

LARGEST  
CIRCULATION  
OF ANY COLLEGE  
PAPER IN THE  
MARITIMES

# Dalhousie Gazette

THE OLDEST  
COLLEGE PAPER  
IN AMERICA

—Official Student Publication at Dalhousie University—

VOL. LX.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, JANUARY 20th, 1928

NO. 11

## DAL STUDENT WINS ALL-CANADA RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

### GODSOE CHOICE OF N.F.C.U.S. FOR NEW VICE-PRESIDENT

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY  
STUDENTS HOLDS FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

By Ben R. Guss

A singular honor was bestowed upon Dalhousie at the first annual meeting of the National Federation of Canadian University Students held in Toronto Dec. 27, 28, 29, 30, 1927, when Dalhousie's representative, Gerald Godsoe was vice-president of this great student organization. It is interesting to note that Dal's nomination was tendered by the University of Manitoba and seconded by the University of New Brunswick. This may be taken as an indication of the esteem in which Dalhousie is held.

To grasp the significance of the importance of this representative student body note the subjects under discussion:

1. Exchange of Undergraduates.
2. Debating.
3. Student Insurance Policies.
4. Reduced Railroad Rates for students.
5. Athletics and the reduction in rates of athletic supplies.
6. All Canadian College Press Association.

The exchange of undergraduates was considered as the greatest and most practical field for the accomplishment of the fundamental purpose of the Federation, that is the promotion of a higher degree of co-operation and better understanding between University students throughout Canada. This field will make a great contribution to the promotion of National Unity within Canada.

This scheme for the exchange of undergraduates provides that each University in Canada should provide for the attendance at its colleges of a number of students from other Universities, not exceeding one percent of the total student body, and if possible free of all tuition fees.

To date the entire scheme has been approved by the Universities of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario Agricultural College and Acadia; the Universities of Toronto, Western Ontario and Queens have agreed to the scheme with slight modifications.

It is gratifying to see that this scheme has been ratified by the authorities of the above-mentioned Universities and it is to be hoped that Dalhousie will view this novel yet nationalistic undertaking in its proper light. Every effort is being made to bring the exchange into effect by the commencement of the fall term of 1928.

#### Debating.

Debating tours have been very enthusiastically upheld by all the Canadian Colleges, in view of the benefits that might accrue. Considerable space was devoted, in the Gazette last week, to the Maritime Debating Tour. Many other tours are being contemplated.

An invitation has been received from the National Union of Students of England and Wales to send a team or two from Canada to debate in the Universities of England, Scotland and Wales. All expenses guaranteed. This invitation has been accepted.

Debating in French has also been carefully considered.

#### Insurance Policies and Railroad Rates

In these two fields investigations have been made and it is intimated that there is a great possibility of reductions in both fields.

#### Athletics

In this popular field of college activity Dalhousie was again given recognition: its representative acted as chairman of the Athletic Committee, consisting of representatives from the Universities of Alberta, Montreal, Western Ontario and Acadia.

It was agreed that the formation of a truly Canadian inter-collegiate Amateur Athletic Union would be in the best interests of amateur athletics throughout Canada. Such a Canadian Inter-Collegiate Athletic Union would promote closer contact between the various sections of Canada, enable the determination of true Canadian champions, promote a uniformity of eligibility rules and in general serve to systematize inter-collegiate athletics.

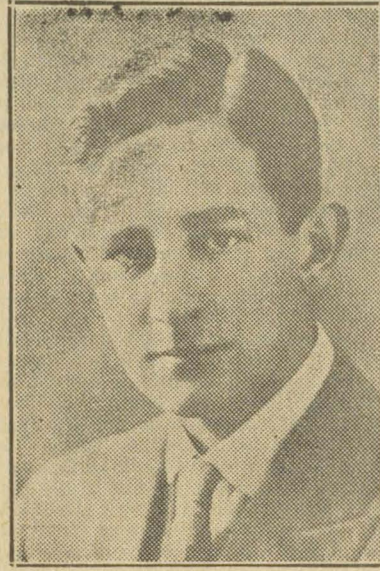
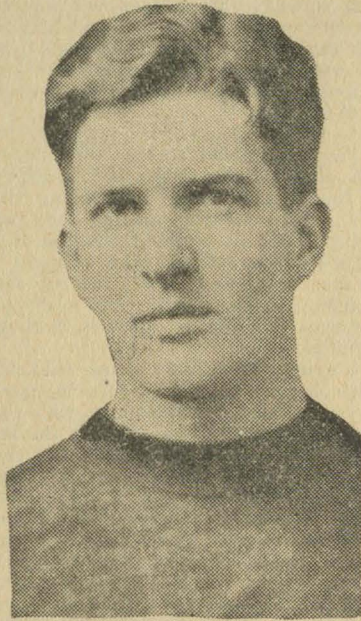
Another accomplishment was the reduction of 33 1-3% off all equipment for athletic organizations in the Federation.

The work of the Athletic Committee was conceded to be of more than passing importance.

#### An All Canadian College Press Association

At present it is not opportune for the

### HONORS FOR DALHOUSIE



J. Hugh MacLennan (right) and J. Gerald Godsoe (left) both of whom have brought to themselves and to Dalhousie recently.

### HUGH MACLENNAN CHOSEN FROM DOMINION WIDE LIST

COMMITTEE ELECT POPULAR DALHOUSIE STUDENT  
TO BE NEXT TERM'S CANADIAN RHODES SCHOLAR

To be selected as Rhodes Scholar from candidates submitted by every province in Canada, with the exception of Prince Edward Island, is the singular honor which Hugh MacLennan, Arts '28, has won for himself and for Dalhousie. Mr. MacLennan's record has been truly excellent and there can be no doubt that the selection committee have made a satisfactory choice.

### Unsuspected Talent at Dalhousie

The first meeting of Delta Gamma of 1928 was held at Shirreff Hall on Monday Jan. 16. Because the date of the Med. and Junior-Senior dances had not been set it was impossible to decide on a definite date for the Delta Gamma. A motion was introduced and passed that the money given for the Year Book should be collected as last year. Miss Mills, who with Miss Trotter, was present at the meeting, spoke for a few minutes of the many colleges she had visited from U. of B. C. to Dalhousie, and how each possessed an attraction quite its own and quite different to the attraction of any other. The greatest point of interest to Miss Mill was the effect which the ever increasing number of university students must have on community life. The freshettes then made their second appearance, as the entertainers of Delta Gamma, in a most realistic representation of "Lord Ullan's Daughter". Glee Club might borrow the effective oars and the most artistic sign. As a relief to spirits sinking under the weighty tragedy they gave the first presentation of a yet unnamed play dealing with an elocution class. This was followed by "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" as given by the various members of the Brown family—Mrs. Brown, Bob Brown and Mary Brown. But the forte of the freshettes as shown by their final selection is quite evidently tragedy. The shooting of Dan McGrew was played amid, or perhaps in spite of shrieks of the audience and lights which persisted in coming on at inopportune moments before the victims were quite dead. After the entertainment the freshettes provided the refreshments and also the music for dancing. In their second as in their first appearance at Delta Gamma the freshettes have shown that they are real sports.

