

GAZETTE REPRESENTATIVE ARRESTED ON TUESDAY

Tigers Swamp Acadians Before Huge Throng

NO SCORE YET MADE AGAINST DAL.

"I came, I saw, I conquered." Once again Caesar's famous saying was exemplified and this time the Dalhousie Tigers were the active party and the Acadia Rugby fifteen the victims.

It was a fair rugby game but a poor referee and a field in very bad condition reduced it to one of a very mediocre character. Many questionable plays and petty squabbles spoiled the contest from the spectator's point of view. Several players were injured in the second half and it was a common thing to see several players sprawled out on the ground after a scrimmage. Cleveland, of Acadia, received the worst injuries and was taken from the field with a badly battered nose and mouth.

Once again the Dal forwards showed it's willingness to work and time after time they crushed Acadia attacks before they had time to become effective. But there was something wrong in the Dal scrum formation and the ball didn't come out as cleanly as in the Wanderers game. Wickwire, had he passed the ball more frequently, would have been one of the stars of the game. But he didn't and many golden opportunities were missed by Dal when he was downed by the Acadians. In past years Bill has shown us that he can play rugby but he is not in his right position now and cannot do justice to himself or to the team.

And the tackling—one spectator said it would make a lovely necking party and that was just about the truth. With a few exceptions every tackle was above the waist and then the tackler and tackled would stage a Charleston and perhaps fall down exhausted from their efforts. At times it was amusing but in football it is not so good.

The Game

Play started with Dal having the wind behind them and Acadia kicked off. Dal punted a couple of times and Tupper picked up a loose ball, passed to Langstroth who made a good run to place the ball squarely behind the posts. Ab Smith converted and the score stood 5—0 in favor of Dal with the game less than two minutes old. It was a good start and things looked good for the Tigers but Acadia came back strong and forced through to touch for safety. Play then shifted to center field where both teams battled for ground. The Tigers retreated but when they reached their ten yard line they stopped and Acadia could not cross the line. Wickwire gained a lot of ground by his kicking and Acadia was on the defensive but Bill spoiled golden chances when he held the ball too long. Dunlop, Tupper and Smith were breaking fast to down the Acadians. "Kelly" was watching Ryan and blocking every play he tried. Wickwire again put his team in scoring position but the final punch was lacking and no score was made. Tupper followed up a kick to nab MacOdrum before he could clear, and Acadia touched for safety in the next play. A scrum followed; and it was Dal's ball and Bunker tried a drop, he failed but captured the returned ball and plunged through to go over the line right in the corner. It was a hard convert and "Ab" missed. The half ended with the ball in Acadia's territory and Dal on the long end of an 8—0 score.

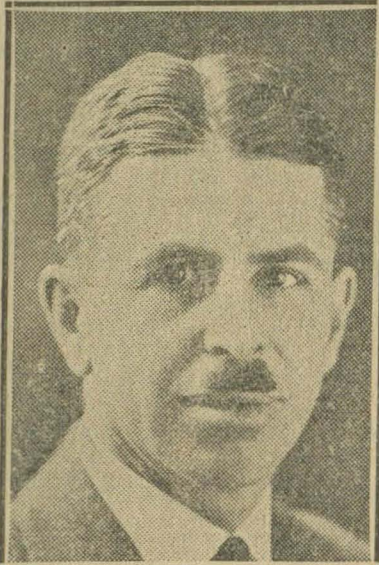
Second Half.

Dal kicked off and Acadia with the wind on their backs pressed hard. Two free kicks took them to Dal's ten yard line but there they stopped. Ryan, the Acadian side quarter was playing a great game and fought all the time. Play was very tight in this half and the ball moved up and down the field but no scores were made. Acadia supporters were given a thrill when Ryan broke away for a fifty yard run but Geo. MacLeod dashed their hopes when he made a perfect tackle and downed his man on the twenty-five yard line. It was good playing on both sides and the fans applauded. That was the end and the final whistle saw the score unchanged and Dal's line still uncrossed this year.

The lineups.—
Acadia—MacOdrum, Mathews, Wilson (Capt.), Noble, Davis, Dugan, Ryan, Hatfield, Cleveland, Price, Titus, White, Hubley, Kierstead, Fetterley, Black, Libby and Crandall.
Dalhousie—MacLeod, Murphy, Langstroth, MacDonald, Hewatt, A. Sutherland, MacLean, Wickwire, Townsend, Baird, Campbell, Irving, Dunlop, Smith, Tupper (Capt.), H. Sutherland, Jones, Mitchell.
Referee.—F. Anthony.

—J. A. C. L.

J. H. L. Jonnstone



Prominent Dalhousie Professor who received recent honours in science and sport

Frosh and Law Are Winners

Last week saw the beginning of Interfaculty Rugby, two games being played on the Studley Campus. The first one was a struggle between the Freshmen and the Engineers, and the verdant ones emerged from the fray to find themselves on the right end of a 3—0 score. Their week of practice under the guiding hand of George Langstroth was quite apparent and they will make the other teams step lively before they will give up the laurel wreath of victory.

The second game, played on Tuesday, Oct. 11, brought forth the warriors from Law and Dentistry. The Dents pulled hard but the Lawyers, largely through the efforts of Doyle, won the case and a 3—0 verdict was awarded to them.

