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The Dalhousie Gazette

—FOUNDED 1869—

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MOCK PARLIAMENT

Confusion worse confounded might well describe the state of politics at Dalhousie Law School at the present moment. Things were mixed enough before, but they became still more mixed on Thursday, when a group met and organized the Progressive Party. They picked L. D. Currie as leader and the following as a platform committee: J. H. MacFadden, C. S. Richardson, H. E. Read, J. A. Dunlop and Miss Olive Maddin.

On Tuesday both Liberals and Conservatives had met in adjoining rooms. The Liberals selected R. M. Fielding as leader, and the following platform committee: Dudley F. McGeer, John F. MacNeill and G. C. Macleod. John F. Mahoney was named to lead the Conservatives, with G. Clyde Nowlan, George Ross and A. C. Milner as whips. They decided to stand on the same platform as that on which the Right Hon. Arthur Meighen recently appealed to the country and to discard the cumbersome name, "National Liberal and Conservative", and go back to "Conservative".

Although both Conservatives and Progressives met and organized on the assumption that the Liberals were to assume office without an election, since they were doing so at Ottawa, the Liberals felt that there should be an election, and one may be held before this appears in print. If not, the Liberals will have formed a government.

The new party was the subject of much discussion among the politicians since Thursday. Since they are nearly all first-year men (and one young lady) they have been dubbed "Young Turks". Some have ascribed Bolshevistic inten-

tions towards the leaders, but these they disclaim, though when this was written they had not made public their platform.

Lachy Currie, the leader of the insurgent movement, was interviewed by a Gazette reporter, after he was selected, and queried regarding some rumors which had been circulated about his group. Mr. Currie denied that one plank in their platform would be to abolish bathtubs and destroy soap factories. It was stated that the barbers and laundry people had held a mass meeting to protest against this, but Mr. Currie said they would have nothing to fear—the Progressive Party would guarantee a living to all. It was also stated that Mr. Currie had endeavored to receive the appointment of ambassador to Russia, and that when this was not promised to him he took the Progressive leadership. This he also denies—that is, that he wanted the Russian job.

Mr. Fielding, Liberal leader, when asked his opinion of the insurgents, said he had nothing to say for publication on that point.

Mr. Mahoney could not be communicated with, being on a speaking tour of the country, but J. P. Connolly, one of his lieutenants, spoke as follows:—

"We view with alarm the apparent growth of groups and factions at a time like this, when we should all bend our efforts towards co-operation. I am particularly alarmed at the extreme youth of the members of the new, so-called Progressive Party. Their choice of a leader was not a happy one, and the presence in the party of several others who have been in a sense prominent in the old parties suggests the motives of the Young Turks, which seems to me to be an appropriate name for them."

If the Progressives assume control of the reins of power the ambassador to Russia will be regarded as the biggest plum to be handed out, and it is rumored that Mr. Currie himself may take it and let somebody else lead the government.

Lieut.-Col. J. K. Mackay, it is assured, will be unanimously elected speaker when the House holds its first session. This may be tomorrow (Thursday, Jan. 26) night.

THE MARLBORO DANCE.

Quite the elaborate event of the season took place last Friday evening when the ladies of the Marlboro entertained at their brick mansion, 121 South Park street. The hour of 8.30 saw a number of sumptuous limousines roll up and deposit the elite. They were gracefully received by Lady Manners, under a bower of tables draped with Derby hats and overcoats, and were then es-

corted to the gorgeous drawing room, artistically illuminated by a Louis XIV chandelier made more beautiful by yellow crepe paper left over from the last time. As soon as a few hefty ones had arrived they were kindly requested to push the musical instrument (?) into the ball room, which presented a spacious expanse of well worn linoleum having patterns of a very distinctive design, where visible.

