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FOUNDED 1869

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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

ISSUED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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DEBATING NEWS.

The debate with Acadia will be held some time in April. The resolution reads: Resolved that, in one of the terms of peace, the allotment by the Allies to Germany of territory in Africa, equal in area to that possessed by her on that continent at the outbreak of the war, on condition that they suffer no commercial restrictions by tariffs, bounties, or otherwise, would be in the interests of international harmony.

The one trial debate was not over successful. As usual Dalhousians placed personal interests above those of the University, and many scheduled speakers failed to appear. The team selected is composed of Messrs. Kerr, Goode, and Distant.

The girls of Dalhousie will have no opportunity of retrieving their freeze-out of last year. Mount Allison has given them the debate by default. The subject, though perplexing to the statesmen of the last half century, had no terror for our co-eds, and it is rumoured that the deliberations of the twelve young ladies may yet be given to an expectant world. The team chosen to oppose Acadia will doubtless show to the edification of the Y. W. C. A. that Africa can be put to better uses than to be returned to Germany, and that the exemplification of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man must be considered by the statesmen of the Peace Conference.

JOSEPH HOWE, Jr.

WHAT HO FOR THE BLADES OF STEEL.

Dalhousie is not to be wholly deprived of skating this year despite the destruction of the Arena. Arrangements have been made with St. Mary's College, whereby Dalhousie students are to have the use of St. Mary's Rink on Wednesday evenings for the rest of the winter season. The officials of the Skating Club deserve thanks for their initiative, and St. Mary's for its generosity.

EXCHANGES.

The Gazette acknowledges the receipt of *McMaster University Monthly*, *The Western Canada College Review*, *The Varsity*, *Queen's Journal*, and *St. Dunstan's Red and White*.

BUY A QUARTER'S WORTH OF LIGHT.

Most tragic of all our recent tragedies, is the lot of those who were blinded by the explosion. Death would have been more merciful, for they must live on year after year bereft of life's greatest treasure. The exact figures are not yet obtainable, but there are probably 100 of these, in some cases little children with decades of darkness stretching out before them. Something must be done to relieve their misfortune. They must be provided for, and taught a trade. This is the aim of the Halifax School for the Blind, headed by Sir Frederick Fraser, one of the few really and truly knights. Money, however, is sadly lacking; a \$500,000 endowment fund must be raised. Here it is that Dalhousie can be of some slight assistance. The Gazette is inaugurating a **subscription list for the Blinded Sufferers**. Contributions of not more than twenty-five cents should be handed to Miss Lindsay or Miss Littler. If every student would do this, a substantial sum would soon be collected. Dalhousians, ever eager to help, should not be deaf to this appeal. Every penny expended on the blind means so much of sunlight beaming through their blackness.

Won't you buy a quarter's worth of light?

THE SENIOR CLASS FEED.

On Friday evening, February the 8th, the waiting rooms of the Science Building rang with laughter and merriment. The Senior girls were having their Class Feed and, with critical Juniors safely at a distance, stately seniorial dignity was quite forgotten. The committee on studies—er suppers, most bewitching in "beatified Ghosts of Aprons gracefully fastened on," flitted about, and, when they announced that the feast was spread, every girl was in her place. From her lofty seat of honour, the Vice-President presided in a most delightful manner, and, when the last piece of cake had gone over to the great majority, the busy chatter of twenty girls broke the leaden silence. A sudden lull brought forth from the shyest little Senior the remark that she thought it so embarrassing to have every one else stop talking to listen to her. From the foot of the table came the pert query: "Now do you really think so?"; but the shy one arose to the occasion with the retort that she would "as lief think that as think nothing."

There were songs, Dal songs and others, most vociferously and soulfully rendered; cheers in which the boys at the front were not forgotten; stories at which everybody laughed, often without knowing why; class yells; then Auld Lang Syne and God Save the King, after which the assembly broke up, declaring that there had never been a jollier party in the history of class '18.

C. M.

RAVINGS OF A MODERN PROPHET.

