

The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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The Dalhousie Gazette

—FOUNDED 1869—

ISSUED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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EDITORIAL.

The world in general and Canada in particular mourns the loss of one of her greatest statesmen in Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The most outstanding figure in Canadian politics since Sir John A. MacDonald, has passed away at a time when his country can ill afford such a loss. What can the *Gazette* do but echo the many tributes to his greatness and share in the sincere sense of loss which has been felt throughout the entire civilized world.

"In Canada he had a hold on the popular imagination that had been equalled only by Sir John MacDonald, while abroad he was the one Canadian and in fact the one colonial statesman known to fame, the outstanding figure of Greater Britain."—(*Chronicles of Canada*).

The project of the League of Nations seems now to be fairly launched, its principles having been formally and unanimously adopted by the Peace Conference. If the programme decided upon can only be consistently carried out in the future, the world, we think can look forward to an era of unprecedented prosperity and advancement uninterrupted as in the unhappy past by periodic orgies of blood.

Although President Wilson fathered the scheme, the actual reduction of abstract and perhaps nebulous ideals to a definite and comprehensive system seems to have been largely the work of the British. It was at any rate patterned after the British Empire. Altogether the project of a world league would seem to be largely the work of the Anglo-Saxon mind.

The dastardly attempt on the life of Premier Clemenceau by a degenerate fanatic has deeply shocked the world. It is indeed fortunate that "*Le Tigre*" escaped serious injury and is reported to be progressing favorably. His loss at the present time would be as severely felt as was that of Lincoln who succumbed to the assassin's bullet at the close of the American Civil War.

EN CASSEROLE

We would urge those students who are planning to draw cartoons for the *Gazette* to select their subjects as soon as possible and hand in their drawings to the Editors.

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MISS LINDSAY.

The MacDonald Memorial Library has lost a faithful and efficient librarian in Miss Jean Lindsay who as announced recently is no longer with us. Miss Lindsay came to the Library in 1916—the year in which the Arts and Science faculties moved out to Studley—and remained there until very recently. During her sojourn in our midst she catalogued and arranged the entire library in a highly efficient manner and also took a great interest in the students whom she was always ready to help, in any way. Many of us owe long hours of instructive and enjoyable reading to her guidance and discriminating selection of reading matter. Witness the notice board on the landing at the head of the stairs, which she placed there for the purpose of assisting students in their reading. The *Gazette* though regretting her departure wishes her the best of success in her new work.

DALHOUSIAN APPOINTED.

Mr. Roy Davis has been appointed Assistant Professor of English in the College of Business Administration in Boston University. Professor Davis is the author of a text-book in business English composition and has been working along this line for several years in the Boston schools. He will be in charge of the Business English Courses. Mr. Davis Graduated from Dal in the year 1899, receiving his B. A., with High Honours in English and History.

THE SHAKESPEREAN PAGEANT.

What is the Shakesperean pageant? It is an affair which will take place in the School for the Blind probably some time in March. The hearty support of every Dalhousie student is desired and expected. A number have already been listed in the caste of characters, which will appear in a later issue.

The pageant will disclose Queen Elizabeth seated in state with her court around her, in process of being entertained by presentation of scenes from five of Shakespere's plays as follows:—

The Balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," The Wooing scene from "King Henry V," The Quarrel scene from "The Taming of the Shrew," The "Mock Marriage" from "As You Like It," The Fairy Scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

All the characters will be attired in Elizabethan dress procured by the costuming committee of which Mrs. Murray MacNeill is convener.

The pageant is being presented by the Alumnae Society, which is but another proof of the interest our graduates take in their Alma Mater. There are two outstand-

ing reasons for the production of these scenes. There is a dire need for a girl's residence at Dalhousie, the erection of which requires funds. The proceeds of the pageant are to be used for assisting in that purpose. Again every Dalhousian hopes to see the revival of the dramatic club of former days. The pageant is the first effort towards bringing this about.

Give it your support!

ARTS AND SCIENCE SOCIETY.

On the evening of Feb. 14th Arts and Science witnessed an innovation. The Freshman Class was honored in having charge of the debate for the evening. It would be a dangerous matter to accord too much honour to the Freshmen; they might forget the humble position which they hold. But it must be said in all fairness that the debate was good.

The subject chosen for discussion was "Resolved that Great Britain is a more democratic country than the United States." The affirmative was upheld by Mr. Vassallo and Miss E. Burns; while Mr. Forsythe and Miss M. Morrison upheld the negative.

I am not going to deliver a critique on the different speakers. That was most ably done by Mr. Zinck. In fact one of the speakers made a rebuttal to Mr. Zinck's critique. But the misunderstanding was soon adjusted. The judges were Messrs. J. A. Bentley, C. F. Bowes and H. V. D. Laing. Their decision was in favour of the affirmative.

