

## Sodales Elects Strong Executive

### D.A.A.C. Elects Aubrey Tupper President For Next Term

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING TUESDAY. MANAGERS REPORT GOOD YEAR. MITCHELL NEW SECRETARY

ONE of the most enthusiastic athletic gatherings in the history of the D.A.A.C. took place in the Munro Room on Tuesday at noon—over 200 attending. The main business was the election of officers which resulted as follows:

Hon. Pres.: J. McG. Stewart  
 President: Aubrey Tupper  
 Vice-Pres.: William Wickwire  
 Secretary: James E. Mitchell  
 Manager Interfaculty Sport: Clyde Sperry  
 Executive: Dr. Wilson, Prof. Angus MacDonald, Ab Smith, W. Hewatt, George MacLeod, Clyde Sperry.  
 Hockey Manager: Jack Lewis  
 Football Manager: G. A. Winfield  
 Vice-Pres. Tupper, in the absence of the President Rex Moore, presiding—putting the business through with dispatch. The Sec.-Treas. Murray Rankin,

read the minutes of the last meeting, which were adopted. The various team managers reported good years. Peter L. Judge reviewed hockey for the season; Ernest Doull for football; W. Hewatt for Interfaculty Sport; Aubrey Tupper for basketball; Leigh Miller for track.

The amendments to the Club constitution with the exception of the one which provides for the election of Assistant Managers were adopted. Mr. Atwood gave notice of motion of an amendment.

One thing in which a very turbulent meeting was unanimous was the presentation of an address and a token of appreciation of service on the field to Prof. Angus MacDonald.

The Basketball trophy was on display at the meeting.

### Business Manager



ARTHUR JUBIEN. He and Harry Bell are the Business Managers of the Year Book

### Sodales Ends Successful Year With Entertainment Debate

MODERN FLAPPER DECISIVELY DEFEATS OLD-FASHIONED GIRL BY MASCULINE VOTE

A NOTABLY successful year for Sodales was concluded on Wednesday evening with the annual election of officers, and a highly entertaining debate on the suggestive subject: *Resolved that the modern girl is more to be admired than the old-fashioned girl.*

The election of officers was the first business of the evening. The following were elected:

President: Mr. Rod McLeod  
 Vice-Pres.: Miss Josie Dresner  
 Sec.-Treas.: Mr. J. J. Atwood

A more admirable selection could scarcely have been made, and with such a capable trio directing its destinies, Sodales has every earnest of further success in the future.

For the executive there were elected:

Medicine: Miss Munn  
 Law: Mr. MacKinnon  
 Dentistry: Aubrey Tupper  
 Arts: Ernest Howse

After this somewhat tedious routine the long-repressed debates were unloosed.

Miss Sproul rose admirably to the defence of the modern girl. "Flapper" she said originally meant an age and not a type. It designated the time when a girl was 'standing with reluctant feet' between childhood and womanhood. The repression of the old-fashioned girl allowed no outlet for her emotions, whereas the modern girl devotes her exuberant energies to athletics and out-door life. In education, in clothing and in outlook the modern girl is ahead of the old-fashioned girl, and so is enabled to make a better home.

Miss Mackie replied effectively for the girl who is old fashioned. She described both the natural and artistic make-up of the modern flapper and contrasted these with the qualities of the old-fashioned girl, that is, she defined a modern girl, with ideas which her sisters consider old-fashioned. This old-fashioned girl is at once more truly frank and more truly modest. She is also more truly beautiful, not being buried in mud and powder. And she has more depth of feeling than her shallow competitor.

Mr. Thomas Coffin then rose to express his preference for the flapper. He deprecated the classification of a flapper as a "gold-digger". The modern girl is more sincere and open. She is also more efficient. She does not have to faint to get into the arms of a man. And men would manifestly rather have them in their arms.

Mr. Sterling Brown said the old-fashioned girl was still modern. There are two types he said we have always with us: the thoughtful and serious, called old-fashioned, and the frivolous extremist known as the flapper. He denounced the carelessness and shallowness of the latter, and pointed to Florence Nightingale as an example of the former. We give, he said our highest admiration to the mothers of the race—the best examples of old-fashioned girls.

The following speaking from the floor added more mirth than illumination to the debate, Messrs. Henley, Davidson, Howse, Atwood, Fairbanks, Godsoe, Farmer and Miss Marshall.

The modern flappers won the decision due to a considerable representation in the audience, and also, it was noticeable, to a preponderance of the masculine vote.

The Society then passed an enthusiastic vote of appreciation for the excellent work of the retiring officers, and the curtain fell for the year on the activities of Sodales.

### Capable Deputy



MISS JOSIE DRESNER succeeds Miss K. MacLennan as Vice-President of Sodales.

### Honour Society

The members of the (Honour Society) for this year are Miss Avis Marshall and Mr. F. W. MacInnes. Students will learn of this choice with great approval. The name is to be changed—probably it will be Malcolmed Society. A full account will appear in the next issue.

### A SUGGESTION ABOUT FRENCH

We have received another communication re the foreign language question. Whatever the situation may have been a few years ago, we cannot agree that there is no opportunity for French conversation in Dalhousie now. Prof. Gautheron has many a weary struggle with students who in spite of all his efforts, relapse into English during the lecture.

We do not oppose the idea of a class in French conversation. Undoubtedly it would be a good thing. But students need not blame the faculty for their own laziness. If they cannot learn idiomatic French from listening to Prof. Gautheron and answering him, why not start a French society on a par with the Literary Society and the Biology Club? Nobody in Dalhousie College seems able to do anything without being organized and having the odd dozen officers to keep up the morale! But has it ever occurred to anybody that Prof. Gautheron would probably prefer to converse in French instead of English even outside of class?

