

TIGERS AND REDS BATTLE FOR TITLE SATURDAY

GUSS FOUND GUILTY OF LIBEL CHARGE

STARTLING EVIDENCE UNEARTHED AS LEARNED COUNSEL BATTLE

Although acquitted on the charge of "blasphemous libel," Ben R. Guss, representative of the *Gazette* and yesterday found guilty of a charge of "seditious libel" and was given quite a stiff sentence. Guss took the sentence calmly and showed little emotion, although he had been at a high emotional pitch immediately before the trial.

The Guss Libel Case was tried before Chief Justice Matheson and Justices Atwood and Farmer last Tuesday.

Guss was charged with "seditious libel" and "blasphemous libel." All through the afternoon, the prisoner appeared to be in a highly nervous state, he smoked innumerable cigarettes and, shortly before his trial sat quietly with his wife. When in the prisoner's box he appeared to have regained a little of his self-control.

Walsh, K. C., opened the case for the prosecution. He first called as a witness Graham Allen, of the *Gazette*, and asked him to identify the articles which Guss was charged with having written. Godsoe, K. C., then put the witness through a stiff cross-examination. He attempted to show that weight was of an unsound mind and no weight could be attached to his evidence, also that initials at the bottom of an article might be misleading.

Justice Atwood, here, asked witness if he recognized, as his own, a story in the *Gazette*. Witness said he did. Justice Atwood asked witness to explain to the court, bearing in mind that Mr. Atwood was one of the Justices, what he, the witness, had meant in making one of the characters of his story mistake an old wreck for Jack Atwood. Witness gave explanation which was accepted as satisfactory by the court.

Charles Gavsie was the next witness and was cross-examined by Walsh, K. C. He stated that he knew the prisoner very well, having known him in Russia for some years. Questioned as to the occupation and character of the prisoner, he replied that the prisoner was an anarchist leader of the most dangerous type. That he belonged to a Society which threw bombs and started revolutions. That the prisoner frequently carried bombs and that he heard the prisoner say in Russia that he was dissatisfied with the administration of justice at the Dalhousie Moot Court and that he was going to America with the intention of stirring up public feeling against it. Witness said that the articles had been read to him and had aroused strong feelings to throw bombs etc., and that many friends of his had admitted similar feelings.

Witness was then cross-examined by MacLennan for the defence. MacLennan asked witness if he had not been arrested for various offences and sent to Dorchester Penitentiary.

Witness: "Was that the time we were partners?"

MacLennan: "Yes."
Witness: "Yes I was."
Godsoe K. C., then cross-examined the witness.

Witness was asked nationality, "American." Who won the war? "We did." Witness admitted that he had been convicted with a partner on a charge of arson. Partner had been wearing a suit belonging to witness, valued at \$14 and had collected \$50 from University for damage done to suit. Asked who the partner was, witness said he must have the protection of the court before answering. This was granted. Witness said his partner was Justice Atwood.

Kelloway was then called as a witness for the defence. His evidence related largely to the charge of "blas-

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FRESHMAN TRACK MEET AT ACADIA

HEWATT, ANDERSON AND MILLER STAR FOR DAL.

Dalhousie Freshmen bowed most humbly to the Acadia verdant ones when they accepted a 61-34 defeat from them in a track and field meet. In spite of difference in points the events were hotly contested and Dal's low score may be attributed to the fact that they had a smaller number of competing athletes.

Grant of Acadia was the highest scorer with 12 points to his credit while Hewatt of Dal was a close second with 11 points. Comeau of Acadia and Anderson of Dal tied for third with ten points each.

100 yard dash—1st, Hewitt, Dalhousie; 2nd, Crandall, Acadia; 3rd, Ryan, Acadia. Time, 10 4-5 secs.
High jump—1st, Miller, Dal; 2nd, Corning, Acadia, and Grant, Acadia, tie. Height, 5 ft., 2 1-2 in.
Mile—1st, M. Sarty, Acadia; 2nd, Irving, Dalhousie; 3rd, D. Sarty,

Acadia. Time, 5 min. 21 secs.
220 yard dash—1st, Crandall, Acadia; 2nd, Hewitt, Dal.; 3rd, Ryan, Acadia. Time, 25 3-5 secs.
Broad jump—1st, Anderson, Dal.; 2nd, Ryan, Acadia; 3rd, Corning, Acadia. Distance, 18 ft., 9 1-2 in.
440 yard dash—1st, Comeau, Acadia; 2nd, Parmeter, Acadia; 3rd, Wilson, Acadia. (No time).
Hammer throw—1st, Grant, Acadia; 2nd, Montgomery Acadia; 3rd, Hebb, Dal. Distance, 61 ft., 2 in.
880 yard run—1st, Comeau, Acadia. Time, 2:15 3-5.
Hop, step and jump—1st, Anderson, Dal., and Ryan, Acadia tie; 3rd, Parmeter, Acadia. Distance, 37 ft., 2 in.
Shot put—1st, Grant, Acadia; 2nd, Sarty, Dal.; 3rd, Montgomery, Acadia.
Quarter mile walk—1st, Whitely, Dal. Time, 2 min.

COUNCIL MEETING PASSES BUDGETS

At a regular meeting of the Student's Council Tuesday night the budgets for the forthcoming year were submitted for the approval of the council executive and the money grants for the various student societies were voted in whole or in part.

In addition to the budgets which are summarized below, the meeting featured a lengthy discussion regarding the ever present difficulty which exists between the Students' Council of Dalhousie and the student body at Kings. A committee was suggested for the purpose of having the matter straightened out as soon as possible. The Committee would consist of two members from the Students' Council and two from the Dalhousie senate. It will meet a similar committee from Kings and it is hoped that the end of this long standing friction between Dal and Kings is now in sight. Legally the Kings students are entitled to the use of the Dal campus, the Glee Club shows, the debates, in fact to practically all the societies for which the Dalhousian pays his seven dollars every year, for nothing!

Messrs Godsoe and Rankin will be the two council members of the Dal committee.

After a short discussion the lawyers were awarded the privilege of holding the first post-Christmas dance. The Glee Club was given permission to hold their first show of the year next Thursday. Monday night was selected as student's night at the Gym and any student activities, such as the Glee Club, dances and debates will be held on that night. The first showing of the Glee Club was made an exception. It is possible that the night may be changed after Christmas. Munroe Day will be held after Christmas this year.

An application from Leigh Miller, who desired to enter a team in a dual track and field meet next Friday was granted. Permission was also given to Bill Winfield to take the Freshman Football team to Acadia on Thursday.

The most important items on the budget were the Football grant and the Gazette grant. Both showed substantial increases over last year and both convinced the council of their greater need this year. The Football grant of \$800. was passed as was the Gazette grant of \$850.00. The Glee Club was advanced \$100.00 until the Council had the time to consider their report, which was not detailed enough.

A summary of the various grants follows.

Football \$800.00; Interfaculty Football \$75.00; Track \$59.00; D. G. A. C. \$200.00; Dal Rifle Club \$30.00; Girl's S. C. \$50.00; Sodales \$200.00; Gazette \$850.00; Delta Gamma \$150.00; Glee Club \$100. (advanced).

Post-Xmas activities will be considered at a future date.

A special meeting, to be held in the near future, will settle the question regarding Dalhousie's entry into the Canadian Federation of Students.