As soon as all the distinguished guests had arrived, (except three), the orchestra burst into melody to the strains of "When Frances Dances With Me," which was followed by many other equally charming selections. From that time to the midnight hour the floor presented a gorgeous display of all the latest dances indulged in by the fair members accompanied by their respective swains. It was a spectacle which dazzled the eye as each pretty dancer "tripped" by. Miss Tucker looked very charming in a beautiful white gown imported from Paris, while Miss Atlee was gowned in a "home made" frock of brown, trimmed with a gorgeous array of tangerine. Miss Thelma Smith after some deliberation wore her best gown of black panne velvet; Miss Forbes looked charming, if possible, in a borrowed frock; Miss Maddin was handsomely draped in a pale yellow creation; Miss Magee, arrived late in her skating costume, added to by a touch of color in the head gear. These were the most outstanding figures, all the other ladies being tastefully gowned as usual.

The tenth dance was set apart for the delicate repast and each couple sought a quiet corner; the magnificent Chesterfields with marble tops proved by far the most inviting.

Among the notorious guests was Capt. John Macintyre who in his usual "high spirits" kept the assemblage entertained, to say nothing of Dr. W. G. Colwell, P. D. Q., who proved an ideal guest and a great little help in rescuing the fair damsels in times of distress. Kennedy was a source of amusement with his wicked shoulder shaking stunt, while Eddie Cameron was here doing his usual bootlegging stunt a la Regal. Space does not permit the mention of all the guests much as they would like to be enumerated, but all will be pleased to again join the happy throng should another occur.

"R"

IF —

(With apologies to Rudyard)

If you can read a case when all around you
Are talking of the dates they made last night;
If you can trust yourself when it is found you
On several subjects haven't seen the light;
If you can write and not be tired by writing,
Or, being lied to, don't believe the lies;
If you can shun a theory inviting,
And yet don't look too good or talk too wise;

If the principles of Contracts you can master,
Or Crimes, but not make crimes your aim;
If you can study Torts without disaster,
And treat Con. Hist. and H. E. L. the same;
If you can hear the law of Property spoken
And twisted round to make a trap for fools;
Or hear the law of Agency is broken
By courts reminding you of long-eared mules;

If you can make one heap of all your knowledge
And put it down when writing your exams
And lose and start again at college
And never breathe a word about your slams;
If you know Evidence and Equity and Wills,
Insurance, Sales and Bankruptcy and Banks;
If you know Stats from Mortgages and Bills
And talk of Conflicts, yet not join the cranks;

If you can talk Dom Reils and keep your virtue,
Or read Com. Law, nor lose the common touch;
If all the Latin maxims cannot hurt you
("Circulus inextricabilis" and such);
If you can put in every single minute
Of three years reading Law and not in fun—
You may get a degree (there's nothing in it);
What's more, your troubles just begin, my son.



The belle of the class of '64
Would never get by today;
For there's nobody here just now, I'm
sure,
Who would look at the belle of '64,
If she were dolled up this way.



That dreamy expression acquired the
morning after a college dance.
(N. B.—Guess who this is.)

AND THEN THE DELUGE!



She:—"Henry, the new minister is
calling."
He, (Absently) :—"Send him down,
dear. Send him down."

Announcement

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PRANCING PARAGRAPHS

Class Pins

Since men have lived upon this
earth, as race, or tribe, or nation, each
group has had a symbol plain to show
its group or station. Each Indian tribe
has had its mark—beaver, wolf or
eagle. For any tribe to use this mark,
of course would be illegal. So though
he wandered far and wide, the tribes-
man's badge protected, made friends
for him; and brought him help, p'raps
when t'was least expected.

The custom has survived till now—
for every club and college has some dis-
tinctive type of badge, to give the whole
world knowledge of whom they are—
and as you know—just look and you will
see—a dozen different kinds of pins
right here at Dalhousie. Now, every
class that comes to Dal gets out a dif-
ferent button. (Some frantic fresh-
man's fool design, though some are not
so rotten.) But seeing them, one can-
not tell, except by close inspection, that
they belong to Dal at all. That is the
chief objection. One might think that
they belonged to "Pirates", "Black
Triangles", "The Hexagons of '25", or
"Sunday School Spangdangles".

Why not have Real DALHOUSIE
pins? Some standardized creation?
Each faculty could have its pin, its own
Delineation. Each class in every faculty
be known by its "Year" in dainty fig-
ures in relief, so pretty, plain and clear.

