

The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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The Dalhousie Gazette

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ISSUED WEEKLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
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EDITORIAL

How and where shall University dances be held? That is the question which has engaged the attention of the Students' Council during the past few weeks. Rules and regulations concerning dancing at Dalhousie have been sent down from the Senate to the students; the gymnasium has been closed to dances pending a settlement of the details of administration and enforcement of University regulations; committees have met and discussed the matter, and finally a committee from the Senate met the whole Council on Thursday, November 8.

At this conference the members of the Senate Committee on Dancing, Dr. Nichols, Dr. Howard Murray, and Professor J. E. Read, stated clearly the position and wishes of the Senate regarding the conduct of University dances. The scheme that they presented did not meet with the approval of the students and a modified plan was submitted by the Council. This plan, which the Committee agreed to place before the Senate, provided that complete control of any dance be placed in the hands of the particular dance committee which should at any time petition the Council for permission to hold a dance. This committee would be responsible to the Council for due enforcement of University regulations at such dance.

One other moot point discussed was whether or not all University dances should be held in Dalhousie buildings. The Senate expressed themselves as strongly in favor of a regulation which would compel the affirmative of this question, but the Council opposed it

on the ground that such a rule is unnecessary and could not be effectively enforced.

At a Senate meeting held at noon on Thursday, Nov. 15, the report of the Committee on Dancing was heard and a new draft of regulations (the third) was approved. This draft was presented to the Council at an emergency meeting the same evening. It is modelled generally along the lines of the modified plan as submitted by the Council on Nov 8, and, with the exception of one clause, was approved. This clause provides that the University name shall not be applied to any dances held elsewhere than on the University premises.

While the Council recognized the desirability of holding University dances in the gymnasium, and expressed themselves as willing to facilitate and encourage the use of the gymnasium for such dances, yet the Council did not feel justified in surrendering the privilege which the student body now has of holding University dances outside of Dalhousie premises. Therefore the Council, after considerable discussion, decided to ask the Senate to reconsider this clause.

The Senate has exhibited a desire to meet the student body half way, and the negotiations as a whole will probably result in a substantial, if not a complete solution of a difficult problem.

Congratulations to Henry Borden, Nova Scotia's Rhodes Scholar for 1924.

Under the provisions of the Constitution there are twenty numbers of the Gazette published during each college year. It is the custom to issue eight of these before Christmas. Therefore, as this is the seventh number for this year and examinations are drawing near, the Editorial Board has decided that the next issue shall be on Wednesday, December 5. Please hand your contributions for this number to the editors by November 29.

Maritime Council.

The semi-annual meeting of the Maritime Council of the Student Christian Movement was held in the local Y. M. C. A., Nov. 9 and 10. Dr. Woodbury of Dalhousie, chairman of the council presided and representatives were present from all the Maritime colleges.

Miss Gertrude Rutherford, associate secretary of the Movement was also present.

The meeting was chiefly for the transaction of business, but encouraging reports were heard concerning the spread of the Movement in the colleges.

Cliff Grant of Dalhousie was appointed Part-time Secretary for the Maritimes as successor to "Larry" MacKenzie.

Dalhousie Armistice Celebration.

About twenty ex-service men of Dalhousie, Kings and Technical colleges, including professors and students were present at the banquet held in the Carleton Hotel last Wednesday evening, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice.

While dinner was in progress "Orderly Officer" Graham made the rounds and received a unanimous response in the negative to his inquiry of "Any Complaints?"

P. L. Parlee, who presided during the evening proposed the first toast to "The King." This was followed by a toast from A. M. Matheson to "Our Fallen Comrades," after which the gathering remained standing in silence for two minutes as a tribute to those sleeping on foreign soil. The toast to "The Allies" was responded to by Prof. B. C. Hunt, a former member of the A. E. F. Other speakers during the evening were Profs. J. E. Read, Hugh Bell, J. H. L. Johnstone, Messrs. Gordon Fogo of Dalhousie, Early Sheeby of Kings, Willard McCulloch of Tech, and Howard Hamilton of Pine Hill.

The musical entertainment of the evening was provided by Messrs. Courteney, Connolly, Moors, and Parlee.

Mr. Willard McCulloch of the Technical College read an original war poem "A Cavalier of France" which had been composed by two of the comrades present.

At the close of the evening a vote of thanks was extended to the committee who had made the banquet such a decided success and a motion that Prof. Read act as conyenor for a banquet to be held next year received the whole-hearted support of all present.

The gathering dispersed at midnight after singing the National Anthem and "Auld Lang Syne."

—I. L. B.

Dalhousie Wedding Bells.

Word has been received that Miss Margaret Helena Harvey, Dalhousie B. A. 1917, daughter of the Reverend McLeod Harvey, a graduate of Pine Hill, was married on Friday, October 12, at Washington, D. C., to Mr. Roy H. Finch.

The bride was until a short time before her marriage employed with the National Parks Association, Washington. The groom is Seismologist at the Kilauea volcano, Hawaii.

Mr. and Mrs. Finch have left for Hawaii, where they will occupy their residence "Volcano House."

—M. H.