Reckless riot and wanton extravagance of the grossest description have gripped Dalhousie by the throat. Yea, verily, the desert sands of Scottish puritanism grow cold apace. For the moving picture is no longer considered immoral. Satan, alas, is not its father. We behold, with shocked vision, students, future ministers of the gospel, members of the Dal. missionary society, etc., etc., etc., wantonly leave their books and their scruples behind and hie to an amusement place whose auditorium is church-like. There beheld I half the college one night. The next day Du-- beheld the other half in the same resort. Others higher up, by their evil influence, by their presence in these dens of iniquity, egg on and abet this hideous tendency. Woe to Dalhousie!

A woman trained in singing praises to Lucifer at a wicked place called the M-tr-p-l-t-n Opera House, head-quarters of Satan in that abysm of degradation, New York; yea, verily an operatic star of the deepest dye, plays in a garden with parrots and pigeons, makes faces and betrays her country! Alas, my poor brothers and sisters subjected so long to such blighting influences!

Melancholia has plagued me since that fatal night. When I think that our dear students will not only go freely to see such degraded sights but actually pay the stupendous sum exacted by the vendors of iniquity, I go mad. Yea, we are in the latter days. The very earth cannot groan under our weight much longer. Utter destruction must be our lot. Prepare ye for the end!

ULTIMO EXTREMO.

COMING ATTRACTIONS AT THE ORPHEUS.

At the Orpheus the possibility of being bored is much slighter than at any other Halifax playhouse. Other film services may come and go, but the Paramount remains upon its level of uniform excellence and good taste. The foremost movie idols are numbered among its luminaries, the best books and plays are transformed into its scenarios. Noteworthy among the recent offerings at the Orpheus have been Julian Eltinge, the clever female impersonator, Geraldine Farrar in the vividly spectacular "The Woman God Forgot," and Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess." Equally attractive are the bookings for the coming months. Jack Pickford, the American Peter Pan, will visualise the immortal Tom Sawyer, Douglas Fairbanks, with his irresistible grin, will Reach for the Moon and leave his audience gasping but contented. Bab, personified by Marguerite Clark, will chronicle her experience with a Matinee Idol. Elsie Ferguson, Ann Pennington, Fanny Ward, Dorothy Dalton, Vivian Martin, and W. S. Hart are other interesting features.

A ROSE AMONG NUMEROUS THORNS.

Hantsport, N. S., 7th Feb. 1918.
Mr. K. A. Baird,
Business Manager The Dalhousie Gazette

Dear Sir:—
Enclosed find one dollar, my subscription to the Gazette for this year. I am pleased to see that it has not been killed either by the war or by the explosion. Number one of volume XL has one highly commendable feature, namely, it is easily read. We wish it much success in its weekly career. May it not be a weakly.
Why mark this volume XL instead of L? The Gazette was born the year that our class graduated. I am,
Yours faithfully,
J. ANNAND.

(Thank you, Sir. Words of encouragement are doubly welcome when they come from one who, for over fifty years, has not lost interest in his Alma Mater. We only hope that the present generation will be as true to Dalhousie.—Ed.)

LYRIC.

I have come back to Arcady!
The city was so grim and cruel,
A prison house. Now I am free.
I lave my bare limbs in the cool,
Tremulous waters of a pool
Within the heart of Arcady.

I have come back to Arcady.
The woodland corridors are still.
The tall pines murmur drowsily.
Only a plaintive whippoorwill,
And the low murmuring of a rill
Disturb the hush of Arcady.

I have come back to Arcady!
A roguish naiad, fair-haired, slim,
Laughs from the shelter of her tree,
And in a clearing, greenly dim,
My eyes, new-opened, can see him,
Pan who is lord of Arcady!

—ADOLF.

THE DISSECTING ROOM.

1. Why does P. O. B-gn-ll read Clinical Medicine; is he still agent for a clothes-pressing concern?
2. Where did Sm-th, Med. '22, get his hair cut?
3. Why was R. I. G-ll-s-afraid to visit the H. L. C. without a chaperone?
4. Does "H-py" find it cold waiting outside the Sackville Exchange?
5. Why was J. O. McL-n too excited to speak when met one Saturday night on Spring Garden Road?
6. What takes B. C. A. to H. L. C.?
7. Has Cooper discovered the villain yet?
8. Why did D-cks-n stay home from Anatomy one afternoon?
9. Does R. D. McL-v- really chaperone J-rd-n when he goes to the Academy?
10. Does Miss P-tt consider the saving of paper a necessity?

