

The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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The Dalhousie Gazette

— FOUNDED 1869 —

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J. P. C. FRASER; V. C. MACDONALD.

EDITORIAL.

With this number we end our pre-Christmas publication. We have completed our required number of weekly issues and have managed to appear on time each week. One step further has been taken, that of making our weekly Gazette an eight page magazine. The life of the Dalhousie Gazette during the latter part of the war period showed signs of dotage and sometimes whole months elapsed before a little four or six page folder made its bow to the public. The war over and life in the University normal the Gazette saw no reason why it should not appear as regularly as the seasons of the year or the movement of the tides. This view has been held by the contributing students and their aid has helped to make the above boast a fact.

Our short experience of eight weeks has taught us many things. It is our secret sorrow that no article has appeared worthy of extra merit. No student has taken time from his pleasures or his studies to spend hours over some supreme attempt of his to produce a college epic or a masterpiece of student literature. When our writers took up the pen they did so, mainly to pour ridicule and sarcasm on the heads of unsuspecting ladies and gentlemen. The retort courteous generally brought forth the same verbose account of the other side which was of interest to nobody but the few especially interested. The materialistic and frivolous age through which our term has been lived, has indeed prevented students from turning their thoughts to voluntary labor for university renown and this side of our life we deplore. We can but hope that the future holds for us better things and that some of our contributions will rise to a higher level than attacking the ordinary happenings of student life.

The Gazette publishes in this number a letter entitled "A Million vs A Memorial" written as can quite readily be inferred from its context by a student of our University. The Gazette feels that, even though the writer did not sign his own name, but used a pen name to end a statement, which indicated how little the writer knew about the subject of war memorials as the Senate and Board of Governors viewed them, still it were wise to publish such an article, and

counteract its effects by a statement of fact. Accordingly, an answer has been obtained for "A Million vs A Memorial" from competent sources where men have the interest of Dalhousie at heart. We do not believe for one second that the writer shows good Dalhousie spirit nor that he represents the spirit of Dalhousie at all and we know full well that when a memorial is erected to the students of Dalhousie who served so gallantly and so gloriously that it will be such a memorial that will perpetuate for ever the wonderful deeds of our splendid men. The Editor of this paper knows more about memorials for fallen student soldiers than perhaps any student in Dalhousie, for it is his privilege to read almost every college publication in Canada. But the raising of a Gymnasium here or a Residence there or a Library in some other place would worry him none, nor is he disturbed by the haste of other universities to honor their men, for he is confident that when Dalhousie builds her memorial it will not be a creation of men to be put to mere use but something full of grandeur, and a fitting equivalent for that which it represents.

By this time the majority of students have begun that period in their history which they commonly designate as "plugging." It has its advantages to the student, who is looking for a method of getting through the course he is taking, without gaining any more knowledge than is necessary to answer eight or ten questions on paper. However, the method of cramming for examination is not likely to produce qualitative results and is especially harmful when the student has done little work through the term. Its prevention is the "quiz" either weekly or otherwise. More value should be based upon the "quiz" so as to eliminate final efforts during the last week before examinations. Such a method means work for the Professor, but excessive work may be evaded by short questions and concise answers.

We append to our Editorial this week a short note from one of our Associate Editors. The Gazette has proposed to the associate writers that they supply some of the Editorial matter, taking recognition for it when published. One subject has already been assigned to an Arts man and we hope that he will not fail the readers when the time comes for publication.

My esteemed friend, Mr. Spectator, has asked me, as a special favour to place carefully before the readers of the "Dalhousie Gazette" the object of his most interesting and entertaining letters.

First, let it be said that no individual knocking is, in any way, intended. If at any time, should it appear that personal references are being made, accept them kindly as friendly criticisms and not as personal affronts.

Further, my friend wishes me to state that the object of his letters is to bring before the readers those failings in our communal society which have need of correction, and to stimulate that patriotic College Spirit which makes for a better understanding among the students themselves.

With these few words of explanation, I trust that all seeming misunderstandings will have been dissipated. May we, one and all, continue to read with enjoyment profit and satisfaction the letters of Mr. Spectator.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The Gazette wishes its readers and friends a Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

REPOSE.

No sound of turmoil as this day is born,
When the light gently penetrates the mist,
And sheds its glory on the verdure kissed
By the soft dews from Heaven. A perfect
morn

The early songsters in their joy of life,
Chant their sweet hymns of praise and thank-
fulness

To Him, alone who gives us all Goodness;
Sweet Morn of Peace—in this hard world of
strife.

Into the calm after a weary night
A lonely traveller came, and in whose mind
The world was like a master, harsh, unkind,
But to his soul this morn—there came de-
delight,

The Sun at Twilight, in the purpling west—
One heart made happy—and content to rest.
"JEFF"

EXCHANGES.

We beg to acknowledge the following University papers and magazines. The Xaverian of November 1919, which contains articles on Guild Socialism and the Annapolis Valley. The November 1919 number is indeed a credit to St. Francis-Xavier College.

The King's College Record for October and November. We read with interest Reminiscences of Over There and look forward with pleasure to reading the continuing installments. Some reminiscences from our Dal. boys would be received with pleasure by the Gazette.

Besides these magazines there are the bi-weekly issues of the Varsity, the official organ of the University of Toronto.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Gazette acknowledges receipt of subscriptions from the following: Winnifred M. Webster, Rev. A. E. Chapman, Jean M. Dunlap, Mrs. J. K. MacInnis, Judge Patterson, Margaret P. Irving, Rev. A. K. Herman.

J. W. GODFREY,
Business Manager.

LAW ALUMNI NOTES.

