



St. Bernard's Debators

DECISION WAS WON BY VERY CLOSE MARGIN.

The Morning Chronicle.

ANTIGONISH, March 23. In arguing the negative of the question: "Resolved, that an Imperial Council, with Dominion representation, be established, to have full control of Great Britain's foreign policy," Mt. St. Bernard's debaters defeated the Dalhousie girls' team here to-night, by a close margin of points. Owing to an error in reckoning the points, it was at first announced that the visitors had triumphed, but the mistake was discovered before all the audience had left the hall, and a conference, including the judges and the members of both teams decided that the local collegians had won.

The judges were Rev. G. S. Weaver, Antigonish; A. W. Woodill, Sydney; A. H. MacGregor, New Glasgow. Miss Mary Chisholm, B. A., Antigonish, was chairman.

The personnel of the teams was: Dalhousie—Miss Alice Atherton, Sussex, N. B., leader; Miss Evellen Burns, Halifax; Miss Avis Marshall, Halifax; Mount St. Bernard's—Miss Frances Fitzgerald, Sydney, leader; Miss Carmel Lozier, Chatham, N. B., Miss Mabel Nowlan, Sydney.

Miss Atherton, for the affirmative, contended that a common foreign policy was necessary for the continued existence of the British Empire. If affairs should go on as they are at present, she argued that the component parts of the Empire would drift apart, and eventually become independent. In support of her view, she quoted Joseph Chamberlain, the late Col. George T. Dennis, of Toronto, and others. The difficulties in creating an Imperial Council, she averred, would not be as great as those that confronted the League of Nations.

Miss Fitzgerald, the first negative speaker, declared the proposal to create an Imperial Council as utterly impracticable. If representation were to be on an absolute equality, she contended that Great Britain would have no more to say in foreign affairs than would Newfoundland, while if representation should be put on a basis of population, India would far outweigh any other part of the Empire. Great Britain would never consent to forego her own authority in foreign affairs, she declared, and cited the words of Asquith, replying to Borden, in 1912. The scheme, she said, was inconsistent with Canadian national aspirations. Lord Roseberry, one time president of the Imperial Federation League, was quoted by Miss Fitzgerald, to the effect that Imperial Federation was an impossible dream.

Miss Burns, in upholding the affirmative, declared that the council would strengthen the Bonds of Imperial unity, and said that had Germany known, in 1914, that the Dominions would rally so promptly to the assistance of the Empire, there would have been no war. She quoted the proposal of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the words: "If you want our support, call us to your councils," as evidence that the scheme was considered by that great statesman, and cited the action of Lloyd George, in framing an Imperial War Cabinet as an example of the tendency to put the idea into practical effect.

Miss Lozier submitted the view that foreign policies are largely the outcome of commercial and economic conditions

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Destiny is Interwoven

F. Winfield

"But a story is how Destiny is interwoven, the line and gallant, and the tragic points of life. And you mustn't look at them with the eyes of the body, but you must feel with the antennae of your being."

DONN BYRNE IN "MESSER MARCO POLO."

There was great contentment in Castle O'Dair. The young Lord John had fallen in love with a seamstress! Of course she was not an ordinary seamstress. Lord John could have told you that, if you were too dull to see it for yourself. He would have told you that, when he stepped into an upper room of the castle and saw her sitting there in an iridescent cloud of silks and satins, a sunbeam laughing in her golden hair and dancing on her silver needle, he thought she must be a fairy. She was small enough goodness knows!

Lord John's mother was not at first seriously perturbed. It was a little awkward, of course, that he should have conceived such a sudden infatuation for a seamstress, (the Lady O'Dair did not share her sons' partiality for needles!) but still, it would blow over in time. Such things always did. Lady O'Dair had managed her husband successfully during his lifetime, and she anticipated no difficulty with his son. But she forgot one thing—Lord John was also her son. The affair did not blow over. As months passed things went from bad to worse. At first she was annoyed, then she became sad. After all, Kathleen was a sweet little thing. She could hardly blame John—and yet, he simply could not marry her, and that was that. If he would only see things in the proper light, or else get over it. But John did neither. He loved Kathleen and was determined to marry her.

When she found that she could not stop the marriage, Lady O'Dair sent for her son and gracefully acknowledged defeat.

"If you really must have Kathleen for your wife, John, I shall say no more. I am quite prepared to accept her as my daughter. But she must be educated, you know. Two or three years abroad will do wonders for her."

John gasped. "Three years! Three years without Kathleen? It's impossible mother!" What did Kathleen need education for, he thought. He loved her just as she was and as he was going to marry her, his opinion was all that mattered. "You don't know her as I do," he broke out. "And just because she sewed for her living doesn't mean—"

Two Nights

Last night was dark, the stars were dim on high;
No moonbeam pale lit up the wintry sky;
Nay, more, the heavens, dull with clouds that sped
Across its surface, swirling as they led
Sprites of the blizzard to the mountain's height,
Presaged the dangers to the way that night.

All day the chilly northern wind had borne
The snow, and driving it with lashing scorn,
Piled it, tight-packed, on field and road and wall,
Until dark night descending, through the squall,
The traveller could see no path ahead,
No guardian to his steps, no beacon red
To cheer his plodding way; the dreary sight
Of endless wind-blown snow his only light.

But ah, tonight what peace is in the air!
The very trees seem kind, no longer bare,
Their branches stretch in freezing solitude
Against the sky; the wind no longer rude,
As when it tore the snow from every bough,
Allows a blanket white to rest there now.

Tranquil and quiet as the trees asleep
The stars atwinkling 'twixt the branches peep;
Like watch-towers set by Heav'n to guard the land,
And point the way from danger, grave they stand
Giving their welcome light to aid the moon,
Shedding o'er earth a light more fair than noon;
While Northern Lights with opalescent glow
Make fairyland of trees and ivory snow.

MARGARET ELLS '29.

Lady O'Dair hastily interrupted "I know, dear—" She sighed wearily. Sons were so hard to manage. "Don't you see, dear, that it is Kathleen I am thinking of? If she is to be your wife, you must spare her the humiliation that she would be bound to suffer without some preparation for her new life. You mustn't be selfish, John."

John thought it over. He was sure that there was a flaw somewhere in his mother's reasoning, but he was not clever enough to find it. Also, she had taken advantage of the fact that his was a generous nature. He would have died rather than be thought selfish where Kathleen was concerned. So, once convinced that an education was necessary

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THE COLLEGE BY THE SEA.

With apologies to Oliver Goldsmith.

Dalhousie, statliest college by the mere,
Where gloom prevails, exams have vanguished cheer,
Where frowning spring too soon its visit's paid
And student pore o'er studies long delayed.
Unhappy bowers of indolence and ease,
Seats of my youth where I aimed but to please,
How often have I strayed across the court
And in the library made merry sport
How often have I loitered down below
To deal out one more hand before I'd go.
How often have I not appeared at all
But wandered far away at pleasure's call.
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Exams. are nigh and worry reigns instead.

