

# The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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## The Dalhousie Gazette

Founded 1869

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## EDITORIAL

The letter from Mr. Sutherland published in last week's Gazette has led to a little misunderstanding concerning the attitude of the editorial staff. Perhaps a few words of explanation would clear this matter up.

The lack of literary material is one of the most regrettable features of the Gazette and recognized most keenly by the staff, which however it is powerless to remedy. It lies in the hands of the students themselves. As far as setting apart a portion of the Gazette for literary discussion and attempts, we can only say that it has been tried before and found impossible to keep even a page filled. If contributions ever warrant the space we will be only too glad to carry a literary department.

The following is an extract from a letter received by the editor from a former Dalhousian: "McGill is a peach among colleges! I am simply revelling in her associations and tasks. I look forward eagerly to the day when I can come to her to stay. Every feeling of strangeness has passed from me and I feel a bona fide member of the Red and White family. No place that I have known has so absorbed my interests; I am heart and soul in my work and study here."

We wonder if Dalhousians ever become so enthusiastic about their university.

It is a matter for gratification that the students in several of our Canadian universities have decided to give up hazing. In some of the American universities this stupid and barbarous custom was banned years ago. Conduct which brings ridicule, suffering and

personal loss upon students by their fellows can have no justification in custom or reason. We have known of young men, whose parents denied themselves necessary comforts that they might send their boys to college, having their clothes and other belongings ruined in a night by the thoughtless rowdiness of their fellows. It is surely high time that such conduct should be discouraged and that our boys should learn to have their fun in ways that do not cause annoyance or loss to others.

—Presbyterian Witness

### EXTRACT FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER:

Captain Peter MacDonald, the newly elected Conservative Member for the Isle of Wight, is a descendant of Sir John MacDonald, the first Prime Minister of Canada, who framed the Constitution of that Dominion. He was trained for a political career, being educated at Dalhousie College, Canada, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and he saw five years' service in the Great War.

### Change and Tradition

The law of nature is change in the physical world; but not so in the realm of ideas. We have examples of this on all sides of us—people who get used to one idea and are incapable of changing it; people who drop into a rut and are powerless to extricate themselves, and above all, in people who grow accustomed to one form of organization and cling to it when it has out-lasted its usefulness.

Tradition has an appeal to most of us. We accept it first since it is the easiest thing to do—fall into line carelessly; and then in so far as we are romanticists we like a past to shed a little glory around familiar forms which would otherwise be dull. Whether it is the traditional college club, the literary society or whether it is the traditional religious organization—the church, there is a state element which admits of change only in the last extremity; and usually manages to keep far enough behind to destroy the major part of its usefulness. An organization which has once sprung up spontaneously to supply a need lives on because it has once been revered and because we dislike familiar landmarks to disappear. A species of rigidity in our minds prevent us from adjusting the organization continually to meet the constant change of circumstances. We had much leifer put new wine in old skins and spend our days mending the patches.

"Varsity"

### The Glee Club

The college year is well advanced and still we have had no signs of life from one of our most important and congenial students' societies, the Glee Club. It is, indeed, lamentable that this society should be allowed to drop out of sight at a time when the student body is in such a splendid position to support it. To the freshmen, at least, and to newcomers to Dalhousie generally, the executive of this society is under obligation to organize early and function with the success of former years, when the Glee Club was such an important factor in college life, both socially and intellectually.

From all symptoms we have a great deal of good musical and theatrical talent in the college so that the Club, properly organized and run, would be assured of success. In former years, it will be noted that a general meeting was usually held early in the term, and after that, monthly meetings usually beginning in November. So far this has not been done this year. Would it not, therefore be a good time for adopting that motto of "Do it now?"

### Gift From Loyal Alumnus

A very touching gift has just been made to the University by the receipt of the sum of \$400.00 from Miss Elizabeth MacGregor, now of Montreal. Her late brother, Thomas Spear MacGregor, who graduated in Arts in 1883, had asked her, if he predeceased her, to send this sum to the University to be used for the purposes of the University Library, in order to fulfill a promise which he had made to a fellow alumnus many years ago. This proof of Mr. MacGregor's loyalty to his Alma Mater is all the more striking from the fact that it is likely that he has not visited Halifax since Dalhousie College was situated on the Grand Parade where he went to College.

