

Dalhousie Gazette



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Five Cents The Copy

Embers.

By F. Xavier de Laval—Separator Montmorenci.

Prologue.

"The Evening Telegram learns that the final design for Branksome Hall has been received from Mr. Geo. E. Toller of Halifax, N. S., and that work will be begun at once. Mr. Toller was formerly with the firm of Cather & Wheelwright, architects, of this city. He served overseas with the R. F. C. winning a double D. S. O., and was known as the youngest fighting pilot in the service."

I

On the portion of pavement dominated by the Green Lantern Mr. George Toller, with his velvet collar turned up, and puffing violently at a cigarette, nodded to people passing him in the dusk.

He tolerantly returned their absorbed murmurs, yet he was impressed by their apathy. He had conceded to himself that public recognition was essential to a rising architect. It was essential even to an ordinary architect, not to say a potentially great one.

Bishop, special reporter, arrived mysteriously out of the gloom, stared at him, and passed obscurely on.

"Darned poor taste!" thought George, abruptly turning his back.

Then a coupe door opened. His cane ceased twirling as Katherine Ingram alighted on the curb.

"So you've come," he protested. "Do excuse me. Mother's quite got the house in an uproar with her tea. Dad's gone out too. Poor Dad. What did you want to see me for?"

She bore inside and up the steps. George followed. Her powerful yet plastic body exhaled a definiteness that usually variegated his mind with magical sensations. The fact was George's mind was occupied with innumerable minor thoughts about himself. While he deposited his coat he resolved that the spectacle of her should be not quite so touching in future.

He crossed the room with a superior and tolerant attitude, conscious that it was half filled with the ordinary world, and aware of its gaze. He distributed himself opposite Katherine Ingram, showing his socks. "May I smoke?" he asked. "Do! I'm having nothing. And don't tell me about your success—father has been talking of it for two days. He thinks you a genius—so do I."

This creature was calling him a genius! * * * George began to blow those great clouds of smoke with which young men demonstrate that their cigarette is lighted.

"I do, honest, so that's that. Now make it fast; you know I've my packing to do."

"Packing to do!"

"It's arranged. I'm going to Poughkeepsie, all winter to study painting. I'm going to have my hair cut like a boy and wear high boots and paint. Have a studio and give late suppers too. It's really running away from a respectable home—but what can you expect? Respectability's mother's god. I'm an Ingram, I am, I—"

"See here—"

She stopped him with a gesture, and leaned forward, aware that privacy in the cafe was relative.

"George how beautiful your hair is! Now listen! It's not because father has

refused our engagement. Not a bit. Only I've come to see Dad's point of view. I'll put it like this:—You're only a junior member with Dad. He says that although you are clever—"

"You're making that up!" "He did, honestly. He said you were clever, and have had considerable success, but you were too young. That was it—clever but young. He says you've a long way to travel before you can support me. You see, he thinks I have social ambitions."

"I see!" George said. Suavely he flicked his cigarette behind a radiator and rose. He was calmly conscious that he was rising to the role of a man of the world.

"Since, then, you think you ought to choose between your father's point of view and me, why the affair—this charming mania—"

"Be careful," she menaced. "I have always felt the force of the Ingram in your father, Kate, but alas I've never appreciated it in you."

"What do you mean?" Her voice faltered.

"The affair is over," said George.

"Goodbye—indeinitely!"

II

On the far side of the room a middle aged gentleman was noting that his daughter and Mr. George Toller were having a bit of a row.

The young man was standing over his daughter pronouncing on her with tones of finality.

Toller passed quite close to him. The gentleman clutched at his napkin and smiled furtively. In a moment he rose, assumed his richly furred coat, and followed out.

George was immobile by the curb, his velvet collar askew, and with his hat slightly raked over his eyes. His skin registered quick abnormal phenomena as he beheld Ingram walk out. For a moment their eyes met.

"Well I like this, I like this!" Ingram exploded. "I suppose she's been telling you she is going to run away and be a painter?"

"Yes, sir!"—breathing more freely. "Well, you needn't worry about that! Just stick to your work, Toller. I've noticed my desk hasn't been arranged lately. By the way, I want those old city hall plans out the first thing in the morning. And dusted,—dust them well!" he added acridly.

Whether he thought Toller was going to follow him into his sedan, is not to be recorded. The latter seemed to suddenly stiffen into elaborate respectfulness.

"What the Hell do you think I am—a dust boy or something? Sir, I've dusted a city hall off the face of the earth before you've ever had your breakfast. I've dusted a whole train full of men into eternity before day break. In five minutes I have closed up a whole streetful of shops and offices as big as yours. But dusting plans and arranging your desk is all you seem to think I'm good for. Good evening!"

Ingram seemed to have difficulty with closing the door of his sedan. George reached out and shut it, and inadvertently slammed it.

"Do him good!" he said. Straightening his velvet collar, he walked away.

Phi Rho Sigma Entertains

The Phi Rho's have been anxious to open their house to visitors for some time. Last Saturday evening their desire was fulfilled when the house boys gave a little party for their friends to inspect their domicile.

It was found to be pleasant and home-like. The double rooms were cleared for dancing and the floor highly polished. Upstairs one found the usual bachelors quarters. Desks and tables were arranged as near as conveniently possible to a fire place or stove, overhung with lamp-shades, some artistic and some not and all connected by an intricate maze of electric cords. The walls presented as speckled appearance, banners pennants or oriental cuts interspersed with photos of friends and "cousins" giving the unmistakable signs of a young man's study.

"Zaraguetta" a Spanish play has been recently presented by the Italian-Spanish Club of the University of Toronto.

Earthbound

The wings of my soul are golden and frail,
As the wings of a butterfly;
The dream of my soul seeks a wilderness trail,
But the golden wings falter and crumple and fail,
And the dream of my soul must die.

For wings that are fragile like fairy dust
Forever beat into the blue;
Beat ever up to the God they trust,
Beat ever back as ever they must
To the quiet of earth and you!

