

# The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

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## The Dalhousie Gazette

—FOUNDED 1869—

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Business Manager - - - - - J. R. NICHOLSON  
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Editor - - - - - R. D. MACNUTT, B.A.

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Associate Editors:

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Artists:

MISS FRIEDA I. CREIGHTON; MISS HAZEL M. WHITE.

## NOTICES

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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### COMING ISSUES.

The next issue of the "Gazette" which will appear on next Wednesday, the 9th, will be a *four* page number. During the whole term up to the present—from the time of the first issue on Oct. 20th—an *eight* page number has been turned out every week. This makes the *fifteenth* 8-page number. However, the staff has decided to issue three 4-page numbers during this month and the first will be next week.

It was the ambition of the present Editorial staff to maintain an 8-page issue throughout the whole term. The grant voted by the Students Council at the beginning of the term provides for *six* 4-page issues. Around the Christmas holiday the Business Manager and the Editor spent several days hunting up new ads. These new ads, along with others obtained during the term enabled us to keep an eight page issue going strong every week. But, in order to make the Graduation Number a success, it has been found necessary to limit our expenditure on the next few issues.

There are only four more regular issues to complete this term's work. The next will be a 4-page issue; the following one will be an 8-page issue and the last two will be four pages each.

The "Graduation" Number we hope to have out about the last of May or early in June and we are going to make it one of the best.

Last year there were *eight* 4-page numbers issued. As against that, we will have only *three* 4-page numbers this year. That, taken into consideration with the fact that printing costs more this year, would seem to justify us in saying that the "Gazette" has had a successful year.

## EDUCATION

### Limited or Unlimited

THE decision of Princeton University to limit the number of its students to 2000 has excited a great deal of discussion in the papers of the United States. On the one hand there is commendation for an institution which seeks to be distinguished not for size but for quality; on the other, there is criticism of a policy which would only provide instruction for students of scholarly habit.

President Hibben in a statement says, that a committee of the faculty has been appointed, to devise a plan to restrict enrolment "that may be fair to all applicants and secure for Princeton the most desirable body of students" and adds "we wish to limit the enrolment to that number which we can properly accommodate and still maintain the character of our Princeton life and educational policy." This year there are 1816 students in attendance at Princeton. It is said that 2000 students would crowd the present Class room, Laboratory, Dormitory, and Athletic faculties beyond their capacity. Lack of funds is of course one of the reasons for the proposal to limit numbers.

This brings us to the question of the real reason for the existence of a University. Does it exist to raise the average of intelligence in the community it serves by turning out a large number of fairly equipped graduates or would it better serve by teaching a smaller number of highly equipped graduates? There is room for endless discussion here into which it is not proposed to enter.

Princeton's proposal, however, is just another indication that quality in higher education is being more sought after every day. While Dalhousie is not a large University, in the sense that American Universities are large, it seems always to have maintained a happy blend of quality and quantity in its teaching and in its graduates. There has been and perhaps, this year, there is, much disappointment among some students at the result of the examinations. Some say that the executioners axe is too freely wielded and that "plucks" are too generously handed out at Dalhousie. That may be so in comparison with some other colleges but after all is it not this demand for quality persisted in that has made Dalhousie great? Does it not make the Dalhousie parchment more valuable to its possessor to realize that no one can get it who has not fairly won it? To ask the question is to answer it.

The Gazette would regret to see the enrolment limited at Dalhousie because we believe that there is a moral obligation to provide higher education for all who seek it, at the same time we do not believe that the practise of rubbing shoulders against college buildings should be recognized as the equivalent for an education. This is not "a way we have at Dalhousie," and is not likely to become one.

## Some English I Poets

### THE TASK.

If I, to poetry, should make pretence,  
It would possess an utter lack of sense.  
The words howe'er I try, refuse to rhyme;  
It seems a waste of so much precious time.  
The Muse has hopelessly neglected me;  
My labours are but fruitless industry.  
To this sad poetry thine ear incline;  
'Tis not inspired by the Muse divine.  
Ten lines are finished. Now I'll drop my pen,  
And breathe a thankful and relieved,  
"Amen."

Marion Hoben.

### ON WRITING COUPLETS.

When I consider how my time is spent,  
How all the force of this poor brain is bent,  
In making couplets at a teacher's whim,—  
Would that the thought had ne'er occurred  
to him,

I feel as though I never wished to see  
The sight of any rhyming poetry.  
But now, since I cannot get out of it,  
With pen in hand, and paper down I sit  
To scribble verse, by pages and by reams,  
Which, upon reading, worse than worthless  
seems.

Sarah Saffron.

### THE FAIRIES.

The fairies fill the flowers of the field  
With dewdrops, and the sweet perfume they  
yield.

They light the little fire-flies' brilliant torch.  
And weave the glistening cobwebs on your  
porch.

Their sprightly figures dance upon the lawn  
And quickly disappear at break of dawn.  
They spread the star-dust on the milky way,  
And paint the sunrise of the coming day.  
They put the little stars to bed on high,  
And chase the big moon from the glowing sky

### MY WORLD.

My world is full of many lofty hills,  
Adown whose side the sparkling stream  
trills;

The many colored birds fly swiftly by—  
The soft-toned feathered warblers of the sky.

While in the winding, rippling mountain  
stream

The dancing curving fish do show their sheen:  
In summer I go towards the Greenwood tree  
And lie, and sing, and play, and watch the  
bee.

In Autumn I go out and watch the moor.—  
And listen to the tree tops sleepy croon;  
In winter I look out upon the snow  
And wonder where those brilliant flakes  
will go.