After his graduation Mr. MacGregor was, until 1888, in business in the United States, and later in Cape Breton, of which he was a native. On account of ill health, he gave up active business, and lived for a while in Cambridge, Mass., and latterly in Montreal.

The spirit which lay behind this gift will appeal to every Dalhousian.

**Happiness**

Is happiness a gift for all, or but a chosen few?  
 Of course 'tis each man's sacred right, and yet  
 it's very true,  
 That though we're given the task to mould our  
 own, too much 's left  
 To circumstance. We wonder where we're led,  
 of choice bereft;  
 And though we're often gay—have peace  
 enough, what's emptier  
 Than constant gaiety? Than too much calm.  
 What's drearier?  
 What then is happiness? An inward state of  
 bliss you'll say.  
 That's so; but it must have some outward  
 cause, there is no way  
 To make escape from things external. Riches,  
 wisdom, power,  
 Are fickle dreams, which e'er elude our grasp,  
 for when the flower  
 Is picked, it's beauty fades; we search to find  
 a fairer yet.  
 We must have worked we like to do, to which  
 goal is set  
 Far different from mere selfish aims. Oh we  
 must sacrifice  
 Ourselves for someone else. In service only is  
 the spice  
 Of keen and active joy. Thus there is really  
 nothing less  
 Than chosen work for those we love to have  
 true happiness.

—“BOB”.

**DAYS**

How long it is since you left me,  
 And the dawn of those empty days  
 That drained the world of sunlight  
 And shadowed once golden ways.

Slowly they stole, and softly,  
 Days that had promised fair,  
 Darkened with lonely memories  
 As the snowflakes darken the air.

But the lonely days have vanished  
 Since you have come back again,  
 The memories, too, are melting,  
 As the snowflakes melt into rain!

—QUELQU'UN.

**A LAMENT**

For the Dalhousie poets who this year are no  
 longer with us.

Where are the voices that a year ago  
 Whispered the bliss of paths we rarely tread,  
 That lead where purple vestas coyly show  
 The lure of fields of fancy just ahead?

Alas! those warblers that we loved to hear  
 Have flown, the greater glades to fill with  
 song.

We bend the eager sympathizing ear  
 To catch what loitering Echo may prolong.

But why thus brooding actionless remain?  
 Invoke th' elusive Muses to our aid,  
 Some willing voice may yet take up the strain  
 And tell our aspirations, unafraid  
 Of scoffing worldlings, loyal still to thee  
 At once our joy and comfort—Poetry!

H. A. D.

**As The Xmas Exams Draw Near In Egypt**



**ENGINEERING**

Elsewhere in this issue is published an article of special interest to Engineers. For many years Dr. Monin has held a prominent position in one of the largest technical colleges in America and his statements are deserving of serious consideration. His article is but another indication that engineering is becoming more of a profession every day. And the world demands from a professional man something more than specific service. The engineer of the future has a social position which he must be prepared to fill. He must provide himself with qualifications which the public will ask of him.

While we are thus advised to pursue a more liberalized course, the pressure from all departments for more time is increasing. It means ultimately that another year will be tacked on to our course.

If a liberalized curriculum thus broadens the mind and improves the personality of the engineer, it certainly puts him on an intellectual plane unattained by a great many students of the liberal arts. It would confer on him a culture which would form a valuable asset to the professional accomplishments of more than engineers.

Talking about curriculums, here's one with whiskers:

Freshette (on the dance floor)—Do you know, there's one thing that bothers me, I can't adjust my curriculum.

He (blushingly giving her the once over)—Er-a- you can't notice it from here.

Below are printed some extracts from an article on "Liberalizing Studies in the Curriculum of Engineering Courses" by Louis Celestin Monin, Ph. D., Dean and Professor of Economics and Philosophy, Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago:

"The teaching of engineering subjects frequently leads us to lose sight of the fact that an engineering education is, after all, not a problem of engineering but a problem of education. And all education includes—besides the training for scholarship—the acquisition of culture and the development of character."

"In order to 'see life steadily and see it whole,' the scientific type of collegiate education must be impressed with the broadening and inspiring spirit of literary and philosophical thought. A few untechnical, unprofessional studies "containing the elements which draw forth the undeveloped man within" must be introduced into the engineering curriculum.

"Very frequently the engineer complains of spiritual isolation. Why are not more engineers in the public positions or called upon to guide civic movements and social affairs? In many cases it is because of their narrow attention to professional work alone.