And my soul is ashamed for the dream that died
That climbed as the angels climb
Where the mountains are God and the wind is wide
And the mighty silence ever abide,
To infinity of time.

My soul is ashamed—but I love its wings,
(Frail wings of the butterfly!)
And after all, when the high lark sings,
And the flowers play on the earth's heartstrings
What if a dream should die?

(For golden wings fly only true,
Close to the warm brown earth and you!)

E. A. W. '26.
(In Acadia Athenaeum).

S. B. B. C.

CHALLENGE ROUND.

The challenge round for the championship of the Studley Bachelors Bridge Club was played last week end and resulted in Sedgewick and Atwood successfully defending their title and retaining the Gold Loving Cup for another year. The final score of the game, which was played under official S. B. B. C. rules was 1850-802. The winners established a lead early in the game and captured the first rubber 781-128. From then on they were never headed though they faltered somewhat in the second frame which went to Wilson and Woodill 664-502. Condition talk in the end however and the last rubber fell to the "champs" 567-20.

The early history of the Gold Loving Cup is doubtful but it is said that it was presented to this ancient club by the Earl of Dalhousie for annual competition and was later found embedded in the foundation of Old Dalhousie. It is however a beautiful trophy and one of the finest examples of the goldsmiths art on the American continent. The winners have been deluged with telegrams of congratulations from many famous men all over the world one in particular from Douglas Campbell former President.

Commerce Society Elect Officers

A short meeting of the Commerce Society was held in Room 2 on Thursday, 4th of March. This meeting, the best attended of the year, was for the purpose of electing next year's officers. The following were elected:—

President—Arthur Jubien.
Vice-President—(not elected).
Secretary—Allison McCurdy.
Executive—Miss MacDougall, R. Slayter.

Owing to a clause in the Society's Constitution which does not permit any member to hold the same office for two consecutive years, and which requires that the Vice-President be a lady member, this office had to be left open until the fall and the advent of new members.

Juniors Elect Officers

At a meeting held Thursday noon, in Room 3 of the Arts Building, the following were named to guide the destinies of Class '27 during their Senior year:—

President—Murray Rankin.
Vice-President—Irada Winfield.
Secretary—Allison McCurdy.
Treasurer—Arthur Jubien.
Executive—Minna Troop, Charles Roper, H. C. Grant

Chairman of Social Committee—Charles Roper.

Murray Fraser, who so ably conducted the affairs of the class during the very successful year just ended, was unanimously elected President of the Arts and Science Society.

Speaking of Ghosts

It was a wild stormy winter's evening and we were all crowded around the blazing fire telling yarns. Jack Brent played the host—just some of the old crowd who had gone to school together and whose many and varied experiences now seemed all the more weird when we looked back through the years—realizing that once we'd all been licked by the same old teacher for not doing the same old lessons—so utterly bewildering then.

"How'd you chaps like to hear a ghost story?" asked Bill Martin. We all burst out laughing at the idea of fat old Bill and ghosts—but Jack told him to go ahead—to which we all eagerly assented. So, after, the fire had been replenished, he started in.

"You remember the time the Bank sent me out west to Winnipeg? Well, in hunting for rooms, I met three other chaps similarly occupied, so we thought it would be a good plan to take a small house together. Now "Winnie" wasn't at all a large town then, but the rents were something fierce. We'd almost given up the idea when someone told us about a nice cottage situated in a remote part of the town, and which the owner was willing to lease at a very small figure because it was reputed to be haunted. No one would stay there, for it seemed that it had been the home of a recluse Indian who had been mysteriously murdered—after which event, the sound of his footsteps were said to have been heard there once in a while. We laughed at this, of course, and moved in at once. What a cosy roost we made! All the comforts of home and though the walk was considerable, that didn't bother us."

Bill paused to replenish his pipe. "We'd been there about three months when one night my three pals went off to a party—leaving me alone. How well I remember it! Snow—snow; piles and heaps of it rolling everywhere with the desolation that only such a landscape can show. The wind was sighing a little and we knew by the sinister sky that another storm was brewing. I poked the fire into life and settled down to enjoy my favorite magazine, but my eyes refused to stay open—I'd had a rotten hard day at the office, you see, so I just dozed off in no time at all. How long I was asleep I don't know; but I suddenly woke up to find the fire out, myself chilled to the bone as a result, and the wind—but how can I describe the wind and the awful shrieking, moaning sound it made? Never had I heard such a ghastly sound. It sobbed, it yelled; it wailed like a terrified child and it groaned like a tortured soul. My hands were trembling like aspen leaves—darn it all my legs were, too! And soon I was rattling all over, as it were. "Bill my lad," I said to myself, "get to bed, if you don't want to shake the china off the shelves." So to bed I went. How beastly writhing the shadows seemed and how feverishly I raced up the stairs! Once I reached my room, I undressed with a speed of which I'd hardly believed myself capable and buried myself deep down in the clothes. Remember the way we used to do in a thunder storm when we were kids?" We all confessed except Ben Shaw, who merely grunted.

Bill went on, "I fell asleep in time of course, but I was very restless; and the awful flap—flap of a loose wind-tossed newspaper at my window thoroughly aroused me. Not knowing this, I sat up—my heart throbbing painfully. What the—but I realized now what it was. What a relief! If only I—but ye Gods! What was that I heard now? Heard with new up-leaping heart and stiffening hair? Something—someone was ascending the stairs! A slow, muffled steady tread—increasing and ever nearing me. Now did the story of the lone Indian come seething back into my chaotic brain. What fools we'd been to take the place! My hand reached under my pillow for my .45, but I knew I'd never have the courage to pull the trigger. On came the steps—on—on; they are on the landing now—they are coming along the hall—nearer, nearer and now—good heavens! they are at the door. How can I describe my feelings? Outside, the wind still moaning mercilessly; and inside, that—thing, at my door, which I waited, waited in an agony of suspense. There was a breathless pause and then the steps commenced again. But now they were going back—back down the hall, around the turn and on away down the stairs—on—on, ever fainter now, till they were lost to the ear."

