

The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

VOL. L

HALIFAX, N. S., NOVEMBER 27, 1918

Nos. 13-14

The Dalhousie Gazette

—FOUNDED 1869—

ISSUED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Business Manager.....K. A. BAIRD
45 LeMarchant Street.

Editor.....J. H. MITCHELL

All subscriptions and advertising rates payable to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

THE GAZETTE TALKS TO ITS READERS.

The Gazette is delayed this year for a variety of reasons. First blame the influenza, which is beginning to rival the war as a universal bromidic excuse, secondly, the business manager went off to the wilds of the south shore, and left none of the advertising matter behind him; and, thirdly when he did return to town, the acting editor was so busy with Liberty Loaning and waiting for peace and its consequent extras, not to mention answering the countless telephones that drive a newspaper office frantic in days like these, that he had not even time to take his fuzzy dog walking around the block, not to speak of getting out a ten page Gazoot. The dullness of much of the copy in this issue may be partially apologized for by the fact that it was all written after two a. m., and, bright though the morning stars may be, the brain at such an hour is not grey matter, but plain, ordinary drab.

We want this volume of the Gazette to be one of the best. Last year we were successful in that we brought it out on time and stirred up a lot of trouble. Even our many enemies must admit that the Gazette last year, although frequently jejune and nyperbolous, was at least alive. This year it must be more than that. It must become a potent factor in college life, critical constructively rather than destructively, and a mouthpiece of undergraduate opinion. To do this it must have the support of the student body and everyone must help. Our present requirements are short articles on college topics, not exceeding three hundred words, poems of not more than thirty lines, and lots of little news items and personals, particularly of the alumni and alumnae and the lads who have fought their way to Victory. Leave these with the librarian, and should lack of space or other contingencies prevent their publication, don't be discouraged but try again.

THE LIBRARY.

In the next issue of the Gazette will appear a list, carefully prepared by Miss Lindsay, of the books which are needed to make the library equal to any in Canada. Dalhousie is already well-equipped with

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PROFESSOR STEWART BETTER.

It with the deepest of relief that Dalhousians past and present will learn that Professor H. L. Stewart is now out of danger and will soon recover with all physical and mental faculties unimpaired. When, after his fall down a shaft in the post office basement a month ago, Dr. Stewart's life was despaired of for two weeks, and it was hinted that, even should he survive, his brain, his wonderful brain which has few equals in this part of the world, would be permanently affected, a deep gloom hung over University circles and the entire city. Professor Stewart was highly esteemed by all his colleagues, and seldom have a professor or his lectures been more popular than were the philosophy classes. Not only did he have a minute and expert knowledge of his subject but he made even his discourses on bone-dry logic more than usually palatable with his method of delivery and bright shafts of typically Hibernian wit. What meant more to the undergraduate with so many subjects to get off, his mercy and fairness at examination times knew no bounds. Besides his university work Professor Stewart was an outstanding intellectual figure throughout the Maritime Provinces. He was connected with every forward movement and gave generously of his time and his great ability as a public speaker. The Gazette herewith expresses its extreme pleasure at his recovery and its sympathy to Mrs. Stewart for the period of intense mental strain that she has passed through.

DALHOUSIE AND THE PEACE CELEBRATION.

In celebrating the signature of the armistice, staid old Halifax threw aside every shred of her traditional reserve and for forty-eight hours, with few intervals, went completely and joyously insane. Horns blew, bells rang, firecrackers popped and every street was gay with myriad flags and streamers. There were many pleasant little jags, and friendly fights, but the enormous crowds were orderly, and the police were not kept very busy. The two parades on Tuesday were unique in the history of Nova Scotia.

Dalhousie played her part in the celebration. On the historic Monday morning, dozens of the students of both sexes joined in the impromptu procession that made Barrington Street resemble New Orleans at the height of Mardi Gras carnival-time. They made quite as much noise as anyone else, which is a very great compliment, and engaged in a fight with a rival cortege which was reminiscent of the days when Dalhousie students were frequently placed on the Crime Book record in the police court.

In the official procession on Tuesday night, a place was reserved for Dalhousie in the line of march, rather too near the rear to suit many of the marchers.

THE DENNIS FOUNDATION.

As every Dalhousian knows, last winter Senator and Mrs. Dennis endowed a chair of political science in the University in memory of their son Eric, who died in action. This chair is now known as the Dennis Foundation. The faculty of Dalhousie have, after much earnest consideration, decided that, owing to existing conditions, for this year at least it will be impossible to obtain a professor capable of doing the new chair justice, as all the experts in that particular line are now engaged in the many branches of patriotic work.

But students at our college who are eager to study the science of government, which in these parts is notoriously non-existent, will not be wholly deprived of the privilege. Indeed, the Faculty has in store for them an even greater intellectual pleasure. From time to time during the term, distinguished men will be brought to this city to deliver courses of lectures: savants who in knowledge and eloquence have few rivals. In these lectures, the general public will be permitted to share. The initial speaker was Governor McCall, of Massachusetts, whose original visit was deferred by the epidemic, but who eventually arrived in Halifax on November 8th.

GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS VISITS DALHOUSIE.

