There's nothing like a shady rest,
"No matter if in April or in June.
"Oh, you can keep your hostels and your yacht,
"For I by these you'll find am never caught.
"But the best way for comfort is in this little plan,
"Shady rest is good—and so's your old man."
And in a volume of hand-clapping, bound in sheepskin, Harry retired, but still took an active interest in the business affairs of the community.
"My goodness we're — — —" from Dick, when he was interrupted by a dog barking at intervals. The intervals got ever so nervous and at last broke down and cried as though their little hearts would break.
"Look!" cried Harry, "there's a girl being attacked by two rough fellows, come on boys!"
The boys had no sooner rushed to the rescue when the two men turned on them and from all sides men sprang up until they were completely surrounded.
"A trap," said Harry.
"Dan Baxter," said Dick nervously.
"Gosh," said Tom.
Ah, ha, me young fellers, I've got ye now," said Dan Baxter, maliciously, "I'm going to throw you over yon cliff." But he had no sooner said this when an eagle in a lofty pine pushed an egg out of its nest which hit the villain on the head and stunned him. The superstitious natives thought it was an omen and fled.
"Good egg!" said Tom, chuckling, and the canyon echoed with the boys' guffaws, (which are not parrots, and don't let anyone tell you so). Just then the faithful battleship Oregon steamed across the plain.
"Hurray for the Rollo boys" shouted the commander.

Controversy Approaches Climax

The two letters which follow have arrived during the week. We trust our readers will excuse us for having given so much space to so small a matter.

Dear Mr. Editor: You will not be surprised to hear from me again. There has been an earthquake in Central Europe, the Council has amended its constitution, and many have not received bids to the Delta Gamma dance, since my first letter.

Though these things have happened, Mr. Editor, and though, for aught I know, the Halifax and South Western has arrived on time, human nature does not change overnight. Let me emphasize that point: unkind remarks hurt me as much this week, as when I addressed you a short time ago. I am as modest now as ever I was: in fact, Sir, unlike those of my sex who practice modesty only that they may blush on occasion, I make it a virtue—she alone is free. I protested, in my previous letter, against the publication of my private affairs; I shrunk, as I shrink now, from the publicity.

Instead of opposing the *Memoirs*, I must insist, suffer though I may, that he attempt to prove his innuendoes. I thought that you might, Mr. Editor, in fear of contamination, direct him to cease all communications. Such a course, you can readily see, would do the Davises a grave injustice.

I have no intention of lowering, by any nasty remarks, the excellent tone of your paper. Indeed, Sir, I hope I am incapable of nasty remarks—I would not injure a fly. Mr. Smith would likely have told you himself, in his telegram, had it not been for the expense (*This point is vital*—by the way, he forgot to say last week what the taxi after the dance cost him). He is in Cape Breton wooing the Math prof—on the theory, apparently, that absence makes the heart grow fonder. Or else recovering from the shock. He received 10 in a quizz in Math. I, which he is taking for the third year. I feel certain that Mr.

Editor, Dalhousie Gazette

Dear Sir:—I have been astounded to read, in your issue of Feb. 17, a communication from Miss Alice Davis.

No words of mine can tell you the horror with which I learn her depravity. She has cast on me slighting words, words that cannot be ignored.

Instead of making revelations about me, she should have been decently grateful that I made no more about her. But the time has come for complete honesty. Her father is a minister. She will not live that down so quickly. She led her class in high school; she will be, probably, a distinction graduate here this spring.

If this were not enough to impugn her veracity, I could tell worse things, such as reading books not essential to class work, or having her themes written before Sunday night. As for her hair: if it is not red, they have changed the color of the danger signals on the Halifax and South Western.

Sir, I ask that you disregard these irresponsible and childlike protests. In my *Memoirs* I shall continue, as before, undeviatingly to pursue the truth, and shall treat Miss Davis as well as truth permits; I shall not allow this controversy to distort my judgment.

Please believe me to be, Sir,
Yours, most sincerely,
JOHN SMITH

Smith would want you to know—as a background for the *Memoirs*.

