

The Dalhousie Gazette

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The Dalhousie Gazette

—FOUNDED 1869—

ISSUED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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

Editor.....J. A. BENTLEY

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

EDITORIAL.

The task of making peace is proceeding slowly. Someone has remarked that making peace is as difficult and complicated a process as making war. With President Wilson's return to America, the temporary shelving of Premier Clemenceau resulting from the attempted assassination of the latter, and Lloyd George's preoccupation with strikes in England, the conference, deprived of its three principal characters has been marking time. Only the committees have been active in framing up possible terms, etc. Meanwhile Europe treads very near the precipice of starvation and anarchy and very drastic action in allaying both these and doing away with war conditions as soon as possible would seem to be imperative. Yet the problem is of such grave importance that each step must be taken with the utmost care and deliberation.

Although reports seem to indicate that differences are being overcome and compromises reached there are yet several rocks in the stream which threaten to wreck the ship. Dr. E. J. Dillon, the veteran war correspondent has said that Scylla and Charybdis of old were as nothing to the perils besetting the projected League of Nations, which agreement he further adds is entirely necessary for world peace. President Wilson is at the present day struggling hard against a determined and partizan opposition to convince his countrymen of the necessity of the League, and it is impossible to say as yet which side will win out. Needless to say that without the adhesion of the United States of America the projected society of nations could hardly be called a WORLD league. Yet it is difficult to see how that nation which has been so instrumental in bringing this idea before the world even against the wishes of some others, can honorably "back down" and fail in its obligations as one of the leading entities in a new world order.

The controversy between Italy and the Jugo-Slavs also presents a grave problem. Both sides are equally determined on the possession of Dalmatia on the east coast of the Adriatic. The Italians on the one hand have always had territorial aspirations in that direction as their aim is said to be the complete domination of the Adriatic, and are able to claim that the civilization and culture of the coast towns is Italian. Their claim is still further strengthened by the fact that they have

Facsimile of Letter to Commander Alexander Ramsay.



January 20th. 1919

Dear Sir.

The Board of Governors and Senate of Dalhousie College have the honour to offer you their sincere congratulations and best wishes for your happiness upon the occasion of your marriage with Her Royal Highness the Princess Patricia of Connaught. The institution they represent was founded by your illustrious ancestor, the ninth Earl of Dalhousie, in this city a century ago. Beginning in a small way as a seminary for the higher branches of learning on the model of Edinburgh University, it now ranks with the foremost universities of Canada. It is a striking coincidence that if the Duke of Connaught, to whom you are soon to be allied, should have laid the corner stone of the first of the buildings on the new site of the University for which your own ancestor a century earlier laid the original corner stone, and that each at the time held the high office of Governor General of Canada. The growth of the University which was checked by the war will continue with renewed vigor in the years of peace, and it promises to become a worthy monument to the foresight and public spirit of one of the ablest representatives of the ancient and distinguished House of Ramsay. That the family of our founder may continue to flourish, and that the institution which he founded may long shed lustre on his name, is the earnest wish of all those now associated in its governance.

Faithfully yours

W. Campbell
President of the Board of Governors
Stanley Macbride
President of the University
Howard Murray
Secretary of Senate

Commander
The Hon. Alexander Ramsay, C. N.

contracted a secret treaty with the other Allies which was signed on Italy's entrance into the war, and have in addition poured out their blood and treasure on its behalf for over three years.

Per contra the Jugo-Slavs claim that in a new era of peace and self determination for all peoples Imperialistic Italy can have no conceivable right to Dalmatia, since the people of that district are purely Slavic in race and sympathy and desire nothing other than union with the rest of Jugo-Slavia. They complicate matters however by claiming Fiume and other parts of Italia Irredenta which have always been recognized as the rightful property of Italy. The London Spectator has suggested that if Italy would drop her claim to Dalmatia, and Jugo-Slavia hers for Italia Irredenta a solution could be reached. But as either side seems as yet obdurate, as far as can be seen no progress has been made in reconciling the difficulty.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CONFERENCE AT KINGS COLLEGE,

March 21st to March 23rd.

