

The Dalhousie Gazette

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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

ISSUED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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POWER, BENTLEY.

All subscriptions and advertising rates payable to
the BUSINESS MANAGER.

WHAT IS DAL DOING?

Toronto students recently gave over \$1,700.00 for Red Cross and Patriotic Funds. McGill students at one recent Sunday meeting gave \$500.00 for their own Y. M. C. A. work in Ceylon. Mt. Allison pledged in two or three days nearly \$1,000.00 for Foreign Missions and Prisoners-of-war Fund. Have Dalhousians become so selfish that they cannot do anything worth while, making a little sacrifice in order to help these good causes? In the old days college spirit was shown in intercollegiate contests, in athletics and debating. A little friendly self-denial contest might be more suitable now, considering what the graduates and former undergraduates of all Canadian universities are doing today in France.

5000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA

The new edition of that popular publication, "5000 Facts About Canada," for 1918, has been issued and again meets a long-felt want for a concise record of Canada's progress and development in a single year. The compiler is Frank Yeigh, the well-known author and lecturer and acknowledged authority on everything Canadian. This is the tenth year of its publication, and the new issue is enlarged and improved over previous editions. Fifty chapters deal with the outstanding features of the nation, arranged alphabetically from "Agriculture" to "War", presented in a series of crisp paragraphs that quickly tell their significant story and that will prove a revelation to even the best informed Canadian. Copies may be had by remitting 25 cents to the Canadian Facts Publishing Co., 588 Huron Street, Toronto, or on enquiry, from leading booksellers. This "tabloid cyclopedia of Canada," as it has been aptly called, is a splendid investment.

AT THE ORPHEUS.

Every Friday and Saturday for the next two or three months the Orpheus, in addition to its regular feature for the day, will show an engrossing railroad serial, the "Lost Express." The star, Helen Holmes, needs no introduction to the votaries of the new religion, Movology. She is the comely young woman, who, in the Hazards of Helen, made our old friend, Hercules, look like a two bit piker. Cleaning the Aegean stables and killing the Hydra were mere child's play compared to some of the stunts that Helen put across. Even those who affected to be superior to melodrama could not help gasping when she skipped merrily from one flying engine to another, always bringing the villains to bay in time for the final close-up. One thing is sure in these days of uncertainty: those who see one installment of the "Lost Express," will be drawn back to the Orpheus every week, as if by an inexorable magnet, until the serial has run its course.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Kentville, N. S.

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

Sir:—At first glance your protest against the so-called narrow-mindedness of the young lady who objected, because of the views of her parents, to the inclusion of the Ethiopian students in college functions, presumably social, seems to be in accord with the broader principles of democracy and freedom for which the Empire and the Allies are fighting today. There is another side to the question, however, and those who have observed too many instances of the lamentable results of too free association of the Ethiopian male with the white female, explain it as you may, have the right in their turn to protest against your classification of them as narrow-minded bigots because, knowing the danger, they desire to protect their daughters against it.

CONTROLLED DEMOCRACY.

WHO IS THIS?

The competition goes merrily apace. The faculty has suggested cutting down the number of classes so that the brains of the competitors may not be overtaxed. The Delta Gamma have even ceased to censure the Editor of the Gazette, at least temporarily—the Delta Gamma just loves to censure. An additional prize is now being offered. It is the original sweater worn to a class in English, which evoked the hymn of hate from Dr. MacMechan.

Of the fair, frail, affirmative sex. Small, spectacled, energetic as a beetle in a bottle. A champion of morality; a trifle touchy; frank, inclined to aggressiveness; a girl who will be a credit to Dalhousie. **Who is she?**

BALLAD.

"Why do you linger, grim old man,
With watchful eye and bowed down head,
Upon the corner of the street?
"I'm waiting for a car," he said.
"Long years ago, in youth's first blush,
I started out my love to see,
My Ann Mehitabel Mullane.
She meant the very world to me.
That I more rapidly might reach
The glory of her presence I
Determined on a tram to ride."
He blew his nose and with a sigh:
"The seasons drifted on their way.
I saw the wistful evening star
Smile at the winter, and the spring—
And still I waited for my car.
"Mehitabel another wed;
A dozen kids call her mamma.
It was in eighteen-ninety-two,
I started waiting for a car.
"But I shall wait, and wait, and wait
Till one does come, and as reward—"
His lean hands clenched as on a throat—
"I hope that Mallison's on board!"

