

# The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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## The Dalhousie Gazette

—FOUNDED 1869—

ISSUED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Business Manager.....K. A. BAIRD  
45 LeMarchant Street.

Editor.....J. A. BENTLEY

Associate Editors: Miss Lois Smith; Vincent MacDonald, S. M. Zinck, C. F. Bowes, Darrell Laing.

### EDITORIAL.

Leading men of thought everywhere are turning their attention to the subject of Materialism. Of this tendency, so rife in the world at the present day, Sir Oliver Lodge has written the following, with Germany in mind: "There is always a danger lest the Material become dominant and overpower the Spiritual, whose very existence may be denied. A whole nation may go astray in this direction . . . and may prostitute science to the sheer meaningless destruction of Works of Art and everything held sacred by humanity." "The material progress of such a people has altogether outstripped and over-powered or negatived and reversed their spiritual advance." This was the case in Germany and no elaboration on the effects of wholesale materialism is necessary after the last four years.

But what causes most anxiety at the present time is that Materialism has been by no means confined to Germany but is diffused more or less throughout all civilized countries, although of course not in the flagrant form that existed or exists in Germany. Henri Bergson the great French philosopher has asserted that civilization's body has outgrown its soul and that it is necessary for the soul to grow to the proportions of the body if we are to escape disaster. Maurice Maeterlinck the "Belgian Shakespeare" likens the spiritual and material to the two cerebral lobes of the brain. Eastern civilization has turned its attention inward to the spiritual lobe, completely neglecting the material part of existence, and the result has been stagnation. On the other hand the West has neglected to exercise sufficiently its spiritual lobe and has developed the material to a tremendous extent. The result is seen in the recent conflict. The only hope for mankind lies in the intelligent use of both faculties.

John Galsworthy is also lifting his voice against the materialism of the age. Instead of improving the soul or character of man or of giving him leisure to devote to self culture, the net result of the great mechanical inventions has been to bring each a new form of slavery to the human race. Inventions are exploited by the few for their own benefit, the struggle for subsistence grows harder and harder owing to the wrong uses to which these are put, and instead of man mastering the machine, the machine is gradually mastering man.

As often as science finds a cure for a disease a new and hitherto unheard of disease appears. Medicine is used rather to shelter and protect man and accordingly to weaken him, than to strengthen his powers of resistance.

The trouble seems to lie not in the inventions and material advancements themselves which properly used would be of incalculable benefit to the human race, but in their abuse. As long as these are looked upon as ends in themselves and not as a means to an end—the improvement and advancement of the human race—we may look upon the Millennium as being as far off as ever. What would be the result if all our mechanical and scientific triumphs were used with the direct purpose of improving the mental, moral and spiritual state of man, of lightening his struggle for existence so that he may have leisure, not indeed to waste on idleness, but for constant self improvement and the full development of his personality? Once the human race grasps these essentials and begins to practise them, it will begin to penetrate the borders of the Crystal Age.

### A FRESH WORK BY DR. MACMECHAN.

It is doubtful whether Dalhousians as a rule fully appreciate the mental caliber and achievements of their preceptors, numbered among whom are no less than five F. R. S. C.'s. It is not Canada alone which delights to recognize one of these—Dr. Archibald MacMechan—but the great Republic to the south as well. Below is a quotation from a paper of no less outstanding importance than the *New York Literary Digest*.

"Subjects and authors in this volume (The Cambridge History of American Literature) combine to make a rare book. They are as follows: Thoreau, (by A. MacMechan,) Hawthorne (John Erskine), Longfellow (W. P. Trent)" etc., etc., etc.

"—— it would hardly be possible to give an idea of the value of this new volume in the 'Cambridge History.' Moreover the inclusion of several of the collective topics such as the last three (for example) gives promise like that of a well-varied menu. And of the repast that is coming two sentences predict the quality:

"The life of a village community is not seldom enriched by the inclusion of a rebel, an original who refuses obstinately to conform to type, and succeeds in following out his idea in contrast to the humdrum routine of his fellows. When the community happens to be Concord, the picturesque and historic village where the Revolution began, the Weimar of American literature, and when the rebel happens to be an American faun the conjunction must result in no ordinary enrichment."