Present at Tuesday's meeting were: Gerald Godsoe, pres.; Miss Alice Atherton, vice-pres.; Murray Rankin, sec.-treas.; Miss Jessie Gladwin and Messrs. McCunn, Garber, Scott, Tupper and Winfield. Outside of the above officers, the meeting was attended by about a dozen students.

Appeal from Dalhousie Alumni

Mr. J. E. Mitchell, Secretary D. A. A. C., 85 Victoria Road, Halifax, N. S.

Dear Sir,—At a meeting of the Dalhousie Alumni Executive yesterday, it was decided that the Alumni would undertake the collection of funds to make possible the trip of the Dalhousie football team to Vancouver during the coming Christmas vacation. The writer was appointed organizer of the campaign.

No doubt there are many students at the University who would like to contribute to this fund. It would make it much easier to approach the Alumni if we could say that by purely voluntary giving, the under-graduates had subscribed, let us say, three hundred dollars (\$300.00). My suggestion therefore, is that the D. A. A. C. appoint canvassers in every class in the University and see how much can be raised next week, reporting to me not later than Saturday, the 22nd instant. May I suggest that suitable notices should be posted in the buildings and that a thorough canvass be made. At the same time I fully realize that there are many students who are not in position to give and it is desirable that this be purely a voluntary subscription.

Please take this up with your executive and let me know by Saturday the 15th that you have undertaken this work and will be in position to report the result of this canvass on the 22nd.

Yours truly,
R. M. FIELDING,
Organizer of Campaign.

FLASH

The committee canvassing for the Dal football trip reports gratifying results. G. S. Campbell, chairman of the Board of Governors, in giving \$100 said, "Tell the boys that I give this gladly and wish them every success on their tour."

Other \$100 subscriptions are Herald and Mail, Chronicle and Star, J. H. Winfield, A. M. Smith and J. McG. Stewart.

POPULARITY AND THE PROFESSOR

SODALES TO STAGE INTERESTING DEBATE NEXT MONDAY EVENING

This very delicate proposition is the subject to be debated at Sodales on Monday night, at 8 o'clock. Jessie Gladwin and Hughie Turnbull will contend that professors should be so paid, while Eileen MacAulay and Ray MacCunn will argue to the contrary. Jessie Gladwin a prominent debater from Shirreff Hall figured very favorably in the Delta Gamma Debate with the Halifax Ladies College, last year. She is a member of the Student's Council and her word is known to carry weight.

Eileen MacAulay needs no introduction to the many who saw The Delta Gamma Show last year. Eileen has a very scientific mind and although this is her first appearance at Sodales, she is well equipped as a debater both in manner and mind.

Ray MacCunn, president of the Junior Class, is a member of the Student's Council and a favorite athlete on the Senior Hockey Team. Ray thinks that profs should not be paid on popularity basis—he is sympathetic.

Hugh Turnbull, B. A. (Dal.) is in second year Law. Hugh has been heard to good effect at the Moot Court. He is possessed of a very keen mind and makes a very interesting cross-examiner. He is therefore fitted as a debater.

All four debaters are popular Dalhousians and their appearance at Sodales is being favorably commented upon. The subject under fire is, to say the least, an interesting one and all four are capable of handling it.

Should the affirmative win, it is possible a popularity contest will be carried on for the professors. This debate at Dalhousie will start the ball rolling. Other colleges may take up the cry, "Professors on Popularity Basis."

Many prominent Dalhousians will speak from the floor and judging from the attendance at the first meeting—a keenly contested debate is anticipated.

It may be added that the executive committee consisting of Rod MacLeod, Josie Dresner and Jack Atwood are leaving no sod unturned in their effort to make this a banner year for Sodales, for they are drawing into debating circles the keenest minds on the campus.

It is anticipated that many anxious professors will be present and join the students in their efforts to properly solve the vexing problem.

WANDERERS TO HAVE POWERFUL LINE-UP

WIN FROM SERVICES GIVES DAL PLACE

The game of the season will be played tomorrow when our own Tigers meet the Red and Black of the Wanderers on the Wanderers grounds. This game has been looked forward to with the keenest of interest by the Dalhousie student body in general and excitement reached a high pitch during the week when it was rumoured that three of the Wanderers' former "strong men" would

be on hand Saturday to do what they can to retard Dalhousie on her march towards the 1927 football pennant. These three men, Ritchie and Bob McCoy and Temple Lane need no introduction to football fans and the fact that the Wanderers are going to so much trouble to collect them from different parts of the American continent shows that, in Dalhousie, they recognize a foe worthy of consideration—and fear.

The 5 to 3 defeat of the Wanderers by Acadia at Wolfville last Saturday and the splendid showing of Dalhousie against the Services on the same day would indicate that the Yellow and Black has a good chance of victory tomorrow. The addition of the three stars to the Wanderers' line-up, will, however materially strengthen that team. Consequently it is going to be a hard-fought game tomorrow, and an exciting one.

The Wanderers are out to retain the Championship. The Dalhousie squad is just as anxious to win it, not only for the honor attached but also to clinch the trip to British Columbia which has been planned for some time. A win over the Wanderers assures the Wanderers a trip that will be not only a delight to the football squad but a big boon for the university.

Everyone should be at the game tomorrow to support the team. They merit our support, first, because they are OUR team and, second, because in the games so far they have proven themselves worthy of all the support we can give them.

Let us all turn out and cheer the team on to victory and Vancouver.

DAL VS SERVICES

Playing on a soggy field and handling a wet ball Dalhousie Tigers defeated the United Service Rugby fifteen on the Studley Campus last Saturday. The Services, in spite of the fact that they didn't score, were in the game always and gave the Dal supporters something to think about on several occasions. They dribbled well and often made substantial gains by superior foot work. But the Tigers were not to be denied and these losses were regained by punts and runs until the final whistle saw them on the long end of a 11-0 score.

Archie MacDonald were out of the game and several changes were made in the lineup. Captain Tupper was moved from the scrum to block quarter where he played a very effective game. "Kelly" MacLean was on the receiving end of the scrum and appeared to be out of place. Several times the ball, heeled from the scrum, went right past him to be pounced on by the ever watchful service men. Kelly wasn't so good there and plays a much better game as block. Two second team men, Jones and Mitchell, occupied positions in the half-line and scrum respectably and both turned in very good games.

The first score of the game was made by the Tigers when Tupper picked up a loose ball, made a good run, and passed to Langstroth who placed the ball squarely behind the posts. The ball was very greasy and Ab Smith missed the bar on the try for convert. Play then went back and forth for some time until the ball was passed to Jones who literally tore thru half the Service team to start a

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NEWMAN CLUB STILL ACTIVE

A bean supper, a dance and a well attended meeting is the history of the Newman Club since Dalhousie reopened. The meeting was held at the K. of C. Hall, on Sunday afternoon. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting and an address on Life, several matters which had been discussed at a previous executive meeting were brought before the members. It was decided that the Newman Club should have a suitable emblem and a committee consisting of Muriel Donahoe, Claire Murphy, Fred Jennings and Tom Harris were appointed to make the selection.

DALHOUSIE INTERMEDIATES DEFEAT TECH SQUAD 9-0

TIGER CUBS SHOW IMPROVEMENT

Showing quite a change in playing ability the Dalhousie Intermediate Rugby Team defeated the Tech squad by nine points to nothing.