"CLEOPATRA" WINS SHIELD COMPETITION.

Gordon Graham elected President.

Wednesday evening, after the Glee Club performance it was announced that the Shield Competition had been conducted, the shows considered being "Bimbo the Pirate," "Honi Soit" and "Cleopatra." The decision of the judges was that "Cleopatra" was the winner.

The annual meeting was held Wednesday night and the following officers elected:

President—Gordon M. Graham.
Vice-President—Miss Jean Shaw.
Secy.-Treasurer—Reg. Baxter.
Technicians—Harry Bell, Jack Atwood.

Co-eds Win Title

Dalhousie co-eds intermediate basket shooters won the City League title by virtue of their 49-13 victory over the Y. W. C. A. last night at the Y. M. C. A. gym. The game did not produce high class basket ball and was very slow in spots. Dalhousie had a big margin all the way and were never in danger so they only showed flashes of form. "Marty" Campbell did the scoring for the Gold and Black and packed away 44 points for herself. The "Y" were very weak on shooting and missed many chances for tallies but the points they did get were on exceptionally long shots and well deserved. Miss Boole starred for the "Y" but was well supported by the rest of the team. The cup emblematic of the City league championship was presented to the captain of the team after the game.

The line up:—Y—Misses Keating, Hayes f. 3, Stech, Swartz, Booles f. 10, Matteson. Dal.—Marion Campbell 44, Marj. Thompson 3, Allin McCurdy, Betty Freeman, Bertha MacPhail, Alice Atherton 2, Gert. Phinney.

Dreams at Night

At night my fleet of dreams sets sail
From the shores of Reality.
And I launch each ship with a murmured prayer
That it will come back to me.

The mem'ry dreams are the first to go,
Fragile, but oh so swift
And I breathe a sigh as I set my ships
With lavender sails adrift.

The next ship hoists a scarlet sail
That glows like a driftwood flame.
And I bid farewell with a quickened heart
To the ship whose name is "Fame."

Then I launch a gleaming, golden barque,
A shining, splendid thing,
That sails away with an arrogant air,
Like an eagle on the wing.

But the dearest and last is a white, white ship,
A little ship, and fleet,
To carry my heart away to you
And leave it at your feet.

Lavender, scarlet and gold, and white
Sailing the purple deep—
I watch them silently disappear
Across the Seas of Sleep.

F. W.

Dal. Glee and Dramatic Club

It might well have been expected that the Glee Club would present for its final entertainment of the College Year, a show worthy to be a climax to such a brilliantly successful season. Yet "Cleopatra", on Wednesday night, undoubtedly exceeded all expectations; and the Male Chorus, which had been delighting their audiences at a number of previous shows, proved that they could act with the same remarkable ability with which they sing. Costumes, acting, lighting, were all of a high standard and every number "went over" with great pep and skill. It was most unfortunate (and all the more so because it was unavoidable), that a great number were carrying on under the serious handicap of a bad cold—in fact, three were just out of bed and two more unable to be present. This of course was a tremendous disadvantage, yet one scarcely noticed it.

To Lee Chisholm, as the Director of the Chorus, must be given the credit for getting the cast into shape when work was first begun. But much of the evening's success was due to the invaluable and tireless coaching of Mrs. G. F. Pearson, who consented to be director since Mr. Chisholm had an important role to play. It was she who put the innumerable finishing touches to the production which made it the triumph it was. To Mrs. Pearson then, the sincere thanks of all Dalhousians are once more due and between the acts she was fittingly presented with flowers as a token of the Clubs' appreciation. Thanks are also due to the members of the orchestra which she organized.

The plot was unusual, interesting and well developed. The music, partly original and partly adapted from various famous operas by the composer John W. Brigham, was tuneful, varied and often of real beauty. Mr. Brigham calls "Cleopatra" an opera-burlesque on college life for male voices. Thus the role of Cleopatra is intended to be taken by a man and as such, offers a splendid opportunity for one skilled in female impersonation. Mr. Frank MacDonald's interpretation of this, the leading part, was little short of amazing. His acting was

natural, entirely spontaneous and perfectly feminine; while his costume was the last word in completeness. Among his solos, "I am frightened," was outstanding. Lee Chisholm, as Pompey had an important part which he did with great skill. His duet "I love you," with Cleopatra was unusually fine—really one of the hits of the show. Chalmers Wickwire as Antony had an effective solo, "Cleopatra Mine," which suited his fine voice well. His acting was as natural and characteristic as in "Press Cuttings." Gordon Bowles took the part of Caesar and had two tuneful solos "I am Caesar" and "Alone with you", which stamped him as a finished actor and the possessor of a fine voice. Mr. Gordon Graham—who is to be congratulated on his election to the Presidency of the Glee Club—had an exciting part in the dual role of William and the ghost. In the former, he was an ardent lover of Cleopatra and in the latter gave a very skilful and realistic performance of ghostly tactics. His solo "Have you forgotten?" was one of the finest musical bits of the show. Among the other outstanding numbers of the principals were the duet "Alone in my Arms" done by William and Cleopatra (this was one of the biggest hits of all) and the mirth-provoking trio "I shall die," sung by the three disheartened lovers, Pompey, Caesar and Antony. The choral numbers were all very lively and rhythmically interesting—"Trip Little Ghostie," being exceptionally effective. Others, no less interesting were the chorus "Hail to the Co-eds," "The Misérère" (in which the part-singing was quite masterly) and the two final choruses.

In conclusion, it may be said that it would have been very difficult to find a weak spot anywhere. "Cleopatra" was a distinct novelty and an entirely successful one—the participants having been awarded the shield by the judges in charge. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and during its course the officers for 1926-27 were elected.

Au Revoir

TO MY COMRADES OF CLASS '26.

(With best wishes for their future, and with apologies for the poorness of the verse).

Many a dawn the lazy sun will raise his golden head,
Many a night the stars will peep from out their skyeey bed,
Every morn the meadows will be shining wet with dew,
Every eve soft sleep will come and hush the world anew;
And many a morn and eventide I'll send a thought to you.

Year by year at May-time will the fields be daffodilled,
Little birds so busily their wee round nests will build,
Fragrant, comely blossoms will unfold, and blush, and pale,
Then by Apple-time the leaves will be but few and frail;
But though the seasons change, be sure my love will never fail.

Surely we'll be happy as the days of life go past,
Yet again, a grey storm-cloud our sky may over-cast,
One day luck will befriend us and the next will pass us by,
To-day may bring us laughter and tomorrow bring a sigh;
But, joy or sorrow—we'll be true and loyal, you and I.

The honey-hunters laden from the clover fields will come,
And weary, gipsy-butterflies at dusk go winging home,
Sleepy little birdies to their darkling nests will flee,
And, when our work is over, in God's home we all shall be;
Dears, if I don't forget you there, will you remember me?

