

The Dalhousie Gazette

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No. 9

THREE HILLS.

There is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm trees grow
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noontide
And the ghosts that died in vain,
A little hill, a hard hill,
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying
To save all those who die,
A little hill, a kind hill,
To the souls in jeopardy.

VALEDICTORY.

F. H. Anderson

It must seem strange to those of older years that each class on the eve of graduation should attempt to deal with the affairs of the world and to establish some relation of its members to them. Were it not far wiser that those who, as yet, have no experience of active living and never have felt the responsibility of the struggle in the concerns of mankind should hold their peace? How much better that with a sigh for the past and a thought for the future, a short farewell should be uttered with the restraint of a calculated reticence.

But tonight of all nights when the past four years rush back upon us, as we stand ready to leave old associations, many of which can be but a memory hereafter, thought must bring to us the hopes which for these years have been our study and consolation, perhaps the commonplace hopes of every undergraduate which have entwined themselves about the goal of the unrealized. And we would not represent that thought aright were we not to include a glimpse of how we expect these hopes may be fulfilled and dreams become actualities.

Four years ago we came to Dalhousie, with the greatest of hopes and enthusiasm each one possessing the expectations which older folks tell us belong to youth. If we be honest in our confession, we aimed at great things and believed that a short college training would make us masters at the art of living, that we should be educated, cultured, able to sway communities; in short, we possessed the dream of the undergraduate with an ideal placed in the future, dimly discernible yet real, something which somehow existed, and which, we felt, if we

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CLASS HISTORY

I am writing of a time when, having fallen into a deep sleep, I dreamed a dream. I see a number of pilgrims gathering from all parts of the country roundabouts and all wending their way towards a common point, a great gate over which I read the inscription, "Dalhousie University." And this gate seems to mark the entrance to a long road which mounts up and up till it reaches the top of a hill some four miles off. I see that each pilgrim as he comes up to the gate has to present credentials which must be pronounced satisfactory before he can be admitted, but am glad to see that the greater number, perhaps fifty or more, are allowed to pass through. There, as in all gatherings, one notices all kinds, some eager to be on their journey, some grave, some gay, and some inclined to lag. When they have entered, I notice other bands which have come on before. All of these seemed friendly but one, known as the Sophs, and they appear hostile from the first. Thus are my sympathies enlisted and I follow, interested in seeing the outcome. Now the first, which shall be known hereafter as '17 take on strange ways, secret movements, furtive glances to right and left, for it seems that '16 is ever present, lurking behind every tree, ready to spring from every hedge. The strangers show neither surprise nor chagrin but proceed at once to elect leaders who shall deal with these offenders. As they approach I recognize these leaders as Reg Roome and Archie Lawrence and one other who seemed rather inclined to bring up the rear.

So when in this same stealthy manner I see them enter a roadside house, my curiosity is aroused and I too go in. I am surprised to find nothing more than my party grouped in studied silence, eyes fixed, and all more or less successful in obeying the command "Now, look pleasant." The meaning of this I cannot fathom until informed that it is merely following an established custom. As usual, a couple of overattentive Sophomores are lurking outside, but punishment falls without delay and they are hurried off in conspicuous fashion before the gazing throng.

But now we are free to look about and see what kind of country this is through which we are travelling. The road is ever ascending and the way is rough and beset by pitfalls. On either side are fields—fields of study, fields of contest, fields of pleasure. And as they proceed I find that instead of moving on in a body they are separating into little groups coming often together in one or other of those fields where they sometimes mingle with the other bands. Song is often on the lips of these pilgrims in the early hours of this journey. One, more of a yell, is given oftener than the rest and with great gusto. The words I can hardly make out nor attach

THE JOY OF A SCHOLAR'S NICHE.

The new university library at Harvard was built and presented to the institution by Mrs. Widener of Philadelphia as a memorial to her son who perished in the "Titanic" diaster. This beautiful memorial, costing between two and three million dollars, is planned to be of the greatest use to the greatest number. This was the purpose of the donor and it has been well carried out. Students are given the greatest possible freedom of access to all the books on its sixty miles of steel-stacks. And what has been accomplished in the largest university library in America can be attempted elsewhere.

The library is open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. The only formality necessary to give one the run of the stacks is a small money deposit on receipt of which a permit card is issued. Of course a bona fide intention to do serious work is assumed. Once a "stack card" is obtained, one is able to appreciate the good sense of the library authorities in providing every comfort and convenience to make consultation of books an easy matter, physically.

Every student who makes application is assigned a "stall," or scholar's niche, which he may call his own. In the Harvard Library there are 500 of these stalls. This term "stall" was substituted for the original one, "cubicle," because it was felt that the latter implied something too soporific in character.

Between the end of the stacks and the windows there are some eight feet of space. Three of these are taken up with a passage way. The rest is given over to the stalls. They are about five feet wide and six feet long, perhaps a little less. The partitions between the stalls are made of steel with frosted glass at the top to give more light. Each stall is equipped with a simple table-desk, a book-shelf, a comfortable chair and an electric drop-light.

The research student can go to any part of the stacks and take practically any number of books to his stall for use there. The only regulation to be complied with is that each book must be charged to him for use in his stall for a certain length of time. All he has to do is to fill out a card and place it in each book. At the end of such time an attendant removes the books.

In such ways as these study is made a real joy.

R. A. C.

meaning to them but they ran like this:
Rah, rah, rah, ree, ree, ree!
Arts and Science, Boomerang!
Hoorah, hoorah, hoorah, ree!
Nineteen Seventeen, Dalhousie!

