

Dalhousie Defeats United Services

Tigers Prove Themselves To Be Tigers

Show Best Form of Year

THE Dalhousie Tigers defeated the United Services on the Studley Campus last Saturday, October 23, in a great game that ended with the score 14-3.

For the first time in weeks the Tigers were most convincingly and blatantly 'alive'. There was absolutely no sign of lassitude or loafing and every man was on his toes during the whole game. More than that every man seemed to be in the best possible shape and to have suddenly acquired hitherto unknown speed and control. Even the forwards looked like gazelles at times and followed the ball like demons as was proved by the fact that Tupper, who was undoubtedly the star of the game, made two of the touchdowns. In practise Friday "Tup" went over the second team line for a touch—the first he'd ever made. Now that he's got the habit we hope he keeps on making them.

A score of 14-3 would sometimes seem convincing proof of an easy game. If so, this game was the exception that proved the rule. The game started with a rush by the Service men and for most of the period they hung around Dal's line like flies around sugar. Only the strongest hearts and the best of luck prevented at least one touchdown in the first five minutes.

The first break of the game came about the middle of the period when Tupper scored on a pass from Murphy. Just what business Tup had to be on the half-line can be explained in no other way than increased speed on his part. The stands went wild over this case of lightning striking in a hitherto unviolated place. However, some of the boys evidently didn't intend to change their ways as was made manifest when the easy convert was missed ingloriously.

The next try came shortly after the first one, "Doc" Smith going over after some great half-line combination. Moore's convert might have been made with a rifle, the ball going exactly midway between the goal posts. Just previous to this try Moore relieved a threatening attack culminating in a great attempt at a drop-kick, with a grand punt.

The Tigers were not long in adding another touchdown to their credit when Langstroth made a magnificent run from his own 25 yard line to ten yards from the enemies' line when he passed to Murphy who went over. The convert again failed, an opponent touching Moore's perfect kick.

The second period was mostly all United Service. They started off with a rush and a Service man fell on a bounding ball inside Dal's line in the first two minutes after the period started. The attempt at converting failed.

(Continued on page 4.)

WATCH THESE DATES

Tomorrow: S. C. M. Silhouette Party
Commerce Party
Sat. Oct. 30: Dal vs Wanderers

Nov. 1: First meeting of Glee Club
(At the gym: one-act play, jazz orchestra, etc., etc.)

Nov. 2: Girls' Basketball

Nov. 4: Law Dance
Football: Arts vs Med.

Nov. 9: Munro Day
Girls' Basketball
Football: Law vs. Eng.

Nov. 11: Football: Dent vs Med.

Nov. 16: Girls' Basketball
Football: Law vs Med
Glee Club (tentative)