### The Troubles Of Teaching

Following is a letter, in part, from Chalmers J. Wickwire, who writes from Dominion, N. S.

The Glee Club of this year is also a wonderful success. When you are giving credit for the enterprises of this society don't forget Mr. Dean. He is a busy man and his work is often very tiring, so that one night a week which he gives the Men's Chorus is a considerable service.

We of the classes who are only a memory at Dalhousie, are greatly interested in your doings; we wonder, sometimes, if you ever think of us. But we, since passing from the protecting bounds of our "alma mater", have become a little humbled, and we are rather diffident even on that subject. So we tell just little bits of our story—and try to find the interesting ones.

An afternoon spent as the teacher—the only one—of a High School is a very complex experience. I'll get out my little note book, and show you an afternoon's work. Fancy yourself in a bright sunny room of 32 desks, each one filled when the bell has stopped, you enter and immediately the loud buzz of conversation drops to a little buzz. After roll-call, Grade XI is set at its Latin—you've explained the Active and Passive Periphrastic last day; Grade X attacks its French grammar—"attack" seems hardly the word, they approach it gingerly and make tentative prods at it, falling back in disorder when a conditional sentence presents itself. Grade IX then is heard in Reading, after which they go at English Composition; then follow in due succession History, Latin Translation, Chemistry (perhaps an experiment) and a lesson on Agriculture or Physics. It has, by this time, crawled past half-past three and will soon be four o'clock. So, with a little sigh, you dismiss the tired classes. You settle down to your remaining work; let's see, there are those twenty themes to correct and mark—why will they repeat the same mistakes?—Miss B. hasn't sent in her promised report; the town school commission wants your own in two days; what was the requisition the primary teachers asked for? After clearing up your chemical equipment you are free to go home, and prepare for tomorrow.

School-teaching is no calling for a weakling or one "born tired!"

Yours sincerely,  
 Chalmers J. Wickwire.

### Dents Meet

The Dental Society held their annual meeting in the Dental Theatre at noon on Saturday when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Purves Millar  
 Vice-President—L. L. Buffett  
 Sec. Treasurer—Skit Oldfield  
 Pres. Barrett presided at the meeting and thanked the members of the society for the cooperation which they had given him during the past term.

Omer Taylor was re-appointed Football manager for the Dentistry interfaculty team

### FRENCH PLAY NEXT MONDAY

ON Monday the 14th the Gym will take on a foreign atmosphere. A group of 6 or 7 of the students of French III and V have been working for some time past under the direction of Professor Gautheron upon a play of Labiche, "The Baron de Pictou", which they have consented to give in public performance at the Glee Club. The novelty of the occasion should appeal to the student body since we venture to state, that this is the first play in French, which has been produced in the Dalhousie gym, since the 'Expulsion of the Acadians.' "The Baron de Pictou," is written around the fortunes of Le Baron, a nouveau-riche and the purchaser of a grand estate, the noble title of which he has also assumed, the line having become extinct. A fraudulent claimant to the noble title appears, who uses his threats of exposure as a lever for obtaining the Baron's consent to the rogue's marriage with his daughter. The play is filled with action and droll repartee. A prize will be given for the best summary of less than 150 words. Address your synopsis to the Editor of The Gazette.

The cast is as follows:

Le Baron de Pictou—Walter Ross  
 La Baronne—Hazel Pearson  
 Adele—Katherine Hanifen  
 Adolf Menjou—Ben Guss  
 Freddie Du Vernet—Bill Clark  
 Moucham—Ken Smith

In addition the Dalhousie Orchestra will play, this being their final appearance this year. The members have done very faithful work during the season, and their melodious and sometimes not so melodious strains of music have been heard on Saturday afternoons, by persons passing the gymnasium. Among other numbers they will play will be Schubert's March 'Militaire,' The Londonderry Air, and the beautiful little Prelude of Jarnefelt.

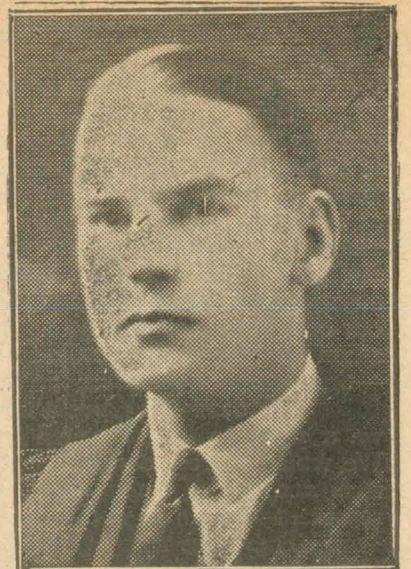
Don't miss seeing "The Token." In the cast are included such notables as Jock Cameron, Mary Falconer and Marjorie MacKinnon.

### What's Doing

- All the time —Arts '28 is selling fine views of Studley
- Mar. 14 —Glee Club
- 15 —Literary Club (8 p.m.)
- 21 —Girls' Debate
- April 25 —Spring Exams

The next big event in the Life of a Little College is the Girls' Debate, on the evening of the 21st. Mount A and Dal are going to get together and thrash out the question whether or not the influence of the United States on Canada is beneficial. The Dalhousie debaters are Miss Evelyn Burns, Miss Margaret Ellis and Miss Avis Marshall. Halifax and Dalhousie are awaiting this event eagerly.

### Sodales President



ROD MACLEOD, veteran of two University debates, is the new Sodales President.

### Commerce Grads

The Civil Service Department will give preference to graduates in commerce of recognized universities in filling the position of Assistant Trade Commissioner, the Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa. Examinations for this position are held at times stated in the advertisements of such openings. Further information can be secured from the Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa.

