

# Year Book Committee Appointed

**NOTICE**  
YEAR BOOKS FROM OTHER COLLEGES

The 1927 Dalhousie Year Book Committee would be very grateful to any student or professor willing to lend Year Books of other universities for use during the next few weeks.

This would greatly assist in compiling the 1929 Dalhousie Year Book. We can assure the lenders that the best of care will be taken of their books, while in our hands. Those willing to lend them kindly get in touch with Ralph Morton, Ron McColl or anyone of the committee.

## J. E. RUTLEDGE ADDRESSES COMMERCE

J. E. Rutledge, president of the Halifax Commercial Club, addressed the Commerce Society on Bonds last Thursday afternoon. Mr. Rutledge gave a thorough discussion to the subject and cleared up many doubtful points about bonds.

He first told about the different kinds of bonds there are on the market today. The class of bonds issued depend on the market at the time they are floated, he said. He told of the numerous details of floating a bond issue and cited several examples of Nova Scotia firms to strengthen his talk.

Rand Matheson, the president of the society introduced Mr. Rutledge to about 40 of the Commerce students who took advantage of the lecture.

## Current Events Club Started

There has been a movement on foot lately to form several new societies in the University. It was felt that these social gatherings will be of a distinct help to the students who become members. One such club was formed last week. Another was begun Tuesday and will be known as the "Current Events Club". Its purpose is to promote free-and-easy discussion on all current happenings, and also to promote the art of public speaking.

The officers for the coming term were chosen as follows:  
Hon. Pres.: Prof. R. A. McKay  
Pres.: I. Pottie  
Vice-Pres.: J. L. Dubinsky  
Sect.: G. Shapiro.

The topic chosen for the next meeting is the "Anglo-French Naval Agreement". Mr. P. Henley will provide the first paper.

## War and Memorial Services

By Laurence Coffey

It was an evening late in November. For the past week the weather had been decidedly cold, with several snow flurries. Everyone had on winter clothing. On this day the weather had taken a sudden change, and, while it was warm, there was a clammy, foggy drizzle which might be described either as falling, or as in the air.

My friend and I had just come out of a theatre, which had been rather overheated, and were walking down Barrington Street, bound nowhere in particular, but heading in the general direction of the various cafes.

The unnecessarily warm clothing we wore, and the depressing weather, had put us in low spirits—apathetic. There was only one thing in the world which appealed to me: I said to my companion, "What do you say if we have a bottle of beer?"

"Funny, but I was dreaming about the same thing myself and didn't have the energy to speak," he replied.

As we had been walking along in silence, paying little attention to where we were going, we had passed all the cafes and, at the moment when I broached the subject of beer, we were standing in front of a bootlegger's. We climbed the stairs and knocked on the steel-clad door. Presently the shutter was drawn back and an eye appeared at the peep-hole. Recognizing us, the door was opened wide enough for us to squeeze through and then was hooked and bolted again. We ordered "three beers" and went into the large living-room.

There were only two other customers

## 'COUNCIL REFORM' TO BE BROACHED AT SODALES

Friday, Nov. 23

### QUERE: DO GIRLS GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH

After the tremendous interest taken in the proposal of the ten dollar fee last year a large number of students have been discussing the advisability of revising the present system of student government. The college is divided into three camps, those who wish to see a change, those who do not and those who are indifferent to whatever is done. Of the latter class Dalhousie has too many. In order to stimulate the interest of the students in the management of their affairs Sodales plans to put on a debate that will have all the thrills and features of a political campaign meeting.

Should the candidates for office speak publicly and fight out issues in the customary way?

Should there be platforms and give the students an idea what they are voting for, or should the present system be followed?

Should the principal officers be elected by the entire student body? These and many other questions will be thoroughly debated and discussed.

Come down and hear the inside story of student affairs at Sodales. Why the managers of football, hockey and basketball are sometimes at odds with the council. Why does the D.A.A.C. desire the handling of its own finances? Is the present policy of the Council of centralization of finances a good one or should the individual societies have complete control in that regard?

A large number of students conversant with the problems will be there to air their views, why shouldn't you? If you don't wish to say anything come down and form an opinion, for in all probability you will have to express one before the college closes.

In all likelihood the President of the Council will be there and a large majority of the council to give their views whether the present system is satisfactory or not.

This debate is not in any way a criticism of the Council or of its actions but rather whether under the present system affairs are being run as efficiently as possible.

P.S.—What opinions have the students of Shirreff Hall to say on this matter? Are they satisfied with their financial allotment or do they desire a change in this part of the system? Or in other words, do the girls get their money's worth?

## Ralph S. Morton Editor; Students Support Solicited

COMMITTEE PROMISES "BEST YET"

### Editor Year Book



RALPH S. MORTON

## Prof. Gowanloch Encourages Sonnet Writing

OFFERS TEN DOLLAR PRIZE

"For the best sonnet printed in the Gazette—a ten dollar gold piece! Every student eligible. Judges will be named later. This is the whole announcement, as made to the Editor by Prof. J. N. Gowanloch.

It may be stated that Prof. Gowanloch has done a great deal towards interesting the students in scientific research. He has always taken a lively interest in the welfare of the Gazette, and is at the present time Chairman of the jury of award. Prof. Gowanloch's thoughtfulness in offering this prize is a challenge to our would-be poetesses and poets to get busy and write a sonnet that will merit the expectations of one so genuinely interested in student welfare as Prof. Gowanloch.

## In Memoriam

The Honorable John Flint Cahan, Captain Dalhousie 1909

It is difficult to find words that will express the feelings of those of us who knew Jack Cahan, the Honorable John Flint Cahan as he was known to this generation.

I have known Jack Cahan for more than thirty years. We were boys together, in school, on the old Alerts cricket and football club, at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium classes, as a classmate in college and as a comrade in arms. As a boy there was no better sportsman, as a classmate in college there was no better or more loyal member of his Class and University. As a soldier there was none more courageous or efficient.

