



# The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869)

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## A Merry Christmas

Long is the list of articles, prose and poetry, that has been written on Christmas, so long that further writing seems futile and superfluous but the subject has so many angles and aspects that it will never be exhausted. The subject is like the many-headed dragon, which when one head was lopped off grew two in place of the one removed.

The season of Christmas is so full of activity and joviality that one cannot think of it without a glow of pleasure and a feeling of happiness. During the period immediately preceding the day an observer and student of human nature may find much delectable food for thought in the activities about him.

The weather man, if he is kind, sends his gift of soft pearly snow that falls like a benediction on the poor scarred earth. The stars in the heavens shine their brightest in the frosty azure of a wintry sky and frozen ponds reflect the glory of the waxing or waning moon. In the cities, the musical jingle of bells mingles with the cheery greetings of friend to friend. The merry bustle of the Christmas shopper adds life to the scene. The happy clatter of the delivery boy with his baskets overflowing with fat turkeys, and other good things associated with the season adds his part to the joyful stir.

These are the things that make the Yuletide season a happy one, to be looked forward to with expectation and to be looked back upon with pleasure.

The day itself is replete with happy surprises and joyous incidents. Remembrances from old friends, happy reunions of families, the triumphant music and cheerful services in churches all add to the pleasure of the day. Everyone will be wished "A Merry Christmas" many many times during the coming season. Everyone will extend the same greeting many times. The Gazette wishes its readers health and the ability to enjoy all that signifies "A Merry Christmas."

## Criticism

The dictionary defines criticism as the art of judging merit, or the action of censure. Criticism is a vital and necessary factor in society generally. It is the levelling influence on thought and action along, the path of progress. The oscillations of man's thoughts and endeavours have been restrained within reasonable bounds by the damping effect of critics of authority who have culled the wheat from the chaff. They, by expressing their criticism in a lucid and permanent form have created public opinion,—truly a might force among a people.

In order that criticism may bear fruit (not evil fruit), the critic must have authority,—authority that is based upon knowledge of the subject criticised. The first thing a person should do before criticising an idea, action, or book is that he or she should become thoroughly conversant with the subject. Thus the critic acquires authority for criticism. In the second place criticism should be of the constructive rather than of the destructive type. There are very, very few ideas or endeavours put forward today but have a grain of truth and goodness in them, no matter how unpromising they appear. If the painting of a house of the style of architecture of a part of a building displeases the owner, he would be considered a half-wit by his fellows if he were to destroy the whole structure on account of the incompatibility of one part of it. Rather should he correct the part that displeases, which calls for constructive work.

The same should be true in the case of criticism. You do not own the structure which you are criticising. Why damage the whole edifice in getting rid of that which displeases you? Would it not be better and more advantageous to change and add to the structure than to demolish it.

The great argument for destructive criticism is that it is easily carried out. One can, with greater ease, level a pile of bricks to the ground than reshape them into a different form. Four years of war devastated France but it will take one hundred times that period to complete reconstruction. Flaws can be picked in all human efforts and ideas with comparative ease for, poor humans as we are, we are prone to err. Picking the flaws is quite easily done but if we try to suggest a remedy we many times find ourselves at a stand-still and finally decide the flaw is not so much a flaw as simply a point a little less strong than the rest of the structure.

At Dalhousie, criticism at times, is quite rife—a sure sign of life. But is it all of the right nature? Hardly. Much criticism is of the destructive type and most of it is wonderfully indefinite and misplaced. The verbal criticism holds little weight. It is

".... like the snowflake on the river,  
A moment white then gone forever."

The columns of the Gazette are open to the students that they may voice their views on any subject or activity. Any student with a criticism to offer or a grievance to air should attempt to put it on paper before he spreads it broadcast. If there is grounds for his criticism he will be going a good work. If his grounds are uncertain the attempt to write will, in all probability show him his error.