WM. FRANCIS CARROLL, B.A., LL.B. (1904) is at present practising law at Sydney, and is Crown Prosecutor for Cape Breton County. Carroll opened a Law office in Glace Bay in 1905; same year was appointed Town Solicitor, an appointment which he resigned in 1911 to contest in June 1911 the County of Cape Breton as Liberal candidate for the Nova Scotia legislature. Mr. Carroll was unsuccessful in this contest but in September of the same year he was elected member of the Dominion House of Commons from South Cape Breton. Mr. Carroll enlisted and went overseas with the 185th Battalion in March, 1916, and after serving for some time in France returned to Canada in March 1917 to attend Parliament at request of government. Mr. Carroll is also a member of the Bar of the Province of Saskatchewan.

CHARLES HAZLITT CAHAN, B.A., (1886) LL.B. (1890) was one of the distinguished alumni on whom the degree of LL.D. was conferred by the University at the Centenary Celebration. Dr. Cahan was leader of the conservative party in the Nova Scotia legislature 1890-1894. He was President of the Alumni Association 1893-94. Declined a portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet in 1896. Between 1899 and 1909 Dr. Cahan was engaged in organizing various tramway, electrical and hydro-electric enterprises in British Guiana, Trinidad and Mexico. Since 1909 he has been practising law at Montreal, and has there organized many financial and industrial companies. For some time during the war he was engaged at New York in procuring supplies for the British and allied governments. Later he was Director of Public Safety Branch of the Department of Justice of Canada. Resumed practice of his profession at Montreal, February, 1919.

CHARLES R. CHIPMAN, LL.B., (1919) practised at Bridgetown from 1911 to 1917; since 1917 he has been at Halifax, associated in practice with Mr. Alfred Whitman, K.C., LL.B. (1885).

GEORGE OWEN CHEESE, LL.B. (1904) went into the Episcopal ministry in 1911, and his address is now The Rectory, Oxford, N. S. After his admission to the Bar in 1904 Cheese was associated with J. J. Ritchie, K.C. (now Hon. Mr. Justice Ritchie) in practice at Weymouth (1904) and Annapolis (1905). Cheese was one of victorious Dalhousie Fifteen of 1901. He held the record for kicking the football. His kick being one hundred and thirty three feet.

TITUS JAMES CARTER, LL.B. (1887), was appointed Solicitor to the Department of Public Works at Ottawa, Feb. 17th, 1919, and is now residing at the capital. Previous to his present appointment, Mr. Carter resided at Andover, N. B., where he had been practising since 1890. In 1912 he was elected to the N. B. legislature as one of the representatives for Victoria County. In 1916 he declined a renomination.

WILLIAM DOHERTY CARTER, LL.B. (1886), was this year appointed Departmental solicitor for the Province of British Columbia. Doherty was admitted to the bar of New Brunswick in 1887; shortly thereafter he was appointed Judge of Probate for the County of Kent, N. B., an office which he resigned after two years to resume his practise. From 1902 to 1911 he was Solicitor and Director of the Kent Northern Railway Company. In 1911 he removed

to Vancouver and was admitted to the bar of B. C. In 1918 he was appointed Inspector of Legal Offices for the Province of British Columbia and this year was appointed Departmental Solicitor.

ARTHUR W. CAMPBELL of Truro of the Law Class of (1887) has been since 1888 in the Post Office Department at Ottawa. His address is 34, The Rosborough, Ottawa.

ROBERT SEDGEWICK CAMPBELL, B.A., 1892, who took classes at the Law School during the last two years of his Arts course, has been practising law at Swift Current, Saskatchewan, since 1912 where he is member of the firm of Bothwell & Campbell. After leaving Dalhousie Campbell taught for a number of years at Parrsboro, Baddeck and New Glasgow. Between 1897 and 1900 he lived at Rossland, B.C., Between 1900 and 1906 he was with the Dominion steel Company at Sydney, N. S. In 1906 he moved again to the West, taking a position as Principal of the High Schools at Indian Head, Saskatchewan. In 1912 he took up the practice of law at Swift Current as above.

JOHN MCKINLAY CAMERON, LL.B., (1904), is at Calgary, Alberta. Cameron practiced at Glace Bay till 1911 when he removed to Calgary, being admitted to the bar of Alberta in spring of 1911, and becoming associated with the firm of Stewart, Tweedie & Charman, afterwards with Stewart, Charman & Cameron. Since 1914 he has practiced alone.

CHARLES HAZLETT CAHAN, JR., LL.B. (1908) is one of the second generation of Dalhousie Law men, his father being an LL.B. of 1890. He is associated with his father in the practise of law at Montreal. He was admitted to the bar of Nova Scotia in 1908 and to the Bar of British Columbia in 1909. From 1909 to 1912 he practised at Vancouver. Thereafter he moved to Montreal being admitted to the Quebec Bar in 1912. Between 1915 and 1917 he was at New York city as Assistant General Counsel for a company manufacturing munitions for Allied Governments. During 1918 he assisted his father in the organization of the Public Safety Branch of the Federal Department of Justice Ottawa; created K.C., 1918.

MILLION vs. MEMORIAL.

"DALHOUSIE NEEDS A MILLION," so we are told, and has already appointed a Committee, has made all the preliminary arrangements necessary, and will move heaven and earth, (we have not been informed as to the campaign in the other constituency), to obtain it.

"DALHOUSIE NEEDS A MEMORIAL" but, apparently, this must be self-creative, a mushroom growth which, some morning will be found upon the Campus, for which purpose no Committee is necessary, no organization needed, and no effort required.