Sunset Thoughts.

I love the winter sunset,
As orange fades to gray,
But some cannot see its glory
For their hearts are sad today:—

In its glory I see a vision
Of the day when sunsets cease,
And the souls that are sick and weary
Shall have found a perfect peace.

Amateur Poet.

The Orpheus Theatre The House of Quality

Monday -- Tuesday

Ann Pennington

"The Antics of Ann"

See Tom Boy Ann

in the turbulent rollicking story of seminary life. It's good for a laugh every minute. You'll chuckle for many days at the "Antics of Ann"

Wednesday - Thurs.

Elsie Ferguson

"The Rise of Jennie Cushing"

The Noted Beauty and Star

will be seen in her second film vehicle, "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" adapted from the book by Mary S. Watts.

Friday - Saturday

Fannie Ward

"On the Level"

Don't You Fail To See

Fannie Ward the great star of "The Cheat" register her greatest success as "Mexicali Mae" in "On the Level."

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W. F. PAGE

Barrington St., Cor George St. HALIFAX

THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE.

There is a sort of magic in the very name of Northfield for those who have ever attended a Conference there, and forever after they are members of a mysterious society which can be entered by no other road but that leading up to the College Community of East Northfield, Massachusetts, the home of the Student Conference.

It is an ideal spot for a Conference. In the distance are the mountains keeping watch over the Connecticut River which flows by the Campus, and sometimes on a rise of ground, sometimes in the hollow below, or just around the turn of the road, stand the College buildings. To the West and withdrawn a little from the temples of the living stands Round Top, the last resting place of Dwight L. Moody.

On summer evenings, the men gather here and seat themselves on the side of the hill facing the sunset. The leader stands below them, and seldom does his appeal for lives consecrated to the service of Jesus Christ fall on deaf ears.

The train down to Northfield on the morning of January third, 1918, was rather jolly, and of course one could not help rubbing elbows with one's neighbour, and talking to the girl who sat on the arm of the seat, after the manner of Conference trains. We soon got acquainted with those sitting near, and it came as a terrible shock to discover how few had ever heard of Dalhousie. To mention Halifax helped out, but that there were schools there caused great surprise. They were quite eager to hear about the explosion, but seemed disappointed that we had escaped so well!

The Conference held its first session in Sage Chapel on Thursday afternoon with John R. Mott in the chair. There were about 600 delegates—fifty of them from Canada—quite a tiny gathering in comparison with other Student Volunteer Conferences, but Dr. Mott reminded us that a Conference was great not because of large numbers not because of what was said and done, but because men and women came up who had visions. As the Conference progressed we felt the truth of this statement. Just to look into faces of men like John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, and Robert Wilder was an inspiration; to hear them a rare privilege.

At the first meetings, the needs in our own lives were considered and we saw that if we were to be successful in helping others, we must first make our own lives beautiful. Then we passed on to study the needs in the lives of others, and the appeal that went right to one's heart was that of the foreign students who are preparing themselves to go back to their homes to labour among their own people. Girls from Armenia, Japan, and China, boys from India, China, Japan, South America, Africa, Ceylon, Turkey, all told us of the great needs of their peoples and reminded us of our tremendous responsibility towards them. The eager pleading of these students whose hearts yearned towards their fellow countrymen, coming as it did immediately after the challenge, flung down by Bishop MacDowell of Chicago in the morning service, could not fail to have effect. —Christine MacKinnon.

(To be continued.)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

F. H. Anderson, \$1.00; J. Annand, \$1.00; W. Mitchell, Jr., \$5.00. K. A. BAIRD.

FROM THE LAW SCHOOL.

In the library we study,
Though the floors are mighty muddy;
In the room there's hardly anything that's sweet.
Of the cases some are bloody,
Yet we have to sit and study
While the dust of ages settles round our feet.

For our janitor, who's wary,
Abhors all things sanitary,
And his broom would rust if rust the darn thing could.
Though the dirt is something scary,
Thick as soil upon the prairie
To complain would be quite futile, not the slightest bit of good.