At rare intervals, some vacancy makes it necessary to choose a Rhodes Scholar from a Dominion wide range. In this case, Ontario and Quebec, submitted two candidates and the other provinces, with the exception of P. E. I. one each.

It is doubtful if a more satisfactory selection than Mr. MacLennan has ever been made for this scholarship. His academic record is excellent. A graduate of the Halifax County Academy, he won the Yeoman prize in Latin and Greek and was selected as Head Boy by his classmates. At Dalhousie he has won a Campbell scholarship while his work all through his course has been of a high order of excellence.

Mr. MacLennan is president of his class, has served on the Student's Council, and is well-known around the University. He has played on the intermediate and senior basketball teams and has made a name for himself in tennis, being one of the winning pair in the men's doubles championship, first of Halifax County and later of Nova Scotia.

Mr. MacLennan will go into residence at Oxford next fall; a brilliant career is predicted for him.

### A Leaf From My Journal

By George Whittily

Schooner Marie, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Sept. 1, 1880. 9 a.m. I was awakened in the night by a commotion on deck. Through the open hatchway I could see the tall form of Captain Joncas at the wheel. The glare of the binnacle light fell full on his weather beaten face. He was anxiously watching the flapping sails and giving hurried orders in French. A moment afterwards I felt the schooner lurch; then I heard the rattling of tackle overhead, and a peaceful gurgle as we moved through the water. A breeze at last. How grateful I was, none can understand but those who have been becalmed for two days in a northern fog. Over the Captain's head I could catch a glimpse of the Little Dipper and a few faint streamers of the northern lights. We were heading southwards at last.

When I came on deck in the morning the sand hills of Natasquan and the limestone cliffs of Mingan had disappeared, and we were running along the wild rugged coast of Anticosti. A heavy surf was breaking at the base of cliffs from five hundred to a thousand feet high. The interior of the island is heavily wooded with pine and hemlock. Near West Point which we were rapidly approaching, the land slopes more gradually to the sea, and forms a little harbor, where lay several vessels—an English brigantine, and three or four little fishing schooners with ten colored sails.

As we neared the point, the wind freshened, and soon was blowing half a gale. By breakfast time we had rounded the point, and were heading straight for Trinity Bay. The South shore mountains are just visible hanging like a cloud-bank over the horizon. "The winds are out with the wares at play", and large sea gulls and cormorants are hovering in the air, and taking advantage of the commotion. At last we are making rapid progress, and if the wind does not slacken a day at most will bring us to Point de Monts. Frank is growing weaker ever hour. Frank is growing weaker ever hour. The terrible disease, whatever it be, is fast wearing him out. To think of Frank Daniels, heir to half Thetford, dying by inches in this miserable little trading schooner.

11 a.m. The wind soon failed us and the fog closed in. We rise and sink with sickening regularity on the heavy swell. Frank breathes with difficulty. We have taken out the upper berth so that he can have more room. He says little and is very patient.

7.30 p.m. It is all over. I had been  
(Continued on page 3)

### SPEAKER SUGGESTS FLYING COURSE FOR UNIVERSITY

CAPT. GIBBONS GIVES INTERESTING TALK

#### BARGAINS IN BOOKS

At other Universities you would pay as much as ten dollars for a year book. At Dalhousie the price is two dollars, that each student may have one. We are helping you. We rely on you to help us.

Sign up cheerfully.

It's worth more.

The Year Book Committee aims to publish a book that will do justice to the college and the student body. It is only by the active cooperation of the student body as a whole that this aim can be realized.

### Lawyers Throw Real Party

Defying, Friday the 13th., stormy weather, and for the first time in years, holding their annual dance in the gymnasium the lawyers put it across big, to the delight of several hundred dancers.

Thousands of red and white streamers artistically arranged gave the Gym an appearance of depth and breadth worthy of a regal ball-room. A most pleasing feature of the decorative scheme was that the homely iron girders were so masked that an outsider would never have suspected their presence; something that has often been overlooked before.

Mae Henion and her five piece orchestra were at their best; they played the latest hits and put plenty of pep into them.

The refreshments served after the 10th dance were much enjoyed and flattering comments were heard on the punch.

The large crowd was chaperoned by: Dean and Mrs. Read, Prof. Horace Reed, Mr. Charles F. MacKenzie and his able committee are to be congratulated on their efficient handling and organization of a splendid dance.

A course in aviation was outlined to a large male audience in the Chemistry Theatre last Friday afternoon by Capt. Orho A. Gibbons. Sketching in a fascinating twenty minute address the history and future of aeronautics, Capt. Gibbons showed the possibilities of aviation as a profession and announced the probability of an aviation course in the near future. The inauguration of this course, he said, depends upon the University.

The course, said Capt. Gibbons, supplemented by fifty hours air experience will entitle a student to a Pilot's Certificate, which will enable the holder to obtain a pilot's job in any part of the world at a salary of from two to ten thousand dollars.

The course would undertake a study of astronomy, map-reading, instruments, and motors. The study of the motor would not be a mechanical one like that given at the Technical College, but rather a study that would enable one to understand the principles involved in its functioning. He could make no statement of the length of the course, because he did not know how much time the students could put into it. Nor could he state the tuition fees until the other arrangements were made. The actual flying would be done either in conjunction with the government, the Halifax Flying Club, or some company. He anticipated no difficulty in making such an arrangement.

The course is dependent upon two factors, he told his audience, whether the University sanctions the course and whether the students desire the course. It would take from twenty to thirty students. He then asked how many were interested in the establishment of this course. The number of students that respond would overcome one of the doubtful factors.

Capt. Gibbons, who is a citizen of Halifax, intimated that he himself would give the lectures. Capt. Gibbons has a fine record. He went overseas and entered the Air force at the beginning of the war. At the end of the war he went into commercial flying. His route for a time was from England to the Continent. Then for a number of years he taught classes similar to those he proposes for Dalhousie. Lately he became President of the California Safe-T-Flying Club. He is now a man of fifteen years flying experience with a record of 815 hours flying. He is an interesting speaker.

At the close of the lecture he spent more than half an hour answering the enthusiastic questions of his audience.

—P. O. H.

# Tonight is Dal Night at the Forum

The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869)

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Subscription Rate: \$1.00 per year

"The Majority of the Students"

The following gem of advice, written on a fragment torn from a small book, has been received by The Gazette:

"What Price Gore" was bunk as was also "Critique's Critique". Leave such irrelative matter out of the "Students' Paper" in future.