Now, Sir, I must conclude. The Pine Hill At Home is tonight and I must put on some durable clothes. I am,
Faithfully yours,

ALICE DAVIS

Memoirs of a Young Man at College

THE spots that seem to be brightest, in my memory of college life, are the little things: of no importance, really, but uncommonly pleasant in retrospect.

Particularly clear, in my mind, are those times in the spring when I was doing something other than studying, as I should have been. In the old files of the *Gazette* there is a record of certain seniors, a long time ago, who spent their spare time and cash in pitching cents. When the sun early in April has at last managed to carry off the snow, and warm the air, and make the earth (though still moist) firm and hard, there is no temptation so insidious as this form of debauchery and crime.

More than once it has relieved me of the burden of my conscience. Henry and John Davis, and Art MacDonald and I, were in the Library together, all of the opinion that we were studying. Art and I sat together, with an Analytic Geometry between us. Henry had a Shakespeare, and Coleridge's lectures on him; John tried hard to attend to Philosophy and pure reason; but Kent and Shakespeare between them, with all their ability, could not equal the charms of a warm sun a little to the west of the Arts Building.

"I shall sit down on the steps by the door," said Art, shoving back his chair, "and study there."

"Well," said Henry, getting up too, "I'll sit with you, and I'll bring my books along. I don't know about studying. Coming, John? You'll do as much there, and be comfortable as well."

"All right," said John, shoving a mess of papers into his pocket. Art had carried off my book, and so I went too.

"What kind of a cure is X+Y=1, Jack?" Art asked me, as I sat down. He was always too fond of embarrassing questions, like examination papers.

"I don't know," said I.

"It's on page one," said Art.

"Down at the bottom of the page, Art," I pointed out reasonably. "This is only the second of April. I haven't reached that yet. Have you passed page one?"

"I am at page 29," said Art, with a sort of pride that is hard to understand. He was injured in the head, however, in his early youth. It is only fair to me to add that, although Art had reached page 29 and had somewhat more than twenty nine hundred percent advantage of me, on the first of April, we tied for fifth place in the class. That is, of course, in that part of the class that failed. I made 34, the best I have ever done in Math, except in sups. My confidence in myself was not misplaced.

Meanwhile, Henry had left Shakespeare, and was idly shaking something in his cupped two hands.

The cheers were given with a poind of tea and the boys said—never mind what they said, that will be related in the next volume of our series, to be entitled: *The Rollo Boys' Great Accomplishment, or How the boys went through their University registration in ten minutes.*

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

The consensus of opinion is that Ron Hayes' Glee Club show was the cleverest and most thoroughly collegiate performance at Dalhousie within the memories of the "oldest inhabitants."

Graduation Play rehearsals are progressing very nicely. In spite of the absence of such worthies as Doc Byrne and Phil Magonet!

We have a sad duty to perform. That is, to point out that there will be only three more issues this year of America's oldest college paper. We want to bring this to the attention of the many persons who are hoping, before the year is over, "to get something published". We take this opportunity to put an end to a popular misapprehension. We are never short of material; every week we have readable material which we cannot publish. There has not been a single issue this year but that we have had material left over—sometimes enough to fill another issue. If every activity at Dalhousie had as many eager supporters and active participants as the *Gazette*, this would be a model college. So do your best, would-be contributors! Only three issues, and stiff competition against you—does it arouse your fighting blood? Do not leave a single stone unturned—such little things as neatness loom large in the eyes of the editors, when they have plenty to choose from. Count on our co-operation! No matter how much we have, we are always on the look-out for better. This is fair warning!

Professor Scott is expected back shortly. Students learn with pleasure that he is better.

The Dalhousie Orchestra will practice in the Gym at 2 o'clock on Saturday, March 5th.

Sodales held its final debate for the year last night. Also its annual business meeting. The results will appear next week.

A year seldom goes by but that Dalhousie cops a championship in something or other. The big game is tomorrow night—and the Nova Scotia basketball title is at stake. At the Y at eight o'clock.

There was nothing the matter with the Pine Hill At Home. Many crave, to use the Pine Hill vernacular of a couple of years since, another.

Class '30 in Arts are making hay while the snow falls. On Monday the freshmen go a-sleighing. We hope they are taking someone to look after them. Can you hear them singing: "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way!"

