ATTENDANCE RULE LOSES

Song Writers Take Second Place at Sodales

STAR CAST OPEN POST-XMAS DEBATE RESULTING IN TRIUMPH FOR LAW MAKERS



Arthur Murphy, one of the principals in the first correspondence debate.

Open Debates **Bring Forth** Good Fruit

PRELIMINARY TRIALS BRING OUT MANY SPEAKERS WHO DEBATED THIS YEAR AT SODALES FOR THE FIRST TIME

THE preliminary trials for the men's intercollegiate debating team, which took place last Tuesday and Wednesday. brought forth some splendid speaking. They were in a sense a culmination of the pre-Xmas open debates; a most pleasing aspect was that a high percentage of speakers were Sodales products. Thirteen candidates took part in the trials, which were before a student committee. The Intercollegiate Committee will make the final choice. On Wednesday evening, in the absence of the

A LARGE crowd turned out on Monday evening to the first regular meeting of Sodales for the Spring term to hear a discussion of the resolution: That the popular song-writer may be a greater influence for good than the law-maker. Miss Avis Marshall and Mr. Herbert Davidson opened the debate for Winning Leader

Winning Leader

the song-makers; Miss Helen Wickwire and Mr. Gerald Godsoe did likewise for the law-makers. Speaking from the floor, Mr. Ewna Clark, Mr. Ernest House, and Mr. P. L. H. Muschamp, contributed materially to the discussion. Mr. Ben Guss thought the debate much ado about nothing. A vote of the audience proved the law-makers more popular than the popular-song writers.

Miss Marshall suggested as an alternative wording of the resolution: That the results of internal suggestion are greater than those of external compulsion.

greater than those of external compulsion. Lyrics influence us unconsciously; nor

Lyrics influence us unconsciously; nor do they, as law sometimes does, arouse opposition. She cited the influence of lullabies on babies and national songs on men. Speaking in her engaging way, she continued to pile up instance after instance of the good influence of song.

Miss Wickwire's debut at Sodales was a very happy one. In her the law has found a worthy champion. Like a lawyer she scorned sentiment and proceeded by pure reason alone. Law is the mother of peace and joy; before its ince, tion the life of man was nasty, brutal and short. What the state needs is not weak sentiment but an infection of humanitarianism—just what the law gives.

Mr. Davidson, with characteristic unbanity, complimented the fair contestants who had preceded him. Among his chaff were some precious grains of truth. Law appeals almost entirely to the instinct of fear while popular songs appeal to many instincts; they may therefore wield a tremendous influence. All actions have their spring in the therefore wield a tremendous influence. All actions have their spring in the instincts and emotions. He concluded by showing how the spirit of sympathy expressed in such a song as, I Want To Do What You Do, was the very thing at which all law-makers were aiming.

Gerald Godsoe made one of the most happy speeches of the evening. Some popular songs, he said, have a harmful rather than a beneficial influence; most popular songs make an appeal to our

rather than a beneficial influence; most popular songs make an appeal to our baser feelings. Moral songs are not popular and the appeal of many songs lies in the overthrow of the restraint of law. He closed in humorous vein.

It would do the debate an injustice not to mention Mr. Ewan Clark's discussion of national songs. His graphic account of how Finlandia aroused a nation must have rival'ed that, earlier in the day, of Prof. Walker, from whom he learned the story.

Among other treats of the evening v

THE Engineers have put it over Wednesday evening, in the absence of the president, Mr. Walter Darby presided in his genial fashion.

Criticism, whose importance it is difficult to overestimate, and experience, will remedy the most evident faults. On the whole the debating was good; to have taken pa is an honour.

The rt speaker was Mr. Roy, Landing The Engineers have put it over again. On January 20th the Engineering Society staged a party which many of those present, said was one of the best class parties they had ever attended at Dalhousie. Seven-fifteen saw no less than forty couples converging on the Casino theatre from all parts of the city, and from that time on they taken pa is an honour.

The rt speaker was Mr. Roy Laurence. Ile is a confident speaker who will be, when he has learned to speak a little more carefully, an effective man.

a little more carefully, an effective man on the public platform.

Mr. E. House has a good delivery.
A little variation will make him a control to speak of Mrs. Miller in the dining A fittle variation will make till a convincing speaker.

Mr. Woodside is a deliberate speaker with natural gestures. His argument seemed to lack organization.

Mr. Winfrid Henley brought down the house time after time with his humorous sallies. His poise is not prepossessing.

llies. His poise is not prepossessing.

Mr. Gren Zwicker is a promising
(Continued on Page 3)

At one a. m. the last cab left the Waeg, and at 1.45 the last couple broke up at the Hall.

Irwin Gets D

In appreciation of Mr. Byron In appreciation of Mr. Byron
Irwin, who resigned as Sport
Editor on account of the pressure of work, we are breaking
rules to the extent of awarding
a Gazette D during the session.
Mr. George Mac ntosh, already
a member of the staff, is the new
Sport Editor.

Sport Editor.

Engineers' Show Monday Night

ON Monday night we shall see what the Engineers can do when they cease for a moment from the contemplation of more serious problems in the generous effort to entertain their fellow students. That special compartment of the engineer's brain which is given over to dreams of great projects, that part in which abides the creative ingenuity which sends iron ships on the water and others into the air, is busily exercising on the problem of a charge production. Nor the problem of a stage production. Nor will his time be wasted, for the engineer, who first among men is practical, must,

to reach greater success in his profession, have an active imagination.