### COUNCIL ELECT MET TUESDAY

The Council-elect chose its officers on Tuesday night as follows:

President: J. Gerald Godsoe  
 Vice-Pres.: Alice Atherton  
 Sec.-Treas.: Murray Rankin  
 Executive Members: J. W. Merritt, Ray McCunn.

Messrs. Godsoe, Merritt and Rankin will represent the students on the Committee of Nine.

The Council decided to hold a joint meeting with the old Council to consider the National Federation of Canadian University Students.

The Council talked for a few minutes about next year's Gazette; it decided to put the matter in the hands of the executive. The Gazette may be enlarged next year by adding an extra column.

### Honoured Graduate

Dr. MacMechan has received a copy (in booklet form) of a Memorial Service to an old student—John Alexander MacIntosh, D. D., LL. D., who (in the words of the sender of the booklet) "brought distinction to his native city and to his college and teachers by his own achievement as a man and a teacher and an influence in the moulding of the lives of others." Dr. MacIntosh was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Ithaca, New York, where the service took place, from 1912 to 1919. "Few men have made such an impression on a community," says the Ithaca Journal—News editorially, "as Dr. MacIntosh did in the years he lived among us. . . . He was a brilliant, scholarly preacher, a sympathetic, helpful pastor, a kindly friend and neighbor, and a citizen of whom any community might well be proud."

### Literary Club

The executive of the Literary club met last Tuesday to draw up a constitution to be presented before the general meeting which will be held next Tuesday at 8 o'clock at the home of Dr. MacMechan, the Honorary President. A literary program of high standard has also been arranged for that occasion and everybody interested in literature is cordially invited. Sanction for the club to be asked for at the next meeting of the Council.



# The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869).

Editor.

ANDREW HEBB,

Assistant Editor.

JAMES A. FRASER

Associate Editors:

AVIS MARSHALL  
FREDA WINFIELD  
HERBERT DAVIDSON  
GEORGE MacINTOSH  
GEORGE NICHOLLS

Gazette D's:

MARY A. BERESFORD  
J. J. LYSONS ATWOOD  
F. A. CRICHLAW  
SIDNEY GILCHRIST  
BYRON IRWIN  
ARTHUR L. MURPHY

Business Manager.

J. J. LYSONSATWOOD  
348 Robie St.  
Phone S. 1935

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## Ourselves

HOW many students in Dalhousie really know enough about the situation in China to talk about it? How many know the position and influence of the students there? No longer can Canadian students stand back and say, "It does not affect us." For example—at the time of the May 30 affair, 1925 in Shanghai, the students in Canada received an appeal from the Chinese students asking us for sympathy in what they were doing—and they were, if you recall, doing something and have been doing something ever since. What did the Canadian students do? At that time there was only one organized group of students in Canada; at its conference with six very clever Chinese present and several British representatives from China, excitement ran very high. Action was needed. The discussion grew "hot" and at last someone introduced a motion. It was a motion resolving that the Canadian students apply to the Canadian government asking them to demand the British government to give justice to the Chinese students, and be sympathetic at least, if not agreeable, to their grievances. The motion did not pass. Why? First the resolution itself was faulty; that, however did not destroy the sentiment. Secondly, the students realized (with somewhat of a shock) that any such appeal would be laughed at; it would carry no weight with the Canadian government. Thirdly, the majority of students there felt that they simply could not put themselves on record as Canadians to say yes or no to the Chinese students, for they simply had no idea of the feeling on the situation in their own local colleges. Most representatives said "We, at home, know very little about the Chinese students' demands." The committee formed thought it would be very wise for the mass of Canadian students to be informed, or at least be interested.

As Canadian students what would you have done? What would you do today? Is it the fault of the government or of the students that we hold so little prestige in our own country?

This example is but to illustrate a point (China is only one country in the world where students are in difficulty). The point is this. Dalhousians are not concerned enough about anything but "college spirit" and "Maritime Rights." Where is our attendance at meetings—where we have an opportunity to learn about other students, or about the progress of the world in general? Where are our groups of men and women actively interested in any situation anywhere? Why are we not clamouring after one of the many men in our college or city to lead us in discussion or action? In upper Canadian colleges many students have formed groups of their own will—then searched the place for "a man who knows" for assistance.

We need not discuss here the merits of the question. "Have we a right to be interested in International and National affairs." We would merely suggest that some have answered in the affirmative and as a consequence Canadian students have at least one representative in a world gathering of students, every year.

There are many possible answers to the situation in our own college—and we venture to say that the majority of us will strike one potent answer when we leave college and someone asks us "where is Dalhousie". It is simply that we are too much concerned with ourselves; we think in terms of Acadia, U. N. B., Mt. A., St. F. X. Even by "Maritime Rights", which we do not belittle in the least, we give outsiders a shock when they come here and find we are not starving to death. We cannot long continue to keep our own interests all important, and "let the rest of the world go by."

We have too few radicals in our college; by radicals we mean people who have the courage of their convictions. Why will we follow the crowd?

Only last week in one of the classes in Arts the professor said to his class after a discussion on Russia, "Well, why don't you call me a Bolshevik? Do you all agree? I want you to ask some questions. Dalhousie is a very nice place—but I find it a bit dull."

There is no question about it—we have the material for "thinkers" in Dalhousie. If "we do not read", if "we do not turn out to games", if "we do not ask questions in classes"—what do we do? Come Dalhousians, be yourselves!

## Memoirs of a Young Man at College

IT was not until my second year at Dal that I so far forgot myself as to take a woman to a hockey game. As far as football was concerned, I think I have always had a modicum of sanity, and have gone alone, save the time when I took a new hat; but even that was thrown into the air by someone, and jumped on by someone else.

It is an indisputable proposition, that games are meant to be attended without distractions. I remember a senior who took a woman to a football play-off. A Wanderers' man, whether purposely or not, had kicked one of the scrim in the ribs, as he lay on the field. He chose the wrong man for that.

