

Acadia Loses to Dalhousie

Supports Library Suggestion

To Editor, the Dal. Gazette.
I have read with a great deal of pleasure the editorial, in last week's issue of the Gazette, protesting against the short hours during which the Macdonald Library is kept open to "thirsty" Dalhousians. Let us hope that the faculty will soon wake up to the fact that we desire access to the books that have been provided for us by people who meant them to be read, not hidden away.
As you may remember, I circulated a petition last year asking that the library be kept open one hour longer: from five to six. This petition was signed by nearly two hundred interested students. The request was granted. It was at once obvious that the hour between five and six was by far the most popular from the point of view of attendance, therefore I felt confident that the extra hour had come to stay, and was bitterly disappointed to see my mistake in believing that the faculty was prepared to assist students to the utmost.
Perhaps they do not think it worth bothering just for the sake of an hour. So let us draw up a more radical petition signed by all the students and asking for such an extension of hours as will make it more worthy the consideration of the Faculty.
Yours hopefully,
P. L. H. Muschamp

Heard on Campus

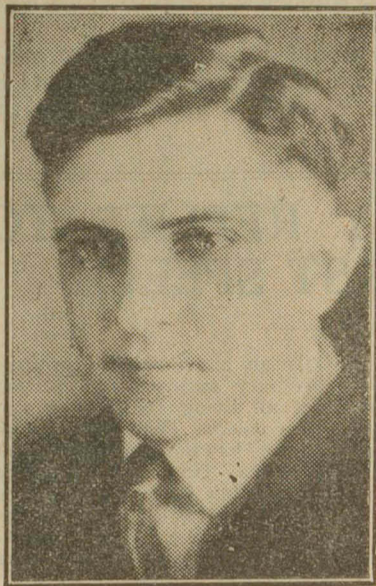
'Lo, Bill.
'Lo, Jack.
Where you heading?
Room B, I've got to get a couple of tickets for Dal night at the Majestic.
Not going to that dead affair, are you?
Dead! Man! You don't know what a time it is going to be. Everybody is going.
Is there going to be a decent crowd?
Well, the committee has reserved nearly the whole of the Majestic, the Med Society has reserved seventy seats, Law and Arts '27 have each a block and I hear that the other classes are going to get blocks.
What are the tickets worth, Bill?
You can get two seats in the pit for \$2.10 or two reserved on the first balcony for half a dollar less. That's the same as any other night at the Majestic and think of the fun we're going to have.
What's the play?
"Midsummer Night's Dream." You'd be going to see that anyway. Here's your chance to go and have an extra good time.
Just like any other night isn't it?
No, lots better. The girls are selling candy; we'll have songs and yells and fun razzing the pros., and the company is doing a little extra stuff for Dal night.
Perhaps I'd better go, but there's no hurry. I'll get my seats the night before if I want to go.
That's where you'll get stung. The seats are going fast and if you want to be in the crowd, you've got to get yours before next Monday. Better get 'em now. Besides all the good ones will be sold first.
How about women?
They're going fast, too. Herbie called up seven last night before he got one.
Well, so long, Bill.
Where you heading now?
Telephone! So long.

DATES FOR DALHOUSIANS

- Today: Football: Dent vs. Med
Ground hockey: Dal vs Acadia
- Nov. 12: Field Day
Nov. 14: Anglican Society Newman Club
Nov. 15: Med banquet
Nov. 16: Girls' Basketball
Football: Law vs. Med
Nov. 18: Engineers' Dance
Nov. 22: Imperial Debate
Nov. 23: Girls' Basketball
Nov. 24: Theatre Night
Nov. 29: Glee Club
Dec. 6: Glee Club
Dec. 16: Christmas Exams

A whisky bottle dropped into the sea off Florida reached Scotland. It knew the way home.

ALBERTA LEADER



Jack Sweeney, whose effusion of last week left Dal gasping.

Dal Swamps Island

The Dalhousie Rugby Team returned from the Island with a perfect score. Defeating St. Dunstan's on Saturday 6-3 in a fast game and the Abegweits 22-0 in a disappointing game on Monday. In the Thanksgiving game Dal had two tries and a convert within the first ten minutes. The week-end tour and the Wanderers' decisive defeat of U. N. B. on Monday show that Dal has an excellent team and also that our city friends have a team to which it was no disgrace to lose the league.

Break Track Records

Dalhousie's track team broke no less than four records at the Dartmouth indoor meets this year. Miller, who has won every race he ran in this year, broke the record for the 50 yards, doing it in a fifth less than the former record. He also broke the 220 record, cutting it down a fifth also.

Miller, Matheson, MacDonald and Keating ran in a relay team, breaking the former record at the first of the two meetings. At the second meet, the team broke their own former record by four seconds, in one of the most thrilling races ever seen in Eastern Canada. In this event Keating and Matheson, the two first runners, maintained a position almost neck and neck with the leading opposition; in the third lap, MacDonald unfortunately fell but recovered in time to hand Miller the stick while there was still a slim fighting chance to win. Miller closed in on his man in his first half and then passed him for a decisive win.

In the half mile event, Dalhousie figured in the lime-light; Ed Brown taking second place on the first night and H. Dowell taking the same position at the second meet.

—H. B.