The president, whose heroic efforts to promote general discussion are so well known, called upon the society to discuss at length this great question. Almost immediately the president of Class '20 moved a motion of adjournment which was seconded by another "jolly junior." Whether the audience did not feel inclined to retire home at such an early hour, or whether some subtle instinct whispered that great entertainment was in store, it will never be known. But anyway the motion was defeated. Soon speaker after speaker followed each other in quick succession. The great and glorious principles of British democracy were discussed at considerable length. During the debate several references to the Emerald Isle had been made. So it was not long before Home Rule held the attention of the meeting. The followers of Carson and Dillon waxed eloquent. It was even suggested that a debate be held on this subject. I think it would be quite possible provided that the debaters be debarred from carrying shillalaha.

It must also be noted that several girls took part in the general discussion. This shows that conditions are improving in Arts and Science.

The meeting was a most successful one and it is to be hoped that all future meetings will show the same spirit and enthusiasm.

SCOTOCCELTO.

En Casserole

Continued from page 1

A sum has been set aside by the Students' Council for the purpose of defraying the additional expenses and ought certainly to be used. Subjects should be those of most interest to the student body.

O Tweedledum, Powderpuff, Yerxa, Amateur Poet, Teufelsdröckh Jr., and all ye other poets of last season, whither have flown your muses? Do call them back at once we pray you, or you will drive us to plagiarism. For verily we must have verses for our columns.

Amongst those who have contributed articles to this and recent issues of the Gass-ette are Signorine Lois Smith, Marion Doane and _____ and Signori (we are so tired of Messrs), H. R. Chipman, Mac Clelland, Power, Zinck, Laing and Bowes. We are also indebted to Dr. Mac-Mechan for news articles and for procuring Dr. Baxter's Reminiscences.

Although perambulating around St. Mary's rinklet reminds one forcibly of the simile of the caged squirrel on the wheel, used by a certain professor, nevertheless a goodly number of students flock to that place of amusement every Wednesday evening. By the way what has happened to the Gramophone which came to such an untimely end last winter but which has since been repaired? It could at least make a cheerful noise.

We sympathize from the depths of our editorial heart with those heroes—now alas so few—who are willing to brave the fury if need be of exasperated debaters in criticizing their speeches. Nowadays critics of the critique seem to be the order.—*Absit Invidia.*

Three deep wrinkles have already furrowed the Editor's brow. Lighten his labor with your contributions on his face may soon have to ironed out.

INTERESTING MEETING OF DALHOUSIE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

An interesting meeting of the Dalhousie Engineering Society was held in the Student's Building on the evening of February 18th.

A very instructive lecture on the Submarine Menace in the war was delivered on this occasion by Mr. C. F. Bowes, who outlined the aims and accomplishments of this attempt on the part of the Hun and showed how it was finally overcome. A large number of views illustrating the subject were shown by Mr. H. S. MacLean.

The next debate having been left to the Engineers, teams consisting of Messrs. Frame, Henry, MacKinnon and Bowes were selected. The subject will be "Resolved that Bolshevism is a Greater Menace than Prussianism," the two last named having the affirmative and the first named pair the negative.

Some discussion of a dance took place but it was decided to postpone the matter till an estimate of cost and an available place to hold such a function could be obtained.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

QUERIES and OBSERVATIONS.

Did anybody see J. W. F. Ch-s-lm lately.

Prof. Ch--rs. "Can you imagine a man sitting on a chair dangling his feet in the kitchen." Frankly we cannot.

Dean Mac-ae in Con. Hist. "To miss a date is as bad as misspelling a word." It's worse for the most of us.

Did you ever see J. W. G-df-y smoking a pipe? Now girls don't all speak at once.

Why does Sc-tt Fr--er haunt the City Y. M. C. A. She doesn't live there Sc-tt.!

Some of the boys and girls have formed a Get Together Society. Meetings are held in the Library. The noiseless talker J. P. C. Fr-er is President and the noisy talker S. M. Z-ck secretary-treasurer. All meetings are open to the public but the worthy Sergeant-at-Arms Miss Sh-on hopes that all will imitate their elongated President rather than the Secretary-treasurer. The pass word goes like this s-ish. Solid birch bomb-proof shelters are used to the greatest advantage in order to keep the enemy at a distance.

FRESHETTES PARODY ON KATY.

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Your the only M-M-M-Med that I
adore

When the moon shines over the campus
I'll be waiting at the c-c-college door.

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D. A. A. C. NOTES.

After a string of three victories Dalhousie went down to defeat on Wednesday night before the Airless team.

