

The Dalhousie Gazette

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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

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Apologies to our readers for the rather chaotic contents of this issue, and the fact that many important things have been omitted. The seemingly inexplicable delay in the Graduation number, which was only seven months late, gave us very little time in which to secure and arrange copy for the two issues necessary to complete the present years contracts. We have been forced to use that which lay nearest at hand, and have not had much opportunity for selection. However with the commencement of next year, we hope for a change for the better. The Students Council has promised to clear up the existing difficulties, and thereafter we wish to make the Gazette a paper of which Dalhousians may well be proud.

In another column will be found a criticism of the resolution submitted by Acadia for the Intercollegiate Debate. It would seem a rather one sided question, well worn by over-discussion; but then, original Collegiate debates can only be hoped for when the Millenium is achieved.

What has happened to the late lamented Officers Training Corps. Surely, even with Conscription in force, it has not outlived its usefulness. There are still men, in Dalhousie, who, although not liable to service, would not be harmed by military training. The Officers Training Corps used to be popular until the unsystematic manner in which it was conducted alienated the majority of the students. Last year, it was the business Mens' O. T. C. upon which attention was lavished, while the Dalhousians were left chiefly to their own devices. Little wonder that after Christmas, the originally excellent attendance dwindled to zero.

How few Dalhousians regard the Library as anything but a place of Bondage, and yet it offers to them an opportunity that they will probably never have again. Besides the laborious, text books and the ponderous classics, its shelves hold many treasures. Maeterlinck is there, and Shaw, and Stevenson; Oscar Wilde and Noyes; many other names that to the majority of

us mean nothing. Yet for long, long weeks their pages remain unopened while the Undergraduates gorge themselves upon the banalities of Jack Canuck and the Ladies' Home Journal. Truly, some men and women could live in a House of Diamonds and yet wear Paste Jewelry.

SODALES.

There will be two Intercollegiate Debates this year. Acadia and Dalhousie will come to vocal blows over the following resolution:

"Resolved that as one of the terms of Peace, the allotment by the allies to Germany of territory in Africa equal to that possessed by her on the continent at the outbreak of the war, on condition that they suffer no commercial restrictions by tariffs, bounties or otherwise, would be in the interests of International harmony."

The girls of Dalhousie and Mount Allison will again prove that they can generate as much heated oxygen as the men. Dalhousie has submitted this subject;

'Resolved that the restoration of Alsace Lorraine to France would be inexpedient.'

The first trials for both debates will be held immediately after the Christmas Vacation. Lists of students taking part in the preliminary trial will be posted in a few days.

R. D. McCLEAVE.

DE MOTTOES NIL NISI BARNUM.

The present time of profound peace has left the Bookworm sadly unoccupied. His billet in the College provides him with ample leisure, and (of course) with so much money that he would not be able to spend it without the aid of the movies, the tea rooms, and Victory Bonds. So the other night, he bethought him of Dalhousie's most urgent need, namely the lack of appropriate sentiments for the various departments of this great educational institution.

The department of Chemistry is known elsewhere as "S-S." which is *distinctly* rude. But no one could be offended at this Horatian Motto, translated by R. K. from Book V.

"There are those whose study is of smells,
And to attentive schools rehearse
How something mixed with something else
Makes something worse.

Then there is the department of Philosophy. Milton serves *his* need,

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute
And a perpetual round of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns,

Or if Milton seems to exaggerate in his playful way the charms of this intellectual

pursuit, recourse might be had to Browning. His Greek Poet, Cleon, was a Universal genius, musician, architect, painter, sculptor,—and moreover he was a philosopher.

"And I have written three books on the soul,
Proving absurd all written hitherto,
And putting us to ignorance again."

Which is the essence of all Philosophy. Nobody knows anything but the latest exponent.

For Math, there is an apt line from Alfred, Lord Tennyson, namely;

"The hard-grained Muses of the cube
and square.

Tennyson provides also an appropriate motto for the department of Geology, perhaps the most poetic of all the natural sciences.

Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names

Of shale and hornblende, rag and trapp and triff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte—

That is what they do on the field excursions: but they do not end their day as the Geological party did in "the Princess" by a gorgeous picnic in a tent with songs and "bell-mouthed" flasks—more's the pity.

The department of law has been more celebrated than any other, for Toby made a song in its honour, a song that is really sung. When will some other genius (J. H. M. for instance) chant the praises of Arts and Science?

Dean MacRae is offered his choice of these two phrases—"Old Father Antic, the Law," and "Mastering the lawless science of the law." Both touch the subject with the needle's point, and for that reason they might not be popular, even though they certainly express the sentiments of the laity.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

A. M. M.

IRIS PETALS.

Along the river iris slumber
Purple against the grass,
Regal, erect, and yet obliged to curtsy
When wanton breezes pass.

But you, far lovelier than Iris,
Dark, starry-eyed, and tall,—
You will not even bow your forehead
To Love's insistent call.

I loitered on the cliffs of brown
Above the quay at Camperdown,
And at my feet a tender, blue
Little sea-iris grew;
But it was not one half so fair,
Liane, as the eyes of you.