There are two sides to criticism,—giving and receiving. Many of those who are the first to voice their complaints are the last to wish to receive criticism. True criticism shows that the person proffering it is interested in the subject criticised and as such we should be glad of the action of the critic. The Gazette wishes the students to understand that criticism of the paper, if advanced in the right direction, would be much appreciated. It is only by criticism supplemented with suggestions that the university paper hopes to improve its standing as the organ of the student body.

## Marion Connors

THE sudden death of Marion Connors at her home on Monday was a great shock to the students of Dalhousie and especially to her classmates of Class '28. Although she had been unable to attend classes for the past few weeks the serious nature of her illness was not generally known and the news of her death brought deep sorrow to her friends. She had not been well for some time but in her characteristic, unselfish way had gone on, never complaining, making us forget that she was ill. Very quiet and most unassuming, Marion was the one person who could be found calm in times of more than usual hurry and bustle and she had a way of doing things so unostentatiously that it was difficult to realize how much she did. Coming to Dalhousie as a Freshie-Soph in 1925 she was forced through ill-health to abandon her plan of graduating with Class '27. Although this must have been a bitter disappointment to one of her ability and ambitions, Marion was never heard to express a single regret but smilingly went her way, hoping for better things in future years. She came to Dalhousie from St. Patrick's High School and both at High School and College had an enviable record and was known to be especially brilliant in Mathematics. She had another enviable record,—a record which few can hope to surpass and which it would indeed be difficult even to equal. It is a record not written in a book of examination reports but in the hearts of college and school companions) a long record of helpfulness offered in a charming and simple manner of little services, too small to be seen by others, willingly offered or more often performed without asking. It was no uncommon occurrence for Marion to spend the evening before an important examination helping another and yet she never mentioned any kindness she had done, it was discovered only through the expressed gratitude. And now it seems very hard to believe that she has died. Death is always sad but the death of a young person, preparing to face life with hope and faith high is the saddest of all. And because it seems so hard to us we realize in some small measure the feelings of her family and in their loss, the students and faculty, through the Gazette extend their most deep and sincere sympathy.

## Letters To The Editor

### CRITIQUE CRITICIZED

The Editor Dalhousie Gazette.

Dear Sir,—Re. letter written by "Critique" in the Gazette of November 18th.

It is indeed an unfortunate circumstance that there should arise in our fair city anyone so detrimental to the welfare of the college as to censure our little slogan "Vancouver or bust".

Critique claims to have been on the Wanderer's side of the field when that "horrible sound" came from the Dal. rosters. Yet Critique speaks intimately of Dalhousie students, professors, and even Dr. A. M. M.'s "Dalhousie Of To-day". Is Critique a Dalhousie student traitor to the College or some Parvenu interested in Dalhousie and Dal sports but ashamed to admit it? Why be ashamed Critique?

From certain intimations in your letter I draw that you are a Dalhousie student. Why then censure your own College? Why hold up to ridicule that slogan which is keeping up the spirit of the boys, showing their determination to carry Dalhousie's name from Atlantic to Pacific, not for the improper English used by its students... NO, for the Glory of Old Dalhousie, for the conquering ability of its players.

The Dalhousie team SHALL make the trip to the coast, and will return to Halifax not listed as uneducated Collegians but rather as the best College rugby team Canada has ever seen.

So come on boys and girls, the time is approaching for the team to leave on its conquering tour, pay up your pledge cards.

VANCOUVER OR BUST!

Critique's Critique.

### ANSWER TO L. E. C.

The Editor,  
The Dalhousie Gazette,  
Halifax, N. S.

Dear Sir: In the Gazette of Nov. 18, you published a letter entitled "What Price Gore?" signed "L. E. C." The letter is as unfortunate as its title is disgusting, and to allow it to pass entirely unchallenged would be a blot on the honour of Dalhousie.