That there is an esprit de corps among the boys of this faculty cannot be denied, nor can it be definitely defined, although it is surely there and evidences itself on many occasions and in various ways. many occasions and in various ways They are a small faculty and very busy They are a small faculty and very busy, but they take time to contribute their full share to the life of the university. When there is cheering is the Engineer's yell ever left out? When songs are sung, do they sing their songs lustily? They were not quite certain as to whether amateur theatricals were in their line, but after all "who pulled Jonah out of the but after all "who pulled Jonah out of the

Of the fifty odd men in Engineering, Of the fifty odd men in Engineering, thirty-five are in their show, while the rest will be actively helping in any way they can. Harry Bell is stage manager and general liaison officer, while Bob Doull rehearses the All Engineering Jazz Orchestra. A play coached by Professor Theakston has for its cast, Bill Cooke, John Morton, Skip Currie, Doug. Scott, Ives Stewart and John Power. At the conclusion of the first act the audience will have an opportunity to sing-song will have an opportunity to sing-song from the Dalhousie Glee Books, which will be on sale at a booth near the entrance to the Gym.

Found

An Opportunity

To buy Dalhousie Song Books, with music, price 50c.

To buy Dal banners, price 75c. Everybody should have a Song Book and Banner, so bring your

GLEE CLUB, Monday night Jan. 31st.

(Don't procrastinate! You will not be able to get a book if you do not get it Monday night-there is a limited supply in the city, the whole of which is yours Monday Night ONLY.)

What's Doing

27 Engineers vs Commerce (H)

28 St. Joseph's vs Dal (Inter. B) Mount A. vs Dal (Sr. H) 29 Dents vs Med (H) Med vs Law (B) Dent vs Commerce (B) Engineers vs Pine Hill (B) Arts A vs Arts B (B) Tech. vs Dal (Sr. B)

31 Glee Club (Engineers) b. 1 Law vs Commerce (H) Class '29—'30 Party 2 Dal vs R. C. R. (Inter. B)

Sociales.
3 Med vs Arts (H) 5 Dent vs Engineers (H) Commerce vs Med (B) Arts B vs Law (B) Pine Hill vs Dent (B) Arts A vs Engineers (B) Y. M. C. A. vs Dal (Sr. B)

Judges' Decision 8=6 in Favor Of Negative

RESULT OF CORRESPONDENCE DEBATE GIVES SEVERE CENSURE TO COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE AT LECTURES

COMPULSORY lecture attendance is students in the best interests of the students is the result of the debate which has just concluded between Alberta and Dalhousie. The tribunal of fourteen judges, who were the editors of the more important Canadian college papers, voted important Canadian college papers, voted in the control of the co but in the best interests of the students is the result of the debate which has just concluded between Alberta and Dalhousie. The tribunal of fourteen judges, who were the editors of the more important Canadian college papers, voted eight to six in favour of Dalhousie. All

judges, who were the editors of the more important Canadian college papers, voted eight to six in favour of Dalhousie. All are unanimous in declaring the success of the debate and in congratulating the debaters. The editors from the following universities voted for Alberta: Manitoba, Montreal, U. N. B., St. F. X., Acadia, and King's. The editors from the following universities voted for Dalhousie: British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Western Ontario, Queens, McMaster, Toronto, McGill and Mount Allison.

The editor of Western U Gazette says: "The debate was extremely interesting to myself, and I congratulate the two papers concerned for having sponsored it." The McMaster Monthly wishes to congratulate the debaters. The editor of the Sheaf, University of Saskatchewan, considers the debate very close. The editor of the McGill Daily says: "The debate has been extremely interesting to follow, even for one who is nerely a disinterested spectator. I imagine then that it must have created considerable interest in the two universities concerned. It is certainly a splendid way of overcoming geographical difficulties."

The editor of the Brunswickan says: "I should like to congratulate Mr. Sweeney on his originality in this form of debating,—a style that was both engaging and clever. It appeared to me that there was more of argument in his articles than his opponents admitted; at the same time, however, his allegorical abstruseness tended to weaken rather than to strengthen some of his points. Mr. Murphy also deserves to be complimented on his clearness and form and a journalistic skill that is characteristic of controversial editorials.

"The young ladies of the debate also "The young ladies of the

"The young ladies of the debate also made very creditable contributions, their styles were perhaps more methodical, and their language showed the influence of the social sciences.

"Both Universities should be very well pleased with this experiment which has

pleased with this experiment which has undoubtedly been followed closely by all the students whom the exchanges reached. It is quite probably that your initiative in this field will result in similar enter-prises between other Universities."

The editor of the Xaverian Weekly ys: "I found the judging of this novel journalistic encounter an interesting as

DAL AND THE POETS

Sir:—The man I quoted was not Mansfield, but John Massfield, one of England's and the world's greatest living poets. I didn't censure a prof. because his opinions didn't coincide with Archer's. I censured one prof. for having no opinion

at all on Canadian poetry, and another prof. for calling Wilson MacDonald "a sleight-of-hand artist."

MacDonald is the third Canadian poet to visit Halifax since I came to Dal and at each recital students have been conspicuous by their absence.

conspicuous by their absence.

At Wolfville last week not only did the numbers but they bought the poet's newest book enthusiastically. It is almost certain MacDonald will receive a most certain MacDonald will receive a similar welcome at Mount Allison, and St. F. X. assuredly loves literature. It is almost certain MacDonald will receive a similar welcome at Mount Allison, and Sophomore Class and Secretary treasurer of the Glee Club. He is a forceful speaker and the possessor of a dominant one college in the Maritimes to turn the cold shoulder on Canadian writers. The fault may lie with the faculty or with the

A Scotchi

PICTOU

(Continued on Page 3)

Strong Support



Freda Winfield, member of the team which won from Alberta in debate.

To Debate Hazing of

FRESHMEN VERSUS SOTHOMORES ON ABOLITION OF HAZING AT SODALES NEXT WEDNES-DAY NIGHT

"RESOLVED that initiation of freshmen should be abolished," will be the subject of the next Sodales debate which subject of the next Sodales debate which will be held in the Munro room on Wednesday, February 2nd. The affirmative side of the question will be upheld by Miss Frances Elkin and Mr. Stewart Allan; the negative by Miss Elizabeth Colpitts and Mr. Reg Baxter.