"How that whets the appetite for the first dish.—Thoreau! And could there be a more suggestive double comparison for the student of literature than the words Weimar and "American faun?" The appropriateness and

fulness of the ideas conveyed are satisfying. To be sure, not all the introductions are so apt and graceful as this."

Dr. MacMechan is indeed to be congratulated on having achieved such a success in his article on Thoreau, especially when we consider the pre-eminence of the Cambridge History among works of its kind.

### THE SPRING EXAMINATIONS.

Owing to the loss of time caused by the Influenza epidemic the term has been extended so that the spring examinations will be held two weeks later than originally scheduled. Lectures will be continued up until April 30th. Examinations in Arts, Science and Law will take place the first week in May, Convocation the 13th. This is the schedule as at present proposed. Distinction examinations are to be held during the last two weeks of lectures in order to conserve time. Lectures in Medicine and Dentistry will continue until the end of May, exams to be held the first week in June. Dates of Convocation and Final exams. are not definitely determined upon as yet.

### PROJECTED WOMEN'S BUILDING.

The Board of Governors have decided, if building conditions allow, to proceed with the erection of a Women's Building, during the summer, and hope to have it ready for occupation at the opening of next session. The plans are in preparation and well advanced and a perspective sketch of one design for the building is to be seen in the reading room of the Library. It is to be built so as to be capable of extension and in its final form will accommodate two hundred students. The portion projected for immediate erection will have rooms for sixty students and a dining room capable of seating one hundred. Proposed site is facing South St. near the corner of Oxford overlooking the N. W. Arm and Memorial Tower. A more beautiful situation could hardly be imagined.

The Board and the friends of the University are also considering plans for the erection of dormitories for men students, a gymnasium and a student's building in the near future. But it is too soon yet to say when they will be begun.

### EN CASSEROLE

Ver would almost seem to be *adest*. The sun climbs higher in the heavens every day and its warmth is beginning to be felt. Halifax has enjoyed a winter such as it has perhaps never had before. Almost continuously fine with but few storms and little cold weather it formed an adequate compensation for the rigors of last winter. It almost seems as though, with robins

Continued on page 2



## En Casserole.

Continued from page 1

returning and two or three inches of grass in sheltered nooks we are to have an early and quiet spring. However we have the Polar Current to deal with sooner or later and that snips the gilt off the gingerbread.

Life at the University for the past week (March 9-15) has been quiet and uneventful. The petty squabbles fortunately have died out, and peace and harmony have once again descended upon us. The Shakespearean Pageant is making headway and two or three social functions have provided diversion for some of the students. It has been in effect just a typical mid-season week at Dalhousie. Soon—too soon—the exams will be spreading their darkening shadow over all and it will become apparent that the end of another term is approaching.

We would like to hear more from the Medical, Dental, Law and Pharmacy students. The Gazette should not be considered the organ of Arts alone; it is simply the mouthpiece of Dalhousie one part as much as another. Unfortunately the geographical separation of Arts and Science from the other faculties tends to make a rift in relations almost approximating that between two colleges. Everyone should do all he can to bridge this gap, thereby making the spirit of Dal. one and indivisible. (N. B.—Since the above was written several valuable contributions from the aforesaid students have come to hand.)

The Gazette has appeared regularly of late chiefly because contributions have been forthcoming. Many who never considered before that they could write a suitable article have found that they had underestimated themselves. Let us not slacken our efforts but rather redouble them so that there will be no falling off before the end of the term. The names of the following are to be mentioned as contributors in addition to the Editors; Signorine Jess Campbell, Pugsley, Russell, Blenckinsop, Reynolds, Jean MacDonald, Nelson, Bissett, MacDougall, and Signori J. P. C. Fraser, Power, Murray, Hoare, Godfrey, Davison, Henry and Rhude. There are other supermodest contributors who have not vouchsafed us their names.

## DALHOUSIE ENGINEERING SOCIETY MEETING.

On Tuesday evening March 11th, Professor E. McKay, delivered one of the finest and most illustrative and interesting lectures it has been the fortune of Dalhousians to hear for some time. He dealt chiefly with the work accomplished in the war by the Chemists and also spoke at some length on the subject of Chemical Engineering. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered Professor McKay at the close of his address.