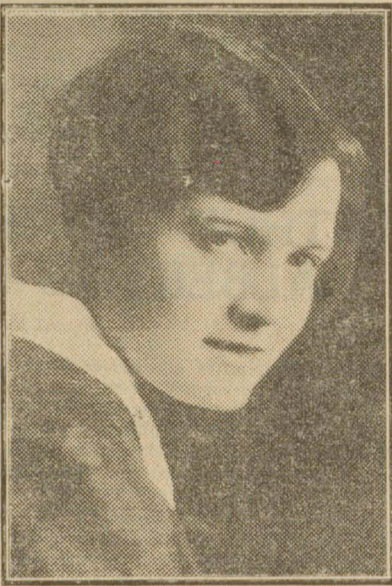
Meds Take Bloc

Twenty-six new members were admitted to the Medical Society on Wednesday evening. F. C. Jennings of the first year was appointed second president. Due to an able committee—Eddie Murray, Pill Winfield and Ches Oake the next meeting promises to be exceptionally attractive—it will take the form of a banquet at the Green Lantern on Nov. 15th.

All Meds, single but mostly otherwise, will attend the Majestic Theatre en bloc for the performance of A Midsummer Night's Dream. Get your tickets early.
Dr. Scammell very ably presented two case histories. These were keenly discussed by all. Our friend Bill Soper is fast becoming a snap diagnostician. We wish to thank Dr. Scammell for contributing so largely towards the pleasant evening.

—H. W.

EMILY HORRICKS



Emily Horricks is Alberta's second debater. Will she write as well as she looks?

Team Combines Logic, Oratory, Style

AN announcement of much interest to Dalhousians was made last Wednesday at Sodales when the personnel of the team to debate Cambridge was made public. There have been many predictions as to who would have the honor of representing the University, but the students should now be satisfied, for their fortunes are in the hands of a strong and well-balanced team.

Mr. Walter Darby is well known to the student-body, having served for a term as President of Sodales, and having represented Dalhousie in two inter-collegiate debates. He first came to the front in 1924, when he led the University team against Kings. In this debate his good qualities were recognized, for the next year he was chosen to lead Dal against U. N. B. Last year he was placed on the Dal team chosen to face the Imperial team, but unfortunately he was seriously injured in a train wreck while returning from his Christmas holidays. This year he is again chosen as leader of the team. Darby is a quiet, rather easy speaker, who seldom calls upon oratory to convince his judges. His speeches sometimes lack fire, but they are witty and always logical and full of sound arguments. He is especially effective in rebuttal, through his ability to think quickly and yet logically.

Mr. Sterling Brown, who is now in his fourth year in the University, has through his whole career been a consistent supporter of Sodales. A regular attendant at all debates, and a determined contestant in the trials through a number of years, he won recognition last year when he was chosen to lead the team against Mount Allison. In that encounter he gave a very good account of himself and this year is on the executive of Sodales and has been given the crowning honor of a place on the Cambridge team. While he is not in any way an extraordinary speaker, in all branches of debating he is uniformly good. To one who is searching for faults Brown offers a very poor field, for he is equally good in argument, language and presentation.

Mr. Roderick H. MacLeod began his debating career in Pictou Academy, when he supported the negative of the resolution,—"Resolved that the world is getting better." From then until now his career has been one continuous story of successes. Like Mr. Brown, a consistent supporter of Sodales, his merits were recognized last year when he debated against Mount Allison and worthily represented Dal. Mr. MacLeod is the orator of the team and his polished style will serve him well in the contest with the Cambridge men. He is not lacking in argument or logic and will do honor to Dal in the forthcoming debate.

Garrison: "I was up with neuralgia last night."
Bovee: "Does she neck?"

Dalhousie Batters Wolfville Score In Game Featured By Penalties

Wits Supply Hits

The Theatre Committee are planning special features and novelties for Nov. 24th. One of the innovations of the evening will be a series of hits on pros and college characters. The committee refuses to divulge the exact form this feature will take. The Slogan Contest will bring the college wits to the fore and seats to the three best wits.

NEW SHIN PADS HELP TRIM EDGEHILL

DALHOUSIE'S Ground Hockey Team were forced on last Saturday to bow to the one goal defeat administered by Edgehill on a strange and very rough and very hilly field. The two teams lined up on what is known in Windsor sporting circles as the Tower field. They told me they got 150 bushels of potatoes out of there last summer and I can quite believe them. Edgehill lined up a youthful but speedy team and an efficient army of line judges. The whistle blew and they were away banging and smashing the ball and each others toes and shins. The Dal maidens had since the last game purchased shin pads which effectively protected their shins but just as effectively spoiled the appearance of many of the shapely limbs that the team is able to boast of in addition to their playing prowess. It wasn't long before Milne the speedy little winger slapped the ball in for the Dal score, much to the delight of "Mugs" and his cronies. Acadia favored the game with a representation who gave a Dal yell and a 'Rickety Ax' and then drove away, leaving the small band of faithfuls to test their lungs on the echoes from the opposite hills. Dal had by far the best of the play in this period as indeed they had throughout the game. Edgehill appearing content to play on the defensive until an opening presented itself in the yellow bloused ranks and then away their long lanky forwards would fly, bounding along, one might almost say, up bill and down dale. Anyway they certainly had to jump the many ditches that ran across the field in a most puzzling manner. In the second period Edgehill attacked and managing to hook a ball back across the line the eagle eyed line judge was undecided whether to call out or not, and while Dal looked on in amazement, gently pushed it over the line. A few minutes later they scored on a clean shot that had Marie beaten all the way. Marie by the way duplicated her Acadia stunt of kicking the ball out of danger, when it looked like a sure score. Annie, Ruth and Lillian were the most effective, not forgetting the brainy work of the pretty but nevertheless hard hitting playing manager.

Forwards, Lillian Barnstead, Aileen MacAuley, Eileen Dwyer, Jean MacKenzie, Annie Milne; Half backs, Ruth Eldor (Capt.), Helen Robertson (Mgr.), Elena Cavichio; Full backs, Keltie Holman, Helen Sexton; Goal, Marie Erikson. Spares, Kay Winfield, Marion Wood, Anna MacLean.