Mr. Stewart Allan is president of the freshman class. He is a clear thinker and has a good presence. He gives promise of becoming one of Dalhousie's coming men.

Miss Frances Elkin is a freshette who

Miss Frances Elkin is a freshette who is rapidly coming to the fore. She is freshman representative on the Students' Council of Shirreff Hall and is very popular with her classmates.

Miss Elizabeth Colpitts is a sophomore with a brilliant scholastic record. She received a scholarship upon entering college and another at the end of last year. She is bright and sparkling in expression.

A Scotchman was being measured for students themselves, but undoubtedly we lack something the other colleges possess.

*A Societhidal was being inclusive a suit. His tailor inquired about the positions of the pockets and received this answer—"Mak' them deeficult to

SEE MT. ALLISON HOCKEYISTS PLAY DAL TO-MORROW NIGHT

The Palhousie Gazette

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Say It At Sodales

SODALES Debating Society is beginning to occupy its rightful position in the life of the University. The meetings are so successful that everybody and the college

cannot help but benefit.

A debating society, it seems to us, can be a very important part of the university. Everybody knows how necessary it is for a leader of any kind, and how valuable it is for anyone, to be able to express herself or himself in public. A debating society has something to contribute to the university also. Students from the whole university meet there, as they do in no other activity, as students. One result is to strengthen the university consciousness, which redounds to the benefit of every activity, academic or otherwise. A good debating society will cause, for example, a larger attendance at the games. Another result is bringing to light a good type of student. There is a large group whom neither athletics nor society bring to the front: it is well to round out these activities by the addition of a more intellectual one. Then of course debating is in itself so enjoyable.

Sodales can become, we think, a real student forum, a centre which will radiate vitality and inspire the whole university. There is every reason for Sodales to occupy a position similar to that of a Union in the British universities. We can think of no greater boon to student life. As a group students can consider problems, which are the student's main concern, in a debating society alone. A writer in the Canadian Student of a year ago says: "Students should form, and learn to express, opinions on current events and on the problems which face the world—their sources and possible remedies. In the formation of such opinions, and as a medium of education in their presentation, the art of debating should rank first in importance among university activities.

An Early Reading of Lycidas

rain which slashed angrily through the fog, rattling on the roof of the little old all have another drink." chapel and on the roof of *The Golden*Barque Tarern. The wind howled and a steady roar met the ears as the sea.

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade." steady roar met the ears as the sea pounded mercilessly against the rugged cliffs. Within The Golden Barque, however, the noise of the storm merely furthered the comfort of the warm tavern. The friendly glow of the fire played on the walls, showing, here, an old cutlass, here, a Spanish candlestick, probably the loot of some privateer, here, a model of a Dutch three-decker. Seated around the fire were some ten or twelve convivial spirits, singing, chaffing, and imbibing hot grog. "Come, Simon Benner," shouted one,

'give us a song.'

-replied Simon, "I can't sing, but I'll read you a new poem from

"Read on Simon; some of these London songsters have a right merry wit. Who's

our writer?"

"A young poet, yelept John Milton-another glass, landlord!" "Bravo! Let's hear the poem! What say you, Amblechuck?'

The gentleman thus addressed, who had been dozing by the fire, woke up. "Surely, let's all go home," said he and

promptly went to sleep again. Simon began to read. The company listened quietly until he came to the lines, For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime, "Young Lycidas, and hath not left

his peer."
"How now?" cried one of the group, "an't were a sad verse

"What matter, Lilch, 'tis a welcome change from our jests', said another, "but, forsooth, let's keep our spirits up with a drink all round!'

This proposal was instantly adopted, even Amblechuck woke up long enough to have a drink. Simon, being thus

fortified, read on 'But oh! the heavy change, now thou

art gone, "Now thou art gone and never must

"By'r lady, sirs," said Simon, "that's a pretty bit—but let us on."

Simon read on, rather falteringly, as the pathos of the poem gripped him.
"Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

'Closed o'er the head of your loved

another of the gentlemen.

THE little Devonshire village of "Come lad, don't let it effect ye thus; Tideway sulked under the driving take another drink and drown your

"Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?"

Amblechuck woke up.

"Ah!" said he. The group frowned at him and he went to sleep again.

"And daffodillies fill their cups with

"To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies."
Here the landlord sank to a chair and

buried his face in his hands, his shoulders shaking convulsively. Simon read on, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Ay me! whilst thee the shores and

sounding seas
"Wash far away, where'er thy bones

At this stage, many of the gentlemen completely broke down and wept on each others' shoulders. Once more drinks were passed around and once more Simon began afresh. 'For Lyshidas, your shorrow, ish not

'Shunk though he be beneath uh warrery floor.

On and on he read, his faltering voice mingling with the sobbing of the company and the noise of the storm. Almost imperceptibly the sound of the storm seemed to drown the other noises. The sobbing grew less. Simon's faltering increased.
"Now, Lyshidash, the Shepherds weep

"Henceforth...thou...art...the..."
Silence reigned inside the tavern, contrasting with the roar of the storm outside. Amblechuck woke up. Marry, the parlous knaves are all

-W. G. A. '29.

Dallusiensia

This week's questions are:

asleep!

1. When did undergraduates have a literary Club?

2. What Dalhousian has been called Nova Scotia's leading citizen?

3. In what year were the members of the Royal Society of Canada for Nova Here a stifled sob broke out from Scotia chosen from the faculty of Dal-

VERSE OR WORSE

"RETURN TO NATURE"

And put her powder on; Her cheeks received a tint of rose, With Winx eyes brightly shone.

