

The Dalhousie Gazette

FOUNDED 1869

VOL. L

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THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

— FOUNDED 1869 —

ISSUED WEEKLY. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Business Manager K. A. BAIRD
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Editor J. H. MITCHELL

Associate Editors—Miss E. NICHOLS, Miss J. CAMPBELL, Miss TATTRIE, Miss A. MCKENZIE, JAMES POWER.

All subscriptions and advertising rates payable to the BUSINESS MANAGER.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE CONFERENCE WHAT IS IT?

The Conference is an event of the past. What was the central thought it brought to you? Was it something of the nature of the following?

Because the Christian people did not recognize their responsibility to supply the stupendous needs of the great non-Christian world, and because the nations have not been working out the eternal purposes and commands of God, it has followed in the nature of things that the world is shaken by a terrific upheaval, in which seven million lives have already paid the price of humanity's worship of selfishness and evil, and wherein more wealth is used in a single day to destroy men, than the Christian world was willing to spend in a whole year to save them. Our brothers,—many fellows we know,—are over there in France, helping to pay humanity's debts for their own and our faithlessness to the Master's bidding. Because they fight and die, we live!

There is a vastly greater war on in the world; that between righteousness and evil. In the work of reconstruction—not the cities and industry and commerce, but of character and right relations between men and nations,—what is our part? Shall we use the physical lives that others are buying for us, and the possibilities of spiritual life that Jesus bought for us, for selfish purposes? Or for the good of others, the prevention of future war, and the establishment of permanent peace, shall we not dedicate our lives under Christ for service? The Foreign Mission Field presents the greatest and most urgent challenge of the day. There the hardest work waits to be done! There is that "other front" where men and women are wearing out their lives trying to hold back the forces of a more subtle and dangerous foe than Germany. The King has told His followers to not merely hold that enemy, but to drive him from the world! Have you received a special call not to do it?

What is more unrelenting than the roar of Niagara?

Jim P-w-r expressing his opinions of the Y. M. C. A.

THE JOYS OF BELONGING TO THE DELTA GAMMA.

Two very enjoyable meetings of the Delta Gamma have been held since Christmas. All through the last term, every gathering of the society, with one pleasant exception, met at old Dalhousie. Inspiring and educational as the surroundings there may be, those of us who are strangers here can well appreciate an evening spent in a real homey atmosphere. Besides, when one is seated before a cheery open fire, Red Cross Work becomes a distinct pleasure.

The first meeting took place at the home of Miss Natalie Littler, South St. Waiting room committees were appointed as usual; then there was much discussion as to whether Delta Gamma was to raise money this year, if so how, and for what purpose. Miss Caddell was named convenor of a committee to decide ways and means.

Equally as pleasant, an evening was spent at Miss Sally MacDonald's on February 9th. Knitting and gay nonsense went on as usual and a beginning was made on some Dalhousie banners. Miss Caddell gave a report of her committee which has decided to hold some sort of entertainment at a later date, at which the aforesaid-mentioned banners will be sold.

The lusty cheers and class yells with which both meetings broke up testified to the splendid time which each and everyone had enjoyed. The Sophettes and Freshie-Sophettes continue to withhold from us the light of their shining countenances, but otherwise the attendance is very good.

M. P.

THE GAZETTE'S FUND FOR THE BLIND.

Remember the subscription list for the relief of the Blind Sufferers is still open. The sum asked is only a quarter, and this should bankrupt nobody, not even a freshman from the adjacent islands. Contributions may be handed to Miss Lindsay at Studley, Miss Littler at the Medical Building, or to the Editor of the Gazette. When a sufficient sum has been raised it will be given to Sir Frederick Fraser in the name of the students of Dalhousie University. Won't you please help to show that the hearts of the college are warm and willing!

The Varsity of Toronto takes the same stand as the Gazette upon the race question so far as it affects a university. Condemning a recent action of Queen's it holds that if members of the African Race are admitted to an institution, to discriminate against them is wrong on both moral and legal grounds. Legally, it is doubtful if any citizen of the British Empire may be denied the privileges that another enjoys.

A NOTE OF THANKS.

(To the experienced ones from those who are inexperienced but willing to learn).

The new Dalhousie Girls wish to thank the experienced ones for their unsolicited, yet kind advice in the Gazette of December 15. They have wondered how the Seniors and Juniors acquired their peculiar style of manner and dignity of bearing in such a very short time—only three years of seven months each. They will try to be patronising, but they fear they can never reach that degree of excellence attained by you in such a pitifully limited period! What a mystical, sudden transformation it must be, like that of the cocoon into the butterfly.

The spirit of old Dalhousie is admirably displayed by your gratifying assurance that you don't mind our Latin and French struggles in the waiting room, and really love the sound of our gentle voices.