Thus men and maids, from these old
halls, when miles and miles away, will
see and recognize the pins that stand
for Dal always. Then, like the
ancient tribal mark, in use so long ago,
the pins will bring us Friendship wher-
ever we may go. SANDY.

A JOHNSONIAN VIEW OF GOLF

The following conversation between
Dr. Johnson and Boswell, has been im-
agined.

"Sir," roars Johnson, "it is a de-
version of imbeciles."

"Have you ever seen it played?"
asks Boswell.

"Why, no, sir. I am happy to say
I never have. But I have heard one of
your barbarous compatriots describe it
and his description sufficed. Sir, it is
a lamentable reflection that any sentient
being, presumably possessing a soul and
having some rudiments of intelligence
should discover a fascination in propel-
ling a spherical bundle of leathers with
a best stick into a succession of terran-
ean orifices."

"But," objects Boswell, "The pro-
pulsion is not so simple or so foolish as
it looks, for the orifices are small and
the intervals between them are long, so
that it demands no little adroitness to
play the ball from one to the other."

"Sir," replies the doctor, "it may
be as you say, nevertheless the fatuity
of the proceeding is not thereby at all

diminished. For assuming that any
object whatever is to be gained by de-
positing the ball successfully in a num-
ber of orifices that object would be most
rapidly and effectively achieved by
carrying it in the hand from orifice to
orifice, rather than by propelling it
laboriously, and often I understand er-
ratically—with an egregious instrument
ridiculously ill-suited to the purpose."
"It is the difficulty of the method,"
exclaims Boswell, "that constitutes the
charm."

"Sir," is the crushing reply, "if I
should choose to shave myself with an
oyster shell instead of a razor, there
would be no charm in it; but it would
be none the less the height of imbecil-
ity." M. M.

A FISH STORY

Now a shark one day, in the sea they
say,
Was swimming and floating about;
And while basking there, he was taking
care
To see what bathers were out.

In a very short while, he emitted a
smile
And he snapped his jaws with glee;
For coming his way, was a man they
say
Who belonged to the Land of the Free.

As the man drew near, some words quite
clear
Stood out on his brawny back.
Said the shark, "I will read, before I
feed,
Then be off on another tack."

Then he laughed and he shook, after
taking a look
At the words tattooed he saw
On the back of the man, which was
burned to a tan,
"America won the war."

Then the shark turned quick, he was
feeling sick.
"I prefer for a meal, some food that is
real
Still a smile on his fat face sat,
Even I cannot swallow that!"

—Exchange

TAKEN FROM RECENT EXAMS.

To germinate is to become a natur-
alized German.
Masculine, man; feminine, woman;
neuter, corpse.

Charles I. was going to marry the
Infanta of Spain. He went to see her
and Shakespear says he never smiled
again.

There are three kinds of Downs:
North Down, South Down, and Eider
Down.

The Invisible Armada was so called
because you couldn't see it.

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FO-BE'S LYRICAL LAMENT

F-go, my chum, has grown quite rude; He has left me in a lonesome mood. He has left my board, he has took my bed, He has gave away our meat and bread; But O thing that mostly hurts He has taken away my collars and shirts! Now you who read this paper, Since he cut this reckless caper I refuse to pay a fraction Of the debts of his contraction!

And I hope that each one who this letter absorbs, Will take heed of what's in it, Yours Truly, R. F-r-es.

Prof., (lecturing on the Rhinoceros): "You must give me your undivided attention, because you can form no idea of this ferocious animal unless you can picture its hideous appearance; to do this you must keep your eyes fixed on me."

Prof.:—"How long can a man live without brains?" Fresh Student:—"How old are you sir?"

Would-be-author:—"Sir, as I have a name to make for myself, and as it is hard to get recognition, I will contribute this masterpiece of mine to your paper for nothing."

Editor (bluntly):—"That's about all it's worth."