The Re-opening of Tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen

The news of the discovery of the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen last November created quite an unwonted stir amongst Egyptologists. And with good reason, for he is the only pharaoh whose burial chamber has been found intact. It is a remarkable fact, that these autocratic monarchs, supreme egotists all of them, were not permitted to rest in peace within the magnificent tombs they had carefully prepared for themselves during their life times. With this one exception, they were all plundered by tomb robbers many centuries ago, and their priceless funerary furnishings either carried off or ruthlessly destroyed. The ante-chambers of Tut-ankh-amen's tomb displayed evidences of having been entered by robbers after his interment, but the sanctuary within which he was committed to the care of his gods still exhibited the seals stamped upon the wall by the officiating priests at the time of his funeral.

Within the next few days, perhaps by the time these words appear in print, the gorgeous sanctuary of blue faience and gold inlay work in which the kingly body is enclosed will be opened, and there on a royal catafalque, after the lapse of thirty two centuries, the mummified body of the only pharaoh, reclaimed untouched, will be found.

No tomb in this world will have been entered with more reverence and tender care, and we will soon be enabled to study in the fullest detail the exact way in which the pharaohs were immured. The explorers have no intention of removing him, but will permit his remains to lie in the exact position in which they have rested since those far off dim ages, when he was placed in his sealed chamber.

It is hoped that Tut-ankh-amen's sepulchre will contain papyri and mural inscriptions, written in wonderful hieroglyphs, which will provide a history not only of the King's reign, but also of the dynasties that went before him. All these will be translated and studied carefully in an effort to decipher the blurred records of these far off times.

To most people these are few thoughts more repellant than that of desecrating the dead. This had already been done centuries ago in the case of all the pharaohs, with this single exception. Therefore all that remained for Egyptologists to do was to study the inscriptions on the walls of these empty tombs, for it should be recollected that the history of each king's reign was as a rule faithfully recorded, with perhaps somewhat unnecessary embellishment and efflorescence, on the walls of his sepulchral chamber. In this way a remarkably complete record of the dynastic history of Egypt has been secured. From this viewpoint the inscriptions on the tomb of Tut-ankh-amen will fill up a very obvious hiatus in the history of the eighteenth dynasty, which was the most powerful of all the dynasties. Moreover they may throw

a considerable amount of fresh light on biblical history, for it is possible that the Israelites were enslaved in Egypt previous to the time of Rameses the Second, a powerful king of the nineteenth dynasty, who was particularly zealous in his oppression of that race, and hence became known as the Pharaoh of the Oppression; while his son Merenptah has generally been regarded as the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

It will be interesting to find out whether the inscriptions on Tut-ankh-amen's tomb make any reference to his father-in-law and predecessor King Akhen-aten, the "heretic pharaoh." The latter is one of the most interesting personages in history. He overthrew the ancient gods of Egypt and adopted instead a form of sun-worship. He might thus be termed the founder of a monotheistic form of religion. This inspires speculation with reference to the significance of the hieroglyph that represents life or immortality—the *ankh* symbol. Thus is in the form of a cross with the upper limb replaced by a loop, and it may be noted that the word constitutes the middle position of Tut-ankh-amen's name. Its importance in Ancient Egypt may be gauged from its constant presence in mural sculpture, and likewise from the fact that many of the gods and goddesses are represented grasping the symbol firmly in one hand. In the wonderful sculptured reliefs exhibiting King Akhen-aten engaged in the worship of the solar disc, the rays are represented ending in human hands one of which is holding the sacred *ankh* symbol before the king's face, the idea presumably being that the life-giving rays of the sun are conferring upon him the power of existence. The priests of the god Amen, which was at that time the most powerful of the ancient Egyptian deities, were in constant friction with Akhen-aten with reference to his heretical principles, and on his death his successor Tut-ankh-amen restored the ancient gods of the country to their previously exalted positions, and thus returned once more to the polytheistic form of religion. It is significant, however, that Tut-ankh-amen must have been a somewhat vacillating personage, for his name previous to his accession was Tut-ankh-aten, in tacit approval of the Aten worship of his powerful father-in-law. When, at the behest of the priesthood, he restored Amen as the chief deity of the Egyptian Pantheon, he adopted the name of that god in his own name, to symbolise the final repudiation of the Aten worship.

—JOHN CAMERON.

Dal Arts 1896.

Dr. Douglas MacIntosh, Dalhousie's new Research Professor in Chemistry, has been a continuous subscriber to the Gazette for thirty-one years. How many Dalhousians can better that record?

DEBATER ENTERS POLITICS.

Dalhousie students will be interested to hear that Mr. F. Gordon Bagnall, who made such a splendid impression as first speaker for Oxford in the debate with Dalhousie last month, is to be a candidate in the forthcoming parliamentary election in the Old Country.

In an interview with the Toronto "Varsity" last week, "Mr. Bagnall said that when he crossed the ocean a few weeks ago he had an idea that he might remain on this side, and perhaps take a position on the staff of one of the Universities in the States. It was because of this that he did not return to England with the other members of the debating team. The renewed activity in the English political world occasioned by the stand Mr. Baldwin has taken in favour of protection, and the resulting certainty of a general election in the near future, has caused him to change his plans, however.

Though he has always taken an active interest in politics, being a supporter of the Independent Liberal Party, Mr. Bagnall stated that he had no idea of running for parliament until a short time ago, when he received cables from two conflicting parties—the Independent Liberals and the Lloyd Georgian Liberals—both asking him to contest seats in their interests. Mr. Bagnall would not say much about what has been going on since, but it is obvious that the wires must have been kept busy, for, following the receipt of another cable early this week, he definitely decided to sail for England and to contest a constituency in the interests of the Georgian party. In explaining that he had not really deserted the Independent Liberals, and was not standing so much for Lloyd George as for free trade, Mr. Bagnall allows one to draw the very interesting inference that the Conservative party will have to fight against a Liberal party re-united on the question of free trade."