DALHOUSIANS, is it nothing to you that fellow students have sacrificed their all to duty, have fought and bled and died in foreign lands that you might live in peace and comfort, that Canada and the World should be safe from autocracy, outrage and oppression? Do you not feel a thrill of pride that Dalhousie can produce men who count it gain to lose all for honor?

If not, then we must admit that these were men not because, but in spite, of the fact that they were Dalhousians.

If so, then there is an obligation incumbent upon us, that we respect their memory, that we immortalize their deeds, that we

preserve to future generations] the record of their noble self-sacrifice and devotion to a cause. Less than this we cannot honorably do.

Now we are certain that the campaign for "a Million" did not originate from the Student-body. As a matter of fact few University enterprises ever have done.

We, quite naturally then, may expect from the same source, some slight word of approbation, some slight encouragement, some token of interest in the erection of a Memorial to Dalhousie's noble dead.

Then why this silence? Why such optimism, if it be not scandalous indifference, as though it were a matter of but little moment? Judging by the energy expended and to be expended in the campaign for money, the pursuit of "the Almighty Dollar" is not to be left to chance. That is too important a matter.

Can we honorably disregard this sacred duty of a Memorial to our noble dead, while we prate about Dalhousie Needing a Million?

Rather let Dalhousie pledge herself to embark upon no new enterprise until this obligation has been fulfilled, discharged. Let it be "NOT ONE CENT TO DALHOUSIE" while this duty is left to fickle Fortune to fulfill.

Let Alumni, Governors, Senate, Faculty and Student Body unite for this one purpose, the expression of a University's homage to the memory of it's heroes. Let the best brains and the most untiring zeal of the University be devoted to the immediate carrying out of the project, in order that Dalhousie may be true to herself and to the ideals for which she stands. Let our first campaign be, not "for a Million," but "for a Memorial."

"DER NEDERLANDER."

To the Editor of the Gazette;
Sir;

I am grateful for the opportunity you have given me of perusing the letter signed "Der Nederlander" and respectfully request that you will be good enough to print this letter when you publish the former.

May I not say to "Der Nederlander" that the question of a suitable memorial to Dalhousie's fallen and living heroes of the great world war is one that has already engaged the attention of the Board of Governors and the Alumni. He may rest assured that the great deeds of these worthy men nowhere evoke more sincere admiration or deeper pride than among the members of the Staff, the Board of Governors and the Alumni. There is every intention of perpetuating their names and the fame of their deeds on the Campus at Studley in such a manner as will ever keep their memory green in the hearts of succeeding generations of Dalhousians. Only the form of that memorial remains to be determined. And it will may be, that the form which the Provincial memorial will take may influence that decision. Various suggestions have been considered such as a Cenotaph on the Campus; a noble Hall in one of the Buildings in which would be kept records and memorials of all kinds; a separate wing or what is perhaps most desired a fine Memorial Building for use as a war Museum and containing permanent records of great Dalhousians. Something will also depend on the amount of money received for the purpose when the appeal is made.

I assume the non de plume "Der Nederlander" was chosen at random and is in no sense descriptive of the personality of the

writer. It is unfortunate that a student attending Dalhousie should jump at such erroneous conclusions and voice them when the facts were so easily obtainable. On at least three occasions when I had the privilege of addressing the students, as Chairman of the Committee, I took particular pains to point out that the University owes a sacred duty to commemorate the war service of her devoted sons and daughters and that out of the first monies received that duty must be discharged. This I know is the attitude of the Board of Governors.

Now with regard to the campaign for funds. The slogan "Dalhousie Needs A Million" is a statement of fact. Dalhousie needs money in order that the teaching staff may be paid adequate salaries, that additional teachers may be secured, that additional class rooms may be erected, that dormitory accommodation may be provided for both boys and girls. These are immediate and pressing needs as "Der Nederlander" should know, for the fees collected from him are not sufficient to pay more than forty per cent of the actual cost of giving him the instruction he receives.

In making an appeal for funds for these purposes Dalhousie has a good case to urge and a proud record of useful public service to testify that she is worthy of the confidence and financial support of the people of the Maritime Provinces.

It is true that advantage might be taken of the pride which the residents of the Maritime Provinces feel in the heroic deeds of their noble sons and daughters to solicit subscriptions to satisfy utilitarian needs. There is ample precedent for this. But this is not the Dalhousie way. The Dalhousie way is to state the facts confident that they will make their appeal without the necessity of any camouflage of any kind.

I have complete confidence that a suitable memorial will be erected and I have equal confidence that funds will be forthcoming when the appeal is made to enable Dalhousie to maintain her proud position and uphold her high standards as the leading University of the Maritime Provinces.

G. FRED PEARSON.
Dalhousie Million Committee.

OBSERVATIONS IN THE LIBRARY.

The invisible barrier is breaking down and male students can be seen reading (?) at tables in the third row. How the times are changing

This discussing of studies (?) is not uncommon sight between members from both sides of the room. Who says "Romance is dead?"

The Greek I class notes with approval the presence of a "braw noo goon" in their midst. We feel that the example of this enterprising "head of learning" might be emulated by others. To be sure one gets attached to one's old gown; indeed, after thirty years or more of constant use it gets to hold a place in one's affections. All the same, there is something cheerful in the aspect of a new and shining gown in the class-room.

Spanish professor—"This termination, I assure you, if you always remember it, you will never forget it."

E. M. M-cD-na-d (in Latin 4 translating) —"Them's my sentiments."

NOTES AND DOINGS OF PHARMACY.