In future, we, the new girls, will not usurp the rights of the older girls by attending Y. W. and Delta Gamma in such large numbers, hard as it will be to resist the longing to join the exclusive company of advanced Dalhousie circles. One thing only we beg, do not deny us the pleasure of attending the next Y. W. Pageant for that would be too cruel!

We promise never to repeat former blunders by holding open doors for upper class girls; we fail to understand why we should not hold open doors for our professors, but certainly will not question your authority. Forgive us for we thought it was done in the haute monde.

The new girls will always think of your superior wisdom when they remind the Professors of the vacuity of their beans.

How could we have forgotten that the Faculty set apart the Library for audible conversation. In the future we will never allow this to slip from the consciousness of the seniors and Juniors.

Following your noble example, we will try to make it plain to everyone that we confer an incalculable honor upon Dalhousie by our presence. All we ever are, or hope to be we will owe to your timely advice. A thousand times we thank you from our very hearts.

Is it Halifax or Venice;
For every gutter floats,
Stout ladies are imploring
Someone to get them boats.

The street cars slumber peacefully,
A torrent round them flows,
The while a calm conductress
Powers her dainty nose.

MORE MODERNISED TENNYSON,

Break, break break,
As you wabble up to "high C."
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the man who must work
In a boiler factory all day!
O well for the man who is deaf
To even the dogs when they bay!

And so the concert proceeds
With roulade, cadenza, and trill,
But o for the touch of my pillow at
home.

And O that your voice were still!

Break, break, break,
Never reaching your "C."
But the joy of unshattered ear-drums
Will never return to me.

2

Sunset and evening star,
And a dry throat for me!
Alas, they have locked up the jovial
bar,

When I put out to sea.
The Barmaids all have turned to milk-
ing cows;

No more gay smiles they wear,
While thirsty crews of half a hundred
scows
Drink ginger beer.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
I wish the prohibitionists were—Well,
I must embark.

3

As down Broadway one eve we went,
Twixt Times and Herald Squares,
We fell out my wife and I
O we fell out, I well know why,
And she boxed both my ears.

The reason of the falling out
Was plain, as it appears
She wished to see "Why Girls Leave
Home."

And streak her nose with tears,
While I for "Frisky Frolics" yearned,
Clad chiefly in their spears,
Ah, I shall ne'er forget the day;
At thirty-ninth street and Broadway,
She boxed me on both ears.

THE ICONCLAST

WITH A TONGUE IN THE CHEEK.

L-wr-n-c-e, translating: *Adventus Avium
nos delectat.* He delighted his grandmother
by his arrival.

Who is the recent Dalhousian who is
said to be considering the rival attractions
of the Presbyterian ministry and a career
on the vaudeville stage?

Old lady to L-wl-y at Camp Hill; "And
is this gentleman your son, sir?"

From G-d-'s Pronouncing Gazetteer;—
Massacres, mass of curs.

An instructor; She was so good that she
would put petticoats on piano—excuse us—
limbs.

Why has L-s Sm-th developed such an
astounding interest in birds?

How did Miss C-dd-l enjoy her Cook'
Tour through the devastated district with a
certain dispenser of knowledge?

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**THE TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-
FIRST FISH FORK.**

John Hanlon.

(Being an address delivered in the
U. S. criminal court by Augustus Lotofira,
LL. D., before his Honour Mr. Justice
Hollowhead and the twelve gentlemen
jurors in the case of The Peoples v. Phyllis
Flivver.)

"Your Honour and Gentlemen of the Jury:
The evidence of the prosecution has
been deposed. You have heard the testi-
mony of the family of the accused, of her
maid, and of the other witnesses of the
deplorable tragedy. None of this, gentle-
men, do I venture to contradict. I admit
that all the evidence is against my client.
But, your Honour and Gentlemen of the
Jury, it is not the task of the defence to
prove that the accused did not commit
the crime. Has she not admitted it her-
self? It is our task to show that, under
the circumstances, the deed was wholly
justifiable, and that, if there be any Jus-
tice under Heaven, the accused should
be immediately and unconditionally ac-
quitted.

Let me briefly rehearse the facts and lay
my arguments before you. The accused,
Phyllis Flivver, daughter of F. Heeza
Flivver, formerly of Decatur, Ill., but
recently of New Port, R. I., on the four-
teenth day of September, in this year of
our Lord, 1915, became betrothed to
Harold Hofbrau, stroke-oar of the Yale
crew, leader of the junior cotillion, some-
times seen upon Wall street, but more
frequently on Fifth avenue. For a time
they were ridiculously happy. Even Town
Topics said that the match was ideal.
She had wealth, and frail girlish beauty;
he family and an impeccable social position.
What is more unusual, they loved each
other madly. The wedding was set for
the twelfth of December. Then it was
that the hand of Doom commenced to
move across the wall of their future. The
presents began to arrive.