The goldfish lays a million eggs,
While the lazy hen lays one;
But the poor old fish don't cackle
To inform us what he's done.
So the obscure fish we overlook,
While the useful hen we prize;
Which evidences, we believe,
That it pays to advertise.

—McGill Daily.

The Gift House of the Maritimes

BIRKS, HALIFAX, is a branch of the large jewellery organization having their headquarters in Montreal and other branches at Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver. It is governed by the same policies.

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Sophs Refund Cake Money.

On Wednesday, November 14th, the members of Class '26 held a meeting in Room 4. The matter concerning contributions, which some of the girls had made towards buying cakes for the Freshie-Soph dance, was brought up. After much discussion it was finally settled and a motion passed that this money be refunded. These contributions were made, it was explained, to help lessen expenses, but as the dance was so well managed they were not necessary.

The President spoke about the class picture. He had been to see a photographer and gave the class information concerning prices.

—M. M.

College Comment.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

Out of some fifty letters which we receive for publication in our correspondence column during the year, quite three-quarters are accompanied by the request that they be published under a pseudonym. We always do as we are requested in this matter, but we wonder often why the writers do not wish to sign their names. Some letters are received which are in themselves sufficient explanation for the writer's self-chosen obscurity. These are slanderous letters, bitter letters, and silly letters, which do not reach our public. We do not blame the writers of these for refusing to place their names beneath them; we only blame them for ever committing their thoughts to paper.

If a man has opinions which are worth airing in the public press, he should not be afraid to give them the authority of his name. Some may think that their letters will carry more weight if they are anonymous. These people must be suffering from what we believe psychologists call a marked inferiority complex. It is an axiom with newspapers and in all publicity work that a name is always worth printing. People are interested to know whose views they are reading. When they see a letter written over a pseudonym their obvious inference is that the writer is a man who is conscious that his views are wrong, or that he is afraid to side with a minority. A pseudonym, therefore, weakens the force of a letter, and as the only purpose in writing a letter is to give forceful expression to an opinion, a failure to sign it is a nullification of its purpose. The bashful writer who wishes to avoid publicity, and who yet feels that he has opinions which must be expressed, may find himself in a quandary on reading this; but if he will take our advice, he will set his teeth and stick out his chin and acknowledge his responsibility for the statements he makes public.

The habit of sheltering behind anonymity is a most pernicious one to cultivate. It undermines the character. The destiny of such a one is to become like Chuchundra, the Indian muskrat of Rudyard Kipling's tale, who creeps along the walls and "whimpers and cheeps all night, trying to make up his mind to come into the middle of the room, but he never gets there."—Toronto Varsity.

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Dalhousian New Rhodes Scholar.

Dalhousie has again been honored by the selection of one of her students as Nova Scotia Rhodes Scholar for 1924. Henry Borden of second year Law, is the successful candidate.

The selection by the committee is one which met with the universal approval of the student body. Henry, or "Gus" as he is familiarly addressed by his friends, entered the Dalhousie Law School in 1922. He is a native of Grand Pre, the son of Mr. H. R. Borden, now of Ottawa. He is a nephew of Sir Robert Borden. After spending very successful years at King's Collegiate at Windsor, Henry entered Arts at McGill and graduated in 1921 with honors in Political Science. He then joined the staff of the Royal Bank of Canada and remained with that institution until his entrance at Dalhousie.

His career at Dalhousie has been marked by an excellent scholastic record, with a general participation in athletics and other college activities. This year he managed the football team which captured the Maritime championship, was secretary treasurer of the Halifax City League and is also secretary-treasurer of the Dalhousie Law Society.

The Rhodes Scholarship is awarded for ability and scholastic attainments, force of character and capacity for leadership as shown by manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship; and for physical vigor as shown by fondness of and success in manly outdoor sports.



Dentistry has entered a team in the inter-faculty Volley ball league, the hours for practise are from 8.30 till 9.30 Tuesday nights and on Saturday afternoons. These hours can also be used for general gym work under Mr. Stirling and afford an opportunity for the Dents who have no available time throughout the day to keep in condition. See V. Clifford regarding joining a gym class or Earl Green who has charge of the Volley ball team.

Preparations for the "Dental Night" which is to be held in the Munro Room next Friday night are coming along rapidly and the various contenders for spotlight honors are practising daily. One number in particular, a quartette of "Dark Horses," promises to be something out of the ordinary.

Don't forget the date, Nov. 23rd. Come and get the right conception of the Art of Dentistry as it appears on the stage and behind the scenes.

—"X-RAY."

- CLOUSTON
- HASLAM
- BAIRD
- MOORE
- SLIPP
- LIVINGSTONE
- JONES
- BRITTON
- FRASER
- LANGWITH
- LOGAN
- MACDONALD
- BATES
- MACLEAN
- SUTHERLAND

Officer—Stealing eight bottles of beer.
Judge—Dismiss the case! I can't make a case out of eight quarts.

—The Gateway.

Judge Russell's Lecture Postponed.

The lecture announced for the evening of November 23rd by the Hon. Mr. Justice Russell, before the Dalhousie Law Association has been postponed until after the beginning of the New Year.