Great victory for the people on Tuesday. Must a winning politician be a crook?

The Biology Club met last night. Dr. A. G. Huntsman gave an interesting illustrated lecture.

At the first session of Mock Parliament the government (Liberal) was sustained by a single vote. Thanks to the third party.

Helen Peveril, a member of Class '26, came all the way from Somerville, Mass., to attend the Delta Gamma dance, and we believe for other reasons too. Helen's friends will be interested to know that she is taking an M. A. course at Boston University this year. While here she is the guest of Doris and Eileen Stephens.

Now we know why they don't dance at the Pine Hill 'At Homes'. Can you blame them? Will Shirreff Hall follow their example?

Mary Bell, Alice Sproull, Nalda Fill more and Allison McCurdy, all spent the week-end out of town. Alice Nelson's sister Helen spent the week-end here. She's not like Alice—Helen is quiet.

Professor and Mrs. MacIntosh, Professor and Mrs. Bean and little Betty Bean were the guests of Miss Lowe at dinner on Sunday. Needless to say Betty was the centre of an admiring crowd of girls.

Does Daddy Freeman like the lime-light? Judging from the places he chooses to sit on Sunday nights, one would think so. But chairs are indeed scarce at Shirreff Hall on that particular night every week.

Then you saw them, now you don't. Phyllis left the infirmary on Sunday morning after a pretty measly week.

Neck, neck, holy heck!
Ladies' College!
Hot potatoe, cig amaroolie
H. L. C. is fresh and fruity—
Shim-my!

Of all the strange battle-cries, I have found none to equal it. We should have it at Dalhousie; it should be perpetuated. Perhaps, with a very small adaptation, it might be a faculty yell. One never knows.

FIRST COUNCIL OF TWELVE ELECTED

All Star Team

Owing to the lack of space in this week's Gazette the suggestions received for an all star interfaculty Basketball team will be held over until next week, when they will be published along with the Gazette's opinion for such a team.

Basketball vs Glee Club

COLLEGE spirit is at a high level in Dalhousie right now; all the college clubs have had a big season and a banner year will soon be closing with a bang—thousands of successful examinations!!! But is it fostering the longed-for spirit to have two things like a championship double-header of basketball and a first-rate Glee Club on one night, or two things like Dr. McMechan's lecture and the Junior-Senior? Interest in college activities demands one's presence at both places and nothing will be more fatal to devotion to college interests than to have the schedule so ill-planned that big drawing cards conflict. It looks to by-standers, who do not appreciate the difficulties of planning things so they do not clash, as though those in charge do not think the matters of sufficient importance to arrange them so that the whole 700 students may be present at both, if the SPIRIT moves them!!!! And though it may sound like a joke to imagine 700 students at a basketball game, it isn't as funny as it sounds. The attendance at college gatherings of all sorts, except dances, is going up, where the girls' basketball team took in about \$30, in 1925, they took in almost \$55 this year; where a comparatively small number witnessed the boys' first play-off last year, this year there were a large number present in spite of the fact that Glee Club was a big drawing card. The suggestion thrown out is that next year the date of every college activity, be it game, dance, glee club, theatre night, plays, etc. etc., whether it is to be held in the gym or not be subject to the approval of the Student Council. It will mean extra tedious work, and more frequent and regular meetings for that much talked-of "small but efficient body" but it will result in a nonconflicting schedule which will tend to increase that college spirit which is invading the college, the campus and the residences!!!

Dal Gets Breaks

On Sat. Feb. 19, the Dal coeds defeated Acadia in the Dal gym by a score 14-12. The game was slow and the playing ragged on the part of both teams. There were no thrills throughout the game and the shooting was the opposite of spectacular. For Dalhousie Miss Phinney, Miss Sexton and Miss Wood probably played the best game. The luck was with the Dal team and so they won; if the breaks had gone the other way Acadia might as easily have been the victors. The next intercollegiate game is with Mt. A. this Saturday—you know how much Dal girls need your support so, TURN OUT!!!!