In our abhorrence of war we are apt to forget or to minimize its few virtues. Only a great tribulation can create the mountain peaks of moral grandeur. There are instances of individuals who have proved under grievous strain that man can rise to heights of courage, devotion, love and loyalty to which humanity in normal times is a stranger. Shattered by the ravages of war, racked by years of pain, rendered physically helpless by his wounds, his spirit refused to succumb. Animated by a pure idealism, a fervour for public service, and an abiding love for his fellow man and for his country he triumphed over his disability and devoted his life to his country's service. In his three short years of political life his achievement were great. The revival of education in this province is his child and it would have been an adequate life work for any ordinary statesman.

Jack Cahan's life should be an inspiration to the youth of this land. To me he is the supreme hero of the war, the embodiment of all that is finest and best in humanity.

Dean John E. Read.

## Students Pay Tribute to the Admirable Qualities of a Friend

With the passing of Capt. the Hon. J. F. Cahan, the students from Yarmouth attending Dalhousie University his Alma Mater, were deeply saddened. We were in daily communication regarding his condition and knowing it was very serious, we hoped and prayed he would be spared to continue the work that he so cheerfully and faithfully had done in the past. His familiar smiling countenance will always linger in our memories. He was an outstanding figure both in our own home town and on the streets of this city. He always greeted us with a smile and a welcome. At every public meeting of the town, regardless of politics, we listened to his remarks with intense interest. In politics he was an admirable leader of his party. Each class we attend will serve as a memorial to him. We are proud of him for he bears every mark of a man true to his country, true to his work and true to his ideals. He was to be a principal speaker at the Armistice banquet at the Lord Nelson Hotel and as a coincidence our heartfelt sympathies are given at his burial on Armistice Day.

We take this means of expressing our sympathies to his bereaved family in the passing of such an honored, beloved and typical example of a man as our deceased friend Captain the Hon. J. F. Cahan.

## CAPT. HUGH BELL At Memorial Service

Large Attendance

LAST POST AND TWO MINUTE SILENCE

Over five hundred persons,—members of the faculty, students and visitors assembled in the gymnasium, Sunday morning, to honor those who made the supreme sacrifice in Flanders fields.

The opening hymn "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," very effectively sounded the depths of sympathy and remembrance. Following this, Rev. John Mutch of Fort Massey read two passages of scripture selected from Samuel and Revelations.

The most significant part of the service, the commemoration address, was delivered by Capt. Hugh Bell. Having been "over there" with the Dalhousians, Capt. Bell was well suited for this task. He fought and suffered side by side with the very boys who never came back and his is truly the sympathy of a kindred spirit. It is impossible to picture the sufferings and privations of war without having endured these in the trenches of France. Capt. Bell spoke of those he knew personally, members of the football team,—mere boys—who faced death with courage in their hearts and a jest on their lips. In spite of continual din and terror merging with death, a persistent spirit of levity prevailed among the soldiers and few were utterly disheartened. Every here and there was a soldier who seemed to have a perennial sense of humor and from these men originated periodic epidemics of light-heartedness which spread like wildfire through the trenches. Strange enough, only too often it was the jovial, happy-go-lucky boy who stopped a bullet. An idea of their spirit can be gained from the fact that the men joked and kidded each other while digging their prospective graves before a battle. But also the boys spoke lightly of death, to cheer their fellows, they were far from being callous, and all felt very acutely the loss of a comrade. One imminent and ever-present dread—almost an obsession with them—was that of being maimed for life. It seemed that the nightmare of horror and bloodshed would never end, that humanity itself was sinking into irremediable ruin. But the darkest hours were just before the dawn. In the fall of 1918 there came a faint glimmer of light, of hope, of peace; and then—so suddenly that it was almost unbelievable—the Armistice! The world went mad with joy and along the Western front the scenes were indescribably. This amidst prayer and the joyful ringing of bells, Armistice Day was born. To perpetuate that day, to hold it in remembrance above all other days, to associate it with our deepest thoughts of the past and as-

## Awards

The Jury of Award, consisting of Professor Gowanloch, Professor H. Read and Mr. Arthur Murphy have made the following awards covering the first four issues of the Dalhousie Gazette.

First Prize in Poetry. "Nature's Music" by Don Murray in the Oct. 19 issue.

First Prize in Prose "The Gazette and the Collegians" by Earnest Howse. Oct. 26, issue.

Second Prize in Prose "Pine Hill Initiation" by John M. Boyer. Oct. 12th issue.

## Prof. Gowanloch Addresses Midlothians

The Midlothian Society met last Thursday, in the Drawing Room at Shirreff Hall. Minutes were dispensed with, the President, Miss Gladwin, introduced the guest of the evening, Professor Gowanloch, who gave a most interesting talk on the relation of biology to the life of each individual. The talk,—it was too delightfully informal to be called a lecture—was illustrated with a number of slides, which helped the members of the society to visualize the mental pictures called up by the lecturer's skill. Some of the Midlothians were agreeably surprised to learn that tiny, tiny cells, only visible under the microscope, are responsible for each one's love of music—or poetry—or of beautiful things in general. The lantern was ably worked by Miss Eleanor Chesley a student of biology. After the talk, which came to an end far too soon, refreshments were served in the Library.

A hearty vote of thanks was offered to Professor Gowanloch for his great kindness in giving the society so enjoyable an evening.

pirations for the future by some ceremony which should be symbolic of the sacrifice and suffering of the war, seemed appropriate. Its significance is only less than that of Christmas and its meaning will grow fuller and deeper with the passing of years. They died in the lusty vigor of manhood. They shall always be what they were—immortal in their youth.

Following Capt. Bell's address, President MacKenzie read the long list of honored dead and simply and earnestly expressed Dalhousie's sympathy.

The Last Post was sounded and two minutes silence was observed at eleven o'clock. The national anthem completed the service.

—G. A. B.