And so they journeyed on and have gone but a little distance when they cross the Valley of Humiliation where two of the

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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

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In our last issue we spoke of an announcement of Gazette plans to be made in this number. In brief they are as follows.

Instead of beginning the Gazette year at the first of the fall term, as has been the custom heretofore, it will begin at the first of the calendar year. There are several reasons for making this change. One is that under the present arrangement the editor-in-chief holds office up to the spring convocation of what is generally his graduating year. As a result a new and inexperienced man has to take his place the next fall. Under the new arrangement the newly appointed editor will have the benefit of his predecessor's experience and oversight from the first of January until the following May.

Again most business houses let their advertising contracts at the first of the calendar year. Consequently when the business manager calls on them in October he is very often told that all the money allotted to advertising has already been expended, and they are unwilling to let any more contracts. It is felt therefore that the best time to negotiate for advertising is around the first of January and this will be made possible under the new system.

These are two of the main reasons for the change and in order that it may be brought with the least confusion it has been decided to continue the present volume up to December 31, 1917. Volume L will begin on January 1, 1918.

The letter from Capt. Geo. Farquhar appearing on another page of this issue is of especial interest to those students who follow debating in Dalhousie. It contains a suggestion that would undoubtedly raise the present standard of debating. We refer to the paragraph which speaks of the choosing of the subject of debate. No better advice could be given than that the subject be debatable, non-ambiguous and as brief as possible.

In the first place the very object of any debate is defeated if the subject chosen is one that common sense tells us gives an overwhelming advantage to one side or the other. The resolution should appeal to the majority of debaters as one that may be assailed as easily as defended. The winning of a contest on such an ideal subject would mean that one side was composed of better debaters than the other; and would leave no room for such comments as "I think—would have won had they had the other side of the question."

Again the subject should be non-ambiguous and as short as possible. To the Editor's mind non-ambiguity will follow, very largely, from brevity. The shorter and more concise a sentence is the less it is open to misinterpretation. Is it not true that our friends of the north wing of the Carleton St. building cover the "traps and engines"

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

of their judgment and definitions "with a dead-leaf growth of words" in order that some acute lawyer may have a better opportunity of finding a loop-hole through which his client may escape?

But there is one part of Capt. Farquhar's letter to which the Editor must take exception.

The editorial of the issue of June 15th in which the idea of granting the members of the debating team exemption from examination in one subject was suggested, gave as an argument in favor of such exemption the fact that many of the best debaters in college declared they could not come out for the team because they had not time. It may be quite true, as Capt. Farquhar suggested that these men could find time if they so desired. But the question that concerns us in this case is not whether the men actually have time or not, but whether they *think* they have time. For even if a student could spare the time required for the work of preparing a speech for the Intercollegiate Debate if he is finally convinced in his own mind that he is unable to do so he will refuse to try for the team. On the other hand, did such a student know that the making of the team would mean his exemption from examination in one subject, he would conclude that he could easily spare the time and would do his best to make the team.

Nor would such a course lower the standard of debating. It would result in better debaters making the team and the standard of debating could only be raised and not lowered. Capt. Farquhar gives an interesting reminiscence of methods once employed in debates and declares that the granting of a class would be in a line with the use of manuscripts on the platform. Now the word *debate* carries with it the idea of an *argumentative speech*. The use of manuscript on the platform means simply that the debater is reading a paper on the resolution, but by no means making a speech, and certainly such a practice would not tend to the progress of debating in the proper sense of the word. But a device whereby better debaters would be secured for the team is an altogether different thing and would raise the standard of debating just as the standard of football would be improved should better players take part in the game.

But lengthy editorials are never received with favor and it is time to stop. In conclusion let us say that Gazette readers are indebted to Capt. Farquhar for the interest he has manifested in the subject and the suggestions he has offered. Let us hope that more of our graduates overseas will follow his example and remember the old college paper.

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YOUR

VICTORY BOND

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Dalhousie Gazette,
Halifax, N. S.

Dear Gazette:—

It may seem a far cry from the battle-fields in France to the ordinary daily on-goings of College life, but a paragraph in one of your editorials in the issue of June 15th moves me to write.

You were speaking of the difficulty of getting debaters and suggested as a way out of the difficulty following the practice of some other institutions in Nova Scotia of giving those who made the team exemption from examination in one subject of the curriculum.

Allow me to differ from you. Men, among the best of the students, find time for football, social engagements, recreation in one form or another, and I find it difficult to believe that with the average work of the student to-day it is not possible for him to find time. Nor do I believe that you would get your best men. The men whom you need on a team of this kind are representative men—good all round students. A busy man will always find time for something more.

That the university has lost for three years in succession makes no difference to my way of thinking. Debating does not exist for the winning of debates and a verdict either way is a more or less arbitrary thing. To me your suggestion is in a measure derogatory to the dignity which old Dal. has always in a way maintained. Her students went serenely on, with debates, football or anything else, without troubling the faculty. Often the faculty was utterly oblivious to these activities altogether. Dalhousie has a certain standard to maintain in matters of this kind as well as the standards of her curricula. In my own day I still remember the way in which we looked upon some of the efforts made to win. For example one College not only giving freedom from lectures for a while, but the debaters submitting their written addresses to the Professor of English for correction, and later giving them with appropriate inflection and gesture before the Elocution teacher. On the platform they came like a whirl-wind, leaving poor little Dal. in the cold and often winning the verdict. But they were not debaters, and the result was anything but a debate. Always did we maintain in those days that we were there for a real debate, and after we had handled a subject intelligently believed it should be of such a nature that anyone coming to hear it would gain some benefit. That is, the debating should be on a high level.