One of the most noteworthy events in the history of Dalhousie took place on Friday, November 10th, when a special convocation was held for the purpose to welcoming Governor Samuel McCall, fairy godfather of stricken Halifax, and tendering him thanks for the services rendered by him and his state, and also to inaugurate the Dennis Foundation chair of Government and Political Science.

The library was crowded to the doors with students and the most representative gathering of citizens ever convened at a college function. On the platform, in addition to the guest of honour, the faculty, the board of governors, the judges of Nova Scotia, and several others were Mr. and Mrs. William Dennis. Mrs. Dennis, with her husband, Senator Dennis, generously endowed the new chair in honour of their son, Lieut. Eric Dennis, who died so gallantly in action.

An honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Governor McCall in recognition of the prompt, voluntary, and inestimable aid sent to Halifax in the very first hours of her adversity last December. Before the degree was conferred, Professor Howard Murray read a particularly brilliant address, which, in polished style, embellished with pertinent classical allusions and clever bits of wit, sketched the Governor's career, as a student, lawyer, author, and statesman. It was quite the most effective event of the

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The Library

(Continued from page 1)

the classic, but, with regard to the moderns, her deficiency is apparent and criminal. As the library treasury cannot supply the demands, it is hoped that students and members of the Alumni will help out with donations of books and money so that the Studley Library will become a paradise for the intellectual from all over Nova Scotia.

SHALL WE RESURRECT THE DRAMATIC CLUB?

Again we reiterate, must Thalia, at Dalhousie, lie forever swaddled in dusty grave-clothes, while the students, turning away from true drama, glut themselves with the "Exploits of Euphrasia", "The Morbid Model", and sichlike. The Dramatic Club was once a flourishing body, although deficient in ambition and artistic feeling; now it is only a memory. Last year the sophomore class made a praiseworthy attempt to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream". The casting was complete and rehearsals were under way, but the project was eventually abandoned because of imminent exams. Are they going to try again this year? We hope so. The presentation of a Shakespearian play would stimulate and make more interesting the study of the works of the great poet. Nor should it be a class affair. The whole student body should be ransacked for the necessary amateur talent, which surely exists. Before the next issue of the Gazette, let's make the Dramatic Club more than a R. I. P.

Hand in hand with the Dramatic Club walks the Glee Club. Once Dalhousie cared enough for music to issue several song books filled with her own stirring melodies. Today these songs are being rapidly forgotten, and without them convocations are becoming utterly arid affairs. A revival of the Glee Club would remedy this condition, create a community of interest, and promote College spirit. Won't some of you embryo Carusos and Gallucris help to restore it to its pristine vigour?

EDITOR'S ILLNESS.

At the time of going to print the Editor of the Gazette is reported to be ill. This has caused a further delay in getting proof ready etc. We hope that he will be out again ere the Gazette is in the hands of the students.

Business Manager.

Governor of Massachusetts

(Continued from page 1)

whole afternoon, and a far cry from the moments of agony spent in Latin One. Governor McCall delivered the first lectures in the Dennis Foundation. It was not so much a lecture as an informal talk delivered with infinite finish, eloquence, and charm, and, although it did not touch very closely upon political science, made the occasion one of pure delight to lovers of fine speaking. The reception tendered Governor McCall was hearty enough to show him that he has won from Dalhousie as well as from the grateful people of Halifax, an enduring affection.

AN OPEN AIR RINK AT STUDLEY.

The time has come, as the Walrus opined on another subject, to talk about the skating Club. Last year Halifax was rinkless, but, thanks to the kindness of St. Mary's College, Dalhousians, or as many as could get on the limited surface, were allowed to use the diminutive building on Windsor Street. There was some discussion of establishing an open air rink at Studley, but, as the winter was half over and the expenditure was considered unpatriotic, it never passed beyond the discussion stage. This year the matter should be upon the carpet early. An open air rink would be a fine thing for the college, both for hockey and plain skating, and great natural advantages are offered. The field back of the Science Building, formerly known as Murray's Pond, offers an excellent surface of ice, and all that would be necessary would be a little care as to freezing and keeping it clear from the snow. The cost would be but little and the pleasure derived by the student body inestimable. It is to be hoped that the officials of the skating club will give the matter careful consideration.

A LETTER FROM FRANCE.

Y.M.C.A. Hut, France, 21-9-18. Editor Dalhousie Gazette.

Dear Sir:—Just a line to thank some unknown benefactor who sends me an occasional copy of the Gazette—for, although I can hardly call myself a Dalhousian on account of the short time I was at the College, I am always glad to follow the affairs of Dalhousie. My primary object in writing this was to let you know that another Dalhousie boy has won the Military Medal for bravery on the field. Private H. E. Campbell of Class '19. Herman got it for putting a machine gun out of action in a raid. Like myself, he entered the year late and on this account was probably not very well known among his classmates. He was wounded in the "show" down south and is now in hospital in England.

Personally I am still going strong, and have hopes of sometime finishing my course—perhaps in 1925, but what matter.

Sincerely yours,

J. A. DUNLAP.

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NOTES.