## The Spirit of the Troops

By Capt. Hugh Bell

The law of probabilities is merciless. The greater the number of risks taken, the greater the loss of life. The fight big or small must be successful regardless of cost.

Thus the ablest were always chosen for the work.

Therefore among the ablest was the greatest loss of life.

All their characteristics were like this, namely, such as to make them more likely to get killed.

For instance:  
They were natural leaders.  
After the battle of Sanctuary Wood, the R. C. R. was relieved by the 28th. The R. C. R. was to leave the front-line trenches as soon as relieved and go back to Ypres. Just as they were starting back the Germans began a bombardment. It was impossible to move until this was over. It was then daylight. The communication trenches were levelled. There was no way of getting back except across the open, and we were within thirty yards of the Germans. Yet they did not move; orders, threats, entreaties, were of no use. While I was vainly arguing and ordering there went up a shout, "Look at Mr. Dickson!" What I saw took my breath away. This young officer, a good runner at school, had gone to the point nearest the German lines, climbed up to the raised Menin Road, and was sprinting past the company. With a shout the men were after him, and in a few minutes they had sprinted safely to the protection of the trenches in the

(Continued on page 3)

# The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869)

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## This Was a Man

The Editor wishes to criticize something that appeared in last week's Gazette; namely the heading: "We have paid in full." The Editor on hearing of the passing of the Hon. J. F. Cahan immediately realized how flagrant that heading was. . . . "We have not paid in full. We are still paying. As long as the memories of man will recall the Tragedies of 1914-1918 we will continue to pay."

Unfortunately not everyone knew Captain Cahan, but all who knew him are sincere in their grief and anxious in their effort to make known the heroic qualities he possessed. We print in this issue "In Memoriam"—a tribute from a comrade; and one from the twenty-five Yarmouth students attending Dalhousie. These students have asked to have printed their tribute "to a friend, our fellow townsman and a man very dear to us." Their letter is touching in its sincere simplicity.

Often one hears complaints about the injustice of the fates, from the lips of those who are troubled merely with fears of what may happen; from the lips of those who exaggerate their petty little woes, out of self-pity; from the lips of those who through their innate weaknesses are unable to realize their dreams. Surely these are living tragedies. We have become accustomed to the school through their numbers. . . .

But of the rare school—the type that can live through the most excruciating pains; that can survive an infinity of physical anguish and come through with a heart of gold, with a pleasant smile and a twinkle in the eye, of that school was the Honourable John Flint Cahan, Captain.

His spirit is a challenge to all cynics. His will power is ample proof of the superiority of mind over matter. His life stands out an index to the heights to which man may attain.

## Nationality and Theorists

Many and varied have been the plans of the great minds of the centuries, to outlaw war. Now comes the unique and startling suggestion that the invaded masses join the invaders,—“put themselves under the government of the attackers,” as the author of "War and Memorial Service," has so aptly worded it.

One wonders whether the same author would put forward the following theory as one calculated to avoid the criminal appropriation of the property of others: "just leave your doors wide open, your money in your windows, thieves will see that you are a jolly good fellow, and becoming overwhelmingly ashamed of themselves, will blush and turn away causing harm to none."

The Congress of Vienna through the lack of far-sightedness on the part of those assembled began the process of beating the ploughshares of the people into swords and the pruning hooks into spears. How? The Congress of Vienna overlooked precisely the same forces that were overlooked by the author of "War and Memorial Services," namely *Nationality and Democracy*. These twin principles of the French Revolution have been and are being more and more cherished by every country, and if that galaxy of gold and lace and titled dignitaries that gathered at Vienna in 1814 had begun their work by a sincere and frank recognition of those principles, they would have been guided along proper channels in their territorial settlements. They were not guided by them. The Congress of Vienna like "our new theorist", was obsessed with ideas absolutely at variance with the hard cold facts of the century. History has proven this. Common Sense could have suggested that if you place 2 or 3 highly explosive and explosive chemicals in a glass beaker which is stopped up—with no safety-valves—an explosion is bound to shatter the glass' bounds of the beaker. This is in effect what Vienna 1814 did; the result was the 1914 explosion which shattered all the Viennese boundaries. An explosion which proved very decisively that each chemical must have its own beaker: each nation have its own bounds, with no interference by another.

The point is this: There was an incompatibility between the spirit of Vienna and the rising spirit of Nationalism, which was awakening all peoples to a consciousness which stirred the blood, motivated admirable deeds of valour, promoted popular education, stimulated art and literature and gave the people something to live for. It was a living, pulsating and therefore necessary force in the life of any people. But because of the near-sightedness of Vienna this led not forward to twentieth century internationalism to a confederation of all the free nations of the world but rather to the result of 1914.

Any plan for world peace which disregards the force of nationalism is impractical and will not work, even though the so-called advanced minds do turn up their noses at so mundane and lowly a consideration.

President Wilson looked upon the unquestionable right of national self determination in territorial, economic and political spheres," as one of the "issues of the great war." It is generally recognized by diplomatists and statesmen that the only hope of a just and lasting peace lies in the provision of some satisfactory workable compromise or adjustment between the acceptance of the principle of national self-determination and the attainment of a stable world organization.

Perhaps the author of "War and Memorial Services" has dreams of Lotus Land, of enchantment, of fairy princesses. Certainly he dreams no more of home and loved ones.

## Olim Cives Universitatis

(Reprinted from Dal Gazette)

We are not dead if you still love us here; Hence went we forth, and here our journey ends In the green campus that we held so dear, These gray familiar walls, and student friends.

We gave our youth that Youth might happy be, We gave our hopes that Hope might still remain, We gave our lives for Honor so that she Might proudly walk and all unsullied reign.

Our days were few, our lives so small a thing For Death to garner and to toss away; We hardly seem worth your remembering— Yet we would ever in your memory stay.

We would stay here. O! shut us, not away With our poor bodies vanished as the dew At morn. O let us share your work and play, For this, this was the only world we knew.