She touched her hair with gentle pat; She chose a kerchief fine; A soft white cloak she tightly wrapped About her form divine.

She crossed the hall with queenly air, Full well her grace she showed; The man was waiting eagerly, His clothes the latest mode.

Without, the wind howled loud and

roared,
The rain began to fall;
No cab had Tom, the lax, supplied-They walked out to the Hall.

The rain soon soaked her hair so neat, Her rouge was somewhat streaked, Black oil did from her lashes run, Nature had vengeance wreaked.

GARRA GLEN

Hidden in the hills, by stern hills encircled, Lies Garra Glen, a valley of the deer; In the summer silence, and the golden

noonday,
Arched above with blue, deeply-domed and clear.
In Garra Glen, in the deep corrie,
Cold is the air, and the wind is free;
Down from the little dark loch of

The Burn of the Sheep sings to the sea.

The black peat, worn and seamed, is fretted into gullies By the thaws of spring-time, and by

summer rain: Crystal springs arise, little torrents

wander

By trunks of age-old trees that will not leaf again.
In Garra Glen, in the great corrie, Golden and sweet cloud-berries grow; From the dark peat the little white

bog-star Shines like the summer's last flake of snow.

TO A WHITE BIRCH

The maiden donned her shoes and frock And put her powder on;
Her cheeks received a tint of rose,

Slim and arrogant still, you stand Smiling through tears of rain.
For the passionate sun had thought you won,

But you turned to the wind again.

And a tall, dark pine had found you fair, He sang in a soft, sweet strain.
But your feminine whim would have none
of him

And you turned to the wind again.

Whitely you smile beneath the stars, For the moon had wooed you in vain. Your lips were chaste in a cold distaste, And you turned to the wind again.

Though the wind be mocking and cold

and cruel,
And will wring your heart with pain,
Though your lips be kissed by the tender mist,

Yet you turn to the wind again.

SHINE

They say in the old-fashioned days, Twas considered the acme of praise

To tell a fair lass, Whom you happened to pass, You admired her bright shining face.

Now Dame Fashion says "shine" is passe So 'tis speedily banished away, And the girl who would please, Must use lots of Coty's And such forms of patented clay.

TREES

I think that I shall never see A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest—
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast; A tree that looks at God all day, And lifts her leafy arms to pray; A tree that may in summer wear A nest of robins in her hair; Upon whose bosom snow has lain; Who intimately lives with rain.— Poems are made by fools like me,-But only God can make a tree.

-Joyce Kilmer.

Memoirs of a Young Man at College

(I need hardly say) have been dollars: having only seven hundred to offer the caster of the deciding vote, which went at a thousand, and my father, with his hand in another officer's pocket. He was subsequently run through in a duel for insulting remarks about the same officer; who was, he said, a mean drivelling little white rat, who had no pretensions to either money or honor, and was only in the army because of the charters of grathers and the state of the sta shortage of gentlemen.

He used to say that his one vice (apart from an hereditary taint of a lack of money) was a love of low company: money) was a love of low company: he knew intimately, sundry persons whose surnames had an Mc or else an Mac at the head of them; saying roundly, that although they had (some of them) so far escaped the gallows, there was no doubt that they and their descendants would come to no good end, and the province would be sorry for them. His foresight has been remarkably established; and some of the more notorious. lished; and some of the more notorious in this city at least, have managed to make one of the Colonel's descendants smart; and others of the students as well

His son, great grandfather, went back to England for his education; but pro-tested, before he died, that he learned too much there: thus anticipating by one hundred and forty years Mr. Wells' doubt of the usefulness of the University. Having followed his teachers too closely he blamed his early training for his unfortunate end on the gallows. In his last moments his son, my grandfather was near him; but unable to see, or to comfort him. This was not because the contrary, the affair brought large crowds, which was of course very flattering to due only to the prudence of certain officials of the city jail, who would not allow the young man to leave, even under guard.

It hardly seems that such stringency

should be the regular thing, even in a jail; and the only answer that I can see to this difficulty, is that the authorities had too great a respect for his ability to take any chances with him.

This tribute to grandfather's capacities so early in his career, undoubtedly presaged the great things that lay before him in the realm of politics. He was speaker, minister, and failed of being

The answers to last week's questions:

The Law School was founded in 1. 1883.

2. Thirty-five hundred copies of a paper called the Dalhousian were printed and distributed every two weeks between May 5th and July 23rd 1914—six num-bers in all. It was designed to advertise a campaign for a Students' Building.

3. At one time the University gave the degree of Bachelor of Letters.

my father's side, the Smiths premier only by the sum of three hundred which went at a thousand, and my father, subsequently and unjustly the victim of his enemies' persecution in some matter of bribery, and convicted in court without any conclusive evidence, was thereby ruined and left to return to private life on three hundred and forty thousand dollars.

There is one thing about grandfather which I am reminded whenever look into a mirror. On the occasion to which I have referred above, a jailisiting clergyman was so unwise as to call on him; and after some conversation, 'Young man,' said he warmly, 'I have rarely seen a more unrepentant spirit—'

'Thank you, Sir,' said my father. '-and a more villainous face,' added

To that, it is not known what my grandfather said; as for what he did, it must be urged in his defence that he never liked Episcopal clergymen; and if the clergyman was not able to preach for some time, neither was my grandfather able even to see his friends and that for a longer time.

I am impelled at this distance to defend that taste to which gentlemen are accustomed; moreover, it was untrue: we have tomed; moreover, it was untrue: we have been noted, these six generations, for beauty of feature. I resemble him closely, and know how unjust that statement was. I have often been told that my social success at Dalhousie has been due to my good looks alone: it is a fine vindication of grandfather. My face has gained me entrance into every sort of exclusive place. The result is great grandfather. The restriction was due only to the prudence of certain not to be equalled today even by a janitor Who else but of the Arts Building. could speak to high and low alike, with such freedom? To football D's, class presidents, sophomores, and to professors the next?