A sailor, to whom the officer on duty had a pet aversion, was sent aloft to the crow's nest on a very dark night. He stayed there shivering for over three hours and suddenly was hailed by the officer who thought him asleep.

"Aloft there!" "Aye, aye, sir." "Do you see a light?" "Yes sir." "What light?" "Daylight, sir."



Sweet young (?) thing, (Over the Marlboro phone:) "Yes, yes, I'd just love to go out. Who is speaking?"

THE CAMERA CANNOT LIE



A remarkable Photo of Our Renowned Athlete, Mr. G. Bruce, running for the Truro train. (By a Staff Artist.)

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's in a name, pray tell this! For never could I see The reason some folks have the names They say they have, to me.

For Mr. Shortt is just six feet, And Long is four in height; And Mrs. White is very black And Mrs. Black is white.

And Mr. Young is very old, Miss Brown is very fair; And Johnny Ancient's aged two years And Mr. Bald has hair.

So tell me please, what's in a name? For really I don't know Why people have such names as these: They mix a chap up so.

He:—"What do you think of afternoon tea?" She:—"It is giggle-gaggle-gobble—and git."

Your Future?

Some day, perhaps to-morrow, you will need money. If you have not saved what will you do?

If you have been wise and have saved the future will not worry you.

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THE FRESHMAN

In from the country, as fresh as can be, In to Dalhousie to get a degree. Knowing nothing of canes or spats, Form-fitting jackets or pearl gray hats. Green in his manners, lacking in grace, The down just sprouting out on his face. Valiantly up the walk he swings, Thinking aloud all sorts of things. He never has heard of "plucks" or "profs," Football or hockey, or "supps" or "sophs." A rush—a shuffle—a fierce attack— The verdant young man is flat on his back. Off came his collar, his socks, his shoes. Ah hark! How the poor little chap bo-hoos!!

"Take me back to my little cot, Whether I get my B. A. or not." Unheeding his cries, the "sophs" heep on, He is locked in a shed till the breaking of dawn. Came forth from his prison quite humble and meek. Of the terrible sophomores he dares not speak. And thus a child of the verdant class Thru a hazing process was forced to pass. Thruout the term he did not neglect To treat his betters with proper respect. Let this freshman's life an example be To those in his class who are funny and free. A Freshman at Dal. should be seen not heard. Should attract no notice, by action or word. A meek and lowly demeanour adopt: Other modes of existence will quickly be stopped! R.

Caught In The Net

Law vs. Dentistry is the next game in the Interfaculty series—this Wednesday night. Three games in seven days, 'is Dal's allotment for the present week. Inter class hockey is booming. Arts, '22 has issued a challenge to any other Arts class, while first year Law has already played several games. Over the Lineup in the Boston Herald after the Dal-Harvard game, was the caption "Dalhousie all Dunn". A Birchdale-Pinehill game is being proposed. Everybody is glad to see Monte Haslam out again, although it is too bad he will not be available for the hockey season.

Exams are far in the offing. If you do study, leave the old books long enough to get out to see the Dalhousie-Dartmouth fracas at the Arena on Friday night.



Student:—"Well, Professor, did you carry your audience with you?" Prof:—"No, but I could have done so. It was small enough."

A Captain Kettle, of Chicago, has married a Miss Boyle, of Winnipeg. Should be easy enough to Boyle the Kettle in that family.

The corkscrew is out of a job, but it was always crooked anyway.

Newspapers say the Merchants Bank merger smells bad. Not a scent of it has come our way yet.

According to the market reports, a turkey will bring as much now as a heifer. Maybe the turkey raisers are hogs, but the whole thing sounds like bull to a man with horse sense.

Who is this Miss Feasance in first year Law?

The Chinese cabinet has resigned, so the papers say. We didn't know they had a cabinet, except to keep the washing in.

Unless the Germans pay up soon they may be made to do a turkey trot, instead of a goose step.

There was a young island named Yap, Much wanted by Yank and by Jap; I don't care who gets it, As long as he lets it Be printed by name on the map.

Einstein's relativity Is out of captivity; Let's hope they will put it to use— Those professors of science Who look with defiance At exam papers dense and obtuse.