DELTA GAMMA TO BAN LATE HOURS.

From the time President Amy McKean vainly tried to stop the talking long enough to conduct the business meeting, until eleven o'clock when she said (in more polite words but meant,) "Here's your hat" there was not a slow minute at Delta Gamma's last meeting. Fun was caused by a very funny skit when Edith Macneil, aided by a misplaced eyebrow and a felt hat, acted the part of a distracted French husband who visited all the hospitals in town because his wife had left a note saying that she was having the baby's rompers cut out.

An exhibition of diving was given by some of the girls.

The boys should book Miss Lowe as a cheer leader for next season's sports. Leading a silent yell she impersonated Charlie Baxter so well that several of the girls burst forth into a dandy Dal yell forgetting that they were not actually attending a football game.

As many of the girls' fathers object to late hours a notice of motion was given for the next meeting that henceforth the Delta Gamma meetings must end at 10.30 sharp.

—R. E. C.

CENTRALIZATION OF LIFE.

A second helpful address was given by Prof. Shaw of Pine Hill on Tuesday night, Nov. 13th, to an interested group of students.

The Bible pictures man as falling into sin, in two ways—1. A falling out God-ward or the denial of the Fatherhood of God. 2. A falling out manward, or the denial of the brotherhood of man, said Prof. Shaw.

What is the remedy for this condition? It must be found in the proper centralization of life. St. Paul's definition of a man who found the proper centralization of life was, "A man in Christ"

Lloyd George has said: "The only hope for the coming of brotherhood, peace and goodwill is in the reassertion of Fatherhood of God and the fundamental spiritual truths."

—T. M. C.

PROF. MUNRO SPOKE AT TRURO

Professor Munro spoke in Academy Hall, Truro, evening of Nov. 13, in the interests of the League of Nations. Professor Munro went to Truro at the request of the Canadian Club there.

The students in the Saskatchewan College of Law have stopped singing "Yes, we have no bananas," and are heard sadly humming, "Yes, we don't know the Bonanza."

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The Garish Shawl

"A young man is standing in a room impatiently watching the door from the hall. An inscrutable look passes over his face as a young woman enters, carelessly adjusting a shawl."

This theme was recently mailed to four of our leading litterateurs, and the following are the developments they would have submitted:

—:—:

As Arnold Bennett Saw It.

Edwin blanched at the sight of the shawl. The orange-colored gas globes gilded her shoulders, imperceptibly decolletee through its delicate pattern, with a maddening effect on him. . . This woman was conscienceless. He execrated the shawl. Her magnificent casualness told him she was luxuriating in his exasperation. His anger was furious but cold.

"Who moved this furniture?"

"I did."

"Will you persist in making a baby of me in my own house? Do I go altering furniture without consulting you? Do I do things behind your back? Never!"

"Edwin this is really too much!" There was a touch of mockery in her precise voice. She passed idly to the piano and began a melody from one of Dvorak's "Legends."

An inwardly feverish but outwardly calm desperation seized him. This woman had clearly scorned the sacredness of the *status quo*. It was an attack on vital principles. Doubtless, she imagined he would accept the *fait accompli*. She was mistaken. With astounding swiftness he set to work to restore the *status quo ante*. In three minutes not a trace remained of the *fait accompli*. In a glass he saw that, despite his exertions, he was pale, and one finger bleeding. He moved towards the piano.

"Hilda," he said.

She stopped.

"Take off the shawl. I won't have it, and so I tell you straight."

At the same time he thought: "I was hasty, I may not be quite within my rights."

"What an old fusser you are," she retorted. She silently folded the shawl in her lap, and then, with both hands shut the piano with an irritatingly gentle click. . . . Click! He could have killed her for that click. . . . She seized the shawl.

"I must go up and look at Freddy," she murmured, with cool, clear calmness.

And the next moment Edwin sank into a chair and stared at his favorite Bellini. Nothing had occurred—nothing.

—:—:

Stephen Leacock's Reaction.

As Gertrude the Gogetter came through the door Tancred the Tenspot hurled himself at her torso.

"Fiome uer oogla," he ejaculated.

"Algee," returned Gertrude.

Having successfully knocked her to the ground the Tenspot grabbed the shawl that had fallen from the hirsute Gertrude, and fingered it with his fingers in a fingering manner. The finest of seaweed had gone into its structure. Sleepless days and wakeless nights had Gertrude spent in its structure.

With a contemptuous glance, Tancred threw aside the hide-not, and turned again to Gert. Anon she murmured, "Tancred!" and bewhiles a deep sigh rent her breast, a rent so deep that she snatched the mantle to hide her—but there, enough of that.

She then rose and stretched her willowy form, for Gertie was as graceful as a mededian of longitude. The very sight of her was a scene that no one could see undisentraptured.

Gertrude and Tan were in love. But Gertrude the Ginfizil, the Gogetter's father, had other plans for his jazzy daughter. He—but that's another story.

The lovers are crouching for another embrace, when—hark! the tramp of Gerald's oxfords. Tancred slips out of sight, and Gertrude sticking her head under some shrubs, feints sleep. But hardly were they concealed when the revolutions of the feet are heard retreating. A false alarm! (From the Latin alarum—anglicized.)

Tancred now produces a trinket for Gertrude; a work of art done by his sister, Raschellfrida. It is a string of a string of pearls. Overcome with spontaneity Gertie hurls the wash-tub at her lover's shins in expression of her gratitude. Tancred bids his flame adieu with a right to the jaw, and the clandestine meeting is o'er.

