

The Dalhousie Gazette

VOL. XLVIII

JANUARY 14, 1916

No. 5

THE DEAD, 1914

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!

There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.

These laid the world away; poured out the red

Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be

Of work and joy, and that unhop'd serene

That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,

Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.

Honour has come back, as a king to earth

And paid his subjects with a royal wage;

And Nobleness walks in our ways again

And we have come into our heritage.

Rupert Brooke

JOHN STEWART

THE farewell dinner given to the Seventh Stationary Hospital, C. E. F. in the Halifax Hotel on the 29th December, 1915, was largely attended by members of the medical profession, representatives of Dalhousie, and our leading townsmen. It was an effort on the part of the community to express what it thinks of one man, the head, the heart and soul of the unit—John (his titles do not matter) Stewart.

Farewells in these days cannot be joyful; and this farewell was particularly sad. No one could quite let himself think of the possibilities and so took refuge in the obvious and the commonplace. The task of praising a man to his face is always delicate. It is doubly delicate and difficult when the man is a Highlander with more than his share of native reserve and sensitive pride. John Stewart has faced many painful scenes; and has more to face; but it is doubtful if he will ever have a more severe ordeal to undergo than to sit quietly for two hours and listen to the laudation of himself.

It would be a pity if Dalhousians, and particularly Dalhousians studying medicine, missed the moral of the occasion.

This is an age of publicity. On every side is heard the bellow of the boomster and the still small voice of the self-advertiser. The curious modern insanity has even infected the universities. College presidents are expected to be "good advertisers," and college calendars are coming to cry up the merits and advantages of the institutions they represent like patent medicine pamphlets, or real estate "literature." Now, one of the finest traditions of the medical profession is that it does not advertise; and of this John Stewart has been an admirable exponent, as he has of all that is best in the high calling he has so long adorned. No little personal paragraphs sent to the papers, no interviews "given out" mark his long and beneficent career in his native province. He has shunned publicity as some men court it, and yet he is known all through

Nova Scotia and out of it for what he is—one of the ablest surgeons anywhere and a man whose character is a national asset. The hour came when a man was needed for a most important work, and John Stewart was the man to whom all eyes instinctively turned. His character, even more than his skill, is the strength of the Seventh Stationary Hospital.

It is difficult to write or speak of John Stewart without using terms that would seem excessive to those that do not know him, and that would seem grossly excessive to himself. His life has been a series of renunciations. Now, at an age when most men think themselves entitled to retirement, he has renounced ease and comfort in order to serve his country and humanity by labors more exacting than even he has known. The value of such a life and such an example cannot be calculated. His response to the call of duty—a response made with a high heart and almost boyish eagerness—will long be a precious inspiration and ideal to the children of the old Mayflower province.

When Scott left Britain on his last voyage, Wordsworth wrote of him:

"Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the night

Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes.

Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows.

Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope.

From the homes without number where his mere presence has brought relief in time of need, "good wishes . . . blessings and prayers" with a wealth of gratitude behind them follow John Stewart on his way to another scene of labor and of honor.

A. M. M.

PRIZE COMPETITION

THE Editor has decided to open a prize competition this month.

For the best original poem.

1st prize—Two dollars.

2nd prize—One dollar.

For the best original prose contribution not exceeding five hundred words, and not less than two hundred words in length

1st prize—Five dollars.

2nd prize—Two dollars.

The competition is open to all University students.

Competent judges will decide on the merits of the contributions.

The *Gazette* reserves the right to withhold any or all prizes in case the contributions are unsatisfactory and also to publish any manuscripts submitted. No manuscripts will be returned.

All contributions to be marked "Competition" and addressed to the Editor, *Dalhousie Gazette*, McCurdy Building, Box 742, Halifax, N. S.

Competition closes January 31st, 1916.

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND, SECOND APPEAL

SOMEWHAT over a year ago, as President of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, I made an appeal to the people of the Dominion for funds to assist the families of the gallant men who were going to the front. Though anticipating a generous response, I was hardly prepared for the magnificent manner in which the call was met. Monies have poured into the treasury of the Fund until the total contributions have reached and exceeded six million dollars.

Large, however, as this sum appears, it has not greatly exceeded current demands and, if peace were declared in the immediate future, the entire surplus on hand would be required before all the men of the Expeditionary Force could again return home.

To-day there are 25,000 families, comprising, it is estimated, 80,000 individuals dependent upon the Patriotic Fund.

With further recruiting the demands upon the Fund will, with each succeeding month, continue to grow, so that it is estimated that, should the War continue during 1916, a sum amounting to some \$8,000,000 and probably more will be required. This would, however, only mean \$1 per head of the population for the people of Canada, and it is little indeed to ask of those who remain at home in comparison with the sacrifice in life and limb of those who are fighting in defence of the Nation.

In spite of all the various calls that have been made for funds to aid our soldiers and sailors and the magnificent response that has been made in each and every case, I still feel assured that the warm hearts of all Canadians will respond to this further appeal to enable the Patriotic Fund to continue its splendid work during 1916 and take care of the families of those who are fighting for their Sovereign, the Empire, and the Dominion, on the battle-fields of Europe and on the High Seas.

(Signed) ARTHUR,

President Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Government House,

Ottawa, 1st January, 1916.

DINNER TO HOSPITAL UNIT

AT one of the finest gatherings of Dalhousians young and old ever held in this city, Lieut.-Col. John Stewart and his officers of the No. 7 Overseas Stationary Hospital were tendered a farewell dinner at the Halifax Hotel Thursday night, December 30th, and sped on to their mission of mercy with a hearty "Good Luck" and "A Safe Return." Those who assembled at the Halifax Hotel that night went there with a feeling of admiration over the sacrifices made by the Hospital Unit, with a feeling of pride and mingled sadness. It was a quiet and intense banquet, far

(Continued on page 8)

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

Published semi-monthly under the authority of the Students' Council.

Subscription - - \$1.00 per year.

Editor J. S. ROPER, M.A., LL. B. Business Manager J. S. FRASER

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NOTWITHSTANDING the stringency of the money market due to the war, on and after this issue of the Gazette, a fixed rate per column will be paid to bona fide students for suitable copy for this publication. It does not matter whether the copy contains reports of College affairs, original prose or verse, caricatures, criticisms or any other worthy matter, if, in the opinion of the Editor, it is suitable material for the Gazette, the author will be paid. On many occasions this paper has striven to revive the lost art of composition among its student readers. Usually this has been attempted by means of competitions according to a set of rules and regulations, the winner to receive a certain amount. That plan for the most part, has failed. This edition will inaugurate a new scheme in the history of the college, probably in the history of Canadian colleges. The oldest college paper in America will pay for its copy. Let that be the first announcement for 1916. Send in your articles, poems, and reports to the Editor and if they are suitable, the price is yours. If they are not suitable you will receive them back for renovation on applying at the Gazette office.

THE University has received during the last month two donations. One is \$5,000.00 from the late Mr. George W. Stairs, which has already been announced in the Gazette. The other is from a friend of the college, the late Mr. Joseph Matheson, who has left us the sum of \$15,000.00. There are no strings on either of these gifts; the Board of Governors may do with them what they will. With regard to the Stairs gift a suggested application will be found in another column of this paper. Fifteen thousand dollars invested in Canadian War Loan Bonds will net the sum of \$825.00 a year. Eight Matheson scholarships of \$100.00 each would not only serve to perpetuate the name of the philanthropic testator, but would bring into our College, eight of Nova Scotia's best product and probably the runners-up in the competition for the scholarships. The university authorities could lay down the regulations for obtaining such scholarships and the brain of Nova Scotia would do the rest. Such a scheme of competitive scholarships would be a boon to the struggling seeker after higher education and would not only serve to advertise the college but would help to bring to our halls a very desirable class of students year by year. From a financial aspect the scheme would also

be a good one. The Governors would lose no money, not even the interest. We respectfully suggest to our Board of Governors that no better means could be taken to commemorate the name of one of our most generous benefactors.