Twenty-five years ago the Armour Tech. adopted a curriculum including subjects tending to liberalize the minds of students of exact sciences. About three hours per week for each of the four years were devoted to such subjects as English, Rhetoric, Literature, History, ancient and modern, Political Science, Economics, Logic, Psychology, Ethics and Public

Speaking. The faculty of the Armour Institute is now convinced that the curriculum thus arranged does not suffer from the inclusion of liberalized studies and that an hour or two per week less of Calculus or Drawing, etc. (no stamping, gentlemen, please) and a few more lectures on the "great ultimate problems which the world puts to the thinking mind of man" bring better results.

The engineering student should, however, begin only as much of the subject as he can safely hold and digest. He should not let those subjects throw him out of his track or interfere with his conception of the scientific truths obtained by analysis, by observation and experiment. Their purpose is to stimulate mental activity lying fallow and to enlarge the vision of young engineering students. The teacher's duty is to show the student that the most difficult art is the Art of Living, and that man is truly educated only when he orders his life on principle.

On Nov. 22nd eleven of Dalhousie's budding Engineers assembled on Hollis Street, and proceeded to the Nova Scotia Tramways' plant on Water Street, where they first visited the Company's gas works, under the guidance of Mr. P. Burke, yard foreman of the plant. Mr. Burke explained very clearly and carefully each step in the generative and refining processes for the manufacture of coal gas, from the unloading of the coal from the ships to the storing of the gas in the reservoir. He also explained the distribution of the gas to all points in the city.

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We were next handed over to Mr. P. A. Freeman, Superintendent of the Power Plant, who escorted us through his division, explaining the distribution of the hydro-electric power, and also the location of trouble in any part of the city. Mr. Freeman took us through the boiler house, showing us how they generate steam power for their own use, and also for heating the Ocean Terminals.

The entire trip proved extremely interesting, and we extend our thanks to Mr. Burke and Mr. Freeman for their excellent demonstrations.

Some of the boys would like to know what "Nuts" saw when he had his nose glued to the office window. It's too bad she was busy, Nuts, but she didn't notice you,—she was looking at Gerry.

—W. G. S.

## Shirreff Hall

"And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies." Thus murmured Jehi Remm as the door leading into the Hall of Laughter opened. The Hall of Laughter is the ground floor wing, famous for its merriment since the arrival there of Elizabeth MacGregor "Laugh and the world laughs with you" is Lib's motto, and the world, (namely Jane Graham, Blanche Kay, Harriet Matheson, Isabel and Agnes) certainly do laugh with her "sans intermission."

The other evening Isabel's room presented a studious scene when suddenly Lib remarked, "O Isabel, do let's stop studying, and let's sit on the bed and laugh." Isabel was dubious at first, but she found it could be done, and was most exhilarating.

The laughing fever is growing, so if anyone feels dull we advise a trip to some spot near this wing, and we can guarantee that these "silver chimes" will banish your every care.

In spite of the fact that the girls of the Ziegfeld Follies are now wearing their hair long, the Dalhousie girls persist in being sensible, and the army of the unbobbed diminishes daily. Sometimes the shorn lambs do not much resemble their former selves. The other evening many of the girls thought Elizabeth Morton's sister was visiting at the Hall, while others were insulted to think a stranger was coming to visit them at such an hour of the night. Some were able to look behind the camouflage and recognize their old friend. "Oh, isn't it sweet!" said Tod Miller. "How do you know?" asked the skeptic Kelty. "Have you tasted it?"

Twice last week we were disturbed at dinner by a distant rumbling from a westerly direction. But we finally located it as coming from Miss Lowe's table and the innocent cause thereof of the respective voices of Mr. Clark and Mr. Williams.

"Courage sister, do not stumble, Though thy path be dark as night, There's Irene to guide the humble, Trust in her, for she'll go right."

And what would we have done without her, as she bravely piloted our faltering footsteps along the cutting to Pine Hill, to Mr. Williams' lecture? We supposed that, now Labour was in power down there, we'd soon come across that fine paved roadway they promised. No such thing! We slid down banks, climbed fences, wandered into briar patches and stumbled into unseen pits. At last the lights of Franklyn Street and Ted's beaming smile, a rousing Shirreff Hall yell and our adventures were over!