(Signed) The Majority of the Students.

The above letter could not be placed under the head of "Letters to the Editor," as no names were signed to it, but it deserves a moments notice as it purports to come from "the majority of the students".

Just when did the students of Dalhousie get together, pass an opinion and draw up a memorial such as the above? If they did, it is part of the secret history of the week. If they did not then one person has taken it upon himself or herself to answer for the student body, without giving that body a chance to express its own opinion. Is he or she justified in such an action?

Considering the contents of this short attempt at censure, one reads that "What Price Gore?" and "Critique's Critic", (the corrections are my own), are irrelative. The writer of "What Price Gore?" based his letter on a subscription list passed among the students some time ago and set forth his ideas on the worthiness or otherwise of the object of the subscription. Many think his ideas were wrong but they were ideas. "Critique's Critic" was written as a criticism of a previous discussion of a phase of college life—cheering at a football game and, as such, was anything but irrelative.

The writers of the two above letters signed their names to their letters and therefore according to the policy of "The Gazette" merited space in the paper for the propagation of their ideas. The individual signing himself or herself "The Majority of the Students" has merited space due to the utter novelty of the letter itself.

It is to be regretted that we have to disappoint "the majority of the students" in the future as it is incumbent upon us to print all letters that express lucid ideas and meet the requirements.

The Professor and the Student

There are many strata in college life brought about by differences of inheritance, position and personality; but they may be grouped into two levels: the Faculty and the Student Body.

These two levels are more or less separate but at certain points they intermingle, giving of their content to each other. Some would say that the only place for intermingling is in the lecture room and that in outside activities the professor should hold himself aloof from those he is teaching. There is an old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt," which seems to uphold this view. An individual wishing to set forth an argument of any kind must have authority. That authority is built on prestige, either his own or that of an individual quoted in the argument. Personal prestige goes far towards lending authority and it is this prestige which many think would be seriously curtailed if there were an intermingling of the two main strata, except in the limited area of the class room.

There may be some grounds for this belief, but there is no reason to believe that a wise mingling of activities and interests on the part of professors and students would have a deleterious effect on the prestige of the former, rather, if wisely carried out it should enhance it.

In the lecture room the student does not see the professor in the true full light. He is a being apart. Nor does the professor see the many surfaces and angles of the students he is lecturing to. Mingling of the two strata would tend to bring forth community of interests and lead to a greater understanding between the two bodies.

At Dalhousie a number of the professors take an active interest in the extra-curricular activities. The different literary and science societies have the benefit of the material aid of some of the faculty. The Glee Club and Sodales have benefitted by the interest and advice of a few. The Gazette has received a share of aid, contributions and criticism from a number of the professors.

The knowledge that members of the faculty are deeply interested in college activities adds greatly to the strength and power of the activities and to the confidence of those in charge. The Gazette takes this opportunity to thank the members of the faculty who have shown their interest in many ways and to express the hope that this interest will continue.

Congratulations!

The news that J. Hugh MacLennan has been elected to the All-Canadian Rhodes Scholarship has been received by his friends with great pleasure, but no surprise. Few could be picked who would so completely fulfill the conditions of eligibility for the honor. A keen student, a true sportsman and a man respected by his friends and acquaintances, he is a worthy representative of the Dominion.

In receiving this honor Hugh has brought further honor to Dalhousie. The scholarship was open to all Canada and the fact that a student at Dalhousie has won the coveted distinction speaks well for the scholastic prestige of our university.

The Gazette extends to Mr. MacLennan hearty congratulations and best wishes for his success.

Letters To The Editor

The Football Tour

Not Idle Prattle

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

January 15, 1928.

Editor of the Gazette.

Dear Sir:—It is hardly necessary to write the story of our trip to the Coast. The Student Body has already learned of our games there through the local press. While the trip was perhaps not entirely successful from the point of view of football, it has been of immense value to Dalhousie. We know now that a team from here can hold their own anywhere in Canada. We have no excuses for our games. Anyone who saw them knows such a thing is unnecessary. The boys did their best under very unfavorable conditions. They played the game from start to finish, and while they did not return winners, they earned a very enviable reputation as a team of sportsmen who play the game for the game's sake. We are sure of a royal welcome in Vancouver at any time.

I am indeed sorry that more of our students and some of our Faculty could not have made the trip. It was a wonderful lesson to all of us. We hear a lot about College Spirit at Dalhousie. The same talk exists throughout Canada. But we have a spirit of which we may well be proud, that of our Alumni. At every station of importance from Coast to Coast we were met by men who had been at Dalhousie, some of them before we were born. No matter how late the hour, or how bad the weather, we always received a welcome from old Dalhousians, some of whom had driven for miles to see the boys from the old college.

On our return trip we made several stops, and visited many of the Western Universities. Dalhousie is one of the smallest Universities outside the Maritimes, yet she is known in every Province in the Dominion. In every Canadian city you will find Dalhousians among the leading men, doctors, lawyers, judges, men in every walk of life, all anxious to hear the news from old Dalhousie. Many were the stories we heard of life at Dalhousie in the old days. Never before had I realized how much Dalhousie has done. It has been a lesson I shall never forget, and one I wish more could have learned.

If this trip has done nothing else, it has brought together the big family of Dalhousie, men and women from Coast to Coast. It has given them a glimpse of their old College by the sea, and bound them still closer to their Alma Mater, of which they are so proud. To us it has given a new conception of Dalhousie. The "old days" have passed but the old College still remains, of which we may well be proud.

Too much cannot be said for the Vancouver Rugby Union and our alumni at Vancouver. Every minute of our stay there was filled for us. Banquets, dances, theatre parties were held in our honor, and everything possible done to make our visit enjoyable.

I wish to take this opportunity of thanking those whose contributions made this trip possible, our Alumni, the Student Body, and our many friends. Especially I wish to thank Mr. Ronald Fielding, without whose labours the trip would never have been possible, Dr. John Rankine, our Coach, who did everything to make a team, and finally the Captain and boys of the team, who played the game, not only on the field, but everywhere, and whose only regret is that they did not return to Dalhousie undefeated.

Thanking you for space in your paper,

Dear Sir: In the issue of the Gazette dated Nov. 18th there appeared a letter to the Editor signed "L. E. C." under the caption "What Price Gore?" which purported to offer very good reasons why the students of Dalhousie should not sign a paper being then circulated authorizing a donation to the War Memorial Fund, the amount to be deducted from their caution deposits. Whether these reasons were very good, whether they were sound, sensible and valid reasons, has become the subject of much controversy among many students and other readers of the Gazette.