NEWMAN CLUB MET ON FRIDAY

Society Makes Plans For Successful Year

The Newman Club bean supper has now become an annual event, and that held last Friday was the most successful both from the point of view of attendance and of general enjoyment. Though the weather played false, and it rained cats and dogs (with the result that lecture attendance suffered somewhat in the afternoon), few of the ninety-four members were absent from the K. of C. Hall at six-thirty. Prof. Gautheron and Mr. Henry Godsoe spoke briefly of the history and aims of the Newman Club. A point of extreme interest to one onlooker was the expression of extreme comprehension on all faces while Prof. Gautheron was speaking. Indeed (the source of this is not reliable) it was remarked that somebody knew when to laugh. It was then announced that there would be a dance on Tuesday night, which Mr. Godsoe promised would come up to any expectations. And he was right. A most efficient committee, consisting of Claire Murphy, Henry Godsoe and Alban Farmer, was in charge of the preparations. Mr. and Mrs. W. Godsoe were the chaperones. The Newman Club has entered upon what promises to be a most successful year.

K. H.

COUNCIL MEETING

The Council of Students will hold a meeting next Tuesday night in the Munro Room. The budgets of the different student organizations of the university will be considered and the matter of union with the National Federation of Canadian University Students will be discussed. As announced by the president of the council at the beginning of the year, the meeting will be open to the general student body and it is expected that a large number of students will be in attendance.

After nearly freezing to death watching Saturday's game, we realize why so many Acadia students wear sweaters.

DR. JOHNSTONE IN THE LIMELIGHT

Wins Golf Championship —Re-elected President Science Institute

On Wednesday evening Oct. 12th Dr. J. H. L. Johnstone, Professor of Physics at Dalhousie was elected President of the Nova Scotia Institute of Science at the regular meeting of that society which took place in the Medical Science Building, College St. Not content with that however Dr. Johnstone captured the Ashburn Golf Championship the following day and by so doing hung up his second win on the trophy. His prowess at golf is also well known to his many friends, he having won the Club Championship and title in 1924. His win Thursday is especially worthy both because of the competition and his splendid 74 on the last eighteen holes. Local golfing circles are looking for a play-off match between the champions of the three local clubs. Should this match take place the showing of Dr. Johnstone will be watched with interest by his many friends and pupils at Dalhousie. The Gazette staff, both for themselves and for the general student body, offer their congratulations to Dr. Johnstone for his recent achievements and wish him every success in the future.

—J. W. W.

Ground Hockey

Girls—you have not quite three weeks to play before the Edgell match.

Everybody needs the practice So Everybody Come Out. Mon. Wed. Fri. at 4.30 p.m.

DAL VS SERVICES TOMORROW

The United Service Rugby Team will clash with the Dalhousie squad on the Studley Campus tomorrow afternoon. The Service Team gave the Wanderers a hard struggle last week and are out to beat the Tigers, if they can.

Dal defeated Acadia a week ago and since then the team has been practicing faithfully. The coaches are making changes every day and the team that lines up tomorrow will be worthy of all the support our student body is able to give.

That Pass In The Night

By A. L. Murphy

The night was sultry. Clouds of threatening mien, hanging low in the heavens, cast one great black shadow upon the earth. Even John Mannering on his airy sleeping porch was hot, uncomfortable. He ran his fingers through his iron grey hair and rolled over for what he calculated to be the nineteenth time. He kicked off the sole remaining cover and turning his pillow about caressed it to passing smoothness. Muttered imprecations. It was just as hot, and damp. If it would only rain—nice, cool rain!

He reached vaguely toward a ball. His valet could get him a cold drink. No, perhaps the poor devil was asleep. Lucky devil if he were. He'd speak to him in the morning about his thoughtlessness. There was consolation in that. . . . If morning ever came. He had grave doubts. The poor eskimos with their long northern nights. He must send a check to their relief fund tomorrow. But it was at least cool up there. Hell! Let them suffer!

He rolled over for the twentieth time. Somewhere a screen door began to squeak mournfully. In a neighboring back yard a cat adeptly picked up the air. The duet went on in soulful harmony while John Mannering pondered on the dullness of eternity. He had retired early and it would, he thought have been about midnight had not time come to an end. He listened disinterestedly to another sound which seemed to have a disconcerting effect on the cat. The door, however, kept nobly on. A low, purring sound. It was a car and the meshing of gears could now be heard. He sprang from his bed and ran anxiously to the rail. The garage doors were open and his pet roadster was slipping quietly down the drive. The chauffeur had forgotten to lock the garage doors or else. . . . There was no time for theories, he must arouse the house. But no. The car was already approaching the street.

John Mannering had once been a daring youth and his spirit had not faded with his hair. His firm mouth softened in an excited smile. It was too late to procure help. . . . He swung himself lightly over the railing of the verandah and dropped to the grass below. His ankle turned under him and began to pulsate with pain, but he hobbled gamely on swearing softly with each broken stride. And as the car turned onto the main road a barefooted, pyjama clad figure swung itself into a precarious position on the rear tire carrier.