We all waited tensely as Bill paused. "I sat there trying to think the thing out, to calm my racing heart and do something. Try as I would, I couldn't remember where I'd put my candle. If only I could get down stairs and light the lamp—It must be done! With a supreme effort, I started slowly from the room—cautiously feeling my way with one hand and my revolver in the other. Here I was at the stairs—not much further, once I got to the bottom. Down I started carefully—one hand on the bannister. I counted the steps; six, seven—eight—nine—must be pretty nearly down now, since the ceilings were low. Ten—eleven—twelve—thir—I never finished. My hand, feeling for the post at the bottom, touched something rounded, soft, hairy! Ye Gods! the Indian's head; my blood froze in my veins; my heart stood still tingling for a second, then flew off racing perilously. Rooted to the spot, I stood there enduring the agonies of the damned for what seemed to me eternity. Really though, it could not have been long, before I heard the welcome click of a latch key and the door flung open. A match was struck which revealed to three astonished young men a pyjama-clad figure standing on the last step of the stairs, with a revolver in one hand and the other grasping his own coon-coat as it lay over the rounded newel-post! We all collapsed weakly back into our chairs—shaking with helpless laughter for some minutes. Then, inevitably of course we heard—"How do you explain?"—from the insatiable Ben.

"We never could, except that the unusual wailing of the wind was caused by the "Aeolian harp" action of a bit of broken glass wabbling in a high eave-set window. As for the footsteps, it's quite possible I dreamt it all, what do you chaps think about it?"

Sociology Club Meeting

The Sociology Club very wisely followed up the talks given recently on Juvenile Delinquency by having as their special speaker last week Mr. H. O. Eaman, Superintendent of the Halifax Industrial Home for Boys. The speaker described the training of the boys under his care, their school work, their work on the farm and the general life in the Home. He pointed out some of the difficulties under which this work of training neglected and delinquent boys is carried on. The present Home was built in 1874 and is now out-of-date and cramped for space. A new building with sufficient grounds to enable a proper training in farming to be given and with equipment suitable for vocational training is badly needed. The work is also hampered by the fact that feeble-minded boys are also sent to the Home, surely a most foolish policy, and one bad both for the feeble-minded and for the normally intelligent boy.

After the address questions were asked by various students regarding different phases of Mr. Eaman's work and the vote of thanks moved by Mr. Fielding and seconded by Mr. Davidson was heartily applauded by all. This was voted one of the most interesting meetings held by the Sociology Club.

My Old Story Book

There's a faded look to my old story book,
And it's shabby as shabby can be;
It's dirty and worn, and its leaves are all torn;
It's clumsy and ragged to see!

There's a gurgling brook in my old story book
Where the sunbeams dance all day,
And with roughish glee, the little imps flee
When the fairies come that way!

There's a little white mouse in the ginger-cake house
Where the wicked witches dwell
And goblins abound making ghostly sound,
Near by an enchanted well.

And every night the stars shine bright
In this land of Youth and Play;
There's a big moon smiling—the dreams beguiling,
Of children who laugh all day.

There's a faded look to my old story book,
Yes—it's shabby as shabby can be;
Though it's dirty and worn—though its leaves are all torn,
There's happiness in it for me.

DOROTHY R. BLOOMFIELD '28.
(In McGill Daily).

A VISION OF LUTHER.

The pale grey twilight's drowsy comfort
Lulls to rest the passing day.
My "History" is lying open,
Sending forth a strange array

That passes by in dim enchantment
Ever granting new surprise.
Among the floating fleeting figures
Stands a monk with lifted eyes.

And as I watch, the princes near him
Glide away and change to stars
The cardinals and popes draw closer
Forming monastery bars.

The pompous kings and cold archbishops
Turn to trees, and all the scene,
Except the tense, cold face of Luther,
Changes—silent, dark, serene.

Around the massive monasteries
Wistful glances meet rebuff,—
He shudders, turns unto the heavens
Crying, "Lord 'tis not enough!"

The twilight, grey and mauve, then purple
Nestles in the arms of Night,
And Luther disappears—I wonder—
Did the kind stars grant him light?

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Petition Presented to Library Committee.

It is gratifying to realize that our Work Campaign is bearing such good fruit. On all sides the students have taken whole-heartedly to the idea and their hearty co-operation, besides showing their thorough appreciation of the spirit in which the idea was fostered, promises well for the welfare of the individual members of the Campaign during the ordeal of examinations which is fast approaching. At this time of year enthusiastic study is an unwritten duty incumbent upon each student; real academic life should be the student's only life. It is the period of college life when the plasticity of mental powers and the maturity of thought develops. Impressions and ideas received during this period are likely to be profound and lasting—a mighty valuable asset when you find yourself in the examination room. Now is the last opportunity for those who really mean to make their work this year at Dalhousie a success to draw up a schedule and follow it. Many undergraduates have already mapped out a program to which they will adhere until the final examinations. But it is highly probable that the vast majority have been letting time drift along without considering the direction in which they are heading. Self-examination will, in many cases, startle the thinker with its evidence of wasted hours and divided attention. If social activities or too much sport has interfered with studies, this is the time to make up lost ground. It is surely not wise to let things slide nor to adopt the attitude that a week before the examinations provides ample time for work, and that mental fitness can be obtained over night. If, therefore, upon reflection, you come to the conclusion that you are not getting all the benefits of study at Dalhousie, now is the time of remedy.

As evidence of seriousness on the part of the students—resulting, we believe, in a large measure from the initiative furnished by our Work Campaign—our support has been solicited during the past week in favor of a petition which has gone about among the students asking that the Macdonald Memorial Library at Studley be kept open till six o'clock, at least until the end of the present college year. In our opinion, no greater compliment could be paid to the librarians, and nothing could more fitly illustrate the interest of the students in their work than the birth of such a petition. It should be a comfort to the librarians to give those of us, who, for various reasons consider our different subjects valuable enough to claim good hard study, the opportunity to pursue that study under more favorable conditions.