When the team lined up it looked like Tech's game without a doubt. They were very superior in weight and that with their reputed playing ability was sure to win. However Dal made up for lack of weight by displaying great fighting qualities and ability to make the breaks open.

Jennings opened the scoring when he plunged under the scrum after the ball had been booted down to Tech's five yard line. It was a nice play and he caught the engineers napping.

In the second half it was Dal's ball pretty nearly all the time and they added six more points to their score making the final count 9-0. The

second try was made when "Cutie" Smith intercepted a pass on Tech's ten yard line and went over for the score. Sutherland and Power put the game on ice when they staged a little combination play and the former went over the line.

Ed Brown former Dal three letter man was the star of the visitors and he was mixed up in every play. Jennings was best for the Cubs. He was on the ball all the time and was a constant worry to the blue jerseyed squad. MacCrae and "Cutie" Smith closely followed him and were good all the time.

The lineup—Dalhousie: Scott, MacLeod, Prince, Webber, G. Godsoe, H. Godsoe, Smith, Sperry, Sutherland, Jennings, Power, MacRae, Zwicker, Ross, Monaghan. Referee: Dr. E. K. MacLellan.

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Environment

Those things which are around us at any time in our life constitute our environment. They may be geographical, social, or economic materials or traditional, they may be national or man made, beneficent or detrimental but they all affect us whether or not we are conscious of the fact. Some would have it that we are creatures of our environment, that life is a one-sided struggle or rather, a long drawn-out drama in which the players are restricted in their actions to conformity with the stage settings. Others say that we control our environment; that it is subservient to our will. Both are partly right and partly wrong.

The classical reference of the son of a thief, brought up from infancy to manhood in a realm of crime is often put before us by both exponents of environment—those who say that our surroundings constitute the guiding hand and those who think that environment is moulded by the individual. Whether or not the lad will follow in his father's foot-steps still brings forth much argument for both sides of the question. Probably he will adopt the "media via" and become a bootlegger or a prohibition sleuth.

The fact of the matter is that we are ruled by our environment. Every little act we do is performed to meet the exigency of the occasion, a resultant of our environment. Habits, customs, laws all develop from environment. Certain habits that we have, which we execute daily without conscious thought are the result of environment. Why do we stamp our feet in class? Is it because we are in perfect agreement with the professor? Judging by the region from which the heartiest applause comes—the back of the lecture theatre—one would say that it is a matter of environment, the feet being more active than the brain at the time.

Why have we certain customs peculiar to our own group or societies? Here also environment trains our footsteps in the way we should walk. Our associations with our fellowmen are guided by customs which are based on environment. The clothes we wear or don't wear and the things we eat depend on environment. Our sports, our occupations and our pleasures all depend on our surroundings.

The relation of the sexes to each other depends upon environment. In many countries, where modern manufacturing and business has not brought out the utility of the female in life beyond the home, woman is looked upon as a necessary but inferior being. In modern social life her status is on the same level as that of man. In college life her status is uncertain. In male conferences she is considered an inferior being of a decorative nature; in female conferences she ranks above man, while in mixed company her standing is a toss up.

Our laws, since they develop from custom, are subject to environment and change with change of environment.

It would then appear that we are impotent subjects of our environment; that our destiny is decided by our surrounding; that our success or failure in life must depend on our contacts. This would be so but for one reason. We are free, at least to a great extent, to choose our environment. The son of the thief who remains in the haunts of thievery, who associates with thieves as his character is moulding to maturity is practically certain to become a successor to his father. If he makes other and better associations and contacts, in other words, if he changes his environment, for the better, it is certain that his life will show results of the change.

Thus, while we are creations of our surroundings we may also be creators of the same, and, as such we can make or mar our future. Our associations are a potent factor in guiding our actions. Some conditions, as geographic and certain social states are difficult to change but if our associations are wisely chosen the detrimental effect of other factors in environment may be minimized.

In college life student associations is the main factor in governing our lives. "Show me your company and I'll tell you what you are," is a homely but true saying. Choose wisely your associates. Be creators of your environment and your environment will turn out a vessel that is worthy of the Potter, a vessel useful to mankind—not a discard among the chaos of broken dreams.

Personal Hygiene

Once more the year has rolled around. Once more an ingress of new students has taken place. Once more all have settled down or, are in process of settling to the year's work.—And once more the new students are introduced to Personal Hygiene. This course, which is supposed to be for the benefit of new students consists of a lecture each week for students who have entered Dalhousie for the first time, and is conducted by a number of medical men of recognized worth and authority. No fault is to be found with their efforts; they are above reproach; but the course itself would seem to merit some criticism.

In the first place, is there need for such a course? Many will say, "Yes"; many more, "No". The course aims to guide the new students to an understanding of the principles governing a healthy existence. At an earlier stage in his scholastic career the student has received instruction in this matter. Every high school, yes, and primary school has a health course on its curriculum. Every student, when he comes to Dalhousie is, or should be, at an age when he can guide himself in the path of health and sanitation. If he is not, a series of weekly lectures for one term will not aid him greatly in bettering his condition.

It is an admitted fact that many students find it necessary to retire from college before the completion of their studies on account of ill-health. Then advice in these matters is a necessary factor in university life, many will say. It is, but the course, as present in former years has a number of weak points. The constant change of lecturers leads to a lack of continuity which robs the course of many of its salutary affects. The time of lecture, 5 p.m., once a week, is a detriment to accomplishment of good. Stuffing some two hundred students into a class room at a time when their vitality is at its lowest ebb is against the first principles

The Royal Road To Romance

I am about to do a preposterous thing. I, a simple Junior, with nothing more than what I learned in English 1 and 2 to back me, and a few scattered ideas picked up from everywhere—or nowhere—to enlighten me, I purpose writing a book-review. Ridiculous, isn't it? I can see my would-be readers lifting up their hands in holy horror at the mere suggestion, but please don't or, if you must, lower them again and give me a chance. I do not guarantee that this review will be interesting, but I do most heartily guarantee that the book itself will be interesting—to you. So please persevere and glance not from the printed page until I have said my say.

The book with which I want you to become acquainted is not a learned book, neither is it a novel, it is not a classic, an 'Alger' book, a 'history' or a book of poems; and it will not help you in English 2, History 1 or any other of your classes; it is a book to be read for pure, unadulterated enjoyment and nothing else. If you are not interested in enjoying yourself do not, I beg of you, give yourself the agony of reading further, for it will be a waste of time. This book is filled from beginning to end with the spirit of youth, daring youth and the joy of living. It is exciting, thrilling, and intensely realistic, and I cannot imagine anyone not being interested in it. The name of this remarkable tale is *The Royal Road to Romance* and the writer is a young American named Richard Halliburton.