The girl sat just behind me. 'Oh,

for?' she asked curiously. May she rest in peace!

I have seen women at a football game, in which there were two legs broken, noses cracked without number, five collarbones and an arm gone, and not one of those girls but was still in doubt whether to cheer or not.

The peak of ironical comment, I think, was reached one day at Truro, where Dal played for the Maritime title. As they removed one busted hero, tenderly enough, from an engagement on the field, with a broken arm and leg, a sprained angle, and minor injuries about the head, a girl next me spoke to another.

'Did you see his poor nose!' said Number One.

'Yes,' said Number Two. 'Isn't it a pity? It won't ever look as well again.'

I had known all this and more, about the creatures; but I thought that Alice would be different.

I forgot that no woman is different.

It was the crucial hockey game of the season. The Duke was in the nets, practicing, batting the puck, catching, blocking it. From centre ice, slowly, came a rolling puck, straight for the net. The Duke swung at it casually; it topped his stick, hesitated, and rolled in. I groaned. If things like that were going to be allowed, what was Dalhousie coming to?

Alice heard me. 'Oh, are you ill, Jack?' said she, turning quickly. 'What is the matter? Are you hurt? Jack!'

When I heard her at last. 'Don't, Alice,' said I, putting a hand to my eyes. 'What is the matter?' said Alice, insistently, putting a hand on my arm.

'Did you not see?' said I. 'A rolling puck!'

'Oh!' said she, with relief, 'Is that all!'

All I should like to know what worse she could have asked, before an important game! My spirits rose with the play, however; and at the end of the period Dal was one nothing, and George Wallace had the crowd on its feet for a final yell. One section could not see him: I leaped down, and gave the time from George. When it was over he caught my eye.

'Have a hot dog, Jack?'

We had two, and with enthusiasm

reviewed the good plays of the period. When the bell rang George took one half of the section, I the other: as the period advanced, the Wanderers more than held their own, and then in the first minute of the third, tied the score, and it took every yell we could lead, with the team coming back strong, to win that game. The last five minutes did it, but I was too hoarse to more than croak for the last yell.

In that happy, shouting crowd, fighting for the door, suddenly I saw Alice Davis. I had seen her somewhere before that evening, but I was surprised nevertheless, since she did not often go to the games.

When I had left George, and managed to make my way to her side, 'Where did you come from, Alice?' said I.

'Hello, Jack!' said Alice. There was an odd look in her eye. 'Are you going to take me home?'

At first I hesitated. George and I had planned to go down with the gang. 'He'll forgive you,' said Alice confidently, taking my arm. 'I think you had better take me home, Jack: there is no one else with me.'

There was nothing else to be done, of course, and I was not really sorry. We went first to Blakeley's for some hot chocolate; as we sat in the little cubicle, Alice looked across the table: her eyes looked as if she were laughing, but her mouth was quite sober.

'You look worried, Jack.'

'I must have forgotten to do something, Alice,' said I. 'I have that feeling. Something was in my mind, and I could not for the life of me place it.'

'Don't think about it at all, Jack,' said she, taking up her cocoa. 'Unless it was that you really wanted to go down town?'

'No, no,' I assured her, quite honestly. 'I would rather be with you.'

I always intended to take her to a game: I asked her if she would go, sometime.

'Thank you, Jack,' said Alice, softly. 'It is very nice indeed of you to ask me, but I think not.'

But the hockey that night was wonderful; the best I have ever seen. I quite forgot myself in it. It was a great game.

## UNRECORDED HISTORY

By H. G. STAIRS.

THE setting sun cast long, purple shadows through the high-walled Roman garden. The soft, warm breeze was playing in the rose-bushes and the tinkling fountain splashed cheerfully into the marble basin contrasting oddly with the despairing note in the lover's voice.

He was a young man of perhaps twenty-six years of age, poised gracefully on one knee and holding out his hands supplicatingly to the beautiful woman who was reclining on the cushioned garden seat.

'Why, oh why, my beloved, will you not marry me?' he was saying, his voice hoarse and throaty with emotion. 'You love me and God knows that I love you.'

'No! John, it is quite impossible. My father has threatened all kinds of terrible things if I do not send you away. It is your religion, your writings, your outspoken ideas that offend him. And not only that; you are a cold Englishman and I am a passionate Italian—we could never hope to live happily together.'

'Heart of my heart, those are no reasons at all,' interrupted the young man. 'We will live in the warm lands, the new discovered West Indies mayhap, and my blood will soon lose its native chill there. It has lost it now!—I am on fire with love of you, beloved. My religion, my ideas, pouf! They mean no more to me than this flower; so!' and a crushed blossom dropped to the ground.

'Do you think,' he went on, 'that my real beliefs are those that I speak and write for the public? No, they are but a mask to my real self. I adopted them to enable my genius to show itself to those in power—foolish people for the most part, ready to swallow any worm if it is but in the right season. Oh! Death of my life, I am . . . .'

'Arrested for heresy,' finished a sinister voice. 'John Milton, come with me and resist at your peril.'

The young man leapt to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and swung around to face the intruder. At the sight of the dread robes of the inquisition he fell back a pace and his cheeks whitened.

'Secure that man,' ordered the familiar; and four soldiers, garbed in the somber uniform of the Holy Office, stepped forward and ranged themselves around the Englishman.

'What means this outrage?' demanded their captive whose courage was rapidly returning as he remembered that he was a subject of King Charles of England and no servile Roman.

'It means that you have been annoying my daughter for too long a time,' answered an elderly gentleman who had been standing in the background and who now came forward. 'I am taking this means of ridding ourselves of your objectionable presence,' and turning to the guards said briefly, 'Remove him.'