English 10

Each Tuesday, Thursday, just at ten Into room 2 they troop, A small, selected and harassed class, A "would-be writer's" group.

And some have done their work full well, And others not at all; These latter now with tardy zeal At last to writing fall.

And Archie speaks of 'sprit de corps, This term at last defines; Then flies the hour in argument Between opposing lines.

Perhaps education is The topic of the day, And fast and hot opinions fly— What cannot be, what may!

With subjects such as these discussed, The hour brings great delight; But homework spoils that lovely class And wrecks a happy night!

With paper blank and pen in hand We frown, we think, we groan, We curse that hour we chose the class, We curse it with a moan.

We long with ardent wish and hope To join the happy gang, When students may the lecture take But let reports go hang.

WALSH'S DRUG STORE
YOUR DRUGGISTS
SPRING GARDEN RD.
COR. QUEEN ST.

Lawand Dent Votes Indicate Greatest Interest

ATHERTON, GLADWIN, SMITH, McCUNN, SCOTT, RANKIN, GARBER, CURRIE, GODSOE, MERRIT, WINFIELD, TUPPER

The members of the new Council, which consists of only twelve, are: for Arts and Science, Alice Atherton, Jessie Gladwin, Albert Smith, Ray McCunn, Douglas Scott, Murray Rankin, R. S. Garber, George Currie; for Law, Gerald Godsoe; for Medicine, J. W. Merritt and G. A. Winfield; for Dentistry, J. A. Tupper. The most interest was shown in Law and Dentistry where practically every student voted. Five of those elected are members of this year's Council—Miss Atherton, Messrs. Smith, Rankin, Merritt, Godsoe. The new council will meet two weeks after the election to elect officers—who generally in the past have been members of the previous Council. Students will be interested in learning how the vote worked out in Medicine and Law, where there were four candidates for every seat. In Medicine there were 212 votes polled—that is, there were about 106 voters; the two candidates elected received 43 and 40 votes—not a majority. But in Law, on the contrary, the candidate elected received more than a majority. Following are the returns in detail. Where there were more than twice as many candidates as seats we give the figures for the runners-up only.

ARTS AND SCIENCE	
Class '28	
(Two to be elected—one of whom must be a girl.)	
Miss Alice Atherton	160
Miss Jean McKenzie	127
Hugh McLennan	112
Albert M. Smith	171
Class '29	
(Two to be elected, one of whom must be a girl.)	
Miss Anne Bell	125
Miss Jessie Gladwin	160
Ray McCunn	154
Walter Ross	107
CLASS '30	
(One to be elected)	
Stewart Allan	113
Douglas Scott	166

Dawn Wan

"My son," said the old man, as he lay dying, to the three-year-old boy, "beware of women. Take their love and kisses—and forget! Understand?" He shook the boy savagely. "And forget! Understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," answered Donald John, nodding his head vigorously.

Quite a few of the following years Donald John devoted to growing up. Dalhousie, when finally he arrived there, fell in love with him at first sight. He was handsome and possessed of a pleasing manner.

"If the residue is as nice as her feet," suddenly exclaimed Donald John, one day, in the Library, "why then she's a peach."

He was with the feet's owner in a trice. A King's girl—her gown indicated.

Donald John spent a glorious evening—attending to her every want. He was courtesy itself.

The morning after came all too soon—the dawn spreading its unwelcome light on Donald John.

"Wonder what I cut last night to take that kid out," he yawned, reaching for his engagement book. "Phew! Perhaps it's as well I did. One, two, three, seven—I'd accepted twelve bids to Delta Gamma."

—R. MeeM

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HALIFAX

FRESHMAN REPRESENTATIVE	
(One to be elected)	
Murray Fraser	128
Murray Rankin	158
COMMERCE SOCIETY	
(One to be elected)	
Hamilton Baird	103
R. S. Garber	182
ENGINEERING SOCIETY	
(One to be elected)	
George J. Currie	151
Wesley Stewart	127
LAW	
(One to be elected)	
J. G. Godsoe	25
J. E. Mitchell	15
MEDICINE	
(Two to be elected)	
Jack Lewis	26
J. R. McCleave	34
J. W. Merritt	43
G. A. Winfield	40
DENTISTRY	
(One to be elected)	
J. P. Miller	9
J. K. Oldfield	9
J. A. Tupper	10

All Goes Well

In the hurry and flurry of crowding in "everything" before starting to plug—there is one thing to keep in mind. Don't forget that the Year Book is yours. All goes well, so continue your sympathetic interest. Every boost of yours—whether in thought, action or conversation, helps more than you probably realize. We, the students of Dalhousie, are publishing this book.