Nov. 18: Engineers' Dance

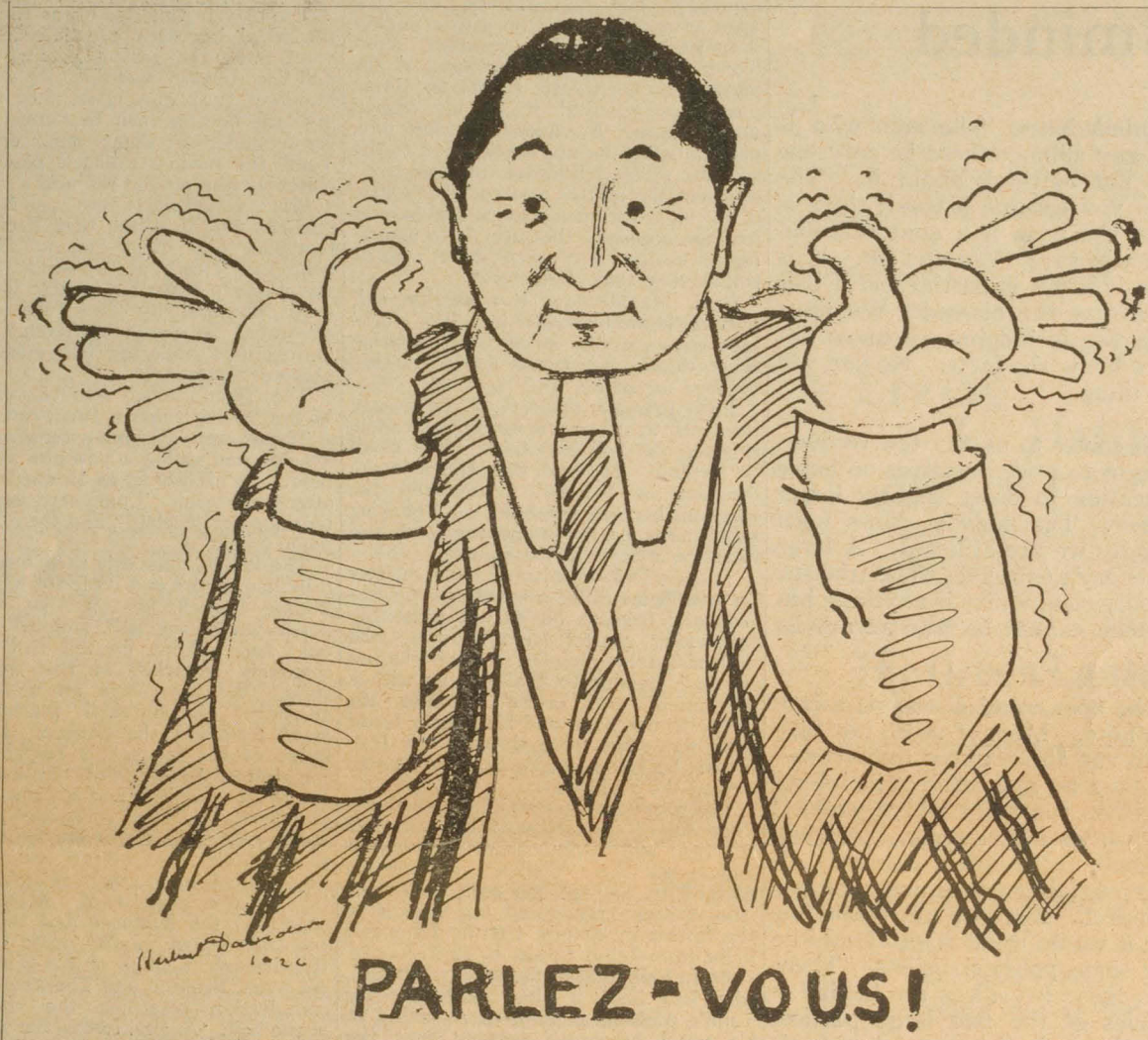
Nov. 22: Imperial Debate

Nov. 23: Girls' Basketball

Nov. 24: Theatre Night

Nov. 30: Glee Club (tentative)

Dec. 16: Christmas Exams.



Manitoban Interviews Mercer

THE following article, clipped from the pages of the current Argosy Weekly, expresses a sentiment not particularly startling to our ears, coming as it does from a professor at Dalhousie. We have reproduced it in the belief that it will prove of interest to a large number of Gazette readers:

The following article, clipped from the pages of the current "Manitoban", the student publication of the University of Manitoba, expresses a sentiment that sounds a little startling to our ears, coming as it does from a professor at Dalhousie. We have reproduced it in the belief that it will prove of interest to a large number of Argosy readers.

"I would rather have a student who throws himself into sports or student activities, so much that he might even neglect his studies for two or three years, than the student who comes to the University with the deliberate intention of getting high marks," said Prof. C. H. Mercer, Professor of Modern Languages at Dalhousie University, in an interview with the MANITOBIAN.

Professor Mercer, who was in Winnipeg the first of the week, is an enthusiastic supporter of the League of Nations and has just completed a tour of Western Canada, speaking at various points on "International Peace." In addition, Professor Mercer is a prominent Canadian athlete, having been tennis champion of British Columbia and later of the Maritimes, and one of the ranking players in Canada.

"A man who will get absolutely mad over a thing in college, even if it is athletics, will get mad over his work in after life and make the best kind of man." Professor Mercer added. "He is much superior to the 'parrot type' who studies the particularities or whimsicalities of the professor in order to get marks. He may get better marks but will not get as much out of it as the man who takes part in sports.

The professor expressed great admiration for the football player and those who really become interested in University affairs. He refused to comment upon the statement made by Professor Trueman of Mount Allison University, that registration in Universities should

be limited to certain types of students.

Speaking of the League of Nations, he declared that the representatives should not all be lawyers as they are at present but should include professors and especially language professors. Professors do more towards doing away with race hatreds than any others, if they try, he said.

"Amateur sports are a good aid to international friendliness" he said. "Professional sport having the opposite effect." As an instance of this, Professor Mercer spoke of the Olympic games.

ONE OPINION

"Four years of going to lectures that go in one ear and out the other because there is nothing to stop them, contributes nothing to a person's happiness or equipment."

No matter how much one may want to go to college because of the social life or the athletics or other similar secondary reasons, he must remember that a certain amount of academic work is necessary."

Rita S. Hall

NOT TOO LATE

The Dallusiensia Contest is well under way; many have shown their interest. We prophesy a busy time for the Contest Editor.

The answers to last week's questions are:

- (1) Dalhousie was founded in 1818.
- (2) The first principal was the Rev. Thomas McCullough.
- (3) Four histories of Dalhousie have been printed. Judge Patterson's, MacMechan's Life of a Little College. Garnet Sedgewick in Dalhousie Gazette 1900. Centennial Gazette 1918.

This week's questions are:

- (1) Where did the two flags in the Library come from, and how?
- (2) Where is the banner of St. George? Who gave it to the College?
- (3) Who gave Studley its name?

For the benefit of those who did not enter last week we print the following three questions which they may answer instead. This will put them on an equal footing—except that the questions are a little more difficult—with other entrants.

- (1) What was the Castine Fund?
- (2) Who called Dalhousie College "that pastry-cook's shop" and why?
- (3) When was Dalhousie College a hospital?

Contestants will kindly remember that their answers must be in before the next Gazette appears.

To Have a Dal Night At Majestic

Nov. 24 Is Date Chosen

Mr Editor, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I should like to speak to the motion "We suggest a theatre night; why not inflict ourselves upon the Majestic—it might just happen that the entertainment would be a Shakespeare production" Do you recognize the phrase?—Or does my delightful audience refrain from doing anything so rash as to read the print within the space usually allotted to the editorial?

My point is this: We are going to have a Dal Night, and it is going to be at the Majestic, and it is going to be a Shakespeare production. The date is set—it is a long way off, but it is worth saving up, scraping up, and waiting for. On Wednesday evening November 24th, the students of Dalhousie will have an opportunity to "quicken their 'esprit de corps' ". And what is more they will have an opportunity to develop their "very refined tastes" for on that evening The Gossip-Harris Co. presents "A Midsummer Night's Dream". It would be superfluous to say more; it would be insulting to urge you to attend when already you have "jumped at the chance", when already the first nickel has been dropped into the mite box. By November 24th we will expect you with us.

I thank you.

—A. M.

Rebuttal: watch for advertisements. And if you do not object to the "tipping system", the S. C. A. girls would like to offer you a small (but important) tip—Buy your tickets early! Only a limited number of seats are reserved, and YOU want to be one of "the four hundred".