THE No. 7 Stationary Hospital Aid Association has raised a sum of \$10,000.00 throughout Nova Scotia to help along Lieut.-Col. John Stewart and his associates. No better work has ever been done than that of this Association, and we congratulate them on the success of their effort. When the Dalhousie history of this war is written, side by side with the heroic sacrifice of Dr. John Stewart and his noble cohort will be found the record of those who so nobly worked to place in the hands of that gallant leader the wherewithal for the little luxuries which the war office does not supply. And Dr. John knows that if he has to overdraw his account, a hundred hands, yea a thousand, will see that it is replaced.

THE attention of the student body is directed to the lectures which Dr. Stewart has kindly consented to deliver in aid of the Dalhousie Alumnae Association. The place at which the lectures will be given is the Macdonald Memorial Library, Studley. The first lecture was given on Monday evening, January 10th, and if all the lectures are of the same calibre the buyer will receive a great deal more than the \$2.00 which he pays for his course ticket. If the lectures had no other merit than that they were in aid of the Dalhousie Alumnae Association, they should be well patronized, but the fact that they are of such an interesting character and by such a well known lecturer should assure their success.

THIS number contains an appeal from H. R. H. The Duke of Connaught regarding the Canadian Patriotic Fund. It would be a good thing if our readers would read this appeal and consider what they should do to help along the Fund. There are many who think that the Fund should be raised by an income tax and there is much to be said for the scheme. However, up to date the matter has been left to our honor. If we are men we will do all we can to further the good work. The question you should ask yourself is "Am I doing my bit?" Many of our boys have given their lives and many are pledged if need be to give their lives in aid of our just cause. It is not the privilege of some to be able to do this. We cannot all enlist. If we do not enlist, our duty lies at home, let us

do it loyally and well. The Canadian Patriotic Fund is part of that duty. Let Dalhousians do their bit for the fund.

THERE is also another letter herewith published regarding the Returned Soldiers' Committee. Men of Dalhousie, old and young, this is a duty we must not overlook. We must take care of our returned heroes; for they are heroes, every one of them. No one who has read of the hardships these men have gone through for us will doubt for a minute that all our boys who have gone overseas and have come back are heroes. If we neglect them on their return, we are slackers of the worst sort. We are prone to forget the services of those who have benefited us. The nation, while it may remember events, forgets individuals. It is our duty to see that the mistakes of the Boer war and the Crimean war are not repeated. None of our returned boys must need for anything, in reason. The Returned Soldiers' Employment Committee is endeavoring to carry on this work. Their aims and efforts are stated in another column. Dalhousians will see to it that they aid this society in every way they can.

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DALHOUSIE UNIT HAS ARRIVED IN ENGLAND

ELYSIUM

The mountains' rugged summits rose 'round us peak on peak,

The last red flame of daylight set the West aglow, Her paddle stirred the ripples, that lengthened streak on streak,

And made fantastic shadows in fairyland below.

Life has its varied colors, the light, the dark, the gray, Yes, and its fancied pictures stirred by another hand,

'Till the ripples pass and leave it,—unbroken—did you say?

Still with the awful longing for some one to understand.

A breeze steals down the passes, slowly the daylight fades, The hush of the mighty landscape has wrapped the world in peace,

An owl's hoot breaks the stillness, the sound the gloom pervades,

And wakes a thousand echoes, as though it were loath to cease.

The touch of life's Master Painter darkens the light with gray, He scatters joy and sorrow in the shadow of many lands,

But would you taste of heaven? "But for an hour," you say?

The gloom of a Yukon sunset with some one who understands.

W. T. T.

LIFE AT FORREST HALL

RING-A-LING-LING goes the bell at 7.30 a. m., and in the bleak dawn of January, sixteen pairs of sleepy eyes, recalled from visions of delightful holiday periods of book-less bliss, slowly open to the day of very present books, of classes and libraries and academic gowns, of more or less stern professors, of jolly comrades and friendly competition, of all the delights of a cram-full college life. Then what a hustle and a scramble of preparations for breakfast! Dishevelled figures bearing towels and soap, rush frantically through the halls, or standing before closed doors form the waiting wash line.

At 8 o'clock (most of) the sixteen hurrying girls assemble for breakfast, although it has been known to occur that a delinquent or two should step in, so to speak, in the midst of the porridge or slide in quietly with the toast, and in the endeavor to obliterate her tardiness as much as possible, join in the conversation as if present from the very beginning of proceedings. "Dear me, yes!" Then afterwards what a crowding and stretching of necks around the morning paper, what calls to "wait for me," what hurrying into coats, overshoes and rubbers by the departing "nine o'clocks," and finally what attempts on their part to waylay the elusive mail-man and extract his wares en route.

Then the flurry is over and calmness descends on Forrest Hall. The Warden in serenity performs her duties. The cook, bothered by amateur laundresses, makes starch, or details hot irons to lucky aspirants, until sometimes in sheer despair she shows all visitors from the kitchen.

At one o'clock comes lunch, and clamor, growing with the gradually drifting in assembly, temporarily resumes sway within the dark red walls. The girls with the one o'clock classes rush in late, the girls with the two o'clock classes rush out so as not to be late. Those with no such duties perhaps linger a little longer, and

the Warden, who has been pouring tea so energetically, has a little time to rally.

With dinner at six comes a relaxation of the hurry and bustle. There is laughter and chatter, tales (which can be appreciated only by the initiated) of what happened in class this morning, descriptions of the funny looking freshman seen in the hall and side-splitting remarks by the "court jesters."

There at the foot of the table sits P—, official tea-pourer of nocturnal festivities, with chemistry written on her brow and smiles in her eyes. Then on her left are seen clever demure little M—, who always sees the joke; N—, the sylvan nymph, who, it is said would rather look at rocks than sleep; sunny little S— of the ready wit, one of the charter members of the Forrest Hall orchestra (a remarkable institution to be mentioned later); C— and A—, our two "immortals," fellow riders of Pegasus; A—, the jolly dentist; J—, the pocket sized encyclopedia.

Facing this array of celebrities sit F—the baby; C—, ardent burner of the midnight electricity; M— and K—, the freshettes, "meek, tiny, and forlorn;" vivacious L—, of the buoyant soul, full of "quips and cranks, and wanton wiles;" E—, with the Titian locks over which the artist raves, J—, the one and only basket-ball player, champion of the Eastern provinces; and B—, the absent-minded one who forgets to pass the bread.

Twice annually, in the history of Forrest Hall, a silence is known to fall on the festive board. Gone are mirth, tales of freshmen, and of hazing. As dust and ashes and Dead Sea fruit is the remembrance of occasional lapses, when the classrooms looked in vain for those who were indulging in chocolate cake or the famous "Green." The death's head is at the feast, the premonitory sounds of the wheels of the gods getting into action are heard, for today exams are posted. The grinding reputation of said wheels is remembered, and already the offender feels "exceeding small." Nemesis threatens; and, clothed in an atmosphere of books and fountain pen ink, the foolish virgins think upon the dread words "late, late, so late."

Once indeed, during such a period of expiation, for a space of three and a half minutes no sound was heard at the table, as, with downcast eyes, memories were racked for the conclusion of "Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio," or for the last strategic movements of "Elizabeth Farnese" In the distance a street-car was heard to rumble by. A pause of such duration and intensity is unique in the table annals of Forrest Hall.