In spring I watch to see the flowers rare  
Come up to scent the warm entrancing air;  
Thus trees, and flowers and clouds, and birds,  
so gay

Are now my friends and shall be, I do pray.  
Younghill Kang.

## The Editorial Columns

## THE OLD COUNCIL THE NEW COUNCIL.

YESTERDAY witnessed the very important event of the college year—the election of that body of men and women who shall direct the student life of Dalhousie for the coming year.

The present Council are nearing the close of their term of worthy office and, although "the old order changeth yielding place to the new," we hope that in passing they will cast their mantle over the shoulders of those who are to succeed them—so that the new Council will devote itself as wholly to the student interests as did their predecessors.

The Council this year have worked quietly but valiantly; they have not advertised their service but it has been none the less valued by the student body; they have been ardent and fearless in their duties and the University has not missed the water for the well has never gone dry. They have met with opposition, but have carried every point impartially and conscientiously and many benefits that the students have enjoyed they owe to the U.S.C., though they may not be aware of it.

The Council elect have a huge responsibility to fulfil and a grand record to follow; they must learn by experience but they may profit by precept and uphold the cause of their fellow students as worthy successors of the ex-Council. They will have many vexatious problems to face and they will be called upon many a time to assert their power against that of the Senate—but they can only hope for victory by standing firm to their convictions and saying: "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I."

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

In this issue we call attention to the cartoon "Silence—a myth." This is a realistic drawing of the usual daily happening in a library where silence is ordered but not kept. The drawing unfortunately includes no gentleman student—and it cannot be said for them that they are any less offenders than the ladies. The story of the sketch is simple. The library is a place for study and not a whispering gallery. Unfortunately, study is necessary for examinations and silence is necessary for study in the library. We trust the whisperers and whisperesses will take the hint of the cartoon.

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## STOP PRESS

## RESULT OF STUDENTS' COUNCIL ELECTION YESTERDAY.

ARTS—Class '22 L. A. Munro; J. A. Dunlop; I. K. Forsythe; Misses I. Shaw; O. Maddin.

Class '23—L. W. Fraser; C. F. Grant; W. M. Jones; Miss E. Crichton.

Class '24—B. McInnis; C. Crease; Miss D. MacKean.

Engineering—W. Maxwell.

Freshman Repres—N. A. M. MacKenzie.

MEDICINE—H. G. MacLeod; H. A. Creighton; W. Poirier; C. Baxter; R. H. MacLeod; C. MacMillan; C. W. Holland.

DENTISTRY—J. Merrick; Geo. Green; W. Buchanan.

LAW—R. McInnis; A. L. Chipman; J. F. Mahoney.

\* \* \*

Dal defeated by Wanderers in City Hockey League last night. Score 1—0.

\* \* \*

D.A.A.C. annual meeting tomorrow, the 3rd, at noon. Munroe Room. Election of officers. Reports.

\* \* \*

Elimination series in Basketball; Dal plays Tech. tonight at 8; City Y.M.C.A. The team requires a big bunch of rooters.

\* \* \*

Mock Parliament tomorrow, Thursday, at 8 p.m.; Munroe Room; Militia Bill and Temperance Bills; Come everybody. Bring the ladies; bring the babies. Probably end of session.

\* \* \*

Dr. MacMechan lectures at Ladies' College tomorrow, Thursday night, on "E. D. Sullivan and his Art"—illustrated. Tickets, 50 cents.

\* \* \*

Dental Dance—March 10th.

## SUCH IS LIFE.

The Golden Rule of college life doth seem,—  
"Each Monday, thou shalt bring with thee a theme."

In summer these will oft decide thy luck,  
If kind professors will or will not "pluck"  
When one doth spend a day and half a night,  
Preparing "reams" until one's brain goes  
"gyte."

On Friday one receives this brief command,  
It's just the simple, red-ink'd word—  
"Expand."

But if one measure and curtail each tense,  
The margin bears another word—  
"Condense!"

HELEN WILSON.

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Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt, near Victoria, B. C.

G. J. DESBARATS,  
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.  
Unauthorized Publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.  
Ottawa, February 3, 1919.

## Boulogne--Sur--Mer and the Boulonnais

By an Arts Student.

HOW many of us knew much about the seaside town of Boulogne in France before August, 1914? Not many, I fancy. Those who were acquainted with Boulogne in the days prior to the war, associated it chiefly with arriving after a disagreeable and uncomfortable channel crossing while all our thoughts were centred on the one idea—to discover our train as quickly as possible and hurry on to Paris or Lucerne or Milan or whatever might be our destination and forget all about the horrors of the sea and our uncomfortable landing at Boulogne.

But things have changed since that historic August and now, many English speaking people from all over the world are familiar with the North of France, including that busy little town Boulogne. But to appreciate Boulogne you must spend time there and get to know it from within. The Boulogne known to the traveller hurrying South, to the inmate of a Base Hospital, to him who spends a few hours at a rest camp, or even to a member of J. H. Q. living in comfort in one of the hotels on the sea front, is not the real Boulogne: this busy watering-place has only grown up within the last score or so of years. Its growth being caused by the flourishing fishing trade, by the commerce and traffic caused by the cross channel passage between England and France. As a natural sequel, large hotels have sprung up in the neighborhood of the quay and railway station and the tourist who spends a few days here to try his luck at the Casino and enjoy the sea bathing, does not realize that he is not really in Boulogne at all, but in a modern suburb.