Elections of officers for the coming year were then held and resulted as follows:

President—W. R. MacClelland  
Vice-Pres.—A. D. Ross.  
Secty-Treas.—C. F. Bowes.  
Executive—Messrs. Tremaine and Henry.

After discussion of some other business of a private nature the meeting adjourned

W-ner: "What branch of mechanics do you study most?"  
Saunders—Kitchen mechanics.

## CA(T)CH-INN-ATIONS.

Miss Chi-s-m to some girls: "Oh, do get the boys to have our class meeting in the Murray place. I'd love to see what it's like inside!"

Youthful Freshman trying to flirt with the telephone girl. "Hello central, give me Heaven!" She: "Look it up in the number book!"

G-gher to McC-dy plugging for Math, and quiz. "What's the idea Mac., trying for that 40 bucks?" McC-dy, No!40 points."

Fair Juniorette in conversation at Junior Senior dance: "I agree with Addison in 'David Copperfield' that there is much to be said on both sides!"

We hear that G-ge MacCl-ve is about to sue a certain party for writing baby talk in his good philosophy note book.

There is a rumor afloat that some of the Senior girls are out man hunting. Did you notice the crooked canes one Saturday afternoon not very long ago?

Watch your step, Oh ye eligible boys.

We wonder if after the events of a certain Tuesday night the favorite song of R-s McL-d and F-d-c McD. is "Widows are Wonderful!"

Why does G-d-n H-n-ry no longer take his morning constitutional walk? Has the prolific amount of literature passed between him and L-ta C-h-ne in Latin 2 anything to do with this aberration?

W. R. McC-ll-d in Geology Lab: "This specimen looks as though it might melt when you look at it." Is this what you would call a melting glance?

## GEOLOGY NOTES.

H-rr-s-n to Prof. M. in Geol. Lab:—"I was out driving one night when the horse's hoof struck a piece of flint which made a spark so bright that I could see the road ahead."

Prof. M:—"I suppose you thought it was moonlight, Mr. Harrison!"

Prof. M.—This is iron pyrites. It is often mistaken for brass.

Miss R-d-e. It is much heavier than brass, is it not?

Prof. M.—I really know nothing about brass, Miss R-d-e.

## HINTS TO THEOLOGUES.

By B. V. M—CL—N.

"One of the lessons learned from my summer's work in P. E. I. is that the best method of working up enthusiasm is, not waiting to be entertained in the parlor, but getting acquainted (with the girls) in the kitchen."

Miss Rita Chisholm Frame is to be congratulated on having won a prize of \$30 offered by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association for one of the best essays on a certain specified subject. Students all over Canada were open to competition and it is quite an honor to Miss Frame to have won the second prize. Four years ago a similar prize was awarded to Osborne R. Crowell of Class '18.

## THE JUNIOR-SENIOR DANCE.

On the evening of Friday last another step was taken towards replacing Dalhousie on its "ante bellum" basis, the occasion being that of the Junior-Senior dance, held for the first time since the war cloud obscured the world of social events.

The dance took place in the ballroom of the Green Lantern, the scene of so many successful college functions in the last few months. The floor, thronged with prettily gowned girls and the men in darker costumes presented a gay sight. The music, provided by Miss Jean MacDonald assisted by Miss Elsie Campbell and Mr. Smith, was of the highest quality. The chaperones were Prof. and Mrs. Finlayson and Dean and Mrs. MacRae.

At the close of the dance Mr. Bonnell president of Class '19 in a few well chosen words thanked the members of Class '20 for the entertainment. Mr. Godfrey responded for the Juniors and in the course of his remarks expressed the hope that Class '21 would follow the good example of Class '20.

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## A LETTER.

To the editor of The Dalhousie Gazette.

Dear Sir:—

There has recently been launched by the Diocesan Women's Cathedral League, an organization of women of the Church of England who devote themselves to work for the Cathedral Church of All Saints, Halifax, a movement having as its object the erection in the Cathedral, at a cost of \$10,000, of a beautiful stained glass window in memory of all the Nova Scotians and Prince Edward Islanders who, in the great war now so triumphantly ended, laid down their lives that freedom, truth, and all that blesses and brightens life might live.