But away with such harrowing memories and let us go back to dinner, where sits the Warden giving sympathetic ear to as many remarks as can be heard at once, or, with her calm blue eye, sternly fixing the unfortunate who comes in late—a calm blue eye but very effectual!

Now comes the after dinner period when there is always a little while in which one can't work. What's to be done? Well, a little dance maybe, a rollicking set of lancers "called off" by the talented "first comb" of the orchestra.

Perhaps an impromptu dramatic exhibition is indulged in by "Madame" and "Josephine," an airy bit of elocution thrown off, or the musical tastes of the assembly gratified by a selection by the modern

(Continued on page 8)

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SOLITUDE

"God made the country, and man made the town."—COWPER.

Let me in silence gaze with wond'ring eye
On the still'd water's bright, unbounded
space,
And through the blended realms of sea and
sky,
In endless visions endless mercies trace.

Oh! I would through the dreary forest roam,
O'er tangled paths by mortal never trod,
Where the lone heart may find a genial home,
And humbly seek communion with its
God.

For scenes like these can elevate the mind
Opprest by toil, abased by discontent;
While new-born thoughts, by Nature's
touch refined,
To heaven as trembling messengers are
sent.

But not for me the solitude of towns,
The heart's sad silence, in their tumult
loud,
Where neither kindly smiles nor envious
frowns
Salute the wand'rer through the careless
crowd.

Oh! may it never prove my cheerless lot.
Through life's full, bustling tide to stray
alone—
To youth a stranger—by the old forgot—
Of friends bereft—to kindred hearts
unknown.

Still let me with the fields, the woods, the
skies,
Enjoy the converse which befits me best,
And while my thoughts from worldly
objects rise,
From holier themes derive a holier rest.
—*"The Student."*

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET
QUIBUSDAM ALIIS

Absit Invidia.

NOT long ago he came from Ireland, now he is a thorough Nova Scotian except for his accent. A man of many parts, yet himself of one large part and that hard to conceal. The genial influence of a dress-suit adds unexpected inches to his chest measurement, and his whole after dinner appearance gives one the impression that notwithstanding his profession, he is at peace with the world.

He is a fascinating speaker. He can face a row of determined females to uphold Women's Rights, or go "Through Philosophy to God" in twenty-five minutes. Even the descendants of Brian Boru, Burns, or John Gilpin are not proof against his convincing eloquence, and at his word hasten to enroll themselves in the list of their country's defenders. No matter what his audience, he charms by reason of his well prepared and thoughtful oratory, adorned with just enough of his native Irish wit. While he is pouring forth his eloquence he is pulling the lapels of his coat, and while telling one of his side-splitting jokes, he is making the table groan under his weight.

For amusement he pushes a perambulator, and teaches a bible class. The first he does for exercise, the latter for inspiration.

Never is he at a loss for a suitable phrase to clothe his philosophic thought. He writes well, not with a pen but with a typewriter, and his stuff has even been accepted by this publication, which speaks well for its worth. His mirth is infectious and, when he laughs, he carries his whole house with him. Indeed, he is himself a typical example of that well-worn phrase "Laugh and grow fat."

He revels in the lore of the ancients and few men can best him at the classics. Even the poor "untutored German philosopher" cannot be allowed to rest in his *ante-bellum* splendor but must needs be shown up to a most unsympathetic public, and although, in truth, it is on record that one ambitious scoffer ventured to disagree with the conclusions reached, the disturbance was only temporary and the philosophic radiance still remains unclouded.

"Who is he," and "what is he" you may ask. He is the man who is here described and the professor who ploughed you at your last examination. That is all. A very important man for you to know, my friend, and a profitable acquaintance for any man to acquire.

Once he and his class were locked in a room with a little mouse—but that is ancient history now, and the present generation would not recall. It was an interesting tail, the tail of the mouse, and it so fascinated him that he chased it round and round the room—but he was a freshman then, just out from Germany.

Still waters run deep and the stiller the pool the nearer the fall, as many a cocksure freshman has learned to his lasting regret at exam time.

Irregular verbs and German idioms are his playthings, while the humor of *Aeneid* is his delight and the jokes of Horace fill him with untold humor.

He is not so often seen on the public platform as some of his colleagues. He loves home and the steady beat of the ferry paddle is as sweet music in his ears

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes—
to the ferry, from the ferry and then later back again, this is his daily routine and should make his life one constant round of pleasure and delight.

The inevitable little black bag, the contents of which no man knows, is his constant and faithful companion, while his sturdy stick guides him with unerring instinct and leaves his mind free to wander untrammelled in the realm of thought.

He has never been known to use a horse or a pony or any other artificial aid to translation, but once a near relative of his was heard to remark, on seeing a certain little blue book "just like Papa's."

Here we leave him with his French verbs and German idioms, his stick, and his little black bag, a scholar of unobtrusive but brilliant attainment.

The name of W. D. Tait, Ph. D., Headquarters Staff, 6th Division, should be added to our Roll of Honor, Home Defence. If there are others write to the Editor.

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THE SWORD

Out of the dawn of time
I heard the voice of the sword
Chanting his ancient song.

Then came a voice that cried upon the wind,
Cried and would not be still.

Over a land I passed, a land once fair,
Smiling and fruitful, now made desolate.
There, amid rotting crops and ruined homes,
Naked and unshamed walked Fear and
Hate.

I heard the clamant voice of those that wept,
I saw the eyes of those that could not weep:
Beneath the brows of childhood I have seen,

Fed by Despair, the fires of madness leap.
Only the dead complained not—kindly
Death

Had set an end for ever to their tears—
But poignant rang the cry of the unborn,
Echoing unheeded down the weary years.

The faint voice stumbled, fading on the wind,
Worn with its burden of *How long? How long?*

But out of Time to be
Rang still the voice of the sword
Chanting his ancient song.

—*The Student.*

SHOULD THE AUTHORITIES
ENQUIRE INTO THIS?

IN all discussions of hazing and even in the Freshie-Soph debate, "Resolved that hazing at Dalhousie should be abolished," I have heard very little mention of the hazing which is carried on at Delta Gamma. In spite of the fact that very little is said about it, there does exist a very efficient system of hazing among the Dalhousie girls. For days before my first meeting of Delta Gamma my curiosity or my fear was continually being aroused by those lordly sophettes who would remark at the end of an amiable conversation: "Never mind, we'll give you something for your 'freshness' when we get you to the first meeting of Delta Gamma."

The memorable night arrived at last and in fear and trembling I was escorted to Forrester Hall by a group of Sophettes. I was the only green freshette in sight. While passing by the Gardens my soul was harrowed by fear lest some evil should befall me in that lonely spot. Suppose they should attack me and tear out my luxuriant hair! True, it is the color of straw and as straight as an Indian's, but very dear to me for all that. My fears were vain. Never in my life was I so tenderly escorted anywhere and, on my arrival, I was greeted cordially as a sister. I heard the constitution of Delta Gamma; I was present at the business meeting of the society; I heard the motion for adjournment; and, feeling secure, I daringly taunted a Sophette with her boasts of my torture. Alas, 'twas my undoing. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was sent into the outer hall where I found a covering group of my classmates. By twos and threes we were led to the slaughter and each time the door was opened we felt

THE
Royal Bank of Canada

INCORPORATED 1869

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(Continued on page 9)

LIBRARY NOTES

"*Strues-librorum valde desideratus.*"—*Mecan.*
—*op. cit.*

TRANSFER. During July and August of the present year, a portion of the books belonging to Dalhousie was removed from the old building to the Macdonald Memorial Library at Studley. It was a long and dirty job. While the shelving was being torn down in the old library, the carpenters were at work in the new, and the books—poor things!—had to be taken down, packed in boxes, and when Harry and Alec could see to it, carted out to the other building. There they were piled on temporary tables (boards on trestles) while the carpenters rioted all about. This was not all. As the stack (*strues-librorum*) is not built, only a portion of the library could be transferred. A selection was made, and those volumes which seemed less needful were put in the attic. A fatigue party of willing helpers—Good Dalhousians all—made this task easy. There might have been seen the venerable Bibliothecarius himself perspiring at the winch, and the able-bodied Professor of Philosophy, in his shirt sleeves, doing yeoman service here and there and everywhere. Somehow or other the job was done at last.