Come with me and I will show you real Boulogne! We leave the sea behind us and turn in to the Rue de la Lampe—a narrow, busy street containing many shops and estaminets; we pass through the marketplace which is square and large with houses and shops on all sides except on the South, where stands the imposing-looking church of St. Nicolas. On summer mornings the market-place presents a picturesque sight, being crowded with stalls of fruit, flowers, vegetables, meat and farm produce of all sorts: many people flock here from the neighbouring villages and the air is rent with the sound of bargaining in French, which, spoken by the peasant of Northern France, is a loud language. We leave the place du Marche and strike a steep street ascending gradually towards the South. At the top of this street is a little "place," and the way divides into two. To the left is a fine boulevard—the beginning of the residential part of the town—while at the right is the angle of grey stone ramparts and a wide stone entrance and facing us just over the gateway is a charming little medieval statue of the Virgin Mary. This is the entrance to "La Vieille Ville". To real old Boulogne. We know there was a town here in the year 882 A.D. as in this year we hear of its destruction by the Normans. Probably in those days and many years after, the sea came right up to the ramparts. It is only within comparatively recent times that the ocean has so receded as to allow of a flourishing fishing town being built between the walls of the old town and the water's edge.

Le Vieille Ville is entirely surrounded by these wonderful old stone ramparts which date from the 13th century. They are pierced by four ancient gateways and one can imagine that with these gateways closed and only a few sand dunes between the walls and the sea, the defence of the town against the enemy would not be very difficult. In these days, the top of the ramparts form a pleasant walk and a playground for children. One follows a gravel path with grass on either side, bordered by trees and at every turn there is an entrancing view of the fishing town, of the surrounding country and of the sea. I wonder if Julius Caesar watched from this spot the assembling of his fleet to invade Briton. The present ramparts did not exist in his time but perhaps there was a look-out point here?

It is certain that the anxious Boulonnais gazed out seawards from the top of these ramparts in 1544 when they were being besieged by Henry VIII of England and Napoleon chose Boulogne for his headquarters while making his extensive preparations to invade England and we may be sure that often during his stay here, he paced the ramparts from which on a fine day the white cliffs of England may be clearly seen.

Now, La Vieille Ville is a very quiet sleepy spot. It consists of grey stone houses medieval and old-fashioned shaped and narrow and crooked cobble streets. But here are the important buildings—the law courts and the hotel de ville and a 13th century chateau; and in the midst stands the Cathedral of Notre Dame which, although erected on an old site, dates only from 1866, three former Cathedrals having been successively destroyed.

A ramble in old Boulogne takes me back to the 15th and 16th centuries. Here is the setting for a romance of Alexandre Dumas: a steep, narrow, cobble stoned street just the place for a horseman to arrive, galloping at full speed and throw himself off his panting steed at the door of the inn at the corner, whose sign "Au bon Boulonnais" has surely been there since the days of le Grand Monarque: as also has the gnarled old vine that grows on the front of the inn, and the picturesque courtyard in front.

One Sunday afternoon in July, as I was strolling along the ramparts I heard the sound of chanting and saw a mass of people moving towards me which on nearer inspection proved to be a large religious procession. It was a long procession consisting of many priests, nuns, tiny children all in white, carrying flowers, and young girls. In the midst of the procession walked the Bishop scattering blessings as he slowly passed along and then came a large model of a ship carried with much reverence in remembrance of the story of ancient days when the town was in sore straits and the Virgin Mary miraculously arrived in a ship and saved the good town of Boulogne. But the great feature of the procession was the wonderful appearance of the country women of Boulogne and the neighbourhood. Their costume consisted of a plain black or dark-coloured dress made into an immensely voluminous skirt—these dresses are sometimes of very rich silk—they were adorned with many gold chains and brooches and

in their ears they wore long dangling earrings. The whole effect was crowned by the head dress which was a close-fitting white cap with enormous wings on each side: made of stiff white muslin often trimmed with the costliest lace. These costumes and the jewels usually descend from mother to daughter and are only worn on high days and holidays. Hundreds of women dressed thus followed the procession and very dignified they looked. The people of the Vieille Ville pride themselves as being different from those of the port or lower town. It is said they are of an entirely different race and are careful not to marry outside the Vieille Ville certainly they always appeared to me to possess a dignity and a quietness that you never find in the inhabitants of the quays and market place. Perhaps they really are of a different race and are direct descendants from the Boulonnais who helped Julius Caesar man his fleet and later unsuccessfully resisted the attacks of Henry VIII.

J. M.

\* \* \*  
"MINUS D."

All students with an essay to indite  
Must plan it well before they start to write.  
Avoid confusion, make their meaning plain,  
And only on the cover sign their name.  
Complete the statement, strike out and  
condense,

Transpose, expand, but do not lose the sense.  
Write very clearly, and no word misspell,  
With this achieved, we feel that all is well.  
But then the fall! Like Icarus to the sea,—  
When themes returned are marked just  
"minus D."

J. W. LONGLEY.

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## Residence News from Pinehill, Birchdale and Marlborough

## THE PINEHILL POST.

THE fact that Robert C. Robb has lost another article of his rapidly diminishing stock-in-trade, and that the checker tournament is rapidly drawing to a close seems to be the only items of general interest in the Residence this week. Robb's latest deficit is his fountain pen, ("plainly marked") and it looks as tho' the only thing the boy will have left soon will be his honor.—In the checker tournament altho' "Pope" Ross settled the claims of J. D. McLeod, he himself fell a victim to the wily Patterson of N. B.—the other two competitors in the senior finals are Lloyd of N. S. and Borrnell of P. E. I. so the tournament has taken on an inter-provincial aspect as the betting is about as complicated as in the City Hockey League.