DENTS DECIDE

AT a meeting held on Thursday, Oct. 21, the Dentals decided that they would discontinue the annual Dental Dance for this year at least—or until so many Seniors graduate that the present Juniors will have a free hand! It took three meetings, every possible wile of Parliamentary procedure and some wiles that weren't at all Parliamentary, but the insurgents finally attained their goal. To the argument that the Dental Dance was all that kept the Dental Society alive in Dal Social Life, they opposed the argument that the Dental Dance would probably cost at least \$10 and that, anyway, they were tired of serving on Committees.

Mr. Eaton fired the opening gun when he moved that all motions should be adopted by at least 65% of the members present. In face of strenuous opposition by Messrs. Taylor and Irwin. The motion was then made that the dance be held. This motion was upheld by the Juniors (including the Pre-Dents) present to the number of ten. The negative then voted on the question and the number was also ten. President Barrett's effort to vote in the negative was not needed due to the motion of Mr. Eaton on the percentage of votes needed to carry a motion. And so the Juniors were left holding the tarred end of the stick. A sad feature from their standpoint was the desertion of several of the First and Second year to the ranks of those opposed to the Dance.

Hockey and basketball managers were appointed in the persons of Mr. Charles "Chook" Sullivan for Basketball and W. H. "Henry" Godsoe for Hockey. Both elections were by acclamation.

Mr. Eaton arose to speak about the Glee Club and to discuss the advisability of having a Dental Night there some time soon. After much discussion the matter was left in the hands of a committee composed of Miss Arlie MacDonald and Mr. Eaton who were also instructed to look out for talent in the Dental Society with a view to putting on a show, though nothing definite was decided.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned.

—G. B. I.

The first college paper in America, says the Varsity, was published in Dartmouth in 1800, and called "The Gazette," and contained in 1802 articles by Daniel Webster, signed Icarus.

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Too Broadminded

OPEN-MINDEDNESS is empty-mindedness. The man who is without bias is without idea—on any subject there is only one way to be impartial and that is not to think about it. The moment you begin to ponder a problem you become biased; there is no such thing as an impartial opinion—the term is a contradiction. Not even on the weather—not though you say: "Yes and no. It is good and it is bad." If it is an opinion it is not impartial and if it is impartial it is not an opinion. Blessed are the biased. We must not confuse bias with prejudice. Prejudice is judging we know not what; it is forming an opinion before we know the facts. No one will advocate prejudice; bias is an excellent thing.

Open-mindedness is a disease which comes to us all—few recover. We are not long at college before we begin to pride ourselves on being broadminded. It is the result of education in doses slightly larger than those to which we are accustomed. The malady shows itself in various ways—it depends on how badly we are afflicted. A large number of students at one time or another say themselves to be atheists. They forget that to be an atheist in a godly community is anything but impartiality; also, of course, that a person cannot become an atheist by a mere say-so or think-so.

A far more general indication of the open-mind disease is a lack of interest in the conduct of national affairs. Most of us do not take politics seriously; we—who are going to run the country tomorrow—treat the national life as a joke. We take no real interest in it—we have no feeling on the subject. We get to the point where we say: "One party is as bad as the other" or, as we used to say, "Meighen and King are both good men"; we bracket the political parties. All the while we have half an idea that one party is not bad and that one leader is a genius and the other a scoundrel. If we do not think this we should think it or something like it; if we do think it we should be honest. Every Canadian should have some political beliefs. There are two big ideas in Canadian politics: these two ideas are behind—sometimes quite a distance—the policies of the two large parties. Those two ideas are fundamental and diametrically opposed to each other. No man, who has done any thinking at all, can consider the question and remain a non-participant. He will immediately become a zealot of one party or the other; the division between the two is fundamental; no intelligent Canadian can sit on the fence. Unless of course he suffers from open-mindedness. Our disease causes us to treat public life as a joke.

Our politicians also treat lightly national affairs. Are we not partly to blame? If we took Canada seriously the politicians would be much more likely to do the same. There is no doubt but that most of them do nothing of the kind. At the time of the recent federal election a newspaper writer said that the two men who were probably most interested in the outcome of the election were Dunning and Stevens. He meant that these two men were hoping—so that they might get an opportunity to lead their respective parties—that their parties and the principles for which they themselves stood would be defeated! Whether or not such thoughts ever entered their heads the fact remains that we consider that attitude quite all right. Perhaps our own attitudes are something the same! Is it any wonder that we do not always go ahead by leaps and bounds?

There is only one thing for us to do and that is to throw open-mindedness to the winds. "A liberal education is supposed to free one from political, religious and race prejudices, to show one how to evaluate data and come to logical conclusions, to enable one to study a problem without bias and base conclusions on facts, rather than on hereditary predispositions and emotions," said the President of Mt. Allison in a recent newspaper article. That is all to the good: let us form our opinions as he suggests and, until we see more light, stay by them. On important questions such as national policies let us take sides honestly and vigorously. We will not become partisans for the mere sake of being on a side—like Steenie Steenson, in Wandering Willie's Tale, who "became a Tory, as they ca' it, which we now ca' Jacobites, just out of a kind of necessity, that he might belong to some side or other." We will take a side because we believe in it; we will take an interest in public affairs. The new Superintendent of Education says, according to press reports, that ten years of teaching citizenship in the schools will solve all of Nova Scotia's problems. How can he be so hopeful when we—who have had the benefit of his personal teaching when he was Prof. Munro—are such poor citizens? Let us wake up! Let us take an interest in the country—and let us feel that if our own opinions do not prevail the country will go to the dogs! Let open-mindedness no longer stifle our thoughts! Then we shall accomplish something.