The game was rather featureless on account of the close marking and heavy checking of both sides. The Airless boys gained a commanding lead in first half and were never headed by the Collegians. It would be difficult to pick a star of the contest as everyone played well. Ross MacLeod and Scott Fraser worked hard for Dal. while Ted Coster's marking of Masters while the latter was on the floor was very creditable. The final score was 34-9 for Airless.

Geo. Smith of the "Old Timers" refereed to the satisfaction of all. The line up was as follows:—

Airless (34)	Dalhousie (9)
Forwards.	
Coster,	Smith,
J. Lang,	Fraser.
	Centre.
Clark,	Baird.
	Guards.
D. Lang,	R. MacLeod,
Schwartz,	R. Ross,
	C. Masters.

The Dal. boys are practising hard for the U. N. B. game which is set for the fourth of March.

THE MISTAKES OF POWER.

If we were not acquainted with the writer of an article in the Gazette of Feb. 14, he might be thought to have tendencies to Bolshevism. Knowing him to be an energetic and fair-minded Dalhousian, however, we cannot think he intended to give the impressions which in some respects his article might convey. We therefore venture a few suggestions.

Probably he did not intend to imply either that he favored mob rule, or that he did not consider the minority to have any rights.

Perhaps he forgot that Dalhousie is not unique in having had fewer undergraduate activities, and therefore fewer opportunities for expression of college spirit, during the last four years. It would have been a disgrace for any college in Canada to have carried on just as before.

It must surely rejoice the heart of every Dalhousian, and particularly of those who have done their humble best to keep the more essential college activities alive, to learn that there is about to be a revival of college spirit! All honor to those who are about to resuscitate our Alma Mater from the asphyxiating fumes of a baneful autocracy! May they do it by actually constructive work, as well as by dethroning the "autocratic few" whose existence is so skillfully concealed from the average student.

Our only knowledge of the case where the thirst of the majority for knowledge was thwarted by a previous engagement of the minority is the article itself. It seems the professor wanted to find an hour suitable to the class. Being fair-minded he would not lecture when some could not attend, since it would be unfair to examine these students in the subject matter of such lectures. The lecturer seems to have recognized that the second fundamental principle of democratic governments is justice to the minority.

The preceding observations occur to one after a cursory glance at the article. But in the latter part there are certain errors of fact. The writer gives us every reason to believe that he is discussing the matter which came before the Y. M. C. A. cabinet at the time of the conference last December; and allows the implication to be drawn either that the Association's officers are the "autocratic few," or else that they were the guileless victims of the aforesaid "few." If this is a wrong interpretation the following remarks do not apply. If it be correct the writer of the article entitled "The Autocratic Few" might courteously admit his error. A few facts are not amiss.

No "autocratic few" set on foot "a scheme" to collect \$2,500 from Dalhousie students. Some 50 or 60 colleges in Canada are raising a fund to help the students of Asia. Where not otherwise decided by those contributing in any particular college, the contributions of the men are to be used to bring certain picked students from India for post-graduate work in Canada. These funds are to be administered under the direction of prominent educationists. This is felt to be patriotic work,—helping to strengthen the bonds of sympathy between two parts of the Empire. It is a matter of gratitude towards "the inhabitants of that country," who have fought and died on the battle fields of the Empire to make democracy—and us—safe. It is carrying out the spirit of the Allies, by trying to share with more backward peoples the privileges of the civilization with which we are entrusted. Because Dalhousians showed a splendid

and unselfish spirit in contributing to the Prisoners of War Fund last year, we were asked to take a share of this work. Inasmuch as 90% or more of us are able to spend either our own or our parent's money for our own amusement, it seemed to be a question not of ability but of willingness of Dalhousians to give to the object mentioned. The matter was discussed by the conference committee, who were not unanimous in thinking it wise to put on a campaign for funds at that time. They did not feel therefore that they should decide the matter merely on a majority vote, so waited for a larger and more representative meeting. At the larger meeting a sufficient number did not seem to be in full possession of the facts nor heartily in support of the suggested undertaking to make it a success. It was therefore decided to put on no campaign, but to provide an opportunity whereby those who wished might contribute. If the writer of the article under discussion would care to make a contribution we understand that his chances are still good. If he is not interested, by what fundamental principle of democracy does he assume the right to object to the use other students make of their money?

The writer of that article has invited therefore not a storm of criticism but a corrections of facts; and we think his informant owes him an apology for having permitted him to place himself in the position of one who draws well-meant conclusions from false premises. Doubtless now that he is assured that no attempt has been made to rob the students who find it difficult "to send themselves to college," he will have a more sympathetic understanding of those of us who are concerned about the welfare of our loyal fellow-citizens in India. Perhaps he will also be more careful of his facts and more specific in the use of his "stylus."