Mr. "L. E. C." is pleading against subscribing to the War Memorial fund. He thinks that by doing so we shall encourage enthusiasm for slaughter, and

"paralyze the normal instinct of self-preservation." I would suggest that the feelings aroused by a War Memorial are slightly different from what Mr. "L. E. C." supposes. I would also remind him that the citizens of Halifax are erecting their memorial not to the spirit of slaughter, but to the spirit of men who hated slaughter enough to sacrifice even "the instinct of self-preservation" in order that the Germans might not slaughter the women and children of England and Canada as they were slaughtering those of Belgium. If the Dalhousians of thirteen years ago had agreed with Mr. "L. E. C." about the "hero complex" and the folly of becoming "carriers" for their country, possibly Mr. "L. E. C." would not now be enjoying the liberty of airing his views in the Dalhousie Gazette. Instead, he might be serving in a German army, or working in a German owned mine.

Mr. "L. E. C." also speaks of substituting "common-sense for hysteria." If he re-read the newspapers of August 1914, if he re-read Sir Edward Gray's famous speech to the House of Commons, possibly he will realize that Britain was not swept into the war on a wave of hysteria for slaughtering Germans.

We all agree with Mr. "L. E. C." that the first duty of the present generation is to preserve peace, but it is not by forgetting the war, or failing to honour the dead that we shall do that. Rather it is by reminding ourselves at what a great price our peace was bought. The French and Belgians want peace even more than we do, yet they have filled their country with war memorials, and they have rightly done so. Nothing makes one hate war more than to drive through France and see

"... the crosses, row on row  
That mark our place."

Our memorial will be a constant incentive to pursue peace, not war. There may be some who agree with Mr. "L. E. C." but fortunately there are still Dalhousians who consider it a duty and a privilege to help to perpetuate the memory of those men whom Mr. "L. E. C." has most grossly insulted.

Thanking you for this space in your paper,

I am,  
"A Senior."

### PETER'S FOLK

The snow-flakes were falling,  
The sleigh-bells were calling,  
And Peter was wild with delight;  
For Santa was coming,  
Drums soon would be thrumming,  
And Peter was too good to fight.

Now Peter's big brother,  
And Peter's dear mother,  
Were busy as busy could be;  
And Pa at the back door,  
Hid parcels, galore,  
Behind him so no one could see.

But Peter's big brother,  
Had thoughts of another,—  
A ghost, not of turkeys or yams.  
For soon he'd be writing  
The wildly exciting  
And beautiful Christmas exams.

## About This Time

The shops have begun to hang up and paste up their decorations, old ones left over from many years, new ones that look just the same, and yet folks love to see them. Through the frosty air the people are hurrying and scurrying.

Already the crowds have begun to grow, to prepare for their annual mad career. Women in fur coats in cloth coats, in rain-coats and in tatters are jostling each other and seizing this, that, and the other thing, from big jewelry shops, and from the fifteen-cent store. Children run beside them crying out "Mumme, whazzat? Whazzat, mummie?" Santa has begun to talk over the radio and promise the good little boys and girls sugar-plumbs; and distracted fathers and mothers have at last found something that will terrorize their little savages into submission—Santa behind the piano, listening to find out if they are naughty; and for the hard-boiled little wretches the threat that they will put nothing in their stockings if they don't shut up. Bells and holly wreaths are spreading themselves rampant over the newspapers and magazines. Even in our own sphere there is a new atmosphere. People are dashing about madly with piles of books under their arms. They sit silently in corners and glare and growl at those who dare speak to them, or else they declare volubly, that they are "petrified" or "swamped." Now it does not need super-human intelligence to explain the meaning of this, since we have been through it before. It simply means that the holiest time of the year has come again. It means that Christmas time is here once more.

Those of us who have read the Bible, and perhaps a few who have not, know the story of that winter nearly two thousand years ago. At least those who saw "Ben Hur" know a little bit about it. When we think of the lowly inn, of the weary little mother, the Holy Child, of the star, and the angel chorus, of the shepherds and of the wisemen, we seem very quiet and a bit of rest steals into our souls. I think it must come even to the most callous if he or she really thinks seriously about it.