CONGESTION. There remain in the attic of the old building probably by actual count, as many volumes as room has been found for in the new. Of course, they are not of the same value; but they have value. According to the best authorities (see *Mecanius, De Bibliothecis, lib. vii, cap. xxi*) any book may be required at any time by the scholars of the university. In the attic of the "Old Red Tower" they are exposed to all the ancient enemies of books—dust, wet, fire. But there is no help for it. To hold the overflow, the professors' waiting-room was shelved and filled. So was the unpacking room in the basement. Not only so, but the principle of departmental libraries has been adopted; and in the Macgregor (?) Laboratory, nice neat little rooms have been found for the collections on Chemistry, Physics, and Geology. This is as it should be; but the fact remains that *there is no room for new books.*

QUE FAIRE? War or no war, something must be done. The rear of the Macdonald Memorial looks ragged, and unfinished. It is simply crying out for the stack that is not there.

A SOLUTION. George Stairs left the College five thousand dollars, untrammelled by a single condition. Why not build the indispensable addition and call it the George W. Stairs Stack. There would be a certain fitness in the two names going together, for Professor Macdonald was, by marriage, the uncle of George Stairs.

ANOTHER REASON. Ample provision has been made for the accommodation of the natural sciences; but it may be surprising for the benefactors of Dalhousie to learn that there are only two class-rooms in the Macdonald Memorial, and that the Professors of the Languages, History, and Philosophy must use rooms in the adjacent building—a highly uncomfortable arrangement. If a stack were built, it might be possible to find class-room accommodation there, *pro tem.*

STAFF. The appointment of Miss Jean Lindsay, B. A., to arrange, classify, and catalogue our collection is a most happy one. In addition to her business experience, Miss Lindsay has had a thorough training in librarianship at Princeton University; and being an enthusiastic graduate, she brings to her difficult task, a special zeal, which could not be purchased for any salary in an outsider. The assistant is Miss E. A. MacMechan. Between them, they shifted and arranged the thousands of volumes in the Reading Room somewhat in the order they occupied in the old building. The work of classifying and cataloguing is proceeding in a satisfactory manner. In fact, Dalhousie College Library is being placed on a modern basis, at last.

HOURS. Under the old arrangement, the library was open five hours a day it is now open eight hours a day, continuously from 9 to 5. This is made possible by having two assistants, one relieving the other at mid-day. It is also open from 9 to 1 on Saturday. Altogether the reading room is open forty-four hours per week, instead of twenty-five, almost double the time. The change is much appreciated by students who come from a distance and remain at college all day.

DELINQUENCIES. Under the modern system introduced by Miss Lindsay, it will be possible to keep a stricter account of the books borrowed, and the day of slack borrowers is over. No longer will it be possible for casual persons to take out books and keep them for months and even years, carry them off to the country, to other universities, etc., and then feel pained and grieved when asked politely to return what, after all, is the property of the institution, not theirs.

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The Royal Military College of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually. The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Survey to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B. A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 12½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisional areas and districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A. A. DeWolfe, of Kentville, received an interesting letter from his grandson Lieut. Hugh S. Moore, M. D., C. M., who is in France and has been serving with the C. E. F. since last April. He says in part: "I am very pleasantly situated in a French town just behind the firing line. I am attached to a field ambulance and we have an old French brewery fixed up as a hospital. If it is necessary we can accommodate about 200 patients and make them fairly comfortable. I have a ward of my own to look after, but I only have about 30 patients. Of course I am a transport officer also, and have about 60 horses to inspect every day, to see if they are properly groomed and the harness cleaned up.

"Just across the street in a wineshop is the belle of the town and one of the prettiest girls in Northern France. She has numerous admirers, of course, 746 English officers was the last count and many French soldiers.

"We officers have very nice quarters for our mess. It is a large house formerly owned by a French millionaire, who is now in the French army. The front room is luxurious with easy chairs and beautiful carpets and this is where we eat. We certainly live well—oysters, chickens, wine, etc. Even in the trenches the officers have the very best.

"I am riding a saddle horse that is a beauty. She is a blood mare and was picked up by our ambulance on the great retreat from Mons a year ago. The ambulance arrived at a big French chateau late one night and when they visited the stables they found this mare, which had been left by the owners in their hurry to get away. Over the stable door was her name, Rose DeMar. She is a beauty, but very nervous and high strung. Her neck is curved like an Arab horse. The other night, while riding home quite late, dark as pitch and rainy, I met a big steam roller. The mare swung sideways and in spite of my spurs went into a deep ditch. I stayed on her back, however, and managed to get out again. No one else in the ambulance will ride her and they say she will kill me some day."

RETURNED SOLDIERS

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 29, '15

To the Editor of *The Dalhousie Gazette*,
Halifax, N. S.

Dear Sir:—

Knowing that the readers of your paper would be interested in anything that is being done for our Returned Soldiers from Overseas, I am writing for the purpose of giving all the information available up to the present time, and also with a view of obtaining the co-operation of your paper and the people generally throughout the Province, in giving me such information as they may learn from time to time regarding our Returned Soldiers.

Early in the War, the Dominion Government appointed a Military Hospitals Commission for the purpose of providing proper medical attention for our returned soldiers, and also to deal with the question of employment.

At the invitation of Sir Robert Borden, an Inter-Provincial Conference was held

in October last at Ottawa, regarding the problem of taking care and providing for members of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces who returned to Canada during the war. At this conference, representatives of all the Provinces were in attendance, and certain agreements were reached which were subsequently submitted to the various Provincial Governments for adoption. These suggestions involved an extension of the work of the Military Hospitals Commission by the appointment of a Committee in each Province:

- To undertake to find employment for returned soldiers who are unable to work.
- To assist returned soldiers who may be unable to take up their former employment, to secure other employment.
- To provide such special technical education and trade training as will enable any seriously disabled soldier to enter some new vocation for which he is adapted.

The Government of this Province, in accordance with the steps taken in the other Provinces, has appointed a Committee to be known as The Returned Soldiers Employment Committee (Nova Scotia). Its chief function will be to assist soldiers returned from the front, to find employment as soon as possible after their discharge. It will also have direct charge of re-educating grievously disabled soldiers.

The Returned Soldier is deserving of our most earnest attention and deepest consideration. He necessarily must have suffered severely from shock, wounds, or disease, to be discharged as unfit for further military duty. The military authorities give him skilful medical and convalescent attention, and do not discharge him from their care until he is fit to enter civil life again. He is then faced with the necessity of supporting himself, and perhaps his family, by his own efforts. The majority who are returning have not been injured seriously enough to receive pensions.

As to pensions or monetary allowances of any character, these come under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Government, and applications will have to be made through the proper military channels.

In view of the sacrifices these men have made, it seems to be our plain duty to find some fit place for them in industrial life. We are all aware of the bad effects of protracted idleness, and the bitter hardship of enforced unemployment. It is probable that the majority of Returned Soldiers will immediately proceed to the locality where they resided and were employed prior to enlistment, and unless entirely incapacitated for work, will likely resume the employment which they left, to go to the front.