The views of "L. E. C." have been as Mr. Coffey himself says "severely censured" by one signing himself a Senior, which rather leaves one with the nasty impression that, being a SENIOR, his seniority gives him adequate right to pass judgment on a matter of such import, tho' perhaps that suspicion is ill-founded.

In the last issue of the Gazette, Mr. J. S. Roper refers to the "effusion" of Mr. Coffey as being the "idle prattle of a thoughtless man," and seeing that Mr. Roper writes "as one who was Editor-in-Chief of the Dalhousie Gazette for two terms, who served in France and knows the spirit of Dalhousie," one has again that nasty impression that his judgment is final and infallible.

I write, Mr. Coffey, as one who read with pleasure Mr. Coffey's article regarding War Memorials, as one who thoroughly enjoyed his apology in the last issue of the Gazette; he well knows that discretion is the better part of valor. Mr. Coffey is valorous.

In his letter Mr. Coffey shows writing skill; he expresses views and gives reasons for them; it is clear that his mind is far from being blank. It would appear that Mr. Roper's contumely were quite unjustifiable. Surely, Mr. Coffey is not the "thoughtless man" nor is his the "idle prattle," if idle prattle there be.

I do not propose to champion Mr. Coffey, but I do deplore the fact that a Senior and Mr. Roper in their criticisms have neither met his argument nor given any very good reasons for their own views. Mr. Coffey has been abused. He has been called a "thoughtless man" and his views dubbed "idle prattle,"—once would have expected a broad-minded criticism from a Dalhousie graduate once Editor-in-Chief of the Dalhousie Gazette.

Respectfully yours, JOHN C. THURROTT.

JOYCE KILMER

"And after the golden day has come, and the war is at an end, A slab of bronze on the chapel wall will tell of the noble dead, And every name on that radiant list will be the name of a friend, A name that shall, through the centuries in grateful prayers be said."

I am, Yours very truly, Bill Winfield, Manager.

Sister--Pal

Sister-pal, who takes an interest In the things that interest me; Sister-pal, who's always ready Rain or shine my chum to be. She's the one who gladly listens To my tale of joy or woe, Always has a word of comfort When the way is hard to go; Or when blessings form the burden, She is there to bear a part. Sharing joys as well as sorrows Links us closer, heart to heart. Sister-Pal, who tells her secrets Softly in my listening ear, And her trials and temptations, And each little joy and fear. Thus a mutual understanding Strong and true between us grows, Which the storm of life wont shatter Matters not from where it blows.

Advice to a Sceptic

Completely disillusioned, you are bored By life's thin triumphs—those you used to prize; You think that effort wins no just reward And therefore only idleness is wise. Pleasure is false, . . . and pain . . . But this is true: Behind your life there is a kindly cheat Who tried to keep his empty truth from you By veiling it in beautiful deceit. Comply with Him. Sow labour's heavy seeds On barren ground; and though dull truth may call Your harvest but a maze of worthless weeds, Defy dull truth and revel in it all! —Don Murray

Another Honor

An hour of powerful significance has been brought to Dalhousie University by J. Gerald Godsoe, president of the Council of Students, through his election to the office of vice-president of the National Federation of Canadian University Students. The election took place at the first annual convention of the organization which was held at the University of Toronto, December 27 to 30, 1927. The federation, which is comparatively in its infancy has been accepted with open arms by a majority of the student bodies of Canadian Universities and is now representative of eighteen universities throughout the Dominion. The Federation aims to be a clearing house for the problems that beset the different student groups of Canada and an ambitious program dealing with these problems has been drawn up by the convention. The organization will, no doubt, become a powerful factor in university circles and will do much to coalesce the ideas, endeavors and activities of student life in Canada. A number of schemes, such as inter

provincial debating, has been successfully worked out and many other problems are being dealt with by this central body. The heads of a number of the leading Canadian universities have signified their approval of the movement and have contributed their support. An Imperial Conference is planned for next year. At this convention which will be held in central Canada, representatives of the leading universities of the British Empire will meet to discuss the problems of university life. The affect of this conference will be deep and far reaching. It will bring together representatives from widely scattered regions of the earth—England, Scotland, South Africa, Australia and other British possessions. It can be easily seen that such a gathering will be fruitful of much thought and many fertile ideas. Mr. Godsoe is to be heartily congratulated on the recognition bestowed on him and upon the signal honor he has brought to his Alma Mater. The Gazette wishes him success in his activities.

An Auditor's Epistle

(Being the attempt of a Commerce Student to follow his text-book literally.)

"It is most important that an auditor express his findings and opinions in simple English. His aim must be to write so clearly that his report cannot possibly be misunderstood. He will not err if he follows the simple language of the Bible . . ." etc. (Montgomery's "Auditing" p. p. 208-209).

- 1. Robert whose surname is Slayter a member in communion with the Students of Commerce which are now at Dalhousie to the Wise Men of the Tabernacle of Commerce.
2. Grace and greetings unto you, and peace.
3. I am bound to thank you inasmuch as ye have considered me worthy of your confidence.
4. For behold the post one morning was a heavy one! yea, a goodly mail was brought unto me.
5. And, verily, so large a letter was written by him, your scribe, wherein ye bade me enter into your synagogue to make investigation.
6. Whereat I girded up my loins, and got me to the place known as one-half score and four, on the street which is called Oxford.
7. And lest any should say to me, by what right comest thou hither, behold! I carried the epistle which I received from you, and held it out for all men to see.
8. And having spoken unto them who had charge of the books of account, and told of my mission, lo! they brought unto me the books of account.
9. Even the ledgers, and the cash books, and the journals, and all the books wherein your business is recorded.
10. And I began to check them with my checks: even a check to every item; a green check, checking the items one against another.
11. And, behold! as I checked, item against item, I found that some items could not be checked, for, lo! there was no item against which to check them. And I marvelled greatly.
12. For so it was, that when I searched but could not find the items to check, I said unto myself, surely there is wickedness here:
13. Surely someone with evil intent hath taken advantage of his trust for his own gain.
14. Then I said to those who were in authority, surely someone with evil intent hath taken advantage of his trust for his own gain.
15. Bring unto me, I pray thee, the man who is charged with the treasury. And they brought him, and he stood before me, face to face.
16. And I spake unto him and said, What hast thou done? Wherefore do I find thus and thus?
17. And he looked, and, behold! my visage was stern and my countenance commanding.
18. Then he cried with a loud and exceeding bitter cry, and said, ho! I am undone. Surely my sin hath been discovered, and what shall I do?
19. And he confessed his sin, and said, For I was led into evil ways, even the ways of evildoers, who play the game even the game of crown and anchor, hitting the can, the can of strong wine.
20. And my spirits were high, and I said, surely my fortune will be great. But the stakes were high, and those who played were skillful, even beyond my skill.
21. And it came to pass that on a certain day I staked the treasures of gold entrusted to me.
22. Believing in my heart that fortune would be mine. But fortune favored me not, and so the treasures were taken from me.
23. And when he finished speaking, he rent his clothes and mourned.
24. And now I offer this, my report, for whosoever committeth sin transgresseth the law; and ye have the matter in your own hands.
25. As for the lists and the values of the treasures which ye have lost by the dishonesty of your servant, are they not written in the schedule which I gave unto you with this my report.
26. And I salute you with many salutations. Amen.