ADOLPH.

DELTA GAMMA NOTES.

The meetings of Delta Gamma so far this year have not been well attended. The old girls go, but the same cannot be said of the Freshettes and Sophy-freshettes. It is to be hoped that they will be present more frequently in the future and thus show their willingness to do some Red Cross Work.

Since Mrs. Murray's interesting address on Woman Suffrage, there has been talk of our forming a suffragette society of our own, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter.

Great interest has been manifested in the coming Election. At our last meeting a committee was formed to canvas each girl who is eligible to vote, and see that she exercises her rights.

Perhaps a word as to the condition of the waiting rooms would not come amiss. They have been rather untidy, lately; more so than usual. If those appointed to the Committee were only diligent enough, results might be visible to the naked eye.

BASKET BALL.

November 29th. The Dalhousie girls met in the H. L. C. gym for the last practise of the term. At half past eight a game which the spectators found intensely exciting was played with the H. C. A. resulting in victory for them; score 32-21. At the end of the first half, the score stood 16-13 in favour of the H. C. A. In the second half Dal. forged forward and for a time it was even but when the whistle sounded "Game Over" the H. C. A. was far ahead.

The Dalhousie Girls played exceedingly well, and are not at all discouraged over the defeat. The game was one of force rather than skill, and after Christmas they intend to combine force with skill and defeat the H. C. A. Watch them!

Forwards	Guards.
Gwen Fraser,	Ottillie Caddell,
Laura Smith,	Katherine Tattrie,
Centre.	
Jess Campbell.	
K. T.	

"THEY" MEANS "YOU."

The Gazette should be the mouth-piece of the student body; if you are a student make yourself heard in the pages of the Gazette. Don't wait until the paper comes out, and then with a critical glance over the contents say, "This is punk. Why don't they put something interesting in it?" Remember "they" means you!

Each class should be represented in every Gazette by at least one article. It doesn't need to be a long, learned treatise. Write something short, bright and chatty, or, if that is not your style, you might compose an elegy upon the death of your Biology Specimen, or an Ode to Friday Quizzes. Or, again, if you received letters from Dalhousians overseas, extracts from which might prove interesting, send them in! Judging from the amount of English Mail delivered at the Delta Gamma Room, such material ought not to be scarce.

So brace up! Take an interest in the Gazette, and it will assuredly interest you.

H. J. C.

ADVICE TO NEW DAL. GIRLS.

(Contributed by those who are more experienced.)

1. Always wear a slightly patronising expression. Doubtless it will be hard, but the college term is only seven months.
2. Endeavour to be "nice" to the Seniors and Juniors. Poor dears! They will appreciate your condescension.
3. Remember that the old girls love to hear the sound of your gentle voices while you are doing your Latin and French in the waiting room. It is instructive as well as pleasing.
4. Do not forget that the Faculty set apart the Library for audible conversation.
5. Waste no time at the Bulletin Board. The Posting of Notices has lapsed into mere tradition. You will find many interesting achievements affixed thereto.
6. Never hold a door open for anyone, least of all for a Professor or an upper class girl. It isn't done in advanced circles.
7. Always remind the professors that; "They only are wise who know that they know nothing."
8. It is not comme il faut to attend the meetings of the Y. W. or Delta Gamma.
9. Lastly, make it plain to everyone that you confer an incalculable honour upon Dal. by your presence.

THEN AND NOW.

In the days of pansies and mignonette, When beaux and belles danced the minuet, There were dear old songs that they used to sing.
Grandmother trilled them at her spinnet As the gloaming gathered, and in a minute Grandfather's tenor came murmuring:
Bluer than larkspur are your eyes,
Stolen candles from Paradise
Veiled by a silken canopy.
Love, let them look on me.

But the mignonette is yellow and sere,
Even fox-trots are passe' this year.
The spinnet gives way to the talking machine.

Although they use the old idea today,
The phrasing is different. Each cabaret
Has jazz singers shrieking it thiswise, I
ween;—

Sav, kid, them lamps of yours are fine.
All Broadway's lights ain't got more
shine
Aw, can that shrinking ingenoo.
Give me the glad eye, do!

ADOLPH.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The editors wish to tender their thanks to Misses Nichols, Campbell and Tattrie for very material assistance; also to Messrs. Burgoyne and Partridge of the "Royal Litho Co." for their courtesy and patience; and last but not least, to Alec of the Medical Building.

FANTASY.

It was just about the first of December, and every student was unduly excited because the gods, whose ways are wholly inscrutable, refused to post the exams for reasons best known to themselves. Rumour said that the delay was occasioned by the absence of Zeus, whither not even Mercury was aware. We ourselves, as is usual in the lecture rooms, knew nothing. Under such chaotic conditions my fitful slumbers were disturbed by vague shadows and terrifying nightmares, and one of these I feel it my duty to share with my fellows. Alas, like Cassandra, incredulity will probably pursue me.

I stood in wistful anticipation before the Bulletin Board in the Library Building, when there came from without a slight ethereal being, "precisely" clothed in habiliments of grey. Simultaneously there issued from the portico of the Olympian Temple, He who gives to Freshmen the Three Problems of Antiquity, not that they should solve them, but that they may be properly humbled.

