



Poets and People I have met

I.

"Make Thou my vision sane and clear
That I may see what beauty clings
In common forms, and find the soul
Of unregarded things."

Charles G. D. Roberts.

For my text today let me take, "The last shall be first," since the poet I have met most recently is a Canadian, Charles G. D. Roberts. In October I went to hear him read from his own works and the other evening to hear him speak on "The Canadian Spirit in Canadian Literature," and in between I had several little talks with him. At our first meeting he refused my request for something for the Gazette, giving as his reason that he writes slowly and never does a thing off-hand as then he'd be giving only his second-best, and as I agreed with him that one's second-best is never good enough, I said I'd let him off. He was kind enough to say however, that I could interview him for the Gazette as much as I liked. Unfortunately I do not know how you interview "celebrities" so I missed my opportunity. But one stormy morning I had a real talk with Dr. Roberts and we continued it on other finer days.

What topics does one discuss with a poet? Cigarettes, London, prohibition, the Maritimes, safety-pins, (I once had the honor of pinning-up Andrew Lang's shirt-sleeves with safety-pins, and Charles Roberts gave me a couple with which to perform the same service for him. How very human poets are!) gipsies and vagabonds, Carman, Yeats, Norwood, Kipling, Wilson Macdonald, George Moore, and so on. Those of you who know George Moore's philosophy, (though I am not sure if he himself knows what it is—perhaps Professor Stewart could tell us), will appreciate this quotation from one talk: "In London, they say there are three types of men, nice men who kiss but don't tell, nasty ones who kiss and tell, and George Moore who tells but doesn't kiss."

You will gather that the subjects we touched on were many and varied. It was tremendously interesting to me to hear him speak of some of the old Country writers—to find for instance that he thought W. B. Yeats difficult to know, whereas I had found him friendly as could be—perhaps it was the Munster blood in me was the key that unlocked the walls of shyness that surround Yeats! And it was good to hear about London, dear old London, the "hub of the universe," the "city with the hardest head and the tenderest heart in the world." Dr. Roberts has a little flat on Charing Cross Road which makes him a real Londoner, yet he remains very distinctively and wholly Canadian. You all know he belongs to New Brunswick and those of you who come from that province should be immensely proud of your poets, and those of you who belong to Nova Scotia must surely feel that the Bay of Fundy and the Basin of Minas, the tides and the marshes, have strongly influenced Roberts and Carman.

In the old country I almost think we count Roberts as the greatest Canadian poet, or should I say the most finished. Oh yes, we do know Canadian poetry over there, if not in all its fullness at least in patches. It seems long ago since a professor of English, knowing my love for Shelley, gave me Roberts' "Ave, an ode for the Shelley centenary," to read. My professor called it a Threnody, and so it is. Certainly I did not dream then that I should one day hear the writer of it. I think of Carman as the poet of the Maritimes, with the earth for his mother and the sea for sire—pictures such as "Apple Time" and "Low Tide on Grand Pre" are beautiful, almost shy revelations of the love he bears them. Lampman, whom some call the greatest poet of Canada, is the poet of the seasons—he loved Keats I am sure. And Pauline Johnson is Canada in her natural loveliness. By the way, do you all know her "Guard of the Eastern Gate," that fine tribute to Halifax that I read years before I ever

saw this city and that now seems to me so true of this old, beautiful city as it was and as it may still be? Yet, I think perhaps I like Roberts best. Carman may be the sweeter singer, yet most of Roberts' lyrics sing truly and I think his sonnets are stronger than Lampman's. Of course this is only my own feeling. His animal stories delight me, he loves the woods and wild things, his descriptions of nature and of wild life are beautiful as well as dramatic and intensely real—yet I am told Mr. Roosevelt, the great hunter, did not like these animal stories at all; possibly the difference is between a man who loves the creatures of the forest and one who shoots them.

Of the work of Charles Roberts, Professor MacMechan has written, "The literary activity of Roberts has hardly been surpassed by any of his Canadian contemporaries. Roberts is the name most often mentioned wherever literature is discussed—his place is conspicuous and sure among the pioneers of Canadian verse." Some of you have read "Canada in Flanders." One section of it was written by Major C. G. D. Roberts, but did you know that he joined up as a private and that he gave his age as several years younger than he was so that he might "do his bit" in the war?

And I think one of the greatest things he has done is that he inspired his students at King's to love nature and books and to walk with unshod feet in ways of beauty and of passionate truth. In a recent letter to me Dr. Robert Norwood said, (I had been telling him I'd met Dr. Roberts), "I'm glad you love Roberts. I do too. He discovered me to myself. He was my Professor at King's." Could a teacher ever have a nobler tribute than that? "He discovered me to myself."

And Charles Roberts is not only a noted writer but is also a splendid Canadian who believes Canada has a great work to do. It thrilled me, who am learning to love Canada, to hear him say, "I have absolute faith in Canada as the Keystone of the arch of the Empire."

It is men with such a faith who keep firmly welded and untarnished the golden links that bind the British Family of Nations together. I wish more of you had turned out to support him in his lectures. It was a sort of creed with the students of my other Alma Mater that one hour listening to a living author is worth many hours pouring over dead ones, and here was a poet who has been tried out for nearly forty years and found good by men so wide apart as Arnold and Kipling, yet only a very few of the students of Dalhousie went to hear him. Don't you realize the place Canada is taking in the art and literature of the English speaking world today, and won't you do a little hero-worshipping of your own writers to encourage them in their work for Canada?

I wish I had space to quote from his verses and from his nature pictures, but my time is up, so I must refer you to his works.

In closing if the Editor will allow me, I should like to write down in the Gazette a little verse of my own, not because it is very good, but as my sincere tribute to this fine Canadian poet.

Those of you who heard him speak must surely have been stirred as I was, by the austere beauty of his voice—his reading of lyrics is as perfect as I ever wish to hear. Our first real talk was on that terrible stormy Saturday in October when wind and rain beat pitilessly on everything. I was rain-drenched and wind-tossed, and then in Professor Munro's sheltered study I listened to the poet, and a little thought came to me which I wrote down. I gave it, rough copy as it was, to Dr. Roberts and he liked it and bade me not to change a word. So it stands.

10th October, 1925.

Without—a driving storm,
Leaves whirling at my feet:
Within—a quiet room
And a voice serene and sweet.