Of course the Pinehill gang were much in evidence during the Dal-Crescents game last Tuesday night. The boys ate a hasty supper and led by "Dinty" Moore the vanguard struck the Arena by 7 o'clock. This only meant a wait of an hour and a half but the game was well worth the wait. One of our number who has travelled extensively states that the gory part of it reminded him strongly of a bull fight he had witnessed in Rio—Certainly there was lots of it but the main thing was the score—A peculiar thing we noticed was how many supporters Dal had outside college circles altogether. The most enthusiastic collegian could not outdo in praise, a certain member of the genius "coalheaver" who sat on our left, and who gave the yell with more gusto by far than the average student. Small matter if we did have to miss a lecture or two the next morning and that we have not yet recovered our voices.

"Bliss was it on that dawn to be alive; but to be young was very heaven."

The usual round of sickness is in our midst. Not bad enough yet to necessitate the services of a nurse as last year, but enough to keep some of the boys in bed and provide a little work for Lloyd MacLean in tracing their temperatures on a chart.

The Junior-Senior was well patronized by those lucky enough to be on the guest list and they all report one of the best dances of the season—not quite so much rush as at the Freshie-Soph or Delta Gamma. However, quite a few of the boys could not go as Norman MacKenzie and his Y.M.C.A. had separated them from the last of their hard earned dollars in support of his S.V.M. ideal!

## A BULLY YELL

Farmer—College education sure does pay. Take my boy just home. Went right into the field where that savage bull of mine is kept. The bull started for him. The boy just stood pat and gave his college yell.

Friend—Well, what did the bull do?  
Farmer—He joined in with him. Now they're regular pals.

Poirier—Quite a rig for tramping out to Pinehill?

Rev. Cameron (George)—Better than knee-boots up to your neck!

## THE "WEEK" AT BIRCHDALE.

THE warm spell a week ago melted some of the snow on the "Arm" and hopes were revived for the postponed skating party. The snow storm on Monday again put it into the future.

As far as we are aware four from Birchdale ran for the U.S.C. Bruce, Baxter and Poirier in "Medicine," and Kelly for the senior class in "Arts." The council next year is bound to be nearly all new blood. It is said that only three in the whole council are standing for the second election. "Bill" Jones is the only one in "Arts" going back to his constituency. Such a state of affairs is much to be regretted, for it means that only a few of the new council will understand the relations with the Senate and that considerable friction will arise before the council realizes that they cannot run the University. Also, perhaps, the officers of each new council could do more for the student body—if they had been on the council the year before—and profited by the mistakes and experience of that year.

Baxter and Forbes were caught studying astronomy one night last week, on South street with their two Marlborough friends.

The rivalry between the "Med and "Law" factions was very bitter over the hockey game. All the "dope" was for a win for "Medicine" and the "dope" once more proved wrong. Some one has remarked that "the hostile feeling" between "Medicine" and "Law" makes him think the college has returned to normal conditions." If that refers to arguments around the halls, we better change back. If it refers to scraps at the "Majestic," we better let the spirit continue.

The question of a "Dal" football bowl was much discussed during the week. For the information of all concerned the aid of the Engineers was used last year to make plans for a rink—we still skate to the tune of \$130, a night. The Bowl is a good idea, but the desire near the heart of every student is first a gymnasium and students' building. The gymnasium would provide a place for physical training and practice for basketball—so they would not need to get in questionable condition by playing hockey. The building with a large Convocation Hall would make a place for a "public" convocation and by giving a place to hold college dances, would eliminate the down-town element and much of the revenue of the "Masonic" and profiteering of the "Auditorium." On behalf of the Birchdale, we wish to suggest that any excess concrete be first used to build a young bridge for our walk across the campus.

It is rumored several budding financiers have bought up a supply of canoes for the next slushy spell.

The firm of McKenzie and Graham lost the work of a lifetime last Wednesday morning in Truro—when fire completely destroyed their factory on Bible Hill. We all extend our regrets to "Buck" and "Jim" and hope the firm will be able to build larger and better than before.

## "BIRCHDALE" REPORTER

In connection with hockey, some of the girls are learning to wield a hockey stick and we look for results.

## MARLBOROUGH NOTES.

There is nothing remarkably startling to relate from the domain of the Girls except that our drawing-room table (that precious relic of antiquity) which has long been afflicted with "ague" suddenly decided one fine evening, to collapse and precipitate a certain fair-haired young lady to the floor. The disappearance of a tall green object from the mantel has also caused a lot of comment but its "demise" is still shrouded in mystery.

"The" night of the week probably was that of the big game. Excitement ran high in betting circles and next day many boxes of chocolates made their appearance, tucked under triumphant arms. Altho' the exodus to the Rink started at 6.30, yet only the lucky ones secured seats. This however, did not dampen the enthusiasm and tho' hats might be knocked awry and breath almost extinguished, lusty cries of "Come on, Dal" might still be heard. The next day one of the girls was obliged to be removed to the hospital in an ambulance. Who says there is no college spirit at Dalhousie?

One of our number went to Sackville with the Basket-ball team and tho' we lost by an extremely small margin, the game showed that our girls still possess the (fighting) spirit, characteristic of all Dalhousians. Here's hoping it will be victory next time.