They met. The one in grey carried, carefully folded, seven brown three cent stamps. The other with equal solicitude cherished ten green one cent stamps. The problem occupying their minds, while we writhed Laocoon-like in the coils of agony, was how the seven browns might be made to coincide exactly with the ten greens. I could understand little of the conversation but I believe that they finally parted with the question undecided; the one in grey firmly maintaining, without losing his Mid-Victorian sense of Propriety, that it could be done by increasing the pressure; while his confrere's deduction was that it might be accomplished by comparing the squares on corresponding sides.

I awoke a sadder, but *not a wiser*, student

D. E. N.

UP AND DOWN THE HALLS.

Class '21 were the hosts at a very successful theatre party under the chaperonage of Mrs. Murray Macneil. Times have truly changed when the Freshmen can play the gallant without any Sophomoric molestation whatsoever.

The Dalhousie Professors, in addition to their Herculean Collegiate labours, have been actively assisting in the Liberty Loan campaign.

The usual beatific atmosphere of the law library has of late been rent with pyrotechnical political discussions, in which the feminine contingent has successfully refuted the clinging vine slander.

We are glad that the seasons are not regulated by the publication of the Gazette. It is a bi-monthly periodical, but apparently its months are each twelve weeks long.

Dalhousians will all regret that the Academy is backsliding into moving pictures. The usual Friday night contingent in the first balcony will sadly miss the discontinuance of their dramatic fare.

CLASS '20 WALKING PARTY.

The night was wet as wet could be.
The streets were far from dry,
You could not see the moon because
No moon was in the sky.
No stars were shining overhead,
It was no use to try.

The '20 Class of Dalhousie
To walking felt inclined;
Although it was so very wet
They did not seem to mind.
The home of Natalie Littler
They started out to find.

The Sophomores all hurried up
Amorous of a treat.
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed.
Their shoes were clean and neat,
Odd prodigy because, you know,
South is a muddy street.

"O Sophettes, come and walk with us."
The Sophomores did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
A little while with each."
And then they ambled to the Waeg,
Which they managed to reach.

Mrs. Macneil, the chaperone,
Was waiting near the door
With friendly smile she greeted each,
And shook hands o'er and o'er
Thus gaining an acquaintance
With those not known before.

"The time has come" the leader said
"To talk of many things;
Of weather, Latin and exams,
Of rink and diamond rings.
Please get your topic cards filled up,
Before the music swings."

"For now the lilt of the wories
Is what we chiefly need;
We'll play a game or two besides,
But dancing takes the lead.
Then, when you're ready, Sophomores dear,
You can begin to deed."

ARUAL.

AN HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

The Countess of Salisbury was very chic,—
Than her no one could look smarter,
But Nemesis yapped at her heels, for in
Court
She dropped a delectable garter.

An ill-concealed gurgling gladdened the air,
For then no Burlesque shows existed,
Nor Ladies Own Papers, or like magazines
In lingerie columns persisted.

The king, although interested, gathered it
up.
"Gosh darn it! Remember you're gents."
And in accent exceedingly English ex-
claimed;
"Hully Gee. Honey Swat Mally Pence!"

ENVOI.

Now I have been gartered through most
of my days,
And never in public have lost one.
The world had been minus a number of
knights
If the Countess had borrowed a Boston.

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Lexicon of Youth

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Play me a tune of syncopation,
Brimful of pep and jubilation,
Riotous, rollicky,
Frisky and frolicky.—
Play me a regular ragtime tune.

Some people rave over Wagner and Bach.
Give me Berlin and Melody Lane.
Tchaikowsky, MacDowell, and Schubert,—
ach

Their compositions drive me insane,
Strike up something intoxicating,
Aggravating
Sophisticated feet.
Tune up your fiddle now. No hesitating!
Don't keep me waiting,
That jazz sure is sweet!
Music of Child's with dishes aclatter,
Music of subway and crowded "L."—
Play it to me. The others don't matter.
All of the classics can go to—well.

Play me a tune of syncopation,
Brimful of pep and jubilation,
Riotous, rollicky,
Frisky and frolicky,—
Play me a regular ragtime tune.

ADOLPH.

THE LAST HOOP.

John Hanlon.

A crash of tympani and a blaring of brasses. Perfunctory ripples of applause quavered through the closely crowded bleachers. Out on the sawdust, the calciums beat mercilessly down upon a woman. A lithe, fragile figure in green tights surmounted by a foamy ballet skirt, she stood there indifferently wafting kisses towards the spectators. Then she leaped upon a white horse, which was loping around the ring, and proceeded to perform a series of amazing tricks.

"Scandalous!" breathed the stiffly-corseted matrons, and their fat husbands openly nodded assent, the while their lecherous eyes devoured the insinuating curves of her limbs. "Some Pippin!" murmured the aspiring rustic rouses. "Ain't she just grand?" sighed wide-mouthed little girls seeing their day-dreams visualised before them.