CASINO NOTES

A special attraction at the Casino Theatre this week end is the first chapter of the serial "The Fighting Marine" in which Gene Tunney, World's heavy-weight champion is starred. There are ten knockout chapters and it is expected large crowds will be present for the opening gong.

What is reputed to be the greatest of all British productions opens a 3 days run at the Casino on Monday, when "The Unwanted" will be given its first local showings. Many of the scenes in this production were actually photographed by German cameramen from dug-out and shell craters on the outskirts of no-man's land.

PROFS. TRIM TIGERS.

THE challenge to the Faculty football squad issued by Manager Doull of the Dalhousie fifteen, eager to avenge the recent defeat at the hands of the Bermudians, resulted in one of the most closely contested games witnessed here in recent years.

Weather conditions were ideal and a huge crowd of possibly one hundred and fifty swayed the grandstands with incessant roars of mingled approval and dismay. Play began at two forty-seven, and Prof. Theakston, playing center lock for the professional aggregation, after a "players" inhale took the kick-off and projected the oval at an angle of forty-five degrees from the horizontal plane. It passed between the sun, and Dr. Bronson, thinking that an eclipse had occurred, exclaimed in an all too audible voice, "Ye Gods, My kingdom for a camera." The ball crashed into the open arms of Moore, who with a mighty drop kick relieved the situation. Prof. Todd, misjudging the direction of the pigskin, in his frantic efforts to obtain possession, received it on his cranial protuberance. A violent reaction took place in which he was precipitated to the ground. Prof. Nickerson, running over, collected the residue and added one litre of C2 Hi Oh from a flask and a counter reaction occurred, the precipitate assuming a similar but much more volatile consistency than formerly.

Prof. MacMechan, star faculty half liner, collegiately garbed in yellow stockings, cross gartered in black and wearing other than conventional football attire, touched for safety.

Prof. Johnston teed off on the twenty five yard line; however having no caddie dropped the ball into touch for a small or no gain. He said that the ultimate direction of the ball represented the resultant between the S. E. wind blowing at 15 miles per hour and the force and direction of his pedal extremities.

Johnnie Dobson, playing block quarter for the Tigers called a scrum and Gautheron and Bronson heeled out admirably to picking quarter Herb Stewart, who with his native grasping instinct, plucked the ball, passing to Walker who with a murmured "Bai Jawve", holding the ball with one hand and his mortar board with the other, tore through the Dalhousie backfield, depositing his burden behind the goal posts.

Professors Bronson and Johnson thereupon seated themselves in the center of the field and after a short consultation announced Prof. Walker's acceleration to be 3 ft. per sec. per sec. Half liner Geo. Wilson pronounced the run to be the fastest in history, barring Pompey's flight from Julius Caesar in 49 B. C.

Prof. Bell, in the faculty grandstand, who had been a close contender for Todd's position at fullback remarked in his usual humorous manner that the hero's name was Walker but should have been Runner. This weak pun was much appreciated by the other six people on the grandstand. Miss Lowe exclaiming that it was simply priceless.

Prof. Bennet the star Anzac kicker for the faculty team failed to convert. His gory locks obscuring his vision.

Play then zigzagged back and forth with both teams on the offensive and displaying a superior brand of ball. The only exciting interval being when Jock Cameron attempted to hurdle over Bunker Murphy and landed on the acromial end of his clavicle, sustaining a fracture in the subcutaneous region mid way between the origin of the pectoralis major and the deltoid tubercle, which might be described as being on

the outer third of the anterior aspect of the clavicle at the inner end of the clavicular origin of the deltoid.

Play was soon resumed and the period ended 3-0 for the faculty.

The beginning of the second period was featured by a yell from the faculty exponents under the aesthetic guidance of Professor Bell.

1-2-3
U-Pi-Dee
Faculty of Dalhousie.
At quizzes, plucks and drinking beer
We supersede the Engineer
F*A*C*U*L*T*Y.

(Due credit must here be given to Dr. MacMechan for the concoction of this delightful little ditty.)

The play in this frame was marked by the usual increased efforts of the first team men, the perfect passing of the half-line finally resulting in a pretty hundred yard run, Doc Smith going over the line for their first touch of the game under a slight handicap—Prof. Todd the faculty fullback passionately clutching him around the neck.

Prof. Gautheron here passed some remarks to the effect that Prof. Todd reminded him of a "cravat" blowing behind as "Doc" cut the wind. A fight was about to ensue but further hostilities were prevented by Prof. Mercer who advocated a peace conference. Both nationalities respected his remarks and play was resumed.

The Tiger's touch was converted by Moore, giving them a two point lead.

Things were becoming serious so Dr. MacMechan called a pow-pow in center field. At his words, as Howard Murray afterwards said, "Conticure omnes intente ora tenebat", and then "Fortius pugnaverunt".

The faculty forwards then resorted to dribbling tactics and Professor Macintosh finding himself for the first time in possession of the ball, stopped in mid-field and holding up the ball demonstratively remarked in true geological style, "We have here an unparalleled specimen of conoidal fracture and after removing the gangue, the deep striae of the ice age is revealed." His impromptu lecture was terminated by the referee's whistle and a scrum ensued.

Gautheron in true collegiate grid-iron style gave the code orders for the next play, "Trois-Sept-Neuf" meaning play for your lives oh comrades as Todd is playing to the grandstand. Mercer misconstrued the inference and thinking a touchdown was wanted made one. At this important stage of the game Prof. Johnston, Bronson and Theakston held a consultation regarding the converting of the ball. "Angles, forces, the weight of Prof. Theakston's feet and the distance all being carefully measured the ball was successfully guided over the cross bar. Thus marking the final score of the game which was uneventful from this time until the final whistle. The official score was 8-3 in favour of the faculty. The line judges and referee played especially good games.