K. A. BAIRD.

BUSINESS ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

(Has your name been in this honor roll yet?)

Subscribers please take notice that we acknowledge receipt of subscriptions only through the columns of the Gazette. This has been the policy for years, and is most satisfactory for all concerned. The following receipts are acknowledged with thanks:

Blanche Urquhart, Merle Colpitt, \$1.00 each.

G. A. Rowlings, \$2.00.
David J. Marshall, \$3.00.
E. H. Ramsay, \$4.00.

ATTENTION!

Dalhousians Home from the Front.

We have done our best for the past two years to supply you with the Gazette by sending it to your home address. This has been done free of charge, and it has been a pleasure to do it. Now that you are getting back to Canadian life again, we hope that you will send us a request to have your name placed on the regular mailing list and be numbered among our regular yearly subscribers. Please do this without delay. We are trying to get the Gazette in a position to be of real service to Dalhousie in the days of boom which are near at hand.

CLASS 20.

On the evening of February 7th, there was held by class '20, one of its now famous "shines." This time it took the form of a theatre party, followed by a supper and dance, the girls entertaining the boys. The members of the class and their guests met at old Dalhousie, and proceeded in a body to the Orpheus Theatre, there to be thrilled by the mysterious and awesome deeds of the Hidden Hand. After the show every one hastened to 77 Seymour St., where they were greeted by Miss Berta Colwell the hostess of the evening. Songs and dances were indulged in and a delightful supper served.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Miss Colwell on behalf of the Class by the president. The party broke up about midnight, and the "couples" started home all commenting on what a good time it had been and hoping that there would be another soon.

J. W. G-df-y at Sodales:—"I hold in my hand Sir Francis Smith." Treat him gently for our sake, Wilf.

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSING LINK.

"Say driver stop! wait a minute! In heavens name can't you stop?"

The coalman stopped his horse impatiently, angry at this interruption to his last trip at the end of a hard day, and turned to the excited man on the street, who was none other than the world famed anatomist and authority on evolution, Dr. Hoare. In breathless eagerness the great man spoke "My good man, will you let me have that oddly shaped bone in the back of your cart?"

The evolutionist did not even notice any disrespect in the manner of the driver, so intent was he on the bone. "Such a find! How did it ever get to that coal cart? —but no matter, that can be worked out later. The thing that counts now, is that it was there and that I happened to see it. What shall I do about it first? I can't think I'm as excited as a five-year old over his first top. I must show, it to Campbell of course. Won't he shout!

As a man who had reached the very roof of his aircastles, and walked on the top, Dr. Hoare quickly reached the office of his associate in Scientific investigation, Dr. Campbell, the anthropologist of his age. Rushing into the office, he stood before Dr. Campbell, and held out his treasurer.

That great investigator of the science of man, looked calmly up from his work of research, and then became frozen with horror, for his first thought was that his friend had gone mad. "In heaven's name, what's the matter? Has anything gone wrong with our theory?" "Campbell, look, can't you see? That outline, doesn't it suggest anything? It's as clear as light, the javamanapial curve increased by several degrees, but not enough to coincide with the Neanderthalian curves! Those depressions— Great Scott! don't you see it!"

Only an instant did the anthropologist sit staring, then as the significance of his associates words pieced his brain, he jumped from his chair made one bound over the table and nearly strangled Dr. Hoare in an embrace, worthy of his ancestor the Elephas Primigenius.

"By all that's evolutionary man, it's the Missing Link."

Then the two celebrated scientists discussed the possibilities of the skullcap, pro and con. Dr. Campbell was inclined to think that the specimen, might on account of the depth of the anthropodial depressions, fit in just above the Heidelberg man, but seeing that the mandible was not present and therefore no information could be had from the dentes cuspides, he was not prepared to deny the possibility of this specimen of the genus humanum taking this place in the evolutionary scale much nearer the Java Man-Ape.

Dr. Hoare on the other hand was of the opinion that the "straightness" of the craniachediolius curve, would indicate that the owner of the skull should be placed higher in the scale, say just below Neanderthal man.

Thus they considered and argued weighing, carefully every bit of evidence which could be gleaned from this bone of a primitive man, and tho differing regarding some conclusions, they were one in declaring

that certainly a real link had been added to the evolution chain. And then memory carried them back to student days and simultaneously came the thought to each, "What wouldn't dear old Jock have given to see this day."