It may be a matter of surprise to some of the students of to-day that once upon a time, manuscript was taken on the platform, prompting was carried on (exactly as on the stage) and that at one point Dalhousie only succeeded in having this stopped by threatening to withdraw from the league. You will pardon me then, Mr. Editor, if I strongly differ from you and feel that your suggestion is in line with this inferior level and not worthy of the Institution.

Let me offer a suggestion. In choosing the subject of debate, choose first a debatable subject; second, word the resolution so that there is no ambiguity; third, make it as short as possible and so that it can be summed up in a single sentence.

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CHEMIN DES DAMES.

In silks and satins ladies went
Where breezes sighed and the poplars bent,
Taking the air of a Sunday morn
Midst the red of poppies and gold of corn—
Flowery ladies in gold brocades,
With negro pages and serving maids,
In scarlet coach or gilt sedan,
With brooch and buckle and flounce and fan,
Patch and powder and trailing scent,
Under the trees the ladies went—
Lovely ladies that gleamed and glowed,
As they took the air on the Ladies' Road.

Boom of thunder and lightning flash—
The torn earth rocks to the barrage crash;
The bullets whine and the bullets sing
From the mad machine guns chattering;
Black smoke rolling across the mud,
Trenches plastered with flesh and blood—
The blue ranks lock with the ranks of gray,
Stab and stagger and sob and sway;
The living cringe from the shrapnel burst,
The dying moan of their burning thirst,
Moan and die in the gulping slough—
Where are the butterfly ladies now?

Patlander in Punch.

Correspondence

Continued from page 2

The same issue of the Gazette holds a report of the debate. One sentence sums it up "The debate narrowed down to the interpretation of the resolution." I submit, that that in itself would kill any debating. Who would waste time in arguing over a form of words? It is not worthy of university students at least, unless they are simply qualifying for the study of law. In all the history of debating for a dozen years now, I have never known a team to win a verdict or make capital out of twisting the plain meaning of a resolution. I can say these things as I do not know any of the debaters who took part. The argument which Dalhousie put up, if she is rightly reported in your columns would entitle her to defeat. No judge, no man of common-sense would listen patiently to arguments on such a basis, no matter how well delivered or tersely put. The resolution on the face of it simply means—that granted there is no absolutely prohibitory legislation then the sole right etc., be vested in the hands of appointees of the government—in other words Government control is better than the present system where the power of the provinces is limited. Or carrying it a step farther it means The Present System versus Government ownership. On the line followed by Dalhousie, if correctly reported, there is no question to debate.

But perhaps I have said enough. Though far away I am still interested in the Old College by the sea, and this has caused me to take time to join issue with your editorial. May all prosperity be to the Gazette, the Debating League and to our Old Alma Mater.

Very sincerely yours,
GEORGE FARQUHAR, (Capt.),
44th Can. Infy, B. E. F.

Have You Bought Your
VICTORY BOND

OUR NEW HONORS.

During the summer two more Military Crosses have been won by Dalhousians, Major Alastair Fraser of the 15th and Lieut. Reginald A. Major. The latter is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Major, South Street this City. He enlisted with the 55th N. B. Battalion but was later transferred to the 26th going overseas in November 1915. Previous to enlisting he was employed as an engineer in the Plant and Construction Department of the Western Union Telegraph Co. He took the arts course at Dalhousie and the civil engineer course at the Nova Scotia Technical College.

Lieutenant Major has been twice wounded, first at Vimy Ridge and the second time at Hill 70 near Lens. It was in the latter engagement that Lieutenant Major has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery.

Major Fraser is a son of the late Hon. D. C. Fraser, Lieutenant Governor of this province, in his time one of the most ardent Dalhousians. "Alastair" is bringing more honor to the clan.

The official statement of reasons for his award reads:

"He was wounded but continued, and being again wounded, was forced to remain where he was. He showed the firmest example of coolness and courage."

He has been wounded seven times. On July 30th he paid a visit to Halifax and held a sort of reception at a friend's house for his old Dalhousie professors. A very pleasant evening was spent in listening to tales from the front. Alastair has his father's talent as a raconteur.

DALHOUSIAN WOUNDED.

The Vimy Ridge drive, in which the Canadians figured so largely, placed the names of many former Dalhousie students in the casualty list. One of our boys who was wounded in this famous battle was Lieut. R. D. Graham, LL. B. He received a machine-gun bullet in the thigh and is at present in a hospital in England, where, we are glad to say, he is rapidly convalescing.

"Rory" Graham entered Dalhousie as a Law student and received his degree in 1915. While at Dalhousie he was one of the most prominent men in the university. A keen athlete, he "made" both the football and hockey teams, while his irrepressible spirit of fun gave him a pronounced reputation as the comedian of the Dalhousie Dramatic Club. The Gazette wishes him a speedy and complete recovery from his painful wounds.

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DE MORTUIS.

Sir Richard McBride.