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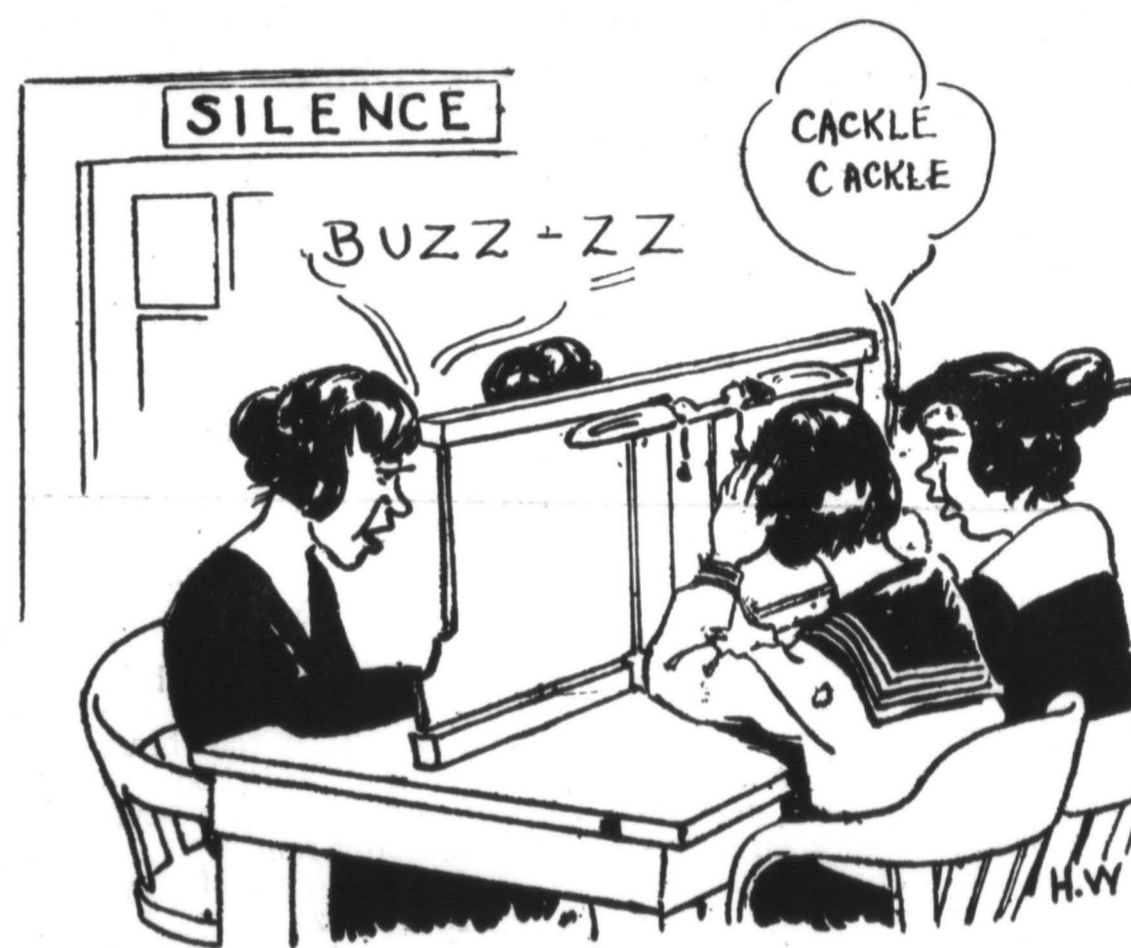
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WHEN SILENCE IS A MYTH

Review of Dr. MacMechan's Twelve Profitable  
Sonnets.

I hope I am not making a startling or exaggerated statement when I say that the Sonnet is the Kohinor of English poetry. By this I do not mean to give the sonnet pre-eminence over such masterpieces as Paradise Lost or the plays of Shakespeare, I am referring to poetical quality and not to material value.

There have been many English playwrights besides Shakespeare, and literature teems with narrative poems of majestic measure, but I may safely say that through all the line of great English writers there are only three outstanding sonneteers, Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth. 'Tis said that Shakespeare raised the standard of the sonnet to such a degree that minor poets durst not attempt to follow in his wake, and embryo sonneteers soon became discouraged. Although this may be somewhat true, yet Shakespearean comparison is not the only reason for the downfall of those who sought the diamond and only found the amethyst.

The sonnet is the most deceptive style of poetry that a poet can attempt. It is so restrictive in its construction, so simple in its phraseology, yet withal so expressive, that for a writer to confine his measures within its scope and yet produce a poem which contains even one deep poetic thought is the feat of an artist; in a word, Flecknoe can write an English sonnet.

The Twelve Profitable Sonnets are the fourth production from that mine of literary jewels which, Dr. MacMechan calls his Chap-books, and the adjective 'profitable' was never more appropriately applied, they contain all those requisite points of perfection and many others which go to the making of a true English sonnet.

The cardinal quality to which I have already alluded is simple expressiveness. This is the prime feature of Dr. MacMechan's sonnets, every line of which is a thought,

every phrase a meaning and every word a factor of the whole.

An interesting characteristic of the twelve poems is that they form a continued story though some are dedicated to different friends of the author, the first, a sonnet of Wordsworthian style, is written to a young bride who is entering married life with all its happiness and responsibility equipped with those many perfections which turn four walls and a roof into a home in all the fullness of the word.

The next five sonnets, also distinctly Wordsworthian, by their beauty and simplicity continue the story of the model household. Other members have come to augment the circle. "The happy mother" is portrayed in one with her bridal perfections beautified rather than lessened by years of mingled joy and care. "The house of laughter and of tears" is the subject of another. The remaining two depict domestic scenes of love and constancy, beautiful in themselves but ten-fold more so when told in the music measure of a sonnet.

The seventh of these poetic tales is the climax of hearthside happiness. It is a Christmas reunion and the pledge is given to absent friends, the pledgers little dreaming that in one short year many of those around the board will be toasted in the cup of bitterness, for their absence will be irrevocable to Eternity.