Languages At Dal

I have a complaint to make, and a suggestion to offer, concerning the way living languages are taught at Dal.

The complaint, is this, I have studied French for three years in high school, taken French I at Dal and am now taking French II, but I am not learning to talk French. I don't know anyone who is. Why not have conversation classes in connection with the study of French, Spanish and German? Science classes have their laboratories. Living languages classes should have theirs. I am not suggesting how this should be done, but should like to have the faculty consider the matter. How about it?

—R. MeeM

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Interfaculty

Medicine, Law, Dentistry and Arts A were the winners in Saturday's games of the interfaculty league. This concludes the post xmas league with Law and Dentistry tied for first place. Dentistry have two postponed games to play, and should they win them a play-off will result between them and Law who have completed the league with one loss.

Girls Lose City Cup To Ex.Dal

IN the fastest, most exciting game of the year Dal girls went down to defeat before the X-Dal team. This gives the latter team the city title. X-Dal opened the scoring, netting three baskets before the Dal forwards touched the ball. Miss Freeman started the count for Dal by scoring on a rebound from a free shot and a moment later Dal netted a free shot. The ball passed up and down the floor but X-Dal had the better of the play; period ended 21-10, in favour of X-Dal. The second period started fast, Miss McCurdy relieving Miss Freeman and Miss Robertson replacing Miss Wood, who had to leave the floor the middle of the first period. Both teams had quickened a great deal and showed excellent combination. For the first five minutes the scoring was about even on both sides but then Dal seemed to get away and Miss McCurdy began to pile in long, wonderfully accurate guarded baskets. The guards played a splendid game and it was Miss Robertson's night of nights; it was the first time she has played almost a whole game and she left little to be wished for. Miss Phinney played her usual hard, steady, interesting game. During the second period the centres showed that they have the goods; their passing was short and snappy and they got the ball out to the forwards with hard, accurate passes. Miss Thompson played a better game than she has ever played and Miss Borden returned to "her form of other years." During the first period, Miss Sexton—relieving Miss Thompson—sprained her ankle badly and unfortunately will be unable to play for some time.

The last ten minutes were filled with tense excitement and hoarse cheers. Slowly but surely Dal blotted out the big lead of the X-Dals and as Miss McCurdy netted basket after basket the hopes of the Dal supporters rose. With one minute and a half to go Dal took the lead for the first time, 32-31, but Miss Campbell scored a pretty basket, the whistle blew, X-Dal had won 33-32 and the game closed with a united cheer and Dal yell by the two teams.

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THOUGHTS, WHILE WALKING TO SHIRREFF HALL

She walks this way, at close of day,
That girl of mine, that girl of mine.
She's happy as a lark at play,
My Adeline, my Adeline.
Tra-la-la-la-la! la!

She's blithesome, lithe, and debonair,
That girl of mine, that girl of mine.
Her heart is light, without a care.
My Adeline, my Adeline.
Tra-la-la-la-la! la!

Oh! I love her and she loves me—
That girl of mine, that girl of mine.
Who wouldn't gay and merry be?
My Adeline, my Adeline.
Tra-la-la-la-la! la!

—"He."

Say Lloyd, can Mac keep a secret?
Lloyd: Yes, but it would be just like him to tell someone that couldn't.

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WATCH FOR
"McFADDEN'S FLATS"

With Ben Guss

(Continued from page 1)

a picture to give it an ideal remoteness and perfection.

Messrs. MacCormack and MacDonald extended us a cordial welcome—but the usual welcome cordial was not missed—as we were staunch Prohibitionists, even in Wet Territory.