Interfaculty Standing

The standing of the teams to date (Nov. 6th) follows

Teams	W	L	Percent
Engineers	1	0	1.000
Law	2	0	1.000
Medicine	1	0	1.000
Dentistry	1	1	.500
Arts	0	4	0.000

An Aberdonian and his daughter took up golf. At the close of one of their games the father was laid a dead stymie while the daughter had one to play to win the match. Turning around to her he said:—

"Jeannie, isn't the morn yer birthday?"
"Yes, father."
"Ah, weel," he said, "I'll gie ye that hole for a present."

Courtesy of J. C.

MacLeod and Smith Play Good Game

THE Red and Blue of Acadia met the Gold and Black of Dalhousie on Studley Campus, November 4th, in the second meeting between these two teams this year. At last reports, the 'Blue' was predominant in Acadia College circles for the Tigers stepped over the invaders to the tune of 11-3—a penalty kick, two touchdowns and a convert accounting for Dalhousie's scores and a lone penalty kick by Davison bringing the three counts for Acadia.

It was a fine run by Ernst culminating in a pass to Kelly MacLean who crashed through a heap of Acadians, that obtained the first score. Ab Smith converted with a terrific boot from a moderately difficult angle. This score seemed to arouse the Acadians and it was a give and take, ding-dong battle for the rest of the first period. Play swayed back and forth with several threats by both sides but the gods were not propitious and the period ended 5-0.

Play had been resumed but a short time when it was seen that the rest between periods had done the Tigers good. Fine runs by the half-liners were rewarded when Bunker crashed over the line for a touchdown. However, the angle was too difficult to allow of any converting and the kick fell short. Just to show the Tigers that they couldn't have everything their own way Davison inserted a penalty kick. Penalty kicks were numerous in this period, 'Jim' MacDonald having a keen eye for over-eager youths who spent too much time in enemy territory. One of the Acadians had the misfortune to commit this little mistake in front of the Acadian goal posts. Plam! and Ab notched up three more points for the Tigers. Score, 11-3 and that 6-5 game at Acadia College grounds was well avenged! No further score resulted and the game ended with everybody but the Acadians satisfied.

For the Tigers everybody worked well. MacLeod, the new full-back, improved wonderfully on his play at that difficult position. The half liners worked well and were wonderfully assisted by the quarters and forwards. Ab Smith did all the kicking and did it well. Tupper as usual featured with some fine following up.

A feature of the game was the courtesies extended by each set of rooters to the other. After a few experiences with the Wanderers' fans, the change was more than delightful.

Jim MacDonald performed in his usual efficient manner; and there is no higher praise for Jim certainly is a splendid referee.

The lineup:
Dalhousie—Forwards, MacLean, Beaton, Cox, Tupper, Baxter, Ernst, A. Smith. Quarters, Dobson, Wickwire, Hewat. Halves, Murphy, "Doc" Smith, Brown, A. MacDonald, A. Sutherland. Fullback, MacLeod.

—G. B. I.

YANK COLLEGE ORDERS JOCK'S BOOK

The growing evidence of the favor with which Dalhousie and her products is regarded by other great colleges has received a further impetus by the ordering of fifty copies of Dr. John Cameron's "Regional Anatomy" by firms which supply the Harvard Medical School. Though in no sense the official textbook, Dr. Cameron's work has been a favorite among Harvard Medicals for some years. The order exhausted the first edition of the book and a second edition is now on the press with orders from colleges in Upper Canada still unfilled.

We need only add that the Harvard Medical students are very discriminating!

—G. B. I.
"I'm sorry to have to do this," said little Johnny, as he spread the jam on baby's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."

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The Play's The Thing

WHAT would you think? A couple of hundred students are in a moving picture theatre. There is a continual uproar: while the drama goes forward silently, practically every student calls out directions to the players. An actor puts on his hat and coat—one hundred voices protest: "What did you do that for?" "Why didn't you put on the right sleeve first?" "Where did you learn to put on a hat?" "What do you think a hat's for?" The actor does not hear. Another actor, when he might have turned to the right, turns to the left—a howl of applause and a yell of disappointment go up simultaneously. The actor goes his way unheeding. A player takes out a cigarette case—"Pass it! Pass it!" cry hundreds of students. The player does not notice. The hero inadvertently bumps into and knocks down a passer-by. "Dirty Passer-by!" calls the mob, "Jump on him Hero!" The hero hears not.

The din and tumult is unceasing—the next day there will be hundreds of sore throats; for the rest of that day every mind will be muddled from the noise and excitement; perhaps the shouting will counteract and destroy the results of many quiet hours. Scattered here and there throughout the crowd are a few who do not coach the players; they try vainly to enjoy the entertainment. Some of them give up the attempt and turn to a study of their companions; they shake their heads. From among the crowd come leaders, whom the students have chosen to lead in organized applause, and stand out in the front of the theatre. Every student, including through a feeling of loyalty those whom the heckling and crabbing has disgusted, joins in the cheers. The concerted applause, which might be effective against a background of silence, seems of little volume. The cheerleaders return to their seats, the tumult and coaching continue, the entertainment becomes less and less entertaining. The result alone of the drama is important to the student; it matters not how poorly nor how well the characters play so long as the drama ends the way the crowd desires. If it does so the crowd leaves the theatre with much bragging and sticking out of chests. If the crowd loses, it goes away disappointed and broken. Whether it wins or whether it loses, each of its members leaves with a feeling of dissatisfaction and time wasted; the crowd has heard itself and seen nothing.

What would you think? One born every minute? **University men and women?**

Did you ever sit on a Dalhousie grandstand during a big game?

