

# The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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No. 10

## THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

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Editors.....J. H. MITCHELL  
Business Manager.....V. C. McDONALD

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These are grey, grey days. Russia would seem to be out of the war. The safety of Italy is at stake. Every hour, Canadian casualty lists grow longer. Yet sometime the clouds must rift; and until then, we must all do our utmost—particularly those of us who stay at home. There is so much we can do to support the men who are sacrificing their lives for us.

Dalhousians, won't you help the Gazette? Won't you help to make it a paper of and for the College. Too long has it been an organ of the faculty—with, all due respect to them—rather than of the students. Dalhousie must have some happenings worthy of record; in an enrollment of 300 men and women, there should be some slight literary ability. Perhaps some Sapho lingers in our midst whose lyre is as yet untouched.

Aid us in making the Gazette virile and vivid. If you know anything of interest, please inform the editor. If you have any poems or very short stories, send them in. Don't be annoyed if they should be rejected. Lack of space may prevent us from printing them all. Remember that the Gazette goes to the Boys in the Trenches, and that it should be instrumental in bringing us a little closer to them.

What has happened to the Dramatic Club, that once flourishing organization? There should be enough amateur dramatic ability in the College to warrant its revival. A reincarnation of the Dramatic Club might be an active social stimulus towards the rehabliment of our exceedingly decrepit College Spirit. Moreover its usefulness might be made twofold by the production of entertainments for War Time Charities.

A member of the Students' Council; The only important thing about the Gazette is to get in the Advertisements." Do you wonder that our showing is so poor, when this is the attitude which we meet with everywhere. Perhaps the Students' Council would prefer a paper composed solely of advertisements.

Your forbearance is craved for the contents of this edition of the Gazette. Owing to the necessity of bringing out two issues within less than three weeks, a dearth of Dalhousie news and contributors, and complete journalistic inexperience, the present editorial staff, already grey about the temples, was obliged to summon the assistance of a Muse, who, not yet recuperated from an acute attack of Libritis, has a decidedly halting gait. If you will keep your thumbs horizontal for a little while longer, we shall try to do better in the future.

Much as we hate to tautologise, we ask of every Dalhousie student; "Did you buy a Bond?" If you couldn't, begin saving now for the Next Loan.

## SODALES DEBATING SOCIETY.

Two debates have already been held this term. It has been decided that the Dormitory system is desirable at Dalhousie, and that the country is a better place to bring up children than the city.

In the former debate, Mr. J. A. Goode and Miss Florence Murray upheld the resolution successfully against Mr. J. A. Baird and Miss Ethel Chisholm.

The latter debate was the annual Freshie-Soph Gab-fest, when a large attendance can be expected, for there is always the hope, alas how vain, that the Freshmen may win. Messrs. Lang and Godfrey defeated Messrs. Rhude and Irwin. The judges, as is inevitable yielding the decision to the Sophomores.

The critique was delivered by Professor Woody on the former occasion, while Mr. H. B. Dickie officiated at the latter.

R. D. McC.

## REPORT OF SECRETARY-TREASURER OF COUNCIL OF STUDENTS.

(As Audited and Found Correct May 8th, 1917 by H. E. Mahon).

Source of Revenue or Expenditure.	Amt. of Grant	1911		Net	
		Receipts	Expen.	Receipts	Expen.
Bal. from 1915-16				\$ 82.28	
Rec'd from Bureau, song-books and interest U. S. C.		\$1280.61	\$ 117.49	\$1172.12	
D. A. A. C.	295.00	18.88	175.81		\$ 156.05
Skating Club	275.00	182.77	455.25		272.48
Dramatic Club	25.00		16.90		16.90
Girls' Ath. Club	62.00		62.00		62.00
Gazette	400.00		400.00		400.00
Sodales	50.00	39.94	113.50		73.56
Delta Gamma	50.00		50.00		50.00
Y. W. C. A.	50.00		50.00		50.00
Balance					172.53
		\$1127.00	\$1321.20	\$1140.93	\$1251.40

## ARTS AND SCIENCE.

Arts and Science held its first meeting in the Munro room, Friday Evening November 2nd., the resolution discussed read—"In view of economic conditions resolved that the Government should close the tea-rooms and prohibit the sale of ice-cream during the continuation of the present war."

Mr. Gillis opened the debate for the affirmative and proved himself to be an able speaker somewhat addicted to flights of oratory.

Mr. Kerr followed and spoke fluently and to the point. He left an impression of sincerity and directness.

Miss Creighton in a very pleasing manner put forward a number of sound arguments in support of the resolution.

Miss Glasel, though we suspect slightly biased presented some strikingly original arguments for the negative.

In rebuttal and reply, both the leaders were especially good. The very satisfactory critique was delivered by R. D. McLeave. The judge considered that the affirmative had won the debate.

General discussion was then engaged in, and the Munro room resounded with the spluttering of verbal pyrotechnics, until a freshman summoned up sufficient courage to move a resolution, and the meeting adjourned.

The Society met again November 16th, On this occasion, Mr. Ross, and Miss McDougall maintained that the clergyman was more beneficial to humanity than the doctor, and Mr. Walls and Miss White denied the truth of this proposition.

Mr. Walls spoke easily, and entertained the audience with eloquence rather than argument.

Mr. Ross handled his material in a very efficient manner. His speech was clear and logical and showed future promise.

Miss McDougall made an excellent impression. Her points were well taken, and her presentation was good.

Miss White spoke without effort, although in our opinion her data would have been benefited by a little rearrangement.

In closing the debate, Mr. Ross outpointed his opponent. The decision was awarded to the affirmative. Mr. Rogers, an old Acadia debater, delivered an admirable critique, which was appreciated by all.

The general discussion was opened by Mr. Cho with a dazzling display of eloquence. The remainder of the discussion brought forth a good deal of adverse criticism which was taken in sporting manner by the chair.

The meetings of the society have been well attended. Debating is a popular attraction for the majority of the students.



## THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED ON.

Our super-philosophical friend Gordon Melvin, having won all the entomological trophies of Colchester County, has—Oh woe to the sons of men yet to be educated—forsaken the Normal School, and now, so Rumour hath it, contemplates a course in wireless telegraphy.

Who has forgotten George Piers Brookfield, so debonair and so gracious. He now shelters us from the hand of the Goth somewhere in Cape Breton.

Mary Ross, who would have simplified the problem of Paris by winning the apple herself, was, when last heard from, doing the Pollyanna stunt in the Toronto slums. O lucky, lucky submerged Tenth.

How spins the world with Fraser of '16, and his famous contribution to the population. In these days of Birth Control agitation, such trifles merit consideration.

The twilight of the Gods darkens over Dalhousie. Gone is the beaming countenance of Stanley Fraser. Many years tarried he among us, brief were they in passing. Now he rears chickens, (not the Mann Act Variety), potatoes, and other precious stones.