There is nothing unreasonable in this petition as most Dalhousians who have been here a few years, and who have had previous experience in endeavouring to gain access to the books of the library just before examinations, well know. During the final drive there is no small difficulty in securing the particular book wanted. Works of importance are sometimes "booked up" for a week or more ahead; and sometimes can be had for only an hour or two at a time. Under the present system a student having a four-thirty to five-thirty class who wishes to take a book home with him over night must take the book from the library before four-thirty and carry it to class with him, where it must needs lie idle for a whole hour during which time some other student could be making good use of it. Again, there is often difficulty in getting a book back again to the library at nine o'clock in the morning if the student has early classes, because the library is not open in time for him to return the book before his class, and we all know that according to the present persistence of professors to overrun their classes past the ringing of the first bell, that there is no time between classes to go to the library without being late for the next class, thereby endangering the loss of credit for attendance. We would therefore suggest also that the library be opened at eight-forty-five.

However, it might seem rather sudden to hope for the Utopian hours enjoyed by the Law students whose library in the Forrest building is open for study in the evenings. But we do hope that from now on the library at Studley will be open till six o'clock.

WORK!

L'Adventure Du Queteur

Un soir un queteur de Meudon, village des environs de Paris, retournait au couvent avec ce qu'il avait quêté parmi les paysans des environs. En traversant une forêt il fut arrêté par un voleur, qui, le pistolet à la main, lui demanda la bourse ou la vie.

Le moine, après des protestations inutiles, vida sa bourse, et abandonna au voleur une trentaine de francs qu'il avait accumulés avec grande peine pendant la journée; puis il lui dit:

—Au moins vous exercez votre profession avec beaucoup d'humanité: faites moi donc un plaisir; si je retourne sans rien au couvent il est possible que je sois soupçonné par mes supérieurs d'avoir gaspillé ce que j'ai reçu pour le couvent. Pour que je puisse prouver que j'ai été volé, déchargez votre pistolet dans quelque partie de mon manteau: ainsi ils verront que je ne me suis pas rendu sans résistance.

—Bien volontiers, répondit poliment le voleur, étendez un pan de votre manteau.

Sur le manteau étendu le voleur tira. Alors le moine, ayant inspecté son vêtement:

—Mais je ne vois pas, dit-il, par où est passée la balle.

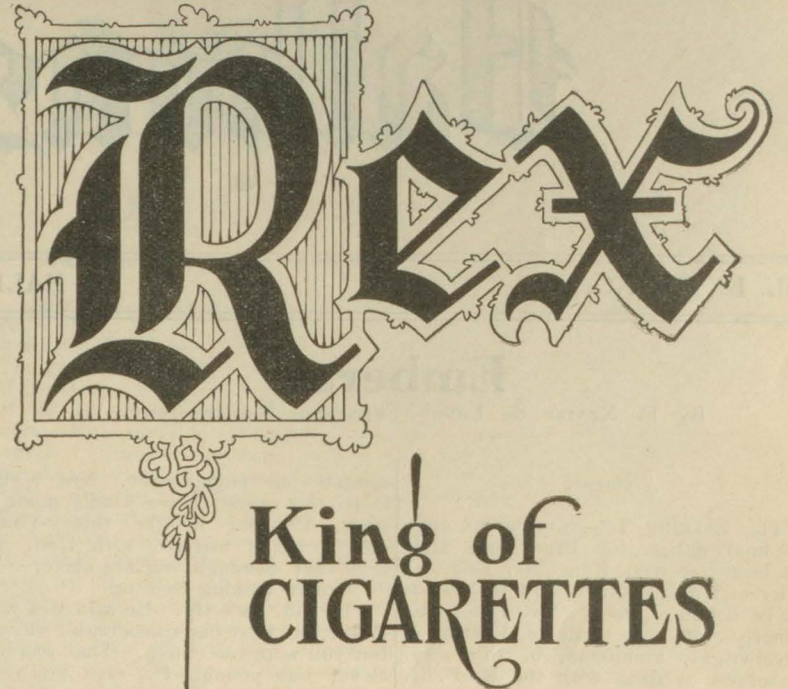
—C'est que, répondit le voleur, mon pistolet n'était chargé qu'à poudre; je voulais seulement vous faire peur.

—Mais, s'il en est ainsi, dit le moine, l'affaire n'est pas encore arrangée de telle manière que je puisse m'excuser envers mes supérieurs. Tirez donc l'autre.

—Impossible, je n'ai pas d'autre arme que celle-ci.

A peine le voleur eut-il prononcé ces mots que le moine, qui était grand et fort, s'élança sur lui, le saisit à la gorge, et, l'ayant jeté à terre, avec violence, il lui donna tant de coups qu'il le laissa à comme mort. Puis le moine reprit avec son argent, celui que le voleur avait sans doute volé à d'autres personnes, et triomphant reentra au couvent.

A freshman in the Amazon
Put nighties of his grammazon,
The reason's that
He was too fat
To put his own pyjammazon.
"VARSITY."



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The Social Side.

To every student there comes a moment when his Alma Mater says to him, "I am giving you of my best and I should like you to do something in return. There are things that must be done; it is for you to go and do them." And if they are wise they will come out into public life, and by degrees and stages they will do their small turn. It is well to go slowly at first and not to try to serve on every possible committee or to take a prominent part in everything right away, but since we come to the University primarily to grow—it is best done there and he who cannot do it in the University will never do it in this world at all—every student should see to it that he shares in the Life of the University.

The work of the University—we mean of course, the social work the purely non-studious side—is unexpectedly and unrecognized hard, and in many cases perhaps the thanks and the returns are far from being commensurate, but there is a sense of personal satisfaction and repayment that is very delightful. It is worth it unquestionably and after all it costs nothing; time, yes—energy, yes—but balanced full measure by the gain in usefulness and in comradeship. It does not stand to reason that a man will make the most of his classes just because he has these classes on the brain; and he will leave no less creditable a reputation behind him if he has devoted a few or many or most of his hours to doing something for his fellow students. It is no fault to have more than one interest, and it is no error to suppose that there are other developing factors in the University course besides class lectures and the sitting for exams. The social side of our student life entails not a little work of us, which to some is no essential item of the curriculum; but it is altogether an excellent thing to have done, and it repays itself later in unlooked-for ways. And if it were not important and expedient and predominant it would not be called, in colleges all over the world, the Life of the University.