Right Persons, Wrong Reasons

Students too often elect to the various student jobs the right persons for the wrong reasons. There is truth, which few see, in the familiar criticism that students elect officers because of their popularity. Students making this remark—he is a rare student who has not made it—seem to think that if we took ability as our criterion we would choose different officers. Nothing could be farther from the mark. We would elect practically the same students as we do now: popularity and ability, as a general rule, go together. We elect the right persons on poor considerations. We must not jump to the conclusion that it then makes no difference whether we choose student officers for ability or for popularity. It does; it makes a great deal of difference. If we choose an officer for ability he will show ability; if we choose the same man because he is popular he will naturally endeavour in his job to be popular. In fact it is almost impossible for a person in any responsible position to do anything unless he has supporters who want him to do it. In electing a man because you like him when you might elect him because you think him capable—when you might expect something from him—you make it impossible for him to do himself justice!

So it is with the Council of the Students. We do not consider, when we vote for a man, his opinions, his beliefs, of his talents; we do not ask him to say even that he will do his best. Just consider what would happen to the state if national politics went on in that fashion! A little while ago the question came up in the Council whether or not the football team might go to Charlottetown for Thanksgiving—involving an expense of a couple of hundred dollars. We know little about the merits of the question, nor are we concerned now. No one will question that any one might have come honestly to the conclusion that either side was right. The anti-trip side was the unpopular one; a student who did not believe the trip to be wise had to stand up and say to the fifteen college heroes, No, you cannot have your excursion. To vote against it he had to have more than an average amount of character. That was the situation. We students created it. If we were not satisfied with the outcome we may blame ourselves. When the Council elections come again, will we remember this?

A Minute's Thought

We students, with all our trials and difficulties, are an unusually happy class of people. Bread and butter and clothing do not for the present concern us; we are fortunate and know it. Nor does tomorrow concern us: we are looking forward and have something to look forward to.

So it was here at Dalhousie twelve years ago. In a short time part of Dalhousie was in the mud and snow-water and trenches of France. A part of Dalhousie is still there.

What are you doing for peace?

A Vote of Confidence

A great number of students have come to us, since the appearance of the last Gazette, to express their approval of an Open Library. Each has told us how an Open Library would affect him or her. The concern students have revealed on this subject is significant; we have merely voiced popular feeling.

We believe that an Open Library would do more than any other single thing involving so trifling a cost to advance the interests of Dalhousie. It is great profit at little expense. Shall we open the Library doors to a liberal education?

ARTHUR MURPHY REPLIES TO ALBERTA'S FIRST SPEECH

THE inspiration of environment which the radio performer so misses is also lacking as I strike my typewriter keys. It is true, I do not tremble nor must I self-consciously reach for the water pitcher to win a moment's reprieve. But there are other things. I cannot scan your faces to learn if I bore you. I cannot storm about nor smite the table with a thundering fist. You could not heed me. It really must be dull for you, much as if, being students, you could not see the professor as he spoke. All lectures would be tedious even as many now are tedious. Means would constantly be sought for evading them. Foolish thought. They would be fruitless. There is the compulsory attendance rule.

Our facetious humorist of the prairie land has disregarded the maxim of saying nothing when you have nothing to say. We, at Dalhousie, have been seriously considering compulsory attendance since the days when Alberta was synonymous with a Hudson Bay outpost.

You will remember the story of David and his giant foe. The mighty Goliath was slain with a mere pebble and a leather thong. Such a simple thing. Now you cannot wonder when I tell you that one equally simple shows the iniquity of the compulsory attendance regulation. I shall tell you many times; the last words I write shall be of it, because you must realize the greatness of its simplicity. It is this—

The average university student is a man. The age of the average Dalhousie student, as verified by the Registrar, is well over twenty-one years. It may be objected that Dalhousie is but one university of many. That it need not be typical. This we grant; nay, even more, we endorse it. Dalhousie is not typical.

I shall tell you why. Dalhousie is located in a city. As a result 40% of its students are from the city. It is undisputed that city students, owing to better educational facilities, are more advanced for their years. This tends to make the Dalhousie student younger. Again, the professional enrolment at Dalhousie is relatively small being only 203 out of 744. As the non-professional students are considerably the younger, the Dalhousie age is still further lowered when compared with universities such as McGill or Queens. Thus it is seen that with a few possible exceptions the age of the average student is yet greater at other universities. And the average student is representative.

Before the whole world the student is a man. Yet his university treats him as if he were still to attain the age of reason. A few universities grant the privilege of free will. Oxford, Cambridge, Princeton would consider a ruling such as ours an affliction. The great authority of these universities may not be ignored.

The "few" universities cultivate the student's manhood. The student responds. The remainder use a whip called compulsory attendance and again he responds—as does a horse in harness. Being human his interest is curbed by obligation.

He cannot diverge enough from the beaten track to give his individuality play.

His initiative is destroyed. Above all, that self-reliance, anatomically known as backbone, which is the very core of manhood, instead of being nurtured and developed to the utmost, is macerated and weakened by the whip and lash.

In the elementary school, as a boy, the student's primary habits are forming and he is taught to use his mind. In the university, as a man he should be taught to live and the great teacher is Experience.

Some one once spoke sagely on forcing a horse to drink. He might have added that if the horse be really thirsty he will seek out water for himself. Despite my simile of the whip, I do not liken the student to a horse. A horse has four

legs. Only an absent-minded professor or a university senate would overlook that. Yet all living beings have some things in common. The student will work only if he has the desire, the ambition to do things. He may be persuaded, even intrigued, but he cannot be forced. Sometime you have little to do, try pushing a balky horse. If you survive, hold a sugar lump before his nose. There is a difference.