- Are you going to the Forum tonight? Make this a real Dal night at the Forum. —R. E. G.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

There will be a Student's Service next Sunday night at Fort Massey Church. This is to be followed by a Sing Song at the Fort Massey Hall.

has been remarking that the Seniors have been very nice to them all last week. But of course no one would think of critiques.

Shirreff Hall is regretting the news that Margaret Smith will not be back again. Always full of fun and a good sport everybody wishes Marg. a speedy recovery.

Class '28 feel pretty proud of themselves. At least they know how to choose a president.

Theatre night is always good fun. Last year's was not the success it might have been but the S. C. A. are planning one bigger and better than ever for this year. At least the girls seem to think it's in the air. Watch and see what is going to happen.

All's fair in love and war Or so the sages say. But win or lose in either case You pay and pay and pay.

We note that J. J. L. Atwood has again leapt into prominence through courageous firefighting in the Forrest Building. Just once more, Mr. Atwood, and we'll suspect you of setting these fires for publicity. You know you wouldn't like "Mary Ellen" for a nickname, you old smoke-eater, you!

Get your ticket for the Dal skate at the Forum.

Prof. Sydney Pierce, who last year held lectures in political science at Dal has now joined the ranks of the wedded. Those who remember Prof. Pierce extend to him heartiest congratulations. It may be stated that Prof. Pierce proved himself a very capable director, having trained the players in the Convocation Play, "The First Year."

Dr. Daniel Wood, '27, is practising in Souris, P. E. I.

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Nancy Ann

Miss Nancy Anne sat still to look Across the hills. Her story book Had dropped unheeded by her side And she in fancy, was the bride Of some tall prince, whose handsome face She could not see, for silky lace And heavy plumes were hiding it. It must be handsome though to fit So fine a prince. And she was dressed In richest silks, the very best Of lace from Venice, old and fine, And gems from shiek's or raja's mine. Perfume, distilled from roses fair Was ling'ring in her glossy hair. But who the prince was no one knew. His name, and if his blood were blue, If he were Swiss or old Chinese All this was robed in mystery. The wedding chimes began to ring The happy guests prepared to sing. Miss Nancy Anne sat up and sighed She wasn't, after all, a bride And gathered up her books for class Since Nancy was a college lass. All day she thought how queer to know That if she e'er should wed, 'twas so That, here on earth, her prince, somewhere Was quite alive, with things to wear, And eat, could talk and laugh and such Oh dear! but maybe he was Dutch! The crazy thought whirled through her head. She wondered what the 'profs' had said. If they had ever foolish thoughts, Or if their brains were tidy lots Of common sense. Perhaps the girls, Beside her, dreamed of ships and pearls. Since Nancy Anne was not in love, Why, under yon bright sun above, When she but thought her prince might die, Did tears dim Nancy's gentle eye? —R. E. G.

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## THE GENESIS OF HOCKEY

It was the depth of winter—about one month deep. The snow lay everywhere, even on the ground, and the skylarks larked in the sky while the periwinkles winked in the frosty air. Baron Bungle, mighty lord of the vast estate of Bunglevale, sat in the banquet hall of his ancestral mansion of blue-stone, situated in the highlands of Irak, and idly twiddled his thumbs. To be truthful, he twiddled one of his thumbs for the other had been lost in mortal combat some years before when his adversary had bitten it off in the lists.

The baron was sunk in a fit of ennui on account of enforced inaction. For the past two months there had been nothing to divert his attention. He had tried to make war on his neighbor and dearest friend, Jumbo Jangler, chief of the tribe of Jingoos, but Jumbo would not fight as he was too busily engaged in scientific research. He had his wizards hard at work trying to fathom the reason why a man who has had his brains knocked out in "hors de combat" could not salute the master of the lists at the end of the encounter. So there was no time for helping the Baron in his difficulty.

Consequently the baron was bored. Of course he had witnessed the tearing to pieces of Luke the Leaper by his trained bears and had seen some twelve men die in the lists during the week; but what were such womanish practises, such ladylike sights to a man of the baron's ilk? Mere chicken feed! He craved novelty and excitement.

Ho! cried the baron to his lusty followers, as he smote the table right mightily and kicked the piper in the bag-pipes. "List to me, ye lily-livered poltroons, ye cum of witches' brewings, ye poor dumb-bells! Long have ye obtained sustenance at my board; never have I denied ye anything, and, in return, all I have asked is that ye fight my enemies for my safety and, when there are no enemies, to fight each other for my delight. Lo! This long two-month there has been no battle for the my delirium, nothing more than an odd man killed. Do ye grow womanish? And you Sir Lysols, who bears the scars of many battles which I have chosen as my second in command, have you turned chicken hearted? Thou seemest content to sit around each day and be content with the small score of two or three men's death to your credit."

The noble knight's head sunk in shame. Certain it was that he was slowing down on his delivery in combat. The last man he had killed he had had to hit three times with his mace before he knocked his head off.

The baron once more smote the table until the jug of beer at his elbow spilled its contents on the upturned face of the jester, who sat at the feet of his master in hopes of just such a deluge.

"Hark to me, Sir Lysols" cried the bold baron, "Think me up some scheme to waylay this accursed boredom. Let it be an event full of the clash of arms, the blare of trumpets, the shouts of men in battle, and streaming streams of gushing gore. The resources of the castle and all my men are at your disposal but woe betide you if you fail in this task which I have set you; better that a millstone be tied round your neck and you be thrown into Matera Medica for another year. Avaut ye now. Be gone. Beat it. Scoot. I give thee three days to think up some scheme for my pleasure."

The bold knight withdrew in confusion and for three days was not seen in the banquet hall of the castle. Sir Lysols endured these three days without a wink of sleep except for the odd cat doze of ten hours or so. From these short naps he would awake with a start, and, after half an hour's rumination, would take his head in his hands and lead himself around his room in despair.

He had thought of burning the castle down and, during the conflagration, of standing on the highest battlement, dreamily strumming a ukelele, as the nifty Nero had once done. But he had never acquired the double role of troubador and tight-rope walker, so that scheme had to be rejected.

The last day of probation saw the knight in the depths of despair. On the morrow he must bring forth a scheme to please the baron or suffer the consequences of his lord's wrath. At last as he was about to give in to the hopelessness of his task, an idea struck him and knocked him flat.