A BUNGLE IN REINCARNATION.

Erimitrude.

The Peoria branch of the Psychic Society was holding its semi-annual meeting, and a baker's dozen of the faithful had assembled to mutually describe the progress that they had been making along the Path during the preceding six months. The gathering, a heterogeneous assortment of high-foreheaded, emphatically intellectual ladies and gentlemen, sat stiffly back in their seats and scraped their feet uneasily over the floor.

The clock in the corridor chimed eight, and Miss Sophronia Simpkins, the President, rose from her chair upon the platform. "Friends," she began in tones that rasped against the ear-drums. "I have splendid news for you. You have all heard of Signor Donpagliacisti, the famous scientist and mystic, whose mastermind has thrown light upon so much of the occult! He has promised to be with us this evening, so that we may assist him an engrossing, momentous experiment."

She paused, her thin lips pursed into a smile at the sensation that she had created. The audience gasped. Before they had thoroughly assimilated the good tidings, the door burst open and an energetic, dark, little man rushed into the apartment. It was Signor Donpagliacisti himself.

Without giving Miss Simpkins time to adequately welcome him, he wrung her hand violently and began to speak in short incoherent sentences.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he spluttered, "I am delighted to be with you. You seek the truth! I do also. If we co-operate, we may discover something of mutual importance. Let me explain myself. If we could recollect the experiences of our previous lives, we might increase our present knowledge. But it is very difficult to do so. Introspection is not sufficient. The gross envelop of matter fetters the Ego too securely. Here it is that I can be of assistance. Ladies and gentlemen, I am a Hypnotist. I shall exert my influence over some of you, bidding them disclose the traits that they possessed one, two, three thousand years ago, while we, the others, observe them very carefully. Now, I shall chose those of you who will prove the most suitable subjects."

His listeners regarded him with lowered jaws, and brains that swirled round and round in amazement. They felt vaguely uncomfortable. Several old ladies reached furtively after their purses.

Signor Donpagliacisti buzzed rapidly among them. His diminutive black moustaches moved up and down like semaphores. At last his piercing gaze fell upon a drab, dowdy spinster with colorless hair, diluted

blue eyes, and a mouth that quivered pathetically, whenever anyone addressed her.

"Bravo!" ejaculated the Signor. "Here is one admirable individual to mesmerize. Madame, yours is the privilege of aiding us in our researches."

"But please," she faltered, "I really couldn't. I—"

Her words trailed off into incoherent meaninglessness. Her limbs grew rigid, and she sank to the floor, an expression of utter vacuity resting upon her countenance. The will of Signor Donpagliacisti had conquered.

"Good!" he exclaimed, jumping about in little excited circles. Now, we must have one more, and then we shall be ready."

He pounced upon a wrinkled, weak-chinned gentleman, a professor in a small private school, who had been brought to the meeting by his dominant wife, and who was far from willing to sacrifice his personal dignity to the advancement of science. His protests proved futile, however, and he was soon reduced to an inert condition.

"Excellent!" hissed the Signor. "But there are still many difficulties to circumvent. Our mediums are merely in a receptive condition. They have not yet begun to emanate the vibrations necessary to materialize the phenomena which we desire. We must help to produce these vibrations by filling the room with the sympathetic effluence of our own particular auras. We must render the ethereal doubles more susceptible to astral impressions by concentrating all the force of our consciousness upon the furthering of this experiment. Now let us form a mystic circle, and await some spiritual manifestation."

He ceased speaking, and the members of the society eagerly grasped each others hands. Their teeth were clenched together and their brows were furrowed with intensity. Shadowy thought-waves hovered about the room.

The atmosphere grew clearer, tenser, more electric. Signor Donpagliacisti leaned forward, his lips forming themselves into unintelligible, almost inaudible sentences. His fingers cut into his neighbour's wrist like a whip cord.

Suddenly there was a movement in the centre of the circle. A weird, unearthly moan broke from the recumbent woman. She moved restlessly.

A change had worked itself in her face. Her features were no longer timid and negative. Her whole personality was tinged with a strange suggestion of hauteur, of arrogance.