Rain descending in sheets, and the wind blowing to fifty miles an hour, couldn't keep the boys away from S. H. when they received such an alluring invitation from the girls, namely to come and sing hymns with them in the drawing room. They were all there, the Sheik of Pine Hill, the Apostle and

Herbie himself.

The opportunity of a life time was not to be sneezed at, and Herbie took full advantage of everything. Sitting in the middle of the roof it looked as if he were saying:—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly, From its firm base as soon as I."

And come they did. With Margaret MacKay on one side and Dot Berry on the other, Herbie was the envy of all. But alas, for his "firm rock", which, in this instance, was a sofa pillow. In some way or other it slipped from under him and Herbie descended to the hard reality of the floor. His "firm base" gone, he could remain no longer and had to leave with the rest at 10.30.

Jehi Remm.

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## AIR

In a recently published article, entitled "Air", Dr. Frank Crane exclaims, (and one can almost hear him gasping for breath as he utters the words), "Air, just air, is all we want, thank you; but we want a lot of it. For it's worse to be smothering than hungry or thirsty."

The author, in continuing, describes a show he had attended in an ill-ventilated theatre as "a drama of asphyxiation with three life-saving interludes." Also, in recalling the village church he went to when he was a boy, he says, "the gas jets vie with the human animals in polluting the atmosphere, so that I slept by and by as if I had taken ether."

Doctor Crane's article concludes with an earnest appeal for a better appreciation of pure air which he calls "the greatest medicine in the pharmacopoeia of Nature."

But it would appear (so little do we value fresh air), that Dr. Crane's is a voice crying in the wilderness. At Dalhousie, for example, we apparently revel in stuffiness, and certainly dislike open windows.

The class rooms of the present Arts Building at Studley, to take an instance, are almost invariably stuffy, and quite often the atmosphere in them is allowed to become so utterly noxious and polluted that it fairly reeks with the odour of humanity.

One would expect a condition like that to be thoroughly revolting and nauseating to all decent-minded persons, if only from the point of view of physical comfort, leaving the health question out altogether.

But not. We love it. It is our delight and our great joy. Or perhaps we are so habituated to that sort of thing that we no longer notice it.

A forenoon spent in the classrooms of the Arts Building at Studley is indeed "a drama of asphyxiation." The drowsy looks and suppressed yawns, which are so common among us, are proof of that. I have also seen students sleeping through lectures as if, in Dr. Crane's simile, they had taken ether.

Fellow students, I implore you to wake up to the fact that vitiated and stagnant air is a form of filth, and that foul air is poison, just as contaminated food is poison. Is there not something wrong when we are content to work in this kind of atmosphere?

Think that over seriously. It is not a joke. Next week I shall have something to say about Ventilation, which in most of the Dalhousie buildings is non-existent.

Meantime, I beseech you to realize that fresh air is not a fad, but a necessity of clean, decent living. And, in the words of Dr. Crane, "It's worse to be smothering than hungry or thirsty."

—R. B. T.

## Pine Hill Post

Yet another organization has been added to the list of those already functioning at Pine Hill. This time it assumes the form of a secret society or fraternity whose name has no significance of the uninitiated, and whose purposes are entirely unknown. Much activity has been reported, and it is said by those who occupy rooms adjoining the place of meeting, that weird sounds issue forth, during what has been taken to be initiation ceremonies. The only information that has been vouchsafed to the public is that the organization is to be known to the world as the Pi Phi Sigma Society.

Brodie Taylor, author of several lengthy dissertations, such as:—"Celery as a Substitute for Tobacco", "A Ventilated Bedroom or a Frozen Room-mate, Which?" "Physical Culture What I did for It, and What It Did for Me", etc., has lately invented a trenchant slogan—"We want fresh air, not hot air in the lecture rooms. There's a Reason."

Carl Hood has at least some of the attributes of a prophet. He sees visions and dreams dreams and hears cries in the Marlborough Woods. The girls seem to be getting on his nerves. He should adopt young Langille's motto:—"Never look at a woman and she won't look at you".

The Pine Hill Gaelic Society starred in the reproduction of a Cape Breton 'Tucking' frolic at Nelson Hall last Thursday night. When Malcolm MacMillan stepped forward to sing of the Dispersion of the Highlanders, all the girls in the audience instinctively began to use their powder puffs, while the older ladies murmured "Oh? what a pretty boy." It may have been "make-up" but we rather suspect that Kenny MacLean was blushing during the 'square' dance.