The largest number of students yet registered at Dalhousie as Knights of the Mortar are attending this year. Perhaps this is due to the fact that many druggists who have been overseas during the war are now anxious to get back in the business and on an independent basis.

In late years the Pharmacy class has been small and not recognized as a very important faculty. But this year its the reverse and the university may look for "big things" from Pharmacy in the future as there is not a class in Dalhousie with more college spirit.

Mr. Manning, one of the heroes of the Short Course is now back of the counter in Windsor, N. S. winning honor for himself by his service.

The many friends of Miss "Tena" Chisholm will be pleased to hear that she has been awarded the Silver Medal donated to the Junior Pharmacy class for highest standing. Miss Chisholm attended the "course" this year and it is much regretted that she did not take the fall and winter course. But we are hoping she will be back with us next year. In the meantime, the best wishes of the Pharmacy classes go with her.

HEARD IN MATERIA MEDICA.

Mr. Burb-ge—"Can anyone tell me the dose of sodium carbonate?"

Miss P-tz—"About 20 grains more or less."

Mr. B-rb-ge—"Well yes, more or less."

To one we love:—

We all love Chemistry,
For with us it is no trick
To experiment with anything
With the gentle aid of "Nick."

According to reports the Pharmacy Class went over the top on the subscription list for the Des Moines Convention and considering that it is not sending a delegate much credit is due to the members and more so to Mr. Stears who was instrumental in extracting one piece of paper from each member of the Class. And when it comes to building rinks, just leave it to Pharmacy. They are there with their share.

HEARD IN PHARMACY.

Mr. B-rb-ge—"When Archimedes found that his body displaced an equal portion of water, what happened?"

M-ff-t—"He was overjoyed, Sir." (Applause).

Seniorette—"That is the kind of wedding present you get if you marry a Y.M. Secretary."

M-rg. M-cD-g-ll—"Who is the Secretary of the College Y.M.?"

ENGINEERING NOTES.

The new departure of the Society in holding meetings from 5 to 6 p.m. has been fully justified by the large number who were present to hear Dr. Mackay's splendid address on Thursday last.

No more general meetings of the Society will be held before the approaching exams.

The Engineer's have "set the ball rolling" as regards to rink. It is now up to all the students to back up this project and not "leave it" altogether "to the Engineers."

Evidently poetry and engineering do not go hand in hand, as so few songs have been received. that apparently the exchequer of the society will be richer by four dollars, but poorer by a song.

"MAC."

Prof. D. Fraser Harris—"Of course 9 o'clock classes are an academic immorality, but 11 o'clock classes are in an entirely different category."

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AN INCIDENT OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

We shall call her "little Miss Longing," for this name seems to go so well with the longing look in her eyes as she gazed through the store window at the Christmas display of dolls. There were all sizes arrayed in dresses of various designs and hues. There was a warmth in the bright colours and glow of the electric lights which seemed to hold spell-bound the pinched and shabby figure of this little girl of twelve Christmas Eves.

Her face was pale and made more noticeable by a dull red spot on each cheek, great dark eyes, and long black hair straying about in loose locks. On her head was a red "tam" much frayed, and a long black coat, too large by far, reached almost to her shoes. Such shoes! The two would make one good one if they could both be put on the same foot, for toes peeped from one and a heel from the other.

She was doing her Christmas shopping—not that she ever bought anything, for she had no pennies to spend. This is how it was done. That night when she climbed the narrow and creaking stairs that led to the two rooms called "home," she took with her the memory of those bright displays. When she laid down on her bed, a pile of rags in a corner, she could close her eyes and dream of all the pretty things that were hers. It was a wonderful game, if you were not too hungry.

But all this was a year ago! How different was this Christmas eve! It was two long months since she stumbled up those trembling stairs for the last time. Ill nourishment and the ravages of disease were fast getting in their work.

Just let me describe her home! There were two rooms, a kitchen and a bedroom. The kitchen was small with a low ceiling. The plaster had fallen off in patches and even the paper on the walls was hanging in rents. The table was made of two packing cases put together. Yes! It was the table, for a pile of unwashed dishes were there. There were four shabby chairs and a rusty stove, in which a fire was doing its best to burn. In one corner stood a wash-tub with a pile of dirty clothes behind it. Not much more than this. What was lacking in furniture was made up by six children, the oldest about ten. The two oldest had a few clothes on,—the others not much except for dirt.

The bedroom had an old bureau and a shabby iron bedstead, with a mattress from which thematerial was falling. The bed-clothes were in a pile on the bed. A few cheap prints were tacked on the walls.

The mother sat in a chair, drawn close up to the fire, reading a ten cent book bought at the news-stand. The father was away at the docks working. He will be home by and by, bringing Christmas cheer in a bottle, if he comes at all.

Where is our friend, little Miss Longing? That cannot be her in the corner near the stove on that pile of rags! Oh! but it is. She is there, so thin and so weak! Faintly comes the tolling of bells from the Church down on the corner. It is Christmas Eve again. Does she hear their music? If she does her eyes do not brighten, there is no sound but that of heavy breathing. Where is the hope that touched her heart and enabled her to play at shopping? Dead! Quite dead! Nothing matters now. There is nothing to think of, nothing to look ahead to,—just to wait. Church bells on Christmas Eve, what meaning can they have for her? She does not know of that won-

drous story of the great hope which had come to the world. Had she ever heard of God? She had heard the name on her father's lips in his outbursts of anger, but nothing more. No! There is no hope there.

Such was the darkness in which I found her that Christmas Eve. I did not remain long. I went to a friend to obtain aid in bringing to that home a bit of cheer. The most I could take would seem so little. Christmas! What was the meaning of that word to me before? It was with a sad heart I made my way "down town." Later that night I took there my Christmas presents.