The style changes; it is no longer a simple though beautiful story, the iron hand of war has scattered the hearth-circle, and in the majestic rythm of a Miltonian sonnet the author portrays the next "Season of the Wondrous Birth" with nought to cheer it save the little "Fire and Friendship 'mid the waste" which is still burning despite War and Death and Hell-on-Earth.

Then comes a personal touch and written in that singular style of sonnet originated

by Shakespeare and so perfected by him that its production by another poet is a feat worthy unlimited admiration. The three quatrains and the couplet are in honour of another of the patriotic home who is "doing her bit" with the women of Canada in aid of those who are battling for liberty in France.

At last the reign of Terror is broken, and the first Christmas of peace is celebrated. The remnant of heroes and heroines of the story are gathered for another reunion but it is tempered by losses the magnitude of which need not be told. So we leave them with their smiles and tears to pledge their absent friends in a soberer cup.

"And in this Christmas Peace that heals and cheers,

We clearly see Their Love as Life's chief Gain."

But before we close this little book of measured beauty there comes a scene, known to all but never known too well, a scene which will be commemorated by bards and poets as long as Britain stands.

The smoke of hell is sweeping down upon the "dauntless few," followed by the grey-coated devils battling for the sea-gate. The sonnet is no longer the simple dreamy flow of music, it rings with the roar of that desperate hand-to-hand conflict and as in the "Sea-Ballads" comes the final note of triumph.

"Their thin worn lines were adamantine bars,

Therefore their names with glory shall be crowned.

In their dear land's fair story, not with woe,

And in the record they shall shine like stars."

J. H. T.

HOWLERS FROM ENGLISH EXAM.  
PAPERS.

*Thermopylae*—a speaking to one's self and not intended to be addressed to any listener. *Alexander Soliloquy*—dwelt there alone, no one to say a kindly word to him but the wild beasts which roamed over the plain.

(Note—Alexander *Selkirk* must have had many tete-a tete conversations with the wild beasts.)

After he broke his neck by falling off his horse, he knew he would not live very much longer.

## Some Definitions of "Koran."

*Koran* was an ancient sea monster. *Koran* is a long pipe used sometimes by travellers out in India.

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### A PAGE OF FUN FROM ALL FACULTIES

#### SURE.

Dr. Cameron (in Anatomy I.), after making a remark which caused considerable mirth and applause. "I suppose this will appear in the next issue of the Gazette."

**Wanted** Practical instruction in the process of manufacture of all the monatomic alcohols in the first 3 groups of the series, as outlined in "memsen." None but experienced need apply.

Also wanted, a suitable cellar and suitable appartus, in the suburbs of the city.

Chief object the advancement of science.

Apply to

Male Members of Chem. 4 Class.

\* \* \*

#### PRINTED.

Lawley (just before the Medical-Dental game) "I'll say there is some class to the Dentals! Did you notice that the Dental line up for the game tonight was printed?"

Wilson (3rd. year Med.) "Yes, funeral notices are always printed."

\* \* \*

#### FOUND.

A new serum—known as the *Anti-Titanic* serum has been discovered by MacIntyre of 2nd year Law. Its properties are similar to the *Anti-Tetanus* serum.

\* \* \*

#### ALL A LOAN.

Money may not be religious, But, you can't dissent, Some of us can tell of dollars That are keeping "lent"!!

\* \* \*

#### "Sky is the Limit."

Keating: How many "fags" d'ye smoke a day?  
"Spud" Ellis: Any "given" number!!

\* \* \*

#### THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Who is the girl in Arts who has given up using *powder* and *back-combing her hair* during Lent?

\* \* \*

Who is the Dalhousie girl who in the ticket crowd at the Strand exclaimed: "This is the only time I ever get squeezed!"

\* \* \*

Who looked into E. Smith's eyes so lovingly and said "I didn't know you were a jazz hound.

\* \* \*

To whom Charlie Baxter presented his "Cerebral Cortex."

\* \* \*

Prof. MacMechan describing Toronto University to Eng. I.—"On the second floor of the Hart House is a dining room for the staff. It is always full."

\* \* \*

Dr. Cameron (to nervous freshman about to take a quiz in Anatomy)—"So you want to tread the path of glory? Remember the line in Gray's Elegy, The path of glory leads but to the grave."

However, as the examination proceeded it was evident that  
"Knowledge to his eyes her ample page, Rich in the spoils of time did ne'er unroll."

#### GIVEN FREE.

V-ct-r Wal-s: "Ah, now you are speaking of trade, but I am speaking of free trade!"

Prof. Wilson: "Yes, but free trade is merely trade free, Mr. Walls."

\* \* \*

#### A PINEHILLER.

On a very cold day, when the church was inadequately heated, a Pine Hill student preached from a hot text. At the conclusion of the service, he leaned over the pulpit and said in a tone audible to all the congregation:

"Deacon Dunlop, do, please, see that this church is properly heated for this evening's service. There is no use in my preaching to sinners of the danger of hell when the very idea of hell is a comfort to them."

\* \* \*

#### DO YOU SNORE?

**Prof. D. Fraser Harris** (in Physiology I.)—"Snoring is produced by the cavities of the head acting as resonating chambers to the vibrating soft when respiration is performed thru the nose and mouth simultaneously. *The larger the cavities of the head, the louder the snoring.*

**Purcell** (to Poirier)—"That must be the reason why you snore so loudly."

\* \* \*

#### SOME FRESHETTE.

**Prof. Murray** (in Latin II.)—"And every year there comes a tremendous freshet(te)."

**Question**—"Did he include the same freshetta about whom D. C. C. wrote his poem in the Gazette?"

\* \* \*

#### LAWLEY ON LAW

"This is what you might call a painful silence," said the *talkative* law-student as Lawley got ready to operate on him.