At the Hotel, Ernie and Walter ordered "Pork chops". The waitress looked at Ben (I), "Will you have pork-chops, too?" Ben slowly, dryly "Huh? pork-chops? Ah, No. Don't eat 'em.... on Friday! Fish please!"

After dinner we tried to sleep. But "sleep hath flown from our eyelids." We were visited by Tommy Nugent the leader of the Saint F. X. team. As he was a school-chum of mine we indulged in pleasantries, and a bit later with the two "Macs," we made a survey of the entire town and the college in particular. We visited their splendid Skating Rink, Dormitories, Class Rooms, Science Buildings and Chapel and last but not least Saint Bernard's, which particularly received our attention being in the same category as Shirreff Hall. And as we were particularly fond of the fresh air that afternoon, we walked about the town till 5.20 and having returned to our room at 5.22 and each one having thrown himself on his bed by 5.23 there were no words spoken—a sympathetic silence sufficed;—at 6.01 we went down presumably to eat—But,

"Pie and black coffee, please."

The real excitement began when 3 big boys began to shave at one mirror. It really wouldn't be fair to ourselves to tell everything, but after 3 big boys had "donned" their tuxes—the room was "confusion worse confounded"—a chaos—a Babel.....

At 7.45 we were escorted to the "Immaculata Hall", at St. Bernard's and the chairman of the evening led the procession through the aisle and on to the stage to the plaintive and melodious "Just a Song at Twilight," or "She Knows Her Onions."

As for the debate itself I can assure the readers that I am very sincere when I say that the team did the Alma Mater credit. After the debate we were treated to a splendid banquet, at which Rector MacPherson presided. The judges, Rev. Curry reticently praised the teams and Mr. D. A. Cameron after a few flattering remarks made a plea for Govt. Control. Our own Ernie made a brilliant after dinner speech, quite up to the standard of his rebuttal. His wit never leaves him. Tommy Nugent closed the Banquet speech.

What happened after we went home that night will forever remain secret, unless Walter in an absent-minded and poetical strain tells how he melodramatically called out Edith, Edith—in his sleep and how Ernie answered back breaking the stillness of the night—"Eat what? Eat what? You ate Ben's last chocolate." This much I tell and nothing more. Not how we met the fair ones of St. Bernard's, not what happened in Truro, not how Walter disappeared, no, nothing.

The hospitality of Saint F. X. was crowned by the invitation of Pere Raiche to remain for the week-end. We could not have been treated with more respect, with greater congeniality, had we been visiting at home. We could wish for nothing more. The memory of St. F. X. will always be a pleasant one. If our boys were always to leave on their visitors the impression that our St. F. X. visit has left on us, then we should be content.

And now perhaps I ought to close with a little fable mother used to tell me when I was a child.

A very prancy horse, discovering a lobster on the sea-shore, thought to show off a little and make the lobster envious. After having indulged in some surprising leaps and tricks, he went up to the lobster and, with a toss of his head, said: "Yu Hate that Don't Yu?"

"Pardon me," answered the lobster, but I've been blind from birth and missed the whole show."

A moral: "What good is a "tux" in the Sahara Desert?"

Respectfully submitted,
BEN R. GUSS

Students Do Not Read Is Startling Result Of Inquiry

THAT Dalhousie students do not read is the result of an inquiry which the Gazette (per an honorary editor—Dr. MacMechan), in accordance with its policy of serving the people, has just concluded. A tribunal of eight intellectuals, for all, by some coincidence, are members of the class in English 10, reached this decision with much regret. The question was: *Do Dalhousie Students Read?* The members of the tribunal interpreted the question differently. If you take the question to mean *Does the average Dalhousie student read, other than sporting news and College Humour and the like, more than his professors require?* only one student answers Yes; seven answer No. Of the whole tribunal only one student suggests that non-reading might not be an evil. Following are some excerpts from the answers.

E. Philip Allison, in support of his affirmative answer, says among other things: "The room (Library) is filled with eager students poring over many and varied books, not text-books in the main, but books dealing with the particular branch of study in which the individual is interested. Or take the testimony of the magazine-rack, where it is really worth-while reviews and magazines dealing with world affairs that are the well-worn ones."