I called the next morning to share a little of the pleasure they might bring. From little Miss Longing, as she sat propped up in a chair, I received a smile intended for a "thank you," but tho I smiled in return and said "Merry Christmas!" I did not feel that way within. It was a smile,—but so strangely out of place on her thin and pain worn face.

"Merry Christmas!" but all too late in coming. It should have come long, long ago and remained throughout the years of this wail's short life. How one looks forward to Christmas and the spirit of Christmastide? May the day come when not one Canadian home will be without it! NOEL.

P.S. The facts of the above story are substantially true. It was the writer's own experience in a Canadian city.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. J. K. MacInnis, nee Christine A. M. MacKinnon, paid a visit to Dalhousie on Tuesday of last week. Miss MacKinnon is a member of the '18 class and graduated with distinction in that year. During the next year she taught at the Halifax Ladies' College with great success. At the end of the term she resigned to marry Rev. MacInnis, Presbyterian minister at Upper Stewiacke. Miss MacKinnon was one of our most brilliant students and besides pursuing her studies, took an active interest in Y.W.C.A. work. Her interest in Dalhousie is still unabated, as she proved by immediately subscribing to the *Gazette* and inquiring into the present life of the university.

On the same day on which Mrs. MacInnis was present, Miss Alice Wickwire and her sister Brownie, famous for her basket-ball proclivities were present looking up their friends. A graduate of Class '19 Miss Wickwire has just returned from a visit to Boston and is enjoying herself at her home. Sometimes she runs up to Acadia and thus keeps in touch with university life. Next year we hope to see her back at Dalhousie for her M.A.

We note the return to Canada of Capt. Earle Smith of St. Stephen, N. B. Capt. Smith was a student in Dalhousie between '14 and '16 and enlisted, going overseas and after some service transferring to the R.A.F. Smashing down in a plane he was returned to Canada and recovering, he was sent to Texas to train aviation. Going back to France he was with the U. S. army in the Argonne offensive—this time with the Tanks. Next he appears as a flier in Northern Russia and returning to England this year, he is in time to fire a locomotive from Brighton to Manchester during the great railway strike. He came back on the Megantic and we understand that he is going to attend the Law School. Dalhousie will welcome him with pleasure.

Prof. Wilson (during roll call)—"Mr. M-cD-n-l-d."

Voice from rear—"Not up yet, sir."

Miss MacD—"Judge X, can a man marry his widow's niece?"

Judge X—"Well to answer. In a question like that it is always best to plan the exact consanguinal relations between all the parties concerned. Now, suppose A to be the man and B his widow—"

Miss MacD—"Pardon me, Judge, but can a man have a widow?"

MacIntyre—"Ten minutes before your picture is finished it has no value."

Judge R—"Do you mean to insinuate that my picture is valueless?"

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LITERARY COMPETITION.

In order to stimulate competition among the students of Dalhousie in Literary work and at the same time improve the Dalhousie Gazette, it has been decided, after a conference between the Editor and a committee appointed by the Council to confer with him, to offer rewards for the best efforts made by the students in literary articles, stories, poems, current topics and jokes.

The following plan has been worked out and will be put into effect with the first issue after Christmas.

There are twenty issues of the Gazette per year. These twenty will be divided into five units of four Gazettes each—the four members will be considered as one number.

A schedule for contribution has been drawn up as follows:

	Marks	2nd Value
Literary work	a. Articles. 3	2
	b. Stories. 3	2
	c. Poems. 3	2
Current Topics.	2	1
Jokes.	2	1

For the best article in one month three points will be allowed, for the second best, two more points. The same follows for stories, poems, topics and jokes. Thus if one man were to get all the first prizes he would gain in case of first, thirteen points; in case of second prize, eight points; if he gained all the first prizes for the five divisions, the number of points would be first, sixty-five, second forty points.

In order that a certain standard be maintained awards will only be given to those who attain over twenty five points in twenty issues. From Christmas to end of term the number of points will be reduced to twenty. Points won by contributors will be counted from one year to another, until they win twenty-five or more when they will be awarded the prize.

The award will be given by the Student's Council and it has been suggested that a large D made of gold be presented to the winners. The award be made in suitable form for a watch fob. Any student may contribute.

ARTS AND SCIENCE.

On Nov. 26th, the second debate in Arts and Science was held, the Munro Room being filled to capacity. The attendance at the debates this year has been very encouraging and it is hoped that the students will show the same interest when debating is renewed in the Spring.

The subject for discussion, "Resolved that it is in the interests of the Maritime Provinces to be united politically" was upheld by Mr. M. C. MacDonald and Miss Roberta Forbes, representing Class '22, and opposed by Messrs. W. M. Marshall and V. Wall representing the Has Beens.

Mr. MacDonald opened the debate for the affirmative in a thoughtful and well delivered speech pointed out that union would be advisable first from an economic standpoint and secondly, that by a union of the Maritime Provinces the interests of Eastern Canada would be presented as a unity in the Federal House as opposed to the interests of the West.

Mr. Marshall spoke next and showed that the scheme of union was an audacious one; that the provinces were not meant to be joined by nature, that union would cause jealousy where there had been friendly rivalry and that the financial positions of the provinces would be weakened.

Miss Forbes continued the debate for the affirmative. She declared that nature intended that the provinces should be united; that the people had common interests and understood each other and that they were dependent on each other. Union means Strength, she said, and the provinces united would be better able to gain their wishes at Ottawa. The political differences of the Maritime Provinces presented a difficulty in obtaining beneficial legislation for eastern Canada. Miss Forbes arguments were extremely well presented and showed that she had her subject well in hand.