First came a package from Spiffngny's
with a note from the aunt of the accused,
Miss Serena Sofia Smythe, of Mud Flats,
New Jersey. This note, your Honour and
Gentlemen of the Jury, I intend to read
to you as typical of the evidence upon which
the defence bases its hope of success. The
substance of it is as follows:

Cranberry Chateau,
Mud Flats,
New Jersey.

Dear Niece:

I am sending you a simple little wedding
present and do so hope that you will
like it. As it is most awfully difficult to
be original nowadays with everyone else
striving to be so extremely ultra, I decided,
in selecting your gift, to be utterly banal
and commonplace, in the hope that by
my very banality I might achieve origi-
nality.

You know, my dear Phyllis, how much
ridicule is heaped upon fish forks, because
a bride is always supposed to receive
such perfect oceans of them! Well, when
Gloria O'Flaherty was married, not one
did she get. Everyone was afraid to give
them to her. And they are such useful
things too.

In view of this, I resolved not to give you
a new motor or a check, which is most
old-fashioned; but rather to present you
with a dozen solid silver fish forks of the

latest Rising Sun pattern, as I am sure
that no one else will think of them.

Your loving Aunt,

Serena Sofia Smythe.

This, your Honour and Gentlemen of
the Jury, was merely the beginning. From
that time onward the accused was deluged
swamped, inundated with fish forks. Miss
Smythe's idea occurred to all of her friends.
They thought that no one else would send
her such a ridiculed article. The accused
was confronted with the horrible prospect
of living on fish for the rest of her life;
for how could she eat meat if she possessed
nothing to carve it with.

Then the camel's back broke. One day
her fiance came to her and said tenderly:
"Dearest: Here is my own wedding present
for you. It is a priceless Heirloom, used
by my family since 1892, and I knew that
you would prefer it to anything so vulgarly
ostentatious as diamonds."

With eager, trembling fingers, the accused
untied the various knots—only to find
another fish-fork!!!!!!
Your Honour and Gentlemen of the Jury,
horrible as the deed may seem, who can
blame her for the subsequent happenings.
Moved by a sudden fit of blind, all-consum-
ing anger, she seized the two hundred and
forty-first fish fork and drove it deep into
the breast of her unsuspecting fiance.
The blow pierced his heart and he fell
lifeless upon the carpet.

Your Honour and Gentlemen of the
Jury, was not the accused justified? Was
not the provocation even more enormous
than the crime which followed it? Which
one of you, if placed under similar circum-
stances, would not have done precisely
the same as this poor persecuted, sorrow-
stricken girl?"

As the counsel for the defense sank back
into his seat, the court was wallowing in
emotion. Even the newspaper reporters
were shedding crocodile tears. The judge,
his voice choked with sobs that refused
to be suppressed, turned towards the jury.
"Gentlemen," he gasped hoarsely, "W-
what is your verdict?"

As one man they rose to their feet,
coughed, blew their noses, and declared:
"Not Guilty!"

WHO IS THIS.

The managers of the local celebrity
contest have been deluged with guesses
from competitors whose affidavits would
seem to indicate that plucks were many
and various during the recent examinations.
One candidate sent in one hundred and
ninety-nine solutions. One must have
been correct. She explained her industry
by saying that she had to spend an evening
at home and the choice was either to write
or talk to herself. She knew that she could
never get a word in edgewise if herself
started talking back, so chose this other
form of recreation.

Celebrity 3.

A man who belies his name, versatile,
handsome, and accomplished he determined
upon his arrival at Dalhousie to "cut out"
as many young swains as he could. Since
then he has chiefly been noted for his in-
terest in skating and impromptu debating.
He should be able to drill teeth efficiently,
as he has had much experience in drilling
other kinds of howlers. He comes from the
appendix of Nova Scotia. Who is he?

A BRIDAL CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
One more spinster is out of the way.
Happy day, O happy day!
Now there's a chance for the rest of us.



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Deputy Minister of the Naval Service,
Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service
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A NOTICE TO KNOCKERS.

Dear Brandishers of Burning Brands, we prostrate ourselves low in the dust, and crave a favour of you. Criticise and slam the Editor and his work as much as you please, that was the reason of his appointment, to provide an Aunt Sally for the other students, *but*, pour l'amour de Mike, won't you have the common decency not to discourage contributors, who unlike your august selves, are willing to try and help, and occasionally give encouragement.