How different were the thoughts of the rider; how far her mind was drifting from the glare of lights, and the tintabulation of ragtime music. She was lingering by a cottage around which tall elms interlocked their branches. Across fragrant meadowlands, the evening mist draped itself around the yellow haycocks. Close to her breast she felt the clutch of baby fingers.

Tonight she was riding for the last time, was bidding farewell to the tanbark forever. Never again would she feel the blinding glare shrivelling her very spirit; never again would she know the ghastly irony of playing a losing game with Death. Tomorrow a new life would spread itself out before her; a new life in the clean fresh air away from the dank smell of the ring and the reek of the animals.

Tonight she would tear from her face the mask of the mountebank. With a light heart, she turned her handsprings upon her unsteady perch. Then three clowns ascended ladders and held out gaudy paper hoops. It was the climax of her act. Through two of them, she soared swallow-like. Only the third remained. To her it seemed a gateway to liberty. On the other side of its bizarrely-stencilled surface lay her cottage under the Elms. Joyously she pulled herself together for the spring. A sob swept through the audience. For an eternity the ground rose up to embrace her. Then the horses' hoofs hurled her into darkness.

A man ran from the terror-whitened benches, and gathered the crumpled, bed-ragged heap of green into his arms. "Ottillie!" he screamed. "Ottillie, speak to me!" He looked at the horror which had once been her head. "O God! O God!"—his voice trailed off into imbecility.

Above him stood the clown who had held the last hoop. The paint curled his lips into a vivid grin, but his eyes were burning.

"You could not take our Ottillie away from us," he droned, with the level inflection that betokens madness. "That is why I moved the hoop when she jumped. I would not let you take our Ottillie away from us!"

But no one heard him. The performance had gone on its inevitable way. Once more the musicians poured forth their strident melodies, the Pantaloons caroused, and the audience soon forgot the tragedy in watching another fool recklessly snap his fingers in the face of Death, calm, confident Death, whose hands were always certain of their prey.

BUCK UP, DAL.

The football season was not such a wonderful success this year; but we must not be discouraged. The time approaches for the Dal Warriors to defend their reputation on the blades with stick and puck. First and foremost, we must pick out a man who thoroughly understands hockey and let him lead us; but before selecting him, we must be sure that he knows his business, and possesses the faculty of developing dormant ability in the players.

Candidates for the team should not fail to attend every practice. Combination is the key to successful hockey, and this is only attained by constant attendance at practices.

There is much to be done by those who cannot make the team, not the least of which is to help the girls in cheering. More baritones and rumbling basses would be welcome. If we can't be atheletes ourselves, we should certainly back up those who are. Let us resolve once and for all to get back the old time spirit into our games and thus do out bit to uphold the honoured traditions of Dalhousie.

MORE PEP.

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THOSE WHO PASS ON.

Mrs. Bethune, the late Marguerite McAskill, is demonstrating that being a Madonna does not necessarily detract from ones facial value.

Robert McG, Dawson, the Bridgewater version of the Apollo Belvedere, and whose coiffure would make a Circassian lady green with envy, was recently in our midst.

Miss Margaret Fraser, Titian and invariably goodnatured, is at present in Montreal.

Philip MacLaren, that demure young M. D., is demonstrating the still water bromide by lunching with a very popular, and charming disciple of Thalia in London.

Miss Olga Adela Emma Clemen is attending a place of education in Boston.

Rejoice, o ye hungry-hearted spinsters! George Piers Brookfield is returning to Halifax, so Rumour babbleth.

Geoffrey McColl has enlisted in the Aviation Corps, and is at present in Upper Canada.

George H. Henderson, M. A., B. S. C., has been awarded one of the twenty studentships established by the Dominion Government through the Honorary Council for Scientific and Industrial Research in Canada, for the purpose of assisting Canadian Industry.

Several former Dalhousians have returned to Canada after doing their bit "out there." Among them are Lt. Colonel Phinney; Major Rudland; J. A. Hardy, Arts and Law, '10-'11 who went over with the cycle corps. On the staff of the new depot Battalion, Halifax are Lieut. Gerald Dwyer late of the 40th, and Lieut. Whelpley

Gladys Sibley, President of the Alumnae is teaching in Chebucto School. Many former Dalhousiennes have embraced Pedagogy, Annie Fraser '17 is at the school for the Blind. Jean Craig leavens the ignorance of the juvenile inhabitants of Saskatchewan. Kathleen Day is principal of the school at Tatamagouche. Annie McLeod '15 is a member of Mrs. Trueman's staff at the Halifax Ladies College. Jennie Grant is teaching at Musquodoboit (?)—her mail suffers because of the spelling of her location.

Other vocations have not been entirely neglected. Merle Colpitt, as a recreation from her Post Graduate work, coaches Freshman in Physics. Isobel McCurdy who is destined to put it all over on Ida Rubenstein, is connected with the Dartmouth Branch of the H. C. M. Evelyn Crowell, who runs her a close second on ivory tickling, is conquering another artistic sphere,—that of vocal music. Clara Smith is compiling statistics for the Workmen's Compensation Board. Making Munitions has successfully summoned Beryl Saunders. Mabel McKay is at Normal College.