Mr. Walls then spoke for the negative. His remarks also showed careful study of his subject and were well delivered. He opposed the resolution first, because union implied secession from Dominion; secondly, because all proposed advantages of Union were secured under the B. N. A. Act and thirdly, because no political changes are justified unless there are wrongs which they right.

Messrs. Marshall and MacDonald closed the debate for their respective sides in effective rebuttals.

The judges, Messrs. Goode, Frame, and Godfrey returned a verdict for the affirmative and Mr. Lawley delivered his usual masterly critique.

The meeting was then declared open for general discussion. Messrs. Creighton and Zinck delivered discourses on the revival of debating at Dal. Mr. Zinck drawing attention to the coming Intercollegiate Debate with U. N. B. Others who took part in the meeting were Mr. MacDonald (A. L.) and Miss Bissett. On motion, debating was dropped till Spring. Meeting adjourned.

D. C. C.

THE LISTENING POST.

I hear many expressions of gratitude among the students for the interest taken and help given, in the open-air rink project by our genial professor, Dr. Cameron.

Someone asked me the other day if J. O. MacL-n has a study in the Dental Infirmary as he spends quite a lot of his time there. Being a detective, of course my first clue is, that "it" may be an understudy.

A big case I am working on now is "Who has the Y.M.C.A. hand books for the Dentals?" A very suspicious case, I assure you.

I am getting very restless and uneasy about the rink question. I was doing a little detective work around Studley a few days ago and I have a suspicion that perhaps the plans have been lost or something. Better keep them down at the Forrest Building. They might not get lost so quickly.

There has been considerable talk about boys swearing at foot-ball games. That's nothing. I was standing near a girl at Truro, and when Fluck "went over" the last time, she said: "Good night nurse! Ain't he some arm full when he gets going." Atta boy, Lee.

I asked another girl what she thought of the game. She said: "Say, Kid, it was a dream. I could see great too, because I was standing up in that D—munition flivver over there." I got on the trail quickly and I discovered she had been standing up in friend Learment's Ford with the Dominion Ammunition advertisement on it.

Well, I must stop now as friend Tracey just called me up regarding a little matter concerning the day in Truro.

I Thank You.

DETECTIVE JAKE.

YOU ARE OLD, WANDERING SHADE.

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"You are old, Wandering Shade," The young man said, "And your ideas are ancient and gray, Now why do you go to the dances so bright? Oh, tell me the reason, I pray!"

"You are old, ghostly shade, As you freely confess, And your thoughts are dismal and flat, Now why do you go to the theatre so gay? Pray give me a reason for that!"

"You are old, ghostly shade, But once you were young(?) And surely you liked a fond kiss, Now why do you rail at the *baisser d'amour*. Can you give me a reason for this!"

"You are old, vappy shade, And perhaps you are sore, That you miss all the fun of today, Or, perhaps you would like to, but find you can not,

Now, which is the reason, I pray?"

"LUMEN"

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THE SPECTATOR AT DALHOUSIE

"O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Burns.

I received today a letter from a business man in Halifax, to whom the "Dalhousie Gazette" is sent weekly. Besides the business about which the letter was sent, he said some extremely pertinent things about Dalhousie, requesting that I publish them in my papers. I shall therefore give you his letter in part.

"I have been amused lately by reading the 'Wanderings of a Shade' which has been appearing in the 'Gazette.' Never was an article better named than that, for they certainly are 'Wanderings,' concerned more with fancy than with fact. This gentleman's latest effort was even more foolish than the previous one, and I trust that he will find something better to talk about in his next. I might say that I do not approve of him saying these things about the Marlborough girls. Now I, as you know, am not a visitor at that house, but I might say that, whether the facts are true or not, they should not be published in a College paper when they concern College girls especially. Probably the 'Shade' forgets that the 'Gazette' is not confined to the College walls but has what one might call an *extra mural* existence (You see I have still a very hazy remembrance of Heward's Latin). The 'Dalhousie Gazette' is, I know, read with interest by several people in the City of Halifax who have never been inside the doors of Dalhousie. Now some of these remarks can be treated as a joke by the students themselves but, through a lack of knowledge of internal matters, these 'jokes,' such as the 'Shade's' porch scene, cannot fail to convey an erroneous impression to the ex collegiate readers. With reference to our friend's remarks about the theatre, let me point out to him that a large number of ladies and gentlemen of Halifax take a box of chocolates to the play, and his remarks are therefore slightly out of place. Again it is hardly fair to associate any Dalhousie students with the small number of ill bred people who chew gum in a theatre. This remark will also tend to diminish the opinion that the people at large have of the Dalhousie students.

There was however one part of the 'Shade's Wanderings' that I heartily approve of: and that was his remarks concerning the custom of some Dalhousie students of making insulting remarks to other students in public. I recall the article that you published on that subject and I have spoken also to the writer of it, telling him of my approval. I shall say no more about this as I am sure between that gentleman and the 'Shade' something can be done to put an end to this habit.

I also read in the same issue of the 'Gazette' an article on the Senior dance in which some very foolish remarks were made on the absence of the chaperones from a certain room. Curiosity compelled me to make inquiries of a young friend of mine who was there, and I learned that the room was devoted to card playing, and that nothing unusual occurred there throughout the evening. Now such silly remarks as this are apt to also cause wrong impressions. I must admit that I was misled until I saw my young friend and learned the true facts.