H. R. Chipman lingers among the impatient heroes, at a near-by fort. His heart still bears the scars inflicted by the Queen of the Cape Breton Theda Baras. He has loved since, but never with the same fatal intensity.

Grey are the days since Brenton Murphy left us, forsaking this unappreciative Institution for McGill. Barrington St. yawns strangely empty without him. We eagerly await an engrossing expose of Night Life in Montreal—akin to his Military Hospital suite.

That w'k' Superwoman, Miss Lily Bayne has ceased to practice intellectual dentistry upon the craniums of juvenile Port Hawkesbury, and is now imbibing Mother-sills on the way to England where she will become a Beatrice. Most fortunate Benedict cry we. con expressione.

Bob Leslie, the attenuated Apollo is reported to have enlisted in the Flying Corps.

Rudolph Clemen lavishes upon Purdue University the unction of his presence.

Roderick McDonald '16 has returned to Canada as a Military instructor. We welcome him home!

Louise Power, one of '16's three Graces, is making the Medical Library a popular Rendezvous.

Edward Dodwell '17 has recently proceeded overseas.

Ronald Fielding is demonstrating to the Army that it yet has much to learn.

## INTERROGATIONS.

(Let your skins be as that of the Rhinoceros).

Things we would like to know:—

What N-ch-ls-n said to Miss E. B-l-d when he asked her to go to the Casino.

Whether McK-nx- sings "Loves Last Kiss" or "Let the Lower Lights be Burning" when he goes to Robie St., on Sunday evenings.

In what a touching manner she looked at the leader for the Affirmative at the Freshie Soph. Debate!

Why Davidson has shifted churches? Who opposed the trip to Acadia?

If G-dfr-y and C. MacCl-n intend taking honour work in Latin.

If the Y. M. C. A. still exists; if so where!

If L-s S-r-th intends writing a book on the "Race" question!

If J-n M-r-r-ty should be called little Sunshine!

What happened between Fl-r-nc H-nr-and—

What A. D-r-ll meant when he said; "I never bet on the team I play on."

If W-l-d has any trouble with the husbands of his lady customers.

If it is true that Miss P-l-ps prefers Spearmint to Chiclets.

If all young ladies know to whom they are talking when they make engagements over the telephone.

If Miss Mc-o-ls was heard to say over the wire at one A. M., Wednesday; "Veni, vidi, vici."

Why class 19 didn't go to see Baby Mine.

They would have received valuable information.

If M-u, as all her sex, is fond of variety.

Who said L-ng wasn't a good picker?

If E-d-th McM-ch-n isn't some elocutionist; who scoffs at heredity?

Why K-th-n- S-alt-r always comes in early to French, and whether she likes it or the dispenser thereof.

To the STUDENTS. Our Reporters are everywhere so ladies and gentlemen, WATCH YOUR STEP.

## THE TERRIBLE THREE.

Is there more than one Freshman who can say; "Nobody knows but me?"

Why did Miss Craig not take fitz when seeing "It Pays to Advertise."

We wonder who J. P. C. Fr-s-r's joint partner in Housekeeping is.

We would respectfully advise all Junior-ettes to be wary of telephones.

Orator Ross; A Minister has nothing to do but sit in his pew and preach.

Professor McIntosh beside a mossy well in the Park; "Here we will take our final dip. "Oh Professor, you do carry the cold plunge theory to an extreme."

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## AS IBSEN MIGHT HAVE DONE IT.

Being the third act of a Norwegian Drama

The scene is laid in a room, in fact, a very ordinary room; but, although it only possesses four walls, there is something intangibly enigmatical in the pervading atmosphere—perhaps the odor of onions left over from luncheon.

Through a window to the left, the audience might be able to catch a glimpse of the rubbish-littered banks of a fiord, were it not for two saloons, a chinese laundry, and a scotch mist which obstruct the view.

Although it is June, the stove in the corner is blazing more or less cheerfully and three painfully straight backed chairs are drawn up around it.

Upon a table in the centre is a book by Harold Bell Wright, which indicates the precise mental status of the inhabitants of this apartment.

Three minutes after the rise of the curtain, Gerd the maid enters hurriedly; looks to the right; then to the left; registers intense emotion; and exits as hastily as she has entered. (This is supposed to be symbolical. It also gives the leading woman more time to powder her nose).

After another pause, while the audience settles for slumber, Hedwig, strolls languidly through a door at the back, accompanied by an affectionate spotlight. She is a woman of very uncertain age. Although her husband is only a poorly-paid government clerk, her gown is redolent of Paris. Tears are rolling down her cheeks and splash upon the floor, thus striking a note of undeniable realism. She walks over to the window and gazes pensively and mournfully at the place where the landscape ought to be. Hajlmar enters, crosses to the table and picks up a newspaper. He reads it through leisurely and completely. Then he looks at Hedwig.

Hajlmar—(indifferently); — Good-morning! Why are you crying?

Hedwig—(Automatically buttoning up the back of her dress);—I cannot tell you

Hajlmar—(advancing towards her, armed with quiet dignity and an iron poker). Tell me!

Hedwig—I cannot! I cannot! Do not force my secret from me!

Hajlmar—I demand it. There should be no secrets between husband and wife.

Hedwig draws her hand dazedly across her forehead. You could hear the clock ticking, if it were not a property one. The single occupant of the balcony snores.

At last she speaks, in tones as modulated as the eighth Avenue "L."

Hedwig—You are right! There should be no deceit between us. The lie we are living must cease. (She takes two steps forward and gazes appealingly at the electrician).

Hajlmar! I shall admit you to the most sacred sanctuary of my soul. I am crying—

Hajlmar—(breathlessly)—Yes, yes.

Hedwig—I am crying (she assumes the expression of one about to drink castor oil) because tomorrow today will have become yesterday.

Hajlmar is so moved by the profundity of this statement that he drops the poker and opens his mouth. He strides towards Hedwig who is sobbing upon a sofa, and raises her to her feet with one jer.

"Little woman," he says, in a vibrant bass, "You, like all your sex, are afraid to face the truth. Be brave! Life is not all so hopeless. Tomorrow is so much nearer the day after!"

A great light dawns in Hedwig's eyes and she flings herself rapturously upon his chest.

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INCORPORATED 1869

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Capital Paid Up, . . . 12,900,000

Reserve Funds, . . . 14,300,000

Total Assets, . . . 270,000,000

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### THE SENIOR WALKING PARTY.

Early one evening about the first of November, an animated group might have been observed collecting at the "Old Red Building" on Carleton St. This was the evening when Class Eighteen's ambulatory capacities were to be tested. Everyone had arrived punctually, and the affair moved off with a swing.