Canora, Dal '26;

## To a Friend

Some hours when the darkest shadow-fall On every nook of this deserted hall; When the faint moonlight, shimmering through the pane, Brings back to life forsaken dreams again,—

Will not this silent floor once more repeat The music of your steps, and silver feet, And the dim walls that so unyielding stand Yearn for the touch of someone's lovely hand, And dream they see a winsome form they knew Brush quickly past in gown of mist and blue.

—F. M. B.

## TO THE GAZETTE

November 6, 1928.

The Editor, Dalhousie Gazette.

Dear Sir:—I was glad to learn by the editorial reply in my letter of October 23rd that my discovery was like Mr. Pickwick's antiquarian one and that the opinion of scepticism was as non-existent, in the mind of the editorial writer, as Sairey Gamp's "Mrs Harris". The disavowal of any such intention serves the purpose of my letter, for "actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea". The fact remains, however, that such a letter was necessary since, admittedly, there was danger of the editorial being misunderstood.

Further, in extenuation of the error of mistaking "Their" for "The", I would submit that in reading editorials I am prone to give attention and thought rather to their matter than their captions, a practice which seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate in this instance.

Yours truly,

F. J. F.

## Truth In Illusion

Beauty can seem The glow of a dream, That fades away In the light of day.

Modernity Is taunting me: "Dreamer, awake! And for the sake Of truth and light Leave your sweet night."

But I reply: "Pardon me, I Prefer to dream; I see a gleam, In my dreamland, Of truth more true Than ever you Will understand."

—Don Murray.

## JOHN FLINT CAHAN

### SOME MEMORIES

Anyone who has read the city newspapers since last Friday knows the outward facts of "Jack" Cahan's life. What is of importance for Dalhousians is to know what manner of man we have lost.

The recollections of his Old Teacher go back to the time when Jack was at school before he went to college at all. In the old days, when bathers used to have a dip at Green Bank before breakfast, men and boys together, Jack Cahan was to be found in their ranks, a tall, straight, fair-skinned youngster with red hair and clear blue eyes. Later, when he came to college it was a private joke between him and his professor that they had been boys together.

In those days, Dalhousie had a school of Civil Engineering. Jack Cahan took his degree in course. At college he was a lively lad, a leader in college pranks, and student activities, the kind of lad who makes friends rapidly, and retains them.

After college days he went west with the tide of young life surging into the prairies, outside the pen of the college. One heard distantly of his living in various places, of his assisting Walter Murray in building the University of Saskatchewan and of his marriage with a Dalhousie girl, according to what may be almost called an established custom.

Then, the War came. "Jack" did not wait to be drafted. He had to wait for the *bebe attendu*. Then he joined up, and got to the front with the Pioneers. As one national calamity followed swiftly after another, and each "victory" was submerged in the endless lists of killed and wounded, individuals were lost sight of. On September 15th, the Canadians took Courcellette. Their bands played the battalions into action. It was a "glorious victory," but many Halifax boys fell, Jack Stairs and Carson were among the dead. Toby Jones was smashed by a machine gun, and Jack Cahan was hit in the spine by a fragment of German shell. As he lay helpless in his own blood, in fearful pain, he fought off death by thinking of the young wife and children in far off Canada. He did not die then.

The first to see him, four or five hours after he was hit, was a Dalhousian, Dr. Alan Currie, who also attended him, here in Halifax in his last illness. Surgical science and his own iron will pulled him through the first shock and suffering. Then came years of martyrdom.

Money and modern surgery can do much, and both were used freely in what was fondly hoped would be a cure. The best skill of the experts, all the resources of the specialists were in vain. He who was a model of manly strength and vigor was helpless, a cripple. But

### IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED....

Editor's Note—The notice below is reprinted for several reasons. It suggests a Junior-Senior..... not DANCE, but DEBATE.

But then the subject itself is so full of meaning that the philosophers of our day may be tempted to drop a few peas.

### NOTICE

The Junior-Senior Debate will take place tomorrow, Nov. 10th, 1921. Time 8.00 p.m. in the Munro Room

at a meeting of "Arts and Science". Subject "Resolved it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

**NOTICE!**  
SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS  
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Dear Editor: Perhaps I should say "Dear Ben."

Dear Ben:—I have just been looking through the Liverpool equivalent of the "Gazette", and I see that the editor has been loopy enough to publish the ravings of a gentleman who is evidently under the impression that he discovered Finland for the first time last summer. Hoping you are the same I shall hold your readers spellbound with an account of my exploits in Heligoland, where I spent most of last summer.

The country is surpassingly beautiful. First we went north-east through thickly wooded and be-laked country to the Russian border; then in turn we spent several days at the Imatra falls, acknowledged the finest in Europe; at Punkarhantu, famous for miraculous sun-effects seen on the water through the pine woods; at Jyvaskyla, cruising up lake Saima; and yachting, surf-bathing, water-picnicking, dancing, and sight-seeing at Naantali.

### KEY

Name	German Translation	Local Translation
Russia	Prussia	Guysborough
Imatra	Blankenese	Niagra
Punkarhantu	North Sea	Water St. of a Saturday night
Jyvaskyla	Heligoland	Ecum Secum
Saima	Hamburg	Alster The Arm by moonshine
Naantali	Bremen	Africa-ville

Have you guessed the truth? The paragraph is the product of the ingenuity of our Finnish traveller. (I restrain the desire to make a pun). I have given you the German and the Haligonian translations—the latter in case you should travel to a very far country and wish to use this adjustable story for the benefit of the unsuspecting natives there. Now isn't that just too sweet of me?

And now that you know all about Heligoland and Germany in general, and I must not forget to say the appropriate thing about world peace and foreign policy, as well as the advantages of an English education—now let us pass on to something else.

This afternoon I listened to a couple of representatives of the Canadian Federation of University Students (is that the right name for the organization of which Gerry Godsoe is the v. p.) debate against the Varsity here. One was from Toronto and one from McGill and they are making a tour of the English Universities. My final impression was one of considerable satisfaction to know that Dalhousie is an active unit in the Federation which made it possible for them to come. They are more necessary over here than most people might think.