John Mannering's home was on the outskirts of the city and the hope he had entertained of hailing a policeman became remote as the car turned into a sequestered country road. He was no longer overheated and the wind pierced his silk garments like a host of pricking sword points. His arm, wound around the spare tire, was beginning to ache and his feet were benumbed against its metal rim. His ankle was swollen and throbbing madly, his eyes bulging in their sockets as he clasped his free hand over his mouth to suppress his coughing from the asphyxiating fumes of the exhaust which blew fairly into his face. To clamber up on the sloping back of the roadster would have meant discovery by the two persons within. One, he thought was a woman. Memories of bobbed-hair bandits came to his mind. That these were no common sneak-thieves on a joy ride he felt sure. The car was simply a necessary adjunct to some greater scheme, perhaps a daring holdup. They would have no compunctions about putting him out of the way. He hung on, grim determination in his heart. If he could only last a little longer. They must stop soon and then would come his opportunity. . . . He smiled as he thought of the headlines in the morning paper. —"Prominent Citizen Foils Ruthless Bandits."—"John Mannering Plays the Hero In—" a deep hole in the road brought him back to cruel reality, nearly wrenching his arm from its socket. Rain was at last falling. Down it came, harder and harder. His heroic role became suddenly less desirable, miserable and aching all over. At the speed they were travelling, to jump would have meant death. He would fall off soon enough he ruminated morosely. They were on another road,—rough and muddy. He thought of his sleeping porch where he had been comfortable and warm, yes, actually warm! All about him was inky blackness and all idea of direction had fled. A car approached and faded in the night before he could summon energy to hail it.

And so on and on,—and on. He sank into a stupor, almost unconsciously holding on.

At last the speed lessened. They were on yet another road and John Mannering felt himself bumping over the threshold of a garage. He slipped

(Continued on Page 3.)

Slickers

Dappled black with queer designs or simply, dignifiedly plain, Yellow glossy slickers gleaming in the teeming, streaming rain— In the dark and windy wetness, happy flashing beacons, they, Shining at the hidden sun and laughing at the rainy day

—Don Murray, Arts '29.



SLICKERS

Ben R. Guss Charged With Contempt Of Court

BUSY DAY AT MOOT COURT

Arrested



Ben R. Guss who was arrested, Tuesday, for contempt of court.

S. C. A. Holds First Meeting

The men's branch of the S. C. A. enjoyed a very successful supper at St. Matthew's Church Hall, last Friday evening. Although the weatherman was a little unkind, there was a splendid attendance, a great number of new students being present, which is very encouraging to the association. President Bob Ross presided.

The speakers of the evening were Dr. A. S. Mackenzie, President of the University, Dr. H. L. Stewart, and Herbert A. Davison.

The company were favoured with an excellent solo by Mr. Fred Guildford, accompanied by Johnny Thurrott, S. H. Baird, the Sec.-Treas. introduced the group leaders who are, Dr. Bronson, Prof. Mercer and Dr. Jackson.

Although the dinner was a great success and we look for great things from the S. C. A. this year.

VISITOR MAKES SPORT SURVEY

Carnegie Agent Scans Dalhousie

J. T. Bentley, a representative of the Carnegie Foundation Institute visited Dalhousie last week to ascertain the athletic conditions here. The Carnegie Institute has just completed a survey of the athletics in all the U. S. A. colleges. The purpose is to sponsor sport for sport's sake. Dalhousie is the first Canadian College to be visited in a similar survey.

In a lengthy discussion with J. Gerald Godsoe President of the Students' Council, Mr. Bentley stated that it was important to have bona fide amateur sportsmen in college; professionalism must be kept out by all means. For this purpose Mr. Bentley is making a scrutiny of the system of financial control with regard to athletics.

He was interested in all problems incidental to student life and college government. He received from Gerald Godsoe specimens of stationery, hand-book, gazette, year-book, etc.

Mr. Bentley was duly impressed by the high standard maintained in our athletics and by the co-operation existing between the student body and the Faculty. The Committee of Nine which has made athletics its chief care received special praise as a forward step and as an admirable institution. It may be mentioned that president Mackenzie is chairman of this committee.

Nearly every person familiar with the life of colleges on the North American Continent knows of the services rendered in education and educational research by the Carnegie Institute. The fact that Carnegie is now making this new survey augurs well for college athletics. General satisfaction is being expressed on the campus.

Don't forget the Freshie-Soph Dance next Monday night. The Biggest College Event in years. Bring HER!!

Charged with contempt of court, if not libel, Ben R. Guss was arrested and brought before the Moot Court for trial, last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Guss is a representative of the Gazette and, in reporting a session of the court, stated that the cases ranged "from the sublime to the ridiculous."

This was brought to the attention of the court by Chief Justice Walsh, who emphasized the seriousness of the offence and ordered Sheriff Atwood to arrest the offender. Mr. Guss was placed under arrest late in the afternoon and pleaded "Guilty". This was refused by the bench, however, and he was forced to plead "Not Guilty." Bail was granted and the case will be tried next Tuesday.

The Moot Court of Dalhousie held a session last Tuesday afternoon. Several cases were tried before Chief Justice Walsh assisted by Judges Godsoe and Mackenzie.

The first case was that of Sharper vs Dolittle and was opened by the junior counsels. Keyes for the appellant and Smith for the respondent. Both counsels stood up well under a fire of technical questions from the learned Chief Justice.

Senior Counsel, Mr. Gavsie then arose for the appellant. Mr. Gavsie congratulated the junior counsels on their work and the Chief Justice on being the first alien to have a place on the bench. Chief Justice wanted to know when Mr. Gavsie had ever heard of an alien arguing in a court of law.