No Dalhousian has played a larger part in public affairs of recent years than Sir Richard McBride who passed away in London on the 6th of August last. He was one of the many Law School graduates who have distinguished themselves in the service of their country, and who always remember the *alma mater* with gratitude and especially their debt of inspiration to Dean Weldon. He was born in New Westminster, on December 15th, 1870, of a well-known family of the Province, his father, Arthur H. McBride, having come from the North of Ireland to Canada in 1858, while his mother, Mary Darcy, was a native of Limerick County, Ireland. After leaving the grammar school at New Westminster, at the age of 16 years, Premier McBride came to Dalhousie University at Halifax and graduated with the degree of LL. B., in 1889. He took up law, reading with T. C. Atkinson and later with the late Judge Angus J. McColl, Chief Justice of British Columbia. When he was called to the bar in 1892, he became a junior member of the firm of Corbould, McColl, Wilson and Campbell, at New Westminster. In 1893, he struck out for himself and practised alone until 1895. It was in 1896 that he entered the larger field of politics, contesting the New Westminster riding unsuccessfully against Aulay Morrison. In 1898, he was elected a member of the British Columbia Government for Dewdney as a supporter of Hon. J. H. Turner and was later returned with increased majority for the same constituency. In 1900, he was made Minister of Mines. When Premier Dunsmuir on September, 3rd 1901, joined with the party of Hon. Joseph Martin, leader of the Opposition, by inviting Mr. J. C. Brown to join him in the Cabinet, Mr. McBride resigned to show his disapproval of the union. The result was that he was largely instrumental in Mr. Brown's defeat in the ensuing bye-election. In 1901, he was elected president of the Conservative Union of British Columbia and was chosen leader of the Opposition when the Legislature met in February, 1902. It was on June 1st, 1903, that he was called upon by the then Lieutenant-Governor to form his first Cabinet. He was married in September, 1896, to Miss Margaret McGillivray, a native of Ontario, whose parents came from Inverness, Scotland. He was Prime Minister from June 1, 1903, until 1915. He was elected for Victoria City in 1907, and for Victoria City and Yale in 1909 and 1912. In 1912 he was created a K. C. M. G. In politics he was a Conservative, in religion a Presbyterian.

Dr. Herbert Archibald, died at Topeka, Kansas, on June 24th. He was a son of the late Melville Archibald, formerly of Alma, Pictou County, and was forty-two years of age. He was a graduate of Dalhousie and a Ph. D. of Johns Hopkins. He leaves a widow and one son.

Mrs. T. M. Cutler of 15 Hope Avenue, Montreal, has received word of the death in action of her son, Pte. J. Cutler, who was first reported wounded and then missing.

Pte. Cutler who was a son of the late T. M. Cutler of Halifax, was but 26 years old. He enlisted with the 44th battalion of Winnipeg where he was employed with the Free Press. Overseas he was transferred to

the 8th battalion. He leaves a widow at present residing in Scotland. He is a brother of T. G. Cutler, branch manager of the Royal Bank.

WALTER WILLETT PICKUP.

Since the beginning of the Canadian casualties Dalhousie has been called upon many times to soothe her sorrow with pride and now again we must add a new name to our ever lengthening Roll of Honor. This time it is a law student who has fallen.

Walter Pickup came to Dalhousie to study Law in the fall of 1914, having received from Mount Allison University the degree of Bachelor of Arts a few months before. He soon made many friends who still recall his cherry smile. Being a good athlete he made the football team and was a great favorite with his team-mates. In the fall of 1915 he entered the greatest game of all and went to France with the ———th. He was killed in the early part of 1917. It is our earnest hope that his parents and friends will find their grief lessened, even by a very little, in the knowledge that many Dalhousians mourn with them.

John King Swanson.

That Dalhousie is bearing a large share of the price the Canadians are paying in this terrible conflict was more clearly brought home to us when we received the sad news that John Swanson, B. A., LL. B., had made the supreme sacrifice, having passed away in a hospital in England on April 13th from wounds received four days previous in that engagement which has more deeply than ever engraved the fame of "The Canadians" upon the memory of the world.

John Swanson or "Swan" as he was known to all the students, entered Dalhousie in the fall of '09, coming from Kings County Academy and four years later he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts which in two years time was followed with the degree of Bachelor of Law. He was only present at the college a short time when it became apparent that he was to be one of the leaders in student life at the college and from his sophomore year until he graduated a B. A., LL. B., in the Spring of '15 he was foremost in all movements that tended to advance the welfare of the college. But although attached to nearly all the student Societies perhaps there was no organization in which he took a more active part than in the Gazette. In 1913 he was a member of the board of editors and in that year was a member of the committee who made the report to the Council which favoured a semi-monthly paper. On the adoption of that report by the council it was necessary to find a student, who had the ability and was willing to give sufficient of his time to edit the paper. For the position of editor-in-chief, their choice was J. K. Swanson and he carried the paper thru many difficulties and never hesitated to forego pleasure and high exam marks in order to make a success of a non-remunerative position. His energy was directed to other channels besides the Gazette and nearly every society at one time or another can claim him as an officer but nowhere was he more at home

then as champion of the Student's rights in a faculty-student conference. True, he was a critic, but his criticism was of a constructive nature.

John Swanson has passed and as one of the faculty said when he first heard the sad news, "Swanson was the kind of Dalhousian, we can ill-afford to lose."

While a student here he made many friends who will long cherish that friendship and it only remains for us to extend to his family, relatives and friends the sympathy of his Alma Mater.

Yesterday:

That awful independent on to-morrow! Whose work is done; who triumphs in the past; Whose yesterday's look backward with a smile Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly.

To-day:

Happy the man, and happy he alone, He, who can call today his own: He who, secure within, can say, To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd today.