M. A. B.

THE YEAR BOOK—Owing to an error of the proof reader a part of the article on the Students' Council meeting was omitted from last week's Gazette. In this it was stated that the Year Book project was unanimously turned down by the Council elect.

Chalmers Wickwire: "The fact is, I'm particularly busy, I've a rehearsal."

Wheels of Time

Night had fallen at last but it gave no relief to those who remained on the stricken Field of Flodden. Everywhere lay the dead and dying. A mournful wind howled and groaned, carrying on its bleak bosom showers of cold, misty rain. The sounds of strife had ceased and save a howl from a hound who had discovered his forever silent master and the noise of the elements, peace had again fallen upon the land. Here and there shone a gleam of lazy light like a Will-o'-the-Wisp flitting about, borne in the hand of a searcher for the loved one who would never more breathe the fresh air of Scotland's hills or the sunny breeze of France. But there were others abroad that sad night, ghouls in human shape who came to rob the stricken and the dead. Near a tiny hillock lay an officer, his rich clothing stained with filth, and blood from many wounds. Life still persisted, however, and from time to time he rolled about and groaned in a semi-conscious state. Thus he was found by the robbers. A lantern was flashed in his face and he opened his eyes. All he saw was a hideous face peering into his own, across which, gleaming like silver in the dim light was a huge sabre scar. An appealing look and an effort to speak were stopped by a kick from the one of the scar who, wrenching a ring from his victim's hand, and rifling his pockets, rushed after his companions to renew the search for prey.

Many years have passed by and "La Bonne Marie" from Havre, blown out of her course to Quebec by a violent storm, is sailing the calm waters of the Baie St. Jean. The storm has ceased and scarcely a breath of wind is stirring the warm moonlight night. The ship just drifts. In the stern stands a gentleman, the only passenger, gazing, deep in thought, down the long river of moonlight on the ocean. Where has he seen that hideously scarred countenance before? Why does the sight of the Captain stir within his breast instinctive feelings of hatred for which he cannot account? The voice of a Scottish seaman suddenly breaks upon his meditation, singing "Bonnie Dundee" as he goes about his work. Like a blow the words of the song call up in the passenger's mind that fatal night so long before when Bonnie Prince Charlie's hopes for a Crown vanished forever. Again he can picture that cruel, scarred face

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Editor-in-Chief:
ARTHUR L. MURPHY, 26.

Associate Editors:
MARY A. BERESFORD, 26.
AVIS H. MARSHALL, 27.
RONALD HAYES, 26.
WARREN PUBLICOVER, 26.
J. J. LYSONS ATWOOD, '28.

Financial Editor:
CHAS. F. MACKENZIE,
18 Walnut St.,
Phone S1961.

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Adieu!

If, by chance, you should ask an editor of the *Gazette* the date he would say: "Well—the last issue of the *Gazette* appeared on the eighteenth. Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday,—yes, today is the twenty second". Of course I do not claim this as an invariable procedure. He may alter it altogether and say something like this: "Let me see, the next issue of the *Gazette* appears on the twenty-fifth; Wednesday, Tuesday, Monday,—yes today is the twenty-second."

As we reckon time it was just nineteen issues ago that the first number of our *Gazette* appeared. It was then that we made a promise, simply a promise to do our best. And this, I sincerely believe, we have kept. True, we have not pleased everybody, but it is so hard to please everybody. Even the greatest politicians cannot do that and we are not politicians.

I realize all our limitations, many of our faults. At least I think I do. There may be many more of which I never even dream. However, we have wrought many changes this year with each change a new opportunity for mistakes. Next year there will be new minds, new ideals and ideas. Many improvements can be made. Our exchange list should be expanded. Light could thus be thrown on other universities, their social and literary activities. An increase in advertising might make a six page issue possible together with the 'little things' such as cartoons and illustrations which we have been denied. And there may be many, many, other things,—next year.

I wish to express my deep gratitude to those who have worked with me and given unsparingly of their time and energy to the *Gazette*, and perhaps—just a little bit—for me. Especially must I thank Molly Beresford, alais M. A. B., alais Canora, alais, ad infinitum. I often pity my poor successors and wonder just how they will ever get on without Miss Beresford.

As I write these, my closing lines, I feel almost sentimental, perhaps sad. Rather a peculiar way for an editor, a person without emotion, to feel. Never again shall I be able to emblazen my innermost thoughts where all may see and heed; never again when I write shall my words be shielded and respected, all by that saving caption, *The Gazette*. My pride will be the sorry loser, the University the gainer. And so—must I say it? I fear I really must—"Adieu!"

A. L. M.

The Editor-in-Chief has asked me to spill a few farewell tears over the final number of the *Gazette* for this session. If I remember rightly it is Schiller who has said that the compensation of growing old lies in the fact that there is so much on which to look back. And that is the feeling that comes to me with the last number of this year's *Gazette*—our work is done but there is something upon which to look back.

I should like to say how much I have enjoyed the privilege of being associated with the *Gazette*, how much I have valued the comradeship of all its Editors, and lastly how much I have appreciated the words of praise and of criticism expressed to me by its readers, the students in general.

I am not sure that the *Gazette* has quite struck that balance of grave and gay that is so desirable in a University magazine, but that is entirely your own fault. Your editors are on the whole, rather serious-minded people, though indeed one of them wears a hat that belies the adjective so far as he is concerned. Had you given us gayer material we would have woven you a *Gazette* of lighter texture. However that is a fault that you can mend next session.

If I have helped to make the *Gazette* a reasonable success I am glad; in so far as we have failed of our ideals I share the blame. But let me say that I shall never regret having helped to edit the *Gazette* and neither will anyone who ever does.

In conclusion let me wish all success to the Editors of next year's *Gazette*; the work may at times be a little strenuous, columns to fill and nothing to fill them, but from this year's experience let me say it is worth it.

M. A. B.

Not long ago an article entitled "The Practice of Writing" appeared in the Mount Allison "Argosy." It was very interesting and suggestive; in the course of the theme the writer classified students into two groups, namely, students who would write if they could, and students who could write if they would. The idea of this identifying students struck me very forcibly. When asking for contributions—or perhaps when demanding reports—I have found both types of students very courteous to me, (thanks for your polite patience) but I have also found that very often I do not get the results that my ambitious spirit has anticipated. The trouble may have been with myself; I am recommending to myself as well as all prospective contributors to the *Gazette*, that they find confidence in themselves—and in the *Gazette*, that it will publish what they write. You, who can write, be confident in your ability to find time to

write—and endeavour to develop that latent pride for the college paper that must be within you. And you, who would write, take confidence in your ability to write. Many who thought they neither would nor could write, have accomplished wonders, and we are grateful for the spirit and willingness with which they have attempted the "impossible." Good luck with your future ambitions and thanks for your past.