At the same time the map rose to his feet. He took a few hesitating steps forward, and his eyes fell upon the woman. A sheet of white crept across his cheeks. Cautiously, hastily, he tiptoed towards the door.

Too late! His slight motion had attracted her attention. With a barbaric shriek, she sprang up and flung herself after his retreating figure.

A rattling sounded in his throat. His knees knocked pathetically together. Before anyone could prevent him, he dashed into the corridor, pursued by the newly-incarnated amazon.

Blank confusion rested upon the Peoria branch of the Psychic Society. Why the meek and humble Miss Payzant should become so suddenly hostile to the usually bovine Mr. Smith was beyond rational conception. Mrs. Smith fainted limply and lady-likely in a corner. For once Miss

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A Bungle in Reincarnation.

Continued from page 3.

Simpkins' presence of mind deserted her, and she wavered between a fit of well-bred hysteria and calling in the police.

Only Signor Donpagliacisti rode unperturbed upon the crest of the wave of dismay and astonishment.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, his shrill tenor merging into falsetto. "Once again Science has triumphed. After them, my friends, after them! We must continue our observations!"

He hurled himself into the hallway whence re-echoed the noise of flying footsteps. In his wake streamed the Psychists. Mrs. Smith led the way, bent on the rescue of her persecuted husband. The others brought up the rear, out of breath, but dying with curiosity.

A startling tableau greeted them. Mr. Smith had thrown an umbrella stand in the path of his pursuer and was dodging agilely around it. Miss Payzant was not to be thwarted, however, and met his every counter-movement with one equally skillful. Round and round the improvised barrier they danced, until Miss Payzant seized a walking stick with a curved handle, and endeavoured to hook it around the none too substantial neck of her adversary. She succeeded in capturing him, and was drawing him firmly and surely towards her, when, uttering a cry of heart-rending anguish, he ducked and brought his head into sudden and violent contact with her waist-line. The attack was so unforeseen and overwhelming that she gasped and collapsed, while Mr. Smith scurried to cover behind the group of spectators.

He shrieked something in a strange patois, and covered down behind his stalwart wife. Signor Donpagliacisti gurgled with ecstasy.

"Hebrew!" he shouted, "He was speaking Hebrew. How fascinating! How— His remarks were cut short by a violent blow from the cane by means of which the irate Miss Payzant was clearing a way to her quarry. The onlookers scattered in all directions, abandoning Mr. Smith who nimbly recommenced his frantic flight, although his breath was rapidly deserting him. He caught sight of the staircase, and hope welled high in his breast. Eluding the enemy with a supreme effort, he slid down the bannister.

These tactics did not confound the erst-while modest spinster. Boldly, brazenly, little caring that she revealed a generous expanse of worsted hosiery, she took the same hasty and undignified route to the lower floor, and pounced upon her miserable victim, just as he was seeking concealment in the boot closet. Above stairs, the Signor rallied his forces.

"Onward!" he ordered. "Onward!" as he plunged down the steps.

The others followed him pell-mell, and landed in a jumbled heap at the bottom. From the drawing room drifted the sounds of a terrific struggle—splintering furniture, crashing glass, the heavy thud of a falling body—and then silence.

Mrs. Smith staggered to her feet.

"My poor Hezekiah is being murdered. Is there no one here who will save him?"

With a single bound, she flung open the door and cleared the threshold. The bric-a-brac lay in shattered fragments upon the carpet. Curtains had been pulled down. A sideboard had been overturned. In the midst of the debris, the new Diana was seated upon her captive's chest.

Mrs. Smith was springing forward to her husband's succour; but Signor Donpagliacisti seized her roughly, and motioned to her to be quiet. The conquering one was addressing the vanquished, and strange to say there was no trace of fury in her voice. Rather it was as soft as the wind sighing through papyrus reeds.

"Ah, my love," she was cooing, "at last I have found thee. At last my arms enfold thee, and my eyes gaze passionately into thine. Long have I followed thee, and thou hast not exactly been overflowing with graciousness, but the bitterness of the past has been engulfed in the ineffable happiness of our present reunion. Yield me thy lips, my star of stars. Surely now thou wilt kiss me, Joseph."

"Joseph!" murmured Donpagliacisti triumphantly, "Joseph! She must be the reincarnation of Potiphar's wife."