The employers of labor throughout the Province have generally co-operated heartily with this Committee in giving employment to all those who were in their employ prior to enlistment. If every employer of labor does his best in this respect, the problem of getting the soldiers settled satisfactorily into civil life, will be a long way towards solution.

In many cases, unfortunately, the returned soldier may be incapacitated so as not to be able to resume his former employment, and one of the problems with

(Continued on page 9)

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DINNER TO HOSPITAL UNIT

(Continued from page 1)

different from the gay and festive Dal dinners of yesteryear. Meds there were there but they did not yell of "blood and gore" as was their wont; no one thought of ripping out the "boom 'er up, boom 'er up, Law, Law, Law;" no, not even the good old "1, 2, 3, U-pi-dee" was heard, for no one felt like shouting. Men from Acadia and Mt. Allison sat down with Dalhousians, and not once did the Tiger growl.

All of the speakers were delighted to honor Lieut.-Col. Stewart in particular.

"This is a climax to a life spent in the service of others," said Mr. Justice Ritchie, and his words were greeted with applause.

Major Hogan spoke affectionately of his O. C.

"He has said he was old enough to be the father of anyone of us. He may be in years but he is not in spirit. It is a great sight to see him on a route march at the head of his company and setting the pace for the younger men."

This was greeted with cheers.

Mr. Justice Russell had found the name of Dr. Stewart a magic one for raising funds for the unit.

"I only hope that I shall have the strength of mind and body to see through the work," replied Col. Stewart. "Hear, hear," came cries from all over the crowded room.

Solos by Fred Guildford and Felix J. Quinn were stirring and pleasing. Harry Dean was a splendid accompanist.

G. A. Campbell, Chairman of the Board of Governors presided over the banquet.

The dining room was a delight in its Yuletide garb of Christmas bells, long festoons of evergreen, and rich red flags.

The following sat at the head table:—

G. S. Campbell (chair), Col. Stewart, Major Hogan, Dr. G. B. Cutten, Dr. B. C. Borden, Very Rev. Dean Lwyd, Col. M. A. Currie, Rev. Dr. Pollok, Rev. Prin. Clarence Mackinnon, Dr. A. S. Mackenzie, Mr. Justice Russell, Mr. Justice Ritchie, Major G. M. Campbell, Prof. H. L. Stewart.

Others present were:

C. C. Starr, B. H. Weston, W. A. Henry, T. S. Rogers, R. H. Metzler, W. F. Mahon, Dr. A. MacMechan, D. Macgillivray, Dr. Howard Murray, Lieut.-Col. W. E. Thompson, Hon. G. E. Faulkner, A. K. Maclean, C. T. Burchell, Lieut.-Col. Hayes, Clarence Jamieson, Mayor Martin, Ald. Foley, Capt. A. B. Cohoe, W. F. Mahon, J. S. Roper, J. H. Trefry, H. R. Silver, Controller McKeen, M. Macneil, A. H. S. Murray, H. Mellish, H. McInnes, Geo. Hay, H. A. Flemming, W. H. Covert, M. M. Maclean, W. B. McCoy, Drs. A. A. Mackay, Hattie, Ritchie, Macdonald, Corston, H. K. Macdonald, Fraser, Harris, Morton, E. Mackay, Kirkpatrick, Mack, Cunningham, Kent, Woodbury, W. W. Woodbury, and others.

Mr. Campbell said that although the formation of the corps was initiated by Dalhousie it was considered advisable to enlarge its scope, and it now contained representatives from nearly every college in the Maritime Provinces. The result was a corps of which the people of these Provinces might justly feel proud. Although smaller than some of the units sent from the upper Provinces, in point of efficiency it would take second place to none. That it commanded the sympathy and confidence of all classes was shown by the

enthusiastic work of the ladies in providing necessary comforts, and the generous response to the recent appeal for funds.

Among the other speakers were the Rev. Clarence Mackinnon, Col. Stewart, Major Hogan, Pres. A. S. Mackenzie, Col. Curry, Major G. M. Campbell, G. Fred Pearson, Mr. Justice Ritchie, Mr. Justice Russell, Dr. Cutten, and Dr. Borden.

Major G. M. Campbell seemed to voice the feelings of all when he said: "It is a matter of pride not only to Dalhousie but to the Maritime Provinces to have at the Front an hospital corps that will be a credit to themselves and to those of us who remain behind."

Mr. G. Fred Pearson, chairman of the committee of arrangement, deserves the greatest credit for having brought about such an opportunity for Dalhousians to wish the officers of the No. 7 Stationary Hospital God speed, good luck, and a safe return. R. E. D.

LIFE AT FORREST HALL

(Continued from page 3)

Beethoven or by the "orchestra"—a wonderful organisation previously mentioned, consisting of two combs and tinsel paper, one Kazoo and a mouth-organ. Often does the orchestra dutifully practise before its admiring friends. But sometimes the soul cries out for a "sing"; with what vehemence the foot-ball team is implored to "kick, kick," "There's not a flaw, flaw, flaw," and "Here's to old Dalhousie" ring out with some music and much feeling. Old Macdonald continues the proprietorship of his wonderful farm and the "Med from Dalhousie" performs his customary gory deeds. Sometimes though, when "Safe now in the wide wide world" is reached, the feeling comes that college life will soon be over. Each girl thinks of the friendships formed here, of the stately new gray buildings, the nucleus of our greater Dalhousie, of the library to be peopled by other black gowned figures, of laboratories and lecture rooms soon to be filled by other classes, when "'16, '17 and Co." have gone the way of all classes. There comes a realisation of what Dalhousie is for us, of what our Alma Mater means to us, and the warm enthusiasm of the true college spirit makes itself felt, deep, deep.

All days at Forrest Hall are not of purely halcyon bliss. Occasionally the furnace-man mutinies and drives his victims to sweaters and mufflers. Sometimes the cool conduct of the radiators force the inhabitants to warmer climes, but always a truce is made and exiles return. Oh yes, there are many hours of study—with an occasional "feed" to lighten the long evening hours. There are "hot water bottles" to be made for the soldiers, and candy for the boys at the front. There is work and lots of it, but there is comradeship and college spirit and zeal for our new Dalhousie. There's joy in books and joy-not in books.

Rickety rus, rickety rus

What in the world's the matter with us?
Nothing at all, nothing at all,
We are the girls of Forrest Hall.

E. H.

(NOTE—Our lady reporters are showing the way to the others. Surely there are other Dalhousie institutions which could be written up in just as interesting manner as the foregoing. Is this not a matter for our male reporters to look into?—Ed.)

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CORRESPONDENCE—(Continued from page 7)

which the Committee have to deal is to ascertain the extent of such incapacity and, if possible, arrange for employment suitable to his condition. If the returned soldier who is thus incapacitated can be assisted by giving him some technical training to enable him more efficiently to discharge the duties of the vocation he may select, it will be one of the duties of this Committee to provide such technical training free of charge.

The Military Hospitals Commission have a representative to meet the steamers bringing our men from the front. It is the duty of this representative to fill out certain forms and forward them to Ottawa, which subsequently are sent to the various Provincial Committees. In this way, the Nova Scotia Committee is supposed to have a record of every returned soldier coming into this Province; but it frequently happens that the forms will not, for instance, give the soldier's home address, or the name of his employment, or the name of his occupation prior to enlistment, and consequently the Committee is unable to render assistance, if required, as promptly as it otherwise would.

Yours truly, W. B. MACCOY,
Secretary.

CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND

Ottawa, December 21st, 1915.