A return game will be played during the Xmas vacation on the Studley Quoit grounds, (weather permitting.)

The faculty lined up as follows:—
Faculty:—Forwards, Gautheron, Bronson, Theakston and Johnston, MacIntosh, Bennet and Murray. Quarters, H. Stewart, Nickerson and Walker. Halves, Mercer, Wilson, MacMechan and Cameron. Fullback, Professor Todd.

Biggest Dance of Biggest Year

YOU may have danced ever since you came to Dalhousie and even long before. You may have learned since college opened this fall. But whoever you are you have never yet been to a dance which can come up to or even compare with the last dance of 1926 the final grand fling before the plugging starts, the Boilermaker's Ball sponsored by a society famous for its good times—the Dalhousie Engineers.

A dance which will long be remembered for its unusual features for the whole dance is a novelty from beginning to end, an entirely new departure from all that has been dance custom at Dalhousie for many years. The decorations will hold you breathless, you have never seen their like before. Hitherto the dancers at the gym have been satisfied with a far too stereotyped decoration scheme—here you will get a change. The orchestra is the best in Halifax, the music the latest and peppiest—here too, you will receive surprises and truly Dalhousie surprises too. The refreshments will be satisfying, you will agree when you have partaken, and the punch—well, just come and try it.

Some say we are a secondary society, but this is no secondary dance, and no expense is being spared to make this the biggest dance of the biggest year Dalhousie has had in a decade. Whether you be Freshman, Sophomore, Junior or Senior, whether you be Artsman, Lawyer, Dental or Med.—COME, and we promise you a rattling good time.

The Dalhousie Engineers.

A Freshette had a little toy,
It's bell was made to sing;
And everywhere that Freshette went
That bell was sure to ring.

And thus the Sophettes turned them out
In caps—oh! so decoy!
And waited patiently to see
Each Freshette drag her toy.

It followed her to Dal each day,
Which was the hard, firm rule.
It made the Profs. insane to hear
Those bells so plentiful.

Then each Freshette was told
That penalty would befall;
If she were seen without her cap
In any place at all!

The Freshettes up in arms did go,
But nothing was averted,
For until October twentieth,
Their bells must needs be trailed.

And so to-day each one may see
Them all arrayed in hats.
Those bells are gone—oh happy day,
But we are still Freshettes!

We print the above verse for three reasons:

- (1) It is rather good.
- (2) It has no title. If contributors have any hope that we will use their work they should supply titles—the editors cannot do them justice.
- (3) It is anonymous. We cannot print material without knowing what genius is responsible. And how are we to know where to deliver your prizes?

SYMPATHY

Dalhousians sympathize with Mr. E. M. MacLeod, a member of Arts '26, in the recent loss of his father, Mr. A. M. MacLeod of Sydney, C. B.

Sunrise

The air is cool and still and clear,
There is but whisper of a wind
That rustles leaves all silver lined,
Methinks the dawn is very near.

The birds have twittered, now their calls
Ring out upon the list'ning air:
A robin warbling to his fair,
A phoebe's cadence on us falls.

Far in the distance echo loud
The mighty tones of chanticleer,
And from a farm hard by I hear
An answer to his greeting proud.

Across the hill there comes the sound
Of farmer driving horse to plough:
A dog barks close beside him now,
Their steps are firm upon the ground.

The dome of heaven is as blue
As it alone can ever be,
And 'gainst the sky northwesterly
The mountain leans in sombre hue.

Eastward the glow is growing bright,
Behind the orchard leaved with green
A sudden ray of gold is seen,
It shoots up to the mountain's height.

The sun peeps o'er the waiting hill:
Changing and gladdening every hue
Its radiance gilds the world anew,
From craggy mount to swirling rill.

The morn has come, this is the dawn,
Aurora holds her wonted sway,
The curtain of another day
Lifted, across the sky is drawn.

—Mee.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

At sixty D. MacGillivray gives up banking to become a lawyer! In accepting an honorary membership in the Law Society he said that the only complete course which he had attended at Dalhousie had been in the Law School. He referred to the course of lectures which the learned Quebec jurist, who visited Dalhousie last winter, gave in civil law.

On the same occasion—the Law Luncheon of last week—Dr. Munro said that he considered it a privilege to address the Law Society. "You will become," he said, "mayors and magistrates, members of parliament, leaders in the community. You will some day be in a position to help in the educational reforms which we must make."

Lieut.-Col. J. Keiller MacKay, LL.B. '22, as National Vice-Chairman of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service is rendering exceptional service. A recent issue of the Legionary carries a short biography and a full page portrait.

For the benefit of the President of the Law Society we reprint from the Acadia Athenaeum the following: "Barbara wants to know what to do for the love of Pete!"

The Freshman Class held a party at Shirreff Hall on Tuesday evening. It is no exaggeration to say that it was the best party that Class '30 has ever had.

Like the phoenix, rising to new life out of its ashes, Class '28 rose out of its pessimism, rejuvenated! Such is the verdict of those present at the Woman's Club on Friday evening. A beautiful night, wonderful home-like environment, loads of refreshments, smiling chaperones—Prof. and Mrs. Bell. A congenial gathering and a perfectly good time.

Prof. in Biology I. "The nummulates were so numerous in the Eocene period that their bodies made up large deposits of rock. Strange to say only one of the nummulates is alive to-day!"
Freshette "How did they keep it, sir?"

Freshmen in Biology I. (defining protozoa)
"The protozoa are all unicellular."
Prof. "So was your old man at one stage"

Dr. Pine has joined the staff of Pine Hill College. What's in a name?

Is Dalhousie a Matrimonial Bureau? The question has not yet been satisfactorily answered, but it has been pointed out that most of the feminine advisors have been assigned to our two most eligible bachelor advisors.