The book should have a particular interest to us as college students, for it was written shortly after Halliburton's graduation from Princeton, and it reads like something that we should all like to be capable of writing. It also tells about things that everyone would like to do. By the time you have read fifty pages you will want to drop everything, don your oldest clothes, and start off for the other side of the world to-morrow. At least, that is the way I felt and nothing could be more staid and precise than myself in ordinary circumstances. The introduction of such a book as this into the Dalhousie undergraduate student body would have disastrous results, I fear. You have only to read Halliburton's description of the Taj Mahal, to become wildly desirous of spending the night there, as he did. If, on reading *The Royal Road to Romance*, you do not become possessed of the desire to conquer the narrow passes of the Matterhorn, to swim the Hellespont by moonlight, and to sleep under the cloudless Egyptian sky on the Pyramid of Gezeh, I fear that some-

thing should be done, and immediately. Richard Halliburton was graduated in Arts from Princeton University, and as a graduation gift to their adventurous son, his family offered him a 'de luxe' ticket around the world. Richard declined, with thanks—he had been there before and privately decided to dispense with such commodities forever. With fifty dollars in their pockets, attired in appropriate costumes and 'soup-bowl' hair-cuts, he and his room-mate succeeded in bamboozling the captain of a small European-bound freighter into hiring them as deck-hands. They sailed from New York with a crew picked from every nationality under the sun—more or less.

Through Europe they went on bicycles, into the most remote and interesting corners of it, as well as the old standbys of all tourists. Halliburton views Paris from Eiffel Tower at midnight, crosses the Pyrenees on a donkey in mid-winter, and loses all his money at Monte Carlo. He is arrested and fined ten pounds for taking snapshots of the fortifications at Gibraltar, and afterwards, he sends to the man who sentenced him, prints of two films of pictures which he had concealed under the eaves outside his room! He climbs the Matterhorn, steers a ship across the Mediterranean and swims in the Nile.

And, better than doing all these things, he describes them so vividly and so accurately, or so it seems to me who have never been there, that I felt as though I had done and seen all that he has. While there can be no doubt as to the literary merits of Mark Twain and Richard Halliburton, it was a relief to me to turn from the ironic and rather sordid point of view of *Immigrants Aboard*, to the hearty and wholesome good humour of *The Royal Road to Romance*. I was glad to be able to feel, perhaps, the greater writer saw with the eyes of a man determined to ridicule the things which I have always respected, and even revered, while the younger man looked at them in the spirit in which I should have done so, had I had the opportunity.

Working, playing and "roughing it," with divers companions and a toothbrush for ballast, Halliburton breezes his way over the world and back, and, when he reaches the land of his fathers, he sits down and writes for us the story of his travels. Such a book is *The Royal Road to Romance*. But please do not take my word for it. In the words of Shakespeare, "Verify your references."

—Mec.

An Awakening

Ah me! It is dark, I may sleep again.
'Tis cold—and hard—where am I?
This couch is not that, upon which I've lain,
Full many a night, while my fathers reign
Improveth the land, like the sun on high.
What? Here are jewels and raiment and grain.

And this, a tiara, upon my head,
Of gold and gems! Osiris!
The tomb of my fathers—and this my bed!
So short was my life. Can it be—I—dead?

Away! I must move, I shall choke.
And this?
Pictures, describing my life, to be read.
I know it—Away. Let me breathe the air,
And see the Nile—the moon-light.

The winds used to rustle and lift my hair,
When I was a girl, without fear or care.
And now—I may only remain to-night.
Wait! I would visit my home, if I dare.

The city is sleeping and far away
'Tis strange the road is broken
The columns are shattered, there's rank decay
Pervading this place, that was once so gay.

The temple half-buried is but a den.
All, all is changed, death for life, night for day.
Can this be the land of the lotus bloom,
Afloat on Nile's blue waters?
My land of mysterious dreams, this tomb
So hollow and still like an empty room,
Where foot-steps re-echo if one but stirs?

Shadows surrounding me waver and loom.
But where are the singers, who, silk bedight,
With low and haunting minor,
Enchanted the dusky and moon-bathed night.

With songs of the Sun-god, of love, of might,
While Nilus rolled still by his age-old shore?
Now all is silently dusty and white.

Since nothing is left but the sands that creep
And hide my home, 'tis better
To leave it behind me, a dust-dry heap.
And bury myself in my tomb so deep.
Since there are no mourners, no eyes that blur
I shall be quiet, forever shall sleep.

—R. E. G.

of hygiene and leads to little clarity of thought.

Would it not be better to use that hour in conducting invigorating exercises in the gymnasium where the sluggish blood stream could be spurred up and tired brains could be rested as only healthy exercise can rest them? The majority of students already know that healthy exercise, fresh air and a temperate life are conducive to well-being. Will lectures at the eleventh hour bring home the truth to them with greater force? Would not physical exercises with an occasional lecture on hygiene be of greater benefit than the present system of theory without actual practice?

The Lawless

The souls of trees are strange, elusive things
That hold the earth in thrall, when the night
Comes slowly down on starred, mysterious wings,
And eerie night birds swoop in sudden flight.

None but the moon which listens lone and high
Has heard them chuckling as the dark came on.

None but the last star in the eastern sky
Has seen them hiding in the early dawn.
Whenever I pass by and hold my breath,
They whisper low—too low for me to hear;
Hidden in shadows sad and still as death
They let no message pass while I am near.

If I but knew the secret of their tongue
I'd dance with them at midnight, hand in hand;
And learn those songs the bards have never sung,
Too strange and old for men to understand.

—Florence M. Brewster, '31.

TO GLEE CLUB MUSICIANS

Last year, if I remember rightly Dalhousie had an orchestra and Dalhousians, both those who played in it and those who listened to it, enjoyed that orchestra. In the spring Glee Club broadcasted a program from C. H. N. S. the greater part of which was composed of orchestra selections. As this was a success Dalhousie will doubtless be asked to give another Radio Show. Soloists (this must be said to their credit) are always ready to do all they can, but a program of solos would not have the same appeal. As for a play—to be a success over the radio a play must be very well acted and most Glee Club shows have not the practice necessary to meet this requirement. Besides Dalhousie wants an orchestra, not merely for special occasions but for herself. Since we have the talent why not have the Orchestra? Several of last year's members have expressed willingness to play if the orchestra is reorganized. Miss Jean Shaw, who organized and directed the orchestra, graduated last June but she is still in the city and interested in Dalhousie. I am sure she would be glad to give any advice and those who worked with her last year know her willingness to help. So why not get together and see what can be done.

My Hamlet Of Dreams

Did you ever build dream castles? Did you ever take time off from your work, pleasures, or, yes, even from your studies to build beautiful little homes for your thoughts? If you've never done this I say you've missed a great deal. You've missed something which makes solitude a pleasure, and peace and quiet things to be sought for. I shall tell you about my castles—the castles I build and furnish thoroughly as dwellings for my thoughts, hopes and ambitions. I have many castles. Some are large and spacious; others small and cosy. Some strongly built on a firm foundation; others toppled over into a heap of ruins.

It is a wonderful country, the country in which I have set up my "Hamlet of Dreams". It is much like some of the beautiful little hamlets which may be found in some places throughout Cape Breton. My hamlet snugles in the foothills of a beautiful, awe-inspiring, and protecting mountain which shelters it from the worst of the tempests. In front stretches a lovely lake which, for the most part, is usually placid.

'Tis on this lake I sail my little ships laden with ambitions and hopes. Sometimes they sail completely from view, vanish in the distance and are never seen again. More often they return making me very happy with their cargoes of realized hopes and fulfilled ambitions. One time a little ship, which I called my "White Cloud", carrying my most cherished hope and heading for my "Isle of View," sank to the bottom before it had gone very far from the shore. This was a terrible blow to me, but I have commenced a lonely search for its cargo and I will continue to search until I find it. When I do I shall build it up into the most beautiful and most wonderful castle among my possessions, which will be all the more dear to me on account of the struggle through which I had to go to attain it.