The Canadian Medical Association Journal contains the following note on the late John W. Anderson of class 1918 in Medicine:

"Very keen regret was felt on the death of John W. Anderson, the late house surgeon of the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax. A career of great promise has suddenly terminated, and it is a severe blow not only to his relatives and immediate friends but to the hundreds who knew him and held him in the highest esteem. He was born in Heart's Content, Newfoundland, twenty-eight years ago. He began his medical course at Dalhousie University, where he was a great favorite with all his fellow students, who quickly recognized his mental abilities. He was also one of the most popular athletes in the college. During his last summer vacation he was appointed house surgeon of the V. G. H. He was to go up for his finals in May, these examinations having been delayed by the disaster in the Nova Scotian capital. As soon as they were over he intended to join the R. A. M. C. This would have been the culmination of his dearest hopes, for only the most urgent representations on many occasions had prevented him from throwing up his medical course to enlist in one of the many Nova Scotian drafts going overseas. He was the brother of Dr. Anderson of St. John's and the son of a physician who lost his life in a blizzard in Newfoundland.

"The young surgeon was ill of pneumonia only one week when he passed away. The fact that he had contracted diphtheria while on duty in the medical wards last December is believed to be the cause of his succumbing so quickly to the attack which terminated fatally. The deepest sympathy is extended to his aged mother who survives him and on whom the blow falls most heavily. The funeral service held immediately prior to the sailing of the Newfoundland steamer, was attended by President Mackenzie, representatives of the senate, of the Faculty of Medicine, of the staff of the Victoria General Hospital, and the students of the University."

Since Dalhousie closed in May, there has been a vast change in the war situation. Then things looked about as black as they could, and it required a consummate Pollyanna to penetrate to the silver lining. The German drive was at its height; onward it swept with seemingly overwhelming force; our own casualty lists made us sick with the horror of it all. Only the knowledge that our cause was just, that our men were the finest and bravest in the world, and that the tremendous resources of a new ally had been thrown into our side of the scale, kept us from reaching the nadir of pessimism.

But today how different! Germany is crushed and suppliant. William Hohenzollern, blasphemous, traitor, murderer of women and children, is a broken old man, seeking refuge in a country which does not desire to shelter him. Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey are paying the piper whom they so recklessly set playing. Belgium is free and Alsace-Lorraine once again flies its beloved tri-colour. Best of all, our boys, our own dear, gallant boys, who went so gladly into the shadow of death that we might live, will soon be home again.

It is a day of thanksgiving. Right has triumphed and liberty is ensured for future generations. But in the midst of our rejoicing let us not forget those who will never return. It is their victory, not ours. They gave their youth, their lives,—everything. They will not know the glorious years of light and laughter that are to come because of their sacrifice. All that they have left of the things that once they held dear is a wooden cross in some fallow Flanders meadow, and time will not leave even this. In only one way can we reward them—we must never lay down the torch that they have given us; we must carry it firmly, until justice and righteousness reign over the entire world. Then, and only then, can it be truly said: "They did not die in vain."

(Continued on page 5)

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A LONG REST FOR THE WEARY.

This year the college curriculum seems doomed to interruption, much to the joy of the slothful, but decidedly to the inconvenience of those who really want to learn something before they leave Dalhousie. Last year several weeks were lost because of the explosion, and two days after the opening of the present term, Dalhousie was obliged to suspend the curriculum because of the action of the Halifax Health Board in closing all places of public congregation as a precaution against the epidemic of Spanish Influenza which has been sweeping the continent and taking a tremendous toll of lives. The shut-down lasted for nearly five weeks and, besides driving the faculty to despair, did not bring any satisfaction to the holiday inclined as no movies were open and the rain was practically continuous. The medical students did wonderful work in tending to patients in the city hospitals and throughout the province.

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BUSINESS MANAGER OF GAZETTE IN ERROR.

The following letter was received by the Business Manager of the Gazette, too late for publication in the Graduation number last spring:

Halifax, N. S., 23rd July, 1918.

Mr. K. A. Baird, Business Manager,
Dalhousie Gazette, City.

Dear Mr. Baird:

A copy of the "Dalhousie Gazette" dated June 18th has just been handed to me.

My letter dated April 27th was not intended for publication, as anyone will understand from its contents. Since you have seen fit to publish it, without my permission, perhaps you may accede to my request that I be allowed to amplify it, especially with regard to the sojourn of Professor Cyrus MacMillan in this City.

Professor MacMillan is teacher of English Literature in McGill University, an authority on the Drama and on Canadian and Indian Folk-lore. On the latter subject he has done much original research. He was in Halifax from May 15, 1916 to Sept. 18, 1916. During that term—four months—not one Dalhousie Professor deemed it worth while to acknowledge his presence—not even the one who is the exponent of the same subject.

On behalf of Professor MacMillan and myself I must not permit this occasion to pass without publicly thanking President Emeritus Dr. John Forrest for his attention to us while in the city. He was not mentioned in the previous letter because that letter referred solely to the active staff. After going to France we frequently recalled with much pleasure Dr. Forrest and his many thoughtful acts. "May his kind increase."

It is quite unnecessary for me to criticize Dalhousie or its professors. The facts speak for themselves—judgment can be passed by others.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM D. TAIT.

In reply to Major Tait's letter, the recipient forwarded the following:

Halifax, N. S., July 24, 1918.

Wm. D. Tait, Major,
Military Headquarters, Halifax.

Dear Sir:—

I conclude from your favor of the 23rd that you do not now wish a copy of Gazette containing your letter, since you already have one.