Mr. Gavsie, (continuing) "He (the Chief Justice) came to us, three short years ago, from a land of wilderness and summer fishing. He soon adapted himself to our high state of civilization." Judge Mackenzie "Contempt of Court!"

Judge Godsoe, "What do you mean by 'Summer fishing?'" Chief Justice Walsh, "Get on with the case!"

Mr. Gavsie then stated his case during which several lengthy discussions took place between himself and the bench.

Senior Counsel, Mr. Coffin, stated his case for the respondent. He was interrupted shortly after starting by Sheriff Atwood arousing three gentlemen who had gone to sleep.

As the case hinged on some technical points, judgment was reserved for a week.

A serious criminal charge against J. Powell was then announced and he was promptly summoned. At this juncture Chief Justice Walsh drew the attention of the court to an article in the Dalhousie Gazette of October 14, referring to a session of the moot court and signed B. R. G.—presumably Ben Guss. It was pointed out that the article stated that "the cases ranged from the ridiculous to the sublime;" this, the Chief Justice stated was clearly contempt of court and ordered the Sheriff to seize Mr. Guss for trial as soon as he found him.

The case of Rex vs Powell was then taken up. Prisoner was asked if he wished to be tried by jury. Prisoner replied that after looking around the court-room and seeing who were present, he thought not. Atwood, for the prosecution pointed out that, owing to certain technicalities jury was necessary.

Sheriff Hebb was ordered to empanel a jury. Matheson, MacNaught, Farmer and Fay had been called when Mr. Guss entered the room. He was immediately arrested and put in the prisoners' box. Mr. Atwood asked that a guard be placed over him. Prisoner was told charge and questioned whether guilty or no. Prisoner appeared shaken. Pleaded guilty. Bench declared plea illegal, trial suspended.

Powell's trial was then resumed and proved extremely interesting. Due to the seriousness of the charge many objections were made to various witnesses. Kelloway, and Keyes were summoned by the prosecution and cross-examined, although Ryan, counsel for the defence objected on the grounds that they were of low moral character. Both witnesses gave evidence both as to the low moral standards of the prisoner and as to having seen him commit the crime in question. Mr. Ryan put up a very strong plea for the defence and attempted to free his client on the grounds of insanity. Mr. Atwood, in addressing the jury, emphasized the value of the evidence submitted and the reliability of his witnesses. The Chief Justice then instructed the jury to consider the case and pointed out that there was any doubt, the prisoner was not to get the benefit of it. The jury, after a few minutes deliberation returned a verdict of guilty. Prisoner was given suspended sentence.

The case against Mr. Guss was postponed until the next session.

The Dalhousie Gazette

(Founded 1869)

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Subscription Rate : \$1.00 per year

Federation of Canadian Students

The Council of Students of Dalhousie is at present considering the matter of union with the National Federation of Canadian Universities. The secretary of the Council during the summer received a number of communications from the Federation inviting the local body to join the organization. It would be well if the student body in general understood the nature of the Federation before the Council has passed upon the subject for such a union should bring about many and far-reaching results.

The idea of the federation of students in Canada came from England through the efforts of Ralph Nunn, member of the Imperial Debating Team which toured Canada in 1926. Mr. Nunn is a past president of the National Union of Students of England and Wales and, during the tour of the debaters, he placed before many of the presidents of University Councils the possibilities of forming a similar union in Canada.

That the idea fell on fertile ground was evidenced in December 1926, when a convention of representatives from a large number of Canadian Universities convened in Montreal at McGill University to consider the pros and cons of the movement. It is worthy of note that Prof. N. A. Mackenzie, assistant legal adviser to the International Labor Bureau, League of Nations, was a guest of the convention and one of the chief speakers. Prof. Mackenzie is a graduate of Dalhousie and is at present professor of International Law at the University of Toronto. Professor Mackenzie spoke on the history of the National Students' Union Movement, its operation in England, South Africa, Australia and the continent; and the purpose it serves.

The benefits and scope of the federation as put forward by the convention were:

- (1) Promotion of understanding between eastern, western and central University sections of Canada.
- (2) Interprovincial scholarships with exchange of students among universities.
- (3) Arrangement of debates and athletic events among universities and the systematising of the tours of universities from without Canada.
- (4) The securing of special privileges, such as reduced railway fares, for students.
- (5) The value of the Federation as a clearing house of ideas among the different universities on matters of student government, student publications and student activities in general was discussed by the convention.

A constitution was drafted by a special committee during the convention last December and a temporary executive was nominated to further the plans of the newly formed body. Since the convention the executive has been busily engaged in interesting the student heads of the different Canadian universities in an effort to obtain their cooperation. A great number of these universities have signified their willingness to enter the union. Among these are: McGill, Bishop's, Montreal, Toronto, Universities of British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, University of Western Ontario, Acadia and U. N. B. The assent or refusal of Dalhousie will soon be decided.

There is no doubt that a Union of the student bodies of Canadian Universities would be a right step in the march of progress if carefully planned. To bring about the union of institutions so widely spread throughout Canada will mean the clashing of diverse thoughts, ideas and ideals. Will this clashing smooth and round out the ideas of the different university bodies involved or will there be a crashing and crushing result due to collision of opinions too directly opposed? That is the question. The Federation can never hope to have legislative powers. To bind institutions, separated as widely by geographical and racial influences, as the universities of Canada, to regulations made by a central governing body would bring unjust pressure to bear on some sections and would undoubtedly cause friction. The central body could be nothing more than an advisory board or, as was suggested at the convention, a clearing house of ideas.