In the meantime, the coaldriver had reached home and was eating his supper when ten year old Jack bounded in. "Say Dad, my boat's gone. I put it in the back of the cart on your last trip home, 'cause I was going skating after school and didn't want to take it with me and now it isn't there; and I wanted it special, 'cause I tried to make it like a thing I saw one time in a doctor fellow's room, that he said was the top of a man's head and I didn't believe him and teacher said my boat was the best, 'cause it was erijonal or something like that, and she dipped it in some stuff to make it hard and white. Do you suppose we can find it?" "I'm awfully sorry, Jack, but a foo man who looked as if he might be a college professor or some hing, gone crazy stopped me and wanted the bone, he called it, and I never thought nothing about it bein any good, so I gave it to him, to get rid of him. "Can't you make another, if I get you some more wood?"

BASKETBALL.

On Saturday morning in the H. L. C. gym. Dalhousie once more demonstrated that the athletic ability of her co-eds is unsurpassed by any university in the Maritime provinces. On this occasion Mt. Allison were the opponents and although defeated, played a clever uphill game throughout.

The result was never in doubt from the opening whistle to the call of time. Mt. A. tried hard but the sensational passing of Miss Wickwire and Miss Armitage, combined with the shooting of the latter, were too much for them. At half time Dal. was leading by a good margin, which was increased as the game progressed. The final score was 77-51 for Dalhousie. For the losers, Miss Pickart and Miss Connie Young shone while Miss Armitage was the bright, particular star for Dal. Her shooting was marvelous in its accuracy and swiftness. Out of 77 points scored she obtained about 73. Miss Campbell and Miss Wickwire also played a strong game.

Miss Ward of H. L. C. and Miss Leslie of Mt. A. refereed to the satisfaction of all. After the contest, the Dal. girls entertained the visitors to luncheon at the Green Lantern. Mt. Allison returned home on the afternoon train, leaving behind them a pleasant memory of Sackville goodsportsmanship and perhaps one should say good

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sportsmanship. A return game is to be played in the near future.

The thanks of the University are owing to Miss Ward, who so ably coached the girls and produced a winning team.

- Forwards. Miss Armitage, Miss F. Jordan, " L. Smith, " C. Young, " J. Campbell, Centre. " Young, Guards. " Caddell, Miss Ellen Henrion, " Bond, " Beryl Moore, " Wickwire " M. Pickart, " Atlee.

SPIRITUALISM IN TORONTO.

Toronto is at present in the grip of a veritable furore of spiritualism. Sellers of ouija boards are about to retire with their fortunes, and local mediums are busy night and day. It was all occasioned by a book called "The Twentieth Plane," containing alleged messages from such departed celebrities as Sappho, Sophocles, Plato, Spinoza, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Emerson, Lincoln and so on ad nauseam. These soi-disant spirits dictated their amazingly inept and uninspiring messages through a ouija board or by speaking through a medium.

As to life on the "Twentieth Astral Plane"—our own universe is by the way the fifth—the spirits are said to dwell in "a pink twilight," subsisting according to Coleridge on Chemicals. One of their most valuable foods is "Vril" and is derived from such diverse substances as eggs, lettuce and tomatoes. Evidently the odd color of the light in this celestial region has the effect of dyeing the skins of the spiritual inhabitants as their body color is said to be the "pale pink of sea shells."

Continued on page 6

Nova Scotia Nursery BARRINGTON STREET Opp. C. G. R. Passenger Station Phone Lorne 53 Cut Flowers, Bouquets and all Floral Work

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DR. BAXTER'S REMINISCENCES.

II.

Continued from last issue

Now let us return to the Atrium and enter the door to the right towards the east "in search of more light." This room was the fac-simile of the other, but the amphitheatre faced towards the Professors' desk, which was in the east and his Sanctum Sanctorum, where he stowed his instruments and paraphernalia was on his right also at the back or north side of the main building. Profesor Thomas McCulloch was "in curriculo" here. He was a tall (6 ft) dark, clean-shaven, thin man, with black hair sprinkled with gray and soft black eyes, a bachelor who never smiled but shewed his keen appreciation of wit and humour by a sensitive twitching of the lips; but he had a heart as soft, kind and gentle as a woman and so thoughtful that, on many a cold, stormy winter night, I was invited to share his room and bed so that I escaped two miles walk to the Onslow side of the marshes. When I discover the "Golden Branch" and proceed into "the Shades," he will be one of the first I will look up. Aeneas thought no more of Anchises than I of him. He dressed entirely in black, a Prince Albert coat of black broad-cloth and pantaloons of the same, a silk hat and circular cape of broad cloth which he held together with his hands in front. As he strode slowly and majestically along, he lacked only "Espada de a Caballo y Espuelas" to make a typical Spanish hidalgo, as he had the sallow complexion exactly. He was a thorough gentleman inside and out and the roughest boor in the class sensed it at once and governed himself accordingly. His branches were Latin, Geometry, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. In Latin he led us through Bullion's Grammar, Caesar Virgil and Horace; in Euclid through the first five or six books. In Algebra, mensuration Navigation, we blundered through but in Natural Philosophy we luxuriated. He covered all the windows with close board shutters and he had a camera obscura with a large mirror on the outside to reflect the sun's rays and a microscope attachment inside that reflected giganticly enlarged pictures on a white screen up at the back of our seats on the wall young and old living and dead and skeletons of defunct Ichthyosauri et hoc genus omne in a drop of vinegar and other such substances, till we would go home and dream we had D. T's. Also in the same Cimmerian darkness we had all sorts of electric phenomena exhibited and the contents of three or four Leyden jars telegraphed through the united hands of the whole crowd of us, or one would be placed on an insulated stool and charged and the rest of us dared to touch him with a finger which we at once did both for his delectation and our own information. The Professor was also an enthusiastic lover of Nature, studying the habits of birds, many of which he shot and stuffed with his own hands and some of these I have no doubt are still in the Dalhousie Museum to which he gave them.