\* \* \*

#### In Hist. 7.

Prof.—"The question is 'Was Elizabeth trying to aid the Dutch or simply to promote her own self interest? What do you think, Mr. MacKenzie?'"

"Larry"—"Very little, sir!"

\* \* \*

#### Heard at the Delta Gamma "Crush."

He (seriously)—"May I have the pleasure of a dance Miss 'X'?"

She (sweetly)—"Yes you may have the 9th extra Mr. B."

He (sarcastically)—"I'm sorry I have that one taken—the 14th extra is the only one I have left!"

\* \* \*

#### WHO?

Was the senior who said—"The romance has all gone out of it, children"—then sighed deeply when she found *one* valentine was from a mere girl?

\* \* \*

#### HAS SHE?

Telephone rings for Miss M-dd-n.  
Girls—"Oh she has so many beaux!"  
Miss M-dd-n—"No—but I have Bowes!"

#### IN REVENGE.

##### (The Freshette's Reply)

Davy is a poet, and proud indeed is he, To show the world his intellect by writing poetry.

High are his aspirations, some day he will be great,

He modestly has hopes to be the Poet-laureate.

The only thing that puzzles us, we can't explain it yet,

That one so wise should stoop to write concerning a "Freshette."

Jimmy is a *lover*, in the library you may see, Jimmy with his little books, working busily. If you watch him for a while, you will see him often raise

Eyes of blue to eyes of grey with a tender soulful gaze.

So he sits and gazes long, and he wiles the time away,

Jimmy likes to *study* in the library, so they say.

"Curly" is a *freshman*, and is just a youngster yet.

His bow-tie can't deceive us, he is still the family pet.

He has a fault and sad to say, he very seldom fails,

To tell things that he shouldn't, they call it *telling tales*.

And when he reads these lines, I'm not afraid to bet,

He'll wish he'd used discretion, and not told on a freshette.

#### "FRESHETTE."

Note—We know it was Curly who told Davy about us hitting a boy in Elem. French class. As far as we know, Jimmy didn't have anything to do with it, but we thought we might as well make it a family affair, and put Jimmy in too. We want to tell Davy that we do despise *some* men, and we want to ask the men we do *not* despise, a question:—If someone tipt your chair, and nearly caused you to fall off on the floor, what would you do?

#### FRESHETTE.

Miss McLeod to Greene at Rink—"Oh, I'm so tired!"

"You are looking very fresh tho."

"Yes maybe, but not green(e)."

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### With the Puck Chasers and Ball Throwers

#### CRESCENTS vs DALHOUSIE.

##### Dal 6—Crescents 0

The biggest crowd of the year turned out Tuesday to see Dal and the Crescents battle for first place in the League. It was a pre-war crowd in size, but some of the hockey was not of the pre-war brand. The crowd expected a hard fought game with a fairly close score, but from the first minutes of play it was evident that the Collegions were masters of the situation, and the game lost the uncertain element that makes contests interesting. Thereafter the crowd were more interested in the individual players and in the mix-ups that occurred so frequently. With regard to these "scraps," we may say that, while we do not desire to put forth our players as angels of gentleness, yet whatever rough work they indulged in came only only after great provocation. Most of the local papers lay the blame for the roughness evenly on both teams. We can't see it that way. The rough work started when a Crescent player checked a Dal man into the boards—a clear violation of one of the first rules of hockey. There were some more incidents of an unfair character and then the Dal men fought back. Undoubtedly referees can't see everything, but still a little more sharpness at the first of the game would probably have prevented such exhibitions.

The game began with each team watching the other closely. Play remained around centre and then went to the Dal end. Here McNeil took the puck from McDonald's stick and, after some brilliant stick-handling which brought him unaided through the whole Crescent team, he shot Dal's first goal after three minutes of play. A minute or two later McNeil again rushed and the forward line joined him, Haslom scoring. In fifteen minutes, MacEachern and McNeil combined beautifully, beating the Crescent outward defence and going right in on Hurley, when McEachern passed to McNeil who again beat out the Crescent goalkeeper. Dal were easily outplaying their opponents in this period. The Crescents were all well marked and could do little with the Dal team.

In the second period, Crescents strove hard, and Ahern who replaced Patterson, made some good rushes. In six minutes Dunn scored on a nice rush from centre ice. Play became slower, McNeil went down the ice and Rudolf came out to stop him McNeil skated away with a cut on his forehead. The cut curiously enough is the same length as the butt end of a hockey stick. Fluck rushed from defence and scored on a rebound. McDonald and Goodhew for the Crescents were working hard but Fluck, McNeil and McIsaac were impassable.

The third period saw the Crescents fighting hard to save themselves from a white-wash. Goodhew, Holmes, McDonald and Fraser rushed repeatedly but could not get through. Crescents forwards were weak in shooting and they did not bore in on the nets as did the Dal men. Lilly shot Dal's sixth goal after fourteen minutes play. Rudolf and McEachern mixed it and both went off. The gentle Rudolf wanted to continue the contest in the penalty box.

Crescents showed wonderful gameness and sticking power. Many expected to see them

tire in the last period but they fought harder than ever. Time and again they carried to the Dal defence, but if they got through the outer wall, they could not get by McIsaac who turned in one of the best of his many great performances

The line-up:

DALHOUSIE	Goal	CRESCENTS
McIsaac	Goal	Hurley
McNeil	Defence	Patterson
Fluck		Rudolf
Lilly	Centre	Goodhew
Haslam	Wings	McDonald
MacEachern		Fraser
Dunn	Subs.	Holmes
		Bucler
		Grant
		Ahern

Chummy Murray, Halifax, and Jack Campbell, Stellarton refereed.