Forthwith he sent a communication to the baron, inviting him to be present with his retinue next day at the bank of Limpid Lake, a small body of water situated a short distance from the castle.

The following day at the appointed time the baron with all his panoply of power took up his position at the margin of the lake and awaited developments. In front of the assembled throng lay a keen sheet of ice, at either end of which had been placed a large fishing net stretched over a frame to form a boxlike compartment. The baron, curious, questioned his henchmen, but all to no avail. They knew nothing of the proceedings.

When expectancy was at its height and the crowd began to sway and rustle with impatience, the sound of music and marching men was borne to them on the afternoon air. Over the crest of the nearest hill came a company of men with banners swaying in the

breeze. As they neared the pond, the wizard, Hawkeye Hedric, most powerful of all magicians in Irak could be discerned in the van, a small trumpet in one hand, and what looked like two short wands in the other. The remainder of the company was made up of twelve knights with their squires and pages, among whom Sir Lysols could easily be distinguished by his long red plume and large feet. The squires and pages were heavily laden with strange accoutrements. A band of minstrels brought up the rear. (I know not what they brought it up for as it wasn't used.)

The band of knights marched on the ice to the strains of martial music and, halting in front of the baron, extended to him a royal salute. The wizard then stood forward and, putting his thumbs in his ears, spake thus: "Oh baron bold in battle brave Thy sword hast slain stout volery. Full heavy blows received and gave— But sufferest now from ennui. Thy knight, Sir Lysols, stout and true, Hast plotted up a plan to please, And overcome, great knight, for you Your listless longing lethargies. This game was conjured out of blood And bloody shall its history be With buffet, blow and thwack and thud, Ad multos water on the knee. Oh Baron, gaze upon the band. Of these stout hearts before the grouped. Each many doughty deeds hath done And never yet his banner drooped. Now you your places get ye men And show your piousness in strife. Let ring of steel sound round the glen, And let each dearly sell his life. Having finished, the wizard blew three blasts on his whistle-like trumpet and clamping the two wands on his feet, glided out on the ice, while the twelve contestants arrayed themselves for the fray from the gear that their attendant had brought. The magician meanwhile had capered with many odd gyrations and gestures presumably invoking the spirits, to the cage at one end of the pond and bending low blew his trumpet within it. He then propelled himself to the other end and blew his nose there.

Returning to the centre of the pond Hawkeye once more blew a blast on his trumpet and the twelve knights, fully accoutred in armour, glided out on the ice. Each had a pair of the wand shaped rods on his feet and carried in his hands a long crooked club. The assembled throng gazed in wonderment. The knights took up positions so that it was seen to be a contest in which six on one side were to contend with the other six.

In front of each of the box like compartments a man took up his position and the crowd gasped as they gazed on these two seeming apparitions. "Cerule" cried the Baron, tweeking the jester's nose in bewilderment, "what is you bulbous, billowing form. Is't man or beast?"

And well could the doughty baron exclaim, for each of these two men had half a feather bed fastened to their middle and a pillow on each leg. The magician once more blew the whistle and dropping a round object on the ice between the two opposing ranks backed off the ice on his hands and knees. There was a rush of men, a clang of steel, the thud of blows and the throng on the bank forgot everything but the scene before them.

The battle raged furiously from one end of the lake to the other. The stone flew up and down the ice propelled by blows from the clubs, which the contestants swung with might and main. Two opposing knights, in trying to further the interests of their respective companies, smote each other so shrewdly that they had to be removed to the blacksmith to be extracted from their armour. The surface of the lake soon became strewn with articles of war. Gauntlets, helmets, spurs, pieces of mail, bolts and screws, and other odds and ends cluttered the slippery surface, while here and there lay a contestant who seemingly had more interest in the heavens than in the combat at hand. These gentlemen would, from time to time, rise slowly to their feet, perform a few wierd motions and then wobble into the wallowing, wallowing fray once more.

It had by this time become apparent to the throng on the shore that the aim of this concentrated warfare was to get the round stone, by pushing, pummeling, killing or maiming into the box-like compartments. A number of times it had approached either compartment only to be cleverly stopped by the interference of a pillow or a feather bed. The baron would howl with delight as the fishnet guardian would delicately turn the stone away cunningly, bringing his head in contact with the missile.

After some thirty minutes play, time had to be called to resuscitate the wizard who had unwittingly put his head in the way of one of the players' clubs. During the rest period the minstrel's band played for the pleasure of the crowd while the opposing crowd tried to repair the ravages of war and the pages swept the accumulation of junk off the ice. Close inquiry showed that two men on either side were of no further use, so they were carted away to be disposed of later. The two guardians of the compartments were badly battered but as they had the framework to lean against they were allowed to stay in the battle.

The second part of the contest began with a weak blast from the trumpet of Hawkeye, who had not quite recovered from the blow. This part of the contest was much the same as the first part only more so. You, gentle reader, have many times howled yourself hoarse at its counterpart. Of course the ranks of the contestants were sadly depleted but still the spirit ran high. Suffice to say that play was finally brought to an end through lack of leaving material to carry on hostilities. Sir Lysols on account of his abnormally thick pate was the only one left standing and he

## A Leaf From My Journal

(Continued from page 1)

alone with him for over an hour, and thought him fast asleep. I had got out the chart, and was calculating as well as I could, our position, only two hundred miles to Point de Monts; where we hope to find a physician, or medicine at least. I was beginning to feel hopeful again, when I was startled by a deep groan from Frank. A glance at his face sufficed to tell me that the end was come. I called the others and tried to make him swallow a little brandy. He murmured a few words, of which all I could catch were "Mother—West gate." I think he fancied he was at home again, and driving up that pleasant English road from Great Yarmouth, saw through the trees his mother waiting to welcome him, just as she stood that cool autumn morning and watched him drive through the West Gate, and lingered for the last glimpse of him through the trees. It was his last memory of home.

We wrapped him in his blankets, and laid him in the little canoe in which he had spent so many happy days. I thought of the first time that I saw him. It was the night that I stumbled on their camp by Belles Amours rapids. He was cleaning his rifle, by the fire-light, and telling merry stories; and that was only a month ago. I can scarcely believe it.

Midnight. It is bright moon-light. The fog cleared away early after noon and we have made ten knots an hour ever since. Not a sound is to be heard but the creak of the cordage, the rustle of the flag at half-mast, and the ripple of the water on the vessel's side; except when a white purpose comes to the surface to breathe. The bow look-out has curled himself up in an old stay-sail. Antoine, the old Jersey sailor, stands at the wheels with his eye intently on a single star, by which he is directing the course. My thoughts follow my eyes as I look backward over the waves toward the gloomy cliffs of Anticosti,—natures' only monument over the multitudes who from century to century have found their last resting place beneath the waters of the lower St. Lawrence.