The reader must not at this point misunderstand me. No one could be more careful than I, in choice of intimates: apart from a natural care for my social position, the relations between myself and the Senate have too frequently been strained, for me to lend countenance to their doings; but there can be no objection to speaking to them about the

Mount A meets Acadia this year in the Maritime debating league. The meeting will be a crucial one, each college according to the Argosy having won since the inception of the league seventeen debates and lost six.

Professor Montpetit of the University of Montreal will deliver the Webster in the opinion of the men of McGill there is lectures on Canadian History at Mount an ideal girl. No two opinions agreed as Allison this year.

Gray Days

WE are starting the gray days of our college year. We have been here long enough for the full novelty of our courses to have worn off. The thrill and the content of the Christmas holidays are but memories which might be years

Because of the sameness of these days, they are almost monotonous. Especially is that so this year, since the weather has prevented any enjoyment in winter

But for all that, the gray days have a charm which is entirely lacking those earlier, more interesting ones. There is practically nothing worthwhile doing in them but working and thinking. And as they are apt to be the basis of any satisfaction we have with our college. year. What we do in them, we feel to have been done because for once, work was the most attractive thing that there What we do in them, we feel to was. Those in charge of societies and activities find it a hard period, particularly of those from which the individual student can only gain a benefit proportional to the effort which he is willing to put forth.

But here again, it is in this very period, with its gray days, that these activities justify their existence. Because then, students do not appreciate them for the sake of their novelty or entertainment but for their real worth.

Let us try and get the most out of these gray days. They are solid gray rocks, on which foundations may be

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

A pleasant feature of the trial debates was some new remarks on prohibition, both arguments and jokes.

We do not suppose that anyone felt badly about the price of the Council Dance—nor even if it had been refunded as a door-prize! If indeed anyone was broken up he certainly was not broke.

The Newman Club held a very successful dance last Wednesday.

Is N. U. S. at Dalhousie going to mean Not US? . . .

Whoever coined the phrase "blue Monday" didn't calculate on the Dalhousie Glee Club. The Sodales executive have expressed their willingness to consider the suggest-ion of any student as to a subject for

Some Dalhousians held a large and live dance at Nelson Hall last Wednesday. We have been unable to find out who was supplying the "auspices." No, it wasn't the Newman Dance.

Dumbness

1. An Eng. prof. who thinks Scott Fitzgerald wrote that famous book, "The Plastic Age."

2. A senior who asked her escort why college boys shouldn't see "The Temptress"

3. A soph who publicly blamed her discontent on the fact that people never asked her "to do little things" for them!!

4. A soph who asked who "Stan" is, and what he does.

5. A boy who sees his woman down.

5. A boy who sees his woman down town at five—who, on calling at seven and being told she's sick in bed, says he's sorry and promptly sends flowers. Can you beat them?

A Student's Position

If eager youth with shattered hope And disillusioned eye Before Dalhousie's staff doth raise A discontented cry,

Tis not because ungrateful he Misprises service done Nor has no pride in that high place Her scholarship has won. Tis not because he values not

The discipline of mind Which makes the careless and the rough

Exacting and refined; But that his heart impatient beats When 'tis so plain to see The contrast twixt Dalhousie now And what she well might be

The dream that we as students have That here a youth should find Not only facts, but something more

To stimulate his mind; That e'er youth's rosy dawn has changed To noon's far duller blue

Not only should he book lore learn But see a vision too No doubt professors grave and learned With unsquelched freshmen share.

So then let prof and student climb New heights to clearer air— Walk both together; but if one Suggests a better plan, Let not the other quit the quest

But rather be a man.

A McGill Daily interviewer finds that

IN MY GARDEN

TCANNOT but grieve when the summer dies, for the summers that come to us in youth will not return. We shall grow older and our eyes will grow dim, grow older and our eyes will grow dim, and I do not dream to see again such a sky as in those June nights leaned over a garden where dwelt all my dear delights. And I cannot again hope to see such roses as I found there, and I know that I shall not always wait for them so joyfully. When I leave behind me the Land of Youth, those fragrant whispers from the Infinite will be out of touch with a heart dimmed over by age. a heart dimmed over by age.

Round my garden to the east there are

seven trees of the silver birch, and through their delicate veil of fluttering and airy verdure shone the first Stars and arry verdure shone the first Stars of Spring. Oh, pearly, sweet stars, oh, trembling young stars of the amber light, when the world is swept away you will shine still in the immortal dreams of lovers. How often I have watched you glowing in serene skies, while above and around mingled light, radiance and the perfume of shadowy blossoms

There was a little brook of violets beneath my seven trees of silver birch, and one day there came a stir amongst their closely folded leaves. Then I knew that the fragrant life that woke first in the dewy and secluded places. knew that the fragrant life that woke first in the dewy and secluded places, was waking those tender exiles into bloom. Are the old legends of the flower-souls all untrue? Lying so close to the dreaming heart of earth, did those violets beneath my trees of birch remember not the sweet places where they were woven first into the garland of Spring? Had they no memory of that vale of green shadow, of that streamthat vale of green shadow, of that streamlet that passed ever singing to the sea, of you chaste silence, broken only by the clear, wild calls of God's innocent, speechless children?

Every Spring my garden was gay with daffodils. Once a poet made a sweet song about the daffodils and how they song about the dalfodis and how they used to come to him in visions, gladdening his pensive dream. When they grow here, looking up to dewy skies, as if they drew their beauty from immortal places, they seem blossoms fallen from the fadeless fields to which the sad souls of mortals often steal in dreams. Oh, little golden flowers that the soft wind fluttered, where are you now? It is fluttered, where are you now? It is not with careless feet that I would pass over your tombs.

over your tombs.