The Maritime Intercollegiate Conference opened at Kings College Friday evening with an attendance of sixty-eight. The

Continued on page 3

REV. J. P. McINTOSH.

Once more it is the painful duty of the Gazette to chronicle in its columns the death of a Dalhousian, Reverend J. P. McIntosh who, young in years and only just embarked on his life work in the Presbyterian Ministry died recently in Bridgewater of the dreaded Influenza. Mr. McIntosh graduated in 1910 with a splendid record notably in Philosophy and English, affiliating with Pine Hill. Prominent in debating circles, he was twice a member of the Dalhousie intercollegiate debating team, the second time acting as leader. Later still he coached subsequent teams. Previous to his death he was minister of the Bridgewater Presbyterian church. His death is doubly sad in that he leaves a wife and little children to mourn his loss.

KATHLEEN JACKSON WEBBER.

One of the worst features of the recent epidemic was the appalling suddenness with which people were stricken down, in many cases never to rise again. Miss Kathleen Jackson Webber of Sackville, N. S., was such a victim. Two weeks before her death she was seen in the Macdonald Memorial Library apparently in the best of health. Miss Webber entered the University in 1904 and graduated in 1908 with an excellent record. She is described by those who knew her as being one of the finest girls who ever came to the University, and typifying the very highest type of student. After graduating she taught for some years in the United States where she proved a highly successful teacher. Returning to her native land, Miss Webber contracted the Spanish Influenza and pneumonia developing, failed to recover. She leaves a wide circle of admirers and friends to mourn her loss.

EN CASSEROLE.

The term is rapidly drawing to a close and the time is approaching when we shall have to discontinue the Gazette until after the exams, when the graduation number will be due. If the Editors find themselves with a reasonable supply of material it will probably be possible to have two or three more issues before that time. Contributors are urged to complete whatever they have in mind as soon as possible unless same is intended for the graduation number.

Lest anyone should deceive himself into vainly imagining that Halifax is "dry" let him some time when he is traversing Spring Garden Road glance through the fence into the Public Gardens near Summer Street. The writer did so recently and counted no less than fourteen empty bottles lying on the grass whither they had been thrown, presumably after being emptied of their con-

Continued on page 2

En Casserole.*Continued from page 1*

tents. This speaks eloquently for—well we will not attempt to say what.

The demon of proof reader's illusion is ever at our elbows when we come to correct our page sheets. He has a distressing habit of perpetuating mis-spelt proper names which crop up in the most conspicuous places. The most abominable error so far, occurred in the issue of March 19 where the name Richardson was somehow substituted for McLearn in the piece entitled Two Yale Dalhousians. We shall have to exorcise this devil somehow or he will drive us insane. Moral—you do not always see what you look for!

The week has been even more calm and uneventful than the preceding one, not being lived as was the case then either by debates or—with the exception of a co-ed affair—class functions. The reckless riot of frivolity among those so inclined has died down somewhat, one consequence being that there are fewer reports for the Gazette. Can it be that the exams. have already begun to strike terror into the minds of the wicked?

Another clever cartoon, drawn this time by D. F. Warner, Eng., is found on page 5. We do not know whether we are committing a breach of etiquette in publishing such a cartoon but on the whole we think we are not. It is—needless to say—prompted by pure fun and we are confident that it will be accepted as such.

NOTES.

President Mackenzie has been paying a brief visit to Ottawa and Toronto with reference to business in connection with the new Women's Residence.

Professor Stewart arrived home from the West Indies this week hale and hearty as ever after a very enjoyable trip.

The next series of lectures to be given in the Eric Dennis Foundation consisted of a series dealing with the Peace League in various connections by Mr. Reginald G. Trotter, at present instructor of History at Harvard University, lectures being held in Room B and open to the public. The following week Dr. E. J. Woodhouse, a Virginian by birth a graduate of Randolph-Macon and an LL. B. of the University of Virginia will also deliver lectures under the Eric Dennis Foundation.

The long expected Shakespearean Pageant was presented at the School for the Blind on the evenings of March 27 and 28. For further information see next Gazette.

INQUIRY (FRENCH 2):

"Are you hard up Mr. J.-k-s-n?"
"Yes I only have 2 sous!" (Fr. "sous.")