The exchange of scholarships, if wisely controlled, would be an important work of the federation. This exchange of students among the different universities would do as much towards interchanging ideas as the work of the federation itself. But supervision of the exchange it would be found, would have to be carried on by the university authorities.

Probably the main field of activity of the Federation is the arrangement of debates, and athletic events among the Canadian colleges and between Canadian colleges and those of England, United States and other countries. Here, the wide extent of Canada would have to be considered as the distance between universities is detrimental to united effort. A central committee to formulate plans for such events would be difficult to make representative. The only solution would be a permanent secretary, who could, under supervision, arrange such matters. This official could visit all institutions in the federation and keep the members in touch with the doings of the organization. The matter of supervision of the secretary might add to the difficulties of the organization.

There are a number of opportunities for the Federation to function in securing special privileges for students in travelling, hotel accommodation and similar matters. The uniting of interests of the student-body along this line should bring results.

The foregoing is an outline of the scope and aims of the new university union. The Federation is still in its infancy and its program is not yet complete nor are its aims assured. However, it can be seen that there are a great many benefits which can accrue from such a federation of colleges. The wide separation of the universities seems to be the greatest stumbling block. The expenses of conventions would be too great to hold such meetings frequently. The present plans of the organization are to hold a representative meeting every four years, which seems a rather

Little Grains Of Sand

THE sun shone with a pleasant warmth through the open flap of my tent. Lying prone on my cot, I watched a hornet perform with incredible technique a surgical operation upon a fly. As he neatly clipped the wings and head from his victim and flew away with his dressed meal, I exhaled a lazy puff towards the ridge pole and complimented myself on my good fortune in choosing work for the summer.

This indeed was a man's work. Far away from the noisome turmoil of the city, in the heart of the forest of a Canadian province, my soul could expand, my mind function untrammelled by petty incidents, and my body could repair the ravages that long application at my books had wrought.

My thoughts continued to dwell on my present fortunate location. Here one saw life in the raw, the subjugation of nature by man, the turning of mighty powers to the use of the human race by the utilization of the accumulated scientific inheritance of the ages. Man is indeed a powerful entity—each one of us a being to be reckoned with—a virtual Atlas, controlling powers as weighty as small planets.

How long I would have ruminated on the wonders of man is a mystery, for, at the thought "weighty", I remembered that I had to carry some material to the summit of a steep hill where construction of a concrete monument was underway. This monument was for the purpose of locating definitely, a point of land for survey work.

With eagerness I jumped from the cot and fastened the load upon the packboard. Carrying a fifty pound pack of sand is merely pleasant recreation, I thought, as I strapped the packboard to my back. The air seemed so buoyant and life-giving that I felt I could easily have carried fifty more pounds.

Here, thought I, stepping out easily with my burden, is a concrete example of man's progress, a recapitulation of the evolution of civilization; and we are the pioneers, hewing our way through the untamed forests, planting here and there the sign of our presence, overcoming difficulties and easing the path of those who follow us in the march of progress.

By this time I had reached the foot of the hill I was to climb, the distance to the summit of which was approximately one-half mile. The buoyant air had begun to feel a little less buoyant and the pleasant beams of sun were causing perspiration to dampen my forehead. Nevertheless I began the ascent with great vigour. The steep incline basked in the afternoon sunshine showing many difficulties. Boulders, allen trees and clinging vines impeded my progress. After the first hundred yards of ascent my breath came in great gasps that stretched my lungs to the limit.

Perspiration was running from every pore in my body, while the fifty pounds was rapidly changing from a pleasant recreation to a real nuisance. I hearkened myself by reciting snatches of poetry as, "I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn" and "Excelsior". The hill seemed to become steeper, the rocks and windfalls more numerous, and the slightly slanting rays of the sun most vindictive. My jaunty step was subdued to a slow, heavy tread; but I strove mightily upward.

At last human nature could stand no more and I sat down. How cool the damp earth felt! How sweet the light breeze blowing across my moist brow! I sighed with contentment as I leaned back in the straps of the pack which was propped up against a tree. A few minutes rest greatly heartened me and, with a determined effort, I performed the acrobatic stunt of arising to my feet with my burden on my back.

Once more I began the difficult ascent. Once more the perspiration flowed and the straps bit into my tired shoulders.

Oh, for the level pavement of civilization; for the refreshing coolness of the soda fountain to remove a thirst that was beginning to resemble that of the fiery pit!

By this time I was pulling myself up by means of the trees on either side of the trail, which meandered up the hill with no seeming end. Frequent rests brought small relief, for the effort of getting to an erect posture more than counter balanced the relaxation.

"This is not a man's work," I considered, "It would be more appropriate for a horse".

I began what I thought was the ascent of the last incline, only to find the trail stretching before me aggravatingly.

What a life! What a pile of bunk has been written about the "Forest primaeva", "The stately pines", "the magnificent works of nature"! Give me the city with its comforts and conveniences. Take me far from this raw, wild life, where nature delights in conquering and subduing impotent man. Give me.....