A. M.

This is the end. The Editor and all the rest of us go to the discard. Policies, Ideals—all are of the past. Next year will see a new Editor in charge of affairs, with new Associates, and new Policies, and new Ideals. The untidy office with copies on every hand of all the *Gazettes* that have been printed—with its hundreds upon hundreds of old cuts strewn about—with its dusty shelves littered with everything that should not be there—all this will soon become a memory for us. Next year the new Editor will swear; he will say that there must be a period of house cleaning; his predecessors have all said that, and his successors will say the same thing till the end of time.

Each one of us has, in his or her small way, tried to give a little of his best for the paper, and, (one must say it with hanging head and averted eyes, for it seems, somehow, a thing of which one's fellows would feel ashamed), for the University. To give of one's best for the University. A splendid sentiment for a Valedictorian or Convocation speaker, but as for an ordinary undergraduate, (whatever that is), it is simply funny. If our best was not good enough for you it is a healthy sign. Remember that you felt that way about it when the work is being tackled next year. It will be **your** best then.

F. R. H.

For the last time I review the exchanges for this year. Ever since last October I have been diligently reading the daily, weekly and monthly publications of our contemporaries, and watching with interest the evolution of current college topics—from the sparkling originality which is characteristic of early issues, along through the cheerfulness of the Christmas numbers, to the period of seriousness which invariably marks their close. I am glad to note that in many cases the editor's age old cry for better literary material has met with a favorable response,—in our own *Gazette* among them.

Naturally an Exchange Editor regrets that the scope of our *Gazette* does not allow the copying out of many gems from other college papers and magazines. However, during this year's close association with the *Gazette* I have found that the permanent welfare and successful growth of the paper rests on the co-operation of our own students. They should be animated by a spirit of loyalty and devotion which is the fruition of voluntary and personal exertion on behalf of the *Gazette*. The worth-while college has no niche for the chronic crab or kicker, neither has he any true partnership in college life who is forever nagging and complaining. Paramount among the triumvirate of essential principles is college loyalty—loyalty which finds external, forceful, active expression in action, not in mere lip service. True loyalty seeks out and finds expression in the many avenues of earnest endeavour which present themselves to every collegian; it does not slink in the background of college activity, nor snarl carpingly on the side-lines of the campus.

So I relinquish the Exchange Editorship to my successor—be yours to hold it higher.

C. W. H. P.

I must admit I feel frightfully out of place on this page and particularly in company with the other members of the Editorial staff whose writings have during the past year delighted the *Gazette* readers with their interesting subjects and easy style. Since I took over the sport page and began following Dalhousie games I have spent many pleasant moments watching, but many wearysome week-ends writing about them. I have tried to write about every game as I saw it and if in so doing I have injured anyone's pride or hurt anyone's feelings I hope they will forgive and forget, for my intentions were of the best. Before bidding farewell to those whom I have come in contact with while following the games and to those who have taken the trouble to read the back page, I must congratulate Arthur Murphy for the excellent work he has done for the *Gazette* this year and thank him for the wholehearted co-operation that I got from him at all times. My parting wish is that the Dalhousie teams will be more successful in their contests at the end of April than they were in their athletic ones during the past year, so that those who are returning may do so with a clean sheet ready to make next year a banner one in sport. Those who are graduating will leave places hard to fill but they have merely stepped aside to let others carry on. They are always there in spirit in their accustomed places urging on their stalwart mates to victory. Dalhousie is her graduates, and if those who are leaving this year play the game as well outside as they have inside, Dalhousie should have every cause to be proud of them.

J. J. L. A.

With this issue, the weekly editions of *The Dalhousie Gazette* are concluded for 1925-26.

At the beginning of the Fall term, it was hoped that a six page publication could be printed, but this proved too prodigious an undertaking, from the financial point of view, and for this year we have had to content ourselves with a four page paper.

The *Gazette* this year, however, contained much more reading matter in its newspaper size column than did the eight page *Gazette* of last year. Next year with the "Council" once again on a firm financial foundation, there should be no trouble in having a six page paper, which would allow for the Literary Supplements which the Editor and his associates had planned for this year.

It is to be hoped that those graduating this spring will show their loyalty and interest in the University by subscribing to the *Gazette*: There is always room on the mailing list for a loyal Alumnus.

In closing I may say to those who are disappointed at the absence of the "Year Book" this year that there will be funds available for a small Graduation number of the *Gazette*.

C. F. M.

The Work Campaign

Scene—Reception Room, Sheriff Hall
Time—8 p. m.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Minella }
Jack } Students.
Charlie }

Minella is sitting in an easy chair by the door, gazing sentimentally into the hall. A ponderous-looking text-book in her lap.

Minella: Poor Jack! He is so dreadfully jealous; I wonder what he would say if he knew? It is so nice of him to stay away for two whole days—to let me get my work done, as he thinks. Charlie shouldn't be long now; I wonder why he couldn't come yesterday? (*Sentimentally*): Isn't it dreadful to have two men simply dying of love for me. It makes me quite excited to feel that they would kill one another if they knew—and I can't decide between them. Men are so silly anyway, (*she draws herself up virtuously*) but so useful. (*Smiling*): I've had a wonderful time, a simply wonderful (*a ring at the bell*) time. That must be Charlie!

(*Enter Jack, with beaming face*).
Jack: Minella! I simply had to come up and see you; I'm so fed up with working all by myself. (*Coaxingly*): You're not annoyed, are you, darling? I know I said I wouldn't...

Minella (*with an eye on her watch*): No, I'm not exactly annoyed, Jack dear... but you know you must do your work; the exams are posted now. I'm thinking of you; my work doesn't matter so much.

Jack: I'm a selfish pig, Minella! I ought to have remembered your work. But I love you so much... I'm sorry, Minella; I can see you don't want me. (*Tragically*): Well, it's the beginning of the end, I suppose.

Minella (*half-tearfully*): Don't say that—you know it's not true; you know I love you—at least I think I do. But I'm thinking of your work—

Jack (*with heat*): Oh, damn my work! what are you looking at your watch for? Do you want me to go, really? I wanted you to come to the Orpheus. I phoned but they said you were working, but I came on the chance that you might come out—it's not good for your health to study all the time.

Minella (*trying to soothe him*): I know. I always want you to come; I don't want you to go. But, Jack dear, I—I promised to go out with Charlie Green tonight; you don't object do you? I don't really care much for him but he's rather interesting. You see dear, you haven't read Tolstoi and France and Ibsen and Echegaray and the other people you're supposed to know in Philosophy 8 and English 9, and you see Charlie had these last year and it saves me such a lot of reading when he talks about them. He's really quite interesting when he talks though he's not a bit nice—looking, not like you Jack.

Jack: Damn interesting men! I know I'm not interesting. I don't know anything about these guys. I like Stevenson and Conrad and—Leacock and stuff like that. I don't like these sex-problem chaps and I don't understand women anyway.