If we might be permitted to make a humble suggestion to debaters it would only be that they seek to avoid in future that monotony of dry recitative which so many of them fall into. It should require but little practise to break oneself of this tendency. Changing the modulation of one's voice now and again makes it immeasurably easier for the audience to follow the discourse.

BUREAU OF POPULAR MISS-INFORMATION AND UNPROFITABLE EXCHANGE.

The Xaverian of Feb. and March, quotes from the University Monthly of U. N. B., the avowed motto of U. N. B.

"Love the women all you can

Don't leave the task to other men."

They comment thusly; this motto is hardly dignified and certainly not in good taste.

To which we add a comment on a comment. "Depart from us for we never knew you."

We hear that that great authority Mr. H. Y. C-o is soon to write a new text book on Metaphysics confounding all previous authorities and revolutionizing the subject.

WANTED to exchange a pair of old false teeth for one of the local tram cars, latter to be used as a house boat on the Arm.

Dear Sir—Can you advise a poor lone-some sole where to go for an interesting and refreshing walk these beautiful days? I am a stranger in the city and have not found my way around as yet.

Ans. Go to one of the local cemeteries and combine intellectual enjoyment with mental refreshment in studying the geological nature of the tomb stones. If you don't know the way there get a directory and find out.

Ques. Why do people walk on their feet instead of on their head or hands? Puzzled.

Ans. We have consulted several great authorities on this subject but as no two

agree we can offer no explanation of this abstruse problem.

WAS THIS A DAL GIRL?

Dear Aunt Sophronia:

I am a college girl and my friends call me pretty. I am great friends with a young gentleman who is a student at the Presbyterian College. I value our friendship highly and it may lead to something more beautiful when he has a church. However, one thing threatens to wreck our understanding. He objects to my powdering my nose, saying that it is "carnal", "of the earth earthy", "vain", and "demi-mondaine", whatever that means. I do not think I do wrong; most girls use powder. What do you think? MARIANNA.

(I picked this name from Tennyson; don't you just simply love him?)

I think that your friend is very foolish and meticulous to quibble over such a feminine foible. Indeed it is not all a vanity and very necessary with our biting Halifax winds. I use a powder puff, and, even sometimes, a touch of rouge, yet no one has ever questioned my respectability. The best way to convince your friend would be to let him see you with your nose unpowdered. However if he really hopes to make you his wife, he probably believes that a minister's bride, to avoid the slightest appearance of evil and much scandal, must have a shiny nose.—Reprinted from a local paper.

Question:

Why is Ev-lyn Kill'em like a gramophone in the Library?

Ans: Because she is always wound up!

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W. F. PAGE

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HALIFAX

Intercollegiate Conference.*Continued from page 1*

various faculties of the Universities were well represented, Acadia by Dr. Thompson and Dr. Coiet; Dalhousie by Dr. Bronson and Dean MacRae, and Kings by Dr. Boyle, Archdeacon Vroom and Professor Kingston. On Saturday evening to complete the number Dr. Borden of Mount Allison arrived in town and was present at the later meetings. Acadia had the banner delegation numbering twenty-three while Dalhousie came next with 16. Dalhousie's delegation developed tremendous appetites in Windsor, especially Mr. Thompson who was late for the first meeting. His excuse was that he had to have his supper and wanted time. As he had over two hours for eating he was forthwith voted the greatest eater of the Conference and held the position throughout all the sessions.

On Friday evening we were given a pleasant surprise when Dean MacRae was called upon to address the Conference. For half an hour he held his audience spell-bound dealing with his subject with a knowledge that showed he was deeply interested in the work which the Conference was attempting to deal with. Tremendous applause greeted the close of the address and as soon as it was learned that Dr. Groves was unable to attend the Sunday meetings, Dr. Boyle of Kings at once put the Dean in the place of the missing speaker. Although the Dean objected yet the boys would not take no for an answer and once more Dean MacRae showed that the confidence that the students placed in him was more than justified when he delivered a powerful and striking address before a men's meeting in the town's Civic Building. His subject was "Cooperation and its effect on the present state of unrest."