But, at that moment, as my thoughts were reaching out to the great intangible for alms, to soothe my labouring body and sorely wrought spirit, I longed for a long period of time. The average time of a student stay in a university is four years and it can be readily seen that there would not be a great deal of continuity between two conventions.

The Gazette puts these facts before the students of Dalhousie in order that they may understand the new union and in order that they may consider the advisability of joining such a federation. Dalhousie should not be behind other universities in the matter if the new movement will benefit this university or Canadian universities as a whole. At the same time, it must be remembered that the Federation is only in its formative stage, an uncertain stage from which may emerge a success or a failure. Considering the unions in Great Britain and on the continent success of the movement would appear to be fairly certain.

espied my destination. I arose from my hands and knees, a mode of travel I had found it necessary to affect for some five minutes past, and, with renewed vigour finished the ascent.

Life isn't so bad after all. A few difficulties present themselves but a strong body and a keen mind will always overcome life's trials. With a little perseverance we can always reach the goal, no matter how rough the road or how steep the ascent.

The head of the engineering party stood on the site of construction and frowned at me. "How much time do you require to carry up a small bag of cement", he inquired as I dropped my load and fell over totally exhausted. "Cement?" I managed to wheeze from my bursting lungs. "I've got here a ton of sand, more or less."

"Of all the numbskulls," was the soothing reply. "We have already twice as much sand as we need. Throw that away and go down for that bag of cement and make it snappy".

What a life!

News From Abroad

In my travels today I went through one of the most interesting museums I have ever had the good fortune to visit. It was a printing house preserved in Antwerp since the latter part of the sixteenth century. My interest was probably aroused by the fact that for one year I edited a paper and was therefore quite charmed in examining this old printing house, for which reason I have persuaded myself that the following account might be of interest to you.

Plantim, a Frenchman, came to Antwerp in 1549. He became a book-binder and later a printer. He printed one fine work after another until finally he took it into his head to publish a polygot bible. This was such an excellent work that the Emperor Charles V, gave him a monopoly of all ecclesiastical printing in the Empire. Plantim became immensely rich. He built a house which is now the museum and most of his time was given to the production of plates which rival the masterpieces of the illuminators. This house of Plantim's still stands. His son-in-law, Moretius carried on the business and from generation to generation there was a Maretius to watch the original home and keep it as he left it. Finally in 1875 the family sold the house to the city of Antwerp which keeps it as it was in Plantim's time, even dressing the guards in imperial dress for festive occasions.

The house is a great rectangle with heavily barred windows and thick walls towards the street, but with a beautiful court inside, which is surrounded by a fine old Flemish arcade. The house, office, shops etc. form a continuous building around the court. One enters into the parlours where still are to be seen the family portraits and where the original tapestries adorn the walls. All these rooms have high oak wainscoting and the timber ceilings are black with time. At the far end is a series of offices and Plantim's day-book is still upon his desk, his bills and receipts are still in the pigeon holes. One of these office rooms is now used as a display room for valuable prints. Among them is a copy of the first printed bible. It is in a heavy black print and each letter is clearly cut. It is, perhaps, one of the most valuable books in existence. In the room was also some of Plantim's own work. Each volume is now worth a king's ransom, and well they may be for there is no such printing done now.

Along a third side was the printing work. First the room for the proof readers, then the room for paper and finally came the printing room. On one side were the compositors' tables with the various letters still in their slots. On the other side were the hand presses. While I was there a guard ran off a couple of copies of a sonnet by Plantim from the original type which is still kept in the case.

Upstairs are the rooms which contain the most valuable of all, Plantim's plates. Many of these are wood cuts. There are examples of wood cuts in all stages of completion. There are also many copper plates and these are perhaps the most valuable things in the plate collection, for many of them are from the hand of Rubens.

Finally there is the room where the lead was melted and where the various blocks were prepared for the type.

This museum is indeed a wonderful thing because it gives an accurate idea how a wealthy artisan of the sixteenth century worked and what he would call home.

(Ed. Note.—The above is an extract from a letter written by a traveller on the continent and edited by one of the university students.)

Speaking of Acadia... Can anyone tell us who was the boy-friend Nalda Fillmore was displaying?

SOPHOMORES WIN FIRST DEBATE OF SEASON

Co-education Is Good Is Decision Of Assembly

On Wednesday night the Munro room was the battle ground of the eternal forensic feud between Sophomore and Freshman.

Don Finlayson, Freshman, opened attack against coeducation, declaring "Girls come to college to catch a husband,— Girls are lacking conspicuously in common sense." He now thinks that the library is not a library but the place where coeds judiciously display silk stockings.

"Frankie" Elkin, Sophomore, opened fire for education declaring "Before long every institution will have co-education." Miss Elkin referred to classical antiquity. "Coeducation was in vogue in Theos in Capua." Coeducation she believed had the home for model. "Why" cried she, "the girls are inspired by the presence of the 'eds' at our games." Her speech had substance.

Eleanor Foster, Freshette, retaliated by contending that coeducation forced boys and girls on each other. Girls should go in for Household Science, is her idea. The co-ed is losing her charm. She is becoming hardened. She should go in for Household Science. Miss Foster is somewhat shy.

George Mahon, Sophomore, supporting coeducation claimed that the much sought-for college spirit is brought into college by the girls. "Woman is a great cultural influence in College," maintained Mahon. He held Dalhousie up as an example where coeducation is sending forth men and women who are receiving recognition in every branch of life. Mahon spoke clearly.