Dunphy is leading the Moustache Growing Competition by at least half an inch. Gerry Olmstead has dropped out of the race. "Some 'men'", says Gerry, "are afflicted with a bald head: I am afflicted with a bald face".

The 'Pepper Box' appeared last week and was transported to its appointed place in the prayer room with due ceremony. It is generally conceded to be a literary masterpiece, although the greater part of its material is of a libellous nature. The part which describes the long and hard 'fall' of our Cardinal, 'Bearcat' Harrison, is truly gripping, and after reading it, many good souls shed tears over the wild, waywardness of youth. Indeed it is a fact that nobody in the Residence has come more completely under the influence of Terpsichore during the last few months, than 'Bearcat'.

In this connection however, it is only right to speak a word for Art Yuill, who has assiduously, courageously, and patiently attended Kitty's with the laudable intentions of learning the intricacies of the waltz.

Fatty McLeod met with a serious accident the other night. He had gone out to the college building to hear Mr. Williams' lecture, in blissful ignorance of the fact that the Shirreff Hall girls were to be present. When he saw the fair ladies in the audience, he rushed back to the Residence so precipitately that he slipped on the stairway and sprained his leg. Gordon Frame came to his assistance: and vainly tried to lift him to his feet. Although in great pain Fatty managed to mutter between clenched teeth, "Never mind me. Get my bow tie."

We omitted to mention last week that

Maurice Armstrong lectured at Fort Massey church on "Birds of the Labrador Coast". He has another lecture which he will give if asked. It is a subject in which he takes a great personal interest, namely:—"Women of Shirreff Hall and Labrador, compared and contrasted".

That reminds us that the Pine Hill cat wants to know:—What Owen Armstrong meant when he said that the news that there was to be a day of grace between classwork and exams, came to him like a beautiful and long sought after Messenger of hope.

'Apostle'

### Commerce Notes

We are all glad to see the exams posted once more. They recall those happy hours of previous years in which the scratching of the pens over the accounting books was like static on the radio.

However, we take great pleasure in announcing that the Commerce students have already begun to settle down to hard work. This fact can readily be proved by noting the vacant seats in the front row at the Strand on Saturday nights.

The news of the open-air rink is received with great enthusiasm by the "Millionaires." Some doubts have been raised as to whether the talk will ever amount to anything. We feel safe in assuring these persons that it will not be necessary to walk out to Chocolate Lake this year for a few hours of healthy, pleasant exercise. We have often wondered in past years why there was not at least an open-air rink; some of us had already given up hope but we know now how to appreciate this rink. Sam says: "Better late than never."

So far this year we have had no outside addresses but hope to have some right after the Xmas holidays. These talks are always interesting and are well attended, not only by the Commerce students but by members of other faculties as well.

She: What is the matter, dear, you look worried?

He: The books at the office won't balance.

She: Why don't you burn them and get some new ones?

Revenue Officer: I think I have solved the prohibition question.

Brown: How so?

Revenue Officer: I cut out the middleman by selling directly to customer.

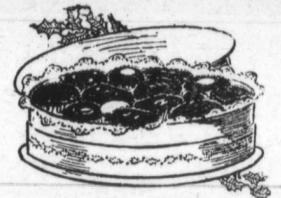
Jerry took a Hall girl out last week and here is his report:

I bought ice cream for my darling;  
And she ate and ate and ate;  
Then she gave to me her little heart—  
To make room for another plate.

### SOME MATH.

Prof. Maeneill: On a hand of five cards what is the chance of drawing four of a kind?  
Freeman—A mighty slim one!

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OLD GIRLS vs NEW GIRLS

On Friday afternoon, Nov. 28, a team from the Alumnae played a picked team of Dalhousiennes. The game was quite swift and was marked by the splendid combination of both teams. The Dal girls managed to win by a fairly large score, but nevertheless it was the best practice that the team has had this season. Mr. Sterling refereed. Plans are being made to have these practice matches every Friday afternoon and the Alumnae team has kindly consented to come again to play.

Line-up:  
Alumnae—Forwards—M. Linton, M. Mader  
Centres—M. Clark, C. Hawkins. Guards—  
E. Mader, F. Fraser.