One could scarcely imagine a finer night for a Walking Party. The air was exceptionally mild for the time of year, and all the stars were mustered. As the company started off in pairs towards the ferry, there seemed to be no disposition to hurry, with the result that the eight o'clock boat was missed. At the ferry wharf, we were joined by Mrs. Murray McNeil who acted as Chaperone.

The journey across the harbour was accomplished in safety, no submarines being encountered. Fear of these had caused the extinction of the deck lights, to the great joy of those of our number who were romantically inclined.

In Dartmouth, we were met by Miss Campbell, who started us briskly off towards our destination, two miles down the Woodside Road.

Conditions for walking were excellent. Some indeed exhibited a penchant for the Hunnic Goose Step. The fact that almost everyone stumbled into a ditch which some wit labelled the "Mount Hope Canal" shows that the attention of the company was not focussed upon the road. At length we reached Miss Campbell's home where Mrs. Campbell warmly welcomed us.

Here we danced that quaint old reel, Sir Roger, after which substantial refreshments were served, well calculated to strengthen us on our return journey. As no Dalhousie gathering is complete without a "sing" the rest of the time was devoted to the lusty rendition of old-fashioned melodies. The distance from the ferry unfortunately shortened our stay at the Campbells. After an exciting chase, we breathlessly boarded the eleven o'clock boat, which bore us Halifaxwards, tired but contented.

### AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

Dr. McMechan once said; "The boys at Dalhousie do not know a pretty girl when they see one."

The following may be doggerel, or worse, but in view of the ideas expressed therein, it would seem that the learned Doctors statement was a trifle sweeping.

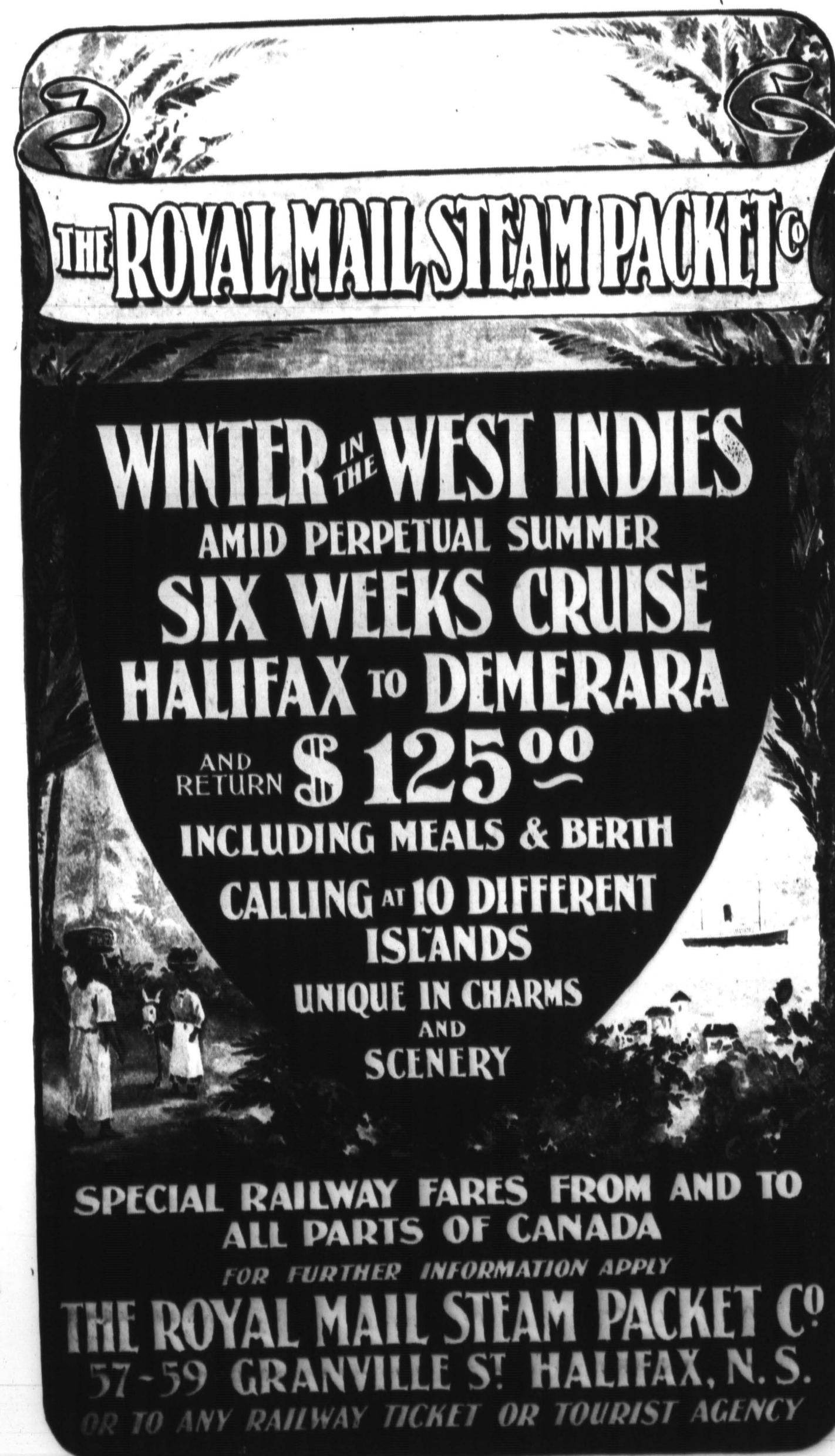
Slim like the stately poplar  
With a grace and form divine,  
The beauty of a starry night  
Is perfectly like thine.

The hair rests lightly on thy head,  
A dark brown, regal crown,  
Thy nose has a delightful tilt  
Not too far up or down.

Thine eyes are black as midnight  
While the roses in thy cheek,  
Blend with their creamy confines  
As snow on an Alpine peak.

Thy teeth are as the whitest pearls,  
Thy ears like a pink sea shell;  
Dear, that you were my sweetheart  
'Twould not be hard to tell.

TWEELEDUM.



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### EXTRACTS FROM THE CONFESSION OF THE COUNTESS KATRINA MARSHMALLOW

I was born in a beautiful old Schloss on the River Bug. It was a perfect specimen of feudal architecture; and its slender ivied turrets amply compensated us for the lack of adequate heating apparatus. My father was the Duke Wilhelm von Wobblenkiesen. His capacity for beer was truly democratic. My mother, before her immolation on the matrimonial altar, had been the Countess Thinna Slatz, whose name deserves a place in the Feminist Hall of Fame, because she was the first lady in the Province of Celeria, who believed that a clean neck was essential to an evening frock.