Minella: Don't be upset, Jack; you're quite different, don't you see? Charlie can't play hockey and box and, er—

Jack (*bitterly*): And be generally fooled by women for their glorification. You have made use of me long enough—you might have told me all this sooner, and saved me finding out I was only a second string to your bow! This is why you begged me to stay away and here's me...

Minella: I, Jack dear, not me...

Jack (*angrily*): Rot! Here's me thinking of you only all the time, just longing to see you, while you—O, don't say a word: for two pins I'd wring both your necks!

Minella (*tridically*): Jack—for heaven's sake—there's the bell—it's Charlie, don't do anything rash—I'll explain...

(*Enter Charlie, very cheerily*).
Charlie: Good evening Minella; I... Hello, Jack! Forestalled, 'pon my word! Ha, ha, ha! Well, I had the laugh over you yesterday at the Browns when you came and found me there, first; but it seems the tables are turned tonight!

Eh— (*chuckling and digging Jack in the ribs*).

Jack (*making frantic signs*): Shut up, you idiot!

Charlie: Idiot yourself; Minella won't object; she knows us fairly well, don't you, Cleopatra? You would have laughed to see Nan Brown's face when I forestalled Jack in his appointment. She stuck to me, though, and we just inveigled him gently away. I'll be a sport tonight in my turn... got some work to do, anyhow... Bye-bye, you people. See you tomorrow, Minella.

Jack: Wait a minute, Charlie; I want to see you about something. Come on down to the Forrest Building, will you?... That's where this damned work Campaign started...

(*They go out arm-in-arm.*
Minella collapses in the easy chair and the big text book falls unheeded to the floor.
Curtain.

ENGLISH 9.

Engineering Society Banquet

The St. Julian room, the Halifax Hotel, Friday evening March 19th was the scene of the most successful banquet ever held by the Dalhousie Engineers. The Engineering body turned out in force and everybody was there with the avowed intention of having a good time. John Budd enlivened the banquet throughout with some excellent piano music and provided the necessary inspiration for Walter Dechman's 'Charleston' and Albert Mahon's novelty dance. The Engineers' yell, Dal yell and King's yell followed by the Engineering song were given with great gusto. Mr. Glube of the Strand also contributed much to the musical end of the programme by several highly appreciated vocal solos.

The toast to the King was proposed by President Owen Armstrong and responded to by the singing of the National Anthem.

George Kent then proposed a toast to the Engineering profession and in a very finished speech gave an outline of the five branches of Engineering and the progress which is being made in each division. Owing to the much regretted absence to Professor Theakston this toast was not responded to.

The Dalhousie Engineering Society was then proposed by Harold Sandford, who showed how the graduates from the department compared favourably with those of other colleges, and said that this was due in a great part to the energetic efforts of the Engineering professors. Professor Copp made a most acceptable reply to this toast.

The absent members and the ladies were toasted respectively by Harry Bell and John Morton. The latter in a very humorous speech referred to the great part which the ladies take in the lives of many of us and how much consideration we should have for them.

The final toast, to the graduates, was proposed by Bob Doull, next year's president. He brought out the fact that the Engineering society has made great progress during the past year and attributed this in no small degree to the officers of the present year who all belong to the graduating class. President Armstrong in responding to this toast thanked the members who had joined in making the year such a success, mentioning especially the exceptional interest which the first year engineers have taken in the activities of the society.

The next thing on the programme was a discussion on the attendance question in which a number of those present joined. The unanimous opinion which was held by the students was that all attendance rules should be abolished for the more advanced students if not for all students. They also objected to the half measurers employed in the 90% attendance rule. Professor Copp in expressing his personal views stated that the authorities were merely acting from experience and that they had their own reputation to uphold insofar as the record of the students at the end of the year was concerned. He also said that he was in favour of having no rigid rules providing the students were willing to co-operate with the professors in getting up the required work.

In the "parting shot" of the evening Professor Copp congratulated the members who had contributed so much to the success of the banquet and declared that it was one of the best, if not the best ever held by the Engineering Society.

Majestic Notes

"The Quaker Girl" is now playing at the Majestic. This delightful musical comedy, produced by the talented members of the Halifax Music and Dramatic Club, is attracting large and enthusiastic audiences. The comedy possesses all the quaintness which the name suggests and the music is pleasing and catchy throughout.

For the first part of next week Syd. Chaplin will be at the Majestic in his latest vehicle, "Oh! What A Nurse." He plays the role of cub reporter and possesses all the push and lack of sophistication generally attributed to youthful members of that profession. He has an opportunity, too, of donning skirts once more and gives a delightful exhibition of female impersonation as head matron of a large hospital. The picture is full of really clever humor and should not be missed.

Sociology Club

The subject for discussion at the meeting of the club on 15th March was "Accidents and Prevention", and the special speaker for the day was Mr. Philip Ring, Inspector of Factories for Nova Scotia. From his long experience of eighteen years in that capacity, Mr. Ring was able to present this social problem in a very practical fashion. He gave statistics to show the great reduction in accidents, both in fatal accidents and in those of a less serious nature, since accident-prevention measures had been made compulsory and "safety first" campaigns had been instituted in factories. The figures were very striking and gave hope that accidents in industry will some day be entirely eliminated so far as human power can accomplish this. He emphasised that educative methods are better than compulsory, and that the greatest success is reached where employers and employees co-operate in the use of machine guards and safety methods and in the mutual desire to prevent accidents.

The hearty thanks of the club to Mr. Ring was expressed by Messrs. Davidson and Forbes.

PRIZES AWARDED IN LITERARY COMPETITION.

Miss Freda Winfield and Mr. James Fraser were awarded the prizes for prose and verse, respectively, the *Gazette* pre-Christmas Literary Competition, the winning contributions being "The Monster" and a sonnet, "Sunset."

The committee of award consisted of Professors C. L. Bennet, J. Nelson Gowenlock and H. E. Read.

No contributions were deemed worthy of a second prize.

Maccabaeian Dance

The Maccabaeian Society of Dalhousie University held their last dance of the season, at the Robie St. Auditorium last Tuesday evening. About eighty people were present including Miss Freda Smofsky and Miss Millie Basson both from Acadia, who were the guests of honor of the evening. Music was supplied by the "Keys Trio." The hall was tastefully decorated with black and gold streamers. The committee in charge of the affair were Phil Magoner, chairman, Charles Gavsie, Isabella Pink and C. M. Rosenblum.

Kay: "He says he's a pessimist."
Coy: "What's that?"
Kay: "It means a man who never kissed
A pretty girl, or praised her eyes,
Who never knows the fun he missed,
A pessimist.
A mannikin who apes the wise
A nature with a fearful twist,
Dame Grundy in a thin disguise,
A pessimist."