Signs of the Times

Christmas is coming
I know by the practising of hymns
By next door neighbours till my senses
reel,
The waitress as she lays my frugal
meal
Is "Hark the Herald Angels" gently
humming.
I know it because people talk of Peace
And keep on making rows that never
cease,
Christmas is coming.

Christmas is coming,
I know it by the pressure of exams,
By men's unshaven chins and straggly
ties,
By rings that gather underneath my
eyes,
And nights of swot that heart and
brain are numbing.
I know it, for "Goodwill to men" is
rife
In theory, though "plucking" causes
strife
Christmas is coming.

Cheerio!

Don't be a Christmas Graduate

The posting of the examination schedules in the college buildings has been met with conflicting emotions by various members of the student body. Many conflicts have been reported to the registrar, but the greatest conflicts are yet to come. Students who were never known to study before are haunting the library and worrying people with questions. Old examination papers and the note-books of hard-working students are in great demand, and the down-town fish stores report an unprecedented sale of their brain food to Pine Hill. The maid in the office at Sheriff Hall can now spend many an hour without answering phone calls. In short, people are beginning to work. The University is assuming an air of seriousness, and hard work is in evidence. At present it would be hard to find a University where industry is more general, where reading is more fashionable, and where indolence and ignorance are more despicable.

The Christmas examinations are inevitable; I intimated as much in our first issue of the year when I suggested that they were not as far off as the millennium. Prominent educationalists have, in the past, suggested many and varied methods of study which may be used to advantage; yet with the student rests the final word in the matter of study. The ancient well-known custom of last minute plugging may save the individual blessed with a good memory, but it is without doubt a treacherous refuge. Some writers think that it is the vice of present day methods of education that students are encouraged to regard the road to learning as a recreation rather than a discipline. Others war against the compulsory lecture system and the futility of mass production, of its inevitable glorification in the notebook and the quiz. Again there are those who accuse the student of desultory methods of studying and over-attention to athletic and social activities, while still

Fierce waves roar from the deep—
A wild discordant choir:
And a brooding voice croons low
To comfort my desire.

Without—frail blossoms grieve,
Strong trees cry in distress:
Within—a tender voice
Comrades my loneliness.

Loud winds beat on the door,
Rain tirls at the pin,
And on my soul a voice
Knocks low, and enters in.

M. A. B.

Shadows

I am told that the little leaden soldier is the only person, anywhere, that knows the whole story—the little leaden soldier with his flashing, black eyes and his thin, firm lips. He is standing before me as I write, his head erect, his musket resting lightly on the epaulet of his scarlet tunic. I have talked to him, persuasively, pleadingly, and even with command in my tones, until some passing eavesdropper might have thought me foolish or in my dotage. But whether he cannot, or will not tell me, I really do not know.

It was a cold winter night. The stars twinkled happily on the glistening trees and housetops, and the wind whistled softly about the chimneys, as the wind is wont to do. Now and then a listener might have heard the crunch, crunch, crunch, of rapid footsteps, becoming gradually louder and louder, and then as gradually fading away. But soon the footsteps were heard less frequently and the noises of the great city were lulled into quiet, for it was very late, and everybody, or almost everybody, was sleeping.

In the house in which the little leaden soldier lived, the lights had long been dimmed, for they were very modest folk there, and were now in slumberland. The fading embers in the hearth and the solemn old grandfather's clock, that stood majestically ticking in the corner, seemed the only living things. But no, there was another. One little tongue of flame, bolder than the rest, shot up suddenly and flared brightly, and there on a chair by the fireside, his uniform glittering in the flame's glow, stood the little leaden soldier.

He had been placed there many hours before by the general himself, the dear little general with his chubby little hands, his sparkling blue eyes and curly, golden locks. The little soldier was lonely. His comrades were asleep in their box below and it was very dark. But the general had said that all armies must have sentinels to guard them as they slept and so he had been chosen.

He stood on a chair by the fireside. It was one of those big, soft, upholstered chairs and the sentinel stood very close to the edge, so close that at times he was afraid he might lose his balance and fall over on to the brass fender below. The little general had been very sleepy that night when he placed his sentinel on duty, and perhaps a trifle careless

too. But the soldier was brave and steadfast, as a soldier should be, and thought little of his danger.

As he stood at his post, motionless, throughout the long hours, he sometimes wished that in the great factory, from whence he had come, they had chosen him for an officer, and painted tiny golden stripes on his arm. But these thoughts he banished as unworthy, and stood gazing firmly ahead as before.

Once he was suddenly aroused by a mysterious, cracking noise that seemed to come from nowhere, but it was just one of those noises that come with the night, and the little soldier heard no more. Later he was startled by a loud clang which echoed in his ears. It was repeated, and again he stood waiting, but all was silent. It was only the grandfather's clock, its peals enhanced by the silence of the night.

The weary minutes dragged on, mounting one upon another, one upon another, until a whole hour had passed; and still they kept on untiringly, one upon another. The little soldier was wearying of his lonely vigil. He was very uncomfortable, there, on his dangerous perch, and he shuddered as another little tongue of flame sprang up and glittered on the fender, far below. His thoughts were wandering jealously to his more fortunate companions when a faint scratching noise aroused him. It was a very little noise, but a sentry must overlook nothing, and he was again alert, his musket grasped tightly in his able little hands. The noise became louder and then softening, faded away. Then came a creeping, grating sound and the window rose slowly in its casement. The little soldier almost gasped with the strangeness of it all, but he remained as firm and motionless as ever. And now the window was open, and a shadowy figure, the figure of a man, climbed into the room, and, closing the window, stood outlined against it. Even the darkness could not hide the symmetry of the figure, and the moon, shining through the panes, revealed the well cut features that the intruder bore. Again the little soldier suppressed a gasp, for the handsome face was familiar to him; he had seen it many times.

The intruder had often come before, but never like this, never at this time. He had called in the evenings, always gay and carefree. He used to talk and play with the little general, and once

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others hold that the student wastes his time in misdirected efforts.

Personally, I do not believe that the majority of students can be justly accused of sparing energy and time in making a deliberate effort to learn. They work diligently for hours copying notes, reading long assignments, writing essays and attending lectures. No human being is ever as busy as the student. But the tragedy lies in the fact that their scholastic results are so seldom commensurate with their efforts.