My parents did not live happily together; they would never have done anything so bourgeois. Mother always usurped the best suites in the Schloss, and many a time my father, returning from late calls in the village, he took a paternal interest in the peasants if their wives were pretty—was obliged to woo Morpheus in the shelter of the pig-stye.

Even as a child, I possessed the fatal beauty which has since been my curse as well as my blessing. Father, in his infrequent lapses into sobriety, used to look at himself in the mirror and then at me and say: "Egad!" Thinna, are you sure she's my child?" Father was always so modest!

Amid these peaceful if somewhat draughtily surroundings, my youth dragged along in uninterrupted simplicity. I was well educated in De Maupassant. I learned how to lie. I learned how to avoid importunate creditors. My oaths were impressive enough to make the stable boys turn pale. In short I may say that no girl was ever better prepared for the turbulent and devious currents of life at court.

My father was a close relative of our noble Emperor, Hans Rudolph von Wiener Wurst. We always kept in "touch" with the Royal Family, although the touching was usually done by them. Every Christmas, we received lavish presents C. O. D. Hans Rudolph frequently wrote father affectionate letters requesting the loan of a shilling or two, which needless to say father was unable to give him.

Then, when I was fourteen, the Royal family decided to pay us a visit. The palace at Kuchenstadt was being repapered, and the local hostilities were proving mosy inhospitable. Vulgar creatures, they actually demanded board in advance. Ostend was out of the question, because the exchequer was at ebb tide. Therefore their majesties decided to honour our ancestral castle.

My delighted anticipation knew no bounds. I had heard so much about Aunt Magda and Uncle Rudi. Father had such droll nicknames for them. Sophisticated as I was, I could not understand them, but once the governess who was listening with me at the keyhole—I had a special course in eavesdropping—blushed as only an English-woman can blush, although she listened all the more eagerly after that.

The day of their arrival was fine barring a heavy fog which melted into a Scotch mist. All our feudal retainers—six of them—turned out to give a ceremonial welcome. The train, which was unusually punctual being only seven hours late, snorted atmospherically up to the platform, and sub-

sided. A dignified gentleman, wearing a top hat several sizes too large, alighted, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" we shouted, waving our banners. "Hoch seiner Majestat." The newcomer bowed his acknowledgements.

"I thank you friends," he said with a pronounced nasal accent. "I represent the Svelt Corset which would give new curves to Semiramis herself. Allow me to—"

A cry of dismay welled up. He was not the Emperor. "Where is the Royal party?" we chorused.

"In the baggage car," shouted the conductor rudely. "His Majesty came by parcel Post."

Sure enough down the chute was sliding a attenuated figure with emaciated whiskers, and after him a slim, chic woman whose gown bore the unmistakable imprint of the Rue de la Paix. To each of them was attached a tag, which the postmaster cancelled with all due reverence. Then prostrating himself on the ground, he permitted their excellencies to proceed. We were so amazed that our elaborate preparations for a reception were forgotten. In his agitation, the Burgomeister had devoured the illuminated address, and stood pensively ruminating over the final fragments.

Uncle Rudi and Aunt Magda were absolutely unperturbed. Theirs was that magnificent sang-ford which vaults every obstacle. They glided gracefully down the platform as if they were opening the House of Parliament and greeted us. Aunt Magda kissed me. "What an ugly duckling," she exclaimed in the most musical of voices. I was charmed. It was such an original compliment.

As we all crammed into the State Coach, which was usually let out to the livery stables for tourists, Uncle Rudi remarked to father:

"By the way, Wilhelm, my retinue will arrive by the next freight if they can manage to hang on to the break rods."

The rest of the road was traversed in silence. I gazed at Aunt Magda so fixedly that she asked sharply in her bonnet were awry. Uncle Rudi cast furtive, yet knowing winks at the village belles who courted us as we passed.

The visit glided by on golden wings. The only accident was that Hans Rudolph who was slightly short-sighted, kissed the English Governess in a dark corridor—he soon afterwards presented us with a handsome chandelier. However, it pleased her immensely, and she wrote to the London Times that with true British integrity, she had resisted the blandishments of a Royal Libertine.

Meanwhile my devotion for Aunt Magda had developed into positive worship. She was so beautiful, and so gracious. I delighted in doing her little services, such as lending her the pfennigs from my bank to pay her maid with. Although she was kind to me, she never relaxed her attitude of dignified aloofness. She always insisted that I wash my face before embracing her.

One day something transpired which vitally affected my future life. I had gone down into the pantry to steal jam, and there, through a curtain of cobwebs, I espied the figure of the Empress. Could she be stealing sweetmeats too? No, that was impossible; for sugar is fattening, and avoirdupois was her particular bete-noir.

I paused to watch her. Her shoulders were rising and falling in staccato jerks. Poor Dear, she was suffering from hiccoughs.

Continued on page 6

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### Extracts from the Confession of the Countess Katrina Marshmallow.

Continued from page 5

"Aunt Mag," I suggested sympathetically. "If you take twelve swallows of water—"

She faced me, the terror of a trapped rabbit in her luminous eyes. Immediately, my intuition told me the truth. She had been crying. Her nose, the exquisite nose, around which Strauss had written a waltz, was red. In her cheeks were grooves where the tears had wandered.

She clutched me roughly by the wrist. "Little Kat," she cried tremulously yet tensely,—she always called me Little Kat. "Can you keep a secret?"

"Tickle me on the knee!" I answered promptly with the ready "savoir faire" which characterises my race.

Her face lit up with a strange radiance. "At last, at last!" she exclaimed. "I have found a faithful confidante. Little Kat, you shall never, never leave me. You shall come with me to Kuchenstadt, to Court, to the penitentiary if need be!"

Thus it was that I became the bosom companion of the Empress.

I passed ten happy years at the Royal Court in Kuchenstadt. My Aunt and I were scarcely ever separated. She was very, very good to me. She often gave me her cast-off frocks, if the servants had no use for them. Sometimes when her admirers became over-demonstrative, she appointed me to be her proxy. Strangely enough this usually cooled their ardour.

My chief duties consisted in breakfasting with the Emperor as Aunt Mag could rarely assemble all her physical perfections before eleven o'clock at the earliest. Hans Rudolph and I spent many merry moments over the bacon and eggs,—when there were any. He was a dear old fellow, even though his beard did drag in his coffee; and the soul of wit. I never shall forget how amused I was when he asked me why a Hen crossed the road. It was such a piquant notion, so droll and Shavian. Who can say that a Royal Intelligence is not sharpened to the keenest of edges.

It was during these tete-a-tete dejeuners that I discovered a manifestation of the lamentable hereditary malady of the House of Wienerwurst. Hans Rudolph was a kleptomaniac. He would perpetrate a particularly scintillating epigram; then, under cover of my appreciative laughter, he would reach across the table and steal my buttered toast. Sometimes I nearly starved to death, but I was never sufficiently gauche to register a protest.