To-morrow:

To-morrow you will live, you always cry; In what fair country does this morrow lie, That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive? Beyond the Indies does this morrow live? 'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear 'Twill be both very old and very dear, "To-morrow I will live," the fool does say: To-day itself's too late.—The wise lived yesterday.

Valedictory

Continued from page 1

were to attempt to define its boundaries or formulate it, would crumble to dust.

Tonight, we know that such an ideal has not been actualized or even formulated. We feel that we have accomplished nothing, and that it has taken four years to disillusion us. And what of that? Because we have begun only to learn the alphabet of knowledge and to see that nothing can be accomplished in the sphere of learning except through the labor of years with its torturous restraint, are we to despair and forever give up the pursuit? No. For only now have we begun to appreciate what knowledge means and are held enthralled as we think of the power and majesty of learning. Only now have we come to be like children who gaze with wonder and admiration into the vast unknown round about, and having placed one foot on the ladder which stretches from earth into the blue of Truth are prepared to enter the heaven of knowledge which is opened up to those alone who approach in the Spirit of babes.

And the dream of personal accomplishment with the hope to sway and lift people is scarcely any more. The whole university course today tends to minimize the spontaneous power of the individual and to emphasize conditions which make the individual to be and act as they determine. History is defined as a Tendency, and Forces are named to explain the movements in Society. The current moralist will explain the impulses towards what we call good by the Circumstances of the time which call them forth. The world convulses swayed by mighty and desperate Forces; the individual is nothing. Surely then any dreams which an undergraduate ever had of individual power, to bring a thought or a hope to the smallest number of men is an illusion and no more. This is only half the truth; it is, if you like, one aspect of truth so exaggerated that it has become a falsehood. The world is no mechanical contrivance whose movements are determined by senseless Forces.

Individuals, living personalities still exist, and men have been moved and are being moved by just such individuals, and not by what may be classed under vague Forces, Tendencies and all the unmeaning phrases in which so-called scientific historians and sociologists attempt to include everything and explain nothing.

The question before us to-night is this; as we cross the threshold of active life, and endeavor to apply our theories made more plausible because their weaknesses have not yet been revealed, and as we mingle with men in the ordinary affairs of practical life away from an academic atmosphere what is to become of all we as individuals had hoped to achieve? We have seen many college graduates, extraordinary people at the start, whose lives never ripened and who never accomplished anything. Young giants they thought themselves to be with impulses of generosity. They went out with the lesson of their first aspirations learned but the new knowledge made them

forget the old and the hearts in which virtue and idealism had sat enthroned gave way to coarseness and pessimism. Like them, we have begun to learn that the sphere of life in which each will move must be very narrow; and is it not well that it should, to give others a chance? It would be most unfortunate if a few young revolutionists could rock the world or even a community. In this narrow sphere our place lies, and what we accomplish must be accomplished here. Do we intend then to accept the standards in this if they are lower than our own? Do we intend to fall into the trend of circumstances, remain passive and let four years instruction from the Masters count for nothing? Do we intend to believe that ten minds which have not been nurtured by our Alma mater will be stronger than one which has? Do we intend to keep alive the inspiration which our professors have given us, and to hold to their teaching of higher wisdom as mightiest of all mighty things, "as a sword from heaven's own armoury, sky-tempered" against which no wordly towers of brass or forces of despair can dare prevail?

We do not attempt to interpret the world which we are to enter. We know it's a world pouring out its heart's blood, rent asunder by the lust of ambition; learning prostituted to selfish gain. This is no time for those who have been taught to think and act "to go dancing about in the weeds of peace;" No Dalhousian worthy of the name can be to-day selfish or apathetic. This is the time for assertive action, just in so far as that action has behind it lofty motive and aims at high endeavor. As Emerson says: "Let him hear in season that he is born into a state of war, and that the commonwealth and his own well-being require that he should go about . . . warned, self-collected, and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand and with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech and the rectitude of his behaviour." How commonplace is such advice, when most of our fellows have in a very real sense, self-collected, taken their lives in their hands. Those of our class have been fortunate, yet three are gone. Ross lies to-night in the caves of ocean, McInnis starves in a prison-camp, and one night Lockerly perished in No-Man's Land. Jock Ross and Earl Lockerly we shall see no more, but surely the example of such class-fellows, able and willing, surely the memory of them whom we admired, who were our own, must inspire even the least heroic of us and engender within the meaneast of hearts some desire towards lofty and heroic action.

I have said the sphere of activity and influence of each must be small. Well, what of that? The thought that you have lived a nobler life into a few lives, that you have exerted an influence on the smallest community, that you have done something in establishing the foundation of our young Canada, surely that is enough. Don't you see that you have realized the purpose of your life, that not one hope, or ambition,

Continued on page 9

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They would tell the Peoples Justice ever liveth,
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They who know no tyrant rise to quell the monster
Which has trampled babes in Belgium's bloody clay,
They whom no oppressor dares to drive as cattle,
Rise to greet the dawning of Liberty's new day.

Strike, with brave old England, generous, lion-hearted,
Strike, with France the gallant and the debonnaire;
Strangle we the madman foaming in his fury,
Drive the unclean terror back into its lair.

There can be no Freedom where the strong may lord it!
There can be no Peace where Pride has had no fall;
Strike, O Land of Lincoln! strike the learned savage,
Make him drink for ever the wormwood and the gall.

Outraged Science shudders that her glorious treasures
Should be so corrupted by the sons of men;
Beauty's gentle spirit grieves as she grieved never
For the scenes of Beauty that cannot come again.

D. FRASER HARRIS.

The Morning Chronicle.