After a time they both came safely out of the trance; but Mrs. Smith has ceased being a Psychist, and she never allows her husband to go anywhere unchaperoned.

O lady conductor, dear lady conductor,
Hark to my tale of woe!
You were not content with taking my fare,
But captured my heart also.

THE DENTAL INFIRMARY.

What students under the old regime at Dalhousie knew as the Arts Library has, under the direction of Dean Woodbury, been transformed into a very modern and spacious Dental Infirmary.

The southern door has been opened providing for an exit for the Faculty, and an office fenced off whence, from behind an iron grating, the bursar doles out supplies. Chairs for the patients are ranged near the main entrance. In the eastern part of the room, the operating chairs are placed; these are manned by the third and fourth year students, one to each and chosen in the following manner: the Fourth Year men have the first choice, and the Third Years divide the residue. In a small room at the back are two chairs which are used for extracting.

Five days in the week, from two-thirty until five, the students do practical work here, under the supervision of a demonstrator. Five prominent practitioners take charge, one afternoon a week to each. Everything done by the students is carefully inspected and approved by the demonstrator in charge, and all aseptic precautions are taken. As each of the demonstrators has specialised in some branch of the profession, the students soon learn to make appointments with their patients for particular afternoons according to the work required.

Warfare, overt and covert, is always evident in the relations which exist between the Third and Fourth Years. Occasionally the latter take cognisance of the remarks of the lower classmen, and then one might

"have heard great argument About it and about, and evermore Came out by the same door wherein I went," and such phrases as "Carmichael attachment. * * Gesi-articulator. * * She lives on Henry street. * * * Davis-tip * * * Chlorapercha * * * Do you know her * * * continuous gum-lap * * * the Dean can fix it" seem to recur frequently.

The work of the students, under the surveillance of a skilled demonstrator as it is, is quite as good as that done in the average dentist's office, perhaps better than in some. No charge is made for the services of the student, and the patients only pay for the materials actually used.

In Infirmarys of this kind in the United States, not only the friends of the students, but many students of other faculties take advantage of the rates, and have their dental needs attended to in this way. Here one sees in the Infirmary of an afternoon a number of Niobe Jack-tars, perhaps a petty officer off the same ship, or of some other branch of the Canadian Navy and children from the various Orphanages in the city. Apparently the students of other Faculties at Dalhousie do not believe in co-operation.

A. C. M.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

It is the joy of every boy
With a pretty girl to be seen.
His chest expands about an inch,
When he takes her into the "Green."

When at her side he walks along,
And sees the fellows stare,
He thinks what a lucky guy he is,
And that she is a perfect dear.

But when he gets her, he soon decides
She's not such a beauty rare,
And wonders what's wrong with her dress
That makes his male friends stare.

Alas, my children, 'twas ever thus,
So with the girls don't ming e;
If you want to lead a peaceful life
Let the ladies alone—stay single.

TEUFELSDROECHK Jr.

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD SONG.

There was a prof. at Dalhousie,—
So runs the present tale.
He lectured long from day to day
Of rent and land and sale.
But finally he got chesty
About Western U. S. A.,
And he quoted its perfection
Until we all did say:

He is, he is, he is, he is
A chesty Westerner.
He thinks that North Dakota
Yields grain, I tell you, sir.
He says it o'er from day to day
In a very cocky way;
For he is, he is, he is, he is
A chesty Westerner.

N. E. D.

THE WEST END PHARMACY

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**THE FORUM.
NO CLASS DAY.**

(With apologies to Sir Walter Scott.)

Is there a class with soul so dead
That ever to itself has said:
"Why not omit the old class day!"
That does not think our soldier boys
Would wish their classes to have joys
While they are fighting far away?
If such there be, go mark it well,
For it no college spirits swell;
Fine be its students, good its name,
It never can be great in fame.
Despite its honors, power, and size,
That class in other class' eyes
This year shall forfeit fair renown
And next year and ever shall go down
To oblivion from whence it sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

MYRTLE.