It looks like rain.

Yours very sincerely,

F. RONALD HAYES.

P. S. "If ever you can rake together 10 pound, buy a third class return to Finland (Berlin, Dartmouth) and you'll not regret it."

P. S. S.—Kindest regards to friends and otherwise.

P. S. S. S.—The purpose of this letter, by the way, is to enclose a dollar. I imagine I have missed one or two numbers, but please don't penalize me for that. The spirit was willing but the pocket-book was weak.

P. S. S. S. S.—Love and kisses.

P. S. S. S. S.—If you don't care to publish this you can retire to more torrid regions.

I think that is all for the present.

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## THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

Peter Elliston, who will be remembered as frequenting Dalhousie three years ago, is now at Cambridge. He spent his last vacation in France. He writes: "New Ypres is very unlovely, but the Menin Gate is the most impressive War memorial I have ever seen. It is not so much the architecture, but the thousands upon thousands of names in every corridor and upon every wall. It chokes you and makes your blood run cold. . . . I went out to Hill 62 one of the Canadian Memorials. It is all planted with shrubs, roses and little trees, the walks paved with granite, granite steps and a large block of granite in the centre, saying it was there the Canadians made a great stand. It was so still and beautiful the silence only broken by the singing of birds that it was difficult to realize the horrors the place had seen."

\*\*\*

Roy Wiles is in the Department of English of the University of Alberta and seems contented with his lot. He teaches two classes of thirty-five students each. He is also giving radio concerts on folk music, assisted by Mrs. Wile.

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## W.L. Tuttle

# The Spirit of the Troops

(Continued from Page 1)

rears. I have seen an unknown private suddenly take charge of both officers and men and bring order out of chaos. In the case I am thinking of this private spoke as one having authority, the authority of a true leader.

There was nothing romantic about the war. It was oppressive.

Month after month, month after month, sitting in a dirty hole, waiting for the enemy to blow you out of it.

It became irksome. It all seemed too senseless and hopeless.

The average state of mind after being there a week as "fed up" "Sick of it," but the spirit of the troops had to be kept up.

The boys who did not come back were the cheerful ones.

It was they who kept up the spirit of the troops.

They had the knack of doing and saying the right thing at the right time. One could give a thousand instances.

One time outside of Ypres we were feeling our way down a battered trench. We did not know exactly where it went. We came suddenly upon the remains of an up-side-down baby carriage. Through the mist the curves of the four wheels just peeping above the parapet, looked ominous. The men started back.

But a soldier called out "Aa-ah that is nothing but some wheels out of little Willie's head."

There was a laugh and the men kept on going.

The most striking examples of this ability to cheer men up were in dealing with cases of mental disorder. There is no agony like mental agony. There is no pain equal to the mental pain suffered when going insane. There is no more difficult case to handle than the deranged.

Nothing more fatal to the spirit of the troops, than the so called "Shell shock case".

Many a time during a bombardment have I seen men go crazy.

Many a time have I seen a person with sufficient presence of mind, do or say something (usually comical) which caused the crazed man to "snap out of it" before the insanity got complete mastery of him.

This desire to cheer up, like many things, is pictured best by songs which our boys sang, also in the expressions which they took from the French.

These were foolish songs, but they pictured the prevailing spirit as nothing else can: such as:

"Pack all your troubles in your old Kit bag"

And the French sayings:

"Tres Bien" or three beans as the men called it.

It being a war, there was always the possibility of being killed.

Naturally this possibility was not regarded with pleasure.

But there was no sentimentality about it.

It is quite impossible to explain the soldier's mental attitude towards death or to appreciate it without having known the boys in the forward area.

The best I can do is to again quote from one of their songs:

One night I heard a noise from the dark bottom of a shell hole and the following conversation took place:

"Who's there?"

"I am, Sir"

"What are you doing there?"

"They've blown my brains out, Sir, and more than that, if you keep standing up there they will blow yours out too."

I examined him, his statement was correct.

I went on talking to him, he knew things were over for him.

He was perfectly calm about it.

He was dead in a few minutes.

For the Battle of Vimy Ridge preparations were thorough. The Higher Command, from the data available, such as the frontage of the battle, the number of troops engaged, the enemy strength, and past experience, were able to calculate with fair accuracy the number of men that would be killed.

Thus, so that the field would be cleared as quickly as possible we dug the required number of graves before the battle began.

This duty was performed in an almost jubilant spirit.

"Say Bill, don't you know that is going to be my little bed, so just you leave some fine earth right down there, I want a nice soft place to rest my head."

I wish I could picture to you the spirit of the men as they went into the trenches or into a battle.

In a well known musical comedy there is one time in the entertainment where the chorus girls all shake their heads from side to side as they sing one of their songs.

The boys had a parody on this song.

The first time I saw troops going into the trenches was on the road from Poperinghe to Ypres.

The men in high spirits were bellowing this parody and swinging their heads from side to side in imitation of the chorus girls.

When marching in to a battle we often went through the French towns. The inhabitants came out to greet us. Were the boys glum, No, not at all.

"Bon jour, Madame"

"Bonne chance, Monsieur"

"Ah! Mademoiselle. Voulez-vous, vous promener avec moi ce soir"

"Oui", Monsieur"

And coming out from a battle, only a few left, their comrades gone.

Where they ease down?

Certainly not.

The same village

The same madam.

The same mademoiselle

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you see I have come back to you."

Again let me give you an actual instance of the spirit of the troops.

I was bringing my company out from the battle of Courclette.