Two subjects of great importance were discussed first, War Memorials and secondly a Summer Conference to be held in the Maritime Provinces. A resolution regarding the first subject was passed to be sent to the President of each University and if possible it was decided to hold a Summer Conference somewhere in the Maritime Provinces this year. To show the popularity of the Summer Conference it may be stated that only four votes were recorded against it.

Too much praise cannot be given to Kings for the way she so nobly rose to the occasion and carried the whole Conference along with a swing that made every moment one of pleasure even though at the same time it was one of business. Dr. Boyle entered heart and soul into the conference and his sermon on Sunday evening was very inspiring. The kindness of the Kingsmen was much appreciated by the boys when they went to the trouble of giving a dinner at 6.30 Saturday night in Connors Hall. Everybody enjoyed himself and each college vied with the other in their yells and songs. Here also the reports on the work of the various college Christian societies were presented. It was a night that one will not forget for many, many years.

Before closing this article one can hardly resist the temptation to tell of what happened outside the regular Conference meetings. First, there were Basket Ball games which were participated in by Acadia, Mount A., Kings and Dal. Dalhousie lost to Acadia although W. O. Thompson who had never played basket ball before, attempted several

times to murder the players from Acadia. As this was not in keeping with the teaching of Bible Groups the remainder of the Dal boys begged him to desist which he finally did. This same gentleman became deeply interested in learning how to read (Reid) while up at Windsor and almost missed the train while staying for his third lesson. As Dalhousie is known everywhere it was not long before several faces were missing from the conference meetings. A word is sufficient. The down town visit on Saturday night added a zest to Conference which could not have otherwise been gained and for hours Windsor echoed and reechoed with college yells which sometimes threatened to even waken the dead. Later on when two prominent Dalhousie boys were going home they discovered they had lost their way. Seeing two men walking down the street on the opposite side they decided to hail them and ask their way to King street. Running up they were about to speak when the more observant one of the twain saw two well known hats and espied the Dalhousie delegation of Professors. Did they ask their way? Ships that pass in the night might aptly describe all the knowledge Dean MacRae or Dr. Bronson has of this sad story or will have until they read this article. And now to end for the Gazette is small. All the delegations were delighted and overjoyed at the Conference and its result. Their only murmur was that it was all too short. Words fail one to record the whole of the appreciation which was felt and expressed toward Kings and one can say that sixty-eight men go back to their respective colleges with a little bit wider view on life than they had before.

MEDICINE '22 CLASS FUNCTION.

The members of class '22 Medicine were the hosts at a very successful theater and Green Lantern party on Wednesday evening Feb. 26th, under the delightful and most efficient chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. Burbidge.

The play at the Majestic "The Unkissed Bride" was ideal for such an occasion, and the jokes and antics of the "Players" were enjoyed by all.

After the show the party proceeded to the "Green Lantern", where in the ballroom a most delicious supper had been prepared.

The after dinner speeches were particularly choice.

The president, Chas. MacLean after a short introduction first called on Miss Grace Cragg, who responded with her usual tact, and power to sway an audience. The other speakers who illustriously acquitted themselves were: Mr. Granville, Mr. H. G. MacLeod and Mr. Gosse. It might be truly said that they rivalled the farcical efforts of the Players in their wit and sparkle, and were appreciated every bit as much.

The entertainment for the remainder of the night, or it may be more appropriately said for the early morning, consisted of a vocal solo by Miss Cragg, which was heartily encored; dancing for those cared to indulge, and the ever popular Dan Tucker.

Anticipation of a nine o'clock class soon becoming uppermost in every one's mind, all joined hands for "Auld Lang Syne", and after singing "God Save the King" the party started out upon the long, long trail to the strains of "Good Night Ladies."

Among the guests were the Misses Littler, Caddell, Wilson, Smith, O'Brien, Campbell, Martin, Cameron, Bissett, Webster and Gosse—also Messrs. Baird and Hoare of "Medicine" and Mr. Ross of "Engineering." RESPCIVE.

WAITING.

I know a maid not over-tall,
Nor is she yet a mite too small,
But so proportioned as to be
All gracefulness and symmetry.