Atwood and Publicover Gain "D"

Standing of Contestants.

The *Gazette* takes pleasure in announcing that Messrs. Warren Publicover and Jack Atwood, both of the *Gazette* staff have amassed twenty-five points in the Literary "D" competition and are thus entitled to the *Gazette* Literary "D". The standing of the other contestants, up to March 19th, is as follows:—

Frank Page	18
Avis Marshall	17½
Blenus Morton	14
Elisabeth Morton	14
Freda Winfield	13
F. R. Hayes	13
Harriet Roberts	13
Herbert Davidson	12
Elinor Barnstead	10½
Jean MacRae	10½
Byron Irwin	10½
Gerald Godsoe	9
D. F. MacDonald	8
Jes. MacManus	7½
Andrew Hebb	7
Rowena Gould	6½
K. Vickery	6½
A. F. MacDonald	6
Harry Bell	5½
Charlotta Johnson	5½
A. Munroe	5½
Ruth Foote	5
Elliot Russell	5
Dorothy Berry	4½
Allison MacCurdy	3½
Phil Lewis	3
Mary Sullivan	3
James Fraser	3
R. Williams	3
Roberta Bond	3
Walter Ross	2½
H. L. Scammel	2½
Jack Merrit	2½
I. G. MacDonald	2½
Arthur Jubien	2½
Ralph Morton	2½

Exact requirements for Baccalaureate holders:

The following advertisement appeared in a Middle-West newspaper:

Wanted Man—University graduate to work in general merchandise store in small interior town and learn to be shoemaker.

One who can help milk the cow and play in the band preferred. Must be man of clean habits; cigarette smokers, sheiks and loafers do not apply. Man who understands gas engines and tractors will be given preference. Users of intoxicating liquors and profane language will not be considered. Man who gets this job must not be too proud and aristocratic to mingle with the livestock and chickens and help out in the kitchen now and then.

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My Ambitions

My Ambitions soared so high, they
Towered o'er the waving tree-tops,
Stretching jewelled fingers heavenward,
While the sunlight bathed in splendor
All the beauteous golden portals.
Happiness, a smiling goddess,
Reigned, and singing in the daytime
Filled the mansion with her spirit.
When the velvet night descended
And the towers turned to silver
When the sparkling dancing waters
Sent a wealth of gurgling laughter
To the stars, then Love sang softly,
Passionately, 'neath her casement.
Now a silver rain weeps gently
O'er the ruins. Happiness has
Fled, and Love is ever searching
Through the sighing weeds that cover
Her, with sad-eyed tenderness.
R. E. G.

"THE WHEELS OF TIME." (Continued from page 1, col. 5).

above him, through all these years
burned deeply in his memory. Going
below to his cabin he takes his sword
and comes again on deck. Walking up
to the Captain he placed his hand on his
arm saying:—"I am the officer you
robbed on Flodden Field. Come with
me, this night shall I be revenged."
The Captain started, stopped, and bowed
his head as he paces up and down the
deck for a few moments. "It is well,
Monsieur," he says at last, and to the
mate, "If I do not return you will steer
for Quebec. Lower a boat!"

The moon soaked town on the waters
of the Harbor of Poictu sparkling under
its beams saw a boat leave the side
of a vessel anchored near its mouth, and
go towards the shore. It contained two
men.

The boat grates upon the beach and
both leap out. There is a rasp and a
flash of steel as sword meets sword.
In ten minutes all is over and the moon
sees a man lying on his back, the waves
of the high tide licking his feet, while a
crimson splash stands out on his breast
and grows wider and wider. A man is
rowing back to the ship, and the rower
is the passenger. The night of Flodden
is avenged at last.

Epilogue.

Years roll on. The Harbor of Poictu
now has on its shores a thriving little
settlement of Scottish pioneers. Har-
nish McIvor is ploughing his "shore
clearing," and with him his son. A
sudden rasp and the plow throws up a
rusty object. It is a sword, tarnished
with rust, but wonderfully preserved.
With a grunt of satisfaction the farmer
hands it to his son. Tak' it tae the smith
Jamie," he says, "'twull mak' bonnie
dirks for cleanin' herrin'."

The "Wheels of time" have turned,
another hopper is filled.
H. L. S.

Gilda Gray Struts her Stuff

(By McGill Daily)

The notorious Miss Gilda Gray has let the light of her passionate personality, fall on the hallowed grounds of McGill University! Yesterday noon the main driveway of the campus was the scene of a thrilling display of Curwood-esque excitement and North-West ferocity, for which Montreal is so famous in the erroneous opinion of the inhabitants of the United States. A team of four husky huskies and a sled of typical Northern construction were to be seen speeding up and down the drive, to the accompaniment of the clicking of a motion picture camera and the shouts of some pseudo-mushers in lumbermen's coats and hairy head-gear. Gilda herself, artistically painted up to the eyes and attired in fringed buckskins and ski-boots, was perched on the back of the sleigh, her blonde cerebellum surmounted by a fur cap in the traditions manner of the Heroine of the Big Snow. We hope she enjoyed herself.

The object of the pantomime was a Pathe-news motion-picture for the edification of the credulous public of the great cosmopolitan nation just south of us. In all probability it will also be shown at the Capitol in conjunction with the sinuous gyrations of Miss Gray, on which we made some mediocre comment last Tuesday. The proceedings yesterday were greatly enlivened by an excellent dog-fight just inside the gates, one of the best we have seen for a long time, and which was finally stopped by an indiscriminating use of whips and heavy boots and a considerable of outpouring of blasphemy by the pseudo-mushers.

Gilda watched the affair with apparent amusement, we observed. They were probably not her own dogs. But before she left in her car we obtained an introduction and had a few words with her. A great privilege. The exponent of the soul-devouring "shimmy" said that we had a nice university. We are so glad.