Dalhousie—Forwards—M. Campbell, B. Freeman, A. Clark. Centres—M. Kennedy, M. Borden. Guards—H. Roberts, E. Barnstead (Elinor G. Barnstead)

Simpson-Oxley

Another Dalhousie girl married—they do insist. This particular one was a very popular member of Class '22, namely, Miss C. Fern Oxley. She was married in the city of New York on Monday, November 24th, to Mr. Hugh M. Simpson of Charlottetown, P.E.I. Fern is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Oxley, 54 Walnut St., Halifax. After graduating from Dalhousie, and after teaching a year in Yarmouth High School, she went to New York where she held a position in the Registrar's Department of Columbia University. Mr. Simpson is a son of the late Rev. Canon Simpson and Mrs. Simpson of Charlottetown, and is there carrying on very successfully in business. The newly weds are expected to arrive in Halifax on Friday the 28th, and after a short stay here will go to Charlottetown where they will reside. Their many friends will be very pleased to see them and wish them every happiness during their married life.

That bored walk doesn't get a fellow anywhere.

Better try that swinging gait. It's sure to lead to the carriage you're looking for. —Ex.

She: I'm cold.  
He: I'll give you my coat.  
She (Glancing at his bright colored sweater): What coat?  
He: My coat of arms. —Ex.

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INTERFACULTY SPORT

City League Basketball

Manager McQuade is working his men hard in preparation for the City League Basketball games which commence soon after Xmas. MacOdrum, Miller, Harrison, Mader, Smith and McDonald, of last year's squad, will be on hand as well as practically all members of last season's Second Team. McLean, a new man from Toronto is showing up well in practice and will probably be a valuable addition to the team. "Red" Grant is interned and will likely be unable to turn out this year.

It will be remembered that towards the end of last year's league, the Dal team started to show excellent form, but too late to recoup earlier losses. The team was practically rebuilt last year and it took some time for it to find itself. However, when the members become used to playing together, there was a very marked improvement. Considering this fact, Manager McQuade is very hopeful of results this year and is confident that his team will be a winning one.

Inter-Faculty Basketball

The Pre-Xmas Basketball League is now nearing a close. This series has been easily the best seen in the Dal gym since its opening and augurs well for the post-Xmas league. All teams practiced considerably before the schedule was drawn up and most of them were in fine form. Engineers and Arts are both in the running for first place, the former having played all their games and Arts yet to meet Pine Hill Theologs. The winners of this league will play off with

the winners of the post-Xmas for the championship of the year.

Results of recent games:—

Wednesday night:—Engineers vs. Theologs. Engineers kept their record spotless by engineering a win over Pine Hill 22—0. Pine Hill played well but could not cope with the winners on the baskets.

Hewat and Brown distinguished themselves for the Engineers while Profitt was best man for the Hillmen.

Line up:—

Pine Hill:—McCuish, Forbes, Profitt, R. McLeod, Meikle, McLean, D. S. McLeod.

Engineers:—Hewat, Brown, Langwith, Horne, Allen, Doull, McLeod, Piers.

DENTS VS. MEDS

The Dents showed their usual good form and easily drowned Medicine 20—6. The Dents are a rugged crew and occasionally show signs of science—especially Tupper and McQuarrie in their shots from centre floor. Medicine should practice more.

Line up:

Dentistry:—Dunlop, Johnston, Tupper, Dobson, McQuarrie, Murphy.

Medicine:—Phillips, Douglas, Doull, Jones, Baird, Hewat, Sullivan, Sutherland.

FRIDAY NIGHT—LAW VS. ARTS.

After a fast game, which was anybody's, it was discovered that Arts won 18—12. The Arts team plays a great combination game and is in the happy position of having no stars, or in other words, all stars. Law was unfortunate in that an important previous engagement prevented Snodgrass, one of her high scorers, from being present.

Line up:—Arts—A Richardson, McLennan,

Sperry, Doyle, McIntosh, Ross, Smith, Frame, Law—Gushue, Morrison, W. Richardson, Coughlan, Moore, Keer.

Saturday Afternoon:

Dentistry, Law and Arts were the winners, defeating Pine Hill, Meds, and Engineers respectively.

Line ups as before.

SHE KEPT HER WORD.

"Willie," said his mother severely, "your report card gives you 'poor' in conduct."

"I'm not surprised," retorted Willie casually. "She told me a dozen times last month she would."