The window is to be a memorial to all the men from the two Provinces who died—not to those only who were members of the Church of England, and it is to be erected with the voluntary offerings of all those who desire to give. Purchased with these, it will down through all the peaceful years which are to come, perpetually exalt the infinite sacrifice by which Peace was purchased. Also, since, as has been intimated, it is not to be a memorial of members of the Church of England only, it will testify to and exalt the Christian principle of brotherhood—the names of all the Nova Scotians and Prince Edward Islanders who fell will be inscribed in a vellum book which will be placed near the window, and will be open to all.

The window, which is the handiwork of a firm of world wide note, and is a masterpiece of artist and craftsmen, will stand behind and immediately overlook that Holy Table which is sacred to the "blest Sacrament of unity". Here, in the Cathedral church, it will serve as a reminder to all who enter the building, of the dignity, the loveliness, and ultimate triumph, not only of the infinite sacrifice of our gallant men, but of all sacrifice in the cause of right.

Knowing well Dalhousie's splendid contribution to "The Cause", it occurred to us that possibly some of the present students or some of the alumni might wish to contribute to the fund—the appeal is, of course, only to students or alumni who are members of the Church of England, altho the window is to be a memorial to all who died.

Thanking you for giving us space in your College paper for announcement of the movement.

Very sincerely yours,  
MRS. J. GILLIS KEATOR  
President.

One day I drifted in my red canoe  
To where beneath an aldered bank  
Tall irises, in rank on rank,  
Mid murmuring rushes grew . . .

And my canoe,  
Faring so friendly-sweet upon the quiet stream

Made rippling comment all its fragrant way  
On the still wonder of a summer's day.

POWDER PUFF.

Prof. Ch-m-s: "Love is the essence of religion."

Mr. Z-ck emphatically: "That's what I say!"

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"COME AND TRIP IT AS YOU GO,  
ON THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE."

Lilting and sensuous music together with pretty girls constituted the setting for the dance given by our humble colleagues the Freshmen at the famous coffee-house, the Green Lantern on the night of Thursday the 13th of March. At such a time and upon such an occasion justice and gratitude alike demand that at least some sort of appreciation be written concerning this now famed and never to be forgotten dance.

The guests were received by Miss Jean Annand and Mr. McClatchy young in years but learned in that art which is only looked for in mistresses and masters of parlor or rather ballroom etiquette. If every guest had not an enjoyable evening it was not their fault, and it might be said here that aspirants for degrees of etiquette could not do better than follow the example of the above mentioned lady and gentleman.

The music was supplied by Barker's Orchestra—the most voluminous of the instruments was a drum, cow-bell and siren combined, upon which the possessor when he was siezed with a devil, pounded, rang and blew with a Herculean force—however when these were stilled the music was all that could be desired.

Mrs. Archibald MacMechan chaperoned in her usual inimitable and charming manner

As to the dancers the least said about

the mthe better. The president of Class '20 was unconscious most of the evening; he permitted a damsel—for delicacy's sake I spare her name,—to endeavour to instruct him in the Terpsichorean Art.

The dresses of the females reminded the writer of a verse from Holy Writ, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow. They toil not neither do they spin, but I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto one of these."

This started out to be an appreciation. I realize how lamentably short of the mark it has fallen, so I hasten on.

The walls of the "Green" have beheld many dances, but "great" and enjoyable as they might have been the Freshmen's dance far surpassed them all.

To catch the next issue of the Gazette time compels me to stop, but like the merchant in the Bible I might exclaim in speaking of the Freshmen class as a whole "well done thou good and faithful servant." J. H. P.

## ANOTHER CRYPTIC REFERENCE.

Why did a certain senior chuckle so during the reading of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"? We refer the curious to line 89 of the the above mentioned poem.

There will be a large number of jokes for the Gazette after the first dress rehearsal for the Shakespearean Pageant.

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## THE FOURTH AND LAST "CLASS FEED" OF ARTS '19.

After Three Years of Care-Free Companionship This Looming Milestone Reached.

Time passing on with ominous tread nods significantly and whispers, "eat, drink and be merry; for tomorrow you may graduate". You hesitate to enter—sacriligious it seems for you to look with the eyes of an outsider upon the agonized countenances of these girls so soon to part. The aroma of steaming coffee, mingled with the odor of other delicious viands, wafts through the keyhole of the Delta Gamma room and smotheres your finer feelings. You do not turn away—you enter.