ANONYMOUS WRITERS, TAKE NOTICE.

To the Editor, Dalhousie Gazette:—

The heading of the correspondence column of McGill Daily states: "No communications will be admitted to this column without the name of the writer being attached for publication." Should not this rule be observed by the Gazette? If any student is not prepared to make criticisms of undergraduate affairs over his or her own name, is that particular student's opinion in regard to the matter of sufficient importance to be published? For example, would not P. X. J., who writes in number three of the present volume, be entitled to a greater consideration for his views in regard to cliques, if he had published his name, so that all might know just how much he himself is doing to keep Dalhousie from being "so dull"? McGill Daily also complains: "There is admittedly a lack of enthusiasm in our University," but diagnoses the case rather differently than does our unknown friend, P. X. J. It is possible that the latter has mistaken cause for effect.

With your permission, I offer a word of denial in regard to statements which some anonymous person seems to have considered it in his interests to circulate. I am not only personally in favor of the Skating Club as a college society, but think that any member of Council will bear me out in stating that I endeavored to use all my influence to prevent abnormal expenditures last fall, so that there would be sufficient funds available for hiring the Arena.

K. A. BAIRD.

MEDS OF '19 WERE PRESENT.

The nurses of the Waegwoltic Emergency Hospital were the hostesses at a very enjoyable social event on St. Valentine's night. Certain fourth year Meds. who have been on duty at the hospital during the last five weeks were the fortunate guests. Much mystery seems to shroud the affair, but we are permitted to say that there was a sleigh ride, followed by two very enjoyable hours at the Green Lantern. Hearts were passed about very freely, and one or two were reported mislaid. The thoughtful kindness of their "sisters" was much appreciated by the boys from class '19.

A TOURIST'S HAVEN.

Cape Breton Island offers many conveniences, facilities and attractions to the tourist, angler, and camper. Behold 'the dazzling sheen of the waters of the Bras D'Or Lakes in summer. These lakes provide unlimited opportunity to the amateur and professional yachtsman alike. Here one can cruise at leisure or at lightning speed without being interrupted by other parties. There is abundant room for all— which, alas, cannot be said of some local resorts, such as the North West Arm.

Where are fishing streams to compete with those of Ingonish, Margaree, and many, many others? The fish caught here frequently set a record for the Maritime Provinces.

Do you revel in scenery? In this Cape Breton rivals any part of Canada and gratifies the most exacting taste. Every year hundreds of American tourists spend the summer at Baddeck and other island resorts. Their return from year to year is sufficient proof that they are pleased with the so-called Appendix of Nova Scotia.

Many jokes are told of the weather and natural conditions of Cape Breton.

Mr. Smith, meeting his friend, Mr. Jones, who has just returned from Sydney, asks: "What kind of weather do they have down there?"

Jones: "Fine sleighing except in July and August, and then it is rather poor in spots."

Nevertheless, you will find Jones in Cape Breton every summer enjoying the sleighing, even though it may be rough in spots.

Norman Angus Malcolm.

THE SONG OF SYKES.

O willow alack, I express my woe In this very dubious rhyme: I have cleared the Studley walks of snow For the four and ninetieth time.

I shovel and shovel and shovel the snow, Till my muscles cry out in pain, And when I lay down my shovel I know That soon I must use it again.

I shovel until I grow black in the face, And thus I do declare: "O Hell must be a delectable place, For there aren't any blizzards there!"

WITH A TONGUE IN THE CHEEK.

J-hn M-cK-y, (arriving home at 11.55 Sunday night, and being asked by his landlady if he wished some hot chocolate: "Say, boys, its a great thing to stay out late Sunday night"

The Editors, for their own benefit, would like John to explain further.

J-m L-w-l-y: "Well, fellows, when I get married, the minister is going to emphasize the love, honor and OBEY phrase."

Miss P-g-l-y, (on opposite side of the table); "Oh no, he isn't!"