Our Mornings were devoted to dodging creditors. At twelve we lunched, that is if the chef had been able to rob the neighbouring delicatessens. In the afternoons, we rode in the Lagerstrasse. Aunt Mag's saddle horse was exceptional; I have never seen one with so many evident ribs. I myself walked, or had one of the footmen draw me in a perambulator which had been camouflaged into a rolling chair.

After our exhilarating "promenade aux chevaux," we dressed for the State Dinner, at which many interesting, if impecunious people were invariably present. Here is a specimen of the luscious menus.

Potage aux Beans.  
Fillet de Salt Mackerel.  
Prunes a la Grande Duchesse.  
Coffee, Toothpicks, Water.

So inspirational and enthralling was the conversation, that scant attention was paid to the dainties prepared by a culinary artist imported from Le Cafe des Enfants, of New York.

We frequently attended the Opera. As the Royal Box had been rented to a manufacturer of Dill Pickles, we sat in the fifth gallery; it was so exclusive and also one was spared the facial gyrations of corpulent prime donne. Hans Rudolph was passionately fond of music; he was something of a virtuoso himself, being able to play the Blue Danube with one finger. The tenderly lyric passages always lulled him into child-like slumber.

Contrary to the general impression, the Royal Family did not go to their shooting lodge at Golgolup for the purpose of hunting; they retired thither to dodge impatient trade folk who were hunting for them. The Lodge itself was a large airy bungalow, with splendid views of the valley through the cracks between the shingles. We did not even have to seek our game. It came to us in the shape of rats and cockroaches on the bedroom floors.

It was during these long, lazy days at Golgolup with nothing to do but wonder where the next meal was coming from, that I enjoyed my Aunt's confidence to the fullest extent. It was here that I learned of the sorrow that had blasted Aunt Magdas own life, and had made her the cold, enigmatic creature that she was. Truly commoners cannot understand one half the suffering of those whom God places above them.

"You know, little Kat," she said to me one day, while Hans Rudolph was melting the dye off his ancestral rubies so that it would look like claret in case there were callers. "I was once an innocent girl like yourself, I had ideals, sweet, tender ideals, but alas they were destroyed. How hard life is upon a woman's fragile, trusting heart."

She lapsed into silence, and gracefully scratched a mosquito bite upon her ankle. I longed to beg her to continue, but I hesitated. In her own good time, she would tell me everything.

"It was on my bridal night," she proceeded, at first in a low tempo, rapidly growing more and more crescendo. "I loved Hans Rudolph although I had only seen him on a picture post card which showed him in a mask. When the chancellor engineered the marriage, I was distraught with joy. All through the ceremony, my heart kept singing; 'He is mine! He is Mine!' I did not even mind when he accidentally kissed the Maid of Honour instead of me. I adored him because there were no wrinkles in his stockings. Ah, he was such a romantic cavalier."

"Alas, grief stalked close beside me even then. We returned to the Palace. Around me all the world was whirling. Then, suddenly, Hans Rudolph walked to the mantelpiece and scraped a wad of chewing gum from the under side of it. My dream world crashed into atoms. With a scream, I tried to leap from the window, but it was barred. I climbed to the top of the bar, and kept Hans Rudolph at bay, until he finally sank into sleep still munching his gum."

Continued on page 7.

## The Royal Military College of Canada

There are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Survey to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B. A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisional areas and districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the secretary of the Militia Council Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.



### DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

#### ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year. Successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,  
Department of the Naval Service,  
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

### ON GETTING BACK TO ARCADY

Sometimes when the Lecture Room Leviathan disgorges you, a pale and jaundiced Jonah, into the welcome sunlight, instead of rushing to gloat over a milk-and-waterish exposition of the eternal problem of sex in two dimensions and the quasi-Palstaffian antics of a lout who wears with mediocre skill the socks of immortal Pantaloon; or instead of stuffing your insides with the tea and toast which our friends the Belgians need so badly; why don't you try getting back to Arcady?

It's not so very hard; any road will lead you thither if you only travel far enough and don't read the sign-posts, for Arcady is less a geographical location than a state of the mind. How can you tell when you reach it? Easily enough. The air will be keener and bluer, the hills will melt into the bosom of the sky; bitterness will fall away from your spirit like dusty clothes from a tired body. You won't be narrow or petty any longer. The countless windows of your real, undreamed-of self will be flung open, the wind will sweep through them, and all the hateful little snobberies and meannesses will be driven out. The tall trees will bend low and hail you as comrade.

Then, when vision is given to you for the first time, you will be able to see the wonders which Cant and Civilisation have hidden from men. The nymphs and the naiads imprisoned by Rationalism in their streams and saplings, and annihilated by scientific terms, will steal forth again among the tremulous shadows. If you are quiet, so quiet, and only think beautiful thoughts, you will be able to watch them dancing, and you will understand why the Greeks walked hand in hand with Loveliness.

Strain your ears. Behind you in the bracken, you will hear the faint, almost imperceptible foot-steps of Pan. Pause to look and he has vanished. For Pan is a roughish ragamuffin. Few there are who have gazed upon him, and those few have followed after the lilt of his pipes, never to return.

Won't you try to get back to Arcady some time, try to find the one genuine truth that the Hypocrites have never been able to sully? Perhaps you too may be lucky enough to meet with the elfin minstrel, who after all is only a manifestation of that force which some old-fashioned folk still call God, but whose name, to the blind fools in the market place, is Death.

ADOLF

### Extracts From the Confession

Continued from page 1

"O the agony of that night of bitter disillusion! Since then I have become partially reconciled to this hideous vice of my husband's; but in that cold grey dawn, I passed from girlhood forever, and became a woman."

I patted her hand in mute, sympathetic affection. I could understand how deeply scarred her noble spirit was.

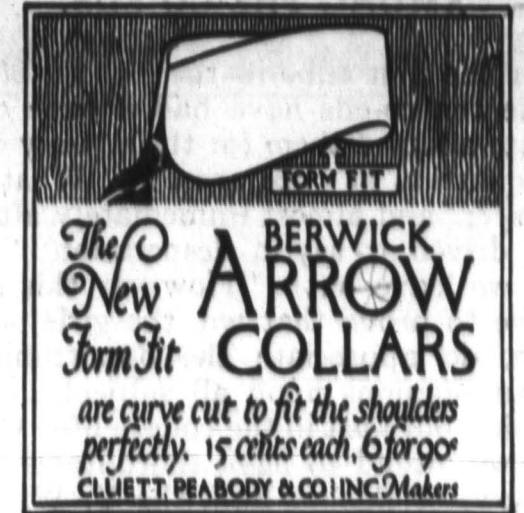
Those who have contributed to this issue of the Gazette, and who will readily receive, bouquets,—not brickbats, are; Misses Nichols, Campbell, Tattrie, Pugsley and J. M.;—also Messrs. Distant, Bentley, R. D. MacCleave, Power, J. H. Mitchell.