### MEDICALS HOLD DINNER MEETING

The Dalhousie Students Medical Society held a dinner at the Green Lantern on Tuesday, Jan. 17, at 6:30 p.m. At the close of the dinner the Society was addressed by Dr. H. B. Atlee who, told of his experience in the East during the war. He confined his address chiefly to the difficulties of sanitation but also spoke of his hospital experience and told a few amusing stories in this connection. At the close of the address, W. H. Soper in a few words moved a vote of thanks. This was seconded by E. S. Giddings. "Bill" Winfield then gave a very interesting account of the Vancouver Trip. He spoke of the kindness of the students of U. B. C. and people of Vancouver, and especially emphasized the splendid college spirit of old Dalhousie graduates who now reside in the west.

The meeting adjourned on motion. It is to be regretted that the society was not fully represented as those present agree that not only an enjoyable but also an instructive evening was spent.

### THE MEDICAL DANCE

Under the efficient convenorship of Arthur Ross the dance committee of the Medical Society is busily engaged formulating plans for the Annual Medical Dance which will be held in the university gymnasium on Monday evening, January 30. Indications are that the affair will prove one of "the events" of the season. Special novelties and an original program of dances will add much to the evening's enjoyment.

wasn't exactly full of pep. Moreover the baron had suffered a fit of apoplexy, due to the excitement and had to be carried away.

The contest had been a huge success. Sir Lysol's name was vindicated. True, the outcome of the game was doubtful, as the stone had not entered either of the compartments, but the effects were manifold and far-reaching. Nine of the twelve knights died from injuries. The baron had a stroke of paralysis on top of the apoplexy and, lastly, a great game had been invented which lives and waxes strong to the present day.

Four years later, when Sir Lysol had almost recovered from the effects of the memorable contest, he was called to the bedside of the baron who lay dying. "Noble Sir Lysol," spake the mighty Thane, "well hast thou served me in peace and war. Thy contest of four years ago lives bright in my memory. For that great service that you rendered me I now bequeath thee the great estate here in Bunglevale.

The magician, who was present at the time, drew near to his lord and said "Mighty baron what leavest thou me in recognition of my services?"

"The fame of thy name, Hawkeye," replied the baron, "That historic contest, that we witnessed on Limpid Lake some four years ago, shall be known as Hawkeye. That is thy reward. Give me now of thy wisdom as I sink into the great beyond."

The baron lay back on his couch and closed his eyes, while the magician sitting down on the floor in the corner of the room, intoned these words:

"A game of chance doth much enhance The life of man below. Add unto this a riot bliss And streaming blood's red flow. A dash of fight, a show of might, Will add unto the game All summed in one we have this fun And hawkeye is it's name."

The baron turned his face to the wall in disgust and yielded up the ghost. I pray, gentle reader, that, after reading attempt, you will not do likewise.

—TAH.

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# SPORT

## Dal. Intermediate Defeat Y.M.C.A.

The Dal second Basketball squad took their second straight win in the City Intermediate League, by defeating the crack "Y" five 26 to 21 at the Y gym last Saturday night. Displaying even better form than they showed in their first game the Tigers had the game well in hand in the first period and although the Y rallied in the second the Gold and Black hoopers were not to be defeated and successfully held off their opponents until the final whistle.

Hugh Ross and Davidson were the stars for the Tigers, between the two of them they tallied all the Dal points. Davidson scored sixteen points and Ross ten. On the defence Tom Parker showed up well and should be well up among the candidates for the first team. Ross and Davidson, on the form they have displayed to date should be pretty safe bets for berths on the Senior squad.

The Tigers ran up an early lead in the opening session and when it ended they were on the long end of a 17-9 score. The playing of the team in this period was splendid and should they keep up the good work another championship for the Dal hoopers appears to be in sight. In the second frame the "Y" five started a rally which carried them within one lone basket of tying the score but just as they seemed to be in a position wherein they might have changed the result of the game the Tigers bucked up and the Reds were turned back, with the final score 26-21 against them.

Dal are now tie with the Wanderers for first place in the league. These two teams will meet in the near future and needless to say a great game is expected. In Saturday's game the Tigers were without the services of Pottie who had been playing a good game at relief guard. Pottie had the misfortune to injure his hand in practise and it is likely that he will be unable to play for some time. The Tigers lined up as follows:

Blenkinsop, Goudge, Davidson, 16; Ross 10; Parker, Fraser.

—J. W. W.

## CO-EDS GET WIN OVER Y.W.C.A.

The Dalhousie Intermediate Girls' basketball team defeated the Y. W. C. A. squad by a small margin in the West End Baptist Hall on last Monday night. The game was fast and rough in spots. At no time was it certain which team would win. Scores were made by one team and in the next few minutes the opposing team evened the points with outbursts of speed. Both sides were eager for the victory and excitement ran high all through the game.

The "Y" has a crack team which is accurate in their passing, intercepting and especially in catching. They had the decided edge on the Dal players in the first period which ended with a score of 14-10 in favor of the "Y". In the second period the Dalhousie girls came to the fore and made a splendid comeback. The forwards cleared well and were given the ball by the guards and centres. Basket after basket was scored while the last "Y" players evened the point time after time and fought hard for a lead. A tie seemed inevitable but Dal ended the game one basket ahead of the "Y". When the final whistle blew the score stood 22-20 in favor of Dalhousie. Mina Juden and Dot Jost starred for the "Y", while the pick of the Dal players were Eileen Cameron and Betty Freeman.

Line-up: Centres: M. MacDonald, J. Dumaresq, E. Cameron; Guards: J. Fraser, E. Shaw, P. Miller; Forwards: E. Freeman, M. Thompson, Atherton, A.

### DAL NIGHT AT FORUM

Tonight the first Dalhousie skating party will be staged when the doors of the Forum will be thrown open to the students of the University. Tickets are being issued to the students and these must be presented at the door. An interfaculty hockey match is scheduled to take place from seven to eight o'clock, after which the ice surface will be open for general skating.

## A CHANCE MEETING

While going down a sunny street The other day I chanced to meet Two ladies of the bourgeoisie And they were wondrous strange to see. One was tall and very thin Quite like a slightly bended pin All covered o'er by Time's soft tread With rust most delicately spread. Though one could easily surmise That forty years ago the skies Beheld a stately graceful belle Who played croquet and waltzed quite well.