And one who saw her sitting there
With smiling lips, and flowing hair
In masses o'er her shoulder thrown,
Might think her scarce from childhood grown.

And yet at times I've seen arise
From far within dark depths of eyes
Such stirrings of her soul as could
But speak of dawning womanhood.

And so I wait and watch, until
The years their promises fulfill;
And trust that then my eyes shall see
In her's a woman's love for me. [YERXA.]

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Dere Frend,

I never was in lov and I don't know what it feels like but I'd love to lov sumbudy so I'm writing a lov-leter to u. For 1 wk, hav I had an add in the Mail for a sobber batchelor under 45 but I aint got no answer yet—but still I gess there is sumbudy waiting 4 me.

There seems to be a kenspirasy to rob the government—and u know it can't afford to lose mutsh—by having lov leters printed in the Gazet (that's what they call a shete of paper of spasmodic disribbution at the University.) Of corse, those who rits the leters don't give there names—just innscribe there noms de plums, I think that's the wurd—but I don't no mutsh Greek yet. If you don't git this leter for a mo, I'm writing this to let you no it's coming.

I've been studying hard lately, there don't seme to be nothing else to do. They have skatin 1 night a wk but the mud's two soft on your skates. Its funny that sum people here talk about my deficient noledge of the enginious manipelration of wurds. Maybe I can't spel. But a man here named Archie gives us a book to rede by a man named Chaucer and when it comes to spelling, Chaucer hasn't nothing on me.

Latin is nice, but we almost all like to rede it in english better, because we all thing it disrespeful to seme to preffer another languag to that of our own countrie. Mathematicks is alright. I lik to be oblidging and get sumbudy to test there knowlege by explaining the problems to me. I don't mind listning—for those who don't have time to go to Sunday school—there's a class held here too times a wk. Biblet they call it—It's good for the sole—but hard on the ink. Chemistry is nicest, you take sum leters and sum no.s, and jiggle them up together and then do sum addin and subtractin and you get soap and sugar and euderdown and lots of things.

We don't have many amusment her—mostly work—last wk. we had a danse and ice-creme and cake. It was amusin—to look on. The engineers are good at engineering. I guess they had a good time. If only everybudy would only sit out every danse—it would be nice but they only do that in the intermisions—that's the time when you don't do much—like when they pass the collection plats in church—

Good-by for now, dere frend, I hope you writs soon—
Lovingly,
GOLLY WOP.

P. S. Don't you mak a mistake and get in the swimming pool with Tadpole and Polly Wog. (Between you and me, Polly's my aunt and weres a wig).

On March 17 a greened lobster was exhibited in the window of a rather obscure restaurant in this city. Could this be construed as a compliment to the Irish?

O, Tadpole, seek not yet repose,
Continue on in verse or prose.
Your letters full of gossip's lore,
Will be sore missed. So give us more!

MEMENTOTE.

When the Romans praised God Bacchus
Drunk with his sparkling wines,
And the virtues of Diana chaste
And of the Muses nine;
When Triton swayed his trident
Far oe'r the foaming sea,
And great Jove hurled his thunderbolt
Master of slaves and the free:
When Ceres filled the granary
Full of the golden wheat,
And the breath of the kine rose from the stall

Hazy damp—but sweet,
Then the Roman name was a passport,
For the Romans' fame was great
But hark! the dreaded sound is heard,
The Goth knocks at the gate.
Then the Roman sword was sharpened
And the armor buckled on,
And the good wife spun in the selfsame way
But now without her song;
Then the plough became a chariot
And the horse a martial steed,
For the Roman transforms many a thing
When the great high gods have need
But the Roman arms were weakened,
And the Roman eye was dim
And the Roman eagle screamed in vain,
For the great Jove heard not him;
So the Roman power crumbled,
And the Roman name was scorned,
And the proud patrician proud no more,
Thus had the high gods warned.
History repeats her stories
Written in better rhyme
God of the nations give us grace
Will we take heed in time?

J. H. P.

EX FRYING—PANO.