Herbie Davidson ex-pres. Sodales honoured the meeting with a few pointed remarks on the value of debating.

Mr. Dubinsky, rose to support the "cause of his brethren", the Freshmen.

Prof. Horace Read using several apt fables, delivered an interesting clipe.

Prof. MacLeod, pres. of Sodales very interestingly outlined the program for the year. He hopes to draw greatly and quality to Sodales Debating. Teams will be chosen to debate McGill, Acadia and Kings.

The audience was very representative and appreciative. The judges, Elizabeth Frame, Tom Coffin and Ben Guss, returned a verdict for Co-education.

THE DAL CREDO

By Karl Kampus and Sam Studley

Author's Note.—George Jean Nathan the foremost dramatic critic on this side of the Atlantic published recently his "New American Credo" being a collection of the ideas, concepts and beliefs, erroneous and otherwise current among the citizens of the great republic to the south of us. Following in his lead the compilers of this short list have endeavored to enumerate some of the dogma more or less prevalent among Dalhousians. These are set down in no spirit of levity or exaggeration and with no regard as to their correctness or incorrectness.

1. That college spirit at Dal is at a greater level than ever before.
2. That Dalhousie has no college spirit.
3. That Ritchie McCoy is the only thing that stops Dal from winning the City Football League, and as he will be here no longer Dal is practically certain to win.
4. That Prof. Bennet has "It".
5. That Dalhousie is patterned after and is closely similar to, the University of Edinburgh.
6. That if one takes a girl to the Junior-Senior one is practically certain of a "bid" to the Delta Gamma Dance.
7. That the wearing of a sweater to lectures lowers one's social standing but it is permissible to wear one to lab.
8. That male students boarding in town are "booted out" at least three times a year.
9. That an Engineer's chief desire is to wear high boots and riding breeches.
10. That the meetings of the Delta Gamma Society are wholly occupied in discussing men.

Prof. Hunt is back with us, after a leave of absence.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

The Commerce Society started its activities for the year last Thursday, when it met for the first meeting of the term. Prof. Hunt, who was elected Honorary President, gave a brief address, which was greatly appreciated by the financiers. A social committee was appointed to make arrangements for a Commerce Party. S. H. Baird, the president of the society was in the chair.

The Biology club made a very promising start for the year when it held its first meeting last Thursday night in the Physiology Theatre. A record crowd attended and a general air of enthusiasm prevailed. Mabel Borden, the vice-president, was in the chair in the absence of the president, James Fraser. Dr. Boris Babkin delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture which was greatly enjoyed by the students. After the business part of the meeting a social period was enjoyed, during which refreshments were served.

The formal opening of the Commerce House was held on the evening of Wednesday the eighteenth. Distinguished visitors included include Dr. A. S. Mackenzie, and Prof. Hunt, Honorary President of the Society.

Both the men's and women's branches of the S. C. A. are looking forward with pleasure to a visit from the General S. C. A. Secretary for Canada, Mr. Murray Brooks, who is coming here about the first of November.

The members of the law school were perplexed, for a whole day by the problem. "Can a man marry his widow's sister?" Hebb said there was nothing against it in the Bible. Walsh maintained it was permissible in Newfoundland. Several members are still perplexed. They can find no LAW against it.

One of the freshettes taking biology has stated that the anatomy professor is the only member of the medical faculty wearing a beard. Page Wm. Fry.

Professor Sydney D. Pierce, who taught Political Science here last year, is now holding a responsible position with the Associated Press in New York City.

According to the seating arrangements in English 9, some of the lads will be sitting in the girls' laps. And who more pleased than I?

Sheriff Hall

- O.—What are you doing tonight?
- Q.—The same.
- O.—I'll ring you.

Who was the Freshette who thought that she was going to sing "Yield not to temptation"?

Prof. Horace Read is still being congratulated on his new title—Father. It's a girl. Can we anticipate a new lady student in the Law School?

INFIRMARY BULLETIN

Dr. Daldent, D. D. S., wishes to further announce that the clinic mentioned in the last bulletin, will take the form of the Dalhousie Dental Dance which will be held on Nov. 14th, in the Dal gym. This will be a sure cure for all human ailments and a large attendance is expected.

Futility

Bound with the thongs of dreams
Falling from star to star,
Seeking always the deathless things
That perfect are—
My soul, with broken wings,
Cries that it cannot see,
And beats against the door of life
Eternally.

My heart can hear the jeers
Of restless joy that binds
My hands, stilling their pot's lay,
And mockery finds
The beauty hidden away
Behind my dreaming eyes,
While laughter clings to fragile
dreams
With scornful cries.

—Eileen Cameron, '29



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Writing and the Literary "D."

Among the honours coveted by the student as he passes through Dalhousie university is a "D". This honour may be won in foot-ball, basket-ball or hockey in the line of sport. A special honour, a literary "D", may be won by contributing to the Gazette. It is not everyone who can acquire a "D" in sport for everyone has not the necessary qualities to make him or her an athlete of first class calibre. In senior sports, for which the emblem is granted the sphere is restricted to a minority of the members of the student body.