Our professors are continually urging us to use our own brains more and not take their opinions as the truth, but apparently the most of us prefer to follow the line of least resistance and learn only what we are told; one thing is certain, we can't be plucked for believing what our professors tell us. Of course the evils of over-lecturing are obvious and positive enough. Three lectures per diem given at irregular hours both in the morning and in the afternoon break up one's time overmuch and so tend to cause the formation of divided and desultory habits of daily work. When compulsory lectures are so frequent, the contents of the lectures themselves accumulate so rapidly that even the most careful and thorough student is compelled to make the lectures the basis of his study and to confine his independent study to such small parts of the subject as will best serve to complete his lecture notes for examination purposes.

Be all that as it may, the fact remains that with the advent of the Christmas examinations the time has come when there should be a general shake-down, and some definite views with regard to study should be evolved from the maelstrom of restlessness and definite activity into which many students are drawn during the first few months of the college year. The majority of students come to college from high schools, where the work was done under supervision. In college they must work on their own initiative, and if they wish to succeed, they must come here with a determination to work. Success is the reward for study and application and faithfulness to duty. The alumni records of any college show that the race of life is not by any means always won by the swiftest nor the brightest, but in abundant instances by the serious, plodding student, who knows the worth of an education, though he may not rise to a high standard of intellectual attainment.

Now, then, is the time to think over what you have been doing, and if you find that you have been remiss in your duty in the past, rectify your habits, make up for your wasted hours, determine to do the right thing in the future, and all will be well with you.

After all this may the holiday season bring you pleasure and a respite from work, which will enable you to carry on in good style through to the end of the college year—and may there be no Christmas Graduates.

W. P.

To All Its Readers The Gazette extends its most cordial wishes
for A Merry Christmas and Prosperity throughout the New Year.

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There is a Santa Claus

A few days more and a whole term will have slipped into the past. It has been a pleasant term for most of us at Dalhousie but its closing scene will be a most strenuous and trying one. Youth tends strongly to be skeptical. We have lost the delightful credulity of childhood and we have not yet reached that depth of understanding which can regard romance and fiction as among the great realities of life. Such unpleasant and practical things as examinations serve only as a stimulus to this skepticism which enshrouds us. We complete our labors and as the Christmas Season approaches we find that we are weary, listless, and without enthusiasm, and we miss the happiness which might and should be ours, and even worse, the joy of others may be lessened because of us. So, this year, let us rest our weary brains by leaving to our hearts all surplus efforts. They will stand the strain and gladly too.

Let us all, as Christmas comes, simply remember that there is a Santa Claus. He exists just as surely as love and generosity exist and he may be as great and as kind as we wish to make him. Only a few years ago, when Christmas came even as it does now we had no doubts. On the night before Christmas most obediently we clambered up to beds at an early hour. And there we lay with throbbing hearts and radiant eyes wishing devoutly for the Sandman to come and quickly while away the hours of darkness, while at the same time our eager brains a maze of hopes and speculations, refused to be subject to his charms. Then as the eerie hour of midnight approached and we still lay restlessly turning and twisting and drowsiness began to confuse phantasy and reality we heard a vague noise coming from somewhere. Perhaps it was a silver sleigh bell tinkling indistinctly in the silence. Possibly a faint, shuffling noise on the roof or the weakening echo of a jovial laugh. Then we snuggled down more comfortably, repressed the desire of rushing forth to the wonderland awaiting us, and whispered contentedly to our pillow that he had come. We no longer hear the dainty chime of the sleigh bells, nor the echo of the fading, hearty laugh, for it is only the ears of the faithful childhood that are pure and keen enough to hear. But he comes just the same as he has always done, dear, kind, old man, and it is our duty and our pleasure to help him in his yearly task. It is a wide, wide world, you know, for one small man to cover in one short night. There are so many sooty chimneys, so many empty stockings, that he really needs our aid. It is such a delightful duty that none of us can refuse. We are told that it is more blessed to give than to receive and it takes very little commonsense and even less logic to realize that virtue is the only big way to true happiness. A very kind lady who died but recently and whom we call Mrs. Santa Claus was wont to say when reproached by her friends for her extreme generosity, "I am really very selfish, since it gives me such a real pleasure to see my friends happy." So, come, would not this earth be a better one if we would all cultivate and propagate such selfishness? Let us for this one day forget so material a thing as economy, disregard reality and reason, and place our small horde of gold at the disposal of our hearts. Our conscience will not trouble us in the least and we will be radiant with the happiness which makes the old gentleman himself, the most lovable person in the whole world. Then, as the hour of midnight again draws near, and the many chimes joyfully commemorate the coming of our Saviour, and the air has resumed its wintry calm, perchance, if we have been very, very good, and if we listen very carefully, we just may hear the ever present, ever fading echo of that cherry jovial laugh.

Judge W. J. Leahy's Gift

Judge W. J. Leahy, Judge of the District Court at Kerrobert, Saskatchewan, is a graduate of the Dalhousie Law School (1898). In the summer of 1924 Judge Leahy revisited his Alma Mater and attended the Dalhousie Reunion. At that time he intimated his intention of making a gift to the Law School and subsequently he sent a cheque for \$100 to be used in the interests of the Law School. Since then plans have been formulated for the use of this money. Dean Read has been in correspondence with members of the Faculty of Law at Laval University, Quebec, in order to arrange for the visit this year of an eminent member of the Quebec Bar to give a short course of lectures on the legal institutions of the Province of Quebec. While the plans for this course are not yet settled in detail it is expected that it will be conducted during the month of March and that it will involve three or four lectures to the students of the Law School and one public lecture to all the members of the University. Judge Leahy's gift has made this scheme possible because it will assist in covering the expenses incidental to this course.

Alumni News to Edit Memorial Issue in Honor of Dean Weldon

Shortly after Christmas the Dalhousie Alumni News will publish a memorial number to commemorate Dr. Richard Weldon, former dean of the Dalhousie Law School and but lately deceased. The issue will consist of an account of Dr. Weldon during his undergraduate days, the great work he did for his college, and the tributes of his many friends. It was the intention of The Gazette to edit a special paper as a tribute to Dr. Weldon. However, owing to the fact that it is very difficult for students of today to do justice to a man who has not been connected with the university for eleven years it was thought advisable to bestow the honorable task on our more worthy, senior, contemporaries.