Then we open our eyes and see people racing panting and pushing, not to bring presents of gold, frankincense and myrrh, to Him, but presents of silk, leather and chocolates, to others who may give presents of perfume, cotton and tobacco, to them. Perhaps one should not criticise, perhaps one should be satisfied that this is really only the outside covering; but it is a pity that the cake is so small, and the icing so thick. There does not seem to be much connection between the angles' chorus and brilliantly painted cards, that blazon forth "Jolly Xmas Greetings"; and but little relation between the adoring glances of the shepherds and Santa's rancores "Haw, haw!" It seems a pity that the time of year that brought peace on earth and good-will to men, should be pervaded by the horrible nightmare of half-yearly examinations, that must bring groans of despair to professors as well as students.

Yet above and through all, in spite of the ever increasing passion for getting and giving, for making a bigger and better display than last year, shines the holy light of the star that came to rest over the lowly manger in Bethlehem, and the glad message that spread over wild Judea, up to Macedonia and into Greece, has travelled through Rome through all Europe and across to us, a new people, in a new land. Whatever our race, whatever our religion, even those who are so very wise as not to believe anything, all must recognize its influence. Dare we stop awhile in this season that should be quiet, and ask ourselves the age-old questions, whence? whither? how?

There was a young man from the Cam.  
Who went up for a final exam.  
When he said "Have I passed?"  
They said "No you are last."  
So he turned on his heel and said:  
"Gentlemen you surprise me!"

There is little that one can say about Christmas. It is one of those things that we do not 'think' as much as we 'feel'. Like the meaning of 'home' and of 'family', which we have lost sight of to a great extent, its meaning has become swamped in the muck of external trivial things and it behooves us, who are beginning to take our places as citizens, not to let the best become obliterated.

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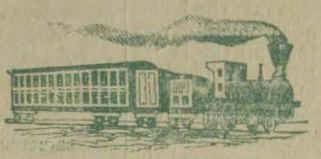
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**FOR LITTLE FOLK**

**CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS**

By One Who Has Never Been There



Hans lives in Holland. He is a little Dutch boy. As Christmas approaches, Hans begins to be very, very good, hoping that Kris Kringle will leave him lots of *pilsners* (presents) when he pays his visit. Hans helps his father pick the *sabot* crop, and fishes for *liebers* in the canal. The day before Christmas, or *Van Der Excited Night*, as Hans calls it, he is very excited indeed. The canals have all frozen over with a smooth sheet of *stein*. And a light fall of snow covers the dykes and windmills. All the good folk of Hellenland are out on the canals enjoying their first skate. The air is crisp with frost although the sun is shining brightly, and merry laughter rings out as the villagers dart to and fro on the ice, the sheen of their crude, home-made, straw skates sparkling and dancing as they glide over the *stein*. On the edge of the canal sit the old men of the village, placidly smoking their long *kleins*, and joking with each other as they watch the villagers skating up and down.

"Kan jy slegs jou skeiding aanskou," shouts out one of the passing skaters.

"Nou my jongre vriende, as daar oit troebel water in julle lewe kom, dan moet julle weet datt skuil 'n skilpad!" one of the men shouts back and the crowd have a good laugh you may be sure.

In the afternoon many of the good folk skate away up the canal to Gottdam where they buy their good things for the morrow. Just as evening falls a steady stream of them may be seen gliding along with their heavily laden baskets, or *baskets*, filled to overflowing with *vaders* and *moeders* and other "goodies" for the feast of *Van Dr Klaus Tag*. Then as the stars peep out the church bells play that quaint old Dutch carol, *Der Deutch Kompagnie Vos der Best Kompagnie*, so dear to the heart of every Dutchman, and tired but happy, Hans and his little friends go to their beds to await jolly old Kris Kringle. And Kris Kringle comes. If Hans has been a good boy, as we hope he has, Kris leaves him a nice new pair of skates, a toy horse, and a cork (in case he should ever go up Haarlem way and have to stop a leak in the dyke); but if Hans has been a bad boy, Kris leaves him a lump of coal, a piece of old laundry soap, and a copy of *Munro's Government of Europe*.