Dear Sir:—We enclose herewith a copy of an appeal that His Royal Highness the Governor-General of Canada is about to issue on behalf of Canadian Patriotic Fund.

In order that this appeal may receive the widest possible publicity, we are asking each daily newspaper in Canada to reproduce it in the top right hand corner of the front page of its issue of January 1st, 1916, or as soon thereafter as possible. We know well that such a position is valuable, but you will agree that there is no better cause to which it could be devoted than that of the wives and children of our gallant defenders. If you will co-operate with us to this extent, we are confident that you will be materially assisting a most worthy class of citizen.

As a newspaper man, you are doubtless already intimate with the work of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, and the methods under which it is administered. The enclosed pamphlets may, however, give you additional information.

Confident that you will accede readily to our request, and thanking you in anticipation, I am Yours very truly,

HERBERT B. AMES, Honorary Secretary.

Dec. 15, 1915.

Dear Gazette:!

Nearly twelve months have elapsed since my connection with Dalhousie as a student, has ceased. Yet my thoughts ever turn to the "College by the sea" with affectionate remembrance.

When we left our Alma Mater to become members of the Canadian Medical Corps we had visions of seeing the firing line in the capacity of stretcher-bearers. Most of us were placed in Hospitals, where a daily round of commonplace duties takes the place of the hazardous and difficult work of the regimental stretcher-bearers of our imagination.

It was the hope of the eight or nine Dalhousie Boys and a student from Acadia named Gregg that we should remain together. The hope was vain. Everyone

knows how little room "System" leaves for personal wishes. Gregg was sent as a stretcher-bearer to the front. He has since been wounded. We were all very much attached to Gregg and hope to learn of his recovery.

Most of the readers of the Gazette know the whereabouts of this group of "Wanderers" so I shan't give their addresses. Among those who have become corporals are, Morrison, Clark (U. N. B. and Pine Hill) Archibald and Murray. Perhaps some have received further promotions since I heard last.

Readers may like to know what we humble privates do in a hospital whose duty is "not to reason why but to do and die." I shall tell you what things happened to-day.

At four o'clock a. m., the "Fall in" sounded. We roused ourselves, pulled on our clothes and went to the A. & D. hut. Of course some of the ubiquitous N. C. O's were around to encourage us in the hurrying. Shortly after the wounded came, some on stretchers and some sitting. The latter were able to walk to the wards while the others were carried by orderlies. About half-past five all were in the wards. Then cocoa was served to us at our mess. At six, patients able to travel were evacuated to England. None went from the ward I am orderly in. We set to work bathing the new arrivals. At half past seven I went down to breakfast. After coming back to the ward I assisted in serving the breakfast to the patients. The other orderly finished washing the new patients and I scrubbed lockers for the rest of the morning. Very romantic that, isn't it?

While that is the actual work there are many other things for an orderly to do voluntarily. For instance, friends in England and Canada send, me small sums to get fruit or matches for the patients. Then many people are glad to have some one sit and hear them talk. I have heard quite a number of queer dialects since coming here. One boy had no use for the objective cases in his pronouns so he always said if you gave him apples "Are they for I?"

Even with such a gigantic struggle going on so near, life is rather monotonous, strangely enough, it is even more so at times at the firing-line. Here we have had sufficient rain in the last month to float two or three Arks. It is raining now. On the whole we are a cheerful spirited Canadian colony, a source of surprise and wonderment to our English and French neighbors.

I am sorry not to be able to rise above the prosaic and write a glowing letter. Only the continual asking of R. MacG. Dawson has produced this effort.

Xmas greetings to all,

Yours truly,
F. B. Fox.

A DALHOUSIE SCHOLAR

(Continued from page 5)

dramatic companies of Shakespeare's time, and Dr. W. Roy Mackenzie, of Washington University is becoming an authority on the form of drama known as the "morality." His book, "The English Moralities" is the best in the subject. In a recent paper in "Washington University Studies," he discusses "The Origin of the English Morality" After showing that the views of Collier, Ward, Chambers, Symonds, Gayley, Court-hope, etc rest largely upon assumption, he develops a most persuasive argument in

favor of his own new and original view, namely, that the "Morality, as it appeared in the beginning of the fifteenth century, was a new and original type of drama, in which the playwright set out to remodel for the stage materials which had been employed in allegorical non-dramatic literature; and this type was in all essentials independent of the drama which had preceded it."

All such scholarly achievements reflect glory upon *Alma Mater*, and reinforce her distinctive tradition. In an age which measures every success by the dollar standard, it is encouraging to find young men of ability devoting themselves to "unproductive scholarship."

CONTEMPORARIES AND EXCHANGES

The Daily Echo, Halifax, was kind enough to write up the Christmas *Gazette* in a very laudatory manner. We thank the Echo for its kind words which will help to stimulate us to further effort. Dalhousie has no more interested Alumnus than Mr. G. Fred Pearson, the managing director of the *Chronicle* and *Echo*. By the way, it is a curious thing, the number of Dalhousie men who have their offices in the Chronicle Building. On the ground floor will be found Alvin Macdonald B. A., Editor of the *Echo* and *Chronicle*; Harvey Jones, B. A. and Earl Day, B. A., in the Chronicle reportorial rooms, J. M. Davison, LL. B., Capt. (Dr.) G. K. Thomson on the first floor, to say nothing of the Board Room where, at sundry times, many good Dalhousians hold forth. Then on the next floor will be found Hon. A. K. Maclean, the Ulysses of the Forward Movement; V. J. Paton, K. C.; C. J. Burchell, K. C., one of our governors; and Capt. J. L. Ralston, K. C. Last but not least, somewhere round the library of the last aforesaid office will be found Doug (Rory) Graham, LL. B., our former matinee hero. Taking it all in all Dalhousie has somewhat of a lien on that building.

The McGill Daily has been good enough to write in a very encouraging way about the last numbers of our publication. The McGill Daily, as its name denotes, is published every day by the students of McGill. Knowing how much of an effort it takes to put a paper out every two weeks during the college year, we can appreciate the work which the McGill students have lately undertaken. Not only have they undertaken the task but they have made a success of it. There is no college paper in America which the Editor reads with more interest than the "Daily."

Have you read the last number of The University Magazine? It has an article in it by Dr. H. L. Stewart and a sonnet by Dr. A. MacMechan. In the absence of Dr. Andrew Macphail, who has edited the magazine since its inception and who is present at the front, the editorials are being written by Sir William Peterson, Stephen Leacock, C. W. Colby, and P. T. Lafleur. You should read Leacock's editorial on "Edith Cavell League" and "In Billet and Trench," by Ruggles George, to say nothing of all the other equally good articles and editorials.

The Student (Edinburgh) is with us once more in its usually attractive form. One cannot help thinking, as he goes through

its pages, of the terrible loss the English universities are sustaining by this frightful war. The Student contains the photographs of some of its former students and students who are "Dead on the Field of Honor." There is also a list of the dead, 128 in all.

Evidently at Edinburgh, the female of the species "has come into her rightful heritage." The Student says "The new council has been constituted and has held its first meeting. The new officials have donned their robes of office and have settled down to their new duties. For the first time in its history, a lady occupies the chair. We hail the appointment. She has had an honour conferred on her without compare." Perhaps our Council may so advance in its ideas that before long we shall have a lady president, or at least give the ladies a chance to be president of that important body.

The Montreal Standard of January 8th has the following interesting account of "The History of Smoking":

The literature of smoking is small enough to welcome the addition embodied in Mr. G. L. Apperson's comprehensive volume which has just been published in London. There has been a cloud of smoke over this country for three hundred years, but its volume has varied in density. During the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign and through the early decades of the seventeenth century tobacco pipes were in full blast, but, with the advent of Queen Anne, smoking, though still practised in many classes of society, began to lose its vogue. It was not, however, until the cigar made its appearance in the Victorian era that the triumph of tobacco was assured. Thence forward despite certain vicissitudes, it broke down all barriers, social and ethical, until, with the dawn of the twentieth century, the worship of the weed became almost universal.