### LYRIC.

My harbour, o my harbour,  
In calm or storm,  
Motionless in the sunlight,  
Limpid, warm,  
Or lashing, hissing, roaring  
An answer to the sea,  
My harbour, o my harbour,  
How much you mean to me!

My harbour, o my harbour,  
Enshrined in drowsy hills,  
Through reed and shingle rippling,  
Your peaceful murmur fills  
The afternoon with music  
As the white gulls circle free,  
My harbour, o my harbour,  
How much you mean to me!

ADOLF.



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## AMONG THE CO-EDS.

For the first time in the history of Dalhousie the co-eds have had a page of the gazette allotted them for their "very own." The question at once arose; "What shall we say?" and almost immediately after we were driven to say in desperation; "What shall we leave out?" However this is our chance to prove that we, the girls of Dalhousie, do appreciate the opportunity to air our opinions upon all subjects, and to chronicle our part in the college life. On this page we intend to have short items giving the news of Basket Ball, the Y. W., Delta Gamma etc.—and we want the help of every girl in college. Will you do your bit?

## Dal. Girls and War Work.

The girls of Dalhousie have, ever since the war began, been doing a certain amount of Red Cross work, but this year it seemed imperative that something more systematic be undertaken.

With this end in view a committee was appointed to see about knitting work for practically every girl in the College. The knitting varies in neatness and looseness, but on the whole is very creditable. It is easily picked up, and when a girl comes into call, one manages to add an inch or so to those horrible Bluebeards' thumbless mittens commonly known as Hospital socks.

However, knitting was not enough "our own," and so it was decided to adopt a prisoner, if possible one from Nova Scotia. We finally had assigned to us Private James Frizzell of Truro who went over in the famous 25th. The expense is not great for each girl; altogether we send \$2.50 per month; but as the total cost of a prisoner for one month is \$14.00, the remainder of which comes from the general fund, we hope later to add to our contribution, or help out in some other way.

There is another thing that we have done this year as on all other Christmases since the war. A box of "eats" goes to each Dal Box overseas. The girls succeed in portioning off the boys by drawing lots where peaceful methods fail, and by the middle of November the boxes are duly addressed in at least six places, and sent out to carry their bit of good cheer.

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. is and rightly so, one of the strongest organisations in Dalhousie. That a real interest is being taken in the meetings is shown by the number of girls who regularly attend, and by the spirit with which they join in.

In order to realise its great purpose we need the co-operation of every girl in college and we are winning it through the Bible Groups and the regular Meetings. Without giving any secrets away, a hint might be dropped that, for the remainder of this term, and for the remainder of the New Year, we have planned some rather interesting and novel features. A word to the wise—

Since College reopened every Y. W. Cabinet member has been doing her bit of lobbying on Tuesday, so that new girls will not be able to say; "O I forgot about the Meeting." Then too, the Y. W. Posters always make one pause on the way to class. Our first meeting was to set forth our

purpose; the second to report on the Wolfville Conference; the third a talk on Prayer; the fourth a Sing Song. All these except one were wholly student-led. The third was a particularly helpful one by Dr. Falconer.

Then followed three meetings during the week of Prayer. The first was held at the City Y.; the second in the Munro Room; and the third at the Ladies' College. For these the City Y. Ladies' College Y, and Dal. Y. united and once more proved that Union is strength.

## Basket Ball.

Basket Ball, made possible for a greater or less part of the term by the greater or less "donations" of the U. S. C., receives the hearty support of the girls. Unconquered they turn out in numbers, which, if imitated by the objects of the eloquent football advocates entreaties, would raise him to the heights of Heavenly rapture.

Dal. won from the Sigmas, Thursday evening November fifteenth in a very fast game, the first of the season, by a score of 18-15. Owing to the unexpected absence of Miss Taylor, the rule for admissions was girls only.

The players were:

## Forwards—

Gwen Fraser,	Dot MacKay,
(1st Half)	(2nd)
Edith McMechan,	Laura Smith.

## Center

Jess Campbell.

## Guards.

Margaret Pugsley, Otilie Caddell.

H. J. C.

## SOCIAL NOTES.

The event of the session was the tea given by Mrs. McNeil at her Inglis St., residence. Boredom and the Menage Mathematique are ever strangers, and it was particularly true upon this occasion. Of the 108 girls invited, 102 made their appearance, and it is characteristic of Mrs. McNeil's interest in Dalhousie that she knew everyone by name. The rooms as always were charming. On the reception line stood Mrs. McNeil, Mrs. G. S. Campbell, and Mrs. Charles Archibald. Among other guests were the wives of several of the governors.

## CHANSONETTE.

Bibi, la lune est dans leciel.  
Gentilment elle sourit.  
Le vent porte douceurs du miel.  
Les nuages sont argents-gris.

Sous ta fenetre, je t'attends.  
Mon sang brille comme une flamme,  
Viens, ma chérie! Tu comprends  
Je t'aime plus que mon ame.

FRENCH I.

## FOR HOUSEWIVES.

When needing noodles for the soup,  
Just gather cinders from the stoop,  
Or if you wish a tasty garnish,  
Just shave the hall door clean of varnish.  
A bed will stay quite neatly made  
If mucilage therein is laid.  
O'er washing plates some Housewives wail,  
I brush them off with Fido's tail.  
Should you be short of breakfast food,  
Hash up a juicy chunk of wood.  
To greet a caller at the bell,  
Say "Welcome" and not—  
And if your cream looks blue and sick,  
Let talcum powder make it thick.

## THE JUNIORS' SPREE.

The evening of Wednesday November fourteenth was remarkable for more than its beautiful sunset. The Juniors had a party. Of course the politically-inclined refused to renounce the pleasure of listening to the speeches at the Market Building, and one at least objected to going on Wednesday, because, forsooth, Wednesday comes in the middle of the week. However, in spite of the grumbling of some members of the class, the Social Committee proved themselves able leaders and worthy followers of the President who declared that he was able to "look after any surplus of girls."

Leaving the Munro Room at 8 o'clock, all proceeded by a roundabout way to the Orpheus. The class walked in a body, and paused often to allow the boys to "move up one; but came without mishap to the final change. Arrived at the theatre we found the secretary standing with an usher and doling out tickets as each couple came in.

The pictures were supposed to be very good, but no member of the class seemed able to give a coherent account. After "God Save the King," there was a general rush for the Green Lantern and a very refreshing half hour followed. After seeing each couple pass the door, I lost them as they became merged into the shadows.

## TO P-LL.

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?" wheezed Faustus, superannuated but not past poultry fancying, as Helena ambled by with a knowing wink and her debutante slouch.