When Hans awakes in the morning we find that he has been a good boy, for, in his wooden shoes, are the toy horse, a new pair of shiny whole-wheat skates and a cork. How would you like to be a little Dutch boy?

the porcelain stove and takes a drink of *balataika*, for it is cold outside. Then he takes Feodor on his knee.

"Well, little father," he roars, good-naturedly, "have you been a good son?"

When Feodor says he has, his father gives him a piece of ginger bread, gaily painted to resemble the murdered *Tsar*, and packs him off to bed. And when Feodor wakes up in the morning, he sees that St. Nikolas has not forgotten him, for there, at the foot of his bed, is a real, live *krentin* and two new, shiny *roubles*. Wouldn't you like to be Feodor?

Raoul is a little French boy. He lives in the town of Sarogne, or *Sarogne*, on the banks of the Rue de la Paix. His father is M. Dindonoc, the bell ringer. He and Raoul occupy a tumbledown wood-cutters *palais* near an *avouard'hui* or forest. Raoul and his father are poor people, but Raoul expects to have a good Christmas nevertheless, for has not M. Argent, who lives in the big house on the hill and has lots of money, promised Raoul that if he will come with some of his little friends and sing carols for Noel, M. Argent will give the boys ten silver *parlers* apiece. For weeks the boys have been practicing some of the old French chansons de Noel, such as *Mademoiselle d'Hermentieres*, *La Mayonnaise*, and others. When Christmas eve comes, Raoul and his little friends don their woolen *gareons*, and set out for M. Argent's house. Soon their sweet childish voices may be heard echoing over the rolling *tres biens* in the distance. About half past nine, kindly old M. Argent invites the boys to come in and such a time as they have. M. Argent and his friends are toasting *berges* over a log fire; they give the boys some of the crisp *berges* and, also, glasses of an old liqueur, *Champs-Elysees*, to wash them down.

Then M. Argent passes the hat around, among his friends and stuffs the boys' pockets with money. The boys bid the company Good-Night, and as they stride out for home they hear M. Argent calling after them, "Good-night, mes *mouin-rouge*; I shall tell *Pere Noel* not to forget you."

Wouldn't you like to spend Christmas with Raoul? Or wouldn't you?

**Salzburg**

One of the most interesting cities in Europe from the standpoint of natural history is Salzburg. It is just over the border from Munich into Austria. It is at the foot of the Alps and as one goes towards it, the mountains come closer and closer, until in the town itself one is hemmed in on all sides by them. From the high buildings one can get a fine view of the mountains which edge the Bavarian plain. They are very beautiful in the haze of the evening.

The greatest feature of interest in Salzburg is the Salt mines and one can journey down through them with a guide. These mines are worked by natural forces. The water draining off from the mountains has formed a huge cavern inside the mountain. It is about twelve feet high, a few hundred yards in diameter and has water over the floor. The water has been here some time and collects salt from the rocks. It is pumped down into the works where the salt is boiled out.

Before descending into the mine, one must put on a special dress! The men are supplied with trousers, coat and hat, the women with white bloomers, coat and hat, also a leather pad to slide on. One sits on a little car, like a long bench, straddle legged, and shoots down an incline. After some time one comes into a huge room which has a very deep part. The bottom of this is reached by sitting, six at a time, on a slide and shooting down into the blackness. It is quite an experience because the drop is about a hundred feet. It is here that the leather pads see service. Then one may wonder about in the passages and see some decorations in salt. Finally one crosses a lake, goes down another immense slide and comes out again on the little car.