GIFT FOR MEDICAL LIBRARY.

Once again has Dr. D. A. Campbell put the Faculty of Medicine under a debt of gratitude to him.

Quite recently he presented to the Medical Library, now housed in the Carleton Street building, about 300 bound volumes, besides many pamphlets and unbound publications, all of them of interest to medical men.

The gift includes a number of long "runs" of bound journals, including the British Medical Journal, American Medicine, the Practitioner and Archives of Internal Medicine.

As might be expected the majority of the other books are treatises on Therapeutics or on Materia Medica, Therapeutics being the subject of the chair Dr. Campbell so long filled in the Halifax Medical College.

The rest of the volumes deal with almost every department of medical literature.

The University is very grateful to its most recent L. L. D. for this practical expression of his regard for his Alma Mater.

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Class History

Continued from page 1

more fluent are defeated by '16 in a wordy battle on the subject of Woman's Suffrage. This hostility of '16 has been a source of puzzlement to me, so inexcusable it seems, but apparently it is now to end, for I am pleased to see the olive branch extended in the shape of an invitation to a Freshie-Soph dance?

But alas for any hopes of reconciliation, for a little later as our pilgrims in appointed couples are preparing to enter a playhouse by the way, two of their strong arms are seized from behind, torn from their companions, and kept until one of the more lenient of their antagonists effect their liberation and they are restored to their partners where they enjoy the rest of the entertainment.

Again, our party lingers in a field of pleasure one starry night. Starting from the friendly hostel, Forrest Hall, in pairs they proceed to enjoy the company of each other while they walk and talk, when all at once an alarm is given. The enemy is upon them. So while the sterner sex form into line for combat, the gentler ones go by the way they have come to await the others. Not so gentle they seem now but rather filled with indignation are they. But this is all dispelled when their comrades return after a truce is arranged. The evening is filled with games and an extra good time comes to an end all too soon. I hear this event often referred to as the "Break-up" in the time to come.

But a gay and rather strenuous season is brought abruptly to a close by a stream running directly across our path. This stream known as "Exams," winds in and out over this country. There are no bridges to cross over. One must go through or turn back, so we prepare for the plunge.

And now the stream is reached and forded and a short rest taken at Christmas Inn. Soon after crossing on the other side they come in sight of a high mound the name of which is called Victory. Then I see a great struggle between the two bands to which shall first gain the summit of their mount. Armed with hockey sticks they fight three great battles and victory is for '17. Homage is rendered to the conquerors at a turkey supper. It is too bad that the feminines are barred out from their feast, for though the elaborate menu for them would hold little attraction, that the flow of rhetoric falling from the lips of the evening's orators, Roome, Lawrence and Wallace, would have been edifying, there is little doubt.

About this time seeing that pilgrims and strangers are going into a house of entertainment by the way where a great play by some of their own number is advertised to take place, naturally I follow. It is an ordinary playhouse but certainly no ordinary audience. I see it as in a maze of rainbow tints. I rub my eyes and look again. Yes, and curious missiles thrown from above fill the air, while gaudy panels on the wall facing the entrance flaunt the sing "1917" in mammoth digits. Overhead a figure is suspended, hung by the neck—they call it McLatchy, the Soph President. Puzzled I ask, "Why? What?" The answer is "Retaliation."

Another time at a point on the map marked "Dartmouth," a merry goup pile into a big vehicle. Merrier still they grow as they fly over the snow. Singing, shouting,

DALLUSIENSIA.

Rudolf Clemen has resigned his scholarship from Harvard in order to take a position in Purdue University, W. Indiana. This appointment will have additional interest to Dalhousians from the fact that Professor Estey, who had the chair of History here in 1911-13 is Professor of Political Science at Purdue.

The Rev. J. H. A. Anderson has entered Union Theological College, New York, as a graduate student.

Colonel Phinney, who has been at the front, as second in command of the N. S. Highland Battalion, was wounded May 28th in the leg. He returned on duty, for some weeks, but the wound became seriously infected, necessitating his return to London, where he has been in hospital for six weeks. Colonel Phinney has returned for two months leave.

Lieut. William Marshall Rogers, a son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Rogers, was among those landing. Lieut. Rogers, enlisted in the 64th and was later transferred to the 24th. In the trenches he joined a trench mortar unit. During the Somme fighting, he was gassed and has been in hospital in London. He is returning for discharge, being unfit to return to the trenches. Lieut. Rogers was studying at Dalhousie when he enlisted with the class of '17. He speaks very highly of the treatment given the Canadian officers in the London hospitals and convalescent homes.

Lieut. T. H. A. Allum of the 25th Batt. returned on Aug. 1st. He was badly wounded in the leg.

The summer vacation is the time for seeing old graduates. If they want a holiday, they find somehow or other that the Little College is a sort of magnet and draws them back to it from the ends of the earth.

Jean Bayer of Saskatchewan visited her sister Mrs. H. D. Brunt at Rockingham. She is giving instruction in English composition in "Waters" University. She saw something of Studley.

The Rev. Arthur Paysant returned from Fort Erie to visit his parents.

Edna Nelson and Jessie Macdougall of Winnipeg were in the city for a day in August.

Mrs. Ernest Forbes (Jean Gordon) of Scotsburn attended the meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cock from India, were also in attendance.

and discordant music fill the air until a stop is made at the home of the chief officer, Reg Roome, where the inner man is warmed, and games played until the warning clock points out they will surely not "Get home till morning" if they miss that boat—the Dartmouth Ferry. They hear afterwards that the Sophs did their utmost to frustrate the proposed good time but failed.