There was a red rose beneath the south wall, standing out of the shadow of the cherry tree, facing the bright sun bravely, bravely. All the garden waited for the advent of the red rose, but it shut its deep heart before the cold winds, and dreamed on against the bosom of earth like a child before the threshold of life. All the pale young blossoms that had fallen from the mantle of the Spring, waited for the rose, for the Queen of the breating heart of beauty, for the passionate, sweet story of loveliness born to die. One morning over my seven trees of the silver birch up rose the sun-rays, golden and broad. Then came the wind of the dawn breathing and singing upon the garden ways. came the wind of the dawn breathing and singing upon the garden ways. There was a new stir amidst the pale young flowers, and countless soft whispers falling like dew, more on the sense than on the outward ear. I hastened along my mossy way, and lo, as I came, standing up bravely to the sun shone the red rose. The Queen of the flowers had come at last to show the earth her beauty ere she died.

ere she died. I opened my window last night and listened in the darkness. A soft wind came sighing across the barren fields as a voice mourning for the sweet glad things that were no more. Then the world hushed and was very still. When summer dies the earth lies silent. Her heart is full of memories so is the heart of one whose feet have wandered far from a garden where grow seven trees of the silver birch.

-M. A. B.

Dalhousie's O. T. C.

Sing all ye angels of Heaven above For Dalhousie's O. T. C. Let all the nations show their love For Dalhousie's O. T. (

(Basso profundos, falsettos, and monotones)
Then praise echo praise to the distance
In the Sky, on the Earth, on the Sea
For Dal's theoretical, Quite hypothetical, Undergrad's O. T. C.

Let us stop for a moment to wonder In our chase for a fleeting degree, Without more digressing

Let us join in confessing We are proud of our O. T. C (Faculty quartette, accompanied by Jean,

Shaw's orchestra) For no matter where we wander, be it

here, or there, or yonder, From Afghanistan to sunny Tenn-

Let us sometimes stop and ponder, as our hearts keep growing fonder Of Dalhousie and its glorious O. T. C. (Full chorus, accompanied by fist-fights and stamping.)

Daddy wouldn't buy us a bow-wow, And sent us here to try for a degree, But we'd-all be quite content And consider time well spent If Dal. really had an O. T. C. CURTAIN-and about time.

—W. G. A. '29.

Judges' Decision

(Continued from page 1.)

petition and all deserve credit for the nanner in which they advanced arguments n favor of their respective contentions.

"After a serious consideration of all arguments my conclusion is that the representatives of the University of Alberta are the winners. The majority

Alberta are the winners. The majority of their arguments showed logical deduction, while Dalhousie relied to a great extent on a statement of facts.

"As a closing word I would advocate that this become an annual event between the six Maritime Colleges, with three debates, modelled on the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating Regulations, conducted each year."

"The editor of The Varsity says: "The

"The editor of The Varsity says: "The debate has proved very interesting, and, I think, well worth while. The discussion was well sustained on both sides. It is my own opinion that the subject gave the advantage of superior weight of logic to the negative; I think the speeches bear this assumption out. I have observed in my letter to Alberta that most resolutions give a slight adthat most resolutions give a slight advantage to one side, and leave the other to make bricks without straw. Thus the resolution in a Correspondence Debate should be very carefully chosen; for in this form of debating, where the for in this form of debating, where the judging is done at leisure, matter will count for more and manner less than in oral contests. Often, in the ordinary debate, wit and verbal cleverness will triumph over a slight preponderance of reason on the other side; this is not likely in cases like the present one. In a debate by mail there must be a great weight of evidence on each side of the resolution: otherwise one side is great weight of evidence on each side of the resolution; otherwise one side is almost foredoomed to failure. While the subject in the present case is un-doubtedly a very controversial one, even it is not beyond cavil in this regard; and the fact that it suggests the possibility of infinitely more unfair resolutions is what prompts my criticism. The faculty what prompts my criticism. The faculty of Dalhousie will perhaps not agree with me that the weight of evidence is obviously against compulsory attendance at

"I may say that it is my opinion that, in the debate just ended, Dalhousie had the best of their opponents, not only as regards the logical value of the arguments presented, but also with respect to the manner of presentation.

"Permit me to congratulate those responsible for the debate on its success, and your debaters on the showing they

Open Debates

(Continued from page 1)

speaker. Faulty enounciation is a diffi-

which he can easily overcome.

Mr. Binney Fairbanks speaks well.

He might well model his bearing on his natural manner of speaking.

natural manner of speaking.

Unnatural gestures somewhat marred the fine appearance of Mr. James Fay. He is a pleasing speaker.

Talking in his easy way Mr. P. L. H. Muschamp delivered a speech which showed thinking.

Mr. Ralph Morton is a forceful speaker.

Mr. Powell has a good voice. He should vary his tone. His argument was pertinent.

Mr. Ben Guss thinks on his feet. He is

perhaps too confident.
Mr. Whalen will make an orator.

He is a strong speaker, though inclined to neglect the points at issue.

The last speaker was Mr. Walter Ross, a veteran already. He more than maintained the high standard of the trials.

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Evelyn Dreams

By Rowena Gould

(With apologies to Alice in Wonderland)

EVELYN wanted to write. The urge to write an immortal novel, or poem that should last long after she died or even an acceptable short story was so strong that she decided to work on the principle of opening her mouth and having it filled. She took paper and pen and sitting in front of the fire gazed into the heart of the coals for inspiration or plot or whatever should come to her. But minutes passed and no ideas came. She began to think that very probably she was not a genius. As she continued to gaze, the long wavery shadows on the wall grew longer and more wavery. They seemed to swoop down upon her and surround her very closely. upon her and surround her very closely. She started up in dismay and they all retreated silently and flattened themselves against the walls. Laughing at her own fear, Evelyn sat down again and stirred the fire. Once more the lengthening shadows crept around her and she decided to let them come.