The soldiers closed in, urged their unresisting captive forward and the gloomy little procession passed out into the dark street. A short walk brought them to the forbidding entrance of the prison of the inquisition. The leader rapped

lightly on the ponderous door which a moment later noiselessly swung open, admitting the party into a dark hallway. A whispered word or two and Milton was led through dim corridors and down slimy steps, until finally a door was reached, through which he was so violently pushed that he fell with a squelch in the filth of the dungeon.

He did not know how long it was before the door again opened showing two ghostly gaolers outlined against the dull background.

'Come with us,' ordered one of them and seizing poor John by both arms, they reconducted him through a corridor to a sparsely-lit room. At one end of this chamber was a raised dais having on it a desk and three chairs in each of which sat an inquisitor.

'John Milton, you are charged with wicked and abominable heresy. Have you anything to say for yourself before you are put to the question?' said the middle, and apparent chief, of the three, waving his hand negligently towards the glowing brazier with its heated irons, the rack, the boot and other fiendish instruments of torture.

Milton straightened his shoulders and though he looked somewhat pale, his voice was firm and clear. 'I demand to know what right you have to detain me thus. I am an English subject, well known in my own country and one whose death would cause you considerable inconvenience. Remember, my friends saw me passing, under guard of your men and they will spare no effort to release me.'

The familiar hesitated for a moment and then, apparently being a man of quick perceptions, nodded his head. 'Yes,' he said, 'the salvation of your soul is not of enough importance to warrant, perhaps a war between us and England, so we reluctantly give you your freedom, on condition that you leave Rome instantly.'

'I accept that condition,' replied Milton and following the beckoning finger of one of his former gaolers, soon found himself in the street.

'H'm! no girl or conviction is worth risking that again,' he muttered. 'Phew! What an experience,' and he walked rapidly to his lodgings.

Early the next morning a mounted figure could have been seen moving on the road leading north from Rome. It stopped on a hill and the rider turned to take one last look at the Eternal City. 'Paradise Lost,' he murmured, 'Zounds! the very name for my next poem,' and setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off in a cloud of dust.

The Dalhousie girls have a 60% batting (debating) average in the Inter-collegiate League. Having lost in 1924 and 1926; and won in 1922, 1923 and 1925.

Debating is the only extra-curricula activity where students meet as students. You will have an opportunity to meet some students on Monday March 21.

## THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

The latest victims of the red plague are Jessie Gladwin and Marion Wood.

To everyone's bewilderment the sterner sex seem to be immune. We hope they aren't holding off just to keep us in suspense. Could the exams have anything to do with it?

\* \* \*

Prof. Pierce spent the week-end in Montreal. Lots of people would like to go and do likewise. Another drawback to compulsory attendance!

\* \* \*

No notes from the Hall this week. Are they in quarantine?

\* \* \*

We must break the bad news very gently. A catastrophe has befallen the college. The students are stricken with remorse and contemplate the world with jaundiced eye. Awed whispers of "Have you seen it yet?" are heard in corridor and class-room. Melancholy rules supreme—Exams are posted!

\* \* \*

It is rumoured that class '28 (?) had a sleigh drive last Wednesday.

Joe Powell sang: I can't elope, I can't elope, I can't elope to-night!

Muschamp insisted that we drive through the woods.

A good time was had by both.

Several other members of the class also showed up. The Law School was also well represented, who took her?

The class (?) picked up a bunch of kids on the way, thinking, no doubt, they were Freshmen.

It was a nice real quiet party. Lots of refreshments. Hot Dog!

\* \* \*

Prof. Bennet announced with a yawn that he was retiring at 4.45 on Monday afternoon. English 9. wished him pleasant dreams.

\* \* \*

Gertrude Mills Arts '24, Law '26, is in the City convalescing and renewing acquaintances.

\* \* \*

Freshman: Why is there so much fuss about March twenty-first? I thought the seventeenth was the big day.

Second Ditto: The seventeenth? That's only Prof. Stewart's birthday. The Girls' Debate is on the twenty-first.

\* \* \*

The original order to the Royal Print and Litho for 300 copies of the first Dalhousie Year Book has been over-subscribed nearly 25%. An order has been placed for additional copies, and about twenty-five will be available to those who have not as yet signed up. Any student or anyone else interested may make sure of getting a copy by speaking to either Harry Bell (Sac. 1129) or Arthur Jubien (Sac. 2250).

Is the influence of the United States beneficial to Canada? You'll know a week from Monday.

In the Gymnasium on the 21st of the month you will hear—if you come early enough to get a seat—fine arguments and pleasing speakers.

## Dallusiansia

1. Sir Charles Tupper, speaking in the House of Assembly of the mover of a resolution to expropriate the endowments of Dalhousie, who threatened the loss of support of a numerous party of the people, said: "Let me tell him, that attached as I am to the great party with which I am connected—possessing, as I may confess I do, some fondness for public life, I would infinitely prefer the fate which he threatens to the highest post my country can offer, if it must be purchased by an act so unpatriotic, so unjust, as the resolution which he has moved would involve."

2. The Administrator of the Government, Major General Doyle, presiding at the first Convocation after the Dalhousie resuscitation of 1863, suggested as a motto of the college "aucto splendore resurgo."

3. Mr. Geo. R. Young, when fighting the one college battle, was able with pride to say of Dalhousie, "It has a charter free as the air we breathe."

## Living In Halifax

While living in Halifax we want you to feel that The Green Lantern was designed for your pleasure and comfort.

Lunches, Ices, Drinks

The Green Lantern



## SAM SENDS HIS SON TO COLLEGE

**Wednesday, Feb. 23**—To the Glee Club. I did see "Eight Bells" which pleased me mightily. All the plays were quite well done I did think, and in the pit did see Jock Cameron who showed much pleasure by his laughter. A pretty kettle of fish! a jest on the faculty with the boys taking the parts of professors as wittily as ever I did see. Musique and dancing afterwards which did add much to the merriment.