HEARD IN GEOLOGY I. LAB. F. Po-er:—"Have you a specimen of a real diamond?" Prof. McIntosh:—"No you'll have to exercise your own ingenuity to get one of those, Miss Po-er."

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THE GAZETTE SPORTING PAGE



Dalhousie Trims Wanderers 3 - 2

FRIDAY the thirteenth may not be a lucky day for Dalhousie, but Friday the twentieth is different. Armchair experts had the coffin already prepared for the old Tiger after the Boston trip, but the old "cratur" simply refused to die. She showed on Friday that there was still enough life left to whip the Wanderers by a score of 3 to 2. The notorious "Jimmy" Smith led the cheering and was ably assisted by Murray Britton and Wilf Porier. Edgar Henderson was engaged keeping a steamer rug warm. Like wise Johnny MacIntyre and "Ike" Ferguson, or else you would have heard more noise.

The skating surface was partly ice and partly water. This mixture seemed to attract the puck. The result was that Dalhousie only scored three times. All the votaries of "my lady Nicotine" in the city attended the game. The result was that they couldn't see the "No Smoking" signs at the far end of the rink. Chewing gum alone kept the fair co-eds from going into hysterics. Blucher may have prayed for time at Waterloo, but not more earnestly than did Dalhousie supporters during the last five minutes.

Other little incidents helped to keep up the excitement. G. K. Smith made his usual trips to the penalty box. But when on the ice and teaming up with Lilly, he usually stopped them somehow.



DUKE'S PADS WERE BIG ENOUGH.

Mostly "Vi et armes." Manager MacDonald can now take in the sign—"Wanted: a defence." Duke's pads may not be big enough to stop the Harvard shots but they were sufficient to gather in all but two of the number rained on him by the "dear enemy." "Bricky" Dunn who so charmed the hearts of the female fans of Boston and who has been receiving cabinet photos ever since, was going like a house on fire all evening. Fabie Bates played the whole game with his cap on, while Roe MacKenna showed the effects of nine months of ice in his native heath at Bathurst. Less than a minute after he jumped on the ice, Tommy Horsler ambled up the side and bounced one past O'Brien for the opening tally. Parker Hickey and Kenny Beaton were only on long enough to get warmed up for the second game.

In the second period, following a rush by Fabie Bates, young "Bricky" swooped down and banged the rebound past the Wanderers goalie for No. 2. A few minutes later Fabie added another, and the period ended 3 to 0 for Dalhousie. The last period bore out the statement of General Foch that "the best defence is offence." The Tigers fell back to guard their stronghold, with the result that the whole Wanderers line attacked, and before the end of the period had punctured the Duke for two of the best. Excitement was intense during the last two or three minutes, so much so that when Dunn went on to relieve Horsler, the latter forgot to come off right away, and it is on account of this incident that the Wanderers are protesting the game.

The second game was almost as much of a thriller as the first. Nine out of ten Dalhousians expected to see the Red and Black walk away with the game in easy fashion. And then the first period ended 3 to 0 for the junior Tigers. They had it all over their rivals. They slipped a bit in the second period and the Wanders evened the score. Both teams scored one in the final spasm and overtime was decided on. The Clubmen got a lucky one by "Icicle" Loughheed and won the game 5 to 4. But it was close.

Dal Wins Again



With "Ike" Ferguson acting like Sherlock Holmes, sneaking softly up on the basket, with Johnny Macneil as "Tarzan of the Apes" and with the "Y" quintette as the goats, Jimmy Graham's hand picked basketekers crowned a most successful week for the old gold and black, when they slipped a win over the Association players in the grand old game of basketball, by a score of 32 to 20. The "Y" youths no doubt feeling proud of themselves after their win a week ago over the much touted Wanderers, must have experienced quite a set-back in the quest for one Brister trophy. The old god of Fortune (or was she a goddess?) reported for duty during the past week (Continued on page 7.)