—:—:

Senor Blasco Ibanez.

The maiden shuddered. It was Raphael there before her, enveloped in a cloak, as pale as death, his clothes spattered with blackish blood.

"Maria de la Lu!—The mantilla! The Englishman lies in a pass to Gibraltar, dead as Lucifer and Judas—God's enemies. The mastiffs of the Guard think they'll set me—Jesu! What a joke! The mantilla—quickly!"

The wounded matador snatched his prize, and strove to reach his horse in the yard. He fell in a heap on the stones, with a smile of pain disclosing his white, savage teeth.

The sash of sun had faded on the stones, and the rich Andalusian fields were submerged in shadows. The soft Moorish voice of Marie de la Lu was singing him a popular song of the casinos. It seemed to Raphael as if the gay couplets wearied of rolling over tables stained with wine and with blood, found new youth as they stretched out through the silent fields.

He opened his eyes and trembled. A sound, unheard by her, was coming up the

(Continued on page 6)

Webster's Column

The publication of a year book by Dalhousie has been discussed by various groups of students quite often during the past few years, but as yet nothing has been done. A year book would provide in a real measure what the graduation number of the *Gazette* has attempted to give, a complete summary of the year's doings at Dalhousie with photographs and biographies of the graduates.

The year book has become an institution in almost every university on the continent, and we understand that some of the high schools (Pietou Academy, for example) are attempting a year book on a scale that would do justice to any college.

The editing of such a year book means considerable work and would require a complete staff separate from the *Gazette*. Furthermore, the work must be started at once to insure a successful issue this year. Let us get together and have a permanent remembrance of our life at Dalhousie.

MY HOME TOWN.

I've travelled from east to western seas;
I've followed the path of the vagrant breeze;

There is not a town, there is not a street,
But has seen the print of my restless feet.

There is not a marsh, nor fen, nor lea,
Without a treasure of song for me.
I've wandered afar, as I freely own;
Like a vagabond bird, Acolus blown,

And the Four Winds roam less constantly
By cottage and palace and city and sea.
Tho' I search all the earth, both up and down,

Yet the dearest place is my own home town.
—B. I.

Punch With a Kick.

"The last books of the winter season are creeping out, and some are important and some are not," says The Daily Chronicle; and this bland statement leads Punch to break out thus:

The last books of winter,
Some slim and some stout,
From the hands of the printer
Are now "creeping out";
And it's helpful to learn from
A man on the spot
That some are important
And others are not.

And yet the conviction
Expressed in this guise
In the matter of fiction
I'd like to revise;
For of the romances
Unceasingly shot
From the press, most are piffle
And very few not.

Extract from a letter, written by a lady in Venice—"Last night I lay in a gondola in the grand canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."—*Ex.*

Pine Hill Post

CELEBRATED GHOST HAUNTS PINE HILL.

Tabellarius had no news. Accordingly he patiently waited for inspiration. All of a sudden a shuffle of slippers sounded outside and a muffled "Shucks". There seemed to be something permeating the closed door. Well of all things! There he was in the semi-darkness, the stiff pompadour tinged with gray—Bill Jones. He raised a ghostly finger for silence. "I've studied spiritualism" said Bill, "Don't get frightened. Shucks, your'e short of news." On the Scribe a faint light of understanding dawned. Bill with his great love for Pine Hill had come back to rescue him in his perplexity.

Now for "Dumbells!" Past the doors we went unseen till we reached the Dal relay station on the second balcony. Evidently Kay Hamilton was master of ceremonies, leading the yelling and bean shooting. We always thought Kay somewhat staid, but our opinions have changed—a redman on the rampage.

Silently Bill motioned to cross over. There in the other corner and with his—was Hugh Ross. Such wouldn't be allowed if I were out there this year," said Bill.

The curtain fell. Dumbells was over. "Academy Book Store next," whispered the eerie escort. Here we found Kenny Grant. "I want a dollar's worth of kisses," he said. "Certainly."

"Come along" said Bill. "This is too sacred a place for us."

Green Lantern next. At one of the far off tables was Alex. Murchison. We couldn't tell in the dim light whether she goes to Dal or not.

"And now I've got to be back. I still study in the morning hours. Surely you can gather the rest of the news yourself." Exit Bill.

Pine Hill spent rather a dismal time over Thanksgiving with the Toomb and the Coffin very much in the public view.

Sutherland MacLeod has come back from New Brunswick with another bad habit—collecting copper coins. Chester Sutherland contributed an extra hundred to his store last evening.

Pietou Academy has turned out leaders in every branch of science and education. And now Jack MacQuarrie, unequalled Masseus attains fame. The scribe watched him while he lubricated the bristling locks of Doug MacDonald and Bingo, an operation that was a pleasure to see. Mac MacDonald, Homer Norton, "Dud" Phillips and all other examples of the body beautiful should consult this eminent practitioner.

J. D. N. sang the Gaelic at St. Matthew's Wednesday night. The boys wonder if his companion could talk it. They claim Gaelic is a very expressive language.

At last George MacIntosh has shaken the dust off his feet and blossomed forth as a ladies man. Dr. Clarke said at the St.

ON OUR EXCHANGE SHELF.

BRUNSWICKAN.

The first issue of the U. N. B. Brunswickan is rather slim with only two short prose pieces. "The Hand of Memory," a short tale of revenge and forgiveness, is well done without the artificiality frequently noticed in college short stories.