To the dear old Professor I will say "a revederci."

Well, after a year or two or three, we went up higher in Logic and Greek in the room up-stairs over Principal Ross's under a newcomer, Professor Lyall.

He was a short, thin, dapper little man spotlessly neat and clean in dress and deportment. The Landlady's delight, as

never a tidy was displaced on lounge or chair. His boots were always shining and carried in no sand. I do not know if he stood up all night lest he might derange his bed by sleeping in it, but this is her report "verbatim et literatim" you can take it for what it is worth. I wash my hands of it like Pontius Pilate of old.

He was a short (5 ft. 5 or 6) man with sandy hair, thin and partly bald, thin shoulder-of-mutton whiskers and weighed (I feel safe in saying) over 100 lbs. his manner was diffident and his voice low and soft. He led his non-descript crew of toughs up through the intricacies of Homer and Herodotus with what success I leave you to find out. "Blessed are the Meek for they shall inherit the Earth." This is more applicable to the first century than the Twentieth. But now came a "Grand Trek" from Truro to Halifax, September 1862.

Dalhousie as I understood had been shut up for some years and this was the first effort to make a university of it. The building was a large gloomy looking stone building at the North end of the Parade between Barrington and Argyle streets one and a half stories on the Parade and three and a half on the Streets Jacob and Barrington. It was surrounded on the sides in the enclosure by a deep moat built up with stone. This was apparently to give light to the basement story which contained the Post-Office, the Post-master, his family and a lot more of old dry lumber. The two stories above were used for the classes and what was in the half story above I do not know. The main entrance was on the Parade, which was graded up from the southern entrance near St. Paul's Church till it must have been ten or twelve feet as I say above Barrington and Jacob streets (I think the name was) at the corner where the College stood. Well, there was a grand opening day. If my memory serves me right there was a sort of interregnum that year and no Governor of the Province, but Sir Chas. Hastings Doyle the Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Halifax was acting as Governor, and he was at the opening. But Joseph Howe was the principal figure there. He was at that time Leader of the Government with Johnston leading the Opposition and Charles Tupper his Right Bower. I remember much of Howe's Speech that day. He began to tell us about the great advantages we enjoyed in educational institutions such as Dalhousie, King's, the Normal School at Truro, etc., and then said it was not so in my day. "I will tell you how I was educated. I learned my A. B. C's, sitting beside an old shoemaker, who taught me to read, while he pounded the sole leather on his lap-stone. That was all the college I ever went to. I received one lesson in oratory from an old woman who said to me 'Joe, if ever you get to be a speaker remember to keep your arm straight. Throw them about all round and over your head but never bend your elbow. The very moment you do that, you lose grace.' And I never forgot it. I remember crawling out on one of those little porches over the door on Barrington Street all covered with printers ink (for I was a printer's devil at that time) to see Lord Dalhousie lay the foundation-stone of this building. I little thought then that I would be one of the Governors of this Institution and addressing you as I am today. Those little porches by the way over the front door that were the fashion then were mighty convenient; for many a poor fellow who had no home to

go to, would coil himself up and spend the night there. And by the way too they were fine too when you wanted to kiss your girl "Good-night" without anybody seeing you. From such humble beginnings by hard work I have climbed up to where I am today, and I have also accumulated a fine and varied library and I give all you students a general invitation over to my house in Dartmouth and you are heartily welcome to use any book there but not to take any away without permission.

"I love books but if I had my choice to save only one from a general conflagration I would take my little wellworn old copy of Shakespeare under my arm and go away contented."