The presiding officer at a recent local election apparently had great reliance on the capabilities of fair feminine supporters. Should the aforesaid ever become premier of Canada, we predict an immediate extension of the Franchise.

The midnight serenades at H. L. C. post a recent festive occasion evidently experienced an unexpected change in local weather conditions. On future occasions, we would suggest that they carry umbrellas.

If Tadpole would spend less time in hugging 'a pretty girl' and a little more in asking her to teach him to dance, he would doubtless be more appreciative of the Terpsichorean art.

Freshman translating that line in Vergil's Aeneid part of which runs "Sopor fessos artus irrigat": "Slumber irrigates our tired joints."

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

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NOT ENOUGH MUSTARD.

IT happened
THAT my friend
AHERN, in one
OF HIS wild spells
TOOK me by the
THROAT and said
"YOU must come
WITH me to see
DALHOUSIE play
RINGS around U. N. B."
SO I went, because
I WAS afraid that
IF I didn't
HE would choke
ME to death; and
I SAW Dalhousie
PLAY rings around
U. N. B. until I
GREW dizzy
AND all complicated
TRYING to keep
TRACK of the
BASKETS; and I got
ALL worked up
ABOUT it, and
WANTED to shout
"HOORAY", but there
WAS a terrible
SILENCE all around
ME, so that I
WAS afraid to;
I THOUGHT perhaps
I was a rule
THAT there should
be cheering
with enthusiasm
Dalhousie was
WINNING, and I
WAS afraid that
IF I peeped they
WOULD throw me



OUT on my ear;
BUT the next time
I GO to a Dal.
GAME I'm going to
WEAR a black band
AROUND my arm,
BECAUSE I believe
THAT everything
AT a state funeral
SHOULD be proper
AND in order.
DON'T mention it.

THE LISTENING POST.

(Written especially for the Gazette by Mr. Edwards of the Evening Mail.—ED.)

SOLILOQUY OF A READING-TABLE IN THE LIBRARY.

Continued from last issue

There is another boy who often sits with his elbows on my smooth, shiny top. He is a very pleasant spoken young man, and when he smiles he shows a very pretty gold tooth. He wears a strange-looking pin on his coat; it has a "D" on it, and below it is "1920." I have been wondering ever since I saw it if it means the place he is going in "1920." This young man seemed very much excited one day. A great many boys came and talked to him in excited tones; so I learned a good deal about what was going on, one boy especially. Mr. Big-Much-Talk, was very excited; he came down and sat beside Mr. Gold-Tooth and said to him "You are not going to let the girls put it over you, surely!" Perhaps I had better not say any more about what they said, it might cause hard feeling but I would like to advise the boys, when they want to put anything through, especially anything that a Senior advises them, not to sit out too many dances at the At Homes, for they are apt to become confidential and give away things.

There is one crowd of boys in here which interests me very much. I think they have some very important part to play in the work of the college. They look as if they had, anyway. The way I know they belong to the

college is by their bright yellow and black ties and the broad stripe of yellow and black ribbon on their coats—for I know that yellow and black are the college colors. No doubt they work very hard, they always look very tired and languid as they stroll in, and each one lays a bright red book on the desk just inside the library door. I once heard somebody call them Freshmen, I can't understand how they got the name, unless it is because their faces are so young and fresh looking. I often wonder how they can look so young and fresh when they appear to have such burdens resting on their shoulders.

But I must tell you about Mr. Big-Much-Talk. Such a talker! Never in all my experience have I seen anyone who could say so much in a short time; not even when I stood in the forest, and squirrels ran up and down my trunk and birds built nests in my branches, did I hear so much chattering! He wears very strange-looking things over his eyes, something like the blinders they had on the horses that dragged me from the forest. They are just glass in front, so that he can see what is directly before him, but the dark rims prevent him from seeing around him. No doubt he had them arranged that way to prevent his glance from straying over towards the girls. He seems to have an especial spite at the girls. I once heard him say that the college would be a good deal better without any. Another time I heard him say that "Girls haven't any brains, anyway."

Some other time I shall tell you about a few of the girls who come in to read or to talk over "last night's dance."