At a long, well-spread table, the stately seniors sit. With pensive reflectiveness one and all intently gaze before them. Do they search with questioning eyes the envisioned future? No! my friends.—They gaze with eager longing into the depths of a delicious chicken salad, "ha.f-hidden, half-revealed," by one of the most wonderful salad dressings that ever made its disappearance in the Delta Gamma room. They are disturbed by the eternal question, "How soon do we eat?"

That question was soon answered and, until, "I don't mind if I do," was changed to, "I'm afraid I can't," the Delta Gammaettes of '19 "fed."

The point of super-satisfaction and super-saturation reached, everything toastable was toasted and speeches called for.

Miss Russell, as Vice-President, started the speech making, putting Cicero in the shade thereby. She was encored enthusiastically, but she only smiled.

Miss Florence Murray then proceeded to elucidate in answer to the toast to Medicine. Inside of ten minutes every girl was sharpening her knife on the sole of her shoe and glancing speculatively at her neighbor.

No less eloquently did Miss Arabelle MacKenzie expound the delights of Dentistry, so that class '19 became possessed with an intense desire to pull teeth. Lois Smith in lack of better material began to extract the teeth from her side comb.

Miss Ella Fraser was called upon to speak for Pharmacy. Some concern was felt, when it was discovered that she had disappeared. However she was found under the table accompanied by Miss Hopgood, Med. '20 and Miss Pugsley, President of Delta Gamma. All had temporarily retired thither to avoid any appearance of over-anxiety to address those present. When she had returned to the surface, Miss Fraser delivered an oration, which was accompanied by a thunderous rustling as all the company absent-mindedly reduced the paper napkins to several varieties of pills. The end of the speech prevented their also being swallowed by those present.

Miss Pugsley proved conclusively that the Delta Gamma owed its success to the absence of the male element in its meetings. All agreed because they didn't like to disagree. Miss Nicholls led the applause.

Miss Rundle and Miss Reynolds orated on U. N. B. and Mt. A. Their presentation was good.

Miss McGrath spoke for Philosophy and class '17. Her vocabulary showed that her sub-traliminal consciousness was well-stocked.

Miss Elsie Campbell answered the toast most vividly. The last three-quarters of

## THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

her speech was drowned in the symphonious attempts of all present.

Miss Sally MacDonald spoke on behalf of the Post Seniors of class '18. She had to leave out a lot as the building had to be empty by 9 o'clock.

Miss Jessie Campbell spoke for the press so gloriously that all the company swore that never again would they destroy a newspaper and every advertisement would they read with interest. Miss Kent didn't know at first that Press meant newspaper.

Miss Nicholls was then called upon. She declared that she had nothing to say, so she was told that if she could say it in fifteen minutes all would listen.

Yells which outshine the moon were then ejected, no educational institution being omitted.

"Auld Lang Syne" followed by the washing of dishes ended the program. H. J. C.

## CLASS '21.

The pristine glory of class '21 has been revived at last! We, who entered it this year, have been told what a wonderful class we belonged to and how it had been noted for its shines etc. But that all seemed to be a thing of the past, for it was as dead as it could be. Then came the annual Freshie-Soph At Home, at which most of us had a pretty poor time. For we hardly knew a soul and those we did know, of the guests, all politely told us how rotten ours was and how much better theirs had been. And I suppose the freshmen thought how much better the next one would be. Later there was a theatre party which was just fair, for they picked a miserable week at the Majestic and there were not a tremendous number present.

But it had to come some time! Blood will tell and we had the blood of worthy predecessors in the class! After much difficulty and delay it was finally decided to give an affair on March 5th at the Green Lantern and ask some outsiders. Everything seemed to be going rottenly until the evening arrived and with it an orchestra (two pieced) the members of which looked like Czecho-Slovaks (?) or some of those people, but they played well. There was a crowd

of young damsels that delighted the eyes of the youths present, although, some scared several of said youths by the decolette of their attire. They looked almost like vampires. After the game between U. N. B. and the city Y. M. C. A. the U. N. B. team came to the Lantern and were publicly introduced to those present, had a few dances and some of the characteristic Lantern supper. Some left rather early. They are evidently not used to late (!) hours in Sackville.—About 12 o'clock all the lights went out and there was some dancing in the dark.

It was a great affair, about fifty or more being present and quite in keeping with the traditions of class '21.