This letter gives some idea of the opinions formed by gross misrepresentation of simple facts. It is useless for me to say anything

more as my friend has written such a good opinion, which coming from an outsider should do considerable good. I might say however that I have been talking to a considerable number of students lately and every one of them agree with my business friend. The main part of their objections is the fact that the 'Gazette' is not confined to the students but finds its way into the homes of many outsiders who only obtain their impressions of Dalhousie from its columns.

"E".

SPECTRES.

I sense the passage of departed souls,
As they sweep past me here, with noiseless feet;

And History's Curtain, swift for me unrolls,
I gaze with awe on Pomp or Glory's Seat.

I see proud Cleopatra sit in State,
Within her Royal Barge upon the Nile;
I see the eager Antony await
Her slightest order, fawning for her smile.

I see the Norsemen at their ev'ning feast,
And then, clear and distinct, there seems to rise,

The tall white mystic Temples of the East,
Bathed in the glow that fills the western skies.

And there goes by in gilded bright array,
The heroes and the tyrants in their glory;
Then legendary spectres past me stray,
Whose lives have oft been told in song and story.

They lived and loved, e'en as we do today,
And their lives like our own, have speeded fast;

For all I've seen, in this dim proud array
Are but grim spectres from the Buried Past.
C.F.B.

In Geology I before the appearance of
the professor but after the arrival of two
lady students.

C. McN-i-n—"Oh-h-h-h, won't you come
up, come up?"

One young lady to the other: "Let's go,
will you?"

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Pine Hill Student at At Home. To Miss
M-cN-l—May I have a topic?

Miss M-cN-l—But I can't write my name,
my hands are too cold.

Did he find a remedy?

A-g-s G-l-s, showing a lady through the
kitchen at Pine Hill opens a drawer con-
taining spoons.

A-g-s—This is where we come when we
want to spoon.

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THE WANDERINGS OF A SHADE.
III.

The Shade appears to have brought down
the wrath of the Gods on his unprotected
head through his last article. To those who
took mortal offense therefrom, apologies.
Never mind, though, girls. The Shade
knows of three parties at College who are
busily engaged in writing replies in both
verse and prose to our last attempt.

A short time ago I wandered into the
Library. On sitting down I discerned a
sign above the door, which read: "SI-
LENCE." An old saying that "Silence is
Golden" flashed through my mind, but
there certainly was not much of a Golden
element in the Library on this particular
afternoon. Some freshmen were playing
with an electric light socket near me, which
they were using as a weapon of some sort,
swinging it on the cord and allowing it to
come into violent contact with the ankles
of those sitting nearby. A little farther
away, another member of the Verdant
Class was amusing himself by playing with
the chain which was attached to the electric
bulb above the desk he was seated before;
probably, I thought, to try and solve some
problem he had to do for his Physics Class.
He was very much wrapped up in it too, for
he switched the light on and off so fast and
so many times, that I watched with bated
breath to see how long the globe was going
to withstand it, to say nothing of the entire
fixture. On my right hand sat two gentle-
men earnestly arguing the pros and cons of
an apparently particular weighty question
in which they were interested, but I really
failed to see what object they had in so dis-
cussing in that the whole Library was fully
aware of how the subject was progressing.
On the southern side of the room, some
co-eds, (and they were not "freshettes",
either,) were discussing the latest social
event. Quite edifying on the whole, but
judging from the showers of ink that des-
cribed a parabola over the top of their desk
and connected with my one and only clean
collar they were not making a very good job
of it. A damp feeling about my left ankle
caused me to place my fingers upon it. They
came away stained blue. I then discovered
that some absent-minded though well-mean-
ing party was using me as a blotter.

Finally the conversation reached such a
pitch that a certain Professor strode up and
down the aisles silencing the offenders.
For a few moments quiet reigned supreme.
Unfortunately for those who wished to
work, however, the Professor left the room.
Instantly commenced a noise as of many bees
about a hive.

I looked about me in dismay; the Fresh-
men were still hitting each other with the
light socket... nearby their verdant brother
was still engrossed in his Physics problem...

Just then another inky rainstorm descend-
ed upon my head. Hastily I fled, to seek
the comparative quiet of a boiler-factory
and prepare my work for the morrow.

THE SHADE.

Overheard in the Library on the day of the
Prince's visit.

T—l, "How do you address the Prince any-
way?"

Question—What did T—have to say to the
Prince?

M-r-t-e M-r-r-s-n—"I've been in corners
and I've been talked to seriously, and I'm
not persuaded yet."

ANOTHER KNOCKER—RE DEBATE.

We seem to have grumblers in abundance
at Dal. this year, finding fault with every
conceivable activity in college life. Here is
another one, proclaiming her grievance from
the house-tops. Strictly speaking, how-
ever, this is not a grievance. What I wish
to do is merely to cry fair play. We of the
female sex wish to go half way, and be met
half way; we don't want to be put on a
pedestal, as nearly perfect to be criticised
(which, I might say, does not very frequently
occur,) nor do we want to be excluded en-
tirely from certain college activities.

To come to the point, let me say a word
about the critiques delivered after debates.
The critics seem to be laboring under a mis-
placed idea of chivalry; they draw a sharp
distinction between the lady and gentlemen
speakers. They point out very freely the
flaws in argument, presentation and even
standing position of the male debater, some-
times justly, sometimes not quite so justly,
but always, we hope, sincerely. When they
reach the lady speaker, however, their re-
marks are so covered up by gallant utterances
and pretty speeches, that they bear very
little resemblance to criticisms.

Now, I would be the last person to deplore
pretty speeches and gallant remarks in their
proper place, but in a debate the girls are
entering on an equal footing with the men,
they wish to be judged impartially, else
where is the chance for improvement?