A PICTURE.

About the world each several year
Old stormy Winter goes,
And wraps within his ermine cloak
The lily and the rose;
And violets and Daffodils
And all the flowers fair,
He covers all, and warms them from
The chilly chafing air.

W. B. R.

Christmas Examinations 1925-1926

ARTS, SCIENCE, MEDICINE,
ENGINEERING, DENTISTRY,
MUSIC.

To be held at Studley.

TIME TABLE.

Sat. Dec. 12.—
Last day of lectures in classes in which examinations are held.

Tues. Dec. 15.—
9.00-11.00—Chem. 2, 2A; Bib. Lit.; Phil. 11; Greek 4.
11.15-1.15—French 2; Commerce 9; Bacteriology.
3.00-5.00—English 1, 9; Phil. 13; Physics 15.

Wed. Dec. 16.—
9.00-11.00—Latin 1, 2; Physics 13; Commerce 5.
11.15-1.15—Elem. Germ.; Engl. 10; Econ. 6, 11; Phil. 3; Physics 3; Chem. 6; Commerce 4; Biol. 1A; Anat. 1, 2.
3.00-5.00—Germ. 1; Engl. 8; Hist. 8; Phil. 7; Geol. 2; Math. 4.

Thurs. Dec. 17.—
9.00-11.00—Elem. Greek; Greek 1; Hist. 2; Phil. 8; Physics 1; Chem. 4; Geol. 1; Surveying.
11.15-1.15—History 1; Biochemistry 1, 2; Med. Jurisp.; Hist. 5.
3.00-5.00—Greek 2; Phil. 10; Phys. 6, 20; Chem. 1, 1A; Elem. Chem. Mech. 3; Commerce 6.

Fri. Dec. 18.—
9.00-11.00—French 1, 5; Histology; Physiol 1, 2; Radiology.
11.15-1.15—German 2; Hist. 6; Government 5; Phil. 1; Zoology 3; Botany 3; Commerce 1; Draw. 1, 1B; English 1A; Geol. 3.
3.00-5.00—Archaeology; Span. 1; Government 1; Phil. 2; Draw. 2; History 1A.

Sat. Dec. 19.—
9.00-11.00—Elem. Latin; Latin 4; French 10; Span. 2; Econ. 5; Math. 2; Geol. 10; Mech. 5; Chem. 5.
11.15-1.15—Span. 10; Econ. 12; Government 6; Biol. 1; Music 2; Embryology; Therapeutics; Hygiene.
3.00-5.00—Economics 1.

Mon. Dec. 21.—
9.00-11.00—Prac. Materia Medica; Pharmacology; Psychiatry; French 4; Engl. 3; Econ. 4; Government 3;
11.15-1.15—Math. 1, 1C, 3; Commerce 2; Phys. 14; Hist. 2A.
3.00-5.00—Elem. French; Engl. 2, 5; Math. 7; Physics 2, 4; Mech. 4.

Tuesday, December 22nd.—
Christmas Vacation begins.

FACULTY OF LAWS

To be held at Forrest Building.

Saturday, Dec. 12.—
Last day of lectures in classes in which examinations are held.

Wednesday, December 16th.
9.00-12.00—Conflicts.
3.00-5.00—Property I.
Property II.

Thursday, December 17th.—
9.00-11.00—Banks & Banking.
Constitutional Law.
3.00-5.00—Torts.

Friday, December 18th.—
2.30-5.30—Crimes.
Corporations & Partnership.
Procedure II.

Saturday, December 19th.—
3.00-6.00—Contracts I.
Bankruptcy.
Evidence.

Monday, December 21st.—
9.00-12.00—History of English Law.
Agency.
Practical Statutes.

Tuesday, December 22nd.—
Christmas Vacation begins.

INSPIRATION

A light shines on our way:
We see a great man, and we hear his words;
They call an answer from within
Our life is joy today!
Tomorrow dawns, and we forget
The nobler life we'd planned, our daily course
Runs on the same, our deeds unchanged,
Our plan a vision yet.
Why don't we follow it?
Our minds have given consent, our souls should too,—
We fear the rough road, cowards all,—
O help us follow it!

I. H. R.



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SHADOWS

(Continued from page 1.)

he had picked up the little soldier, admired his scarlet tunic and praised his martial bearing. Later somebody else would arrive. The soldier thought this newcomer must be a sister, or something, of his general's, because she had the same laughing blue eyes and the same golden locks. The little general would toddle off to bed and leave them alone, but the soldier never knew what happened after that, for he too, was sent to slumberland. This man here now! The sentinel could only wait, and watch, and wonder.

The intruder carefully drew the shutters across the windows, and taking a torch from his pocket, trod lightly across the room. Coming to the desk that stood in the corner, he paused and began hastily to go through the papers that covered its surface, his nimble fingers rapidly disclosing all, yet disturbing none. The little soldier was terribly perplexed. He felt that this was not all as it should be. But he was very fond of the intruder and felt sure that he would do nothing wrong.

Above the rustlings a half suppressed exclamation now and then reached his ears. It could not be right he decided. It was his duty to—but how, ah how indeed could a little fellow like him prevent it. He was a brave little soldier, as I have said before, and it grieved him to think of his impotence. He thought and thought, he searched in vain for an idea, he became more and more excited. Yet outwardly he appeared as cool and determined as before.

Then through the haze of bewilderment came an inspiration, an inspiration which caused the little soldier to pause, irritable. From his lofty perch he peered down into the darkness. The last embers of the fire had now died; but he knew that somewhere at the bottom of that darkness lay the great brass fender. He was a very gallant little soldier and he did not pause for long.

"It is the only chance," thought he, "and my duty calls me."

So he toppled over into the abyss and with a loud clanging sound struck the fender, far, far, below. A flashing brightness came before him, and fading away he knew no more. The intruder started violently and flashed his light across the room. He had not reckoned with the little leaden soldier.

The circle of light pranced unsteadily about the room, pausing here, pausing there, and flitting on again. But it disclosed nothing that was not as it should be, for the intruder was much too nervous and worried to notice so little a thing as a leaden soldier. The grandfather's clock ticked on as majestically and as regularly as before. The light ceased its prancing and had settled down once more upon the desk, the intruder was about to resume his work when he was again aroused by a light tread of footsteps on the stairs.