The report of the Freshette debate is very interesting. It seems that the freshettes were divided into two sections and made to debate the subject "Beauty versus Brains" before their seniors. The freshettes admitted quite a lot of things before they were done.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM.

The graduation number of the Athenaeum is now at hand and is excellent. One hundred and fifty pages crammed with prose and poetry, pictures, and the accounts of the year's work in every branch of activity make it one of the best issues that we have seen. Excellent photographs and character sketches of the graduates, with the valedictory, class history and prophecy make it a real graduation number and one that will be kept and treasured by every one of the graduating class. It is really a year book and a college literary paper combined.

SHEAF.

Weiner (or "hot dog") parties are becoming a favorite form of class affair in western universities. The ease with which the weiner is prepared and its succulence are making it much more popular than corn or beans for the material foundation of a good time.

Although ostensibly a newspaper the Saskatoon Sheaf has a number of comic poems in their last issue. We quote the shortest:

"THE BLUSHING BRIDE.

They tell us of the blushing bride
Who to the altar goes,
Down the centre of the church
Between the friend-filled rows.
There's Billy, whom she motored with,
And Bob with whom she swam;
There's Jack, she used to golf with him;
And Steve, she called her lamb.
There's Ted, the football man she owned
And Don of tennis days.
There's Herbert, yes, and blonde Eugene
Who took her to the plays.
And there is Harry, high school beau,
With whom she used to rush,
No wonder she's the blushing bride,
Ye gods! She ought to blush!
—R. F. R.

FRESHMEN HAVE ORCHESTRA.

Class '27 held a meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 7. After a long discussion the fees were fixed for the year. Twenty dollars was forwarded to the class orchestra, which is now organized. An announcement was made of the coming class party and six persons were chosen to help the social committee decorate for the occasion. Ruth Foote was chosen as class representative of the *Gazette* to co-operate with the Faculty of Arts editors.
—R. M. F.

Prof. S.—(endeavouring, with small success, to explain his own diagram); "Here we have A.. Now, where shall we find B?"
Audible whisper from back bench: "Have a look in your bonnet, old chap!"
—from Edinburgh "Student".

Matthew's social that love was not blind, but how can you account for George mistaking the Church for the Majestic.

Good news for Shirreff Hall. Arthur Forbes is back again.

—Tabellarius.

Shirreff Hall

An eventful week has passed and a more than eventful one is promised. Most of the girls went home for the week-end, and the burning question is now—"Where are Angie's pickles?" But everyone is back now, and as the exam list is posted, all shake with fear.

S. H. is more than fortunate in having Miss Gertrude Rutherford, the S. C. M. Secretary, as a guest for a week. She is a jolly good sport. When those who are not active in the S. C. A., think of Miss Rutherford and Miss Lowe, they begin to think that there is really something worth while in it after all. Then perhaps they will try to discover what it may be.

The telephone has been out of order for two days.

In her thirst for knowledge S. H. asks: Why do the ladies in B4 and B5 delight in reclining upon sticky fly-paper? Have they a naturally clinging disposition? In that same locality, why is the hymn about "Salem" so popular?

Why did Bert bother to buy her blotting paper anyway?

Any kick coming, Pine Hill?

Congratulations to Miss Hope Hamilton upon winning the poetry prize last month.

—ACK EMMA

SHIRREFF HALL ENTERTAINS.

The dance given by the girls of Shirreff Hall on Friday night was certainly an event to be remembered.

Being the first formal dance held in the new residence, it created considerable excitement and was looked forward to very eagerly both by the hostesses themselves and the 'favored few' who were to be their guests. It more than fulfilled their expectations.

The Hall is ideal for such an affair; the lofty-ceilinged refectory made an admirable ballroom, while the well appointed library, the reception room and the entrance hall, with its cosy nooks, were used to advantage between dances.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Fred Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Macneil and Miss Rutherford, National Secretary of the S. C. A. were present as guests of Miss Lowe and the girls of the Hall.
—AD REIN.

Philip had gone to bring in the kittens. His mother hearing a shrill mewling called out: "Don't hurt the kittens, Philip."
"Oh, no, I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems," came the reassuring answer.—*Ex.*

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THE GARISH SHAWL.

(Continued from page 4)

slope....The mastiffs of the Civil Guard!... The solemn intonations of Maria drowned the barking of these fierce beasts as they coursed through the vineyard. Presently her voice quivered. It awoke in him a swift recollection of his life—the inexplicable reproach of its thousand carousals, its hopeless passion and swaggering threats. (Note:—The Editor must here delete the death of the five mastiffs owing to the lack of space.)

The Genius of G. Bernard Shaw.

As she enters, phonographic music is heard in another part of the house. One recognizes the rapid, sensual strains of the Venusberg music. It seems to absorb the young man, for he settles down in a chair, a tranquil look replacing the former expression on his face. The woman is the first to speak.

"You still dislike my mantle, Talmer?"
 "Ah, that is real music; perhaps to you mere doggerel, but to me heavenly harmony."
 "Well that part is rather peppy, though I'd hate to try fox-trotting to it,—but the mantle?"

"Oh, yes, the shawl. Sometimes I almost wish it were a shroud. It always seems to accent your prudery. Elsie, I wish you'd change your ideas. Don't you realize that you cannot retain your youth forever? Marriage is a duty. Even in the Book of Common Prayer, it is stated that the essential function of marriage is the continuance of the human race. You are no Hedda Gabler, to shoot yourself because maternity is so unladylike."