Dusky stranger in Students Building to L-le McC-dy: "Are you the principal sah?"



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G. J. DESBARATS,  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.  
Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

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## THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

The year at college is drawing to a close. Never in the history of Dalhousie have students been faced with the ever recurring problem of finances to such a degree as they have been during this term. Many a student who has fought his way to the University after three or four years of hard toil at insufficient wages now finds his fond dreams rent assunder as the "Righteous City of Halifax" proceeds to go through his pockets at the rate of anywhere from five hundred to seven hundred per annum, an amount which, with the aid of each summer's work, would have been equal before the war to a four year's stay in Halifax for a B. A. degree. Coal goes up a dollar a ton. The lady of the house looks for increased revenue and finds it in the unsuspecting boarder whose weekly board goes up fifty cents per week. Landlords in defiance of all moral and just laws give notice of increased rentals or removal on the first of May. The local government sleeps on, for some of its members may be just now thinking of the fat bank roll which increased rent after the first of May is going to give them. The carpenters ask for seventy-five cents per hour during the summer with which to pay those increased rents. The capitalist raises his hands in Holy horror. When will the laboring class cease demanding an increase of wages. It's horrible! They must not get this or that. Use the discharged soldier to lower the wage by strike breaking. So thinks the man who raised the rents and incidentally raised the wages. No wonder the world is gradually preparing for the signal when the doctrines which are being preached in Russia shall break forth in all countries and the common laboring class shall rise to commit rapine, bloodshed and pillage. May that day never come but just the same no idle sitting down of our legislators satisfied with their honorable positions at Halifax or Ottawa will ever prevent it from coming.

How does all this speculation affect the student and boarder. Just this way. Nearly every family in Halifax whose homes are rented, and about seventy-five per cent of homes are rented, take in boarders and lodgers as a means of paying the extra rent. The lodger is the one who gives the most for the least return. Therefore the lodger is taxed. It follows that next fall there is no likelihood of a decrease in the price of board but rather an increase of the same and apparently it will have to be paid for as yet there are no signs of a residence at Studley to house the long suffering students. True there are rumors and rumors upon which the censorship is never lifted and upon reading the reports of the Board of Control of Halifax one would gather that Dalhousie was intending to erect a building to take care of the female students who, by the way number hardly fifty from outside the city of whom half are now housed in the Halifax Ladies College. That building once erected will be a step in the right direction. But as for the boys. Oh Lord how long! Acadia has its memorial buildings but at Dalhousie when some one wishes to give a few thousands of dollars to the college in memory of his son or daughter and they inquire of the "Powers that Be" what would be the proper way to use such a sum, those "Mighty Powers" dreaming of a University where all professors are sure of good pay suggest a professorship or a few scholarships which only do one or two persons good and are never known

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about, save when a student first comes to college when he thinks it is his duty to read the Calendar from cover to cover. But what about the so and so Memorial Building which would perpetuate the memory of some son of Dalhousie just as well and even better than the so and so Scholarship given by John Brown or somebody else. There are many men in Dalhousie today who look back on the time they spent in Pine Hill when that institution was taking in outside students with a sense of pleasure and gratitude. These boys had student life and that is what the boys of today are craving for. The men who make such a life possible at Dalhousie will receive the lasting gratitude of all and sundry of the University.

## THE MARI-DAL CAFE.

O! some may sing of towers high,  
And some of castles grand,  
And some of spires that reach the sky,  
And some praise native land.  
But none of these I celebrate,  
For this I truly say  
That I've a theme that beats them all,  
The Mari-Dal Cafe!

O! some may roam in shady wood,  
And some by rippling lake,  
And some will sleep and snore away,  
And some will stay awake.  
But I, when I've a quarter left,  
An hour to pass away,  
Will seek me out another spot,—  
The Mari-Dal Cafe.

O! some may eat at big hotels,  
Some at the Tally-Ho,  
And some few eat at home I think,  
Some don't know where to go.  
But there's a place for student's all,  
At last,—hurrah! hurrah!  
It is—I do not need to say,  
The Mari-Dal Cafe.

O! some may give their millions  
To help their fellow men,  
And some may fight for native land,  
Some help with fountain pen.  
But 'mong the benefactors  
Of men, say what you may,  
One of the chief is he who runs  
The Mari-Dal Cafe. —MED.