For a moment he stood there transfixed, mechanically counting the footsteps as

they came more and more clearly to his ears—four, five, six—ten, eleven—He came quickly out of his reverie and flashing off the torch, slipped silently to this knees. His hand sought his pocket, which took on an ugly, bulky, pointed form; and he waited in the darkness.

—Eighteen, nineteen, twenty—the footsteps assumed an air of finality as the last step was passed and increasing their pace they stole across the hall. The intruder scarcely dared breathe. A cold perspiration covered his brow and his cap pressed clammily against his forehead. He had not deemed it necessary to remove it on this call. His muscles became tense and the hand that was in the pocket stirred slightly, as the footsteps, crossing the hall, paused on the threshold. A switch snapped, and the great parlor lamp (with its shade so much the color of the little soldier's tunic) bathed the room in a red glow. Two gasps arose, almost simultaneously. One a deep, guttural gasp, and the other of a higher, sweeter pitch, but both with agony in their tones.

In the doorway stood a Vision, a Vision draped in white silks, a Vision with curly, golden locks about her shoulders, and large blue eyes. The white silks rustled as the Vision stood there, and the great red lamp transformed their folds to rose. If you are one of the more fortunate mortals on this earth you have probably seen such beautiful silken creations as the Vision wore. Their originator called them negligees, I believe, because he neglected to give them any design and thought only of their beauty. But the intruder noticed it scarcely at all as he rose slowly to his feet. The protrusion disappeared from his pocket and an unwilling hand slowly drew the cap from his head. His chin sank to his breast and his eyes fell.

For a moment they remained thus. Then she slowly approached him and the large blue eyes sparkled, not with laughter, but with glistening tears.

"You"—she whispered, her voice breaking off in a sob, "You—what are you doing here?"

But he said not a word, and the little soldier, recovering from his fall, wondered if it were really the great red lamp that made the intruder's face so crimson.

The Vision brushed the glistening teardrops from her eyes and her voice trembled "Look at me," she pleaded, "answer me." But he neither moved nor spoke.

The Vision seemed to change then, the tears disappeared, her voice no longer trembled and it seemed more cool and distant than before. "Then I am to presume that you are a common thief, here to steal from my father and from me—you whom I loved, whom I—"

He looked up then, and his face was no longer crimson, but a ghastly pale, not nice to look upon, and a strange light shone in his eyes. The pleasant, lazily laughing intonations that the little soldier remembered were gone from his voice, and he spoke in cruel, rasping tones.

(Continued on page 3 column 1)

"THINK IT OVER"

Seated one day on the grandstand,
I was weary and ill at ease,
For a strong and pungent odor,
Came wafted on the breeze.

I know both whence it was coming,
And who was to blame for it then,
As it hit me full in the nostrils,
Time and time again.

Perhaps 'twas Old Chum or Players,
I knew not and cared not then
But 'twas worse than Coty's or Colgates,
And I wanted to swear at the men.

"One of Many."

LAW YELL

Lindley, Anson, Pollock, Beavue
All the Lawyers go to Heaven.
Thayer, Odgers, Blackstone, Snell,
All the rest can go to—
Hip! Hip! Hip!
Haw! Haw! Haw!
Hoop er up, Hoop er up.
Law, Law, Law.

SHADOWS

(Continued from page 2)

"Call me thief if you wish," he said, "for that is what the world will call me. Who will believe that it is only justice I seek, a justice that lawyers and judges cannot wield." He hurried on, his words becoming more rapid, more incoherent: "I have come tonight to take only what is mine by right, to take back that which your father stole—" The Vision started, the silks rustled back and forth but he paid no heed. "He imposed upon me—your father—he said that he was my friend, that he wished to help me along. He lied to me, great black lies, and he took the money I had saved for—for us. He promised to double it, even treble it, and I, fool that I was, dreaming of the greater happiness we should have, gave it to him. And now he has lied again, says that he has lost it. It is very unfortunate," he says, "but— Well I am going to have my money. It is mine, I tell you; and I'm going far away from here. There I will spend it and enjoy it alone. He will be afraid to tell; you will not dare to tell—"

"And why will I not dare to tell?" she demanded, and her words were very cold and very biting. "The law will not seek the motive of your crime, your guilt alone will be sufficient."

"But you have said that you loved me," and he actually laughed. But it was not the same old laugh at all. "You have said that you would do anything to make me happy."

"Oh," she responded coolly, "I have changed my mind."

But her affected calm was besieged with a mass of conflicting emotions. Grief, anger, pity, indignation, and the sorrow that comes with shattered ideals all were mingled. Her composure vanished and her voice broke and caught over the simplest words, words that even the little general could pronounce without stumbling.

"I have given you all that I held sacred. I have given you my love, the greatest thing that a woman can give. I was happy, cherishing the belief that you were worthy of it, that you would honor it and protect it, and now, now I see you as you are, a weakling and a coward, destitute of principles and lacking even a sense of honor. You have trampled upon my gift, laughed at it, thrown it in my face; and now you ask me for protection, you ask me to show you mercy! Yes, you are a fool as well. I will show you no mercy; I cannot; I have none for you. I will be your accuser, and perhaps when you have more leisure to think, when you are behind prison bars, you will regret and repent."

She gazed on him contemptuously and he was silent. The little soldier looked on in despair and almost wished that he had not done his duty. Then while the two figures stood silently before one another in the great lamp's glow, and the little soldier looked on in wonder, there came a gentle tap, tap, tapping at the door. The Vision started and looked askance at the intruder, but he moved no more than did the little soldier.

"What shall I do?" she whispered. "Go," he replied slowly and motioned towards the door with his hand, though his eyes were downcast as before. "The police are the only ones who knock on people's doors at this hour. I passed a policeman as I came here, it is probably he. It is very convenient for you," he added.

But she heeded his last words not a bit. "Quick, you must hide!" she said. "It is the police," he repeated, "Why should I hide?"

Her eyes again filled with tears, and she tapped her pretty, little foot in rage. "Come," she said, and seized his arm.

A vestige of the old smile played about his lips. "Anything to please Milady?" he murmured. "But where can I hide?"