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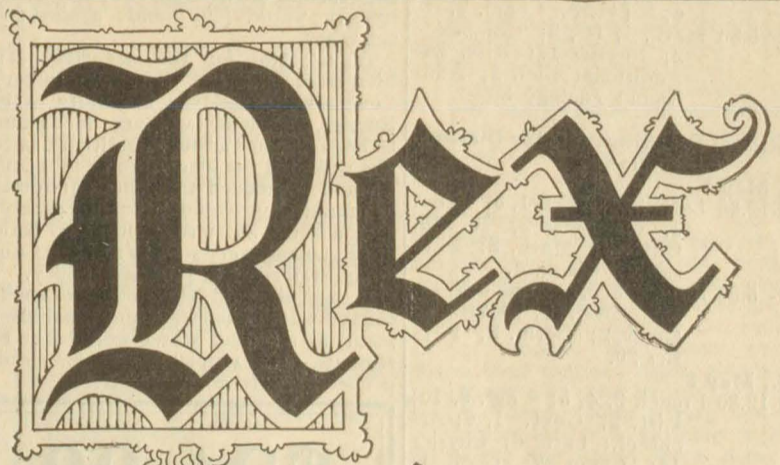
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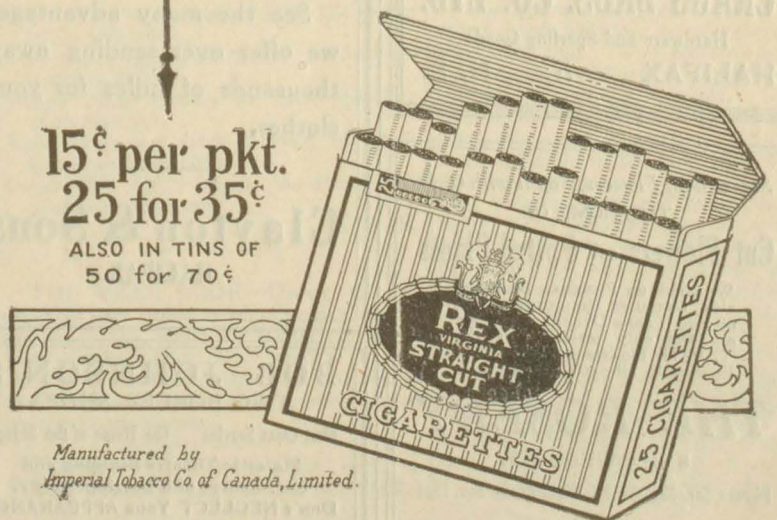
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**Tentative Time
 Table Spring Exams**

ARTS AND SCIENCE.

Wed., Apr. 21.
 9.30-12.30 French 2.
 2.30-5.30 Chem. 2, 2A; Bib. Lit.; Phil. 11.

Thurs., Apr. 22.
 9.30-12.30 Latin 1, 2; Physics 13; Commerce 5.
 2.30-5.30 Economics 1; Drawing 3.

Fri., Apr. 23.
 9.30-12.30 English 1, 9; Phil. 13; Physics 15.
 2.30-5.30 German 2; Hist. 6; Government 5; Phil. 1; Zool. 3; Botany 3; Commerce 1 Engl. 1A; Geol. 3; Draw. 1, 1B.

Sat., Apr. 24.
 9.30-12.30 Elem. Greek; Greek 1; Hist. 2; Phil. 8; Physics 1; Chem. 4; Geol. 1; Surveying.

2.30-5.30 French 1, 5.

Mon., Apr. 26.
 9.30-12.30 History 1.
 2.30-5.30 Elem. Germ.; Engl. 10; Econ. 6, 11; Phil. 3; Physics 3; Chem. 6; Commerce 4; Biol. 1A.

Tues., Apr. 27.
 9.30-12.30 Elem. Latin; Latin 4; French 10; Span. 2; Hist. 5; Econ. 5; Geol. 10; Math. 2; Mechanics 5.
 2.30-5.30 Archaeology; Span. 1; Govt. 1; Phil. 2; Draw. 2; Hist. 1A.

Wed., Apr. 28.
 9.30-12.30 Greek 2; Phil. 10; Physics 6, 20; Chem. 1, 1A; Elem. Chem.; Mechanics 2; Commerce 6.
 2.30-5.30 Elem. French; English 2, 5; Greek 4; Math. 7; Physics 2, 4; Mechanics 4.

Thurs., Apr. 29.
 9.30-12.30 Germ. 1; English 8; Hist. 8; Phil. 7; Geol. 2; Commerce 9; Math. 4.
 2.30-5.30 Span. 10; Econ. 12; Govt. 6; Biol. 1; Music 2.

Fri., Apr. 30.
 9.30-12.30 French 4; English 3; Econ. 4; Govt. 3; Chem. 7.
 2.30-5.30 Math. 1, 1C, 3; Commerce 2; Physics 14; Hist. 2A; Additional Biol. 1; Additional Zoology 3.

Additional Examinations for Distinction.

Sat., May 1.
 9.30-12.30 Latin 2, 4; Hist. 1, 5; Econ. 1, 4; Phil. 2, 10, 13; Govt. 3; Math. 2; Physics 6; Chem. 4.
 2.30-5.30 Engl. 2, 3, 5, 8; Phil. 3, 7, 11, 12; Govt. 5; Math. 4; Greek 2; Germ. 2; Physics 20.

Mon., May 3.
 9.30-12.30 French 2, 4, 5; Engl. 9, 10; Hist. 2; Govt. 1, 6; Archæol.; Latin 6; Physics 14; Chem. 7; Geol. 1; Music 2.
 2.30-5.30 Phil. 1, 8; Hist. 8, 6; Econ. 12, 5; Math. 3; Greek 4.

"The Girl Problem"

On Tuesday a very successful meeting of the Sociology Club was held when the special speaker was Miss Hobrecker, of the Y. W. C. A. She took as her subject, "The Girl Problem," and gave a most instructive and inspiring address. She told us of some of the different phases of the problem—education, recreation, life in the factory, in the restaurant, in domestic service. Each aspect of the problem was touched upon with the knowledge than can come only with experience. Miss Hobrecker pointed out how unorganized women-workers are, how the conditions under which they toil require remedying, the need, for instance, of women inspectors of factories, all the inspectors in Nova Scotia being men. She also mentioned the international value of the work, telling how girls from European countries coming to Canada are met and supervised so that the strangeness and the dangers of a new land are overcome. The members of the Club are deeply grateful to Miss Hobrecker for her finely inspiring address.

ST. BERNARD DEBATORS DEFEAT DALHOUSIE.

(Continued from page 1, col. 2.)
 and plans, and there could be no hope of the success of an Imperial Council, without fiscal and economic unity. Then, from the standpoint of expense, figures show that out of each \$1,000 of Great Britain's trade, she appropriates \$125 to maintain her Army and Navy, while Canada spends only 74 cents for such purposes. Canada would have to share the larger expense of the greater risk involved in extensive foreign relations. Miss Marshall contended that the formation of an Imperial Council contained greater promise for each part of the Empire, and the Empire, as a whole. She stressed the fact that action by the council would have to be unanimous, and no dominion could be committed to a policy to which it was opposed in the council. She likened the admission of the dominions to such a council, to a father's taking his sons into partnership with him. Canada's attitude always had been opposed to such a scheme, asserted Miss Nowland, the last speaker for the negative, and she quoted Tupper, Laurier and Meighen in support of her contention. Canada's interests had often been sacrificed by Great Britain, she said, notably at the close of the American war for independence, and the war of 1812.