Dear Mr. Editor:

When I came back to Dalhousie this year it was with the express intention of trying to learn something, (as I suppose is the same reason many others came back), but instead of learning anything one may now witness the edifying (?) spectacle of in-

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dividuals and societies insulting one another holding investigations, appealing to this one and that one till one might well say that conditions are somewhat similar to a man sitting on a keg of dynamite with a lighted fuse under him. For example: an escapade occurred in the college recently whereby a bust was bedecked; the matter was taken up by parties empowered to do such things and settled. But as usual, the muck-rackers had to dig it up and start another uproar on their own account. It is just possible they think that this action on their part may help them to pass their examinations; we do not attempt to analyze their feelings on the subject. But cannot somebody make an attempt to stop this constant petty squabbling and bickering between societies? The people who sent a letter to another society recently, apparently thought it their duty to say to those members of said society to whom the letter referred that they did not know the principles of good breeding; the writers of the letter showed how little breeding they possessed when they said what they did; they insulted the parents of those to whom the document referred. I can still remember when those same members or at least some of them were responsible for the starting of the worst exhibition of ruffianism which has ever smooched the records of the college—namely the fight at the Academy of Music in 1914. Mud throwing is the most contemptible and meanest kind of insult and slander and it behooves somebody around Dalhousie to see that it is put a stop to. Let us hope that before the Final Examinations come along it will stop. Thanking you for the space. ONLOOKER.

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## IRISH HUMOUR.

Prof. MacM-c-an to English II. "Is Oliver good enough for Celia?"

Doc. F-r-y-e: "One answer, and only one, remains, it is the perfect answer 'yes.'"

Dr. Cameron to a Dental student: "Where does the vagus nerve go?"

First year Dent: "To the neck."

Dr. Cameron to another Dent: "What do you say?"

The Dent: "To the abdomen."

Dr. Cameron to still another: "And what do you say?"

The third Dent: "To the neck sir."

Dr. Cameron: "Uh! Uh! goes up and down like a piston does it?"

Miss T—p to G-d-rey: "Did you hear about a certain senior kissing a girl the other night?"

G-d-rey: "Yes; I should advise him to read the foot-note on page 72 of Mac-Dougall's Social Psychology."

Class '20 boy to the president of the class: "What would be appropriate words to describe Miss —?"

The President: "Inebriated with the exuberance of her own verbosity."

G-nn to Eben: "I haven't been to school for eight years, and I suspect that I did not hand in a good paper."

Eben, removing his spectacles: "You shall get what you deserve, Mr. G-nn."

It is suggested that two lines of Wordsworth should be made to read thus:

"Her eyes as stars of sunshine fair;  
Like Sunshine's, too, her dusty hair."

Miss W-u-h: "Oh! how I do hope that poor little Parson MacD-ld will soon recover from his 'sore' throat, and that the sound of his delightful little voice will again be heard in our class meetings."

Another girl: "Do you miss him so much?"

Miss W-u-h: "Yes, without him life is hardly worth living. He always seems more like a brother than anything else."

The following incident as reported to the writer by a member of the class took place in Philosophy I:—

Prof. Chambers: "When those who can't dance hear music, they begin to tap their feet on the floor."—Parson MacD—d immediately began tapping his feet—(Prof. continuing) "But you must remember that such is the case only with those who are uneducated, undisciplined, and uncivilized. It is very characteristic of the races of the Orient." (Loud applause).

## NOTES FROM JUNIOR-SENIOR DANCE.

Some people were embarrassed when the lights went out, but some were still more embarrassed when the lights came on.

Could C-st-r and Angl-n trust no one but each other for the 2nd extra?

Genuine regret is widespread that the Tadpole series is complete. However there are several others of the same species from whom we may perhaps hope to hear in future.

## SOLILOQUY OF A READING-TABLE IN THE LIBRARY.

I am only a plain reading-table, just like twenty-four or five other tables placed in here for the students' benefit. I appear to be very meek and humble and none know the thoughts that I have, or even guess that I have my likes and dislikes among the students who come in here to read—or talk.