The designer of the room had not indeed been very accommodating to burglars and the only exit was the door to the hall. The tap, tap, tapping was repeated and they paused in dismay. It seemed to the little leaden soldier, then, that something curious happened to the grandfather's clock, for it ticked ever so

Play Acting in Other Colleges

"Mr. Pim Passes By," by A. A. Milne, has been successfully played at the University of Alberta.

A unique and rare treat was offered by the students at the University of Toronto, when they presented two plays in French on the same night. Namely: "Les Honnetes Femmes," by Henry Becque; and "La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas," by Moliere.

Recently McGill students put on three plays in the same evening:

"The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," by Bernard Shaw;

"The Man in the Stalls," by Alfred Sutro;

"All Gunned Up," by Francis Gibble.

The University of British Columbia at Vancouver are presenting for their Christmas entertainment four one-act plays:

"The Second Shepherd's Play,"

"The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by Anotole France.

"The Luck Piece," by Percival Wylde.

"The Fatal Rubber," by Maurice Baring.

much louder than before. The Vision ran quickly towards it and opening the little door disclosed the pendulum majestically swinging to and fro.

"Could you possibly get in there?" she asked.

"Under ordinary circumstances, I could not possibly," he replied, "but in this case I fancy I'll simply have to." So he squeezed inside and the little door was shut with a click. The Vision regained her composure in an instant and softly approached the door, while the grandfather's clock, which had not lost or gained a minute, even, as long as I can remember, was silent.

Two policemen stood outside the door, men with a martial bearing that nearly equalled that of the little soldier.

"Pardon me, Miss," said one as the Vision opened the door, "for rousing you at this hour, but I saw a man enter your house."

The Vision uttered an exclamation of horror and glanced over her shoulder apprehensively.

"Oh, don't be frightened, Miss, everything'll be all right now," said the limb of the law summoning his most soothing tones, for the Vision looked very pretty, and very much in need of his manly presence.

"He came in through the front window and I ran off to get help so that we'd be sure to nab him. There are two guards outside and we would like to search the house, please!"

"Why certainly," exclaimed the terrified young lady. "But he is not upstairs, for I have lain awake for hours and heard not a sound. And please," she added "be very quiet, if you can, for my mother is ill and I do not wish to have her disturbed."

"Most certainly, fair lady," replied the visitor, as throwing his chest well out, and making sure that his follower was behind him, he entered the room. So chivalrous a role pleased him well, as long as there were no unpleasant developments.

"Hum-m, evidently nothing here," he said, and receiving his hostess' permission he wandered through drawing room, dining room, kitchen and cellar. Even the pantry was not immune to his penetrating glance, yet, strange to relate, he found nothing. Coming back to the room again he rubbed his ponderous chin with his hand. He was deep in thought but even this proved to be of no avail. "Strange, Miss; very strange," muttered the great man, "we found nothing at all."

The Vision coyly suggested that the burglar might have left while her faithful guardian was summoning aid, but his reply was a mere scowl, clearly showing that he considered this highly probable.

"I wonder—" he mused. Ah, the great mind was working now and he massaged the chin vigorously. "I wonder if any one could hide in that clock," and he took a step towards it.

"Oh, Mr. Policeman, don't be foolish," teased the Vision as she stood in his path, but her words seemed rather forced and the little laugh which accompanied them was not at all natural.

"I don't know—" he said, and stepped around her. But before he could open the door he was interrupted by a new arrival on the scene.

"What's the trouble, gentlemen," inquired the newcomer, and the Vision looking up cried "Daddy." She did not know whether to feel relieved or not at his appearance; at least it would delay for a few minutes.

"I saw a man enter your house, Sir, through the window, Sir," explained the policeman.

Daddy interrupted him with a hearty laugh and the Vision looked at him in amazement. He was about half dressed and his hair was carefully groomed. Still, her keen eyes could see that the great god of sleep had but lately embraced him.

Controlling his merriment with difficulty he spoke: "The fact is, gentlemen," (I have been told that lies are always introduced with that phrase) "I arrived home rather late tonight, just a little while ago, and discovered that I didn't have my latch key. So," and he

Don't Forget It

If you enter the Medical or Law Libraries within the next few days, or the Library at Studley you will see a very ordinary little box with a slot at the top.

It is placed there by The Evening Echo Christmas Fund and The Good-Fellows' Club of the Evening Mail, to enable you to help out Santa Claus. Drop your contribution in at any time. The cause is worthy and your duty a pleasant one. Possibly you had better go back and reinforce that contribution with another.

Don't forget it!
In the Library.

laughed again, "I broke into my own house."

The guardians of the law gave vent to a chorus of "ohs" and then, to be polite, kept Daddy company in a hearty laugh, the Vision joining in gleefully.

"I'm very sorry to have troubled you, gentlemen," he said when the laugh had subsided. "Have a cigar, yes my own brand—take a couple—no that's all right, don't mention it. I'm delighted to know that we have such an efficient force in the city, gives me a feeling of security," and walking discreetly to the door he ushered them out with a cheery "Good morning!"

The Vision watched him with an air of complete bewilderment as he turned from the door. For a moment an expression of understanding and sympathy appeared in his eyes.

"I am going to bed now, my dear, please see that Old Grandfather is going again before you come upstairs," and he softly mounted the steps.

The Vision wandered thoughtfully back into the room. There was another click, as before, the little door opened and closed again, the pendulum commenced to swing to and fro; Old Grandfather again ticked forth the seconds, which, growing into minutes mounted one upon another.

I had forgotten to tell you that in this wonderful room there was also a chest-field, a great big soft one. And on it the Vision and the intruder were seated while the lamp cast its rosy glow upon them. But even the little leaden soldier does not know what happened after that, for the excitement was all over, his duty done, and he thought that having left his post and being very, very sleepy, he might wander off to Dreamland for a while, which he did. And indeed he did not miss very much, for such things are not at all meant for little soldiers.

The Grandfather's clock ticked on and on until the great bright sun appeared, unaware of the strange happenings he had missed. Mother came down stairs, looking much too well for an invalid, then Daddy, and finally the little General and the Vision, fresh and radiant after her night's rest. It was after they had finished breakfast and entered the room that Mother noticed the catastrophe.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I believe our grandfather's clock is slow."

There was a rapid consulting of time pieces. Old Grandfather was eighteen minutes slow!