Force has never been found successful in dealing with any type of psychological complex. The indifferent student, under his own impetus, would probably discover his futility in the first year of college life. Instead of this he is pushed on for two or three years, in constant friction with the university authorities, and finally drops out, little better than before, a great loser both in time and in money. The university has not been fair to him; she has not been fair to herself.

For the ambitious student the regulation is a lamentable handicap, restraining all those attributes which he wished most to develop. Should the man whose life is of the greater value to the world be sacrificed in a futile endeavor to goad on his spiritless confrere?

Yet, this, in practice, is the result of the compulsory attendance regulation, disguised as it is in a cloak of impartiality and democracy.

Since we have taken the liberty of thus classifying our student we shall now look upon him from a more material aspect. Speaking broadly, he must be either an Arts or a professional student. You will be told that the professional student is better able to care for himself, having a definite goal in view and being of more mature years; that it is the Arts student who needs most the guiding hand (holding the whip).

I shall show you that the Arts student has the greater need of freedom.

The professional student is learning a definite trade which he hopes to capitalize in later years. But the Arts man does not take a Bachelor's degree for what he hopes to learn of Latin or Chemistry or what you will. He is simply building a foundation for himself. He is learning to live. The university is his world in laboratory form and it must be a replica of the main street of life. There are no guiding hands, no petty restrictions on main street, no definite rules for success. And so the Arts school, in placing the student in an unnatural atmosphere, is failing in its purpose to teach him of the world beyond.

There is an old story of a whole battle which was lost for the want of a horseshoe nail. And similarly we may trace all great disasters to little things. In the vastness of the world the compulsory attendance regulation is of trifling littleness. Yet it is one of those little things, possibly greater than any of us dream, that impairs manhood.

Somewhere you have a Bible. Seek it out and read again the story of David and Goliath.

A. L. MURPHY.

Freshmen Only

This is just to remind you, Freshman, that it is barely five weeks till the exams. Time goes quickly at college, doesn't it? You will find the Dalhousie standard higher than any high school standard. Many meet disaster because they do not realize this. Last Christmas the faculty plucked 90%—or some such huge percentage—of the freshman class. Forewarned is forearmed.

DIXERIE DOT

THE Gazette is very fortunate in securing the services of Miss Dixerie Dot, famous heart specialist. Undergraduates, who wish to avail themselves of her advice, may do so by addressing a letter to her and slipping it in one of the Gazette boxes.

Dear Dixerie Dot:

I am a young man of 20. I have no bad habits. I am undecided whether to become Poet Laureate or Prime Minister. I ought to make a good Poet Laureate, because Professor MacMechan gave me an A+ on my sonnet, while, on the other hand, when people find out what high marks I made in Govt. I, they will no doubt want to make me Premier. I think that I should rather like to be Premier because I made the debating team last year and being Premier would be rather like that. My parents have often told me that I am destined to go down in **Histigraphy.**

Now dear Dixerie Dot, please tell me why, since I am a young man of such gowing prospects, I am not more popular with the fair sex. Please give me your opinion why this is so, as I am very anxious to rectify it.

Yours truly,
Appollo.

Dear Appollo:

It is difficult to understand why a young man with so many good points should be so unpopular. You are the kind of young man who will give a girl both a good home and social standing—and what more should a well brought up girl desire? Furthermore you seem to be of an aggressive disposition and therefore ought to appeal to a girl's most deep seated instincts.

But whereas the aggressiveness which comes from an inward consciousness of power will sweep a girl off her feet, conceit, which is merely the outward cloak of inherent deficiency, inspires, and rightly inspires, almost any girl with contempt. This, Appollo, is the impediment which mars your success. I would advise you to read Bruce Barton's article entitled "Conceit, God's Great Gift to Little Men." I would further advise you to acquire what one might call "the goods" and then you will not feel it necessary to appear to be what you are not.

Sincerely,
Dixerie Dot.

Dear Dixerie Dot:

I am very anxious to attend "Midsummer Night's Dream" in order to study Miss Glossop-Harris's articulation and choice of words, and, like a good Dalhousian, I should prefer to be there on November 24. But the last time I was at the Majestic on a Dal night, I got a pea in my ear and flour mixed up with my beard. I am very anxious to go but I do not wish to have my dignity outraged by the vulgarity of the groundlings. Please advise me what I should do.

Sincerely,
Chesterfield.

Dear Chesterfield:

You are evidently a freshman or you would not be asking such a foolish question. By all means go. You should be willing to take the bitter with the sweet. Anyhow, flour and peas are going to be done away with. The only thing that you are liable to get is a paper dart down the back of your neck.

Sincerely,
Dixerie Dot.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

An art exhibit has this week brightened the usually dark halls of the third floor in the Forrest Building. "Autumn Scenes, contributed by the Class in Embryology" is the legend that accompanies them. The names of the artists do not appear.

The Law Dance with the exception of a broken punch bowl was perfect; it joins the numberless best dances of the year in history. For all that, we venture to predict that it is the last Dalhousie dance held down town.

Heard at the V. G. H.:
J. T.: Married?
Female Patient: Yes.
J. T.: Any other serious illness?

Theatre Night continues to be the main topic of conversation. How many will the Majestic hold?

Pine Hiller: My girl's lips quiver when she kisses.
His Friend: Boy, don't they?
Pine Hiller: What?
His Friend: I say, do they? Do they?

Capt. Tubby on his second voyage to the N. S. Hospital made a very careful inspection of the rooms, the bar and particularly the bill of fare. He remarked to one of the deck hands that it was nice to get acquainted with your future home.

Thou Shalt Not Lie

ORA and her chum, Mabel, boarded together in a cheap boarding flat, in a red brick building on Seminary St., New York. Ora worked in a millinery parlor, Mabel in a ladies' department store.