Last Wednesday Bill Outhit and Gerald Godsoe crossed swords in the Dalhousie Moot Court. Their lordships Hugh Huggins, Peter Judge and Henry Hudson have not yet handed down their judgments. The able arguments made by the junior counsel—MacLeod and MacLellan—will make the task of the court no easier.

A GOOD-NIGHT

The sunset quickens along the lake,
The darkness thickens on cope and brake.
The warm air hardens by granite walls,
On cottage gardens a chillness falls.
A blue mist lingers half up the steep,
Long gray fog-fingers inland creep.
A scent comes trailing from fields of hay,
An owl starts wailing a rood away.
A blood-red maple flings challenge afar
Till "Peace!" sings a lonely vibrating star
The hands of Dusk have buried light—
Light to me! Sun to me! Star! Good-night.
M. A. B.

FARMER GREY'S COURTSHIP

I JEST came Up from Somerset. My name is Farmer Grey and between you and me My Girl's a Crackerjack, that's sartin, for You Can't Fool an Old Horse Fly. The other day I hitched up my Horses and although it was haying time Down on the Farm and I was pretty well rushed I decided to Let the Rest of the World Go By and take out Sweet Peggy O'Neill. I had a hankerin' after that 'ere gal ever since my School Days, for she's only Seventeen and A Little Bit of Heaven and that's a fact. "Old Friend of Mine" sez I, "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet, for although The Old Gray Mare Ain't What She Used to Be, we kin have A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night—"Thanks for the Buggy Ride," sez she as she got into the waggon, "Hasn't it been A Perfect Day and the way it looks now It Ain't Agoin' to Rain No More. I've been sittin' Under the Lilacs thinkin', Shall I Have it Bobbed Or Shingled." Sez I to her, sez I, "You're as well put up as a No. 1 Gravenstein jest as you are, That's Why I Love You." I put my arm around her and threw the reins over the dashboard. She snuggled down beside me as nice as you please. Then I up an' done it and in a few minutes was thinkin' Why Did I Kiss That Girl? but the little critter seemed to like it an' looked up at me an' sez, "K-K-K-Kiss Me Again." I done my duty noble and the evenin' slipped away before I knew it. It was almost Three O'Clock in the Morning before we started Rolling Home down the Long Long Trail.

C. B. MOORE

NURSE'S NOTES

He was harmless enough—so you'd say. A great surgeon had skillfully cut A growth from his eye—and he lay So quiet and still in the dark, but You don't quite know this man Jim.

Both his eyes were bandaged with care— Not the least little bit could he see. And strict orders were left us for fear The binder should slip—Ah me, A tinder was nothing to Jim.

He had been on his back for three days, Not one mutinous thought had he shown. Though he'd say "Me no speak well Anglaise, And there's no French worse than my own— I managed to talk some to Jim.

Each meal time I'd bring him his tray— It had nothing but liquids it's true— And after I'd fed him he'd say, "Zat was good—! Oh merci beaucoup." The soul of politeness was Jim!

At last I brought Jim a meal— With the dishes a well man would take— No need for my French did I feel Till I'd seen the last of the cake So very busy was Jim.

Then—who said he had to be still— He sat up in bed like a streak. His eyes were bandaged with skill. Yet he kissed me hard on the cheek— Enraptured with eating—poor Jim!

I forgot all the French that I know— And even that Jim had been rude— And the dangers of hemorrhage too. I fled-dazed by the power of food— Such a typical man—that Jim!

THE GENTLE ART

THE world in general, I think, looks on smuggling as being one of the rather minor sins. Sailors, on the other hand, regard it as a thrilling little game with the Customs officials—if one loses, one pays a fine and feels subdued—if one wins, one reaps a small profit and the satisfaction of winning the "trick". Of course the smuggling that I am referring to is what might be called the harmless variety, such as slipping through a few curios, a yard of two of silk, or a little tobacco free of duty and not that of running drugs, guns, expensive jewelry and the like, which is a very serious offence against the excise laws of all countries.

This is the account of a successful encounter between two friends of mine and the Liverpool Dock police, which required a bit more thought than the method used by another of my friends, in evading the customs laws of the Argentine Republic. He simply stuffed his size thirty three waist inside six size twenty-eight ladies corsets—how he did it, the Lord only knows—and then marched past the customs man with a sad smile peeking over the top of his greatcoat collar.

Liverpool Docks, like those of a great many large English ports, are surrounded by a high wall. At each of the various gates is stationed a revenue officer or a policeman, whose duty it is to examine all people entering or leaving and to do what he can to prevent smuggling.

My two friends had, on various occasions, tried to carry contrabrand through but had always been caught. This time

they vowed that they would get through. After the ship had been docked for several days, one bright morning they came rolling up to the gate carrying a box between them, by means of rope handles and as usual, were stopped.

"Well" said the "bobby" on guard, "What have you got there this time?" "Only the ship's cat, answered one of the pair, "We're taking it up to the 'old man's' house. His wife's wanting company, I guess when the old fellow's away."

"You may be telling the truth," said the bobby, "But I've got to see that cat before you can pass."

After a little arguing, a little but not too much, they opened the box and accidentally, oh! quite accidentally, opened it too wide. The cat was there all right and like a wise beast, left hurriedly for home and dinner via the dock side and the gang-plank.

"There you are!" cried one of them, "It took half a day to catch it, and it'll take twice as long to catch the blinkin' thing again." The 'bobby' was very apologetic and finally, after a volley or two of curses, the two headed back for the ship. As soon as they were aboard, they filled up the box with a particularly choice brand of tobacco and after a decent interval came swinging back to the gate with it.

"Did you get it all right?" asked the policeman.