"This is unprecedented," cried Daddy. "Something very strange must have happened," said the Vision, while the little General said nothing at all. He was not interested in clocks or in time, and besides, poor little fellow, he had troubles of his own. His sentinel, the most reliable little soldier in the whole army had deserted his post.

He scolded and scolded, and condemned the offending one to solitary confinement. The little leaden soldier longed to tell all that had happened, he longed to be praised for the brave deed he had done. But he knew that it was his duty to keep silent. So he said not a word, but stood brave and steadfast as before.

— "A Work of Art"

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Gymnasium Forecast for Examination Weeks

Students rushing in, up the aisles and between the rows, in a jostling crowd—students wasting five precious minutes hunting for their "doses"—freshmen wasting another five minutes reading the examination rules—smirking professors passing up and down, exulting in the hopeless anxiety on their victims' faces—flushed freshette roasting beside a steaming radiator, timidly asking for an opened window—stamping of many feet as professor opens window—students who think Baroko is a new brand of cigar or depilatory—students wasting more time scribbling hieroglyphics on their question papers—students who know everything and are much afraid they won't have enough time to get enough down to show the Prof. that they do—students who are absolutely at sea and who are equally afraid there won't be enough time for them to write enough to convince the Prof. that they are masters of their subject—the first bell and one hour gone—renewed scraping of chairs, rumpling of tossed locks and feverish gripping of pens for the last half—students who think Mythra is a perfume—students peering at chairs for place to put completed efforts—students wondering how the H—I they can get Xmas presents for Ma, Pa, kid brothers, Uncle Al, Aunt Sophie, and the "only girl" with \$6.87 in the bank—student wondering how many pairs of silk stockings she will get—students thinking of the sensation he will create when he returns after the holidays with a moustache on his upper lip—rows thin out—"THE EXAMINATION WILL CLOSE IN 15 MINUTES"—frenzied acceleration in fountain pens—students scribbling "no time to finish" and tackling one untouched question—two parting blots—"please hand in your papers"—students getting up with sudden determination to end their struggle in resigned despair—the confused babel of triumphant or remorseful voices wafted from the basement to the deserted battlefield, where satisfied professors gather in their harvests.

F. C. P.

Dental Society Notes

A short business meeting was held at noon on Saturday, with President Dobson in the chair. Mr. Henry Godsoe was appointed manager of the faculty Hockey Team. A few matters of routine were then passed upon.

Dean Thomson appeared and was warmly welcomed. This was his first appearance before the Society since his recent serious illness. He expressed himself as being very pleased to meet the members of the Society, especially those of the First Year. In regard to having some new books placed in the Library, Dr. Thomson said the Library Committee were at the present time preparing a list of the volumes which they hope to obtain in the near future. The Doctor asked that each member regard him as a personal friend and bring to him any matters which they would like to discuss.

Q. B. K.

From The Mail Bag

To [the Editor, Dalhousie Gazette.

Dear Sir:
I find from your "Mail Bag" of last week that "TOLL" is labouring under an illusion. True, the phone has disappeared from the gymnasium, but if "TOLL" thinks he can obtain permission to use the one in the University Office by merely asking for it he certainly has another thing coming. I tried it the other day, and was told that except in very urgent cases students could not use the phone. I would have been seriously inconvenienced had not the cobbler on Coburg Road been courteous enough to allow me the use of the phone in his shop.

However, they told me in the University Office that the phone in the gym "didn't pay," and they enquired of me what students wanted to use a phone for anyway.

I thank you,
"TOLLER."

To the Editor, Dalhousie Gazette

Dear Sir:
May I enter a kick too? During my brief career at Dalhousie I have on several occasions felt provoked at the rough usage given to books of the Library. Personally I can see no reason why the readers should find it necessary to underline the important parts in each paragraph. It certainly adds to the inconvenience of others, who must read after them. Another habit equally odious in my opinion is that of bracketing the outstanding paragraphs. This gives the book a most disorderly appearance, as one scans its pages, and cannot fail to arouse a greater repulsion in one who finds the book difficult enough at any time. There are other ways in which the books have been maltreated, such as drawing pictures in the margins, and passing witty remarks, which, though amusing enough no doubt to those concerned in the writing, lack flavour to a later peruser of the volume. Is it necessary to mention that the users of loaned books ought not to turn down page corners?

I don't suppose Miss Lowe gives, in her department, a lecture on the care of a book, and probably the reason is that she fears that it would offend university men and women to suggest that they lack the knowledge taught in 5th grade classes. But it seems to me that just such a course would not be amiss at Dalhousie to-day, for the sake of a library to which we are fortunate to have access.

"A Lover of Books."

SUCCESS

"If I but had what others have,
Their money, means, and ways,
My name would grace the halls of fame,
I'd win immortal praise."

O fool! That thus doth sit and mope,
And waste his precious prime,—
That dower which God has given Him,
The richest gift of time.

Stand up and struggle with the world;
Fight strongly, brave and true;
And wealth and riches, praise and fame
Will all belong to you!

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SPORT



Hockey Team Shapes Up

Manager Joe MacManus and Con Upham had their first squads out again on Saturday afternoon when Mr. Sterling put them through a stiff workout. There were about twenty going through their paces but surely with 700 students to draw from there should be more than a mere twenty. The men this year appear very light, but with consistent practice should be able to put up a very stiff opposition in the League. However the team, as well as can be judged at such an early date and basing that judgment on the players' performances last year, should be a creditable one. Wilson this year's captain is at defence with Lewis in goal. But the place left vacant by Allen Dunlop will be hard to fill. Ernst might do it but he is not yet sure whether he will be able to play. Creighton and Bates will be out, and it is doubtful if Monte Haslam will be on skates this year. So there are four vacancies on the team this year with Ernst and Coleman, if they can play, the only standbys. However, some of the newcomers appear to be able to bolster up the team if their prowess as hockey players is as good off paper as on. N. R. Waddington was with the Junior Toronto Varsity, and has a wicked shot. F. D. Durvernt was with Digby High School last year who were runners-up for the Provincial Championship. He is a short, stocky little fellow of the type that is often very effective. Rumour has it that Allen MacLean will polish up his blades this year. He played with Toronto Varsity a few years ago but didn't turn out for hockey last year. However, he made the Basketball Team, but as there is ample material for this year's team it is hoped that we will see the best men on the hockey team. George Langstroth who turned in some very good hockey in last year's second team is another prospect. A good fast man but rather inclined to "hog" the puck. Taylor and Sangster are both rather light but were the pick of last year's second team. The former is a good steady man, but rather slow while, the latter appears lacking in staying powers. If he would forget himself and turn to and get in shape he would make a fast though somewhat light spare. But it is the second team, that is causing the wrinkles

WOMAN

The night was dark, the wind was cold. She shivered, then drew her coat more closely about her. Her teeth chattered. Did he heed this? He, the only man on the square, looked neither to right or to left—completely ignoring her. You ask—how could he be so inhuman? She was waiting for the Belt Line Car and he was the Burns' Statue.