Dr. McMechan (lecturing in English 2):
"and do you know, those gondolas are long and wonderfully graceful, the prow is covered and glides etc., etc."

Miss Wau-h (whispering):
"He must have seen the same picture I did."

Miss Wau-h, (after a half hour scolding) translating Horace undauntedly: "Oh sweet one! Oh! soft one! Do not fly away from the wolf, when he thee espies, but let him remember that thou art his food." !!?? * * H-w-rd (angrily): "That wil do, Miss Wau-h!"

Hocus: "Mr. X gets his laundering done for nothing."
Pocus: "How is that?"
Hocus: "He married a PugWASH woman."

ONCE OVER AND BACK.

A great deal has appeared from time to time giving the experiences of Dalhousians at the Front in France, but as very little has been printed giving the experiences of any who followed the Naval side of the war the writer thought that one or two incidents picked from his own experiences, which have been meagre alongside those of many other former students, might be interesting.

Let us take two instances out of a maze of others: one trip over and the return journey.

We left Halifax one beautiful Sunday morning in April, 1918 and in company with 47 other transports turned our bows eastward, across the turbulent waters of the mighty Atlantic.

Dusk; nine days later, and the convoy approaching the entrance to the English Channel, that Aetna of disaster where the bones of many mighty vessels lie on the bottom hidden forever from the sight of man. We had been in wireless communication with the destroyers which were to take us through the final stage of the journey all day and about 8.30, just as I was coming off watch, with thoughts of a good supper and bed in my mind after a long cold six hour vigil, a small pin-point of light gleamed for an instant away to the southward of us; then it blinked a number of longs and shorts and I was able to distinguish our call sign. All thoughts of my supper and bed were driven from my mind when I was told that I was "wanted by the 'old man'", which is the affectionate term applied to the captain by his crew, and up I went to the bridge again where I spent an uncomfortable half hour taking and sending messages from the war-craft.

Daylight was just beginning to dispel the darkness when I was roused out by my junior who told me to come up on deck and "see the sights". I dressed hastily and went on deck. In the calm dawn, the surface of the sea was unruffled by any wind, and there was very little motion on the water's surface, just a deep heaving swell, like the breathing of some sleeping monster. What a sight met the eye! We were slightly behind the main body of the convoy. Imagine if you can, forty-eight huge transports, sailing in columns, each column containing eight ships and there being six columns, the whole surrounded by a cordon of waspish looking little boats, which go by the name of "destroyers", ahead a huge battle cruiser, and astern dimly visible in the slight haze a "mystery ship". After regaling ourselves with the beauties of the scene we went below for breakfast. Afterwards we sat down on deck and began to absorb tobacco smoke and ozone, chatting the while. Something impelled my gaze to wander across the water to the far side of the convoy. As I turned a column of water shot into the air and to our ears came a sharp crack, like the snapping of a rawhide whip. Instantly all was bustle. The destroyers on that side of the convoy turned in a body and dashed towards the spot, and as they passed over it they dropped "strings" of depth charges which exploded with a dull hollow boom and the sides of the ship trembled. Suddenly a tremendous detonation split the air and a huge column of water careened skywards, mingled with smoke, oil, bits of steel and other unmentionable things, all of which were plainly visible from where we were. The

whole fell into the sea and was swallowed up. About 1.30 dinner was served and it was my watch in the wireless cabin. Having betaken myself below and gotten nicely settled down a message began to trickle in. It was very faint but we could just catch the call "Allo, allo, allo" which meant "we are being chased by the enemy". Almost before we had time to reply there came the sound of a deafening explosion from right beneath our feet, most of the instruments became detached from the wall and crashed to the floor; shrieks of excitement came from outside, and the sound of breaking crockeryware. Then the ship began to list or tip to one side. Our first thought was naturally for the wireless as we thought we'd been torpedoed. No signals had been received from the bridge so we could do nothing. Finally, after what seemed like eternity, but what was in reality only a few minutes the ship began to right herself and at last was once more on an even keel. The bridge signal rang just then and we discovered that it was not a torpedo which had caused our momentary disturbance but a depth bomb which had rolled off the stern of one of the accompanying destroyers.

To be continued

A NIGHTMARE.