—McKendree Review.

Pat: "This is a great country, Mike."

Mike: "And how's that?"

Pat: "Sure the sign in the post office says that yez can buy a five dollar money order for five cents."

—Ex.

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**Letter From Larry McKenzie  
At Cambridge, England**

'Tis not because I consider that I am even a memory to the students of Dalhousie that I write this, but some of you may find something of interest in the matter itself, for I know your love of athletics and adventure. Leaving Halifax toward the end of last June, I was greeted at an unearthly early hour in St. John's, Nfld by one Donald Clouston, and better friend one could not have—save one thing. He mistakenly led the St. John's people to believe I could still play Rugby—so one sweltering hot day I found myself again encased in a yellow and black sweater and madly attempting to chase a rugby ball round a field, filled with sailors and citizens of St. John's. Needless to say that I only saw the ball in the distance, as examinations, a rough sea passage, and hard training at marbels were not conducive to soundness of either wind or limb. However, I at least looked like a footballer, and that was something.

A few days later, still minus bits of my shins and toes? I again went down to the sea in ships, and in due course, feeling somewhat like Jonah must have after his trans-Atlantic passage, I staggered across the gang-plank into Liverpool and England.

Here my athletic endeavors were confined to croquet and drinking tea at polo matches—Ranelagh and so on.

Feeling rather "hicked"—after some weeks of this I wandered into Holland—and being encamped with some students there, on a wide heather moor, I had occasion to don a Dal football sweater—(such things save laundry bills, I've been told as a freshman). Said sweater led to enquiries, and I not knowing Dutch was led off to engage in a soccer match. The day was wet, the ball heavy—and neither I nor my South African friend had occasion to explain after the game that we had never played soccer before.

On leaving camp for the railway—some three miles away—I was presented with a bicycle "to shorten the voyage." Now bicycles and I had never been really well acquainted in the past—but how could this be admitted to my Dutch friends who couldn't understand me anyway? With teeth set, I mounted that cursed machine, and followed by some six others I started for town. The narrow path led through bogs, sand pits and through a pine wood, and into all of these that bewitched machine carried me. However, by dint of perseverance I eventually arrived "going well"—but it wouldn't stop, so I just naturally fell off. I was informed, to the German students my

Dal sweater stood for the livery of Satan—initial and all—but apart from swimming and canoeing I led a life of comparative indolence.

Thence to Prague by way of Dresden, and from Prague, disguised as "Pan Swoboda," I eventually arrived in Warsaw to attend the Triennial Congress of the "Confederation Internationale des Etudiants." Among other things, we engaged in athletic competitions with real athletes from other nations, in the grand march past before the President, America led off with one lone representative, but he was "one of the best." Angleterre was nobly represented by a New Zealander, an Irishman from Dublin, and two Scotties in kilts. My only regret was that Canada was too busy at the time elsewhere to turn out in feathers, war paint and tomahawk.

Later, however, the British delegation did manage to collect enough males to form a soccer team and play against the champions of Poland. Some of us had seen a soccer ball in shop windows before, and I believe one had even witnessed a match—but we did play something. I having been told that full back required less exertion than any other position on the team "fell in" there and refused to be moved. In the course of the game a brawny Jock and I both "went after" the same Pole at the same time. Of course we got him, but we also got each other, with the result that I was able to witness the Hungarian ambassador that evening in real "war horse" style. The Poles are still champions of Poland, but our New Zealand friend, who is an Olympic winner, has given them several new records in the sprints.

Returning via Cracow, Vienna, Geneva—(where, by the way, I was delighted to see "Ned" Macdonald, who was very decent to me) and Paris, my sole sport consisted of trying to grind a soft spot on a wooden seat or sprinting for a roll and sausage at wayside stations.

In Cambridge, athletics are very much to the fore, and of a very high standard. The game yesterday between the 'Varsity 15 and the All Blacks was worth coming a long way to see. The day and grounds couldn't have been worse, but the game was one of the best I've ever seen; and New Zealand was lucky to get her one try.

But I've written more than enough foolishness for the present—and I know others have more to tell and can tell it better than I concerning athletics at Cambridge and Oxford. I am sorry Dal couldn't win the City League this fall, but I hope the juniors have retrieved the situation ere this. Here's to success in other sports.

—LARRY MacKENZIE.

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