It is open to every man (and Co-Ed) who comes up to Dalhousie to take it in whatever way he chooses. If he elect to regard it as an institution put there for his benefit, from which it is his duty to extract all that is likely to do him good, there is no real fault to be found; or if he look upon it as a place consecrated to study and to nothing else, and act accordingly, he is in every way commendable. But if he comes to it on a principle of give-and-take, looking on it as something it is his part to serve and help, finding it a place of many aspects where we gather to meet one another and to grow from unformed youth to manhood and womanhood, and on these assumptions doing his share for it and his fellows—if, we say, this is his attitude and his ideal, he will in no wise be the loser. Years afterwards he or someone else will ask the obvious "Was it worth it?" And there never was one yet who answered "No."

It is rumored that the reason the students' telephone was removed was that too many Co-Eds were using it to call up young men down town, and, in fairness to the men of Dalhousie, the Senatus had the phone taken out as the only alternative to the establishment of a Matrimonial Chair at the University.

I'm told there's a fellow at King's
Who sits on a staircase and sings
By way of a frolic
The most alcoholic
And unreproducible things.

President of the Students' Council;
"Constant detection in the past has shaped my moral code."

From the Mail Bag

The Editor,
Dalhousie Gazette.

With reference to the article which attempted to cover the last Glee Club Show, I should like to make a few remarks for the enlightenment of the writer, who, in speaking of the orchestra, says it was "undoubtedly weak now and then." I do not wish to take issue with him on that score but rather to add that it was undoubtedly weak throughout.

The following quotation hardly needs comment:—in my opinion it speaks for itself,—in fact the intricacy of it fairly shrieks at one "—being in spots largely Miss Ethel Daniels at the piano with more or less one violin."

Just here I would like to point out the difficulty in presenting a creditable orchestra for a show like the one in question. No effort was spared to get the best scenery available, hours (and dollars) were spent getting the proper stage lighting effects worked out—the costumes were beautiful—but the orchestra!!!! What a misfit! and yet Mr. Editor, of all those who conclude with, "but the Orchestra!!!!"—how many, I wonder, know that the orchestra had not, for even one single number on the programme, a full orchestration,—that for the most part there was not even a violin score, and that the "more or less one violin" had to read from the piano accompaniment, picking out a part when possible. I may say, in passing, that the success of the show was in large measure, due to the commendable work of Miss Daniels at the piano. The other members of the orchestra, had, of necessity, to pick out parts in the few numbers of which we happened to have more than one piano score. The ability to do this rather reflects much credit on them, and in my humble opinion, many professionals would have done much worse.

Just why orchestrations were not provided, I am unable to say. I have learned since the show was put on, that a sum was allotted by the Glee Club Executive to cover expenses. Orchestrations for the various numbers would undoubtedly have cost a considerable amount of money, but for a show of such proportions some provision should have been made for music. It could have been hired, if not bought outright. I should also like to mention that the lights provided for the orchestra were not all that could be desired. While it is not my intention to "pass the buck" I do not feel that reflection on the orchestra is well deserved, or should pass unnoticed.

Sincerely,

J. C. THURROTT.
Continued on page 3.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

Since college opened last fall down to the present time we Freshmen have been a subject of severe, and I think unfair, criticism. We are called, fresh, bold, cocky, disrespectful, and many more things. We have been criticised severely for making ourselves too prominent. All these things are due, according to our senior, to the system of initiating employed this year. While I recognize that some of these criticisms are well founded, I don't agree with many of the points our older students stress.

Mr. Louis Murphy points out that we are allowed too many privileges, and as a result we are failing in our exams. It must be remembered that only about ten per cent. of all the students passed in every subject and that class '29 only forms a small fraction of the total enrollment. But putting aside that fact and admitting that many first year students failed, and some badly, it would be well to look into the matter and see if their college life has been responsible for these failures. Take about ten or twenty of the new students that provoke the most criticism. Several of them did very well and must therefore be put off the list. Did the rest fail because they thought too much about themselves and their entertainment or was there another reason? Undoubtedly many failures were due to lack of work, but an examination of the past history of the students in question will show that they never were very brilliant and failed because of their lack of ability.

Mr. Murphy again points out that the first year students are making themselves too prominent in college activities. This, to my mind, is a point to be rejoiced at rather than to be looked down upon. Any true Dalhousian should be glad to find that the new students coming into the University are students with pep and ones that take an interest in the activities, and do their share in carrying them on to the best advantage. As regards the statement that they are often put before seniors, it must be remembered that the people in charge of the various organizations are men of from two to seven years in the college and they would not give the Freshmen privileges unless they saw fit.

Great stress has been put on the subject of initiation. Many people argue that the old system was far superior, and for proof they say "Look at the Freshmen this year." I contend that the "disrespect" of the Freshmen is not due to the new form of initiation. The system employed last year was humiliating, a thing that would certainly make a man think less of himself than if he were defeated in a fair fight. How would the Freshmen feel if they should win in a general scrap? This might be possible under exceptional circumstances. Under the new system the success of the Sophomores is entirely in their own hands. Newer method of initiation puts the newcomers under proper control for the rest of the year. If the Freshmen are to be under the thumb of the rest of the college, so that when they are called on to do some work, they will turn out in force, it will only be accomplished by a complete understanding at the time of registration. The people who recommend "the good old fight" lose sight of the fact that last year's initiation was only a break from "what they do in the States" and that the ideal aimed at is when the Freshmen will entertain the whole city in the manner which Professor Bell, Honorary President of Class '28, outlined last year.