Appalled by the outburst of his vehemence, Elsie remained silent.

The music had now reached the height of the crescendo, and as Talmer finished speaking, the leit-motif of the Pilgrims' Chorus falls on their ears.

"Talmer, when that record finishes, put on something more snappy. Whenever I play your favorites, your puritanical side will come to the surface, and I have to listen to your theories of marriage. When we get married—if we ever do—I hope you'll give them a rest. The least you can do is to leave the Gabler woman, whoever she is, out of the conversation."

The record had ceased to revolve. Silently Talmer arose, and wandered off in the direction of the machine.

What Really Happened.

"Lo George!"
 "Lo Kate! Anything special on tonight?"
 "Not deadly special. I have to take this shawl down—you know. It's for some Japanese orphan."
 "I see."

"I did it all myself. Look at me, George! Don't I look simply—alluring?"

"You've been reading Rupert Hughes," he commented, bending down to examine the shawl. After a moment he said:

"It's marvellous—marvellous!"
 "I think this business is going rather far, George. Let's go."
 And they did. —A.C.M. and A.F.N.

Dalhousie on the Island

The Dalhousie Tigers football team made a successful trip to Prince Edward Island last week, winning both their games and blanking their opponents.

The tour was a success in more ways than one, as very friendly relations were established and firmly cemented between the players and the citizens of the Island.

Although success in the game is of importance, yet the matter of good sportsmanship is the real element of a contest. The Abbies and St. Dunstan's, although defeated on the field, showed themselves true sports and entertained the visitors royally.

That Dalhousie's men also lived up to her traditions is plainly manifested by the telegram of Mayor Jenkins to President MacKenzie, which reads: "Congratulations on your wonderful football team. All are artists and perfect gentlemen as well. Our citizens will be pleased to welcome them again at any time."

R. H. JENKINS."

The Tigers have nothing but the highest praise for their reception and entertainment in Charlottetown. An invitation was extended the Dalhousie hockey team to journey to the Island this winter. At the request of Mayor Jenkins a holiday was granted to the Dal students last Saturday, and many took the opportunity to witness the St. F. X.-Dal game at Truro.

Dalhousie defeated St. Dunstan's College by a score of 14—0 in the first game on Saturday, Nov. 10th. The Tigers had the advantage in territory and outplayed the Red and Whites who were baffled by the speed and accuracy of the Dal players. Capt. Haslam was the star, getting three tries. Langwith accounted for the fourth. The ground was in fair condition considering the recent rain, and the weather was ideal for football. W. J. Macdonald of the Abbies refereed.

On Monday, Thanksgiving Day, Dalhousie defeated the Abbies by 13—0 in a hard fought game. The Tigers had a wide margin of territory in the first period, scored two tries, converted one and forced the Abbies to touch for safety eight times.

The Abegweits improved in the second stanza and tackled harder but could not prevent Jones from going over for the third try which was converted by Haslam. Langwith and McInnes each scored a try in the first period. Fred Lane, formerly of the Wanderers, refereed.

The annual fall meeting of the Intercollegiate Swimming Association was held recently in New York. Several colleges pledged themselves to find worthy representatives for the middle distance racing at the Olympics, especially the 1500 metre free style event.

Yale, Cornell, and Syracuse are the only three teams in the Eastern League of the United States Rugby football, that have not yet been defeated.

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TIGERS WIN MARITIME CHAMPIONSHIP

DALHOUSIE WON McCURDY CUP.

The Dalhousie Tigers defeated the St. Francis Xavier Rugby Football Team by the large score of 32-0 in their game at Truro last Saturday and won the McCurdy Cup and the Championship of the Maritime Provinces.

Only during the first part of the game were the Saints dangerous.

The Dalhousie scrim controlled the ball practically at will and thus the halves were given many opportunities to show their form.

Play was in St. F. X. territory during the greater part of the game, and after the Tigers got the first try, their quickness to grasp an opening baffled the Saints. The first period was the better of the two and ended 8-0.

Play opened up with Sandy Macdonald kicking off for St. F. X. and the Tigers soon forced the pigskin up to the twenty yard line, where Haslam almost scored by a drop-kick. Currie cleared for the Saints, but Bates picked up the ball, made a great run and passed to Haslam who scored at try directly behind the posts. He also converted it making the score 5—0.

Murphy gained for the Xaverians and Langwith made a good run but was forced out near the line. As the result of the scrim here the halves received the ball perfectly and the leather was passed across the field to Langwith who made the second try. Haslam failed to convert. Score 8—0.

Flaherty carried the ball for the Saints; Kelly McLean returned with it and was forced out on the thirty yard line. The whistle blew for the first half with the Tigers pressing hard.

Haslam kicked off at the opening of the second period, and the Dal half-line made a quick get away; Langwith and McInnes played a good combination which resulted in another try by Langwith after covering three quarters of the field. Haslam converted making it 13—0.

Boyle made a run for the Saints but Fraser saved; and Clouston almost went over for a try. After the Saints kicked off Bates returned the leather immediately and the catch was fumbled by Murphy. Sutherland followed up and carried the ball over for a try. Bates failed to convert, 16—0.

Macdonald and McEachren made a nice play for the Xaverians and shortly after Slipp made one of the best runs of the day, and passed to Langwith to Haslam who notched up another try. Haslam again converted, shooting the score up to 21—0.