"Behold the face that stopped a thousand ships and sent the entire Gun room to the verge of hari-kari," warble I, as you snub me for not modulating my adoration in working hours.

The professors have deluged us with a sea of quizzes, and are leading us into interminable disquisitions of a mythological, metaphorical, cabalistic-sartorial, and quite antedeluvian cast, but we have to content ourselves with giving an unconcerned, and unappreciated approval.

Progress arrives slowly but surely. It is rumoured that a soon-to-be-opened Hashery will allow the fragile fair to indulge in the much loved but puritanically-proscribed weed.

Heard at Sodales; In the country one is surrounded by plenty of fresh Air and Good Water.

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"THE GRAVE OF JOSEPH HOWE."

It stands not erect as one would suppose, but at an angle, as if weary of bearing the message it has borne for so many years.

To the right and left and on all sides stand high red fantastically cut granite rocks, supposedly masterpieces of the sculptors art. Among these useless and ostentatious reminders of wealth are scattered the unpretentious sandstone or small marble slabs, whose inscriptions, almost obliterated, point out the last resting place of some unknown or forgotten mortal.

It was one fall afternoon, that I halted before this sloping granite shaft. The leaves from the neighboring trees, had with the grass formed an autumnal carpet over the ill-kept and almost level mound, and the low iron fence with which it was enclosed was so rusted that it seemed threatened with destruction from every autumn blast, which sent the leaves scurrying in mad gyrations.

The shaft itself showed the ravages of the elements. Its clean peculiar colour had changed to a sooty blackness, while here and there some green specimen of the vegetable kingdom gave to it the appearance of having contracted some dire disease.

The indentations on its face, which were no doubt at one time clear, have almost been erased, yet by a close scrutiny, I could decipher the inscription. It is an utterly insignificant one, in comparison to those with which the neighboring stones, are encumbered, and which were composed I have no doubt, by some beloved one who had a greater respect for the Dictionary, than he did for the truth.

Here, and I blush for shame when I write it, is the last resting place of Joseph Howe, Nova Scotia's greatest and most renowned man. Here in an obscure lot of the cemetery, marked by an insignificant monument lies the Great Reformer. Such is our reward for merit. Perhaps, he himself is satisfied with this memento, but we who had and have the honour of being born and brought up in the same country in which he was, should not be.

We have erected a monument in the precincts of the Province House, and named one of our smallest schools situated in a byway of the City, in honour of one of Canada's most brilliant orators and statesman. We are proud of ourselves.

Well, and truly has Gray written:  
"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er  
gave  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
The paths of glory, lead but to the grave."

"TWEEDLE DUM."

PRUNELLA.

High up in the tower,  
Through the ivy-twined lattice,  
Prunella is wafting  
Kisses at me.

Piquant her lips  
As the cheeks of an apple.  
Dusky her hair  
As the bosom of night,  
But, best of all,  
Through the ivy-twined lattice,  
Prunella is wafting  
Kisses at me.

ADOLPH.

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NALJA.

Beside the temple fountain,  
Where stately ibis sleep,  
Only the stars see Nalja,  
The Arab Nautch girl, weep.

"Why do your tears fall, maiden?"  
The night wind seems to say.  
Your bosom flashes with rubies,  
And till the dawn of day.

You are the Rajah's Rani.  
He is lithe and slim and fair.  
The fates of his wide dominions  
Lie tangled in your hair!"

"Aye! but on the Sahara,  
Ere I became a slave,  
I knew another lover,  
Whose heart was true and brave.

Brown his breast as the desert,  
Soft his voice as the breeze,  
That in some green oasis  
Ruffles the fragrant trees!

Alas when the dealers seized me,  
And my coward brothers fled,  
From a jagged wound in his forehead  
The silver sand grew red!

How can the Rajah's kisses,  
Or the Rajah's treasure store  
Atone for the dear young lover,  
Whom I shall see no more!"

Above the temple fountain,  
The night wind holds its breath,  
For the lot of the Nautch girl, Nalja  
Is sadder far than death.

ADOLPH.

LYRIC.

In a country, forgotten for many a day,  
A mighty monarch once stooped to woo  
A low-born maiden with eyes of blue.  
He never dreamed that she'd say him nay;

But a pedlar passed by with a pipe of clay,  
And out of the thin-stemmed thing there  
flew

A magical song that nobody knew,  
Now lilting, now wistful, now sad, now gay.  
The melody stole in the maiden's ear,  
And she followed it down the woodland path

Out on the road where the world began,  
Leaving her home, she did not care  
For the monarch's grief, or the monarch's  
wrath;

But wandered after the pipes of Pan:  
And the one who sat on the throne in her  
place

Watched the dead years drag by with a  
wrinkling face;  
While she, 'neath the Inn of the Beautiful  
Sky,

Forever feasted with youth.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

He plays his violin for me,  
And, though he sometimes strikes false  
notes

Out of the quivering strings, I know  
No other song that thrills me so.  
There is a strange sweet harmony  
Because he plays it just for me.

VILLANELLE.

Springtime and Summer ripple by,  
Vanishing into yesterday,—  
In autumn every leaf must die.

Bluer than larkspur is the sky,  
Wild roses laugh along the way.  
Springtime and Summer ripple by,  
And warm winds rustle through the  
rye,

While golden foams the unmown hay,  
In Autumn every leaf must die.

But now clover waves ankle-high,  
And all the garden plots are gay.  
Springtime and Summer ripple by.

Nimble is Prosperpine and sly;  
To other climes her footsteps stray.  
In Autumn every leaf must die.

Vain, vain the pleading of my cry:  
"Stay, mellow hours, I beg you stay!"  
Springtime and Summer ripple by;—  
In Autumn every leaf must die.

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## ROMANZA.

The Princess met the handsome American when she was travelling incognito through Switzerland, and, as he was so very dashing and distingue, she dropped her handkerchief in front of him and immediately inaugurated a flirtation.

After several days, during which their acquaintance had ripened with a most Occidental rapidity, the conscience of the Princess began to become uncomfortably energetic. The American was intensely in love with her, and she was obliged to admit that she had not repulsed him. But the affair must go no further. She, Sabina Lenors Hedwig von Sehrgeldosen, with whose paternal great-grand-mother Bismarck had deigned to dance, could never descend to a union with a plebeian from the other side of the water. She must tell him the truth and bid him leave her forever.

They met upon the balcony just after dinner. In the salon, an orchestra was successfully murdering Strauss. Up through the twilight drifted the words of the cicerone of a party of Cook's tourists, who was herding his sheep together for a moonlight excursion. The Princess, clad in black to harmonise with her emotions, leaned tragically against a vine-shrouded lattice, and plucked at the leaves with her jewelled fingers.