Back to the subject of this year's Freshmen class. We have been unfairly criticised for the results of the Christmas Exams., and for taking an active interest in student activities. While the appeal for a good fight is irresistible it does not gain a strong hold on the Freshmen for the rest of the year, and it does not keep him from feeling too important. In closing I might state that if the actions of members of Class '29 are not all that the rest of the college expects, it is not because of any outside influence, but because the individuals themselves are of that nature.

Sincerely yours,

Fletcher Smith, '29.

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PROLOGUE.

Ladies and Gentlemen, student and learned sage, When we with trembling knees approach this stage And see the world of critics stretched before us, Panic descends and does its best to floor us. For who are we that we should so abuse you By thinking that our folly may amuse you? Poor players we: the sum of all our lore But A. B. C. beside your wisdom's store. The little confidence we had is shaken, We shudder at the task we've undertaken And at this dreadful moment of our fate: We fain would spare, you—but it is too late. Let us be bold then! Let us do our best And to a generous audience leave the rest, Assured that you will judge us with a kind eye, And on our many failings turn a blind eye.

ILE.

A One Act Play by Eugene G. O'Neill.

David Keeney (Skipper of the "Atlantic Queen")...W. J. McCurdy. Annie Keeney (Captain Keeney's wife)...Alison Fitz Randolph. Tom Slocum (2nd mate)...C. J. Wickwire. The Steward...H. S. Wilson. Ben (the Cabin Boy)...E. M. MacLeod. Joe (the harpooner)...H. B. Ross.

QUALITY STREET (ACT I)

By J. M. Barrie.

Miss Susan Throssel...Harriet Roberts. Miss Phoebe (sister to Miss Susan)...Florence MacMullen. Miss Willoughby...Marion Robb. Miss Fanny (sister to Miss Willoughby)...Edith Hallett. Miss Henrietta Turnbull...May Hines. Patty, (the maid)...Edith Macneill. Mr. Valentine Brown...S. C. Gordon. A Recruiting Sergeant...W. J. McCurdy.

WURZEL FLUMMERY.

A Comedy in One Act. by A. A. Milne.

Robert Crashaw, M. P....H. B. Ross. Margaret Crashaw (his wife)...Elinor Barnstead. Viola Crashaw (his daughter)...Dorothie Berry. Richard Meriton, M. P....A. B. Thompson. Denis Clifton...J. L. L. Chisholm.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

A Topical Sketch by G. Bernard Shaw.

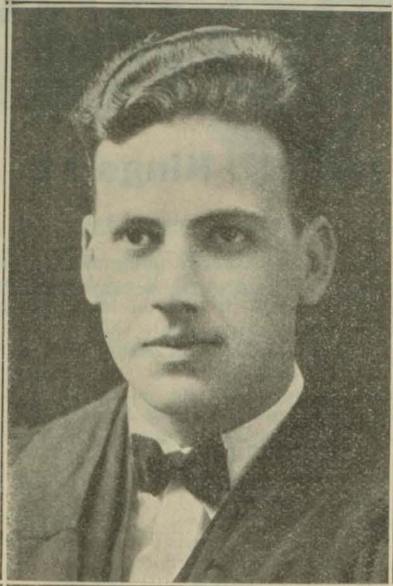
General Hitchcock (of the London War Office)...E. M. MacLeod. Mr. Balsquith (Prime Minister of Britain)...S. C. Gordon. General's Orderly...C. J. Wickwire. Mrs. Farrell (respectable Irish Charwoman)...Molly Beresford. Lady Corinthia Fanshawe (President of the Anti-Suffraget League)...Freda Winfield. Mrs. Banger (Secretary of the League)...Rita Morton.

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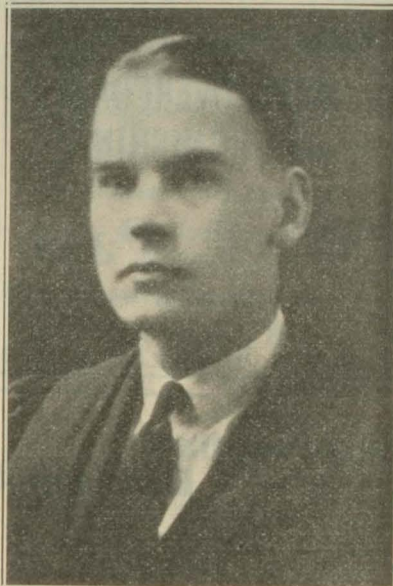
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W. B. ROSS.



S. H. BROWN.



R. H. MacLEOD.

The above debaters will meet Mt. Allison to-night at Sackville. Dalhousie upports the affirmative of the resolution "Resolved that an Imperial Council, with representation from the Dominions, should be established with full control over the foreign policy of the British Empire."

Class '27 Party

"Twas the best party in the history of class '27," so say the Jolly Juniors. Despite the weather class '27 cannot be fooled out of a good time, when the rain descended and the flood came, and the streets lay bare and the sleighs remained in their sheds...the anticipated sleigh drive did not materialize, but the "dance" went merrily on. Shortly after eight o'clock, on Wednesday evening, the Juniors and their guests, arrived at the home of Avis Marshall, 102 Oxford Street. The upstairs rooms were converted into sitting rooms and nearly the whole space down stairs was used for dancing, except for one little spot which was occupied by Allan MacLean and his three piece orchestra. Allan is always good but Wednesday evening he was "even better" and with his continuous encores he made the party "the grand success." Class '27 always specialize in refreshments and if it isn't soup or salad or sundies, it is oyster patties then coffee and molca cakes and macaroons and.....um-m

In addition to the hostess, Mrs. Marshall, Professors Gowanlock and Bell were the honorary guests.....they apparently enjoyed the party as well as the students.

And so the last class party for the 'Jolly Juniors' is over, to find the key to its success is difficult—some say music, some say the home, some say the "eats," some say the outsiders, some say the informality, and, some say the billiards. Everyone seems agreed, however, in saying, "Twas a wonderful party."

Mr. Gordon Graham re a demure Senior: "That type of woman should go into a monastery."