And as she walked she bent her head O'er her companion who though red And rotund had the busy air Of knowing whether madam's hair Were all her own or if the maid Had twenty beaus to one and stayed Awake at night to figure out How Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Stout Could quite afford to get new furs. Their old ones were as good as hers. And as she walked she gave her ear A perky twist so she might hear The whispered words of her lean friend Nor miss a single one yet lend Her eyes to all that happened near And half to look around for fear Some one should hear the spicy bit Of news and tell another. It Must surely not be known. Of course She'll tell her sister but the force Of all the king's fine cavalry And all his men could never be Enough to make her breathe a word To anyone. She must have heard The saw that women cannot keep A secret. Just how light or deep Their thoughts were I should like to know

But never shall 'Tis strange but so.

—R. E. G.

### GLEE CLUB NOTES

The first performance of this term will be held on Friday evening, January 27. An election will be held for the positions of Secretary and Technician, made necessary by the resignations of Walter Ross and Carl Hood who have withdrawn owing to illness and pressure of work, respectively. In order to take as little time with the election as possible nominations must be in by 12 noon, Thursday, the twenty-sixth.

The first rehearsal for the Glee Club orchestra was a decided success and it is hoped that many more will turn out this Saturday at 2:30 in the Munro Room.

Delta Gamma is to start work immediately on a big musical show under the capable leadership of Joe Connolly and Keltie Holman.

### NEWMAN CLUB MEETING

A meeting of the Newman Club will be held next Sunday afternoon at 3:15 in the Knights of Columbus Hall on Hollis Street. Rev. Abbe Casgraine will address the meeting. Mr. Casgraine, who is in charge of the Immigration work in Halifax, is a forceful and experienced speaker.

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## Those Good Old Days

HARVARD IN 1725

That teachers preparing candidates for Harvard had their troubles as far back as 1725 is made clear in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin by the following letter, written in that year—

York July 2d. 1725.

Rev'd and Dear Sir,

These are to address you in favour of the bearer, Amos Main, a Young Man that has been exercising his Powers on Latin and Greek Tongues these six or seven Years; but under inexpressible Disadvantages. This poor Lad has seldom come less than two Miles to School; he has also been continually harassed by his envious Brethren at home. He did on these Accounts remove to Cambridge, where he spent about a Year, much to his advantage. But the last Six Months he has been again with me. In the Winter he boarded in the House where I taught, and the last Quarter the School has been kept at his Father's House. I now at length adventure to offer him to Examination, in Order to his Admission. If he should be found somewhat Raw; yet I hope you'll wink at it. He is come to Years of Discretion and will doubtless by future Diligence make up for his Present Deficiencies. His Parents flattered themselves with the Hopes of his Entering the last Year; and if they should now be disappointed they will be for ever discouraged from making any other Attempt. And it would cast a Damp on the School that I fear whether several other very hopeful Children will not be prevented from proceeding in their Learning. I leave the case with your Wisdom and Goodness. Wishing you much of the Presence and Grace of Christ in the Discharge of the Weighty Trust committed by him to you I subscribe Your old sincere Friend & Ready Servant Jos. Mooley.

A pleasing remembrance of the college year to be treasured in after years—The Dalhousie Year Book.

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## "CITY GONE WILD" LOOKS LIKE THOMAS MEIGHAN'S BEST

Thomas Meighan in a role slightly reminiscent of "The Miracle Man". Thomas Meighan in a modern melodrama of life in a big city. Thomas Meighan as the district attorney who proposes to end a deadly gang war only to discover that his fiancee's father is the "man behind the gun" in the underworld. Thomas Meighan in a strong he-man role. Thomas Meighan as a crusader who goes down into the haunts of gangsters in an effort to get his man—and gets him with bare fists! Thomas Meighan in the finest role of his career!

That's what we're promised in "The City Gone Wild" which arrives at the Majestic Friday and Saturday. From all reports, it shapes up as Meighan's best picture to date. James Cruze directed from an original story by Charles and Jules Furthman. Marietta Millner and Louise Brooks are featured.

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## CASINO

THIS THUR-FRI-SAT. MILTON SILLS with Doris Kenyon in "The Valley of the Giants" Peter B. Kyne's virile story of the Northwest

\*\*\*\*\* NEXT MON-TUE-WED. LON CHANEY in "Mockery"

A Dramatic romance of the Russian revolution

## Majestic

TO-DAY AND SATURDAY "THE CITY GONE WILD" with Thomas Meighan

MON. TUE. WED. "THE NOTORIOUS LADY" Lewis Stone—Barbara Bedford

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## INTERFACULTY BASKET BALL SCHEDULE

The Interfaculty Basketball League will get under way to-morrow afternoon when four games of the scheduled league will be run off. The opening game of the league will be between the Engineers and the Lawyers. The leagues are divided into two sections, A and B. Section A includes Engineers, Law, Meds and Dentistry. Section B: Arts, Commerce, Freshmen and Theology. In the following schedule each team meets each other team in its section twice, the winners of each section will play-off at the close of the regular schedule. The schedule:

Date	2.30	3.10	3.50	4.30
Jan. 21st:	Eng. vs. Law;	Dents vs Meds	Arts vs Theol	Com vs Fresh.
Jan. 28th:	Arts vs Com.	Theol. vs Fresh	Dents vs Law	Meds vs Eng.
Feb. 4th:	Dents vs Eng.	Meds vs Law	Com. vs Theol.	Fresh vs Art
Feb. 11th:	Com. vs Frosh	Theol. vs Arts	Meds vs Dents	Law vs Eng.
Feb. 18th:	Eng. vs Meds	Law vs Dents	Frosh vs Theol	Arts vs Com.
Feb. 25th:	Arts vs Frosh	Theol. vs Com.	Eng. vs Dents	Law vs Meds.
Mar. 3rd:	Winner of Section A	vs	winner of Section B.	

### MEN IN PRISON FIND NEPENTHE IN STUDY

Nearly Ninety Wisconsin Convicts Are Busy With the University Correspondence Course

The saving grace of study to those shut behind prison bars is testified to by convicts reached by the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin. To those inmates of the State Prison, nearly ninety in number, who are enrolled in correspondence study courses supplied by the division education by mail not only holds the promise of better preparation for normal life, but serves as an anodyne to bitter memories.

Not alone the young men with short terms to serve, who might be expected to turn to study as a means of increasing earning capacity when they start their "comeback" into civil life, but older men who have served years of their sloop sentences are numbered in the group of prisoners who do their weekly assignments.

### STORY OF RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

"Mockery" scheduled for the Casino Theatre next Monday is Lon Chaney's newest starring vehicle.

The story is a gripping drama of the Russian revolution, with Chaney in the role of a strange hermit-like peasant who, through a strange trick of fate, is plunged into the midst of the struggle of revolutionists against aristocrats.

Barbara Bedford plays the leading feminine role in the new production, in which appear Ricardo Cortez, Mack Swain, Emily Fitzroy, Kai Schmidt, Charles Puffy and others of note.

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