As we got near Albert we saw the eams with out food for the day waiting

# WAR AND MEMORIAL SERVICES

"Well, take the Christian Religion. It's fundamental doctrine is that the things of this life are ephemeral, shallow, of little real value or importance. What is really worth while is the life after death. Life on this earth is a mere passing incident in existence—we are locked in a dark room as punishment for disobedience; if we behave, we will be let out into the sunlight after a while. Your God is a just, amicable one, so if you behave decently, he will let you out into the sunlight of Heaven, when your term has elapsed. That is your belief, is it not? Yet the strange anomaly is that of all religions, the Christians, more than any others fear death and cling to life with an absolute frenzy. To a Christian there is nothing more pathetic, saddening, more pitiful than to see a man 'cut off in the prime of life'."

"I think you have rather over-estimated this," interrupted the Canadian, "It is only the more ignorant who have such a horror of death as all that."

"Ah, my friend," said the Hindu, "when your mind has been freed from its artificial cares, by the alcohol which you have abolished, you do not feel so afraid of death—you are more natural. But in your cold, sober thoughts you are like the rest. I think I have observed correctly, for I met with a grand example of this, a few weeks ago. It was in connection with the anniversary of the Great War—Armistice Day. Everywhere were held mourning services which were for the benefit or for the praise or-or— Just what was their purpose?"

"It is a 'solemn tribute to those who have been inspired to lay down their lives for the ideal of freedom'."

"Yes, but what is the purpose of this commemorating, this tribute?"

"It is their due," replied the Canadian. "They sacrificed their lives for us, so we surely owe them thanks, don't we?"

"Surely. But do you really believe that public praise is of any use or benefit, any gratification or pleasure to a person long since dead and disintegrated? This is one of your strange inconsistencies. It is really hero-worship, and takes this form because you delude yourselves into feeling that they are in some way in this world and interested in its doings. You refuse to recognize that they are dead, just as dead as a carcass of beef, and entirely done with the things of this world."

"The hero-worship is of course quite natural. You have a feeling of respect, a desire to emulate their praiseworthy actions, just as you feel a respect for anyone who has, say risked his life to save another, or any such praiseworthy deed. It is the natural respect which one has for the person who is honored and looked up to by the world in general and the newspapers in particular. Is that not really the *raison d'etre* of these services?"

"Yes, that is the way we take to show our respect."

"Now, this respect, this awe—why should you experience it? I think you will see the reason if, instead of saying respect for heroism you say respect for praiseworthiness. It is just an off shoot of your own hankering for honor, for respect, for public recognition and approval. Exactly like the youngster gazing in awed admiration at the circus 'Strong Man' and who, unlike his elders, is frank enough to himself to say, 'Gee, I wish I was as strong as he is!' But, (this is the most important aspect of it all) he wishes to be strong not for the sake of the strength itself, but because of the deeds he will be able to do, which will make everyone look up to and respect him. He wants to deserve praise and most of all, to get it. Take any difficult act, let people show special respect for him who has performed it, then, whether it be football playing, channel swimming or life-saving, you will find plenty of potential players, swimmers and lifesavers. All they need is the opportunity. So it is with your war heroes. They died for a praiseworthy cause. You have got the ball rolling—the more public honor that is given them the more will each person respect them. As the thing grows you will create more and more people who will more and more respect, will emulate these deeds: More and more potential defenders of their country—patriotic citizens."

The Canadian seemed to have followed this rather involved discussion for he replied, "Yes, patriotism is both the cause and effect of public tribute to patriots. Patriotism erects a memorial and the memorial creates new patriotism—thus grows a mighty nation."

"That brings up another point peculiar to Western ideas. Suppose one country declares war on another. The attacking armies quickly advance into the other's territory. Suppose in one third of the country, the part first attacked, that the inhabitants make no resistance, but allow the attacking armies to pass through, offer to put themselves under the government of the attackers provided they do not have to supply men or money for the purpose of carrying on the war, and on condition that they are allowed to maintain and supplement their police for the protection of individual property from pillage—an offence punishable by death in the armies of the civilized countries. The attackers could go back on their promises only at the risk of precipitating internal revolt and guerrilla warfare—that one kind of warfare, which unlike the ordinary political chess-playing may be sensible and necessary: each man is fighting for his own personal rights, not because his government is being ousted, or trying to oust another government. You can't stop guerrilla warfare until you have either killed off every individual or have given them their rights. There is mighty little fun in trying to govern a country in that state especially if you are carrying on another war. It is highly probably that the terms on which the country surrendered would be adhered to. Suppose next that the attackers and the loyal two thirds of the country fight for three years, neither gaining decis-

ively until one becomes completely exhausted and surrenders. Who has suffered least? The vanquished is completely exhausted, the victor is only a little better, and the coward—has lost nothing, except the high officials who have lost their jobs. The government has changed. If a South American allies himself with foreign troops to take over the government of his Republic, that would be a foreign invasion. But if he gathers an army of mercenaries within the Republic, it is merely a revolution, he is a "liberator" and then look at that piece of France which Germany obtained by conquest—Alsace and Lorraine. After being under German government for fifty years, now that they are reunited with France, the only thing which keeps them there (the absurdity of it all) is that they can't agree on whether to form a separate republic or to return to Germany!"

At this point the Canadian burst into laughter: "Surely you aren't advocating that a country surrender whenever it is attacked? Why, the world would be a tangle of South American Republics. We should have a daily map of the world, like a daily newspaper."

"What you say is only superficially true," replied the Hindu. "Let the people of a country refuse to fight and be willing to consolidate with the attacking country. The governing body would perhaps gather an army of mercenaries. The The Commons would perhaps refuse them any money. At any rate, the war would be small. If it ended quickly and the invaders set up a reasonable and settled government little harm would be done. Perhaps you think that this changing government would become more and more frequent and finally culminate in anarchy. But do you really think that in modern Europe, with its international trade and industrial unions, that this state of affairs could go on for long? I rather think that it would settle down as happened in the slightly parallel case of old China, in the days before Western influences had entered. Perhaps, to use the words which your vividly imaginative writer, Mr. Wells, applied to a rather different case, perhaps, 'a war-torn world will recognize all these military gentlemen as the common enemies of mankind and, as such do away with them.'"