And now again we see ahead the stream which is called "Exams," only this time it is swifter and wider and more difficult to cross. And we hear from older pilgrims dreadful tales of those who have fallen and would have drowned had it not been for the Lifebelts "Supps" which are provided in case of such mishap. And some have their

Continued on page 11

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APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Alexander D. McIntosh, M. A., Barrister, of Humboldt, Sask., has been recently appointed Judge of the District of Battleford, Sask., Mr. McIntosh is a native of Lismore, Pictou County. He made his studies in St. Francis Xavier's College, graduating in arts in 1912, and completed the course in the law school at Halifax. Going West he gained for himself a prominent place in his profession, and in political life.

Rev. W. T. Townsend, B. A., has been appointed the new assistant at Trinity and entered upon his duties the last Sunday in September. He is a native of this Province, son of the late Joseph Townsend, of Tangier. Mr. Townsend has been working in the Yukon in the Indian School of Chootla for the past four years and comes to Halifax very highly recommended. He is energetic and capable and Trinity is to be congratulated on securing him as assistant. Mr. Townsend took his Master's degree this autumn by examination on the prescribed course in Tennyson. His papers were of a high order.

Valedictory

Continued from Page 5

or dream which you ever had, have been lost; they all remain immortalized, built into the structure of Time which has foundations and can never be removed.

The time has come when we must part. This parting is sad, for friends must scatter, each to his own way, and separate from what to a large extent has made each what he is or ever will be.

To our friends we bid farewell. With them we have made friendships not of wine and teacups but linked by the tough fibre of the human heart. To you whom we have grown to admire, who pleased our fancy, who watched our moods, in whose presence our thought flourished, who called forth whatever few possibilities lay dormant within us and helped us to overcome our faults, to you we bid farewell. And hereafter when the world will honor you we shall feel honored, and when people will praise you we shall feel justly proud.

To our professors we bid farewell, our debt of gratitude we cannot know. We praise them for a lofty example, and can offer nothing in return but whatever little there may be of worth or nobleness in our lives hereafter.

To the college whom we are proud to call Alma Mater we bid farewell. To those who stand at the parting of the ways we hear her say, "go forth: labor and pray." She sends us forth to be worthy of her past, and not bring disgrace on the name Dalhousian. A justly proud mother, she has reared sons and daughters who have spread themselves over all the world and made her name forever honored. She sends us forth to carry on the work which they have begun, to live nobly and achieve, even if the achievement be but very small—

"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.—"

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While on his pipe he plays
Quaint trills, and roundelay
With dropping cadences;
And shy red squirrels rub against his knees.

And, thro' the city's tumult and the beat
of hurrying feet,
Those whom the god loves hear
Pan's pipe insistent, clear,
Echoes of elfin laughter, high and sweet;
Catch in the sparrow's cries
Those tinkling melodies
That sing where brooklets meet,
And the wood's glamour colours the grey
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The Royal
Military College of Canada

Class History
Continued from page 8
ardor so damped by a fall in this stream
that they turn back and go no further.
So there is great anxiety for a while
no more attention is given to the fields
surrounding.

Once across on the other side, the pil-
grims separate for a while. I notice little
change in them. Some seem slightly bed-
ragged but all have come over or around the
various obstacles and look forward to keep-
ing on their journey. Now I overhear
scraps of conversation in which phrases such
as "Students Building" and "Personal
Canvass" occur frequently. For once my
curiosity does not find expression for I
have a feeling that it shall soon be grati-
fied, and I am right. The desirability of
providing more comforts and conveniences
for the pilgrims is felt, and so it is decided
to send out those best fitted to solicit from
all relatives and friends such help as they
can give. The campaign is successfully
carried out, for they come back rejoicing
that this will soon come about. I am proud
to note that only one band comes ahead of
'17 in the amounts solicited. But even as
they plan and prepare to start on the road
again, mutterings and distant rumblings
are heard and soon word comes that the
dogs of war have broken loose and that
men are needed to help overcome and chain
them. One by one we see members of Class
'17 prepare to join the hosts of others who
are taking their way to the distant scene of
struggle. Word is received from time to
time of the fierce fighting and all are grieved
to hear that two of their number will not
travel this way again. They have already
reached the end of their journey by a shorter
and more hazardous route.

The once big Class '17 would indeed be
small were it not for a number of newcom-
ers whom they are glad to welcome. We find
too that there is yet another crowd of fellow
travellers, Class '18. With their coming a
fashion prevails among the youths of pre-
senting a shaven and shorn appearance.
The maidens, too, lay their pride in the dust
and perform antics which, in those of their
years and discretion, are unseemly.

Now the ones I have come to follow with
such interest take on the duties of Sopho-
mores under the leadership of Don Mc-
gregor, Jennie Grant, and Charlie Bayne.
The same place of Dartmouth is the
scene of a gay party on Hallowe'en where
all would look into the future to see what
the fates have in store. What they see I cannot
tell, but I hope that the prophets are kind.

I see them also enjoying a grand good
time on Chocolate Lake where, shod with
steel, they skim over the gleaming ice.
Very often on these occasions I have
noticed one from the outside mingling in
the fun. Expecting to see signs of resentment
among the pilgrims group, I find instead
that they rally round her as one of their
own. Her name I find to be Mrs. McNeil,
the always obliging chaperone. Here, once
again, we find that Class '17 plays a better
game of hockey than its opponent which
in this case is Class '18.