Married. Murray Porter '09, Lena Sibley, '09. They are now in Rochester, N. Y.

Wounded Dalhousians have taken an active part in addressing Victory Loan

Meetings. Among them were Jack Cahan, Toby Jones, Dennis Stairs, and Rod McDonald.

MODERN MATERNITY.

A Spasm.

Long ago there used to be old ladies with white-trilled caps and wrinkled faces, their tired hands motionless in their laps, patiently waiting until God should call them.

To-day there are only caricatures, hags whose beauty has flickered out, but who cherish the ashes against shrunken breasts;—bloated and purple, lean and pallid, with shallow, bitter eyes. A cocotte could know no more ways of seeking vanished loveliness. Cosmetics are to them what a rosary is to a Nun, and Cosmetics demand an inevitable price. Their skin is stretched-out, cracking parchment, their hair is lifeless hemp. In spite of the corsetiere, their figures bulge out in unexpected places or assume sharp angles. Their thoughts have sharp angles too, sharp angles that rend their souls.

Where are their children? Well may you ask. Some there are who from the first shirk the duties of marriage. And the others? Aye, it would be better if they also condemned their unborn children to nothingness. For they have only half-played their role. They have shared in the physical side of maternity, but they spurn the spiritual.

Life beckons to them and they answer its lure. Life and all the gifts that it has to offer; wine and music, laughter and jewels, the burning desire of men. Daughters of Thais they, with veins afire; they leave their hearths unkindled, their tenanted cradles uncared for.

There are no old ladies nowadays. Grey hair is more unfashionable than antimacassars. But beware, o ye women who have forgotten! The net of the flesh has emeshed you, it is tangled about your feet. It will drag you down, down, till waves of flame burn the paint from your faces, and the rags from your nakedness. Out of the guts of Hell, your own children will crawl, and claw your bosoms with bleeding talons.

ADOLF.

THE MOON.

The moon in the sky shines brightly! Though the days of the moon are gold; She smiles at the birth of a Nation And laughs when its blood runs cold.

At the day of the creation
The moon waned low and dim,
For cursed was the hour when woman was made,
Though made by the God of Him.

With the tents of the might Caesar
She has watched the camp of Gaul.
When the Phrygian triremes ploughed the sea,
She saw and laughed at all;

And now on the plains of Flanders,
She watches the strife go on,—
For the Blood of Christ is unassuaged,—
So she laughs till the bloodier dawn.

"I watch, I wait, I pray for
The day when you all shall die.
Then I'll sail above a peaceful world.
But I'll cry, and cry, and cry!"

TWEEDLE DUM.

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 9 1/2 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.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

LIBRARY NOTE.

A McCullough Relic.

Dalhousians have been criticised for lack of "tradition." That means that they do not take much interest in the history of the institution they belong to. The first principal, Dr. Thomas McCullough, was a remarkable man with many interests. Thanks to the kindness of his granddaughters, the Misses McCullough of Truro, the Library has received an autograph letter of the great naturalist Audubon, showing the friendly relations which he had established with the McCullough family. Below is the text of the letter; there is also a list of the specimens desired. The original is preserved in the case with other historical documents.

A. M.

New York,
September 12th, 1836.

My dear young friend:—

Should you not have heard of my return to the United States prior to this, this will confirm the fact to you. I have been here with John one week.

Along with this I send you a copy of my third vol. of ornithological biographies hoping that it may give you some pleasure. I am extremely desirous to procure in the flesh, (feathers and all, as soon as possible when shot) certain species of birds more abundant, and more easily procured in your section of America than south of it, and now beg of you to fulfill for me the following commission.

That is to say, to procure for me all the species annexed on the other side, or as many as you can procure in Common Rum or whatever other spirits sufficiently strong to save them from putrefaction, in pairs as much as possible, and if not by twos of each species. To have these put into a good cask, with a list of the specimen contained therein, and to ship this to New York on the 1st of May next, to Nicholas Berthoud, Merchant, who is my brother-in-law, and on whom I now authorize you to draw for the amount laid out by you for the Specimen, Spirit, etc.

If you will attend to this you will render to Science and to myself a very great obligation, and I shall feel great pleasure to do anything for you in return which you or yours may desire at my hands. I hope your dear mother and family are well. Your friends in London were too when we left. Please present my sincerest regards and thanks to your mother and family, accept the good wishes of mine and believe me ever sincerely your friend and servant,

JOHN J. AUDUBON.

Please to acknowledge the receipt of this care of N. Berthoud, New York, it goes by duplicate.

Queries.

Why does a certain Medical Freshman look so graceful at the Tally Ho?

Who is the most popular Medical Freshman?

Grant that it may be Chas!

Professor McKay in Chemistry 1; I shall now take a small fragment of oxygen.

VERDUN, 1916.

The Hun storms at the gate—he must not pass!

France, who will save thee in thy dire distress?

Foes thunder at the wall with crushing mass—That wall of human limb and blood and flesh

Imposed by Freedom's mother in the breach
Rent through the side of liberty and might.
O Gallia, land of chivalry and light,

We hear thy poilus cry, "They shall not pass!"