These castles are a source of great pleasure to me. I like best to visit them on a rainy evening in autumn, when the wind howls about the eaves, when the rain dashes against the window, and a log fire crackles in the grate. 'Tis then I draw my arm-chair near the fire and set out to visit my "Hamlet of Dreams."

My little people are all so delighted to see me—Did I tell you by whom my hamlet is inhabited? There are many kinds of people there; charming old ladies; kind old gentlemen, and many, many children. The children are my chief delight as they romp

and play around me, always happy, always smiling.

The only sadness ever felt by my little people is occasioned when they see one of my lovely castles crash suddenly in a heap of ruins. Then all is sadness for awhile, for all know how I suffer when an ambition is thwarted, a hope battered or a wish unfulfilled. However they soon commence to do all in their power to help me forget my loss. They plant vines and flowers over the ruins, and soon, where once stood the castle there is a beautiful garden, growing as on a mound. This mound is all that is left to remind me of my loss, and even as that becomes beautiful my sadness turns to pleasure.

There is but one dark cloud in my "Hamlet of Dreams". It hangs near the horizon, not entirely shutting out the sun, but continually casting its shadow over my castles. It was occasioned by the loss of my "White Cloud". When I have found and salvaged the cargo of this ship, and have built my most beautiful castle I shall tell you about it. Till then—adieu.

—Dreamer, '29.

FOR YOU?

It is enveloped in darkness. All about it are sparkling lights but none can penetrate.

It is small yet there is ample space. To its precincts are wafted cries of boisterous mirth mingled with soft laughter and the strains of music. It is in silent contrast.

People pass to and fro before it. But they do not enter, nor even pause. It sees all, hears all and remains in secrecy.

It is the ideal sitting out place.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

Prof. Gowanloch's gramophone is a constant source of music to the boys on the second floor in the Forrest Building in the evening.

P. L. H. Muschamp is teaching French in one of the city high schools. He is taking several classes in Arts.

Miss Shrieve has not come back to the MacDonald Library this year. Her pleasing manner made her a favourite with everyone.

It has been suggested that Jean Shaw B. A. '27, who for several years has been conducting the Glee Club Orchestra—resume her duties this year. A symphony orchestra may be organized this year.

Now that those green things ummies have disappeared from the campus, it would appear that fall is really here.

Notice—Rummage Sale—Canvas gloves, bibs, rattles, horns, mufflers and yards and yards of sateen of emerald hue. Apply to the treasurer of the Art's building post-office department.

Cyril Coughlan, LL.B., a graduate of the Dalhousie Law School, is at present practising in Bridgewater, N. S.

The football game between the Meds and Law on Tuesday last was very exciting to both fans and players. Jack Atwood played a good game for law, starring when Cheesemen, Med., gave him a fast pass. Jack "faced" the issue well.

Helen Wickwire Arts '27, is teaching in Quebec.

We notice that the Ground Hockey Team is rivaling football in the number of injured members.

Shireff Hall must regret home games in football. No bus rides.

Delta Gamma will meet tonight at Shireff Hall, 8.30 p.m.

Change

The sun has passed from the hillside
The ploughmen from the field
The brooklet has ceased her laughter
The harvest has shot her yield.

Fall soft, fall soft, ye rose leaves
From the flower's withered head;
Your petals are soft embalmers
Of the thought of a joy that is dead.

Fall fast, fall fast, ye rain drops
Fall from the sobbing sky:
Your whirling wail is the echo
Of a speechless agony.

Fall cold, fall cold, ye snow flakes
Fall from the biting sky
And freeze in the ice of your bosom
The heart's forgotten cry.

New suns will bless the hillside
New ploughs the fields shall tame
The laugh will return to the river,
But oh, will they be the same?

—J. E. L. '29.

Re Notice Boards

A propos of nothing at all it may be stated that it is rather difficult to read Notice Boards these days. Among somewhat hazy remembrances of freshman days is a vague recollection of advice found in a handbook—Read the Notice Boards. Now freshmen as well as Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors attempting to follow this advice need to take half an hour or so from less strenuous duties. For by the time one has read three or four lines of all the old notices, before finding anything new it is time to hie oneself to a class—notice of whose change one has missed. Needless to say after several such trials one is somewhat tempted to give up trying to read notice boards as a bad job and trust to the luck to which one has to trust anyhow. All of which might be eliminated if the people who put up notices would take them down when their life of usefulness is over.

EVERYTHING for the GRIDIRON

Dalhousie Students
will find all equipment needed for their games and athletics in our Sporting Goods Department including fine quality sweaters in Dalhousie Colors.

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 Halifax's Only Metered Service
 Same Rates 24 Hours.
 Two travel for same as one.
 More than two, 20 cents extra.

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 ON YOUR LOOSELEAF SUPPLIES—SEE
FRANK M. O'NEILL & CO., LTD.
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 Complete stock of Loose Leaf Books, Refills, Pencils Pens, etc.

Say it with Flowers, Say it with ours
THE HOME OF Cut Flowers & Potted Plants
 We make up Funeral Designs, also Wedding Bouquets, We also do Table Decorating. We are the only members of the T. F. D. Florists. We can wire Flowers to all parts of the world.
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 We invite you to join our **FICTION LENDING LIBRARY** 2 cents per day
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BON TON CAFE
 High Class Dining Room for Ladies and Gentlemen
 Best Service and Food in the City
 Come in and try us—You'll be Satisfied!
 ORCHESTRA PLAYS 12 A.M.—2 P.M. 6-7 P.M. 10.30—12 P.M.

The Student's Mail
 Wet, cold, and miserable, I arrived home, one afternoon, from a strenuous hour of Political Science. I had forgotten to take my slicker and had been caught in a fall gale. Shivering miserably, I pushed open the front door. There, on the hall table was a stack of letters for me. Ah, this was better: I have always had a weakness for mail and here were a dozen or so interesting-looking letters. Feeling quite cheerful, I sat down by the fire to gloat over them.
 The first read:
 "Dear Friend,
 As a wide-awake college-student, you will wish to be well informed on current events. The Spalderhash furnishes the latest and most comprehensive reports of world-affairs, as well as many interesting features. You will find a subscription coupon attached.
 Let's get acquainted,
 Yours very sincerely,
 The Spalderhash Pub. Co.,
 Wakif, Mo."

Not having any particular wish to become a subscriber to the Spalderhash, I threw it in the fire and tried the next one.
 This was on pretty yellow paper, with a sketch of a young lad, at the top, his face slashed by a horrible grin. It said, most informally,
 SAY FELLOWS!
 Do you want a real good time? Well I guess! All healthy boys do. Then come to our big get together, next Tuesday. We are expecting you. And, say, bring along some more of the fellows. It's going to be a big night and we promise you a bully time.
 And, Oh Boy! BEANS!
 Young Men's Class, Waldo F. Goontz, Memorial Church.