Rod Macdonald made great gain for the Xaverians, Langwith intercepted his pass and sped up the field, with only the full-back to beat out, he feinted a pass to Moore, and continued on his way for a try. This was converted, total 26—0.



THE PROVERBIAL CUCUMBER HAS NOTHING ON "GINGER."

—D. E. G.

The Saints began to push matters a little harder and Macdonald, McEachren, Flaherty and Cameron gained the Dal twenty yard line, from here "Dinty" Moore gathered in the ball and dashed up the field fooled the full-back and notched up another try. Score 29—0. Haslam failed to convert. Play continued in St. F. X. territory, with the Xaverian worn out and attempting to stem the onrush of their opponents. The Tigers half line were working perfectly and made great runs every time they got the ball. As a result of one of these plays McOdrum went across for the last try making a grand total of 32—0.

F. W. Allen refereed very satisfactorily. The line up:

Dalhousie, forwards, McLean, Logan, Jones, Livingstone, Baird, Sutherland, Moore, halves Haslam, Langwith, McInnes, McOdrum; full-back, Fraser.

Jack Usher, formerly coach of the Halifax Wanderers is now in charge of the Rugby squad at McGill University. The McGill Daily says: "McGill is fortunate in securing a man of such wide experience as Jack Usher even for so short a time." (Halifax is certainly beginning to show up in Rugby circles)

The Olympic Committee in France are now puzzled how to provide accommodation at Chamonix for the 30,000 visitors expected to witness the winter sports which mark the opening of the Olympic games for 1924.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate, And never, as people do now, Did he note the amount of the calory count— He ate it because it was chow.

He was quite undisturbed when at dinner he sat, Destroying a roast, or a pie, By the thought it was lacking in granular fat Or a couple of vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed every specimen of food, Untroubled by worries or fears; Lest his health should be hurt by some fancy dessert, And—he lived over nine hundred years. —Ex.

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Kliff's Krazy Kuts

Dr. Carney—"Of course some people cannot pay the fee, and then it is not feasible."

Don—She has affectionate eyes.

Pa—Do you think so?

Don—Yes, they are always looking at each other.

Med—I did not say that all lawyers are crooks, but you must admit that your profession does not make angels of men.

Lawyer—No, you Meds certainly have the advantage over us there.

Trainor—I'll bet a dollar that you can't tell my age.

Archie S.—Let me look at your teeth.

Trainor—What's the idea?

Archie—Down on the farm we always tell the age of a jackass by his teeth.

Bill Gunn—I got up last night with a terrible sensation that my watch was gone.

Geo. Morrison—Well, was it gone?

Bill—No, but it was going.

Dear Kliff:

One night last week I tried thirteen times to get a Freshette at Shlrreff Hall on the telephone. Every time—"Line's busy"! Besides missing the show I mourn the lost opportunities of three golden hours. Can't you get me a special wire, Mr. Editor?

*Ambitiously,
"Red" Grant.*

Ans.: Why tell-a-'phone your secrets? Better transmit-t'er direct.

—Kliff.

When Peggy, the Flapper, discarded her wrapper,

A wail of despair rent the air;
Brother Bill yelled with heat, as she tripped
down the street,

"Gosh, she's taken my best golfing pair!"

She—"What is it every 1923 flapper should know?"

He—"Less."

"What did the tooth-paste say to the tooth-brush?"

"I will meet you outside the tube."

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DALHOUSIE MOOT COURT.

The fourth case to be tried before the Moot Court was heard last Thursday afternoon, their "Lordships" chief Justice Maddin, Mr. Justice Milner and Mr. Justice West presiding. It was an appeal from the decision of Watchorn, J. on an originating summons that Mr. Arthur was not entitled to Blackacre, on the following facts: Arthur conveyed Blackacre to Black and his heirs to have and to hold unto Black and his heirs as long as Elmsdale remains an unincorporated village. It is admitted that Elmsdale has become an incorporated town and Arthur unsuccessfully attempted to re-enter.

Owing to the difficulty of securing authority to decide such a difficult point of law as was brought up in the case the arguments of the opposing counsel was necessarily short.

The appellant was represented by Miss Wambolt, K. C., who presented her argument in a clear and concise manner. Her learned opponents, Miss Stewart, K. C. and Miss MacIntyre also showed that they had given their case careful preparation.

Their Lordships deemed it advisable to reserve judgment.

The occasion was one of unusual interest in that it was the first time in the history of Dalhousie that so many of the weaker (?) sex had taken an active part in the proceedings of the Moot Court.

—I. L. B.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Misses Edith Lynch, F. L. MacDonald, Anna McNeil, Hilda O'Brien, Sybil McLean, Sara M. Morash and Betty McKenna, Mrs. W. L. McLean, Rev. J. S. Bonnell, Rev. J. Annand, Dr. C. B. Cameron, Professor D. McIntosh, Professor A. E. MacDonald, Professor B. C. Hunt, Messrs. R. M. McColl, A. Fred Pearson and W. B. McCoy.

He—Do you know, you remind me of my mother?"

She—Aw go on, you're stringing me.

AN ULSTER LIMERICK.

There was a young lady named Snows,
Who possessed some magnificent clows.

Yet she was terribly shy

And cried, "Me, oh, my!

Why haven't I any sweet bows?"

—McGill "Quips."

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