"But my dear man," interjected the rather astounded Canadian, "The whole scheme is utterly mad. To begin with, the student of most elementary finance or government can tell you that the whole country would collapse—industrially, financially and socially. And besides, how could you ever get, say, the German people to voluntarily put themselves under French Government. It is in the very roots of these people to dislike and distrust each other. And what sort of disharmony and chaos would exist among a people which has no common bond of love for country."

Such a blast seemed unanswerable, yet the Hindu began to reply almost before the other had finished speaking.

"Your first objection, of a financial and industrial smash is really where, on the contrary, I see the source of a stabilizing force. A country in good financial and industrial condition is not going to pieces just because the legislative body disintegrates. If the mass of ordinary social life went on in the ordinary way, I expect that a revolution in government would do less harm than a fair-sized war. I think that the bond of business interests can nicely replace that of love for country. Do you recall, at the beginning of the Great War, that the German Labor Party, together with the International Unions, came fairly near preventing the war by refusing to fight. But the Imperial government had done its work well: patriotism triumphed over common sense—the laborites were branded cowards, deserters and traitors to the Fatherland, which after all, they really were."

"Did you ever hear that fact stated, that to love one's country, you must hate the other countries? The simplest psychology or logic will tell you so; and whether or not you must, it is plain that you do compare other countries unfavourably with your own."

"Patriotism is the keystone of the whole structure. And I think you agree with me that love of country drives its whole *elan vital* from public honors paid to individuals, to men who have excelled in this direction. So, if the steadily increasing number of enlightened ones, all over the world, continue slowly and steadily to damp the ardour of this political ballyhoo, this public praise, we shall soon see the whole martial system shrink, dwindle and finally disintegrate. We shall see men refusing to impoverish themselves and to kill each other merely because one political body wants to steal the job of another. Then, when these parties find their positions rather precarious, they will establish a system of ethics and adhere to it, as did international commerce, in the days long gone by. Then your Peace Treaties and League of Nations, instead of being scraps of paper and mere names, will rule the world. Then we may see a world organized on industry, where it will be recognized that the good of all is the good of each; when instead of crying

"We will not rest—if ye forget; the poet will sing,

"They died that we should live, but then—

We should have lived on, anyway!"

By this time, my companion and I had finished our fifth bottle of ale and we felt more inclined to merry-making than to moralizing.

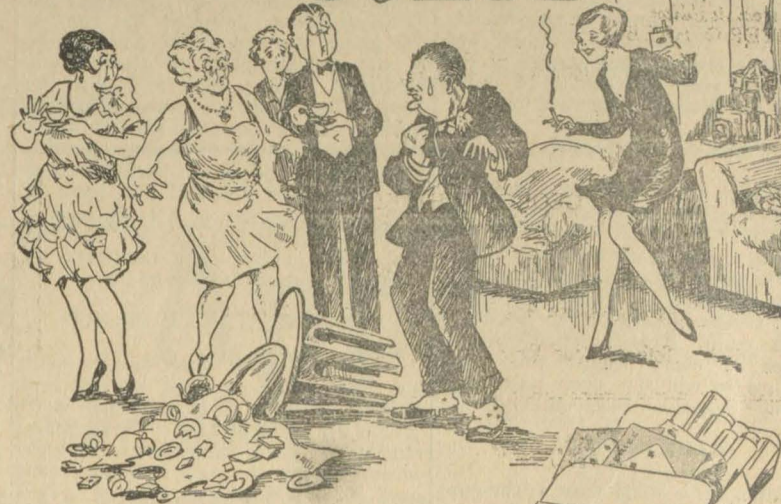
"Let's get out of here, before that heathen converts us to some new religion," said my friend, "Come on."

And thus we departed, feeling that such matters as war and peace were far beneath us.

LAURENCE COFFEY

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### IN MEMORIAM

### FIRE!

The bell rang loud and long. Through the corridor and down the iron steps rushed the terrified maidens. Each captain hurriedly checked over her charges and then quickly followed them to the main hall, there the roll was called.

"Margaret Mackie."

"Yes, sir—er—yes, Miss Lowe."

"Mildred Grant."

Silence.

"Mildred Grant!!"

Silence.

"Fire Captain Alice Nelson, where is Tilly?"

Like a banshee wail came the answer, "I don't know, Miss Lowe!"

"Heavens! by this time she is probably burned to a blister. Quick, someone call the Salvation Army they are always saving someone!"

Terror reflected itself on the faces of the girls. Just imagine Tilly turned to a blister! Probably she had been caught between the devil and the deep blue sea or whatever people are caught between in fires. Just when the excitement became greatest Peg shouted that Tilly was out to lunch at the Lord Nelson! Oh well, who cared anyway—it was only a practice fire-drill.

Moral—Better lunch at the Lord Nelson than a fire at the Hall.

# SPORT

## HOCKEY STAR

Hughie Martin, third year Medical student, has been named for a regular berth on the new Eastern League hockey team, the Wolverines. Hughie was one of the leading goal getters of the league last year and should be a big asset to the Wolverine forward line.

## ALL-STAR TEAM

Next week in the columns of the Gazette we hope to announce an all star inter-faculty football team. At the beginning of the season two close followers of the game were asked by the inter-faculty manager to watch the teams and at the conclusion of the league to pick a team. This practice will be followed in every league this year. The Gazette will also print any other "all-star" selections received.

## BADMINGTON

Badminton is going great in the gym this year and officials of the club are planning on entering teams in outside tournaments and in this way a student may earn his "D". Before entering a team in an outside competition, a tournament will be staged with the winners making the team.

## "BIG JIM" IN BOXING TOURNAMENT

For the first time in history, Dalhousie will have an entrant in a Maritime boxing tournament. "Big Jim" McLeod, who has been showing fine form in workouts is off for Glace Bay where he is expected to clean up in the light-heavy division. McLeod is being sent by the Students Council.