P. S.—Please bring 75c. to pay for your supper.
 This followed the first.
 A little weakly I picked up the third. I peered in cautiously. Ah! handwriting, this was safe. I started it a little more confidently.
 "Dear Bingo,
 You never returned the ten dollars you borrowed from me last....."
 Damn! Into the fire.
 Next.
 Mr. Cartwright,
 Dear Sir,
 This is to call your attention to our special, monthly-payment of three dollars, attraction system.
 Damn again! With a wild, determined look, I tackled the next.
 "College Men Want Their Clothes Tailored Right."
 Our Tuxedos Are Made By Men Who Try To Really Do Them Right."
 Shades of Archie! NEXT!
 "We are making a draft on you for your board-bill of \$36.80 which you left unpaid, Sept. 15th, please honour....."
 With a scream I tossed the rest of the bundle into the fire and went out and burnt down the Post Office.
 W. G. A. 29.

GROUND HOCEKY NOTES
DALHOUSIE plays ACADIA
 at Dalhousie
 Wednesday, Nov. 2.

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FOOTWEAR Swanky Oxfords
 Styled for Young Men, correct in style—and easy on Finances. A shoe you'll be proud to wear.
New Shoes for the College Girl
 Shoes for street and all sport wear — and also slippers appropriate for the coming evening events.
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Nova Scotia Technical College
 Offers **ENGINEERING COURSES** in **CIVIL, ELECTRICAL, MECHANICAL AND MINING** To Dalhousie Students with Engineering Diploma **MODERN EQUIPMENT**
 Instructing Staff with Industrial Experience
 Tuition Fee \$75.00 per year. Twenty-five scholarships of \$75.00 each
 Write or call for Calendar or advice.
 F. H. SEXTON, Pres.

GLEE CLUB SHOW NEXT THURSDAY
 The first meeting of the Glee Club will be held Thursday, Nov. 3, commencing at 8 o'clock. This will be a remarkably fine show, three veterans of Convocation Plays taking part, Eddie Murray, Forrest Musgrave, and Kelly Morton.
 There will be no speeches or announcements by the president, so tear out this program and bring it along.

PROGRAM
 1. "Announcements" Eddie Murray
 2. One Act Play, "A Night at an Inn" By Lord Dunsany
CAST
 The Toff (A dilapidated gentleman)..... Forrest Musgrave
 Sniggers } Kelly Morton
 Bill } Charles Allen
 Albert } Roy Laurence
 1st Priest..... Rand Matheson
 2nd Priest..... Ken Matheson
 3rd Priest..... George Mahon
 Klesh..... Gordon Bowles

Place—A deserted inn on a moor. England.
 Time—The Present, Evening.
 3. Solo John Brookfield (At the piano Johnny Thurrott)
 4. Tango Eileen Cameron and Electa MacLennan
 5. Dancing for everyone
GOD SAVE THE KING.

POETS
 The intensified social activity of college life is thrust forth as a reason for stifling the poetic Muse. This contention is based on the brilliant epigram, "Poetry is born in Seclusion." But if any epigram is true about poetry it's this one, "Poetry is born of Delusion". You must delude yourself into believing that you are a poet.
 Of course hundreds now living suffer chronically from this Poetic Delusion. But they cannot write poetry for they possess too much COMMON sense.
 And as for that "Seclusion" business consult your history. "Seclusion theories as a basis for poetry will vanish as chaff before the wind."
 History, you know, is first an excuse for society to look into the private lives of famous people. One glance into the lives of our real poets and we know why our young men do not attract the Muse. They are no poets for they are such quiet home boys.
 "Rare Ben Johnson" was a jolly good fellow which nobody can deny. He spent his time feasting and drinking; dwelling and escaping the gallows. That's why he is a poet.
 Then there's our friend "Christie" Marlowe who died with somebody else's dagger in his back.
 Lucretius is a classical example of a regular guy who died with his own dagger in his back. He also wrote.
 And Bill Shakespeare didn't spend his time at home minding babies either.
 Of course a mild example is Sam Johnson who only wrote a dictionary. He wasn't a regular guy—he only took off his shoes at dinner and spilled his soup in ladies' laps.
 The best our boys can do today is to spill soup on their own vests. They are mild innocent children who go quietly to college—their only vice is jazz dancing. And yet they aspire to Poetry. Ah! Poetical Delusion! Alas they are unable to invoke the Muse. They do not dope or drink or dissipate.
 From years of observation we have compounded seven cardinal rules on "How To Become a Poet," or "Revoke the Muse."
 These rules we give to the public free of charge.
 (1) Never cut or comb your hair.
 (2) Never shave—allow soft fuzz to cover your physiognomy.
 (3) Wear no tie.
 (4) Keep trousers baggy at knees.
 (5) Meander about talking to yourself.
 (6) Cardinal of Cardinals Do not notice your friends.
 If a poet you would be These rules follow and you'll see They'll call you nut, my son!

A VISIT TO WATERLOO
 From the ancient and historical city of Brussels, where once there "was mounting in hot haste," one takes a tram out along that road by which the army of Wellington "went powering forth amain." After a drive of an hour the town of Waterloo is reached, two miles further on is the field of battle. The only object of interest in the town is the church, which was standing in the days of battle, and around which a number of British officers were buried. The church is at right angles to the road and instead of a porch, it has a large circular chapel. On the sides of this chapel are numerous memorial tablets, upon which appear the names like Ramsey, Gordon, Howard and so on, names familiar in English history for many a century. What is remarkable is the number of young men commemorated here.
 From Brussels to Waterloo and beyond, the line of houses on either side of the road is almost unbroken. The aspect of the country is much the same as it was a hundred and ten years ago. Beyond Mont St. Jean, however, the houses stop and then commences the battlefield.
 Wellington made a great move when he chose Waterloo. Two years before he had ordered this very field to be surveyed, as a possible battlefield and so he knew every knoll and hollow. It is situated at a cross-road. The road from Lanvain to Nevello crosses that from Brussels to Charlevois, and a few hundred yards from their crossing they are united by the famous sunken road, so that the three roads make a kind of a huge A. The height of land is at the top of this A, and standing there Wellington had the entire battle under his eye, while Napoleon could see very little of the field at one time.
 In a line parallel to the sunken road were four buildings—the chateau of Hugomont, the farms of LaHaye Gainte, Papelatte and la Hare. Wellington selected these as his outposts and had them arranged for defence.
 In 1832 the government of the low countries erected a huge earth pyramic with a Belgium lion on the top, to mark the line of action. From the top of this one can see in all directions. The four buildings which took such an important part in the battle are clearly visible