All the players looked good. Some more so than others. The chinook wind of his native heath had nothing on Loughheed when it comes to coolness. Zinck and Dunlop put up a great defence, and both made many fine rushes. Dunlop also provided the spectators with some other amusement generally staged under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. Hickey worked hard playing nearly the entire game; Beaton went right thru the Wanderers defence and scored the prettiest goal of the evening. Jerrett, and Don McInnis took turns at centre and were always on the puck. Cochrane of Pharmacy, MacMillan of Medicine, Nicholson, McGuire and Ferguson of Law were the subs.



MURRAY BRITTON LED THE CHEERING.

THE FRESHMAN'S VISION

(With apologies to friend "Abou Ben Adhem.")

A young Dal: freshman, (a fairly good head.)

Retired one night very late to bed; And dreamed that there appeared within room

A Prof., all dolled up in his cap and gown.

Exams had made this verdant young man faint—

So to the Prof. within his room he said, "What are my marks?" The Prof. but shook his head,

As o'er his face a heavy frown did pass—

"I can't tell you till I tell all the class." "Oh! Am I plucked?" "Nay, not so," The freshman wagged his toe, Replied the Prof.: "For Lord's sake, then,

Where do I stand among my fellow-men?"

The learned Prof. smiled and vanished. Next day the freshman with a quaking heart

Steered for the classroom where he was to hear

The names read out which love of God had blessed.

And la! Ye gods!! his name led all the rest. F.

THE "JOYS" OF WINTER.

(To the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home.")

Winter is here and the icy breezes blow, The snow-drifts lie piled high all 'round, The sleigh-bells ring, and the birds have ceased to sing;

Old Jack Frost's work in all places now is found.

He clothes the lake in a shinning case of glass;

Upon it the skaters have some fun.

Yea, even in town this boy's work is to be seen,

And the icy sidewalks sparkle in the sun.

Chorus.

Sand your tracks, your slipping; You're falling to the ground; Now you're gliding along to wherever you belong To wherever you belong in the town.

When you start off to pay just a friendly little call

On some Jane you think is rather cute, You will ne'er reach her house, if a mortal man you be,

Unless you have a sharp spike in your boot.

For you'll slide and slip, you'll grumble and you'll curse;

But all your hot air will be in vain, No sooner do you get securely on your feet,

Than—plump—down on the sidewalk once again. "F"

DAL WINS AGAIN!

(Continued from page 6.)

after being absent without leave on the Boston trip, and stuck close around the disciples of Coster. Young Mader was particularly favored. Nearly every time he hooked the ball it went thru the twine for a score. Nearly every time the "Y" got it Ted Coster or John Macneil hooked it before it saw the basket. "Red" Grant was also there with all lights burning and a young fellow who travels under the name of Wilson blazed forth in no uncertain colors. Pasty Miller, the human dynamo, received an ovation from his many friends while Clint Muir took advantage of the hole in the basket on more than one occasion. If you want to find the line-up be on hand next Saturday evening when the boys tackle the Zybsysco kids—the Wanderers.

STOP PRESS

Dalhousie vs. Dartmouth Friday night at the Arena. This will be a game worth watching.

Remember Dal is in the City Basketball League as well as the Hockey League. Turn out Saturday night when the boys play Wanderers at the City Y. M. C. A. and lend your vocal support to the team.

MEDS TRIM ARTS—4—0.

Wilf Porier just recovered from the flu in time to see his milk-fed and Zinck led crew of rubber chasers emerge from their initial fray with a four to nil victory over the beardless youths of Studley, these latter led by one Max MacOdrum, who had acquired his capacity for leadership in a concentrated correspondence course during the Xmas holidays. The wintry substitute for Jupiter Pluvius tried hard to keep the excited fans away from the scene of battle, yet despite the storm a goodly crowd were present at the opening of hostilities.