"Ay," they answered, "Want to see it again?" "Oh! no, once is enough. Pass along!" —S.

WHAT PUT THE GO IN THE GHOST TRAIN?

THERE was gnashing of teeth and pulling of hair; there were shrieks and sighs, and sounds unwholesome, but with all its morbidity "The Ghost Train" had a great appeal. "Latent Morbid Nature" "Complex emotions"—page Prof. Symmons, he can tell you all about it. This article is here to tell you that there was more to the Ghost Train than met the ear. Do you realize that it took no less than twelve people to put the go in the ghost train?

A roller dragged over actual sleepers; two drums; a huge iron thunder sheet suspended in mid-air; a "chug-chug" machine, a "wind-maker", "a rain-ticker", two large pieces of sand paper rubbed together; and for lighting effects, a sparkler and two pots of chemicals beneath each window, was burned. And mind you these were not worked hodge-podge. Everything was calculated with arithmetical precision. Each and everyone of these various instruments played its part in producing a rhythmical whole. The greatest credit for the success of the show goes to those who so ardently worked to put the "go" in the Ghost Train.

—B. R. G.

YELLOW

There are yellow taxis, sweetheart,
And Yellow street-cars, too.
And when a man is cowardly
They say he's yellow, too.

There's yellow in some flashing curls—
A sunflower on a hill—
But the only yellow wanted
Is borne by a yellow bill.

W. P. Perry, a Mt. Allison cheerleader and debater is coming to Pine Hill to do post-graduate work.

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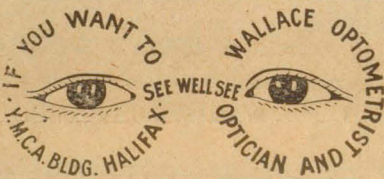
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Freshie-Soph Has Small Stag-line

There was nothing "green" about this year's Freshie-Soph. We are wondering whether the decorations were a tribute to Freshmen fighting-blood! Certainly they were original and the effect was decidedly cheery.

There seemed to be a big crowd, even for the Freshie-Soph and it couldn't have been entirely due to the Bermudians. Though the attendance was so large, the stag-line was conspicuously small. Are the Freshettes particularly alluring this year, or is My Lady Nicotine the attraction?

The youth and beauty were not by any means confined to the undergraduates. The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Nichols, Miss Lowe and Dr. Wilson. Also, some of the city's rising young lawyers turned up. Freddie never could resist a Dal dance!

On the whole, we think Class '29 were quite successful in putting over another "best Freshie-Soph yet."

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Errol Amaron is President of the Students' Union at McGill.

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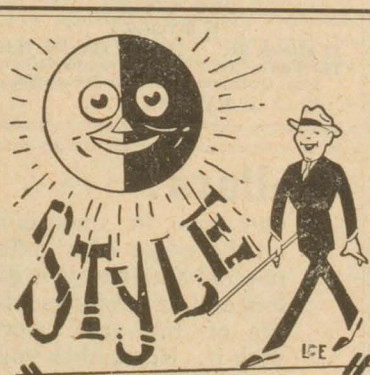
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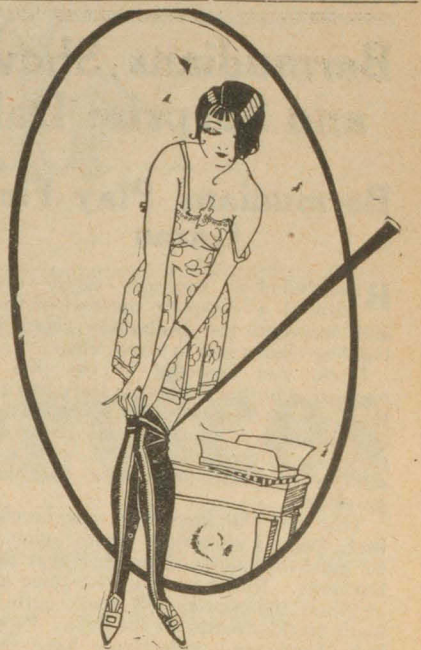
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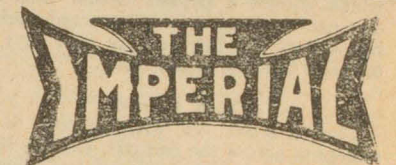
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Bermudians Show Reversal of Form and Surprise Dal with 5-3 Defeat

Bermudians Play Fine Game

BERMUDA'S touring rugby team showed a complete reversal of form and surprised the Dalhousie Tigers by handing them a five to three defeat. Little was expected in the line of opposition by the Dalhousie stalwarts and their rooters, but the Bermudians gave a fine example of courage and grit when they came through with a win after such a disastrous match a few days previous. True the Dal boys were not in their best form and missed many chances to score by making fumbles at critical moments. But it is all in the game and at times the rooters fell down quite as badly as their mates on the field. People individually and collectively have their lapses in good behaviour and a helping hand is more noticeable than the one which shoves a person farther into the dumps. It was an unexpected defeat but watch the boys smoke now and be on hand to cheer them along.

The Game

Play started off with a cold wind sweeping across the campus, chilling both the players and their respective rooters. Play went from end to end with little advantage to either team. Both sides were awarded free kicks near their opponent's line but the two kicks went astray. Just before the whistle Tirmingham picked up a loose ball and un-corked his speed for a beautiful run from center field and placed the ball over the line for a touch. Churcher scored the extra points when he boosted the ball over the bar from a difficult angle.