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MOOT COURT.
 (Continued from Page 1.)
 phemous libel." He gave evidence to show the deep religious feeling of the accused and his reverence for anything religious.
 Walsh, K. C., pointed out to the court that one of Kelloway's statements was untrue.
 The prisoner was then examined. First by Godsoe, K. C. Prisoner stated that his home was in St. John, that he was married to a lady who belongs to the Law Society, that he enjoyed the privileges of a married man. Prisoner claimed that in his report of the Moot Court he had meant the cases tried, not the administration of justice and that he held no malicious intent.
 Prisoner was then cross-examined by Walsh, K. C. He stated that he did not carry bombs. Shown a poem in last year's Gazette, he said that he did not recognize it as his work. Admitted a faint recollection of writing an article on a trip to Antigonish.
 Justice Atwood asked the prisoner his real name.
 Prisoner, Benjamin Rambunctious Guss.
 Godsoe, K. C. then addressed the jury, which consisted of Ryan (foreman) Wickwire, MacKinnon, Redmond, MacDonald and Covert.
 In a very strong and moving speech Godsoe, K. C., pointed out that what the prisoner had written was written in a spirit of fair comment, that the prisoner had referred to the cases and not to the administration of justice, that the prisoner had no malicious intent. He said that the prisoner was still a young man, and one who had deep religious feeling and that it would be a shame to put one so young and promising behind prison bars.
 Walsh, K. C., then spoke to the jury for the prosecution. He reminded the jury that Gavsie's evidence showed that Guss's article tended to arouse public feeling against the Moot Court. He pointed out that as the prisoner had been shown to have a faulty memory his evidence would be of no value. He stressed the low character of the prisoner and the utter unreliability of Kelloway as a witness.
 The Chief Justice then presented the case to the jurors. He instructed to pay attention to the influence of the prisoner's articles rather than their truth.
 He pointed out that Kelloway was utterly unreliable as a witness and that they must base their verdict on the evidence given by Gavsie.
 After a few minutes of deliberation the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty" on the charge of seditious libel and "Not Guilty" on the charge of blasphemous libel. The jury recommended a sentence for the prisoner and the court sentenced the prisoner accordingly but adding that he must, as well, write a short poem, enlogising the Law School.

almost at the foot of the monument. Likewise from here may be seen the woods through which Blucher came and where he and Wellington are supposed to have met.
 The four buildings defended by the English are now farm houses and are still doing duty. La Haye Sainte is formed by a number of buildings grouped in a hollow square around a courtyard. The outer wall is still standing, the gates are heavy and of such a nature as to be easily defended. The former chateau of Hugomont is more interesting. The chateau was burnt down in the battle, but the chapel, as big as a good size cloak room, and the out buildings forming a square around the chateau are still standing. There are, however, very crumbly and ancient. Beside the farm buildings is a large brick walled paddock in which are buried a number of British officers, whose tomb-stones are still standing. The wall of this paddock still has rough loop holes put into it by Wellington's men. Around it are still to be seen the remains of the woods which was the scene of prolonged and severe fighting.
 Besides these objects of interest there are a number of monuments on the battlefield. The Dutch and Hanoverians have theirs, and further on the French and Prussians. The French one is the best. It is a rough stone tablet on which there is a bronze eagle falling as if shot.
 On visiting Waterloo one is apt to philosophize and remark on the changes in human events. However one must refrain here—because of lack of space.

THE GREATER PROBLEM
 A sense of restraint prevailed the courtroom. A jurymen coughed significantly. Everybody, relieved by this little diversion looked at him. Becoming embarrassed he, in turn, gazed upon His Honor. His Honor, deep in thought, had not moved. Papers rustled, chairs squeaked, feet shuffled. Still His Honor made no move.
 The prosecuting attorney rose to his feet and respectfully reminded His Honor that the jury had long since returned a verdict of guilty on the bootlegging charge. That the prisoner was in the dock. That he had but to pass sentence.
 Still His Honor paid no heed. His chin rested heavily on his hand in the manner of The Thinker. He, too, was thinking. Beads of perspiration formed on his forehead as he groaned at his impotence.
 Five excuses, five of which were lies, had been utilized by various official in making their escape from the room, eleven of the jury were snoring and the twelfth was suffering from insomnia when His Honor finally demanded order, a light of exultation in his eyes.
 "This is a serious charge and requires much thought," he proclaimed. "The case is adjourned for one week—with bail," and he sprang happily from his judicial throne.
 Thus did he preserve his integrity, meet the demands of Justice, yet obtain the three cases he required for his week end party.

ART
 (An Appreciation)
 I have travelled the whole world over. I have seen the sea in its angriest moments, towering above me like a great god of destruction. I have seen the mists drifting like phantastic things over the purple crests of the Sierras. I have stalked the graceful denizens of the jungle and watched sportive whales hurl their huge bulks through the air. I have seen the eagle hover above me in flight.
 The greatest artists of the world, dancers, divers, athletes, have performed before me. But for symmetry, for sheer beauty of form and significance of execution there is one thing which surpasses all of these. It is that motion of my dentist's arm with which he pushed away the drill for the last time.

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Mid-Iothian Club Begins Its Year.

Judging by the first meeting (if one can judge by such things), the Mid-Iothian Society is going to have a busy year. Instead of having to drag an opinion from someone the only difficulty was to restrain everybody from expressing their opinion on the same thing at the same time. It was decided to hold the meetings every second Wednesday, alternating with Sodales. The next meeting will be on Nov. 7, and as this is the Wednesday after Armistice Day, papers will be read on three poets killed at the War—Rupert Brooke an Englishman; Joyce Kilmer, an American and John McCrae, a Canadian. Business having been dealt with, two papers were read—one on G. K. Chesterton's Essays and one on A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young." This led to more discussion and everybody seemed very glad to be able to say exactly what they thought and to exchange opinions with those who held different views. Refreshments were then served and the meeting adjourned. The Mid-Iothian Society has found its place at Dalhousie.

Speaking Lightly

While our press and populace besiege the powers that be for a new hotel and a new station, more trade and such things, I would like to make a small request. My text is that often quoted "Let there be Light."

Ever since the first caveman struck his head on his low, vaulted roof and saw stars, artificial light has been a great factor in human existence. In earliest times fire was the essential thing but man soon discovered that light was also useful, on dark nights when he couldn't get the Ford started or something like that. He devised torches and beacons. In his fetish dances he waved them madly and stirred himself and his companions to new heights of emotion. The light fascinated them, thrilled their inner selves.

Apart from a veneer of culture, safety razors, more clothes on the part of men and less on all parts of women, we haven't changed so greatly from our ancestors. Our subconscious minds are the same. We still thrill at mention of the "bright lights". They mean fun, gaiety, pulsating life. As a siren, they draw us to them.

Halifax has few bright lights. Walk down Barrington Street on a Saturday evening. On the sidewalks are slow streams of people, and mostly gay, laughing people. They follow the crowd, seeking amusement about them. Then look about you. Here and there a flashing sign, but a mere handful all together. They fascinate you, even the few of them, they bear their message in the most impressive way. Imagine the possibilities there are for more such signs on Barrington St. There is certainly a great deal of room. It isn't necessary to have your front door opening on the sidewalk. There are lots of roofs to let and space is cheap. Halifax and Nova Scotia have many famous products,—chocolates, skates, hats and caps, are only a few. The electric sign will not reach as many people as the newspaper but it is far more impressive, and it dispenses a little thrill, free of charge, to all who cannot keep from looking.—A. L. M.

THE FRESHIE-SOPH DANCE GREAT SUCCESS

The Sophomores entertained the new students at a large party held in the Gymnasium on Monday evening.

A large crowd attended, including "Big Jim" MacDonald who came from Antigonish expressly for that purpose.

The gym was very effectively decorated with red and white streamers, and Joe Mills and his orchestra supplied the music, which was of the best.

The chaperones were Prof. and Mrs. Murray MacNeil, Miss Lowe, and Dr. G. E. Wilson.

Social Committee. Lillian Barnstead, Sheila MacDonald, George Mahon, Charlie Allen, Harvey Hebb.