I beg leave to express my sincere regret that your letter was published, since you did not intend it for publication. In explanation, I may say that it contained matters of interest to the Editor and readers, rather than being entirely confined to the matter of your subscription, and failure to receive Gazettes. I did not at that time know you personally and it seemed to me quite probable that the writer of the letter wished the views he expressed made public. Letters to the editor quite frequently are addressed to me, and vice-versa. Not being responsible for the action of members of the faculty, either personally or as Business Manager, it naturally did not occur to me that the criticism was intended solely for my benefit, so the letter was handed over to the Editor, who apparently concurred with my notion that

you were not averse to having the letter published. I sincerely trust that you will pardon the error in judgment.

In order to avoid a similar mistake in future, permit me to say that as I understand your favor of the 23rd inst., it includes a request that it be published; and unless notified by you to the contrary I am passing it to the Editor with request that it be published entire. The next issue of the Gazette will probably be in October.

Very sincerely,

K. A. BAIRD,

Business Manager.

After the above exchange of notes, a very amicable conversation was held over the telephone, in which the publication of the above letter was authorized, and the parties mutually agreed that Dalhousie could be doing something more in the matter of keeping up-to-date information as to her former students. It came to the attention of the Business Manager, upon taking office last year, that recent graduates had not been followed up by the Gazette itself. This is partly the fault of the Graduates themselves, who do not trouble to send their addresses to their college paper. It is hoped they will do better this year.

NOTICE TO OUT-OF-COLLEGE READERS.

We can afford to run the Gazette without your subscription, and if everybody else pays up we could probably keep sending you a copy free, and yet not go bankrupt. We think, however, that you do not expect us to do this. In fact, you have intended to pay up that back subscription for about a year. But you have never got round to it. We are soon going to send out accounts to those who are in arrears. The more who pay their accounts before then, the fewer bills to be sent, hence the less expense to the Gazette for mailing them.

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NOTES OF GRADUATES.

The "jolly three" are all giving a good report of themselves this year. Miss "Dot" MacKay is studying in Brooklyn New York and Miss Sutherland and Miss Tattie have both joined the teaching profession.

Miss Mona MacGrath is back with us this year. She is a candidate for a master's degree in the department of philosophy.

Miss Gwen Fraser is teaching in the City and Miss Velma Moore in Economy. Miss Christine MacKinnon is "professoress" or "instructress" of Chemistry and Mathematics at the Halifax Ladies College.

Miss Mary Dence is teaching at the School for the Blind.

NOTES FROM THE SENIORS.

The girls of the University were having a jolly time at Delta Gamma when Miss Wambolt received the news that her home was burning. She hastened there to find everything in a state of great excitement. Fortunately the house was saved though not without much damage from smoke and water.

Miss Margaret Dickson has been beguiled away from us by the attractions of the Provincial Normal College, Truro.

At a recent meeting of the Ninteeners Mr. Sidney Bonnell was unanimously elected class president.

U. N. B. has lost one of its fairest ladies Miss Marion Rundle, who has recently moved to the city and is now attending Dalhousie.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Zinck who has been out of college for a year. He entered Class '19 as a Freshie Soph and though he will not be graduating with us we are very glad to have him in the class with us during our last year.

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Notes

(Continued from page 3)

Wilfrid Knaut is at present in an English Hospital. He was badly injured by shell-fire, temporarily losing his voice, and for a time his eyesight was despaired of. He is now rapidly improving.

William Chase of Wolfville, brother of Leila Chase, exlady—Med., who went overseas with the Dalhousie Hospital Unit and was badly gassed, is now studying medicine at Dalhousie

Much to the regret of her many friends, Mary Campbell, the embryo Leginska, did not return to the Ladie's College this year.

This year Dalhousie must pull herself together and refute the charge, often too well founded, that her college spirit, if not quite defunct, is at least very ill indeed. College societies must have larger memberships than ever. Their meetings must go with a pep and a vim that has heretofore been lacking, love of the Alma Mater by every student must cease to be a mere illusion, and become a religion. There must be more fellowship, more community of interest, so that, when the year is over, the boys and girls may go away with a feeling of genuine regret.

Last year and the two years preceding there was some excuse for the lassitude and apathy that gripped us. The days were dark with horror, and it seemed a crime for us over here to even think of having a good time while across in France the very best of our boys were suffering worse than hell that we might live in comfort. Then, too, it was impossible to make any plans for the future. The men at least, never knew when they also might be called upon to serve in some capacity, and many of the girls felt every instant the fear of the news that a brother had been killed. War, and the dread of German victory, never an impossibility, engulfed everything else.

Today all is different. The hours are bright with promise of a glorious future. Victory has come,—a victory that will ensure lasting and just peace. It is as if life had been given back to us again. We can go out into the sunlight without feeling that for every breath of ours, some former comrade is tasting of the cup of death. Tomorrow holds joy instead of horror, the joy of seeing our friends come back to us again.

Don't let them feel that our stewardship has been faulty in their absence. Don't let them find that the college they loved and to which their memories went back even in the mire and filth of the trenches, is only a dry husk, a spectre of what it was. We want them to come back to a Dalhousie finer in every way than the one that they left behind,—a Dalhousie, progressive, honest, industrious; a place for pleasure as well as for work; a university which will compare favorably with the institutions of learning in England and on the continent.