S-ms-n: "Well, I certainly had a great compliment paid me Thursday night at the Soph sleigh drive.

A-k-r: "Is that so? What was it?" S-ms-n: "I knew two girls when I went there, and I knew two when I came away."

A-k-r: "Some compliment alright!" S-ms-n: "It shows some boys in the class were afraid of competition."

To the Editor of the Gazette,

I have been given to understand that Mr. J. H. Lawley of Dentistry considers that my letter recently appearing in your columns is so worded as to throw some shadow of suspicion upon his reputation.

In fairness to him will you kindly state that I regret that he has so interpreted sentences in the writing of which I had absolutely no thought of causing anyone to imagine for one moment that Mr. Lawley was at all implicated in the unfortunate matter mentioned. —K. A. BAIRD.

Orpheus' Brilliant Stars

FOR NEXT WEEK!

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W. F. PAGE

Barrington St., Cor. George St. HALIFAX

THE SOPHOMORE SLEIGH DRIVE.

We met at Professor MacNeil's, that is to say, the Menage Mathematique was the place of our arrival. On my admittance I found an assemblage of distinguished males—Messrs. Laing, Gillis, Maxwell, Simpson and Power. The latter was engrossed in an animated conversation with Miss Janet McNeil, and seemed to be carrying on a vigorous flirtation with that young lady. After some time, for so is the custom, the remainder of the girls arrived, much to the joy of Messrs. Laing and Marshall, but with noticeable coldness between O'Neil and Peppard. A strange rumbling mixed with agonised shrieks aroused some apprehension, but it turned out to be only John Mitchell lulling his dog to sleep with the Ride of the Valkyrie on the other side of the partition.

The sleigh drive was enjoyed by all, although the driving was not everything that could be wished for; but what cared the young lads and lasses for that.

When we returned, hot bouillon was served, and believe me, my friends, when I say nothing stronger. Then followed coffee, cake and candy, the girls of class '20 believing firmly that "the way to a man's heart is through his, ahem, little Mary," which theory was amply demonstrated during the evening.

After supper it was noticed that Mr. Maxwell never sat down, his consideration for our chaperone's furniture preventing him.

Throughout the evening Mesdemoiselles Hutchinson, MacDonald, Littler, and Glasel demonstrated their dancing qualifications, and it was unanimously agreed that the team of Laing and Hutchinson could not be beaten.

Mr. O'Neil gave a number of delightful violin solos, with which Miss MacDonald was enraptured, and Peppard gnashed his teeth; "O Tempore, O Mores."

The counting of hearts, numbers of which were pinned around the room, proved a fascinating occupation, in which Mr. Pidgeon demonstrated his unchallengeable ability. But, as Mr. Simpson remarked, "It takes an old broom to know the corners."

After President Laing had thanked our popular and entertaining host and hostess in a flow, really a tidal wave of inspired and perfectly language, the party broke up after an evening in the course of which the writer and, I firmly believe, everyone else had the time of his or her life.

The Cheerful One.

FROM THE DENTAL SCHOOL.

L-w-l to W--d in the relative merits of New Brunswick and Cape Breton: "Yes, New Brunswick is a great lumber country, but that is no reason why they should send blockheads down here!"

When the instructor in Materia Medica said: "A red nose is one of the signs of prolonged use of alcoholic drink", why did so many hands wander nervously towards that organ?

It is rumoured that there is a future President of Great Britain in the Cental College.

Is it true that naval patients are always eager to sit in the chairs presided over by the lovely Dentistes?

BUSINESS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Dr. W. B. Moore..... \$1.00

SUGGESTIONS TO THE FACULTY.

To Dr. McMechan:

Honoured Sir:—Tennyson is fearfully old fashioned. Would it not be possible to hash up his poems, put them together as a jig-saw puzzle, thus obtaining vers libre, which, I hear, is quite au fait, even in New Glasgow? Disciple of Amy Lowell.

To Professor Mackay.

Esteemed Instructor:—Your experiments are doubtless interesting, but they have little in common with a Bermuda lily field. I would suggest that on every seat a phial of Mary Garden or Lilas Rigaud should be placed. Kerkoff, Jr.