But we plod on towards the second mile-
stone. As we pass it our path takes a different
direction. As a turn in the road Old
Dalhousie is partly lost to sight and we
come upon new surroundings. It is with
pride and satisfaction that the pilgrims
gaze about them. It is but a beginning,
to be sure, of more improvement to follow.

Continued on page 12.

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THIS SPACE RESERVED

FOR

MORTON & THOMSON

In the Bright
Lexicon of Youth

There is one word that
should be read, learned
and invariably digested

NA-DRU-CO

It is an abbreviation of
National Drug Co.

and indicates a line of

Medicines and Toilet
Requisites

— SUCH AS —

SHAVING STICKS
SHAVING LOTION
TALCUM POWDER
TOOTH PASTE

COLD CREAM
WITCH HAZEL CREAM
VANISHING CREAM
HAIR RESTORER
ETC., ETC., ETC.

Which are reliable and
first class in every re-
spect and guaranteed to
give satisfaction by the

National Drug and
Chemical Co., Limited
HALIFAX BRANCH

Class History

Continued from page 11.

I see already one and another enter McDonald Library with the confident swing of ownership. Here one may sit obscured from his neighbor. Here I fancy one may hear, perhaps not the proverbial pin drop, but one with imagination might hear the hinges of the mind creak as it swings backward and forward over some knotty problem. Here over the page so brightly illuminated one pores waiting for the illuminating thought, oftentimes in vain, it seemsto me.

And now the way becomes more thickly wooded. The road seems hemmed in and only occasionally a green glade tempts to sport drives, for enthusiasm is lacking and thought turns to those in that fierce struggle, the struggle that calls for iron muscle, steely nerve, and noble sacrifice. The fight instead of abating increases in fury, we hear. One by one I see the pilgrims, and many of them bearing the '17 mark, slip off their packs and depart. Others, too, start to follow and stop. Then I see that some lack physical strength, and some carry burdens other than the usual pack, which they can not shake off.

The spokesmen of the band are changed again, this time being Charlie Bayne, Clara Smith, and Hugh Frame. Now the maidens outnumber the youths, reversing the ancient order of things. Now all have come to be regarded as equal, even in dress, for I note that a costume for the road has been donned by all—sombre and flowing this robe, surely adding dignity and grace.

As they journey on frequent conferences are held where many weighty matters are discussed. At the last of these meetings before the third milestone is reached, the three chosen to be officials when they strike out on the road again are Ronald Fielding, Olga Clemen and R. D. McCleave.

And now comes the fourth and last stage of the journey. All seem glad to be on their way, still there are others who have not appeared. I count two occasions when the Seniors, now become sedate and staid, depart from the beaten track to indulge in a little frivolity. On one of these occasions, at a walking party per custom they walk a little, talk a lot, and stop at the favorite Waegwoltic Club House for supper and a hq, all of which make up a very good time. On the other, they sought entertainment from the Toler Stock Company. Their president, Ronald Fielding, about to leave to take a training course is the guest of honor.

I have not told how while those who broke this road left many roots and pitfalls in the form of quizzes and lectures and themes, prodigal provision has been made whereby the ambitious ones may slake their thirst. I am impressed by the fact that all along the way are wells of wisdom, fountains of learning and reservoirs of scientific discovery and mathematical truth, which have been most carefully constructed. These are continually being visited, and some never satisfied, drink, fill their flasks for future use, and drink again. I cannot say that all suffer from thirst, but some go rather because others do, and others because it seems expected of them.

As they near the end of the journey, I notice here and there banners, proclaiming victory on some field of contest, being born aloft. Doubtless there would have been many more had the band remained unbroken. The distinctive yell were it tried now would have lost much of the deep-throated hoarseness of yore. I hear them break into song once more but they seem to be singing into the words a different meaning.

The crossroads, "the parting of the ways," is in sight, the Unknown lies beyond, so now when they sing of the "stately Seniors" it may be that with the song there mingles a sigh.

I look on each face once more—changes surely. Not all who stood before the gate that day in October when the sun shone and all was bright, are present now. Some I miss other than those who are on the World's battle-ground, but I note a look of fitness, clear-eyed vision, and dauntless purpose stamped on many faces. Some have already chosen the path by which they are going, some will linger at the crossroads waiting for the beckoning hand, but of this the Prophetess will tell.

Now "Good-bye" and "Farewell" are found on the lips of the little group. Now all look back and find the way good. There are no regrets but rather gratitude that it has been made so hard. Grievances and hardships have faded into the past and will soon be forgotten. The River "Exams" which has been crossed twice within every mile, scrambling over cramming rocks on one side and floundering through the

mire of suspense on the other, can be looked on now without fear or trembling. I count seven rest houses by the way where pilgrims have stopped for refreshment and further preparation for the journey. Companionship has been good. Many have plucked flowers of friendship the beauty and fragrance of which shall sweeten the way yet to be trod. And what of those we miss? Where and when shall we see them again? Echoes of that fierce raging battle sends a chill through the veins and prints fear on the face but hope is buoyant and faith is strong, so all wait—looking forward to the time when the noise of battle shall cease, and the victors may be welcomed back. What a glad Reunion that will be! Then it is hoped that fitting tribute may be paid those who have endured and sacrificed so much.

I am busy noting all these changes when I am suddenly roused from my sleep by feeling the weight of something on my head, while the words, "with all the rights and privileges appertaining thereto" fall on my ears as though I still were dreaming.

M. COLPITT.

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