The drive continues for an hour to Konings See. It is one of the most beautiful lakes in the Alpine country. It is situated among mountains which go up two or three thousand meters above it. The highest is a marvel. It has two main peaks and four smaller ones. On the biggest peak may be seen a man's face and body; on the second, a woman's figure with a baby in her arms, and the four small peaks resemble children's faces. Hence some imaginative Bavarian has named this the Wassman family.

Nothing can really give an adequate idea of the Konings See and the Ober See beyond it. Their waters are deep blue. The mountains are covered with

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**ONCE UPON A TIME**

(Continued from Page 1.)

next step in this series is the college professor and as self-respecting students we immediately throw it out—that is the paternal-strap idea. So we must revert to the first theory. To make things perfectly fair we shall consider student and professor as equal. Let the student be a radio station which takes in the noises of the orthophonic through one diaphragm—the tympanic membrane of one ear—and lets them go out through the other. If we aren't careful we shall be getting into Dr. Bronson's domain, so we shall take just one aspect of the subject: punctuality.

Again we have two schools of thought. There is one which claims it permissible for a student to be late but not for a professor, on the following grounds. If one student is five minutes late, there is but five minutes' lost, and that his own, which he fully deserves. On the other hand, if the professor has taken the extra five winks or missed his Belt Line, in a class of one hundred students there is a loss of five hundred and five minutes. Ninety nine per cent of this being time in which the students should have been getting returns on their tuition or caution deposit.

Consider the other theory. The student has an inherent dislike for lectures and classes. They are unpleasant and a duty. Therefore, according to high moral standards he should be present on the dot. But the professor takes inherent pleasure in lecturing and seeing the student suffer (viz. habit of lecturing five minutes overtime), therefore in event of being late the loss is wholly to the professor's. In addition, the professor is most desirous that the student be prompt, that he may derive full enjoyment from his time. So, it is permissible for the professor to be late, not the student.

At a glance it is seen that while the former theory is based solely on logic the latter considers the deeper elements of human nature. It is this theory which we support, with indubitable proof, embodying not only student opinion, but professional as well. The unanimous decision of both bodies concerned dispels all doubt. The case is as follows:

For cause unknown the practical class in Xology, scheduled for nine o'clock sharp, had not been getting under way until several minutes after the hour. The students, seeing no need of wasting time which might be spent in beneficial sleep, did not arrive until the required moment. Came a day, the students arriving at the usual hour found that Dr. Blank had been in waiting for ten minutes. In order to impress the point on the most sensitive part of the students' ears it was stated, at intervals during the morning in tones varying from the highest to the lowest, that the class was supposed to begin at nine o'clock, a fact with which the students had been aware on consulting the college calendar at the first of the year. Dr. Blank on his arrival, re-emphasized the fact, regretted his inability to be present in person at nine o'clock this morning, stated that he would be sharp on the hour next morning, and intimated that it would be well for the students to follow suit.

Came next day, 9 a.m. The students, acquiescing to the new order, arrived sharp at nine. Doors were locked, per custom and work begun. At 9.16.45 Dr. Blank arrived, via a back door. At 9.19.21 Dr. Blank opened the front door to admit Dr. Blink. At 9.27.59 Dr. Blink appeared. Dr. Blink passed complimentary remarks on the students' promptness. Dr. Blank said that having taken up the liver last day we would go on with the kidney. Dr. Blink said nothing. The silence of consent, manifested by both parties was clear indication of professional tardiness.

Which goes to show that both students and professors agree on the second theory. But somehow there seems to be a bit of the discarded paternal theory working in again. That students and professors really aren't equal. It's all rather confusing. At least we find it so.

—A. L. M.

Warren Publicover is in an important business concern in Wall Street, New York. His spare time is devoted to the study of casino in evening classes from seven to ten, five days in the week. The doors are locked at seven sharp, and no late-comers are admitted. Absence for eight classes excludes the delinquent from the class. The students are described as keen.

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