On the 13th of January 19—, Ora was awakened by the alarm clock at 7.15; she awakened Mabel with much difficulty, told her the time, and dressed hurriedly; Mabel was still in bed, when Ora turning abruptly toward her, said, "I was just thinking, as I looked at that picture of George Washington, what an awful lot of lies I told yesterday, I've got to reform. Today's going to be 'truth-day' for me."

Mabel sat up in bed, and looked hard at Ora, and briefly said, "Can't be done." "I'm going to try anyhow."

"Better not start to-day, 'cause it's the 13th, and Friday, so you'd better wait a while," warned Mabel.

"When I start a thing, I usually go through with it," said Ora icily, going out the door. "Alright it's your funeral," shouted Mabel after her.

There were only six boarders in the flat, and the landlady was her own cook. She greeted Ora after breakfast, and put the usual question, "How was the breakfast?" and Ora, instead of giving the usual reply,—"Just lovely," said, "The coffee was cold, the toast burned, and the egg rubbery." The poor landlady turned red, bit her lip, and fled hastily to the kitchen.

Ora, frowning, picked up a paper, and reflected, "Well I had to." She soon forgot all about everything but an article on the latest in dresses, and came to herself with a jump, when she looked at the clock, and perceived that she had missed two sub-way trams.

She got off the tram, went to the office and reported for work; the "boss" asked her why she was late, and instead of giving the old excuse,—"The alarm clock, didn't go off," or "I forgot to wind the alarm clock,"—she said, "I got interested in an article in the paper, and

missed the car." The boss was angry with a capital A.

She was busy until noon, and forgot all her worries, until, that sap of a head-clerk, came over and asked her if she'd like to go out to dinner with him. She said, "No I wouldn't like to," and when asked why, she turned red and said, "Your table manners are bad," and left him. He was furious.

When she came back after lunch she kept debating whether or not to give in, but decided not to be laughed at by Mabel. Everything was going along as usual, until a large, stout, lady came in and was trying on hats; when she finally got one that she liked, she asked Ora how it looked. Ora turned white, gritted her teeth, then said, "It looks horribly awful, you're too stout for that little hat."

The lady was so astonished she could not speak for a few seconds, but when her voice came back, she called the "Boss", and told him what Ora had said. At first he didn't know what to think or say; then he apologized to the lady, told Ora to call for her pay and said, "You're fired!"

"I am not," snapped Ora, "I quit!" She got her pay, went to her room, and started to cry; Mabel came in about half an hour later, and she was still crying. Mabel laughed; Ora looked at her in astonishment, and started to tell her what had happened, but Mabel said: "Never mind telling me, I know,—you were fired,—so was I; I tried the 'truth-day' stunt, too; but never you worry, I got a job for each of us, right close together too; here's where I let 'truth-days' alone until I get tired, and want a new job."

"Oh Mabel!" began Ora; but Mabel interrupted, "Never mind thanking me,—forget it," and then "Say whattaya thinka George Washington," she drawled. "I think he's a fake" said Ora, as she crumpled up his picture and threw it in the waste-paper basket.

Torpedoed

ONE beautiful sunny morning in the spring of 1917, the S. S. Heliopolis, a 12,000 ton freighter of the latest design, was steaming down the Irish Sea. The day before, she had successfully passed her "trials" and now was on the way to Liverpool to take aboard her first cargo.

There were three men on the bridge; Hassell, the captain, Clark the second officer and a Swede quarter-master. It was the second's watch and having nothing much to do, he was pacing up and down watching the people bathing on a beach about two miles away. A few minutes after the bell had gone for 9 o'clock, he heard a crash to starboard, which sounded as if something heavy had been dropped in the engine-room. More out of curiosity than anything else, he walked over to the end of the bridge and looked over. In the meantime, the skipper who had also heard the noise, came out of the wheel-house where he had been examining some charts, to find out what the trouble was. Just as he stepped out through the door, Clark yelled to him, "By God, sir, we've been torpedoed!" "Man you're crazy!" was all that Hassell had time to say, when with a terrific roar another torpedo struck this time to port, almost blowing the ship in half.

In about one half minute all of the crew that were left alive were heading with speed for the life-boats. Hassell and Clark after having got the boats out and loaded, ran back to the chart room to destroy the code-books and to rescue what instruments they could, expecting that the boats would wait for them. However, when they came out again they discovered to their horror, that the boats had left.

The only remaining craft was the "captain's gig" which was hanging in the davits on the port side of the lower-bridge deck. Without bothering to examine it, they chucked their instruments in, lowered away and jumped—right through. The bottom had been blown completely out when the second torpedo had struck.

Clark couldn't swim and for a minute or two had a bad time of it, but Hassell gave him a hand until he could catch hold of the side of the useless gig. Between the two of them they managed to push the wreckage far enough away from the Heliopolis so that they would not be sucked down with her. Two minutes later she disappeared, going under stern first. From the time that she had been first hit to the time that her hulk vanished forever, was just ten minutes.

Clark and Hassell clung to the wreckage for three hours when they were picked up by a trawler. Their own crew had given them up for dead. Clark still claims that the world's coldest water is in the Irish Sea. Indeed when he had finished telling me this yarn, he was shivering so much that I had to do the same to keep him company—its confoundedly cold on a ship's bridge in a sleet storm. —S.

PINK

I've always hated Pink,
Since the days of long ago;
When a smartly pinkish dress
Thrust its wearer on me so.

And the reason, so I think,
That I asked her to a show;
Was that she wore a dress,
Of softly pinkish glow.

But I'm done with pinkish dresses,
And my poor romance is o'er;
Though I still love pinkish dresses,
I love my green-backs more.