To Professor McNeil.

Sir:—Your diagrams strangely resemble the masterpieces of Picasso and Cezanne and other cubists. Would it not be possible to do mathematical problems with "The Nude Descending a Staircase," or "The Mechanical Forces of Love in Motion"? Futuristic Fannie.

To Professor Murray.

Dear Sir—Instead of an engraving of the ruins of Rome, a litho of Theda Bara as Cleopatra would interest us more as a mural decoration for the Latin Room. It might also instruct us anatomically. X. Y. Z.

To Professor Jones.

Sir:—Why not substitute La Vie Parisienne for Doria? Arthur.

PROGRESS.

My home was in a hamlet beside St. Margaret's Bay, And twined among my stringy locks were filaments of hay; But now I am a feminist, and always shall regret The days before I learned to love the naughty cigarette.

I used to think that "Sartor" was really too broad.

The Witness Presbyterian I loudly did applaud;

But now Dostoeffsky bores me, and Zola makes me yawn,

While Elinor Glyn is a paler pink than electric lights at dawn.

I used to think that ginger beer was dissipation's height.

A movie show till half-past nine meant staying out all night;

But now after ten cocktails I cry for sixteen more,

And the milkman helps me up my steps midway 'twixt three and four. AGNESIA.

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NOTES.

On Saturday, February 23rd, the Medicals held a tea for the graduating class. The guests gathered in the Monroe Room in the Old Building.

A forthcoming event of considerable interest is the production of a Shakespearian drama by one of the junior classes in Arts. Full details as to the caste, date of performance etc., will appear in a later issue.

Efforts are being made to secure a gramophone to provide music at the rink. Would anyone care to lend such an instrument?

The next issue of the Gazette will take the form of a Memorial Number to those of our former students who are fighting for God and Country.

Cambridge University is lessening its requirements in Classica st the so-called "previous examinations."

McGill has instituted a new degree of Bachelor of Laws (L.L.B.), to be conferred after the completion of two years in Arts followed by two years in Law.

The Patent Medicine menace is even more rampant than ever. The columns of a certain local paper are livid with the protestations of nostrums which apparently would make the healing pool of the bible feel like the crudest of amateurs. Moreover the saintly religious periodicals do not disdain to gain a little filthy lucre by shutting their eyes to the quality of their advertising.

The striking carmen deserve a vote of thanks from tardy students. The lack of transportation will afford an excellent alibi to cram down the throats of querulous professors.

Have you given your quarter to the Gazette's Fund for the Blind? If not, why not? Surely you could afford to do without Snappy Stories and one package of cigarettes?

At least, the leg—we mean limb-muscles should prosper these tram-less days.



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, March 12, 1917.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

UNWRITTEN ADS.

(With apologies to Life.)

THE DAILY SHRIEK.

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Thirteen People and a German. 13
See

Eliza cross the canvas ice.
The two toothless bloodhounds
Little Eva go to Heaven on a step-ladder.
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Gave the Huns lessons in Gas administrations.
If you wish experience of the trenches,
come to him!

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Come, if you have been out all night
The cushions are soft.
Rev. A. Bromide the pastor has never
committed an original remark.
The choir are deaf-mutes, or should be.
You will only be awakened at collection
time.

Alec wishes us to deny the accusation
made against him in a recent Gazette. It
is absolutely unfounded. Who can say that
the Law Library does not resemble the
advertisement of Old Dutch Cleanser. If
dirt penetrates there, it is transported on
the monumental pedal extremities of Alec's
captious critics, who are too busy watching
the lady Meds to scrape their feet on the
mat. The Editors can vouch for the care
which Alec takes to keep the Gazette room
from looking like a snow-swept country
landscape. We would even suggest him
as an understudy for Hercules in that
Aegean affair.

ANSWERS TO THE ANXIOUS.

Dear Miss Adamsapple:—I have a lady
friend who goes to the M. B. C. for a busi-
ness course. Do you think that the Senate
could arrange to have the same course
given at Dalhousie so I could see her more
often?
—D-gb- C-m-r-n.

A.—You might take your own classes at
the M. B. C., although, no doubt, the ladies
at Dalhousie would pine away in your
absence.