I heard him often that winter in the House and Johnston and Tupper as well. Professors Ross, McCulloch and Lyall came from Truro and we had two additional ones Johnston and McDonald.

The Branches were redistributed and some changes but of course you can get all this in the University reports much more accurately, than I can possibly give them. and I might as well take the advice that the little boy gave the tedious prosy Superintendent when he was in the middle of a long peroration and said "what shall I say more?" The little piping voice back in the corner suggested "Thay Amen and thit down."

Those old days and old friends at Truro, Halifax and Harvard in Cambridge I shall never forget while memory is retained but alas, alas I feel inclined to say with Faust Habe nun, ach! Philosophie Juristerie und Medecin Und, leider! auch Theologie Durchans Studiirt, mit heissem Be muhn. Da steh, ich nun, ich armer Thor, Und bin so Khig, als rvie zuvor.

"OPEN SESAME."

During my short although somewhat varied existence in this materialistic world, I have wondered and have usually been amused at the actions, conventions or what you will of my fellow mortals. To me some of these have appeared absurd at other times simply ridiculous.

At the present time if a man can control and operate his pedal extremities more skillfully than his cerebrum the gates of society swing back and he is as welcome as an Olympian god. If he can dance no questions are asked concerning him, if he cannot society will demand in a stentorian tone for his passport, before he is welcomed or considered as one of the elect.

Some mothers will watch, with satisfaction anddelight their daughter on the night of her debut, melt with undisguised pleasure into the eager arms of some polished ruffian whose terpsichorean abilities have been loudly praised, yet if a somewhat more romantic but less polished "swain" were to endeavour to accommodate the aforesaid debutante on a sofa or in a dark corner he would be ostracized and forever debarred from all polite (?) society. What difference there is between embracing a damsel in the public gaze and endeavouring to perform the same operation on a sofa or behind a door the writer cannot tell, except perhaps that the latter is more delicate. It has been said that dancing cultivates the taste for the aesthetic, makes one graceful and is a very good exercise. As to the first perhaps it does teach a

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Open Sesame

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man to admire beauty, but beauty is only skin deep—yet he does not have to embrace a damsel to find this out. Whether or not it makes one graceful should be left to the judgment of the "wall flowers" and one of these can say sympathically as Burns "If we could only see ourselves as others see us." Dancing may be a good exercise—so good in fact that the participants usually spend the following morning "between sheets."

The writer—far be it from him to deny it—is not averse to hugging a pretty girl, but he only endeavours to show that "I can dance" is as it were an "Open Sesame" to the tightly closed and strongly guarded gates of Society. An ability as little to be proud of as the false, shallow and ephemeral society itself. TADPOLE.

Spiritualism in Toronto

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With regard to the messages moral advice etc., vouchsafed by these self affirmed genuises who apparently have so little to occupy them in their present state that they must needs flock one and all to this Toronto medium, the best that can be said of them is that their authors must have experienced a progressive deterioration since they departed this life. At their best they are exceedingly common place. "There is not even the shadow of a new idea or ideal," and no new light whatsoever is brought to bear on the eternal questions of our being. At their worst, however, these quotations afford an object lesson on human credulity—how any sane person could believe that these effusions really emanated from the alleged authors is a mystery. Coleridge for instance is recorded as saying that an alleged appendage to the Sermon on the Mount should by all means "be published as it would prove "Manna to all Thirsty souls!" His son Hartley Coleridge also a poet of note when living on this earth has apparently degenerated into an imbecile. He declares "I am some ladies' man, but serious too. Amy is my Sally of the Ally. You know that English song. I wish I could sing it to her. But we cannot be philosophers all the time, even if one's Dad was one." Wordsworth forgets which poems were written by him and which by Shelly, Spinoza affirms that Disraeli was simply a reincarnation of himself but one wonders what has become of Spinoza when Disraeli slips into the circle to give some advice on the settlement of the Irish question!

The publication of such a—one hardly knows what to call it—is in itself unfortunate in the last degree. In the first place it may well prejudice any serious minded enquirer after the truth against the very fundamentals of physical research. The subject itself is one which requires the most methodical use of scientific methods. Nothing should be accepted as true on merely internal evidence. All possible tests as to the authenticity of the alleged communicators and elaborate safeguards against error are usually brought to bear on the subject when properly investigated by competent enquirers. In this instance apparently this rule was not followed. The mere assertions of the intelligences at work as to their identity must have been accepted as final. How great the possibility of error and deceit may be gathered from the fact that automatic writers are constantly receiving messages

signed by the name of Mozart or some other musical celebrity. Sir William Barrett quotes as an example a message supposedly from George Elliott, in which that celebrated author (?) offers in very defective English to tell the investigator all he wants to know of any of the planets.