**Thursday, Feb. 24**—My advisor and I seriously discoursed about my failing in my quiz. I am much afraid of his ill nature. Did hear this night at the Forrest Building, a pretty talk on "Secession" which waxed quite hotly at times. Methinks the speakers were quite pertinent and reasonable. Homewards, supped with friend Jack at Blakeley's. A bed late.

**Friday, Feb. 25**—The smoking room all a-twitter this morning at the arrival of the invitations for Miladys' Delta Gamma Ball. A most tedious task deciding whom I would journey with, but at last accepted the bidding of a fair Shirreff Hall maiden. A quiz this day in Geology and would faint have made a most excellent mark if the rascal in front had but writ a larger hand.

**Saturday, Feb. 26**—The posters appeared in the halls to-day and much discourse about the Council elections. So excited did I wax, that I did suffer from nervous nausea. To the Association Gymnasium at eight where strange to see, with much delight, the college

basketers win the city championship. The whole house was in an uproar with much noise—Murray Fraser and Hardy Parker being present. Home to bed having got a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat.

**Sundays, Feb. 27**—Did sleep all day, and, O Lord, did spend it in writing a theme for Benny. At 7 to church where we had a dull sermon of a stranger which made me sleep more.

**Monday, Feb. 28**—Up early in time for class. I was at a great loss to know where I could borrow a Tux for Miladys' Ball. At last to the ballroom where did see many young people so merry with one another. Home by moonshine at two o'clock.

**Tuesday, Feb. 29**—Waked in the morning with my head in a sad taking through the last night's frivolity which I am sorry for, and so rose and went out to drink in my morning draught of dry lectures. To the booth, where I did cast my vote. Here was a great mass of people. I do set small store in politics, for as much as it is difficult for me to generate interest in *Gum for the Faculty*, *New Jokes for Philosophy!*, and *Prompt Dismissal of Howard's Classes*, which seem to be the live issues of the day. As strange a thing as ever did happen to me—to the library where I did read for twenty minutes without interruption. Methinks I am an excellent diary keeper. So's my old man.

Samuel Pepys Jr.,  
—Per Kelly '29.

## A TALE OF DARING DO

By P. L. H. Muschamp

SOME years ago, while in Newfoundland, I went on a fishing trip up the Riviere Rapide, the best in the island for salmon and trout. Its pools in the upper reaches are wide and deep, and on account of its inaccessibility it is very little fished. It takes the full strength of two men to tow a small canoe up through the lower rapids. Therefore, in selecting Paul Duhart as my guide and companion, I had not only chosen one who knew all the ins and outs of the river, but one who was also the strongest and most resolute woodsman and trapper on the west coast of Newfoundland.

Yet by night-fall on the second day we had only covered the first twelve miles. Stemming the tide where the current was strong and the river-bank steep, or else laboriously pushing our way through the underbrush wet with a ray, we had succeeded in towing our small, but heavily-laden, little canoe to the foot of *Twelve Mile Rapids*. The sun was setting behind the black spruce tops on the other side of the river as we pulled our canoe up on the dry land. We made camp on a grassy plateau above the river bank where Duhart had often camped before. When darkness closed in around us we had pitched our little white canvas tent and were resting on a log beside a bright and crackling fire which intensified the shadows of the night. The calm, cool air was filled with the sound of the swishing and roaring waters from the turbulent rapids just ahead of us. Wondering how we were to overcome these with our canoe I turned to Duhart.

"We will have a hard job getting through tomorrow, what?"

"Quite a pull alright," replied Duhart, taking his pipe from his mouth. "The water's cold and deep—but I've seen it worse."

We were silent for a while. Then I observed, "no trouble coming down though, I should say."

"Worse," was Duhart's laconic rejoinder.

"How so?" said I.

"You have to hold on from the shore for dear life and it's a miracle if the canoe doesn't get sore smashed on the rocks."

"They say you are good at shooting rapids. Why not go down through the middle?"

"That's where my brother, and many a good trapper before him, shot his last. Yet I did go down after him the year after. And there was a woman with me. And the canoe was bigger than ours."

Needless to say I pressed Duhart to tell me more about this. After throwing more wood on the fire he resumed his seat on the log and told his tale as follows:

"The woman that went down through these rapids with me is Lady Kippen. You know her? She lives in England. Well, she and Lord Kippen went up this river twelve years ago this July. I was their guide. We spent one night on this same spot and then went on up to Black Duck Lake. We'll get there day after tomorrow, all going well. There is a nice, large clearing by the mouth of the lake where we made camp. We stayed there a whole week, doing nothing. Lord Kippen wasn't much of a hand casting a fly, and he didn't care for fish, anyhow. He and the lady preferred them canned. So they sat in the sun all day long, reading. Sometimes they quarreled. Once in a while Lord Kippen would go canoeing on the lake. But the lady didn't trust herself in the canoe with him, so he never went very far.

And eat; what they ate in a day would do me for a week. I was kept busy making fires.

"On the seventh day of our camping I told Lord Kippen about some beek-apples I might get for him in a marsh four miles up. He didn't know what beek-apples were, but he asked me to go and get a bucket full. I didn't tell him that being no bigger than raspberries, growing only one to each stalk, and scattered about on a large swamp, it would take me all day to fill the bucket. I was only too glad to have an excuse for staying away as long as possible.

"When I got back with a large bucket full of ripe berries the sun was setting. Coming out of the woods into the camping ground I saw Lord Kippen sitting on a stump just in front of the camp. When he heard my steps he rose and came to meet me halfway. I thought he meant to scold me for having been away so long. But soon I learnt that his strange look was not one of anger but of concern for his wife.