I am beginning to know the young ladies and gentleman who come in and sit by me. It is seldom that I find out their names, because they generally put their books down in such a way that their names are hidden from me, and when I do have a chance to see them, they are almost in such poor writing that I cannot make them out. However, I have my own particular names for all of them, whenever I become acquainted. I call them by the Indian names that I used to know when I was back in the forest. For instance, there is a Mr. Overwork, a Mr. Big-Much-Talk and a Miss Too-Much-Walk, who come in very often, in fact I am well acquainted with them.

I am quite a favorite among the boys, they never leave me empty like they do some of the tables around me. I say this with becoming modesty, I realize that it is because of the advantage afforded in seeing that they sit near me, for there is a splendid opportunity to see all over the library.

There are two boys who used always to come and sit by me. I miss them now, they always sit at another table, and do not as much as glance in my direction. I often used to wonder what they were doing. They each had a little blue book, then they had another large book, and they would sit for a whole hour at a time looking up words out of the little book in this big book. They also had another one propped up in front of them, which they called a key—I should certainly like to see the door that it would open, and they never wrote down one word in their note-book until they had looked it up in the book they called a "key." Such strange work to be doing, I should think they would get tired of it. I once heard one of them say that when he does that work, time flies, and as he used to fly before he came here, I suppose it makes him feel at home. Such a strange suit as one of them wore when he first came! If you'll believe it, the coat, instead of being fastened down the front, was fastened away over on one side, on the shoulder! Then he had some sort of black ornaments on his shoulders! I am glad to see that he is now wearing a suit more like other peoples, or perhaps he took that one to the tailor and had it cut over, in a style more like the other boys are wearing, as I notice that it is the same color as the other one. I have noticed that his friend seems to enjoy talking to the ladies; he sat beside one for more than an hour one day!

*To be continued.*

## WHAT SENIOR CO-EDS CALLED TO THE PHONE HEAR.

Ang-s G-lli-s (on phone to senior coed):—Miss —, won't you say yes?" We cannot record her answer, but she herself admits that she didn't say "no."

Why did L-hn-s sit on the same girl's lap twice in the street car the other night?

## NOTES FROM THE MEDICAL BUILDING.

Dr. M. A. B. Smith giving a clinic;—"Gentlemen I was treating this patient for Influenza and it is a wonder she ever got better."

Time and place: On the way to the Med. '23 theatre party.

Characters: Miss F. Cr--ght-n carrying a cane.

H. M. J-m--s-n in uniform.

A pedestrian.

Miss C. (realizing that she has encountered the person of the pedestrian with the cane); "O! I'm sorry."

The pedestrian (to himself) "The English brides are setting the fashion."

Mr. J. Burke, Med. '19 is back on duty in the V. G. H. after an attack of influenza.

Quite a number of Dalhousie students have taken advantage of the offer of the dental faculty and are having their dental work done in the Dental Infirmary. The class '19 dentals are proving themselves worthy successors of their predecessors. The work is all done under the supervision of one of the instructors and students who have had work done there are well satisfied.

## QUERIES AND OBSERVATIONS.

Has Mr. G--dn H-nr-y a code of signals for use on the electric lights in order to communicate with the H. L. C.?

Prof. M-cM--h-n in English II—"We usually think of Henry VIII as a big fat man who had eight wives and broke with the Pope because he couldn't marry eighty."

B-wes: "Say P-w-r, who is Katherine in your scene?"

P-w-r: "Miss Mc-o-ald. Why?"

B-wes: "Well, I hear she has to slap your face. I wish someone would be allowed to give her physical culture first."

Mr. Po-er has a beautiful voice. Any visitors to the Students Building Friday must have been charmed by his rendering of "Roses Of Picardy."

Our friend E. M. M--don-ld also assisted Mr. P-w-r but he did not hold the note very well. He sings very falsetto.

## CHEMISTRY I NOTES.

Dr. M-cK-y: "There is intellectual indigestion or dyspepsia, as well as physical; (adding sadly) evidences of it are all too plain, alas!"

Dr. M-cK-y: "Suppose you decrease the space in a ball room, you largely increase the number of collisions between the dancers." Now! Doctor! !

Prof. M-cl-nt-sh, pointing to an obscure spot on the map of the Mirimichi Valley. "A friend of mine—a clergyman—is up here somewhere."

J-se P-r: "He must be a missionary."

If looks could kill Miss R-nd-l- would surely have slain him.