The Editor, Dalhousie Gazette,

Dear Sir:—

With regret I learn that some men are using as a canvass against the Y. M. C. A. campaign for funds statements to the effect that I was responsible for the fact that the football teams did not take trips last fall. I offer a few words to refute these criticisms, which I have hitherto ignored as being directed against me personally.

There is urgent need today for a strong, virile Christian manhood in the colleges, where future leaders are training. It is regrettable, therefore, if any Dalhousie student should fail to support by activity and funds those organizations which attempt, however inadequately, to make this type of college man an actuality. I therefore ask every one of my fellow-students not to confuse issues by placing his influence against the Y. M. C. A. because of any criticisms, true or false, which are made against its treasurer. He is only one member of the Y. M. C. A., and one member of Students' Council, and does not control the actions of either.

As to the criticisms made against me, let me say that the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the Council came to me unsought. Having accepted that position, however, not only have I given a bond for \$1,500.00, but I am also morally responsible to the student body as a whole, to see that the financial affairs of the Council are carried out according to its bylaws. This does not necessarily mean that I think all these by-laws wise.

Of the societies requested to forward budgets to the Council, as the by-laws require, the D. A. A. C. alone failed to do so. In fact, its executive did not meet! An unsigned list of five items came in from somewhere. These amounted to \$398.00. Upon a little questioning, the Business Manager of the Athletic Club admitted that these were not for the purposes for which the amounts set down were wanted.

The interest in football is confined almost entirely to those who play. Yet members of the executive of the D. A. A. C. came to the Council without even presenting a budget, and demanded nearly \$400.00 to be spent for 30 or 40 men, who at the same time were to share in such general student matters as Skating Club and Gazette. Each student's contribution to the U. S. C. funds is \$5.00.

Apart from the unreasonableness of this request, a trip was made impossible by the extravagance and insincerity of those who approached the Council in its interests, and by their persistent efforts to ride

rough-shod over the Council and obtain money by other than proper methods. A supreme example of this is in connection with a bill authorized to be paid when proper receipts were forthcoming. This amount, at first said to be for footballs purchased, was later attributed to expenses incurred in fixing the field. It was really wanted for a third purpose, which it was well known would not be considered legitimate by any self-respecting Council. The bill has, therefore, not been paid. Personally, I do not stand for that sort of thing, and I think it is not the wish of the Student Body that petty graft should be encouraged.

Some of my more sincere critics might make interesting discoveries if they would investigate the activities of those who are not so sincere.

Yours truly, K. A. BAIRD.

LETTERS THAT CROSSED IN THE MAIL.

Dear Editor:—

Tell Miss N-c-lls not to worry about barring the fellows from the next pageant. They will have enough sense not to go.

TEUFELSDROECHK, Jr.

It seems that the "knockers" have not been conscripted as yet. That is, I suppose, more than we could hope for, but they might try to pose as gentlemen when enjoying or suffering from the hospitality of student societies. Thinking that some of the supporters of the Y. M. might be interested, a general invitation was extended to the men students to attend the Y. W. pageant. If the entertainment was not to their taste, they might very well have departed to their accustomed haunts. At least they are never asked to contribute to Y. W. funds and they should have the common decency to refrain from "knocking" a society with which they have practically no concern. There is plenty of work to be done in the world today, and even though I realize that the suggestion will but prove the signal for more brick-throwing, I shall advise Teufelsdroeckh Jr. to apply his talents (?) where there is more need. If Herr Diogenes Sr. could have foreseen to what Teufelsdroeckh Jr. would descend he would have been even more disgusted with the parasites of Society than he was.

If you are helping in any student organisation, criticise it all you please, but if you are not helping, why hinder?

ELIPHAL NICHOLS.

To the Editor

The question is often asked: Why is Dalhousie so dull?"; a question which is a definite statement of fact. For this condition of affairs the war cannot be blamed. The fault lies nearer home. Some students have a notion that everything should be run by a certain clique, and Dalhousie is cursed with many of these, all obsessed with the idea of their own ability. This is the principal reason for class sluggishness. It should be a well-recognized and firmly enforced rule that one student should not hold more than one office in any collegiate year. If this were done, interest in college matters, would be diffused throughout the whole student body instead of being carefully hoarded by a select few. Hoping that this topic will receive the consideration it deserves among all right-minded Dalhousians. P. X. J.