Arts sprung a surprise when they trotted out Edgar Henderson, dressed in the habiliments of one "Duke" MacIsaac. However, Edgar was there some of the time. We hesitate to comment on the play. Quite a few things got by Referee Duke McIsaac, which, under the old Anglo-Saxon law, would have made the offender liable for capital punishment. Clubs were used frequently both for purposes of offence and defence. But it is expected that Wednesday night's play is but as an entree to the grand chef d'oeuvre that will take place when Law and Medicine meet. As both teams used their entire faculty as subs in the contest we were not able to get the list of participants, but noticed the following among those who scintillated:

MEDS — Corbett (net guardian)—performed well; Zinck (shone with a dull, metallic lustre); Darrach Coch-

rane (looked good, but complains of skates); Kinley (scored once any way); Glenister (clever puskster); Kelly MacLean (ladies' pride, all white); Macpherson (no details); Macmillan (North Sydney).

ARTS — Goal, Edgar Henderson (well known indoor athlete); Drysdale; Clueston ("the Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold"); Eddie Murray (whirling Dervish); DonMacInnes (broke two sticks); Clint Muir (Commerce clearing); Alastair MacKinnon (deserted Law); Parker Hickey (nearly played); Wilf Marshall (Daddy of them all); Piercey (no details). The rest were only subs.

INTERFACULTY HOCKEY SCHEDULE

January 18—Med. vs. Arts.

January 25—Dent. vs. Law.

February 1—Arts vs. Dent.

February 8—Med. vs. Law.

Unknown date—Med. vs. Dent.

Unknown date—Arts vs. Law.

The winner of the largest number of games will decide championship.

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— HALIFAX BRANCH —



She:—"That looks like Reggie but I can't distinguish him."



He:—"Of course not. He can't even distinguish himself."

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY

WE attended our first Dal skating night of the season, one evening last week. It was worth the struggle. The place was crowded, and strange to say, among those present were some Dalhousians. They more or less travelled in pairs, except when a hidden force compelled them to skate the wrong way, when a large percentage "sat them out". With the Delta Gamma dance in the offing the steadies were out in force. You could tell them by the way they held their hand. The correct position, you know, is at an angle of 35 degrees from the body, with fingers extended.

There was ice at the start, but it was mostly removed in the form of snow after the intermission. The usual speed demons collected their usual toll of victims, but no fights were staged. Somebody said there was music. At least there was a noise. Then the usual time (or longer) was occupied in clearing off the ice. The boys talked on the usual topics and the girls answered in the usual way. And there is little doubt that the usual crowd will be on hand again on Wednesday.

THE FACULTY SMILE



After the Harvard game.

How Many Did Plutarch Have Anyway?

B. Gunn—"See if Allen's have 'Plutarch's Lives', will you.

N. A. McL-d—"Whom is it by?"

Acknowledgments

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TIPS FOR TOURISTS

IN the interests of science, The Gazette has interviewed the boys who made the Boston trip, in order to give to the world the benefit of their experiences during their stay there. The following facts have been gleaned, sifted and sterilized, so that they are now fit for human consumption:

1. All the girls in Boston are good-looking. They talk with a drawl, and wear their goloshes open or rolled down. In other words, they "Roll their own".

2. They dance very much like the "ultras" of the Roselands, except that the Elephant Glide is becoming increasingly popular.

3. One chicken sandwich and a package of cigarettes, comes to about the same as a Dalhousie caution deposit.

4. "One man, one puck," is the way the Harvard players warm up. They sandpaper their sticks, all of which are painted crimson.

5. They flood the Arena fifteen minutes before the game is scheduled to start.

6. The average temperature of the Arena is about 70 degrees.

7. The average citizen thinks that Nova Scotia and Labrador are in the same latitude.

8. Spats are not in evidence, but the hard guys wear their hats on the front of their heads to distinguish them from the ordinary rank and file.

NOTICE

Coming numbers of The Gazette will include a library number. We regret that "Fate and the Man" was crowded out this week, but the conclusion will appear next issue.

Next week we will have full particulars of the Dennis gifts for poetry and prose. These may now be had at the University office.

OVERHEARD AT DELTA GAMMA

J-an Sh-w—"What concerto are you playing at your graduation recital?"

E-i-h Jo-es—"Rode No. 6."

Th-lma Sm-th (pricking up her ears) "What were you saying about Rhody?"

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