"Tinker."

to form on "Pecker" MacManus' worthy brow. For both he and Upham realize that Dal will next year have to build up practically a new team and it will be to the second team that next year's managers will have to turn for material. So consequently it will receive this year more care than ever before. It is a pity that some of the good players seen in Inter-faculty games seem to think it beneath their dignity to turn out for Second Team, but if they are told that Lewis will be the only man left next year, perhaps then they will play and help out their college. Beaton is the only candidate for second team goal as Moore is not playing this year. Outside of those already mentioned as first team possibilities, there are no outstanding players for the second team. So anyone turning out has a wonderful chance to make the team this year and a better one of making first next year. Of course by the time this gets in print it will be almost too late for further Gym work, but if the weather gets cold enough there will be several ice practices and the team picked then will make the trip during the holidays. Anybody can spare an hour for one of these, so watch the notice boards and if the weather is good turn out anybody and everybody who has ever played hockey before or who can only skate for that matter. Remember that unlike Poets, Hockey players are made not born.

THE MANAGER

Joe "Pecker" MacManus (Law '27) who is this year's Hockey manager has been managing hockey teams for the last five years. Starting as the High School manager at St. F. X. he looked after the Freshmen and Soph Class teams and in his last two years was First team manager. So there is a wealth of experience behind the Management which should not be long in producing results.

THE CAPTAIN

Roy "Nutty" Wilson (Law '26) who is the captain has played at Dal for two years, and was rated as one of the best defence men in the City League last year. Two men like MacManus and Wilson go a long way towards making a winning team.

MONTE IS OUT OF THE GAME

Monte Haslam has definitely decided not to play hockey this year. Monte managed to spare an odd hour on Saturday afternoons to play in most of the football games but was seldom if ever able to get out to a practice. He realizes however that to play hockey will require far more time than he can possibly spare, for in addition to being in the Hospital he is working hard to get his Degree this year, so it would be utterly impossible for him to play hockey let alone turn out to the many practices that are necessary for a hockey player.

Our Sporting Professors

2. Prof. George Wilson.

It is well known among all the students that Prof. George Wilson of the History Department, is an athlete, but definite information about his athletic career is very hard to obtain. The achievements of Mr. Mercer, which were recorded in the first article of this series, are so well known to all Nova Scotia tennis fans, that much information about him was readily obtained from several sources, but to acquire any knowledge of Prof. Wilson's career it was necessary to attempt to interview the gentleman himself—and collecting such information from the modest professor of history is analagous to the extraction of an unweildy tooth. After much tactful questioning and from inquiries in other fields the following facts were obtained.

A native of Perth, Ontario, Prof. Wilson seems to have been of athletic proportions since childhood. It has been discovered that for several years he was captain of his high school football team, which won the county championship.

After leaving school Mr. Wilson went to Queens University and during his freshman year he seems to have been becomingly modest and retiring, for he did not even try for the football team. The next year, however, somebody discovered him and put him on the team, where he played for three years.

While at college Mr. Wilson's favourite sport seems to have been wrestling, and he was wrestling champion of Queens for three years.

At Dalhousie Mr. Wilson plays on the Dalhousie Professors Volley Ball team, where he is one of the most valued players.

It is really remarkable how reticent the professors have become lately regarding their athletic prowess, and even their tastes in that direction. It was learned with pleasure that Prof. H. L. Stewart, the well known head of the Department of Philosophy is an excellent croquet player, and it is rumoured—though the rumour may be unfounded—that Prof. C. L. Bennett was once marble champion of New Zealand.

At The Casino

BARBARA LA MARR IN HER BEST ROLE.

Filming of the screen version of John Galsworthy's "The White Monkey," a picture starring Barbara La Marr, has been completed. The strong cast appearing in support of Miss La Marr includes Thomas Holding, George Marion, Charles Emmett Mack, Flora Le Breton, Henry Victor, Tammany Young and Colin Campbell. The photoplay, said to be perhaps the best vehicle yet given Miss La Marr, was directed by Phil Rosen, whose direction of "Abraham Lincoln" is one of the memorable achievements of screen history.

"The White Monkey" will be shown at the Casino on Monday and Tuesday

Majestic Notes

For the whole of this week the Majestic is presenting the film version of George Eliot's famous book, "Romola." Beautiful Lillian Gish plays the leading role while her more carefree sister, Dorothy, also takes a prominent part. The story is a famous one and Miss Gish, ably supported by a strong cast, gives a wonderfully powerful exhibition of her talent. The play is a blend of pathos, romance and thrills, which gives Miss Gish full scope to display her piquant charms as well as her great acting ability.

On December 21st, when examinations have drawn to a close, Sir John Martin Harvey will open an engagement of one week. Monday and Tuesday he will play "The Corsican Brothers." "David Warwick" will be his offering on Wednesday, while on Friday and Saturday he will present "The Only Way." (The stage version of "A Tale of Two Cities"). Sir John Martin Harvey is known the world over as a really great actor and he is supported by a very talented cast. Present yourself with a Christmas gift of lasting merit by procuring tickets for the Majestic during the week of the twenty-first.

Captain of Dalhousie Football Team

The "Truro News" in mentioning the appointment of Mr. Hugh "Kelly" MacLean, fourth year medical student, as Captain of the Dalhousie Football Team of 1925-26, also mentions with pride the names of three other Truro medical students who have piloted Dalhousie's Tigers to victory in days gone by. They are: Dr. Seymour McKenzie, Dr. Joe McKay, and Dr. Lyall Cock.

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