The whole subject of psychical research is a complicated one and not without its dangers. It is well for the world that it should be investigated as it touches a very vital question, but such investigation should be confined to the strictly competent and scientifically minded. We can receive with confidence whatever such men as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Barrett have discovered with reference to psychical phenomena. But this mere credulous acceptance of whatever may be spelt out by a ouija board or communicated by any other supernormal means without due criticism is it seems to the writer to be heartily condemned.

HOCKEY

The Juniors and Seniors defeated the Sophs in a friendly game of hockey about a week ago. The contest was an interesting one, the final score being 2-1 for the Juniors.

The Freshmen and Sophs are talking over a Turkey Supper series. The last time this was played Class '20 defeated Class '19 but are still waiting for the turkey. Better luck this time Freshmen.

The Medical-Dental team played a fast 4-4 draw with St. Mary's College on Tuesday night. The game was exciting from start to finish, being featured by lone rushes had pretty combination play. Lee Fluck and Hughy MacLeod made a stonewall defence for Dal. while Maxwell as goal performed in his usual clever style. The forwards worked well together considering their lack of practice and with a couple more games will make a very dangerous combination. For St. Mary's E. Smith, Feetham and Hickey played well while P. Hickey in goal made some fine stops. The smallness of the rink was a great handicap to fast hockey. Sergt. Crowe refereed satisfactorily.

The line up:—

St. Mary's (4)		Dal. Meds. (4)
P. Hickey	Goal	Maxwell,
L. Fluck,	Point	E. Smith,
H. MacLeod,	Cover	H. Hickey,
J. Smith,	Centre	Fleetham,
Cameron,	Forwards	Walsh,
Keating,		F. Smith,
		Keith.

THE RHINE-GOD.

The sun shone down in its August gold
On the shimmering old Rhine-god,
And his iron face was set to the West
While his great hand clenched his sword.

And over the spans of his bridges strong,
His bridges of stone and steel,
The remorseless tides of his Teuton hordes
Strode on with the Clanking Heel.

And far from the south came the cry of his kin,

The gods of the Marne and the Somme,
But the Rhine-god shook his Mammoth sides

And laughed—and called for a bomb.

Tho' their streams were red with the blood
of men

His stream was clear and pure,
And far in the land of the trembling foe
The mailed fist held sure.

And the Rhine-god dreamed how the world
would bow

Before his crystal shrine
And the nations sink and crawl and know
How the Prussian guards his Rhine.

Four long years the Rhine-god sat
In his river of shimmering blue
Tho' the wrath of the foe grew loud in the
west

Still—the iron fist held true.

But what is that tramp of hurrying feet,
The music of Alien bands?
The relentless march of unending foes
That come from far-off lands?

The sky is dark and filled with rain
The Rhine-god sinks in shame
The clanking Heel and the Mailed fist
Have lost in the Iron Game.

And over the spans of his bridges strong
His bridges of stone and steel
The remorseless tides of the conquerors
come

And the bells—the death knell peal.

The Temple of Force has fallen in twain
The Idol of Might has crashed,
His number is up—his day has come—
His last fading hope is dashed.

So the Rhine-god mourns in his placid stream
Where the monster barges sleep—
For he who sows to the fleeting wind
The same shall the whirlwind reap.

D. F. M.'16.

A LETTER FROM OVERSEAS

Belgium,
Jan. 17, 1919.The Dalhousie Gazette
Attention Business Manager.

Dear Sir,—Reference the enclosed. Herewith please find \$3.00 for our arrears of the past two years known to the general public I believe as 1917-18, and also for the present purely arbitrary collect on of time which curiously enough has been nominated 1919.

It is very interesting to read the Gazette and to see again the old red tower and that damnable door that used to close with an accelerated velocity of 400 ft. per sec. per sec acting counter-clockwise—to smell again the sad sweet HS drifting idly thru the class-room door—to recall that original clock behind the wire-cage that used to be 10 minutes en avant on Tuesdays and Thursdays—and 10 minutes trop tard the rest of the week. Ach Himmel. But this is beside the point as Mr. Euclid remarked as he drew a straight line from a given point—the enclosed clipping hardly illustrates the well-known adage that "a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse."—pardon my negligence in fo the coming with the necessary for my subscriptions.

Speaking of the "necessary"—it takes curious forms in this country. "The Belgians" will hand you the most remarkable looking dope in lieu of cash—wall paper, window blinds—tram tickets—anything goes—same in Deutchland—chinese-money looks civilized beside some of the funny looking documents that purport to be "Value in exchange."

Otherwise the situation is quite normal and unchanged.

Yours sincerely,
D. F. MARSHALL.