"I am sorry," she murmured in low, unsteady tones, "I have deceived you. I am not an ordinary tripper. The royal house of von Sehrgeldosen claims me as its scion. Our blood has remained untainted for over three centuries. It was wrong of me to even think of you in the first place, but I was weak. I had my girlish dreams with you as their hero. Alas, we can never mean anything to each other. Tonight we must part forever!"

The man had turned away from her, and was looking up at the mountains that towered above them. His shoulders were quivering convulsively.

"I am sorry," ventured Princess timidly. "It must hurt you dreadfully. Perhaps someday, you will find another to take the place in your life that I might have held."

The man fingered his watch chain listlessly.

"You're very kind," he answered, "but I think it is filled already. I have a wife and four children in Kansas City."

If any saint has an extra halo stored away in camphor,—although there are not any moths in Heaven, are there?—we would suggest it be parcel-posted to Miss L-nds, who though long-suffering, never becomes crescendo.

Is the Bench championing polygamy. Quoth a prominent exponent of Portia's past-time; "My latest wife—"

## SEMIRAMIS.

I would give them all,  
The jewels that gleam on my fingers;  
The silks threaded with gold,  
That nestle against my breast;  
The cup of jade in which red wine is sparkling,  
Red wine made magic by dissolving pearls.  
I would give them all,  
The throngs that bow before me;  
The soldiers with iron sinews,  
Who carry my banner high.  
I would give them all,—  
Aye, all and a thousand others!—  
For the kiss of the fair-haired boy  
Whom I slew last night.

## MY DECLARATION OF LOVE.

My companions said that it was the champagne,  
But I know that it was something stronger and deeper,  
A sudden contraction of my heart,  
The instant that I beheld her,  
She sat alone at her table,  
Clad in a spangled frock,  
Beautiful and stately,  
Like a single, long-stemmed rose,  
Thrust in a silver vase,  
I went up to her,  
And scorning foolish conventions,  
I poured forth my feelings passionately,  
In words that were as lustrous as rubies.  
My speech really attained heights of poetic rapture,  
And so I mounted a chair,  
And delivered it to the entire room.  
Of course they arrested me;  
But the most tragic part of the whole affair  
Was that I discovered afterwards  
That the lady was deaf,  
And had not understood a syllable.

ADOLF.

## PENITENCE.

Today I sinned a little sin.  
It was not great; and yet, somehow  
The world, which was so sweet before,  
Seems to have grown weary now.

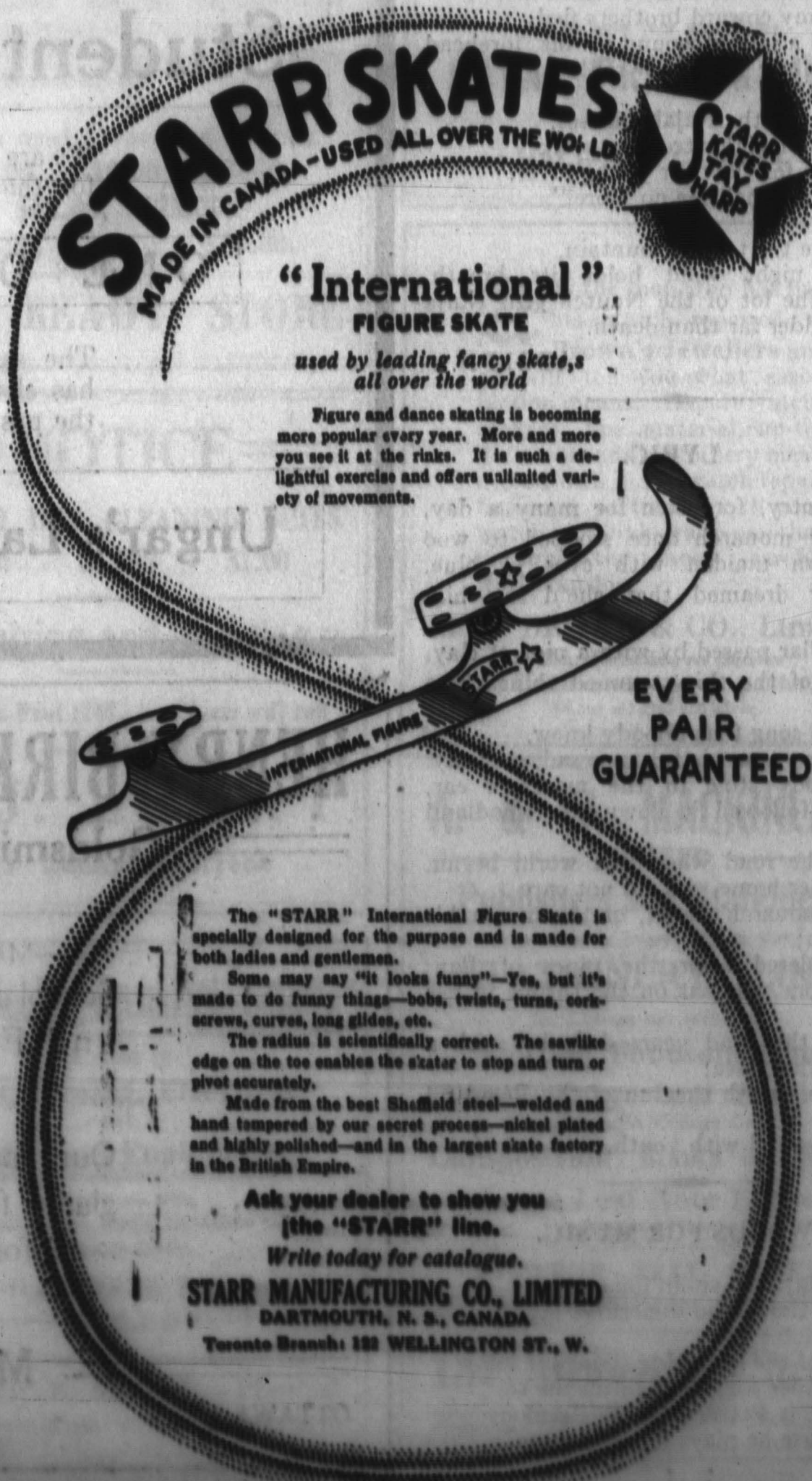
Today I sinned a little sin.  
'Twas not condemned by wordly  
wise;  
But I could not endure to gaze  
Into the frankness of your eyes.

ADOLF.

All of the members of Geology were sorry when their tramps came to an end, although it was sometimes difficult to keep pace with the agile leader.

The last excursion was across the Arm to the Dingle. Here was uttered what is probably the most memorable saying of the term—"You see the land around here would be level if it were not for the Hills.

Query: What did the Seniors serve at their Walking Party which would account for O-l-r M-L-n's conduct on his way home?



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