In the course of his interesting historical survey, Mr. Apperson mentions many quaint customs connected with the craft of smoking. For example there was the practice, noted in 1614, of passing a pipe from one to another, after the fashion of the "loving-cup." "Please you to impart your smoke?" asked one London gallant to another. "Very willingly, sir," was the reply. Number two takes a whiff and courteously says, "In good faith, a pipe of excellent vapor." The owner of the pipe then explains that it is "the best the house yields," whereupon the other immediately depreciates it, saying affectedly, "Had you it in the house? I thought it had been your own; it is not so good now as I took it for." In those days one pipe of tobacco sufficed three or four men at once.

King James, we are told a little later on, was an unwilling witness to the popularity of tobacco. He grieved that a man could not heartily welcome his friend without at once proposing a smoke. He that would refuse to take a pipe among his fellows was accounted as "peevish, and no good company." "Yea," he continued with rising indignation, "the mistress cannot in a more mannerly kind entertain her servant than by giving him out of her fair hands a pipe of tobacco." Of a kin to King James was Robert Burton, who, though prepared to admit the medicinal virtue of the herb, detested the general habit of smoking. He denounced

it as "a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish, and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul."

That tobacco was regarded as a preservative from contagion at times of plague is proven by many historical references. None of those who kept tobacconists' shops during the Great Plague of London were afflicted. In the list of advices for purifying the infected air it was stated that "the American Silver weed, or tobacco, is very excellent for this purpose, being smoked in a pipe either by itself or with Nutmegs shred and New Seeds mixed with it, especially if it be nosed, for it cleaneth the air and choketh, suppresseth any venomous vapour." When the plague was abroad, even children were compelled to smoke.

When Sir Roger de Coverley was driving in a hackney coach he called upon the coachman to stop, and when the man came to the window asked him if he smoked. What the Jehu's reply was we are not told, but he was bidden to "Stop by the way at any good tobacconist and take in a roll of their best Virginia." Addison and Steele smoked, as did the country parsons of their period. We know that Hogarth was fond of introducing the pipe into his plates, and in the garden of his house in Chiswick may still be seen the remains of the mulberry tree under which Hogarth and Fielding smoked their pipes together. Though Dr. Johnson took snuff, the statement that he "smoked like a furnace" is described as grotesquely untrue. Tennyson smoked from the day he went up to Cambridge to the day he puffed silently with Carlyle for two solid hours in the chimney corner of Cheyne-row. Sir Walter Scott often smoked cigars, but seems to have regarded it as an indulgence which required an apology.

Charles Lamb was a heavy smoker; he abused the habit. Among men of letters and artists who ignored the social prejudices which Queen Victoria fostered was Sir John Millais, who is said to have smoked a clay pipe in carriage during the first Jubilee procession of the Queen! Morris was a pipe smoker, so was Rossetti. Browning smoked, but not a pipe. Professor Blackie thought the smell of tobacco in a room in a wet night a "delightful thing. Swinburne, on the other hand, detested it, and forgave James I. for being a knave a tyrant, and a coward, because he "slit the throat of that blackguard Raleigh, who invented this filthy smoking." As a denouncer of the habit Swinburne had the support of Ruskin, though that sage is stated to have once sent Carlyle a box of cigars.

We beg to acknowledge copies of all the college magazines for the last few months. It is always a pleasure for us to receive their exchanges because they speak for themselves of the work which is being done at the institutions which they have the honour to represent. The magazines we have received are: Western Canada College Review, The Macdonald College Magazine, The University Monthly, Kings College Record, The McMaster University Monthly, The Student, The Argosy, The Athenæum, St. Johns College Magazine, The Xaverian, Westminster Review, Stanstead College Magazine, the Theologue, St. Dunstons' Red and White, Queens University Journal, McGill Daily, Vox Wesleyana, etc., etc.

SEARCHLIGHTS

Into the dusk of the gathering night,
Low, sweep low!

We steal on our path round the sleeping fleet,
Till the black hulls rise from the shrouding dark;

And we catch the flare of the signal spark
That floats where the bell-buoys meet.

We flood the sea with a pale green flame,
Low, sweep low!

But when dawn draws near and the breeze grows higher,

The crest of the waves fling leaping fire
On the paths of our restless aim.

Low, sweep low!
All's well with the night!

Out of the dusk of the gathered night,
High, swing higher!

The clamorous gulls our vigils share,
They turn and flash in our living beams
Like a brodered silver braid dreams
To filet the night's dark hair.

Our wheeling shafts sweep along the shore,
High, swing higher!

Till the trees are lit with an eerie glow,
As the forts loom dark with the guns below,
And the whispering tide before.

High, swing higher!
All's well with the dawn!

—"The Student."

OBITUARY

The Shenandoah Sackville-Post announces the death of the Rev. David Charles Mackintosh, D. D., of the class of 1890, of appendicitis. He was born at Springhill, N. S., July 13th, 1862. He was educated at Picou Academy, Dalhousie, and Princeton University. From Lennox College, Iowa, where he was instructor in New Testament Greek, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. All his pastorates were in the United States. He leaves a widow and two daughters. "Beloved by everyone"—"of strong democratic character"—"There was no man better loved than Dr. Mackintosh" are phrases from his obituary which testify to the esteem of the community in which he lived and labored.

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TWO VALUABLE PRIZES

FOR several years, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has offered to the students of this university two very handsome money prizes, on comparatively easy conditions. The first prize is sixty dollars in cash, and the second is thirty. What is required is an essay of 3,500 words on some industrial or economic subject bearing on the trade, or business, or development of the province. Freedom of choice is allowed among a number of subjects; and the essays are judged by a committee of Dalhousie professors whose award is final. This year the winners are Mr. Osborn R. Crowell for his essay "The Economic Possibilities of Halifax as a Dominion Port," and Mr. Hugh Campbell Frame, whose subject was "The Coal Mining Industry in Nova Scotia during the Last Twenty-Five Years." The Gazette congratulates both gentlemen very heartily upon their success, and hopes that the competition for these valuable prizes will become increasingly keener. It will turn the attention of Dalhousians to the material needs of Nova Scotia, and benefit all concerned. Besides, sixty dollars for 3,500 words works to the rate of more than ten(?) cents a word. A popular magazine writer is well paid if he gets a cent a word. Such chances should not be missed.

THE S. P. A. U. AND I. H.

HEIRLOOMS occupy an anomalous position human affairs. They have great worth, yet are valueless, are of no use and yet are priceless. Strange how we always read of heirlooms being "priceless" even as we hear of a "brilliant" lawyer and a "clever" doctor.

Now the unique position that such things as heirlooms occupy should make us realize our responsibilities and duties to the future inhabitants of this weary world. We have the power to shed a brighter light on their lives; we are making and have in our possession those things that will be heirlooms in the future. Let us form a society which will be called The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Unique and Improbable Heirlooms, the duties of this body being the collecting, arranging and storing of such relics as will be prized by our children's children.

All the relics thus obtained will be marked and labelled by the Society so that their values may be duly appreciated. Care must be taken, however, not to add any particulars that would take away the chief virtue of the prospective heirloom, viz., that its possessor can relate any tales he sees fit regarding its past history without fear of contradiction. One can easily imagine his descendant surveying his collection with the greatest pride, and counting as the chefs d'œuvre, a page torn from Kelly; a cent (Canadian, dated 1904) and best of all, a Halifax Herald, Feb. 16, 1912 (with extra red headlines).