When the critic reaches the lady speaker,
one is accustomed to hear such remarks as
the following, accompanied by a deprecating
smile: "Now I am sure you all understand
the delicate position in which I am placed,"
or "you can quite understand, I think, why
I cannot criticise Miss..." or again "we
all love to hear a lady speak." etc.

Now why the delicate position, I ask you?
Are you afraid of incurring the everlasting
wrath of that fair speaker? Never fear,
she would much rather hear the truth.

Again, there seems to be considerable
difference of opinion as to the value of the
presence of lady students at debates. On
the one hand, we are apt to hear remarks to
the effect that the girls are losing what
ground they won, during the last few years
by their meek and humble attitudes and their
continued silence at all public meetings,
especially at debates, and they are urged to
buck up and make themselves heard, to
take more part in debates and to exert their
rights.

On the other hand, they begin to feel
themselves very much "de trop" when a
student rises after a debate and while la-
menting the fact that debates "are not like
they were in the good old days," casually
remarks that lady students did not take part
in debates in those blessed days—did not
even attend. And then, when he throws
out the suggestion that perhaps the reason
for the lack of enthusiasm at the present day
is the attendance of the female portion of
the college, that portion begins to feel
distinctly uncomfortable and to ask them-
selves "am I supposed to be here, or am I
butting in where I don't belong?"

If the girls are to have an Intercollegiate
team, which they hope to have by the next
college term, their place certainly is at the
debates, and their part should be an active
one.

We need experience and more experience
before we will be ready to take part in an
Intercollegiate debate, so, let us forge ahead,
girls, the boys worth while will give us a
backing.
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WHAT IS THOUGHT OF THE SHADE?

Letter to the Editor,

Dear Sir:

Is there any possible way to keep The Shade in its moss-covered graveyard and in the society of its unhallowed fellow-spectres, and prevent it from maligning Dalhousians and rendering their college paper the object of much derogatory criticism, both within and without college circles?

It must surely be the shade of some pre-historic cave-dweller, for it is wholly lacking in the courtesy that modern ghosts possess. As such, should not its effusions be suppressed as being the repulsive product of an untutored mind?

M.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE VISITS THE CITY MOUSE.

Mr. Country Mouse had at last come to visit his friend, Mr. City Mouse, who lived at Dalhousie University. He entertains his friend in showing him his domain, going first of all, to that interesting place, the Library.

When asked how he existed in such an intellectual atmosphere and with no food, Mr. City Mouse replied that the Library was a continual amusement as all Gossip was discussed there and that he enjoyed his lunch of choice bits of Xenophon Anabasis and the Oxford Dictionary.

"Well," said Mr. C. Mouse, "this does seem——" "Where has he gone? Why into that hole? Come friend, what did you run away from?"

"Well," replied Mr. Country Mouse, "you should have warned me when eruptions of your volcanoes are apt to occur."

"Eruptions?—Oh, I know what you mean. That is one of our Profs, telling a colleague the latest joke. I suppose you didn't think a prof. did laugh. I had a narrow escape in one of the classes last week—Philosophy I. Sitting near Jon-s, I was enjoying the discussion on a green swan. I was nearly seen as the prof. quite frequently looks at Jon-s. It was funny how the girls tucked their skirts around them, when I was announced, especially the college twins, who rumour says, are scared of me. There they are now in the back seat giggling per usual. Let's see what they're talking about.

So the friends quietly went to the back seat, and found these two girls, M. Morr-s-n and Fr-s-r, talking about the latest in Boxing.—The words For-y-th and Em-ne-u were recurring quite frequently, but the unintelligent mice didn't understand the reference.

"But," says the Country Mouse, "show me some studying." "Very well, I will try, Here are two Freshettes who haven't been demoralized yet. They are deep in Cicero—but, horrors of horrors! See that affair that opens down. What is the present generation coming to!"

A sadder and a better mouse, the Country friend follows Mr. City Mouse down the stairs. It is indeed well. Because in the Library, all are now studying, as the head Librarian has come in—

"Where are you taking me?"

"To see Miss H— She has ice-cream and will give us some—We'll take it anyway. You wouldn't expect ice-cream here, but she keeps a supp'y on hand. Very thoughtful.

TWO MICE.

Prof. Young in Biology 1, giving instructions for digging earth worms—You will need a lantern, especially on Halifax streets.

OUR FACULTY.

Our professor of English quite natty is he,
With his monocle screwed in his eye;
The reason he wears it I never could see,
And I never would dare ask him why.

Our professor of Latin's a manner quite hard,
Which he uses while in Latin one;
And the freshmen their vague troubled look
will discard,
And sigh in relief when it's done.

And the students on entering Math'matics
Class,
Go in with a smile on their face;
For each one is hoping that he'll get a pass,
And that he'll not be "plucked" in disgrace.

And I really can't say what the French Prof
is like,
For I've never had classes with him;

But our Chemistry Prof is a reg'lar Thorn-
dyke;
His Assistant is jolly and slim.

And when we walk in Geology one,
As we do on the fine afternoons;
With this good-natured Prof, we have lot's
of fun

Though some people take us for "loons."
And our Physics Professor is blythsome and
gay,

Though in class you're forbidden to talk;
With electrical gear, when you're working
away,
If you're careless you'll get a fine shock.

And up in the office there sits quite in state,
A man with a manner quite stiff and unbent;
And though this Prof's name, I will not here
relate,

I may say that he's our President.

H.B.

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rely on a Hockey
player's judgment.

Watch him with his STARR skates swing off
down the ice.

See him swoop down on the puck, stop with a
jerk—he's off with it, running down on his toes—
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