"SERVICE FOR LADIES" COMING

Coming to the Casino Theatre next Monday is a picture that realizes an ambition of many months on the part of Adolphe Menjou. In "Service for Ladies" Menjou achieves the desire to play this Ernest Vajda story of a Parisian head waiter in love with an American heiress that has obsessed him for more than a year. One thing or another has always intervened. Now the picture is done and ready for the screen and in it Menjou declares that he has portrayed the best role in his career.

Vancouver!

Next week Dalhousians will meet with a practical test of their loyalty to the college and to the rugby team. Elsewhere in this issue is a letter from R. M. Fielding, Alumni member and secretary of the committee of nine, asking for the support of the student body in the campaign which the Alumni is planning to finance the football trip to British Columbia. The Alumni proposes to raise sufficient funds to make the tour possible and they feel that the students should participate in the venture.

An individual canvass will be made next week by a committee under the direction of the D. A. A. C. to raise the desired amount. Three hundred dollars is a small amount if it is evenly subscribed by the students of Dalhousie.

The committee confidently look forward to the cooperation of every student.

FIRST AID DIRECTOR HEARD BY MEDICALS

The Dalhousie Students Medical Society held their fortnightly meeting in the form of a dinner at the Green Lantern on Monday, Oct. 24th, at 6.30 P.M. President MacLean occupied the chair. Several items of business were summarily dealt with after which the speaker of the evening, Col. Hodgetts, M. D., Director General of the St. John Ambulance Association was introduced by Mr. C. M. Studd, Secretary of that organization for Nova Scotia. Col. Hodgetts gave a very interesting address on "first aid."

He outlined the work of the St. John Ambulance Association, which body gives courses of instruction in first aid to both sexes both young and old. Those receiving instruction must attain a certain standard and when this is accomplished a certificate is given. Col. Hodgetts emphasized the fact that both the C. N. R. and C. P. R. require a knowledge of first aid for their employees. He stated that the course of first aid should be on the curriculum of all Medical Schools and gave examples of the schools at Vienna and Berlin which require first aid for all their Medical Students.

At the close of his address Dr. C. M. MacKenzie in a few well chosen words moved a vote of thanks which was seconded by Dr. J. W. Merritt.

Dr. Smith of the Pathological Dept., on behalf of the staff heartily endorsed the words of Drs. MacKenzie and Merritt.

On motion the meeting adjourned. E. S. G.

CLASS '28 PARTY.

There is nothing slow about Class '28, at least in the way they arrange a class party. A meeting was held Monday at noon and the party on Thursday night, at the Commerce House. Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Bell were the chaperones and John Budd and Fred McLellan furnished the music. Everybody had decided to have a good time and everybody did. Class '28, evidently intend to make the most of their last year at Dalhousie.

2nd Year Med.

What is this Physiology? The question has been put to me; Yet for my life, I cannot see It's ultimate necessity.

What's that other class? Let's see, We play with germs of old T. B. And stains; and bugs we cannot see; Bai Jawve! Bacteriology.

Drachms and grams of potent drugs, To counteract pernicious bugs; Quizzes on the size of mugs; Materia Medica, I'd judge.

The "Leetle Book" contains it all, Whether structure large or small; Such names as are not names at all, Anatomy!! Page Shirreff Hall.

Has he e'er been sick before? Does he smoke, where is he sore? Asking these, and many more Questions, clinic methods bore.

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Freshies Required To Write Exams.

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN CONDUCT NOVEL INAUGURATIO CEREMONY.

We see by the Sheaf that a new variety of examination has been inculcated at the University of Saskatchewan. The Freshettes were required to write an examination set by the Student Government on "The Greenhorn's Guide". One of the questions was, "Give your idea of the conduct of a model University co-ed." Here is a choice morsel. "She should have a deep regard for the University as a whole, and for professors in particular. The professors have to look at her so she should make herself as attractive as possible." We trust that the truth of this remark will be borne in upon the intelligence of the feminine members of classes other than History I. Another equally bright opinion is, "She should not smoke of play cards, but should never be ar wet blanket." But the cream of the collection is contained in these few words, "while in lectures she must fix her attention on the lecturer; truly this is 'the most unkindest'." No doubt such an examination conducted at Dalhousie would reveal interesting and enlightening facts, but we feel that nothing like this would come to light.

—Mee.

Interfaculty Rugby

Three games have been played in Interfaculty Rugby during the past week and from present indications it would seem as if the Lawyers will be crowned champions. All the games have been bitterly fought with very few scores made and in some instances good exhibitions have been handed out to the handful of rosters who turn out to support their respective faculties.

Both Law and Medicine played two games with the lawyers showing the best form to beat the Engineers and hold Medicine to a scoreless tie. The Dentals as yet have been unable to score and last week they played another one of those scoreless draws with Medicine.

There are some fair players on all of the teams and a little initiative on the part of the various managers as regards practice will do a lot to improve the ames.

DAL VS SERVICES.

(Continued from Page 1)

combination from Sutherland to Langstroth to "Ab" Smith who plunged over the line for three more points. It was a very fine exhibition of ball handling but Ab missed the convert again. The final score of the game was made from a scrum on the Services five yard line when MacLean plunged through the pack to fall over the line. It was in a hard position but "Ab" came through and the score was 11-0. For the Services, MacDonald, full-back and Hope as block-quarter were the best. Hope was in every play and gave the Tigers quite a bit of worry. Every one of the Dal team played well but perhaps Wickwire, Tupper and Mitchell were a little better than their team mates.

The lineup for Dalhousie was Baird, Townsend, Campbell, Irving, Dunlop, Smith, Mitchell, Wickwire, Tupper, MacLean, Sutherland, Jones, Langstroth, Murphy and MacLeod. Referee, Norman Ralston.

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Dal Credo.

In continuation of last week's list, the compilers delve deeper into the sub-stratum of undergraduate belief. On due investigation and consideration, it has been found that deep rooted in the mind of the average Dalhousian is the conviction:

11. That Johnny Budd is the best piano player in Halifax.
12. That the crockery at Shirreff Hall is unbreakable.
13. That the expressions, "And how," and "Or what have you," are considered ritzy.
14. That Murray MacNeill, behind his gruff exterior, is really not a bad guy.
15. That J. G. Godsoe, B. A. (Dal), Pres. of the Council of the Students, exercises an incurable fascination for Freshettes.
16. That Graham Allen is the equal of any big time comedian.
17. That it is impossible to be plucked in Geology I.
18. That a student receives one of the highest honors the 16 can offer if he is permitted to enter the stack.
19. That Dal has a great library.
20. That the Dal library is rotten.
21. That Rooker Freeman should not charge \$0.15 for milk-shakes.
22. That everyone knows the Dal Songs but does not like to sing them.
23. That the Law Faculty does a tremendous amount of "wire-pulling" in Student Council elections.
24. That many of the Dalhousie professors, in their undergraduate days, were involved in numerous escapades.
25. That Jack Atwood's melodious voice has won many a game for Dal.
26. That every girl in the Hall is completely familiar with the works of Sinclair Lewis.
27. That the Commerce House is nightly a scene of Bacchanalian revelry.
28. That the writers of these are mildly insane.
29. That the Dal Credo is the poorest piece of writing that has appeared in the Gazette since its inception in 1867.
30. That the Editor of the Gazette should never have allowed these to be printed. Karl Kampus, Sam Studley.

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