"I want to emphasize the fact that Dalhousians do read, and that I affirm this in the face of many arguments that I can see to the contrary. The poor Dalhousian gets many knocks for the things that he does not accomplish, for the interest in college activities that he fails to show, and for the games that he does not attend. But, personally, I am quite willing to be led to believe that when he is not out cheering for his team, he is quietly sitting at home extracting the hidden gems of some author's genius."

Compare Miss J. L. Daley's opinion of the Library denizens: "closer observation shows them to be either frantically writing a theme or bending over a Latin key."

Miss Marie Erickson says: "There is not one third of the time spent on reading that one would expect to find in an institution of learning. No literature is read to any extent—whether it be classics, magazines, standard novels or current fiction." "The average Dalhousie student seems to prefer other people's company to his own, and while he is quite capable of finding ample amusement in books, social functions seem to have a certain superficial glamour and a more immediate appeal."

Miss Jean Cox makes, in her enthusiasm, some sweeping statements: "One is forgiven for reading for distinction but never for outside reading at the neglect of distinction. Pleasure reading of good literature seems incomprehensible to ninety per cent of Dalhousie students."

"At a dance in despair for an interesting topic of conversation one can name volume after volume of delightful plays, stories, essays and find that none have been read." "Most students will frankly, if not proudly, admit that they read practically nothing. To them it seems to imply that they are people of action." She cites the following as typical cases, which she could go on multiplying indefinitely:

"What are you reading?"
"De Maupassant."
"What class is that for?"
"No class. I like it."
"Yes—you do. Perhaps!"

And: "After dinner one girl asked another, 'Going out tonight?'"
"No, I am going to read. May I have your Cosmopolitan?"
"Certainly it's on my bed. I read it all afternoon."

Mr. H. P. Allen says: "Athletic activities, today, hold an alarming proportion of the attention of the average student." "Dearth of ideas, narrow views, slang, contaminated expressions, frequent use of hackneyed expressions mar the compositions of most Dalhousie students today. The average student cannot find the time to become 'addicted to books'."

Miss Alice Atherton says: "Certain cliques are formed at college and a few of these set the standard by which the whole student body is judged. These well-known people are devoted to social life and to 'getting through' and consequently they have little time for outside reading. They speak with scorn of a man who reads to the exclusion of other interests and they look with contempt on one who confesses that he prefers reading poetry to dancing. These autocrats are distinctly in the minority but they are the well-known students and by their attitude the masses are judged."

Mr. P. L. H. Muschamp furnishes, "without fear of being far off the mark" the following figures:
Non-studious students 80%.
Studious students from compulsion or conceit 10%.
Studious students by inclination 10%.

"Of these students those who are studious by compulsion deserve the most credit, while those who are so by nature or acquired inclination usually get the most pleasure out of life."

Miss A. H. Marshall says about the not-enough-time plea: "A great many feeble excuses are built on 'time'; it is not that students are over-burdened with other activities, it is rather that they over-estimate the pressure of required reading upon them, and also that they have not become interested enough in their job of making leisure time profitable." Note carefully: "The fact is, however, that too much is expected by the public, of a college student; it expects every student who reads to be well read; previously not as many could read, and now the percentage of good readers is as high as it ever was. Beside a knowledge of books the student has a life to live at college, which does not entirely depend upon reading." Compare Miss J. L. Daley's statement that reading the things only in which you are interested "may be very pleasant but could be very well done without ever going to college."

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Dallusiensia

1. What public man does Patterson's History of Dalhousie credit with having in 1864 saved the college from extinction?
2. Who suggested as a motto for Dalhousie "Aucto splendore resurgo"?
3. Who said of Dalhousie: "It has a charter free as the air we breathe"?

Answers to last week's questions:

1. The name agreed upon, at the first attempt in 1823 at union with King's, for the united college was: "The United Colleges of Kings and Dalhousie."

2. Dalhousie College was incorporated by an act of the provincial legislature, a royal charter proving too expensive a luxury, and assumed all the powers of a university on Saturday, 13th January, 1821.

3. In 1856—when Dalhousie opened after the union with Gorham College—there was no President appointed. Mr. Hugo Reid was dean.

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