## WANDERERS, 1928 CHAMPS

Well, our so-called hereditary enemies, the Wanderers are champions of the Halifax City League and will in all probability cop the Maritime championship as Dal did last year. They deserved to win as they played fine rugby all during the season and did not have any of the so called "off-days". The term "off-days" has many meanings but the best definition heard so far is "A newspaper's excuse for the defeat of a favorite team". The Wanderers need no excuses for their season's record, having defeated Dalhousie twice, the Services twice and Acadia once. Congratulations to Captain Don McInnes and his fourteen Redmen. May they add a few more scalps to their belts before they hang up their shoes.

## FOOTBALL RECORD

The record of the Dal intermediates this year will likely hold for some years to come. The lot of a second team player is a hard one and Captain Fred Jennings and his men deserve more than they are getting. A second team player must work all fall without any hope of reward other than a slim chance of getting a try-out in a senior game. The first teamman however has something to play for. He is sure to get at least one long trip per year and perhaps two or more whether the team wins or loses. But the second string men win or lose must stay at home. This year, as a result of Acadia's entrance into the City League, they are due for a trip to Wolfville. Perhaps they will get a chance to play-off for provincial honors. PERHAPS.

## UNFORTUNATE FROSH

Three carloads of our Freshmen football players left the Studley gym last week for Wolfville to engage in combat with the Acadia Freshies. One car arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon, the second drew up to the Wolfville

## NEW FRENCH FARCE

Florence Vidor is again given the opportunity to display her talents as a comedienne in her latest Paramount starring vehicle, "The Magnificent Flirt" a French farce, which will show at the Majestic on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Miss Vidor plays the role of a flirtatious woman of wealth who gets the attention of a count, the uncle of the boy who loves her daughter. The boy asks Miss Vidor for the girl's hand and she consents. He is so happy that he kisses Miss Vidor. This kiss is seen by the count who refuses to allow the boy to marry her daughter as a result. The uncle does not know that it was his own nephew he saw kissing Miss Vidor. The boy defends her and the count decided to put the "magnificent flirt" to a test. Miss Vidor vindicates herself in a humorous manner.

## FOR MED STUDENTS ONLY

Fair Maid: "Oh, sir, what kind of an officer are you?"  
Officer: "I'm a naval surgeon."  
Fair Maid: "Goodness, how you doctors do specialize."

## BASKETBALL FORM

NAME.....

What position do you wish to play?.....

Previous experience.....

All students wishing to turn out for the senior and intermediate basketball teams are asked to fill in the form and leave it in a Gazette box, care of the Sport Editor or give it to George MacIntosh, manager of the basketball team.

## MANAGER



TOM PARKER, Manager of Inter-faculty Sport and Vice-President of D. A. A. A.

## CALEDONIAS WIN

### TIGERS GET WET IN CAPE BRETON GAME

Dalhousie Tigers bowed down to defeat at Glace Bay on Thanksgiving day when the Caledonia rugby players aided by the elements took a three to nothing victory. The victory of the Cape Bretoners means little however as the game was called soon after the start of the second half on account of the heavy downpour of rain that turned the field into a quagmire.

The Dal players had everything but an edge in the scoring and looked down good to even that up but the referee noticing the dampness of both players and field wisely blew his whistle for the cessation of hostilities.

The local players arrived back home Tuesday morning and apart from the game had a wonderful week-end trip. Last year when they went to the coal bearing island they were stranded at Antigonish for a day while this time a rain storm stopped what promised to be a hard struggle. However, Dr. Todds almanac promises that next Thanksgiving will have fair weather so why worry.

The team lined up against Caledonia as follows: Full back, MacDonald, Quarters, Hewat, Wickwire, H. Sutherland, McLeod, Halves, Davison, A. Sutherland, V. Maxwell, Forwards, Townsend, McLeod, Woolner, Campbell, Irving, C. Townsend, Smith.

## DAL TEAM IN INTER-U SHOOT

### SHIREFF HALL SHARP-SHOOTER

On Saturday last the Dalhousie Rifle Team shot for the Governor General's Inter-university Trophy at the Bedford Rifle Range. Conditions were good the time of year, there being practically no wind at 200 or 500 yards and only a gentle breeze at 600 yards. The single unfavourable factor was a slight fog at 600 yards.

The scoring was good and higher than in any previous year. Owing to difficulty in arranging a practice to suit the class hours of all students, several had to line their sights up for the first time at the match. On the 200 yd. mound John Andrews of Kings, put on a possible. Miss Langstroth, shooting a strange rifle, suffered the common misfortune among marksmen of directing her first shot, a bull, at the wrong target, thus getting an unofficial 91.

At the 500 and 600 yard ranges the team steadied down and scoring was higher. Upon the conclusion of the match hot coffee and sandwiches were served. The scores follow:

	200	500	600
	yds.	yds.	yds.
J. F. Shaw.....	32	33	31
J. E. Andrews.....	35	32	27
J. S. Wilson.....	31	29	33
G. S. Mahon.....	30	30	32
W. E. Bennett.....	29	31	29
Miss M. Langstroth.....	24	31	31
P. E. Sullivan.....	23	29	30
C. F. Welpley.....	25	30	27

714

The match was made possible through the kindness of the 1st Regt. Halifax Coast Artillery, and through the attendance of Col. H. F. Flowers, Secretary of the Provincial Rifle Association as Range Officer.

## FIRST ALL COLLEGE

The first all-college motion picture "Varsity" made at Princeton university, is the attraction at the Casino theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. "Old Nassau" was selected as the setting for the first picture to star Charles (Buddy) Rogers. The story was written by Wells Root, a graduate of Yale university in 1922, and Frank Tuttle, likewise a graduate of Yale in 1915, directed.

The star is a graduate of the University of Kansas. Five undergraduates, all members of Princeton's famous Triangle club, have important roles in the production. Mary Brian and Chester Conklin have the featured roles.

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