They did not pass; day followed after day.
The fields grew red. Wave upon wave
Of Prussia's proudest, driven at bay,
Fell weltering to the wind without a grave,
And out of all, tried by the fire and fray
Arose a greater France, unconquerable,
brave. B., 1012.

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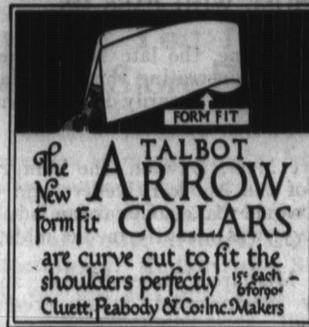
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WEST INDIAN LANDSCAPES.

Montserrat.

The mountains brush the clouds with a whip of palm trees.
Up the glaring road, the negroes are coming from market,
Clad in clashing crimsons, and emeralds, and yellows,
The women glide by,
Their bodies swaying rhythmically,
Quaint earthen urns, and bunches of bright green bananas,
Poised on their gaily beturbaned heads.
Here a little grey donkey trots blithely,
Almost buried beneath a load of rustling sugar cane,
While his driver, a naked, brown pickaninny,
Splashes his sturdy legs
In the granite sewer by the wayside.
Far, far behind a bronze skinned, scarlet-lipped maiden
Loiters along and smiles
At a dark-eyed youth who lies watching
Three dappled white goats
Beneath a drooping kashmerino.

The Gardens; Dominica.

The tall palms, silver-stemmed, scatter shadows on the grass.
Great clumps of crimson bouganvillea foam over a crumbling wall.
A mysterious, blood-flecked orchid swings itself from a tree-trunk.
Down the petal-strewn path
A girl is drifting towards me.
A loose gown of purple clings to her slender figure.
From her red, pearl-set mouth trills a strain of some barbaric folk-song.
As she floats by the lime tree under which I am stranding.
She flings a laugh over her shoulder,
A laugh that lilt and lures,
And sets my heart athrobbing.

THE CATHEDRAL, ST. LUCIA.

I pass from the flaming air of the palm fringed plaza
Into the cool, dim depths of the Cathedral.
High above stretches the gaudily decorated vault of the ceiling.
With its festoons of unsubstantial, bizarrely-tinted wood-work,
Its blue and white cross-beams,
And its garish portraits of the Saints.
In front of me rise the three altars,
Graceful and chaste,
Hewn out of glistening marble;
Before whose plaster effigies
Tall tapers are flickering faintly,
And glowing, odorous flowers
Pour forth their exquisite incense,
Beneath a tinselled statuette of the Madonna,
A girl is kneeling.
Through her slender brown fingers, the beads of a rosary are slipping.
Her curved, red lips move rapidly in prayer;
But, as I pause to drop a shilling in the alms box,
She turns her head slightly towards me,
And from her sensuous amber eyes,
There flashes a luring smile.

Mr. Ray McClellan, the diminutive Munition worker, was among recent sojourners in our midst.

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INTERLUDE ADOLF.

A glade on Olympus. A column crowned with a Satyr's head stands out against the blue horizon. At its foot grows a single, beautiful rose, around which the Muses are dancing. The stage is pervaded with a mysterious, light.

First Muse.

What is it, sisters,—
This fragile, pink-cheeked bloom
That looks
As if Prosperpine might have kissed it
Before the gates of Hades
Clanged behind her.

Second Muse.

It is a flower
That Pan, the vagabond,
Brought back from earth,
Because some sheperdess,
More lovely than the rest,
Gave it to him.

Third Muse.

If mortals have such things,
Methinks the world
Is not the barren, sordid place
That it is pictured.

Forth Muse.

Mayhap it springs to birth
From some great thought we have in-
spired
Within a dreamer's breast.

(They circle around it singing:)

Radiant thing
Jove smiled when you were born;
And you stole the smile
To make yourself beautiful.

Fragrant thing,
You nestled on Aphrodite's bosom;
And her soft breath
Has made you sweet.

(The shade of a realist slants across the horizon. The muses scatter, uttering cries of dismay.)

The Realist, in an aggressive combination of a sniff and a snort.

Humph!
Its just like you to be dancing,
And wasting time,
When you should be thinking of your
sins,

And regretting
The tons of piffle you've been respon-
sible for

Poets!
Bosh!
Weak, little worms
Content to crawl
On the sensuous lower slopes,

While I alone
Have courage to ascend the ugly
heights

To wrestle with the gods!
Why are you making all that fuss
about a rose?

Don't you know that it is covered with
thorns

To prick your pretty fingers?
It sprang from a manure heap,
And the horror of its origin prevades
its very veins.

Soon it will drop,
And wither, and rot
Like everything else,
Humph!
People write sonnets to it.
They had better apostrophise the man-
ure heap,
That alone endures!

THE PAGEANT.

They held a grand pageant at college one
night,
Staged by the Y. W. crowd.
The way that it was advertised was a
fright.