All the clubs and societies must be resurrected and become more than empty names. Social functions must be more frequent and more largely patronised. All the silly little squabbles must be forgotten and every student work willingly towards the one end. This is our clear duty to the homecoming heroes, to the college, and to ourselves as well.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND NOTES.

The Student Volunteer Band for Foreign Missions took charge of the service at St. Andrews church, Sunday evening, Nov. 17th. The church was filled to overflowing, chairs being used in the aisles. The student choir was kindly assisted by the leaders of the church choir. The speakers were Miss. F. L. Murray, leader of the band, Sgt. A. Gillis, and K. A. Baird, the latter acting as chairman. The purposes for which the Volunteer Movement exist, and the peculiar challenge to young people in these days to devote their lives unreservedly to some form of definite Christian service formed the subjects presented.

It is hoped that there will be a Student life-work conference at Dalhousie, under the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. sometime next month. To this the Band lends its hearty support.

Vans MacLean reports a very successful summer in his work of bringing the Volunteer Movement's challenge to the young people of his native Island. Vans was supported in this work by the Dalhousie Band and similar groups in several other colleges. More will be heard from this matter at later date. The Students and other young people of P. E. I. are now anxious to organize themselves for mutual help and inspiration.

MAYBE YOU'LL FIND IT HERE.

1. Some of the worst things known: The worst maid—"Made in Germany." The worst man—"German." The worst fist—"Pacifist."
2. Hint to the Freshmen—Don't tell the President how to run the University: He's doing his best.
3. "The Hun at the Bar." He would have to patronize bootleggers in Halifax.
4. It's not so drafty as it was.
5. Prof. Ch— in Moral Ideas. "When you have lived for 600 years in Turket you get some idea of what it means to be lonely." Poor man!
6. The girls are advised to leave all jewelry, precious or otherwise, at home while walking in the Park.
7. Why did Class '19 Arts and Science have to borrow a Class President from Class '18? Don't everybody speak at once, please.
8. An armistice has been signed between Prof Mur-y and his Latin classes. We trust it is a permanent peace.

WINTERS

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9. Halifax Herald. All the news all the time. "Nov. 11. "War is over in Europe."

Nov. 18. "Just received—Civil strife has broken out in Dalhousie between the Freshies and Sophomores"—and just when the Dove of Peace was drying her eyes.

10. The Ups and Downs of Life:— This year it was Medicine for a profession or you weren't in style. Next year, what?

BUSINESS ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Subscriptions since last issue, received up to Nov. 21.—R. G. H. Robertson, Mrs. N. Gray, I. C. Mackie, J. R. Archibald, Jean L. Ross, G. J. Foley, Jean M. MacGregor, each \$1.00. Capt. John Cahan, \$2.00. E. I. Meyer, \$3.00.

If others will follow the good example set by these friends of Dalhousie, it will be much appreciated.

Brenton Murphy, thanks to the influenza, which was benevolent in this one thing, spent two weeks in Halifax, while McGill was closed because of the epidemic.

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YE SORROWFUL TALE OF WOOD HAV BIN, STUDENT.

When I first came up to College,
I was very keen for knowledge,
I aspired after learning with a deep and ardent thirst.

I was humble with my teachers
Most devout among young preachers,
And I burned the midnight oil as low as any mortal durst.

Thus devoted I to learning,
All my soul within me burning,
To devour letters, science, and all Meta-physic lore.

This, I thought the life forever,
Onward with a high endeavor,
Till I gather all the wisdom of the master minds of yore.

Thus I sat one evening striving,
With a problem past contriving,
Of the careless, casual student, e'en to me no bagatelle,

When my door was flung asunder,
With a knocking like to thunder,
And a fellow student entered with a loud and raucous yell.

Up I looked with gaze inquiring,
Muck this rude assault admiring,
Breaking thus upon the labors of a philosophic day,

He to me quite unrelenting,
Of intrusion unrepenting,
"Throw your book aside and come with me to our Y. M. C. A.

Then I hied me to the meeting,
There received a friendly greeting,
Did my duty, paid my fee, and then returned unto my book,

When I heard my door re-open,
And my peace again was broken,
By a pair of jolly fellows with a bold athletic look.

"You are big and stout and brawny,
And your cheek with health is tawny,
Yet you waste your gay, young manhood on a lot of learned bunk

Foot-ball is the only science,
Worth a healthy man's alliance,
Come to-morrow to our practice, stow that metaphysic junk."

So I went and on the morrow,
And, I own, without much sorrow,
I made good upon the grid-iron, won a place upon the team,

Then there came a cheerful fellow,
With a hearty laugh and mellow,
Who aroused within my soul a gorgeous literary dream.

The Gazette, said he, our journal,
Neither weekly nor diurnal,
Hampered by no rule of issue at a pre-determined time,

Yet containing all the flower,
Of the genius of the hour,
Bids you to compose instant, pungent prose or ringing rhyme.

So I pledged my contribution,
Of a masterly solution,
Of the problems of the politics of those tumultuous days,

And the rising youth were fired,
By my eloquence inspired,
And my heart was warmed within me by their glad, unstinted praise.

In Sodales I debated,
Proper principles I stated,
For the guidance of professors (such as every student knows).

In reward for my devotion,
And mid scenes of some emotion,
Then I reached the earthly summit, to the Students Council rose.