BORED.

Would I had lived in the long-ago
When sighing strings anfi;soft-drawn bow
Aided the dewy, murmuring night
To bring Faire Lady sweet delight.

Would I might look from my flowered room
Down through the scented moonlit gloom
To the shade of a whispering Linden tree
When Dashing Gallant makes love to me.

Would there might be no angry Sire
To shatter the spell with dyspeptic ire—
Only the voice of a light night breeze
Lifting the boughs of the linden trees.

Would that the turf that lies between
The linden tree and where I lean,
Might sparkle anew for feet that pass
Swift to a Rose tossed on the grass.

Would there were Lovers in satin and lace
Daring, romantic and handsome of face,
To use a little of Fancy's art
In finding the key to a maiden's heart.
"Powder Puff."

"Silly twaddle! Most immoral!"
Cry our critics, and a coral
Blush should show the naughty author
Wallows in the depths of shame.
"All our better natures shocking!"
But, although they keep on knocking,
It would seem that they still read our
Wicked pages just the same.

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WHO IS THIS?

The Gazette takes great pleasure in announcing a new competition. Each week descriptions of some prominent Dalhousians will be printed. A prize, probably a banana peel on which one of the faculty slipped, will be given for the best guess as to the identity of the individual.

Rules of the Contest.

Only students who have been plucked in at least one subject in the recent exams need compete. One pluck will entitle them to one guess; two to six guesses; more than two plucks will entitle them to any number of guesses; we feel that they will need them.

1

Those who have been privileged to listen to his rare utterances would hardly think that he came from Pictou County, where a few years ago the pious elders thought that an organ in a church was sacrilegious. With the spiritual characteristics of his Scotch ancestors, he has also their ability. Formerly it was their custom to take everything in sight from their neighbours across the border. Later they became financiers of no mean order. Today at college the old spirit crops up in winning distinctions at examinations.

2

A strange individual, lanky, wild-eyed, coiffed like a typhoon-tossed cornfield, who thinks that the librarians are dazzled by his personality, and that he can write poetry, who imagines that Heaven took particular pains in his creation, who promenades with a hank of wool camouflaged into a dog.

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE (?).

In a certain city, purely mythical of course, there were three pseudo newspapers. Two of them published morning and evening editions, the difference between which no one could discover. The King would have disowned their English. Their news items were printed unchanged from a Press Service. Their idea of dramatic criticism was to praise all amusements that gave them advertising. Dangerous Patent Medicines menaced public health from their columns.

The first was the "Squawko." Its headlines resembled Flanders in flames. It alone had any initiative, but its methods of attack were as subtle as the manner in which Punch settled his arguments with Judy. It reveled in its own importance, and had the record for high-jumping at conclusions.

The second was the "Daily Nap." Its pages were crowded with syndicated matter such as "How to make Mosaics out of Peanut Shells," or "What the Scullery Maid imparted to Hildegard." Occasionally, owing to editorial negligence, some local information was included. The society column was conducted by the bricklayers union.

The third bore the name "1492", from the date of its inception. Relying upon the reverence due to the aged, it was content to stand perfectly still. However it broke one canon laid down by the other two organs: it showed that good taste and journalism were not irreconcilable.

NOTICE.

Will Teufeldroecchk Jr. and Powder Puff kindly send their names to the Editor, the same information to remain confidential.

A GIFT.

R. M. MacGregor has presented to Dalhousie an enlarged photograph of the large professor J. G. MacGregor, who formerly held the chair of Physics.

Mary Ross, who rivals the Cytherean, has returned to Halifax.

Howe Fluck, dapperly debonair, is a time-keeper with one of the construction firms at present in Halifax.

Dalhousie students might be roughly divided into two classes: those whose literary standards are measured in terms of the Presbyterian Witness, and those to whom Jack Canuck spells the highest levels of Art.

Bob Leslie, having abandoned his position of efficiency expert in a perfume factory, is going to Russia with the Y.M.C.A. From all accounts of Russian peasant life, he had better take the factory along with him.

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We would like to know what the delightful young lady with the metallic name meant when she presented the Law Library with an image of herself on January twenty-sixth.

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 9½ 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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