Their boosting was endless and loud;

But it fired our interest to such an extent,
We figured 'twould be quite a spree,
And abandoned out hearthsides, our books
and our pipes,
And betook ourselves over to see.

The pianist first with a masterly touch
Tortured melodies wriggly and grand;
Like the ones that they play at the villian's
approach,
Or when Fatima wiggles her—hand.

Then after a silence, the Thespians arrived;
Some had sticks, like a bunch of protectors,
They bowed, scraped, and argued, and at
length agreed
That China needed physical directors.

So we learned what the noble directors could
do.

Out of time, out of tune their sticks clove
the air;
And how the play ended not one of us knew,
But still we conceded it was *some affair*.

I could not conjecture the moral intended,
But here's the conclusion that I drew last
night.

In China physical directors are needed
To teach the young ladies to breathe, walk,
and fight.

TEUFELSDROECHK jr.

HONOUR ROLL.

Killed in Action.

Reginald Clayton, M. C., Nov. 17th,
1917.

R. G. MacAloney, Eng. 11-15.
John Geoffrey Cutler, Dartmouth, Eng
07-10.

Colin A. MacLeod, Springhill, B. A., '01.

Died of Wounds.

David Jardine, Captain of the football
team in 1899. Enlisted as a private in
Vancouver but gained a liutenancy before
leaving England.

Edward Grant McCurdy, Middle Mus-
quodoboit, Eng. 11-14, corporal in Highland
Brigade.

Walter Leonard McLean, M. D., C. M.,
'08.

Wounded.

J. D. MacLeod, Westburn, Pictou Co.,
Arts, 1910.

C. W. MacAloney, R. F. C.
George Burke Reading Lordly,
F. L. Moore, Economy, Point.

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THE WRECK.

The rocky, practically impassable road
together with the dank, salty fog, ren-
dered our journey far from exhilarat-
ing. The dull murmuring of the waves had
been continually in our ears, but a harsher,
more monotonous sound heralded our ar-
rival at the sea.

About twenty houses composed the fish-
ing village, some little more than hovels,
others quite coquettish under their coats
of salvaged paint. Here and there nets were
hanging, or were drying spread out over
the rocks.

The landscape was wild and desolate.
A great granite intrusion stretched in
huge mounds as far as the eye could reach,
pushing through the thin, furze-laden soil.
The misty half-light produced a rugged and
inhospitable effect. The granite rocks
amazed one, some immense, and so broken
that they resembled fantastically planned
Cathedrals.

We stumbled along over the boulders.
Suddenly the fog lifted a little, and the
wreck loomed before us. She lay in a small
cove at direct angles to the course that she
should have been taking, and was tremen-
dously tilted. An enormous rock held her in
position and had punctured her hull near the
bow, allowing the stern to swing free in one
hundred and ten feet of water.

She was a magnificent, one-funnelled
ship of about five thousand tons, whose
lines betokened both speed and endurance.
Her snow white coat of paint was girt
by a green band, broken here and there by a
red cross. As yet the impetuous breakers
had wrought no visible damage

Clustered around her were craft of every
description, from the powerful steam tug
to the flimsy, yet serviceable dory. A large
crowd had gathered upon the rocks, like a
swarm of gloating vultures.

Not a boat hung from the davits. Not a
sound drifted from the deck. Silence and
solitude held the vessel in their grip.

What stories of mystery this stricken
ship could tell! No more would laughter fill
her cabins and saloons. No more would
youth plight troth to maiden in a quiet
corner on the deck. No more would she
cleave the starry, spice-laden night of
the orient, for here, gripped by a tentacle
of Mother Earth, she will rot and rust, until
the winter storms take compassion upon her
misery.

How she was wrecked remains unexplain-
ed. But here she may be seen, piled high
upon a reef of granite, close to the shore,
as if she were not worth the trouble of
being steered in the proper course.

TWEEDLEDUM.

ON THE LINKS WITHOUT YOU.

Crisp, cool air of the morning;
Daisies thick in the grass;
The pond with its waxen lilies,
Ivory framed in glass.

The swish of the club descending;
The answering thwack on the ball,
As it leaps into flight rejoicing,
Circling down to its fall.

Our love was like a golf-ball,
Soaring high overhead,
Exultant, alive for an instant;
Then in a bunker dead.

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SELECTIONS FROM GLUBGHANIS-
TAN THE INDIAN POET.

(A).

Tha Song of Gazawaza,
The Nautch Girl.

Her eyes are two slanting slits.
Her mouth is a rose from Khadjava.
Her limbs are of golden bronze,
Hammered out by the gods in Biffbangstok.
Her smile is as sweetly quaint,
As the peaceful expression of Budha:
But her temper,—by the Sacred Sheep!
A devil could not surpass it.

(B).

KASHMIRI SONG.

Under the blooming banjee bush,
Which showers down petals of saffron,
I lie beside Lalla Rookh,
My luscious maid from Lalati?
Her eyes glint green, and her hair gleams
gold.
She is as plump as a pig fit for roasting.
What care I that, in the bazaar of the Seven
Sciaticas,
My eagle-nosed wife is sharpening her
dagger for vengeance?