In the game between Dal Seconds and Crescents Seconds, Dal were successful by a score of 3-2.

\* \* \*

#### INTER-FACULTY HOCKEY.

Law won the Interfaculty Hockey Championship by defeating Medicine 3 to 1 at the Arena on Wednesday night. The game was exceptionally fast throughout, and supporters of the rival teams were present in large numbers to urge on their favorites. Loughed's goal tending was the feature of the game, while Milton and Nicholson in front of him made a sturdy defence. Zinck the Med. captain played a hard game throughout, and was well supported by Cochrane and Purcell.

The line-up:

LAW	Goal	MEDICINE
Loughed	Goal	Corbett
Mitton	Defence	Zinck
Nicholson		Cochrane
Ferguson	Centre	Purcell
Newsome	Wings	Ross
Townsend		Glenister
Chipman	Subs.	Young
McIntyre		
M. Rogers		
A. Rogers		

Goals:

- 1st period Newsome (Law)
- 2nd period A. Rogers (Law)
- 3rd period (Med.) Townsend (Law).
- Fluck and G. Dunn refereed.

\* \* \*

#### BASKETBALL.

The "Y" team defeated Dal by a score of 18-13 on Wednesday night. A large crowd attended and the game was strenuously fought throughout.

The line-up:

DALHOUSIE	Forwards	Y.M.C.A.
Ferguson	Forwards	White
Laing		Holmes
Coster	Centre	Clarke
McNeil	Guards	Jackson
Grant		Carty

#### LAW vs MEDICINE.

By an Arts Student.

Dead are the Hopes of Medicine;  
Upon their skates lie rust;  
And Law around their open grave  
Has murmured 'Dust to dust'  
The last sad words are spoken;  
We heard them said with awe,  
For Poirier's heart is broken  
Because of the victory of Law.

Yes, Law has won the victory  
Over the haughty 'Med'.  
Who now, despised and vanquished  
Hides his diminished head.  
The 'Meds' have lost their glory  
As well as all their cash,  
And now in outer Darkness  
Regret they were so rash.

\* \* \*

#### INTERFACULTY BASKETBALL

Thursday, Feb. 24.

Arts Even 20—Law 15 (game protested)  
Only one game took place in the Interfaculty Basketball League last week—Arts Even nosing out Law to the tune of 20 to 15. Law which has entered a protest state that they were scheduled to meet Pharmacy and on this account did not play their strongest team. Arts Even was without the services of their Captain, John MacNeil who has become uneligible on account of playing on the senior team. Mader showed up well for Arts while Bill Marshall was as usual the star for Law. Next Thursday 3 games.

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## HERE AND THERE ABOUT THE COLLEGE

### JUNIOR-SENIOR DANCE.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 24th, Class '22, or the "Junior Seniors" as the *Mail* calls them, entertained the Graduating Class at a thoroughly enjoyable dance in the Masonic.

As was to be expected, the "jazz" was most successful. The chaperones, Mrs. MacMechan and Mrs. Murray McNeil, together with Miss Shaw received the guests and at 8.30 the Harmonic Orchestra commenced rendering their unsurpassed selections. Dancing was continued until 1 o'clock and the time passed only too quickly for the gay and ambitious throng.

The hall was artistically decorated thanks to the Masonic, Delta Gamma, and the Social Committee of the Junior class—Miss Jean Annand, Miss Burns, Messrs. Richardson and Morton. Special mention should also be made of Mr. Lloyd Munro, the class treasurer who was most untiring in his efforts to make the dance a success.

The number of tickets sold for the dance was limited and thus the hall was not crowded, there being just enough present to give ample room for dancing.

This dance was most enjoyable in every respect and congratulations are in order to the Social Committee who as usual carried out the various details of the entertainment so successfully.

D.C.C.

### DENTAL NOTES.

Announcing \* \* \*  
 The Dental Dance \* \* \*  
 Masonic Hall, March 10th \* \* \*  
 Harmonic Orchestra \* \* \*  
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 The winding up Social function of the term \* \* \*  
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### ENGINEERING NOTES.

The Engineering Society will be favored with a very interesting address on Friday, March 4th, by Mr. A. J. Barnes of the Telephone Co. on the subject of the Automatic Telephone.

Mr. Barnes is a graduate of Dalhousie and Boston Tech. and is an expert on the new 'phone system, so all are looking forward to an instructive lecture.

\* \* \*

Prof. Copp (in Surveying)—The next paragraph is on the survey of cemeteries, which you need not worry over. I hope you will never have to lay out a cemetery or lie in one.

J.H.T.

\* \* \*

### PERSONAL NOTES.

Prof. H. L. Stewart will deliver a three months course of lectures in the Leland Stanford University, California, during the summer. Our congratulations to Prof. Stewart on this recognition of his abilities and the compliment he has brought to Dalhousie.

\* \* \*

All students regret to know that Miss Jean Tattie and Miss Tillie Smith are so seriously ill. We trust they may have a speedy recovery, and feel no serious effects from their misfortune to be sick at this time in the college term.

\* \* \*

Many students are reading with interest the stories of Dr. MacMechan which appear in the "Atlantic Leader" every week. Dr. MacMechan also had a very interesting article on "Canada as a Vassal State" in the last issue of the Canadian Historical Review. In this article he points out the influence of American ideas, inventions, methods, customs, etc. on Canadians. It is curious to note that he says our Dalhousie "yell" was introduced by an American teacher of music.

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