Second Half

Free kicks were fairly numerous in this half but no points were scored. After five minutes of play the Dal half line went into action and a try resulted from the combination, Sutherland to Beardsley to Murphy to Beardsley. That ended the scoring but both teams were at it all the time and many times only a little error prevented more points. The Bermuda rooters had a thrill when one of the green and white jerseyed men broke away for a fifty yard run. But Dal's thrill came when the elongated Doc, after a wonderful run, made a powerful plunge and got his man five yards from the line. It was a pretty play on both sides and the spectators applauded. That was the last event of the game and it ended with the Bermuda Team winning 5-3.

The players:—
Dalhousie—MacLean, Baird, Sutherland, Tupper, Baxter, A. Smith, F. Smith, Wickwire, Sutherland, Dobson, Doc Smith, Murphy, Langstroth, Beardsley and Jones.

—J. A. C. L.

Dalhousie Defeats United Services

(Continued from Page 1)

The ubiquitous Tupper again gave the Dal supporters a chance to yell when he beat a United Service half-liner to a bounding ball inside the Service line. People were beginning to ask if Tupper was a half-liner.

The rest of the period was doomed to be scoreless though by no means unexciting. "Kelly" MacLean blocked an attempted kick with his chin. "Bunker" caught some of the mania for speed and surprised everybody. Dobson, Wickwire and the forwards were raging demons. Moore touched for safety, the irrepressible Tupper beat everybody to the ball on the very next play and made another safety touch. Not to be outdone however Moore made no less than three safety touches on the next three plays. As may be seen, the Service men were pressing strongly, outscoring Dal in dribbling and kicking. Holms' admonishments weren't sufficient to cause them to break thru the Dalhousie defence though they came perilously close at times. Referee Finch's whistle for the ending of the game came with play in mid-field. The final score standing at 14-3 and the stock of the Dalhousie Tigers standing at the highest quotation since the season started. Fans who came expecting to see a team cast-down, dejected and trodden upon were agreeably surprised and disappointed. They saw a team flushed and rejuvenated with hopes of victory and showing its best form of the season

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TIGER=CUBS HAVE GROWING PAINS

"Well, at any rate it took our comrades to do it, might have been the exclamation of any Dalhousie student after the Dalhousie-Kings game, which the Juniors won, 12-3, last Saturday on the Studley grounds. The exclamation might have had reference to anything but what it did have reference to was the fact that a perfect record had been marred for at last the Juniors had been scored on. However, there is still one lingering ray of hope upon which we can cast our eyes—for, up to date, the Juniors' line has not been crossed. The inviolate sanctuary proved impervious to a direct frontal attack but an aeroplane attack succeeded for the only score for Kings came on the wings of a penalty kick from the boot of Geof. Andrew, that hurtled like a shall over the bar for the prettiest piece of kicking seen on the Studley Grounds this year.

The first period was marked by great half-line work on the part of the Tigers. Which, of course, necessitated good work on the part of the scrum and the quarters. Jones saved several times with great kicks to touch. If Jones could convert as well as he can kick to touch, a great problem would be solved.

The second period saw some more great work. Andrew and Jakeman were starring for Kings with Ernst and Coleman also doing prodigies of valor. However that half line of the Tigers would not be denied and although great runs by MacLeod, Jennings, Bayne and Townsend led to nothing, Sutherland finally went over. This red-headed lad is a real plunging quarter. Personally, we'd toss up a coin if asked to pick between that quarter line of Jennings, Sutherland and A. MacDonald and the Senior Quarter line. However, Sutherland went over. And the touchdown was not converted.

At this time, Kings unleashed a fierce offensive and the boys were hard put to it for a while. However, a few good half line runs particularly by Bayne and MacLeod relieved the pressure and Bayne went over for the final try of the game, receiving a pass from Townsend. Still no man able to put the ball over the cross bar for a convert.

so far. They saw a team with a fine scrum, a good trio of quarters a magnificent half-line and a great defensive full-back. They saw a team that in running and passing could equal any team in Eastern Canada.

Mr. Finch, the Referee, must be congratulated on his fine directing of play. Very little passed his eagle eye and he showed a fine regard for the letter of the rules.

Dalhousie — Forwards, MacLean (Capt), Baird, F. Smith, A. Smith, Sutherland, Tupper, Baxter, Quarters, Dobson, Wickwire, Hewat. Halves, Smith, Langstroth, Murphy, Beardsley, F. Back, Moore.

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Interfaculty Standing

The standing of the various teams in the Interfaculty Football League to date (Oct. 25th) follows. So far only one real game has taken place, between Engineers and Arts, Engineers winning 5-0. Law and Dentistry have postponed one game and Dentistry claims another by default from Arts.

Teams.	W	L	Percent
Dentistry	1	0	1.000
Engineers	1	0	1.000
Arts	0	2	0.000
Medicine	0	0	0.000
Law	0	0	0.000

The following item appears in a recent issue of the Varsity: "The Dalhousie Gazette," the oldest college journal in Canada, having been established in the winter of 1868-69."

Play was resumed but no further scoring took place. An interesting viewpoint at this time and during the whole game was the expression of the good-will that existed between the teams. Scarcely ever has such a good, clean game been played on Studley Campus. Kings College is to be congratulated on having such a good, clean, hard-fighting team.

The referee, "Jim" MacDonald, gave a good exhibition of keen and impartial directing of play.

(Line up)
Dalhousie:—Forwards, M. McMillan, D. McMillan, Campbell, Delaney, H. Godsoe, G. Godsoe, Mitchell, Quarters, Jennings, Sutherland, A. MacDonald, Halves, McLeod, McLellan, Bayne, Townsend. F. back, Jones.

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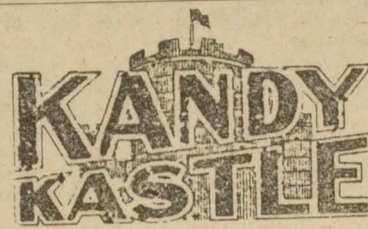
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