My career ran on unhampered,
I, with praise and honor pampered,
Spread my wings for graduation with a sense of strength for flight,
When with sudden horror thrilling,
Came the news—all ardor chilling,
News that darkened all my rosy dawn with circumambient night.

For in Physics I had blundered,
And in French my days were numbered,
And my Latin Supplementary had not reached the proper mark,

Such a blast around me whirling
That, my soul's wings all refurling,
I retired, sadly reeling, to my penance dungeon dark.

Now repudiating glory
Here I tell this painful story,
Unto those who care to listen from whatever rank or class,

Not a moral do I offer,
No advice I wish to proffer,
But to close, with but a prayer that in the end I scrape a pass.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The first regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the Munro Room, Old Dalhousie, Tuesday, Nov. 19th at 7.30 P. M. In spite of the "You Stay at Home" propaganda freely distributed by the weather man a representative audience was present. An especially hopeful sign for the prosperity of the "Y." during the present year was the number of new girls who attended. The speakers for the evening were Miss Jean Moriarty, vice-president of The Dalhousie Association, and Mrs. Annie Anderson the Convener of the General Meetings Committee. Miss Moriarty briefly sketched the scope of the work of the Blue Triangle after which Mrs. Anderson presented the purpose of the "Y" in Dalhousie.

The next meeting will be held Tuesday Nov. 26th at the same hour and place, and will be a report of the "Deep Brook Conference." A report is usually a dry affair of facts and figures but this one will not be even a first cousin of those "much to be avoided" creatures. Will every girl in College try to come out? We need the support of each one and we feel sure that we are going to have it.

Miss Myrtle Morrison has been appointed treasurer of the Dalhousie Y. W. C. A. as Miss Jeffie Owen who was elected last year, is not back this year.

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NEW CANADIAN NOVEL—THE COW PUNCHER.

An English reviewer recently, in reviewing the poems of Robert J. C. Stead, said that while Canada's troops had done nobly in the war such writers as Stead were doing a no less valuable service in building up a genuine national literature. The reader who is wise enough to obtain a copy of "The Cow Puncher," Mr. Stead's latest novel, will agree with the English reviewer. It is a genuine contribution to the national wealth of Canada, made by a writer whose intimate knowledge of the West peculiarly qualifies him for such a service.

Since Robert Stead wrote his famous poem on the death of Kitchener all who profess to be informed on current literature have been more or less conversant with his work. His collection, "Kitchener and Other Poems," published last fall, was a best seller, and is still in considerable demand. The English edition is reported to have been a big success in Great Britain. His previous novel, "The Homesteaders," has been so continuously sold out on the Canadian market that a new edition has just been issued in Canada.

It is not our purpose here to outline the plot of "The Cow Puncher," you will enjoy it more to read it in the author's own words. The book is published in Canada by the Musson Book Co., of Toronto, and in the United States by Harper & Brothers. It is attractively illustrated by Arthur Hemming, one of Canada's most successful artists.



THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in Applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development or further specialization.

Candidates must be between their fourteenth and sixteenth birthdays on July 1st following the examination.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service
Ottawa, January 8, 1918.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



WURDS OF WIZDUM,

Eggspereents Teaches Fules;—and most of us hav lerned a lot by eggspereents. Having lerned a lot that way myself I now ofer it to the publik for the first time. Yu du not hav to reed these remarks unles yu want tu.

1. Yu wud think, tu here sum uf our fello-students askin why the Gaset is not out yet, that they had done there best tu get it out; but further inquiree shows that thoz who criticize the pore editore most hav never writen wun wurd for its colums. It is mutch the same way about sum uf the societees at Dalhousie; There best nockers ar there porest members. To the clas uf peple about whom we hav just been speking we wood rize tu remark, "If yu want it dun wel, du it yourself."

2. Being a frend uf the pore editore abuv menshunned I sumtimes sea the stuf that peple send tu bea published, and sum uf it is just ahful. For eggsample rede this "pome,"

"There wuz wun time a Fresh-man
Hea had a wudden hed;
Wun nite the Sofmores kept him out,
Next mourn he staid in bed."

Personally we doubt whether the Freshman had as wudden a hed as the Sof-mores who kept him out, and then rote about him, but in enny kase isn't it ahful what the editore has to put up with. Don't let what we say keep yu from sending in yore very best litter-ary effurt fore the nest iss hoe.

3. I wood be willing tu bet a hole lot, if I had it, that sum wun is going to be fule-ish enuff tu think that I think that this is funey. It is not. It is hard work, and I ot tu be geting a salaree for it, the same as the bizness manager of the Gaset duz, and the same as the editore duzzunt.

4. Sum foks seeme tu think that becagh the war it over, there is nothing more u be dun and so they ar lisenced to spend the rest uf there lives duing nothing. If we kud onley hav another eggsploshun and hav it rite under thoz peple, they mite wake up enuff tu realize that they ar like sponges, whitch suck up awl they kan hold, and give nothing til they are skweezed. They don't no whut the wurd, "survis," and "rekonstrukshun," mene aparently.