As she gazed, the nearest took the shape of a grotesque one-eyed creature that shook his fingers at her and said:

"Silly thing! Examinations are coming. And you must know why Alice grew arger, when she ate the fruit-cake in the

rabbit's house."

"But why?" asked Evelyn.

"Because Peter Abelard was really composed of atoms," stated the creature

Evelyn looked around her in confusion, and the next biggest shadow looked at her, with eyes the size of butter-plates, and said reassuringly "Don't be afraid of him. Everyone knows that poor Peter really was compared of electrons and was horn without posed of electrons, and was born without any moral sense whatsoever.

When the first figure heard this his eye flashed and he stepped menacingly toward Butter-plate-eyes and asked him how he could support that theory since the fourth form of composition was argumentation and parbleu meant cer-

"Oh, that's easy," replied Saucer-eyes airily. "Because olivine is green and there is no such thing as red plagioclase feldspar. But let us take Evelyn to the Island of Ideas. She can take away as

many as she pleases."

"Humph," retorted the One-eyed phantom, "If she doesn't get any of yours she'll do all right."

Evelyn felt herself being carried off backwards and downwards in true fairy-story manner, until the darkness began to grow less and the redness of the atmosphere turned bluish. She was not at all aware of her companions until she found herself suddenly walking backward very fast, while two little creatures walked beside her,—likewise going lobster fashion. One was like a half-grown grey kitten with the head of a little lion, and wore a light coat of pink brocade with silver braid and buttons. It had a merry smile and big twinkling eyes, and Evelyn decided that she liked it very much. The other one was like a bird with a unicorn's head, and its one eye was on the tip of its horn. It wore a long green coat with flappy tails. At least Evelyn thought the coat was green. It might have been yellow in the blue light, she could not be sure. While she was looking at it the little creature on her left laughed to himself.

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"That is an odd bird," he chuckled, pointing to her other companion. "He has that eye there so that he can see around corners without going around himself. It is the only solution for an

inquisitive lazy person. "Are you the persons who brought me here from home?" asked Evelyn.

"Oh, yes," answered Lemew, for that was his name. "We always look worse in your land than in ours. The green light does it," he explained after a pause in which Evelyn could think of nothing suitable to say. She did not think it was necessary to make any reply to this, for she was quite sure the light was blue but she was too afraid to say so. At length she ventured to talk to her right hand companion. "It's a very fine day," said she. No answer came so she said it again. This time a non-committal "Humph" greeted her and she lapsed into silence again. She rather expected Lemew to say something but all three Lemew to say something but all three continued to walk backwards and Evelyn urned her attention to the place through

which they were passing.

On one side there was a wall with pictures and long things that looked like rugs hung up by one end. Some were bright purple, others green, red, yellow, a few pink like Lemew's coat, but most were dark or light blue. When she looked to the right side however it seemed that there was a broad blue lake with trees and statues standing up all over it: here and there wicker chairs, tables and footstools grew up out of the water. Evelyn began to say how odd all this looked, when Lemew told her to be still for they were entering the presence of the Queen of the Island. She could not see anything different, but gradually the left hand wall began to recede and the lake seemed to float upwards and away. Evelyn wondered if they were going under water, and shudderingly wished she could turn around and see. However since she did not feel cold or wet or choky she kept on for the experience was decidedly interesting. She thought she heard music interesting. She thought she heard music, and said so, but Lemew said "Shush" and her right hand companion glared at her and said nothing.

Gradually the music grew and grew until it seemed to come from all sides and the way and light to the the forcest.

he was so delighted with it that she forgot that she was walking or that there was anyone with her. It seemed that she was standing quite still and that her ears were stretching up and out. Suddenly a large volume of Latin poetry was lowered, open, in front of her. Evelyn was so surprised that she shrieked and everything around her became very quiet and then began to whirl round and round. Blue preside velleys and pink quiet and then began to whirl round and round. Blue, purple, yellow and pink, all spun and spun and grew lighter and brighter until Evelyn landed with a thump in her own chair. The fire had gone out and someone had turned on the light.

"I knew I was studying too much" said Evelyn to herself.

said Evelyn to herself.

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Seniors Trim St. George's

(By G. K. M.)

IN a rather one-sided game, played in the "Y" gym on Saturday night the Dal basketeers led the St. George's aggregation over the entire course, emerging at the final gong on the long end of a 56—21 tally.

play, Ab. Smith found the basket from centre floor and was soon followed by Langstroth who deposited three foul shots and a neat counter from the side. Brown and Cox who up to this time had not succeeded in denting the twine registered several pretty close in shots. The score now stood eighteen to nil in favour of the collegians.

The saints tightened up for a while, scoring two long shots. Cox and Langstroth were relieved by MacLennan and MacLeod, each of whom scored, the latter after several unsuccessful attempts under the basket dropped in a pretty one from past center floor. With one minute to go the Saints scored from a throw in near their basket ending the initial period 30—6.

During the first ten minutes of the second precide play was about even.

During the first ten minutes of the second period, play was about even, the Dalhousie representation as in their first game against the "Y" seemed the Dalhousie representation as in their first game against the "Y" seemed bewildered and were inclined to rest on their laurels of the opening session but regained consciousness towards the middle of the period and played brilliant ball, Cox and Brown featuring in rebound shots. The game ended 56—21.

To pick a star in Saturday's game would be impossible. The forwards worked exceptionally well; Cox netting 18 points

was high scorer.

Brickie Stevenson handled the game in his usual satisfactory impartial manner.