DALLUSIENSIA

This week's questions are:

1. What Dalhousie professor wrote thirty books? Name them.
2. What Dalhousie professor had only one arm?
3. What Dalhousie professor was the first Canadian to become a Fellow of the Royal Society?

The answers to last week's questions are:

1. College is the legal name for Dalhousie.
2. Principal is the correct title for its head. Dr. Forrest (Lord John) was the first to take the name of President.
3. Jacob Gould Schurman became an ambassador. Born in P. E. I. in 1854, Professor of Philosophy at Dalhousie 1882-86, President of Cornell from 1892 to 1920, he was American minister to Greece and Montenegro in 1912-13.

McCullough: "Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the cement walk the other day?"

Harvey: "Sure; did you think it would go through?"

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Alumni Society of 1950

(Clipping from "The Herald and Chronicle" recently amalgamated; Canada's Leading Newspaper,—First in the News and Fearless in Views—Date, Sept. 14th, 1950 A. D.)

A very enthusiastic and well attended gathering of the Dalhousie Alumni was held in Room D of the Murray Homestead on Tuesday last.

President Herbert Michael Angelo Demosthenes Davidson was in the chair and the meeting opened with a Dal yell, led by ex-cheerleader "Muggs" Fraser, better known as "Doc," who guided the twelve members present in a vociferous demonstration of the old "esprit de corps."

A report from Doctor Laverne Cogswell, chairman of the gymnasium committee was first dealt with. In his report of the excellent progress made during the past few years, he stated that \$700.28 had been collected and that when the several hundred thousand expected were obtained the objective would be reached. Dr. Fraser at this juncture of the proceedings rose, and asserted with true surgical optimism that he did not think "it would be long now."

It was moved by Alumnus Bearcat Harrison, Arts 49 that a vote of thanks be extended to Doc. E. F. Ross for his much needed contribution to the MacDonald Library—of his first two books of Milton's "Paradise Lost". In making his motion, Mr. Harrison stated that he had read the first ten lines of the first book and that he felt competent to surmise the interest with which they would be devoured by the student body. A sharp discussion followed as to the advisability of paying the postage on the above mentioned books, as Doctor Ross had evidently overlooked this item. The matter was tabled for further discussion.

The meeting was rudely interrupted by the entrance of Chook Sullivan Jr., who called for Dr. W. S. Gilchrist, explaining that his son Thomas Gilchrist had, while attempting an aerial debate with Alberta, fallen from his plane to the campus below. He was not seriously injured because he struck the ground on the site of the proposed gym. (The Alumni hereupon congratulated themselves upon not having built the structure and collegiate hand-shakes were exchanged).

The business of the meeting was then resumed and reports were had from the Publicity Committee, representing the Alumni News. Arthur Jubien, financial Ponzi of the age, reported for this committee and announced that the "News" circulation was one of the largest on the continent. (Cheers).

The enthusiasm was soon dampened however when he announced a deficit of \$200. in the funds of the committee. It was moved by Judge Darby that the deficit be made up from the gymnasium fund. The motion was passed with but

one dissenting voice, Dr. Cogswell who demanded that he might at least have pocket money for his labor.

President Davidson then invited Rev. Robaire MacDonald, recently returned missionary from Korea, to the platform to address the gathering. Dr. MacDonald expressed his joy at being once again within the walls of his Alma Mater, and took the occasion to announce that as he had accumulated much filthy lucre teaching French to the Koreans, he was in a position to grant the college several million marks for the establishment of several new high chairs. This grant was welcomed by enthusiastic applause and after much heated discussion the reverend gentleman was presented with a year's subscription to the Alumni News.

Professor Roy Wiles, Pres. of the Studley Quoit Club here presented a bill for \$97.15 for damage done to window panes etc. in Shirreff Hall. In his report he stated that the wild pitching was chiefly due to Horseshoe MacLeod, one of the "Elder" members of the club. The President after rebuking the accused, suggested that the amount be taken from the gymnasium fund. Motion passed with loud dissension from Dr. Cogswell. Numerous other reports were given and numerous bills presented. After which another report from the gymnasium committee was called for. The chairman rising shakily to his feet placed 38c on the table and suggested in a voice choking with emotion, that a new bladder be purchased for the basketball now in use in the temporary gymnasium (which is to be the Arts building) So help me—it is!

Much adverse criticism, suggestion referred to next meeting.

Meeting adjourned with a Dal yell led by ex-cheerleader "Muggs" Fraser, better known as "Doc" who guided the eleven members present in a vociferous demonstration of the old "esprit de corps."

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Reading English For a Degree

THE fact that a student is in his sophomore year does not necessarily mean that he knows to what alarming lengths he may have to go to get his degree. A short time ago the title of their first theme was announced to the members of English II. As far as one could judge from the Nigger Heaven of the Chemistry Theatre it ran as follows: "Reading English for a Degree." That title implied that a student must read English for a degree. Now I for one had always had the erroneous impression that one reads English for enjoyment, or at least—if one had descended low enough—for improvement. I had never for a moment considered the truly terrible contingency that I might have to read it for a degree. Consequently, when I learned that this was so, the thought that first came to me was one of disappointment, and then, strangely enough, the disturbing idea struck me that perhaps there was something in it after all—that perhaps the professor responsible for it might know what he was talking about.