"She has had a pain in her right side since dinner time," said Lord Kippen, "and it seems to be growing worse. If she is no better tomorrow morning we shall have to get her out as quick as we can."

"So I got things ready for an early departure. Later I made a big smoke in front of the tent to keep the mosquitoes away. Inside, Lady Kippen was crying, and Lord Kippen kept saying that it was nothing, that she would be all right the next morning. I rolled into my blanket by the fire, and fell asleep hoping that Lady Kippen would remain sufficiently unwell to cause us to break camp next day. I was fed up with the picnic. I hadn't slept more than an hour or two, however, when I was startled in my sleep by loud hysterical screams from within the tent. Looking around I saw Lord Kippen coming out to me. His voice quavered as he spoke.

"How soon can we start?" said he.

"I looked about and above me. The stars were still shining bright, but the eastern hills were silhouetted against a yellowish glow. Dawn was not far off. 'We can start now, anytime.'

"How soon can we make the settlement?" Lord Kippen asked further.

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"In four days, playing safe. In three perhaps, taking chances."

"Even that's too long. It's an acute attack of appendicitis, I believe. In twenty-four hours it may be too late."

"I expressed the hope that it would not be too late. There was nothing else I could do. Renewed screams sent Lord Kippen hurrying back into the tent. I went down to the water and got the canoe ready.

"When I came back to the tent ten minutes later I could hear Lord Kippen calling his wife's name. But from her, not a murmur. Had she died? I went into the tent. Lord Kippen was kneeling by his wife's cot, rubbing her hands, and behaving like a lunatic. I seized one of Lady Kippen's wrists.

"She has fainted," I said. 'Are you ready to start for out?'

"If she isn't dead," replied Lord Kippen after a moment's silence, 'it's too late. She can't live three days.'

"And then I made the resolution that sent me and Lady Kippen alone down through the rapids. Lord Kippen would hear nothing of such a daring scheme. I had told him, coming up, of my brother's and of other good men's drowning in the rapids. I pleaded and argued in vain. I assured him that all those who had taken the wrong channels, that I would not make the same mistakes. He did not believe me. Indeed, he ordered me to get out and to mind my own business. So I did, I made it my business to throw Lord Kippen on the ground and to tie his legs firmly together with a rope, and I went out with Lady Kippen and a load of blankets in my arms. As I went, Lord Kippen screamed and threatened. I told him to crawl down to the shore where he would find my jack-knife.

"And so down the river we went. Here Duhart interrupted his narrative to knock the ashes out of his pipe, refill it, put more wood on the fire.

"And so to," I remarked, when he resumed his seat, "you shot down these roaring rapids here, and live to tell the tale. How did you do it?"

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"The Lord knows how," replied Duhart. "I had to stop at every pool to dip the water out. Lady Kippen was soaked through, of course. The first wetting she got she came to. But, though she cried and complained all the way down, she kept quiet enough. I guess she was scared stiff. We got to the landing of the Log Cabin Hotel in less than twelve hours. Dr. Best from Sydney was there on his vacation. He saved her life."

"And what of Lord Kippen?" I asked Duhart.

"I met him more than half way down, coming through the woods like wolves behind him."

"Get any thanks?"

"Of a kind. I built a new house and furnished it."

We were both silent for a while—he puffing at his pipe, I listening to the roar of the river. Then,

"What made you do it?" I queried.

"God knows. Perhaps his insolence. Shall we turn in?"

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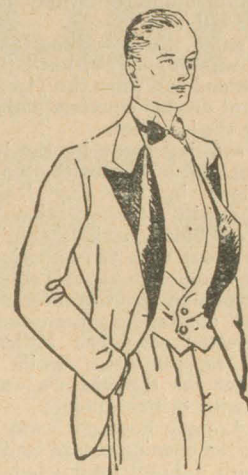
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## Dal Takes Title From Sydney

**SYDNEY LEADS FIRST PERIOD, BUT DAL STAGE COME-BACK**

By G. K. M.  
The Dalhousie Senior Basketball team romped in victorious in the second heat of their close race for Maritime honors when they downed the fast Sydney Association quintette Friday night with a 40-33 tally.

The game which was spectacular throughout was anybody's, until the middle of the second half when the Tigers dropped in several needed counters and placed the game in the ice chest.

The showing made by the local team was not on a par with the previous exhibitions in the city league. The forwards with the exception of a few pretty combination plays didn't seem to pass or shoot with the precision, typical of them in other games this season.

Cox who was high scorer for the evening and the outstanding performer on the floor, netted seventeen tallies for the Halifax representation while Morrison at Center for the visitors was a close second with thirteen points.

The Judique boys got away to a fast start in the opening stanza leading at one time with a 17-10 score but were held scoreless for the remainder of the session while the wearers of the gold and black rolled in five points.

The second period was close, Dal caging several close in and rebound shots, while Sydney alternated with long shots from the side and center.

Personal fouls were numerous but an otherwise rough game was capably handled by Referees Piers and Stevenson. Dal may meet the St. John Trojans clet the Maritime title.

Line ups:—  
**Sydney**—Robertson, Milne, Morrison, Watson, Murray, Peckham, Anderson.  
**Dalhousie**—Cox, Langstroth, MacLeod, Brown, Moore, Ab Smith, Sperry, Doc Smith, MacLennan, Harrison.

## How About A Dal Baseball Team?

With the four feet of snow starting to evaporate our thoughts naturally turn to spring athletics in general and baseball in particular. How about a Dalhousie Baseball team this spring. With the material at hand we could turn out one of the best nines in the province for a few exhibition games following the spring examinations. Wool Richardson, rated as probably the best southpaw twirlers in the Maritimes has been reinstated and is ready to go on the mound for the Gold and Black, and with other men such as Bunker Murphy, Eddie Ross, Andy Richardson, Don Grant, Byron Irwin, Ed Brown, Aubrey Tupper, Ab Smith, George MacLeod, Bill Howitt, Vance Maxwell, Jim Fay, Merk MacLean, Harold Beaton, Doc Smith, Skip Currie, M. Keagan, Kelly McLean and a great many others. Why not give the idea a go this year? We invite correspondence from our readers with regard to this plan, and ask you to send in the names of any who may be omitted in this incomplete list.