5. I kud say more, but must go to a lektur.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

None of the various societies have as yet had time to get properly on their feet but they are busy assimilating the new members and mapping out their programs for the coming year. Contrary to pessimistic prophecies, the attendance is large, and, if sufficient enthusiasm is forthcoming, success is assured. The Delta Gamma and the Y. W. are confident of great accomplishments and so is the Y. M. C. A., which has already proved itself a trusty friend to the newcomers. Sodales and Arts and Science have not yet begun their meetings, but interest runs high, and, with so many momentous world questions to be decided, these undergraduate gab-fests will have plenty to discuss.

Mrs. Hugh Stairs and Mrs. Hugh Bell have returned to Canada.

ADDITIONS TO THE FACULTY.

The Gazette welcomes to Dalhousie two new dispensers of learning: Edward Wilbert Nichols, Ph. D., brother of our own Eliphail, is assisting Homeric Howard in impressing upon freshmen the significance of Hades, as well as giving them a classic training, which, though hard to take, proves invaluable afterward. Dr. Nichols is an old Dalhousie boy and took his Ph. D. at Yale. The other newcomer is Dr. Chambers, who temporarily fills the philosophy chair during the convalescence of Professor Stewart. He comes to Dalhousie from Queens and has a long and brilliant record behind him.

LAW LIBRARY NOTES.

Among the good friends who from time to time send books to the Law Library, there is one who deserves special mention because of the number of books which he has sent to us recently. That is C. Winfield Matheson, B. A., of the class of 1903. Mr. Matheson has been practicing law in Calgary, Alberta, for a number of years. Among the books which he has recently sent to us are the following:—

Volumes 1 and 2 Territories Law Reports, containing reports of cases decided in the Supreme Court of the North West Territories.

Volumes 1 and 2 of Alberta Law Reports, being reports of cases determined in the Supreme Court of Alberta, 1908-09.

The Consolidated Rules of the Supreme Court of Alberta, 1914.

International Law by Wilson & Tucker. The Modern Lawsuit, by a Barrister of Osgoode Hall.

International Law by F. E. Smith, edited by Wylie.

Municipal Negligence (Highways), by J. H. Denton.

Lieut. Charles C. Mitchell was ordered to France a few days before the armistice was signed.

PROFESSOR AND MRS. FINLAYSON AT HOME.

"Remember remember
The fifth of November,"

says the venerable rhyme, but the 20th of November is the date which will be recalled with pleasure by the Engineering students to whom Professor and Mrs. John Finlayson were "At Home" on that date.

Of course the girls were not all Engineers but they "engineered" affairs so successfully that although many of the boys declared that they never danced before they soon found themselves on the floor counting, "One, two, three, four, five, six" to the air of a three-step, or sliding rapidly up and down the room to the inspiring strains of "Oh Johnny."

The Professor had no intention of letting the youngest Freshie-Soph get ahead of him, so every dance from the opening Sir Roger to the closing waltz found him occupied,—not so much in teaching as in being taught.

As the evening grew late the familiar college songs were called for and given with much enthusiasm that after the closing "God Save the King" came the anxious query, "I wonder if I can catch that last car?" and a hasty rush for coats and hats was made amid a chorus of cheers.

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MAKE IT BIG.

It is a compliment to Dalhousie that our good friend and former graduate, Rev. D. G. Cock, home on furlough from India, has been chosen by the National Council of Y. M. C. A's., to organize a series of conferences in the 60 or so colleges of Canada. These conferences are to emphasize the need of consecrated young men and women of the student type in the great work of reconstruction of the world on a permanent peace basis. Another of the leaders at the Conference will be Mr. A. F. Robb, who is also a Dalhousie graduate. Other speakers and leaders will be announced later. The conference is to be about Dec. 6-8. Every student will be missing something worth while, if he does not keep those dates open for attendance at the meetings of the Conference. Besides that, every Dalhousian should remember that on account of the big things done here last year in connection with the Prisoners of War Fund campaign, the eyes of the other Canadian Colleges are fixed upon Dalhousie. It is up to Dal. to assume a position of leadership in everything worth while. But she cannot do so unless every undergraduate does his or her part. Let us make this conference a big Dalhousie affair, and give Mr. Cock all sorts of encouragement before he starts for the central and western Canadian colleges. In the words of the motto of the University of B. C., our most distant Canadian sister, TUUM EST,—"It's up to you."

BOOM IN ATHLETICS.

Had it not been for Influenza—how often it must be mentioned in these columns—athletics at Dalhousie would have undergone an emphatic come-back. The troubles of last winter served to clear the air, and made the students determined that this year would see a pronounced revival of the clean and straight brand of foot-ball and other games which in past years has made Dalhousie a redoubtable figure in sport circles throughout the Maritime Provinces. The prospects for a first-class team were rosy, the few practices were well attended and promising, and everything seemed plain sailing until college was closed and the majority of the out-of-the-town students returned to their homes. When the ban was lifted, it was too late for football on any large scale. A game with the Niobe was played on Saturday, November 9th, on the Wanderer's Grounds, resulting in victory for the Black and Gold with a score of 6-3. It was a fast, close game and the rooting of the large crowd in attendance brought back the old pre-war days when the whole town was rent into bitter factions over the Dalhousie-Wanderers matches. Who will ever forget the biting disappointment when Dalhousie, after many consecutive years of victory, lost for the first time?