The above tirade is called forth by the sneer of a lady, who, like so many Dalhousians, considers herself pre-eminently clever, but who has never delivered the goods. Speaking of an article in the second issue of this volume, the above-mentioned lady, with the customary sweetness of the define tribe, said to the author; "Mr. London would doubtless be charmed to hear that you approve of him!" She meant it to cut, but fortunately the author, had the good sense not to be hurt. Personally we believe that Mr. London would be very pleased with the appreciation in question were he alive he read it. It is a sincere, praise-worthy attempt to introduce Dalhousie to some of the newer currents in literature. A few more like it might lift us out of the shallow rock pools in which we are content to wallow, and give us some vision of the sea. The criticising rather reminds us of those fish-flowers called anemones which spend their lives clamped to a granite fissure.

Contributors, if you hear unkind words about your work, turn a deaf ear to them. Remember that their sponsors are only parasites, who joy in destruction, but who take particular pains to remain away from the brick and mortar!

OUR OWN QUESTION BOX

Established by request; to be continued off an on as long as desired.

Suppose—A Professor is descending from the Faculty Room on the way to Room B (Shall we say almost late?) A student bound for the same class room approaches in an opposite direction. Please give the correct procedure?

The problem as above stated has proved very difficult of solution. There are those who contend that the professor should hasten his steps if possible hold the door open, usher the student in with a profound obeisance, and humbly follow after a decent interval. Others with just as authoritative tones, aver that the above method is too long drawn out, and seek to prove by action if not by precept, that the student should accelerate his steps, leap across the threshold and close the door with no uncertain sound in the face of the professor. A third party urges a little more consideration on the part of the hasty student. While they would not go as far to advocate said student humiliating himself, they suggest that by way of giving a pleasant surprise to the professor, it would be well, once in a while to step aside and be the humble follower. "Do unto others" you know that scriptural advice. This last class are quite old-fashioned.

PLEASE NOTICE.

The Business Manager would appreciate notice of any failure to receive the Gazette, of changes of address, and of the addresses of students now overseas.

Acknowledgments:—Dr. E. Ritchie, \$1.00; K. I. Webber, \$2.00.

CONFERENCE NOTES

To recall to those who attended the week-end Missionary Conference the ideals and visions they received there, is unnecessary. It is impossible to give to those who did not attend any adequate idea of the world outlook which the various speakers brought.

Mr. Taylor did much in his breezy and humorous address on Friday evening to make Dalhousians see the real meaning and magnitude of the whole Missionary enterprise. Dr. Allyn gave us very interesting and instructive accounts of the great needs of our fellow citizens in India, and of the work of Medical Missions in which she is engaged there. Mr. Cock explained some of the problems of the Missionary on Sunday afternoon. The beginning of the day by so many in the spirit of prayer, which characterized the morning meeting, was the underlying secret of a great day. At the mass meeting in First Baptist Church, three members of the Volunteer Band gave brief statements of their reasons for believing in Foreign Missions. Mr. Taylor made a strong appeal for students to consecrate their lives in service, giving in conclusion four marks of character; "I am; I can; I ought; I will!"

Dr. Allyn spoke a final word of helpful suggestion to the student body who remained to an after meeting. Then Mr. Cock, in one of the strongest challenges that has ever come to Dalhousie Students, brought home to each one his and her individual responsibility to help solve the great problems of the world, and to remove the heel of the Enemy from off the neck of the human race.

The student body owes a debt of gratitude to the various speakers, to Mr. Cock for organizing the work of preparation for the Conference, to the congregation of First Baptist Church for the use of their building, to those who made the music one of the inspiring features, and to a number of others who in a variety of ways assisted the committee.

AT THE ORPHEUS.

Last week was a week of Stars at this popular playhouse. First there was Fannie Ward, the eternal ingenue, who must have the fountain of Ponce De Leon hidden away somewhere in the toe of her boot. It would be a shame to reveal how many years Fannie has been on the stage, but let us only hope that she can remain with us twice as many more. Secondly there was Elsie Ferguson, stately and beautiful, in the enthralling novel the Rise of Jennie Cushing. Miss Ferguson is one of the most promising of the younger legitimate actresses. With her beauty and ability, rare playfellows, walk hand in hand. Lastly came elfin Ann Pennington, fascinating and gamine. One of the chief attractions in Ziegfeld's Follies because of her dancing and personal, she is no whit less successful upon the screen, and brings to it an irresistible freshness and charm.

Fred Jones '16, son of Professor Jones, has been awarded a Military Cross.

Dalhousie students, new and old, will be gratified with the news that Mr. Humphrey Mellish, K. C., of the firm of McInnes, Mellish and Fulton, has been appointed to the bench, taking the place of Judge Harris who has been made Chief Justice. Mr. Mellish has always been one of our cleverest lawyers; there is no doubt but that he will prove one of our wisest judges.

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