I had been studying Metaphysics the entire evening, and was nearing the end of the last chapter in the book. Strange to say I had found that particular portion of "Taylor" tolerably interesting and was so absorbed that I failed completely to notice the flight of time—for it must have been very late. Suddenly I felt transported as it were to a city in some distant land, and I heard a voice say unto me: "Here you will find many object lessons as to how not to manage a city. Make use of what little time you have here to learn all you can. For in all the wide world there is not to be found a worse example of civic misgovernment." Then the voice did cease and I heard no more.

And I looked around and beheld many curious sights—not at first for it was night and there was ne'er a light to be seen anywhere. Dimly did I behold several human forms clutching at each other in the dark, stumbling over doorsteps and into gutters, uttering vaguely familiar but well accented words and in short acting as though demented. I soon attributed this to the sepulchral gloom and—before I happened to catch a word that was familiar enough—bethought me that this must surely be some place in rural China where perchance street lighting is unknown. However the word that reached me was undoubtedly English. Yea verily I myself was soon in a position to sympathize wholeheartedly with the poor wretches I have described, for no sooner did I attempt to move around than I was in a similar predicament, And oh! the mud that encumbered that street. I sank and sank and sank until I thought I was gone forever. Had I not in the last extremity caught hold of a telegraph pole and saved myself—I shudder to think of the fate that would have overtaken me. Once halfway up the pole I stayed there until dawn, when seeing a patch of fairly dry land which might have been part of a sidewalk in Palaeozoic times I made a leap for it and just gained it by a quarter of an inch. It trembled under me but by jumping from one doorstep to the next I gradu-

ally got into the business section of the town where the streets—though covered with dirt—seemed to be paved. At all events they supported my weight, and I was thankful for that.

Then suddenly a wholly unaccountable craving for knowledge seized me. Accosting an arid looking gentleman who I thought might yield some information on the subject, I politely enquired if there was perchance a public library in the place. "Well," he replied, "I have heard it said that there is one in the C--y H--l, but I can't tell you anything about it as I've never been down there," and he directed me to the above mentioned palacial pile. Finding my way with great difficulty to the corner of that building to which the library had been relegated I asked for a recent book on Geology. The librarian who was very polite said she would get me their latest and began to rummage among some antique looking volumes finally producing an ancient tome with yellow leaves. Dubiously I opened the covers and looked at the title page—1859—and Geology the newest of the sciences! Not asking for anything else since I knew it would be futile I hastily departed.

By this time I had gained such a bad impression of the city that I burned inwardly to leave it, as soon as possible. Seeing a ramshackled affair that bore a faint resemblance to a tram car haul up at a street corner I tried to jump on, but was crowded out on the fender where I had hard work to keep from being thrown off. On almost every corner we passed were throngs of gaping pedestrians knee deep in mud who made a desperate rush for the car as it passed by but owing to the crowded condition of that dilapidated vehicle were thrown back into the mud—some head-first. Finally this conveyance brought me to a part of the city where houses were few and far between and a long sloping hill dipped towards a narrow sheet of water. "Here at last" I said to myself "I shall be in the bosom of the open country." But it proved to be the bosom of the open water for suddenly the controlling gear of our jitney gave way and we were precipitated with headlong violence into the cold waters below. "Good Heavens" shrieked I just before the plunge, "are they Bolsheviks and this is a new form of *noyade*?" After that I remember no more. Whether the cold plunge woke me or whether it was the clock striking two I know not, but I awoke with a loud howl of terror which woke all the sleeping members of the family. It had truly been a horrible experience—far worse than most nightmares.

WE WANT TO KNOW.

If Misses W-ls-n and Atl-- still have the string tied to their waste paper basket, for reasons best explained by the old mouse.

What "the w-d-w" thought when visited by a boulder on Saturday night.

If Ph-l N-ch-lls was speaking from experience when she said in Latin III, "Winking at them."

If Marge K-ly is still "blinded."

What Pid-e meant when he said "Fr-d-y, save me the key."

What some people at H. L. C. would do without Miss H-pg-d.

Why Ash-s was so hungry on the night of the Junior-Senior dance.