Basketball will also flourish this term. The girls have no intention of relinquishing the laurels won last winter, and the boys plan to have a team in the City League, and are endeavouring to secure the use of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

Lieut. Don Campbell, well known as a Medical student, has recovered from his serious wounds and is now on a hospital ship which frequently touches at Halifax.

Y. M. C. A. & Y. W. C. A. AT HOME.

The much postponed At Home was finally staged on Wednesday, Nov. 14th at the old Building. It is doubtful if, even in pre-war days, the Munro Room has ever held a larger, more brilliant or happier assemblage. All the students were there, many of the professors, and, best of all, a large number of Dalhousians in uniform who have returned from overseas. Mrs. MacMechan, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. McNeil played chaperones charmingly and were properly unobtrusive. There was an excellent programme with musical and other interesting features, one of the suppers for which Dal. girls are justly famous, delicious though delayed and, unique in college annals, an utter absence of wall flowers.

The Freshie-Soph is the next function scheduled and the frivolously inclined are praying fervently that it will take the form of a dance. The light fantastic has not been tripped at Dalhousie for many weary months and many feet are longing to tap out syncopated tunes. Since the war is over, the faculty should raise no objections, and opulent students are meditating redeeming their evening togs from the moth-balls.

LAST LOAN LARGEST.

By the time this edition of the Gazette appears, the Victory Loan of 1918 will have passed into the pages of History, of which it will form an important part. Never was slogan more closely applicable than the present one. It is a "Victory Loan" in every sense of the word. It comes at a moment when Germany, finding that the dice that her bloody hands have shaken have fallen against her, throws herself upon the mercy of the allies in an effort to save herself from complete ruin and disintegration. It comes when William the blasphemous, hurled from the high position in which he challenged God Himself, is a refugee in Holland, ambitions thwarted: broken, trembling that at any moment his life may be taken from him. Above all it is a "Victory Loan" because of its own success; because of the ready, generous response of the people of Nova Scotia by whom the appeal of patriotism has never gone unanswered. It was a tremendous task, the raising of more than thirty million dollars in our little province. Even though times are prosperous, it meant sacrifice by everyone. The glorious results prove that some of the spirit of the boys who gave their lives over in Flanders for the cause of civilisation, has descended upon the people at home.

OF INTEREST TO DALHOUSIANS.

W. Harold McCurdy a former member of class '17, writes an interesting note from Montrose, Scotland, telling of a visit to the ancestral home of the founder of Dalhousie. He says:

"I had a splendid visit to the present home of the family at Buchin Castle, parts of which date away back. There are still a few of the old loop-holes left in the walls and the castle is full of almost priceless carvings and paintings. The estate covers something like a thousand acres. The castle is built high up on a rock, overlooking the river, and one can look straight down from the castle wall to the water about a hundred

feet below. Of course in recent years the moat has been filled in while repairing the grounds, which at present are not by any means well kept, on account of the scarcity of men to do the work. But there are little spots in the grounds which are still kept up and give one an idea of the beauty of the whole when it was properly looked after."

HALIFAX SAMPLES CHAUTAUQUA.

A summer event which might be termed semi-collegiate, was the week-stand under canvas of the Chautauqua on the Campus of old Dalhousie. Many members of the Faculty were induced to affix their names to the list of guarantors. Scores of students who remained in town over the holidays purchased season tickets and wallowed blissfully in intellectual edification. At some sessions, the tent benches resembled an informal meeting of our esteemed Delta Gamma.

Chautauqua was a peculiar institution, composed of much that was excellent and much that was simon-pure hokum. One thing evident was that the directors did not hate themselves, nor did they conceal the fact that they considered Haligonians very poor fish indeed. This may be accounted for by the rather luke-warm reception tendered them in our pseudo-sophisticated metropolis. Reasons for the restrained enthusiasm are not difficult to find. Our citizens have a peculiar temperament. They are averse to demonstrating their feelings. Moreover, having lived all their lives without knowing one another, they feel quite content to continue. The Chautauqua idea of fraternising with one's neighbour might do for a smaller community, but not here. To be asked to shake hands with the man in the next seat, when he happened to be a tailor whom you owed a bill for six months, was embarrassing, to put it mildly.

Another reason for the lack of enthusiasm was the lack of tact of the managers and lecturers. They seemed unable to grasp the fact that they were no longer in the United States. There were two Stars and Stripes to every Union Jack, and nearly all the speakers seemed to labour under the impression that no one else was in the war but themselves. Of course, this was purely unintentional and due to carelessness, but it created a great deal of grouble by annoying that not inconsiderable portion of the populace, who since the reciprocity campaign with its rather rash statements, have not regarded the nation below the border with eyes over friendly. The two countries have been tightly joined together by the splendid aid Massachusetts rendered our stricken city last December and the wonderful work of the Americans in France and at home. Chautauqua unintentionally, but unfortunately, did not a little to counteract this. One lady of strong opinions called it indirect pro-Germanism. It is all the more regrettable, since true Americanism does not deal in braggadocio.

Nevertheless, Halifax could easily profit by an annual engagement of Chautauqua. It will do much to promote the community spirit, sadly needed here. Its musical and dramatic features excel in some respects those presented at other maritime places of amusement. The lectures, though not profound, are interesting. With the objectionable features eliminated Chautauqua should receive a warm welcome upon its return next summer.