A short time ago I read an article by Mr. Gilbert Norwood, entitled **Too Many Books**. If there is among the eight hundred odd students at Dalhousie one so corrupted as to think that there really are too many books, he should read that article—it would cheer him in his isolation. The professors should read it anyway—even though it might not cheer them. The author exactly expressed the thought that first came to me when he said that there were too many books—too many good books. He advised that the great majority should be destroyed, so that a person might concentrate upon a few. The considerations under which a book should be saved were rather startling. One was that every book, for which one person would give his life, should be allowed to survive. Now, I think that this system might be introduced into Dalhousie. We can imagine the triumphant executioner holding up Hanford and some loyal English student dashing forward, amid vociferous stamps, to make a martyr of himself and calling out as he died, "Long live Hanford." Dr. MacFarlane and Mr. Bennet might employ this method of

finding out what students were most interested in their work—even if they did lose some of them in the process. Obviously, if this system were introduced: either all the books would be destroyed or all the students would be martyred. I do not wish to stir up sedition, but I do think that the students should agitate for such a reform. Of course there is always the danger that the University authorities would refuse to sanction it for fear of losing all the students. But if that difficulty were once removed, who knows but that "reading English for a degree" might be eliminated from the college curriculum?

This, as I said, was my first idea. As I can see now, it was slightly premature. I have a vague suspicion that Dalhousie is too old fashioned to allow such radical changes. However, it was premature for another reason. Not because the students—that is the sensible students, would not look forward to having less to read but because the method I have mentioned would not be practical in bringing about such a desirable end. I mean that even the most conscientious professor will admit that his primary reason for teaching is not to fill his pocket, but to fill his stomach. Thus, if all our English books were destroyed the English lecturer, to keep his stomach full, would be forced to administer the same thing to us by some other equally efficient method. We might even be compelled to read some other language for a degree. Personally, if I have to read Shakespeare or Milton, I should much rather read them in English, than in, say, Eskimo or Hottentot. But since the students really have no voice in the matter, we may just as well, I suppose, employ the fatalistic attitude and try to enjoy what is prescribed for us.

Seriously, though, the intelligent reading of English, leading to a greater appreciation of our literature, is an essential side of our studies. If we get a degree by means of it, so much the better. If we do not, we have gained something that will remain with us long after we have forgotten such trivialities as the square-root of two and the formula for dephlogisticated marine acid air.

—G. N.

The Halifax Trip

Episode Two

We left off last week while we were on our way back to the Carol Shop to find the girls and try and persuade them to continue our walk around Halifax. I think Bud and I will go in after them, besides, I need a pair of silk socks for the Law Dance tonight. We are very sorry to have kept you waiting, but Keltie had bought something that required wrapping up. Well our next stop is Farrell's who is another of our college stationers and keeps some of that nice Dal notepaper. Next door is the MacDonald Music Co., where you can get anything you want from uke strings to pianos. Cooley's next are good reasonable jewellers and are the people who make the Literary "D's". Further along is J. W. O'Neill's who has some very fine men's furnishings. Stop a moment, there is an argument on in the front line, but before I reach the scene it is all over. "Come along Bill we can get a milk shake on the way home" cries Stevie, so we all amble on past the Green and stop at the corner of Sackville St., watching Officer MacLeod directing the long streams of traffic with an efficient hand. Let's stop here and look around, for from this corner we can see the Royal Print who are in the Herald and Mail Building. Tip Top Tailors where you all know \$24 buys a suit. Hubley's where you can get it pressed and across the street in Ackers old theatre is the new Frisco. On the opposite corner is Wallace's Shoe store and down the hill Scotty Shield's Barber Shop. Opposite Scotty's is Lee's, in fact Lee's is almost under our feet. "No Kelly it's not a Chinese dive, but a darn good barber shop." Down at the foot of the hill a turn to the right and a walk up stairs is the Suitorium, who will press and clean anything and call for it too. Oh! well it's rather late so we'll meet here again next week.

(To be Continued)

Casino Notes

With Milton Sills, Noah Beery, Betty Bronson, Katie Price, Charlie Murray and Lloyd Whitlock all in the cast, "Paradise", which the Casino theatre is showing this week-end should need no further recommendation. Here is a cast of players that must surely make any type of picture or story interesting and well worth seeing and from advance reports the picture is quite as big as its cast.

Following "Paradise", Rex Beach's story of Broadway night club life, "Padlocked" will go into the Casino for a three day run beginning Monday of next week. Here again another fine cast of players are brought together among whom are pretty Lois Moran, Louise Dresser, Allan Simpson, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and Florence Turner. No more powerful theme than this up-to-the-minute tale of a girl of to-day has ever reached the screen and it is said to be by far the best of the many Rex Beach stories.

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George K. Getmigote

Mercifully, and with the good of his fellow students in mind, the Senate has finally granted a Degree to George K. Getmigote. George spent seven years in College, seriously lowered the available liquor supply and is departing followed by the cheers of his happy and long suffering companions. No longer need a girl buy a new pair of shoes every time she attends a dance and is foolish enough to dance with him.

Hugh I. Borrowall

This youth is small and quiet in appearance, yet in the four years he spent with us, he proved the most accomplished "borrower" of everything from cigarettes to money that any University has ever known.

Alice E. Foolem

This peroxide blonde mercifully leaves after six years of fun and frolic—for her. She is more particularly famous as the originator of—"Oh, I was just going to ask you to the Delta Gamma, when my seventeenth cousin died and I had to send him a wreath with the dollar, etc., etc."

Kay S. Borem

When the Senate gave this girl a Degree all our faith in human nature was immediately restored. Seriously, we are thinking that the Senate has the interest of the students at heart. Of all girls for a "blind date," this girl was the most perfect example, 'nuff sed!

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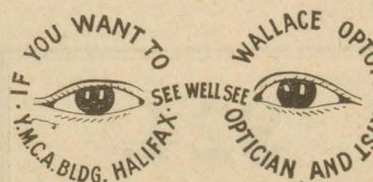
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