Acadia include baseball among its major sports and would accommodate us in several games about the first week in May.

(Address all correspondence to G. K. M. Sport Editor, the Gazette.)

### With The Fans

By G. K. M.

The City League Basketball title last week, the Provincial one this week we wonder what next week holds in store for the Dal team.

Out of three scores registered by the Senior Hockey team this year, Omar Taylor got one, Shorty was responsible for the other two.

Aces were running wild in the Preliminary game played at the "Y" on Friday night between the "Y" girls and the Dal Co-Eds.

Commerce put the Dentals out of the running for Interfaculty Basketball honors this season by dishing out a 17-15 defeat to them on Wednesday night.

The Lawyers won their second consecutive victory in the Interfaculty Hockey league when they won from Arts, Thursday noon at the Arena 7-5.

Whoever swiped the "Skating at the Dal Rink To-night" sign from the Arts Building is asked to return it as it will be needed next term.

Medicine meets Dentistry this week in interfaculty hockey, the winner to play off with Law for league honors.

Dalhousie meets Mount Allison on March 21. Watch this date.

## Interfaculty All-Star Team

A great many suggestions have been received in response to the request for opinions regarding an all star Inter-faculty Basketball team but owing to lack of space we can only run four of them along with the Gazette's opinion for such a team.

Richardson and Mitchell playing forward and center respectively for the league leading legalites seem to be the most popular choice, their names being mentioned for these berths in all lists submitted. Chas. Jones is unanimously given one of the guard positions while Dobson, Frame and Parker are mentioned for the other vacancy on the defence.

The following is the selection compiled by the Gazette from the forty-two interfaculty players for an all star aggregation.

- W. A. Richardson, Law, Forward
- G. W. Blenkinsop, Arts A, Forward
- Art Douglas, Medicine, spare Forward
- Jim Mitchell, Law, Center
- H. A. Frame, Theologues, Guard
- Chas. Jones, Medicine, Guard
- H. Parker, Arts A, spare Guard

Some of the submissions follow, Blenkinsop, Richardson and Douglas, Forwards; Mitchell Center; Jones, Parker and Frame, Guards.

Richardson and Clark, Forwards; Mitchell, Center; Frame and Jones, Guards.

Richardson and Douglas, Forwards; Mitchell Center; Jones and Dobson, Guards.

Richardson, Blenkinsop and Douglas, Forwards; Mitchell, Center, Parker and Jones, Guards.

## Acadia Trims X-Dal

ON Wednesday March 2nd Acadia left X-Dal on the short end of a 31-29 score. As it was an exhibition game Miss Doherty, Acadia '26, played forward for the visitors and Miss Atherton for the Dal team. X-Dal started off with Miss Hawkins and Miss Campbell forwards; they opened the scoring and kept comfortably ahead for the greater part of the first period, although once or twice Acadia pulled up almost even. Period ended 17-12, X-Dal. Second period opened with Miss Hawkins and Miss Atherton playing forwards; it was plain to the most casual onlookers that they were unaccustomed to working together as there was little effective combination. Miss Campbell relieved Miss Clancey at side center and played a remarkably heady game, making almost every pass which resulted in a basket for X-Dal. Acadia guards were heavily penalized for fouling and two of them were removed for personals; Miss McPhail was also called for fouls with two minutes to go. Game ended 31-29. The X-Dal team were certainly not at their best; they have been played too much lately and the result is inevitable and no fault of their own, they will go stale if they are not given a rest.

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## Congrats, Murray!

The Gazette wishes to voice the complete student approbation of the recent doings of Skip Murray Macneill. With men of Murray's stamp about, old Dalhousie has more than Scottish traditions.

## Oscar Stars For Law

By defeating Arts 7-5 in an overtime game, Law won the right to meet the Med-Dent winner for the Interfaculty Championship. Rogers, who scored five goals, was the outstanding lawyer—with Outhit and Doyle following. Godsoe and White combined to score for Law one of the prettiest scores of the game. F. McLean and Redmond were the Arts' stars; the defence also was good.

Line-up:  
**Law**—Goal, Richardson; defence, Godsoe, White; forwards, Doyle Rogers, Outhit, Fairbanks, Hudson, Mathieson.

**Arts**—Goal, Vance Maxwell; defence W. McLean, "Al" Smith; forwards, A. G. McLeod, F. McLean, G. Redmond, J. Bolyer, Ken Fay.

Prof. Jim McDonald handled the whistle.

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## Dal Hockey Team Defeats Tech.

**DALHOUSIE'S WIN GIVES LEAGUE TO ST. MARY'S**

THE Dal Hockey Team copped their initial victory of the year Thursday evening when Omer Taylor, on a pass from Godsoe, dented the draperies behind Goalie Curry in the final period of their fixture with N. S. Tech at the Arena.

The Dalhousie boys, considering the encouragement which they have received from the students this winter have made a creditable showing in the city Intercollegiate league, losing, tying, and winning one game in three played.

Due to the stellar work of Jack Lewis in the Tiger's net, assisted greatly by Wickwire and Doull on the defence, fewer tallies have been registered against Dal than any of the other three teams in the league.

By virtue of Dal's win on Thursday over the Tech, the city title goes to St. Mary's College.

Line Up:—  
**Dalhousie**—Grant, Langstroth, MacCunn, Godsoe, forwards, Doull and Wickwire, defence, Lewis goal.

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