Picture with what gratification the possessors will exhibit such priceless treasures to their friends, think what a holy joy will be theirs in surveying such precious relics. In this simple way we can make them millionaires in the matter of heirlooms and yet they may not have a cent in their pocket. They will go hungry, yea,

lay down their very lives, rather than part with such sacred things of so notable a history. By this simple expedient we can have generations yet unborn rising up to bless our name and thoughtfulness for providing them with such an inexhaustible source of happiness. Shoulder your responsibilities! Quit ye like men!! The fate of your descendants hangs in the balance!!! Send in your name today (with the nominal sum of \$100.00) to the self appointed secretary-treasurer of the S. P. A. U. and I. H. R. McG. D.

HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Miss Bessie Maycock is vice-principal of Lula Island High School, B. C.

Miss Elizabeth Walker ('09) is married to J. Cameron, and is living in North Vancouver.

Miss Nan Rettie ('12) is teaching school at Innisfail, Alberta, and Miss Norah Lantz ('12) is similarly engaged at Olds, a nearby town.

The Rev. W. T. Townsend is at Choutla Indian School, Carcross, Yukon. He is as good a Dalhousian as ever. He writes: "In two years in Toronto, a summer in Saskatchewan, and two and a half years in the Yukon, with shorter stays in other provinces, I have never yet met a graduate of my Alma Mater who was not making a success." He is at present studying for his B. D. and hopes to take the Master's degree from Dalhousie at a later date.

Mrs. John Bennett (Ethel Murphy) of Innisfail, Alberta, gives a good account of what the West is doing in the war. "Town and district have now sent about two hundred men, a good many of our very best. Our first returned soldier arrived last week. He is lame and looks very much older. His hair has turned quite gray. He was wounded at the second battle of Ypres and has been in hospital ever since." John Barnett (..) is president of the Innisfail branch of the Patriotic Society, which is busy organizing the country districts and persuading the farmer to contribute produce when they cannot contribute money.

"Toby" Jones has been transferred from the 40th to the 25th Battalion—from the camp to the trench. Anyone who knows "Tobe" will tell you that the trench will be all the merrier for his presence. The following is a description of "Tobe" taken from the 1911 Gazette:

"Oft had we heard of Toby Jones,
'When he was up at Kings,'
Eleven claimed him for her own (s)
Now he Dal's ditties sings."

Born in our Haligonian town,
Eighteen and ninety one,
Like joy itself without a frown,
Looks he always for fun.

Jones in a social way is great,
On all committees found;
Neat, polished, always up-to-date,
Esteemed by all around.
So endeth Toby Jones."

Paul Rogers Flemming ('11), commonly known in the good old days as "Little Bung," spent the Christmas vacation in

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HALIFAX, CANADA

Halifax. "Bunge duce" is in khaki like many another football hero. Shades of that 1908 team to which "Bung" belonged. It was led by "Big Bung"—Paul's brother Waldo. The scores that year were:

Dalhousie.....	63	Army.....	0
".....	53	".....	0
".....	13	Wanderers.....	0
".....	17	".....	0
".....	32	Crescents.....	0
".....	27	St. F. X.....	3
Totals.....	105		3

It was quite an honor to play on the first team that year, yet "Little Bung", then but a Soph, played on the half with such men as Siderski, Waldo Flemming, "Billie" Ross, E. K. Maclellan, Rev. Maclellan, and "Normy" Ralston. We trust Paul will be as successful with the Germans as he was with the "Army" and "Wanderers."

Six of the men in the 1908 picture are in khaki today:—E. McK. Forbes, P. R. Flemming, E. K. Maclellan, Frank Kenny, John Collie, and Dr. Rankine. They would make a great combination for the same regiment.

Our soldier boys are all taking unto themselves wives. Not long ago Dr. Chas. Leon Gass R.A.M.C. started the ball rolling by leading Miss Jean MacGregor ('11) to the altar. Next Doug. Vair, B. A., LL.B. Dalhousie Hospital Unit, entered into the holy bonds of matrimony with Miss Claire Strickland, who is well known to Dalhousians. Next to be led as a lamb to the slaughter was Lieut. John Cavanagh ('11), R. C. E. Mr. Cavanagh's bride was Miss Lillian Maclean, a former student of the H. L. C. It is whispered in inner circles that both were in such a hurry to get married that they were united seven minutes before the appointed time, but who knows! who knows!! Last, but not least, Lieut. "Sam" Balcom ('11) led Miss Vera Rankine to the altar on the day before Christmas eve. It is rumored that they decided to do the deed at 11 o'clock the night before, but, again, who knows! who knows!! They are all eleveners, our readers will note, who are mentioned in this matrimonial honor roll. Who's next! Who's next!!

During the holiday season several Dalhousians were in the city. Professor "Danny" Murray from McGill University and "Bishop" Murray from Winnipeg, attended the dinner at the Halifax in honor of Lieut.-Col. John Stewart and No. 7 Stationary Hospital, C. E. F.

Dr. Ethel Muir, of Briar Cliff School, and Miss Withrow, who has been teaching at St. Peters, C. B., visited Halifax friends in the vacation.

Dr. J. W. Tupper, of Lafayette College, reports from Pennsylvania that "It is astonishing how universal the sympathy in this country is for our England's cause and the repugnance all except the perverted Germans have for the dastardly conduct on land and sea of the Central Powers."

Dr. Murdoch Stewart Macdonald (1900), who held the chair of Philosophy and Political Economy at U. N. B., has just been appointed to a corresponding chair in Wesley College, Winnipeg. D. C. Harvey

('10), Rhodes Scholar 1910-1913, has been made Professor of History in the same institution. The college paper, *Vox Wesleyana*, produces pictures of them both with most complimentary summaries of their careers. They are beginning their work at Wesley under favorable auspices, and the *Gazette* wishes them success with all its heart.

Herbert M. Stairs and D. L. Dwyer, LL. B., are among the Dalhousians who have gone to Kingston to take the artillery course.

W. C. Macdonald ('08) is taking the Heavy Siege Course at Wellington as is also Mr. B. W. Russell ('11) who has just finished a course at Kingston.

W. W. Herdman, J. M. Millar, J. H. McIvor, R. K. Smith, H. F. Arthur, W. H. McCurdy, C. St. Clair Stayner, T. R. B. Campbell, J. K. Swanson B.A., Daniel Owen, B. A., LL.B., are among those who are taking the course at the R. S. I., Wellington Barracks at the present time.

Dr. James Barnes ('99), who holds the professorship of Physics at Bryn Mawr, was visiting his people during the Christmas vacation. Last year was his "sab-

batical." He spent it abroad in study at Paris and Cambridge. He has the distinction of being the only Dalhousian (up to date) who has been torpedoed. He was a passenger in the ill-fated *Arabic*, escaping with his life but losing all his effects and irreplaceable notes of a year's work.

Alec and Huntly Gordon are sending their friends a special Xmas card from the front. It represents a black cat (black cats are lucky) with a brick around its neck, which has climbed up out of the water to the top of a spile. It sits there dripping and considering the next move. The mottoes are appropriate:—"Never say die" and "Keep on Keeping on." That is what the British Empire proposes to do until further orders.

Lieut. J. Tucker Murray of the 11th Batt. Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment, has been promoted to the rank of Captain.

On Tuesday, December 28th, Lieut. Wm. R. McAskill was married to Eva, daughter of F. G. Burstall, superintendent of the Commercial Cable Company at Hazel Hill. Lieut. McAskill has been recruiting for the 105th Batt. C. E. F.

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