Dear Miss Adamsapple:—Were you ever
in love? Tell me the symptoms so that I
can compare them with those of the disease
from which I suffer at present?—M-K-nz-.

A.—I have been in love even oftener
than Mary McALean, that forelady of the
Twaddle factory. The symptoms are akin
to those accompanying insanity. A fond-
ness for church on Sunday evenings, and
mushy movies are among the first. If you
are unable to stay away from Robie Street
one evening out of the entire week, you
may be sure that your case is serious. As
cure, try eating fried onions seasoned
with Wrigley's.

Dear Miss Anastasia:—Tell me how I
should entertain a gentleman friend who
comes to see me of an evening —Yvette.

A.—You must be very careful, especially
if, as I suspect, he is from the Law
School. Sit on opposite sides of the room,
with your mother and seven other stalwart
chaperones between you. Discuss the wea-
ther, that is, if it has been fine; you should
never talk of anything bad with a gentle-
man, not even the climate. Tell him some
of the Chit-chat of the sewing-circle and
Y. W. If he is a very intimate friend, you
might play the piano for him—Silver
Threads or Abide with Me—on no condi-
tion ragtime. Do not let him turn the
music, as this is very dangerous. At half-
past nine, bid him a polite good evening,
but let mother time your handshake. Do
not serve supper. Food is scarcer than
boobs.

Dear Miss Anastasia:—Why does every-
one love the assistant librarian? How
does she keep the masculine bread-line
going?
—Ethel.

A.—You had better write to the shades
of Semiramis, Cleopatra, or Lady Hester
Stanhope. They might tell you how they
were able to do it, although on a smaller
scale.

FROM A DICTIONARY OF SIMILES.

- As svelte as L-sl-- McC-rd-
- As languid as Fl-r-nc- H-nr-.
- As meek as V-nc- Mc-L--.
- As busy as B-rd.
- As moral as Fl-r-nc- M-rr-y.
- As stuck-up as J-hn M-tch-ll.
- As vociferous as J-m P-w-r.
- As energetic as El-ph-l N-ch-ls.
- As obliging as M-ss L-nds-y.
- As thedabara as Ed-th McM-ch-n.
- As titian as S-ll- M-cD-n-ld.
- As ladykillerish as Ch-rl-s B-yn-.
- As dapper as D-ch-m-n.

BLIND FUND.

February 22nd, 1918.

A Student's Mother.....	\$1.00
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S. L.....	.25
F. J. Lindsay.....	.25
E. A. MacMechan.....	.25
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Prof. H. P. Jones.....	.25
F. A. Hamilton.....	.25
M. A. M.....	.25
M. R. R.....	.25
E. P. D.....	.25
J. A. B.....	.25
C. B. Nickerson.....	.25
"Jeff".....	.25
A. L. D.....	.25
Hazel M. White.....	.25
Roy Inglis.....	.25
"Well-wisher".....	.25
W. L. Maxwell.....	.25

N. O.....	.00
A. Gunn.....	.25
H. Y. Cho.....	.25
J. H. Mitchell.....	.50
J. Shannon.....	.25
F. Bissett.....	.25
Frances Lewis.....	.25
Ottillie Caddell.....	.25
Sara Morash.....	.25
Jas. Power.....	.25

February 25th, 1918.

A Friend.....	.25
A Friend.....	.25
Colin MacKenzie.....	.25
Mr. J. R. Nicholson.....	.25
Jessie MacLeod.....	.25
Blanche Urquhart.....	.25

February 26th, 1918.

J. W. Godfrey.....	.25
G. H. MacCleave.....	.25
Edwin Czmeron.....	.25
J. P. C. Fraser.....	1.00
Frieda Creighton.....	.25
J. G. MacCurdy.....	.25

Total \$13.75

DREAMS.

To and fro the shadows flicker through the
room,
And I see across the fireside in the gloom
Not the empty cushioned chair,
Not the leather footstool there,
But the form I want to see,
And the joy I pray will be,—
Yet I scarce dare hope my visions can
prove true,—
I am dreaming by the fireside, love, of you!
YERXA.

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