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The Seniors Entertain

On Saturday evening at Shirreff Hall, the Seniors presented their last entertainment before Delta Gamma, to an enthusiastic audience. As usual Class '26 covered itself with glory. A small orchestra composed of Rita Morton at the piano, and Helen O'Connor and Jessie MacIntyre, on violins, "rendered sweet music" at the beginning and between each number of the programme. Three short plays were ably presented—"At Dead of Night," by A. A. Milne, with Marjorie Mosher, Phyllis Hilton, Vera Knox, Eileen Stephens and Jean Messenger. "The Lost Silk Hat," by Lord Dunsany, with Jean MacRae, Mary Mac Kay, Edith Hollett, Katherine Vickery and Harriet Roberts. "A Slight Misunderstanding," by A. A. Milne, with Florence MacMullen, Jean Messenger and Jessie MacKinnon in which "Tot" MacLeod, Vance Freaser and Jack Lewis figured prominently. At the conclusion of the programme the Juniors served delici-

Freshie-Soph. Party

Who said a freshie-soph party wouldn't go over? Classes '28 and '29 definitely proved that such a party would go (in spite of the criticisms of some seniors), by putting on one Tuesday, Mar. 9, at the Woodcock Inn, Armdale. About 11 o'clock refreshments, in the form of ice cream, cake and coffee, were served. As only a limited number could be served at once the refreshment dance was a long one but no one seemed to mind very much. Joe Mills supplied the music and its pretty hard to beat Joe when he gets going. Everyone said it was the "best party yet."

icious refreshments. Before dispersing flash lights were taken of the Senior girls present and of the various casts.

The next and last meeting of Delta Gamma is to be held at the home of President MacKenzie and everybody is looking forward to this occasion when the Juniors will be in charge of the programme.

Have you voted yet?

Sign the ballot below and drop it in the GAZETTE box. Your name is desired merely to serve as a method of checking up the voters.

Do you favor the type of initiation employed at Dalhousie in 1925 as compared with an open conflict under safe and suitable conditions?

Table with YES and NO columns for voting.

Name.....

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CASINO NEXT WEEK MON., TUES., WED "FINE CLOTHES" FROM THE STAGE PLAY FASHIONS FOR MEN with LEWIS STONE PERCY MARMONT RAYMOND GRIFFITH ALMA RUBENS THUR., FRI., SAT. SIMON THE JESTER A WHOLESOME AND BEAUTIFUL STORY OF SOCIETY AND CIRCUS LIFE IN ENGLAND WITH EUGENE OBRIEN LILLIAN RICH HENRY B. WALTHALL

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Intermediate Basketball

DAL. 21. PINE HILL 28.
 Clark and McDonald Stars.

Dalhousie lost what will probably be their last game of the season, to Pine Hill 28-21. The Pine Hill team composed of, with one or two exceptions, Dal. students, started off fast and finished the first period with a 6 point lead (15-9). The second was far closer Pine Hill coming out on top by one point. Ed. Brown playing for Pine Hill was by far the best man on the floor getting 12 points and being responsible for many more than his team scored. For Dal., Bill Clark the actor athlete and I. G. McDonald were the two best both, collecting 8 points apiece. This defeat puts Pine Hill into second place with Dal. in a somewhat doubtful third.

Line up: Dal.—Clark 8, Hewat 2, MacDonald 8, Sperry 2, Jones 1. Pine Hill—Richardson 7, Blenkinsop 1, Brown 12, Sullivan, Y. Frame 6, MacOntosh 2, Ross, H. Frame.

Majestic Notes

"The Sea Wolf" is still playing to large and appreciative audiences at the Majestic. In every way it has proved to be one of the best pictures of the year, one which really should not be missed.

It is rather distasteful to speak continually in superlatives but the feature at the Majestic for next week undoubtedly deserves them too.

It is "Irene," adapted from the musical comedy triumph which ran in New York for two years. Colleen Moore appears in her greatest comedy success with Lloyd Hughes as her leading man. Charlie Murray is there too. "Irene," besides combining sparkling comedy and genuine drama features the world's greatest fashion show—a veritable pageant of beautiful clothes and models. It is said that there was not a beautiful girl left in Hollywood while "Irene" was being filmed.

Playing for a full week—yes, at the Majestic.

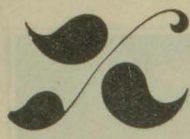
Filler

This were a simple bit of verse
 About—nothing at all,
 You'd scarce believe it's caused a curse
 From chastely lips to fall.
 And yet when one's confronted
 By such a word as "clam"
 'Tis easiest, for sake of rhyme
 To mildly whisper "Damn!"
 It's given lots of trouble, too,
 Because 'twas not inspired
 But merely writ to fill this space
 Which blankly lay attired.
 And now when nearly through I'm told
 That 'tis not verse sublime
 Or even humble poetry
 But merely dashed poor rhyme.
 Do, gentle reader, I implore,
 Before it is too late
 That you should pass this swiftly o'er
 And leave me to my fate.

There's still a little gap left here
 (Four lines to be exact)
 So I'll scrawl off four more with cheer
 And close the whole with "tact."

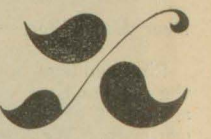
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SPORT

NEWS



Dalhousie 21. Y. M. C. A. 24

"Doc" Smith Stars.