CAPRICE.

Give me your rose, Pierrette
"Not yet! You must bring me first
as a gift
The silver gleaned from a storm cloud's
rift,
An opal tear from the eye of the moon,
The shimmer of some star-kissed la-
goon;—
All these, and more must you bring to
me,
Before I fling you my rose!"

ADOLF.

WHERE ARE THE SKIRTS OF
YESTERYEAR.

To masculine observance,
While strolling on Broadway,
There seems no difference between
Choir girl and coryphee.

Dazed by the frenzied fashions,
I seek a quiet nook,
And view with wistful eye the frocks
In Godey's Lady Book.

A PICTURE.

Through the opalescent green and ame-
thyst of the breakers,
Her slim brown body shot with arrowy
swiftness.
The silvery foam nestled against her breast,
Like a lover resting his weary head.
Between her thick red lips glinted the blade
of a knife,
And in her eyes shone a fierce, unholy light.
Silhouetted upon the horizon where the
twilight touched the ocean,
In a dug-out canoe with gaudily-painted
gunwhales,
Her man was paddling away,
At the side of another woman.

ADOLPH.

THE FIRST POET.

All the warriors thought him a fool,
Because he lingered for hours beside the
Red-haired Womau's cave,
Bringing forth weird sounds
From a toy which he had fashioned from
reeds.
His wooing would have been much more
successful,
If he had hit her with a hammer,
And dragged her away with him,
But, instead, he sat there, day after day,
From dawn to dusk,
Pouring forth his soul
In rude, yet passionate expression,
Until the maiden of his desire,
Believing that he was casting an evil
spell upon her,
Pushed him over the cliff.

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INTERROGATIONS.

If D-gb C-m-r-n told Miss W—, after
having been followed six blocks, that so
and so was jealous.

If Deacon D-v-s-n went to all the re-
hearsals in which he clasped the heroine
in his arms, and kissed her.

What Miss B-s-t thought when J-n
A-k-r told Professor Murray; "I have
loved."

What Cape Breton Senior prefers Snappy
Stories to Sartor Resartus.

If it is true that Sir Robert Borden ex-
panded six inches when he heard that Miss
W-r-e agreed with him.

If R-ss McL-d does not realize that he
might as well throw up the sponge, al-
though he does have a great advantage in
living near her.

If J-n McK-nz wouldn't make a tooth-
some morsel for the South Sea Islanders
when he hies thither as a Missionary.

If the Y. W. Pageant is not to be repeated
at Ackers.

If Miss M-r-rt- is still thriving on salt
herring dipped in kerosene.

What she thought when she saw F-r-b-
in his new suit.

If Ell-t C-m-b-ll has gone into the
tobacco business.

If Miss P-gsl-y enjoyed the Librarian's
chocolates.

Why D-ch-m-n goes to Mrs. M-odr-m's
every Sunday night.

If J-n M-tch-ll's hound is a lineal des-
cendant of a floor mop.

Why W-lls wanted to meet the new Fem-
inine arrival in Economics I.

Who is J-n McK-y's Scotch affinity.

If when Miss N-c-l said, "Dear God,
go home with us to-night," she was not
expecting him to be the chaperone.

TO NALJA, A DREAM WOMAN.

I wrought your lips from a rose's heart;
With spray-lashed iris I tinged your eyes;
I braided cobwebs into your hair,
And dipped them in shimmering sunbeam
dyes;
I moulded your bosom from mountain
snow;
And scented your breath with world-old
wine;
But to dwell in your wondrous body, dear,
I made no soul, for I gave you mine.

A LITTLE SONG.

I never knew that laughter
Could ripple like the sea
Beneath the summer sunlight,
Until you smiled at me.

I never knew that singing
Could make my heart rejoice
With leaping, lilted cadence
Until I heard your voice.

SATURDAY'S GIRL.

Sunday's girl wears a modest look.
Her slender fingers are folded tight,
Her quaint lips pursed o'er a moral book.
(It won't be so after Sunday night.)

Monday's girl is a colleen fair,
With a dash of Killarney in her face,
Deep pools of sunlight in her hair,
And all of the wee folk's elfin grace.

Tuesday's girl is a coryphee.
Just as delicious as some new drink;
Her twinkling toes make old Broadway
Forget its blase, and stop to wink.

Wednesday's girl has a knowing smile,
And cheeks whose roses are rather thick,
Curls that have given peroxide a trial.—
Many a moth flutters round her wick.

Thursday's girl is a svelte brunette,
Whose eyes are thrilling a siren song.
My pulses throb, but I don't forget
The time that she brought her husband a-
long.

Friday's girl owns an appetite.
Cock-tails to coffee, she never halts.
Life with her would be quite alright,
Had one a key to the Treasury vaults.

O but these girls seem frivolous things;
How can I wait the whole week through
For the joy that only Saturday brings,—
Saturday's girl is you.

Lawrence Porter, whose passage though
rapid, nevertheless left a luminous trail
behind, has returned from the Land of the
Hypothetically Free, and is once more bend-
ing his energies towards the completion of
the Terminals.

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