Dal Forwards Star Against Y

Fast, thrilling and intensely interesting was the game between the Dal girls and the Y Aces, at the Y. M. C. A. last Wed. The latter had the upper hand in the first period; but Ivy was not "on her shot"; the Dal guards worked well but even Ivy missed many chances to score. The Dal centres failed to get the ball to their forwards which was largely housians accidentally met in New York at a Canadian Club dance and we were so excited about it ourselves that I thought perhaps it might interest readers of the Gazette. Besides, you must remember you asked us to write just where we were and if alone or with other Dalhousians. I went to that dance with a party of Canadians, just six of us, and there met Dal. Elsie Fraser, who was a special a couple of years ago was with our group, or I should say I was with hers. While standing in the lobby two well known people stopped, stared, gasped, then we all talked at once. They were Charlotta Johnson '26 and Dave Colquhoun '23. Well we were just a wee bit excited, but to add to it a little later on, 3 more well known people came in. They were Mary MacIntyre, Law '26, Clara Murray '24, and 'Nutty' Wilson of hockey fame. We got together and considered the advisability of a Dal yell, but decided against it because it would not be quite in keeping with the tone of the dance. On another occasion I met Jean Ross '18 who is on the staff of the B. P. L. and we talked over Dal days. Elsie is likewise on the staff, where I hope to be next year. score. The Dal centres failed to get the ball to their forwards which was largely responsible for the low score in the first period. The second period started somewhat slowly but had a whirlwind finish. Dal centres worked well together and judged their passes to the forwards with creditable accuracy. The good work of the guards is evidenced by the Martells' failure to score. The stars were undoubtedly the Dal forwards. Their passing, jumping, checking and shooting were exceptionally good and the last ten minutes were crowded with thrills. Miss Freeman's passing and Miss Atherton's shooting during those ten minutes were noteworthy.

were noteworthy.

First period—Dal 9, Aces 12.

Second period—Dal 22, Aces 16.

At The Casino

"Sally of the 'Sawdust'', ten reels of sawdust ring merriment from that master craftsman, D. W. Griffith, is the feature attraction at the Casino theatre the last three days of this week. Sally and Pop, played respectively by Carol Dempster and W. C. Fields are the central characters in this film of which the New York World says: "Among the finest of all motion pictures. As lovely a story all motion pictures. As lovely a story as the films have told."

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DOINGS AT THE DAL GYM

(By G. K. M.)

AW, Meds, Theologues and Arts B, were the conquering heroes in the interfaculty contests stagedin the Studley Gym on Saturday afternoon. Art Douglas star forward of the Medical quintette was high scorer for the afternoon with a total of thirteen points. For an afternoon's amusement come to the Gym on any Saturday. The The final outcome was assured early in the game when, in the first minute of play, Ab. Smith found the basket from a four act farce substituted. The change being necessitated by the addition of two extra teams in the league.

DENTS LOSE TO LAW

In the preliminary bout on the afternoon's card the embryonic Dents lost the decision to their political brethren the Lawyers. The score at the end of the initial stanza was 5—2 but the lawyers came back strong in the second half and won 15—3. Skit Oldfield, before being put off the floor by Umpire Clark for undignified tactics, netted 75% of the Dentals' total score. Richardson and Doyle starred for the fortunates.

The Pine Hill Theologues probably provided the surprise of the day when they took the Commercialites into camp with a 15—13 score after two five minute periods of overtime play. The preachers after a shut-out in the first half (7—0) staged a revival resulting in a dead-lock at the whistle. MacLean and Frame starred for Pine Hill, while Olive was outstanding for the financiers. Doyle starred for the fortunates.

Line up—
Dents—Sullivan, Dobson, Oldfield,
Macintosh, Godsoe, Tupper.
Lawyers—Richardson, Mitchell, Gavsie, Doyle, Wickwire, Outhit.

Theologues—Barbour, Hockin, Frame, Profitt, MacLean, Tupper.
Commerce—MacDonald, Harris, Grant, Matheson, Slayter, Olive, Smith.

Line up—

Meds—MacLean, Ross, Jennings, Douglas, Hewatt, Jones, Miller.

Arts A—Blenkinsop, Clark, Cotter, MacLeod, Doyle.

each getting three baskets for the Engineers.

Line up—

Arts A—W. Clark, MacRae, Cox, Halen, Hebb, Parker, Wilson, MacLean, Powell.

Endinces

Graduate Writes

We print the following excerpt from

letter of Jessie MacIntyre, whose address is, Bedford Branch, Brooklyn Public Library, Brooklyn, N. Y.,

Not so very long ago a few old Dal-housians accidentally met in New York at a Canadian Club dance and we were

where I hope to be next year.

when they want it.

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COMMERCE DROP GAME

Theologues-Barbour, Hockin, Frame,

ENGINEERS LOSE OUT

The Medical boys, assisted by fate which guided several of Jennings' wild whirls through the steel ring, doubled the score on the Artsmen. Douglas showed up well in the final stages of the game. Blenkinsop was the best bet in the Arts line up.

Manager Brown's Cubs forsook their winning ways in the final game of the day's play and lost to the Arts B. five i a closely contested game 16—14. Bil Clark scored on several long distance shots, netting ten points for the winners Doull and MacKeagan tied for honors, each getting three baskets for the Engline up.

Engineers—Doull, Stewart, Lw Currie, Morton, Beaton, MacKeaga

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Going down to

Dal Cubs Hold First Place

The Dalhousie Cubs won their third game in as many starts when they defeated the Wanderers Intermediates on Friday night in a closely contested match played in the Y. M. C. A. before a fairly large house with a 31—25 score. The Dalhousie team were forced to play the last few minutes of the game with only four men as two of the players were yanked for personal fouls. Ross at center was the shining light in the Dal-housie array. The players and points

Dalhousie—Clark 8; Harrison 8; Ross 11; Sperry; Jones 3; Smith.

He drew a circle and left me out, Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout, But love and I had the wit to win We drew a circle and took him in.

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