After leading in the first period 11-9 Dal. went down to defeat at the hands of the Y. M. C. A. 24-21 in the first of the home and home play-off series, at the Dal. gym. last Saturday night. There were about a hundred and fifty spectators present, about half Dalhousians. For a Dal. home game this was a very poor turn out and particularly for a championship game. The attendance of the fair sex was particularly poor but as Delta Gamma had a sing song meeting that night it probably accounts for it. A college organization of such a large membership should certainly think twice before having a meeting on the night of a Dal. game when so much was at stake, particularly a home game when even the slightest boost to the gate receipts is a help to the team. The game from start to finish was a whirlwind, both teams setting a furious pace which they never let up on for a minute. Art Brown, of Acadia, handled the game in excellent style. In fact he is the most proficient and painstaking referee that has been seen in the city this year. It is fair to say that he worked as hard as any man on the floor with the result that what might have been a very pugilistic game was exceptionally clean considering the pace and the anxiety of both teams to score. It was almost impossible to follow the play consistently enough to be able to say just who had the margin of play, but the "Y." certainly seemed to make their passes cleaner and always passed to a man who managed, it is hard to tell how, to be unguarded for a moment. Winchcombe was by far the best man playing, at least as far as points are concerned, for he had an on night and netted the ball almost at will from all over the floor. On the other hand Dal's baskets were scored on the most part by "com." which usually ended with "Doc." Smith trying a shot. Dal. didn't collect nearly the number of points from penalties that they should have, netting the ball on only about half the free shots awarded them. The next game will be at the "Y." next Saturday. Dal. will enter this game with a three point disadvantage as the total score decides the winner. The team as a whole worked well but as yet haven't mastered the art of getting unguarded in order to receive a pass in the way that the "Y." team have. Nor do they control the ball from centre enough. However let's hope they will win by more than three points next Saturday and let's all go down and watch them do it. Worsley was removed for four personals towards the end of the game and Hermann went on in his place.

Line up: Dal.—Langstroth 6, McLeod 2, "Doc." Smith 11, McLennan 2, Doyle, "Ab." Smith (Capt.), Moore, Jones. "Y."—Joudrey 2, Griddale 8, Windcombe 14, Loye, Thomas, Whitcock, Moore, Worsley, Hermann.

Dal. 69. Kings 18

Marion Campbell Stars

Dal. won the second game of their intercollegiate series with Kings by defeating them 69-18 in an interesting match. This victory gives Dal. the series by 110-29. The Dal. forwards controlled the ball for the best part of the game, which resulted in the King's forwards seldom handling the ball at all. When they did however they made the best of their opportunities and seldom wasted a shot making nearly every one of them count. The work of the Dal. guards was for the most part very weak, they showed lack of practise and were somewhat lost on the small floor. The centers were a little more useful than they were in the last game against Kings. Miss Thompson had the misfortune to sprain her finger towards the end of the first period necessitating Edwina Archibald falling back to center and Alice Atherton going on as forward. This change didn't weaken the team to any extent but seemed to strengthen it somewhat. As in the last game the first period was more even as far as the score was concerned than the last one. Dal. led 31-12 at the end of the first but in the second they scored 30 points while Kings were only able to collect 6. Marion Campbell was by far the most outstanding player netting the ball for 55 points. Alice Atherton and Edwina Archibald played both excellent games as did also Mable Borden and M. Thompson. The two guards would have showed up far better had they had more practise. For Kings, K. Smith, Alice Prowse and the two guards were the two forwards. K. Smith and M. Markham, and the jumping center Alice Prowse were the best. Line up: Dal.—Campbell 55, Atherton 6, Archibald 8, Borden, Thompson, Roberts, Barnstead, Freeman. Kings: Markham 4, Smith 14, Prowse, Card, Dauphinee, Cavichi, Hebb Dominey.

The University of Harvard has recently conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on Professor George E. Wilson, head of the department of History at Dalhousie. The Gazette extends its congratulations to Dr. Wilson.

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Dal Defeats Mt A. 21-12

DAL. 21. M. A. 12

Dalhousie's Co-ed team won the second game from Mt. A., 21-12, getting the series by 37-25 last Saturday morning. The game was a little late starting, some of the Mounties having taken advantage of the excellent "bobbars" in the city were a little tardy in showing up for the match. However the lead removed by the shears helped them remarkably in the first period, for they forced Dal. to take the small end of an 11-8 score. In the second Dal. made up for their mistakes in the beginning of the game and encouraged by the stern admonitions of Mr. Stirling they almost blanked the Sackvillites. The game was fast throughout being replete with thrills, bumps and tumbles and bringing to light some excellent "com." work, good shooting and close guarding. Taking all in all the hundred or more spectators witnessed one of the best exhibitions of the indoor sport seen here for a long while. The most pleasing part of the encounter was the excellent work of Arthur McPhee, of Truro, who handled the whistle. Never once missing a misplay or a foul, he, in spite of the many whistlings which unfortunately are a necessary adjunct to such a game, moved quickly but with such an impartial precision that it was almost as much of a pleasure to watch him as to follow the game. He is certainly the best referee that has ever handled a girls' basketball game in this city for a long time. Though as usual the lion's share of the points goes to Marion Campbell yet it is Alice Atherton that Dal. has to thank for Saturday's victory. Coming on in place of Edwina

Archibald about the middle of the first period she played a very mediocre game, but when the second period started so did Alice. Feeding Marion in a most unselfish manner and being able to control the ball better than her lighter companion she played the best game on the floor. The work of the two guards Elinor Barnstead and Harriet Roberts showed marked improvement over the King's game, and when it is considered that Mt. A. didn't score a point from the floor in the second period the efficient work of this pair is very apparent. Mable Borden, M. Thompson and Edwina Archibald, who relieved the latter on the second period played very well. Edwina appears to a far better advantage at center than she did last week against King's and is certainly as good in that position as Marjorie Thompson particularly in getting the ball at the jump. Miss Trenholm, Margaret Smith and the two guards, M. Fawcett and J. Morrison, were the pick of Mt. A. W. Winters who replaced Muriel Smith at forward played a fair game as did also Muriel Smith who finally replaced M. Fawcett as a guard when she was forced to withdraw because of too many personal fouls.

Mt. A. was accompanied by their coach Miss J. MacMillan, their gym. instructor, Florence Westhaver and Jessie Rippey who chaperoned the party.

Line up: Dal.—Campbell 15, Atherton 3, Archibald 3, Borden, Thompson, Roberts, Barnstead, Freeman. Mt. A.—Trenholm 10, Muriel Smith 2, Margarite Smith, P. Lister, M. Fawcett, J. Morrison, M. Winters, K. Allen, B. Ross Art McPhee, Referee.

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