Miss Atherton, in rebuttal for the affirmative, said the formation of an Imperial Council would be in accord with the views of the greatest statesmen of all countries in the Empire. Loyalty to a king was a slender thread on which to hang the fate of an empire, she asserted, and argued that ties of common interests were necessary. She quoted a German paper as having admitted that there would have been no warlike action by Germany in 1914, had the government of that country realized that all parts of the British Empire would join hands against the aggressor. In rebuttal for the negative, Miss Fitzgerald asserted that an Imperial Council would destroy the unity of the Empire, by doing violence to national feelings of the various constituent parts. She ridiculed the idea of unity in a council, and contended that the requirement of unanimity would actually paralyze such a body, as there could be no action at all, unless every member of the Council subscribed to a proposed policy. In any case, she said, the success of such a council would encourage universal armament, as all other states would fear the strength of an empire that could be depended upon to act as a unit.

IN THE LIBRARY.

A day, spring-born. A Latin quiz to-morrow.
 Surely the gods desire that we should know
 To fullest apprehension all the sorrow
 Of thirsty Tantalus, or the enduring woe
 Of Ixion striving 'neath the burning skies
 In lowest Hades. The sunshine mocking flings
 Its light upon this page of Virgil wise,
 While in the Campus a lone robin sings.
 But e'en as Judas from the depths below,
 Each year by heaven's decree and judgment meet,
 For ten sweet minutes to the Pole may go
 And on an iceberg cool his blistered feet.
 We too have compensation.
 SHE sits there
 A sunbeam making golden all her hair.

DESTINY IS INTERWOVEN

(Continued from page 1, col. 2.)

to her happiness, he could not make plans quickly enough. Needless to say, he spared no expense. In this his mother fully agreed with him. She was a good loser. So it was decided that Kathleen should go to a French convent for three years. No one consulted Kathleen. It did not occur to Lady O'Dair that the girl might be anything but delighted with the plan. Even John, for all his tenderness, did not seem to realize that it might be something of an ordeal for the shy little country girl to go away to a strange land among people not only of an alien tongue, but also of an alien class. But Kathleen said nothing.

All too soon the arrangements were completed and the day of sailing arrived. This was in the days of sailing vessels, when the journey from Ireland to France was a long and hazardous one. So Lord John, who was an officer in the army, was able to get leave for but one visit to the convent in the whole three years.

The nuns were kind to Kathleen. She was an apt pupil, and of so sensitive a temperament that she responded readily to the influences of her environment. But she was not happy. After a few months she became, outwardly, one with her companions. But they were not her people, and their ways were not her ways. Yet, her determination to be worthy of John, together with an enduring patience enabled her to disguise her feelings and appear a great deal happier than she was. And so eighteen months passed away and John came on his promised visit.

He found her greatly changed, more delicate in appearance, quieter in manner, something of her former lightness was missing, but he believed the alteration to be a result of deliberate training. He was touched by the wistfulness of her smile at parting, but, after all, he wanted her to be a little sad. It showed that she loved him.

At length the three years were ended, and Kathleen set out for home. She was no longer wistful, she had become and accomplished woman, beautiful, self-possessed, a woman whom even Lady O'Dair might be proud to call "daughter."

The first night she sat out on deck until quite late, thinking of the future, and John. The thought of John did not thrill her as in former days. He had been pushed into the background of her life. There had been so much to do and to think about. She wondered idly if education had killed her emotions.

Presently she heard a voice singing an old song, a favorite of her father's. As she listened a wane of home sickness swept over her such as had not surged over her in the whole three years. The singer drew nearer and she saw that he was one of the crew, on his way aft. She gazed after him a moment, and then moved by an impulse she did not understand, got up and followed him.

Some weeks later John O'Dair and his mother were at the dock to meet Kathleen. The ship had been delayed by storms. John had almost reached the end of his patience to say nothing of that of his mother. When the vessel docked there was not a sign of Kathleen. Presently he saw her slipping away across the quay with one of the sailors. John strode after her.

"Kathleen! Here I am, dear! Hasn't she changed, mother? Let me present the future Lady Kathleen O'Dair!"

Kathleen looked at him a moment in condensed silence. An expression, half fear, half remorse flitted across her face. Then her years of training came to her assistance. She recovered herself immediately, holding out her hand: "Good morning, Lord John. I really had not expected to see you." And glancing at her escort, "I want you to meet my husband. We were married at sea this morning."

Don. McInnes: "Romance and politics go hand in hand."

Interfaculty Basketball

DAL. 25. ACADIA 21.

Dal. won the Intercollegiate Cup for the first time since it was put up by nosing out the Acadia Co-eds' 25-21 in an excellent game before the largest crowd that has been in the Gal. Gym. to witness a game this year. This is, incidentally, the first trophy that a Dalhousie team has won this year, and Mr. Stirling is to be congratulated for turning out the best Girl's Basketball team in the Maritimes. Unfortunately the major honors go to four of the players who are going to graduate this year. The Captain, Marion Campbell, has scored 144 points in the six Intercollegiate games and it is to her that the major honors go. She had her team back of her to a man, or rather girl, at all times, and always obeyed the orders she got from the coach. Marion has also played many of the games in the city league and though the full figures are not available her scoring total of the season should be well over 200 points. She is a member of Class '26. The two guards Elinor Barnstead and Harriett Roberts have played with Dal. for four years and their excellent work last Friday night successfully checked the Acadia attack. Though never featuring in the scoring column they seem at all times determined to prevent their opponents from getting these either. Both members of '26. Mabel Borden as side center was also excellent and has been throughout the league. A member of '26. Alice Atherton, Edwina Archibald and Marjorie Thompson who comprise the rest of the team will be back next year and if their work of the past season is any indication of their work next year they will more than form the nucleus of a new team. Dal. has played two games with each of the other teams and in the six games has collected 197 points while they had 96 scored against them. A very creditable record.

Line up:—Marion Campbell (Capt.) 19, Alice Atherton 9, Edwina Archibald, Marjorie Thompson, Mable Borden, Harriett Roberts, Elinor Barnstead, Betty Freeman, Gertrude Phinney.

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Dalhousie 35 Y. W. C. A. 24

The Dal. Co-eds' City League Team qualified for the finals by defeating the Y. W. C. A. "B" Team last Wednesday night. The first period ended 14-14 and was the best of the two. In the second Dal. got in some nice combination work which carried the ball down the floor in a most bewildering manner and usually resulted in a score. Marion Campbell collected 26 points enough to have won the game herself, and Alice Atherton netted the pill for 9 points. The two forwards played an excellent game being right on the job all the time. But it was the guards that provided the sensation of the evening particularly Blanche MacPhail. After being nearly knocked cold at the beginning of the game when she tripped and someone sat on her head she came back and played a wonderful game. The two centres also helped materially in their team's victory. Marjorie Thompson as jumping center and Gertrude Phinney as side center handled the ball with clean dexterity, their quick passing and close guarding keeping the ball down to the Dal. forwards at moments when a chance to shoot meant a score.

Line up:—Campbell 26, Atherton 9, Thompson, Phinney, Freeman, McPhail, Thompson, Foote, McCurdy. Allan Lucas and "Turk" MacKenzie refereed.

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