It is not so with the literary "D". Everyone with a college education or who is engaged in acquiring a college education should be able to express his ideas on paper. To some it is singularly easy, to others singularly hard; but every student can, with a little diligence and patience, express in readable form his or her thoughts and ideas. Thus, it can be clearly seen, that, although a student may not be able to reach the heights of athletic fame, he can, with diligence, acquire literary distinction to a certain degree.

The literary "D" came into existence in 1920 as a reward to those students who had made worthy contributions to the university paper. The prized emblem is presented to the successful students in the form of a gold "D" suitably engraved. It is awarded on points, twenty-five being the number that makes the contributor eligible for the honor. Points are awarded on the basis of merit and amount of contributions. The eligible contributions include the full scope of university life. Prose and poetry, stories, articles, and accounts of college activities are all considered. By contributing to the Gazette you not only place yourself on the list of those eligible for literary honors but you also help to mould student thought and cultivate your own mind and intelligence.

Thoughts and ideas are the "animus," the soul of a university. Must these thoughts be breathed into us from the faculty, until we stand as bloated balloons to be swayed by every breeze that blows, or shall we build up and expand the "animus" ourselves? It is better that we carefully cultivate our own minds under supervision than that we allow supervision to change to a wholesale cultivation by the "powers that be".

Consider a comparison between two gardens; first, a large strip of land laid off in straight but monotonous rows with depressing regularity—a useful unornamental entity, and, second, a small home garden with its variegated vegetable life and unceasing change. The first has been cultivated "en masse", each fit a stereotyped reproduction of his fellow. The interests, economic in nature and the guiding hand are from without. The second is a mixture of the useful and the ornamental, delighting the eye with its riot of colors and changing possibilities. The interests here are from within. For its beauty and intrinsic worth it was cultivated—not stereotyped.

The exchange of ideas cultivates the mind but these ideas must be put forward in such a way that the mind may be susceptible to them.

In the spoken word we have a vehicle for transmitting ideas but sociologists tell us that emotions are more easily conveyed by words than are ideas. Emotions are not of the lasting timber of true ideas, yet in the spoken word the influence of the former may overcome the salutary effects of the latter.

Is it so with the written word? It would appear not, for the reader can digest and weigh the subject written and blow the froth from the underlying liquid. Thus we can see that the written word is, indeed, a powerful vehicle. Use it in the columns of your paper—The Gazette.

G. V. V. Nichols Writes for Historical Review

The September number of The Canadian Historical Review contains an article by George V. V. Nichols, "A Forerunner of Joseph Howe." It is a careful study of the Wilkie case. In 1820 William Wilkie published a pamphlet attacking the wealthy clique who mismanaged the affairs of Halifax. He was indicted for criminal libel, found guilty and sentenced to two years in the House of Correction, with hard labor.

The Rollo Boys Get in Deep, or How Tom was Absolutely Sunk

No. 47921
CHAPTER I.

"Are you there, Tom?"
"Yes, are you, Dick?"
"Here I am," replied Dick, seriously.
"Alright," said Tom, with a sly wink at Harry, "but you mustn't whisper."
"Why not?" asked poor Dick, falling into the trap, and emerging with torn clothes.
"Because," chuckled Tom, merrily, "it's not aloud." Tom was a fun-loving Rollo and was well known for his jokes and pranks so that people often sought him out—sometimes with blood-hounds. He was a curly-eyed, laughing-haired youth of nineteen and had an uncle who thought that Acadia was the best college in the Maritimes.

"Well," said the fun-loving Rollo, "we'll have to hurry boys, I promised Dr. Merriwell that we'd have a look at the bottom of the Atlantic this morning."
"Yes," said Dick, "but how are we going to get down?"
"Off a goose's back," came back Tom like a steel trap, and even Dick had to laugh in spite of himself.
"Let's see about getting some equipment," said Harry.
Accordingly the three boys set out for town; they had not gone far when a sign caught Tom's eye, making a hasty jagged tear.

"SUITS IN DIVERS PATTERNS"
CHAPTER 41

"These suits should be just the thing for us," cried Tom, "we have a heavy duty of deep-sea diving ahead of us."
The three boys rushed into the shop and came out vested in some natty Kampus Kut Kollejit Klothes, all set for their stirring adventure. They rushed along the road towards their goal, which was at the east end of the field. Suddenly Harry cried out "Look what's that ahead?"
"I think it's the next chapter," said Dick slowly.

CHAPTER 65c.

"So it is," agreed Tom, "and there's the sea just beyond."
Giggling with suppressed excitement the boys lined up along the cliff and gazed at the water. Suddenly the bank gave away under them and they went sliding down the cliff into the water.
"Down to the sea in slips," cried Tom, laughingly as the boys disappeared under the waves.
Down, down and down sank the Rollos. At last, after a diligent search they found themselves at the bottom of the sea. Strange fish swam past them, gazing with dull, expressionless eyes at our heroes. A hulk loomed up before them in the greeny darkness.
"Look," cried Harry, "an old wreck."
"Sure enough," agreed Tom, slyly, "Jack Atwood."
"No it's a wrecked ship," said Dick, seriously, "let's see if we can find any treasure."
"Wait!" screamed Harry excitedly, "someone's fooling with our air-line; IT'S DAN BAXTER!"
"spw au vw uv," screamed the villain, for as he was above them, his words came to the boys upside down, "su jo pwp t awt nox uwp II. I :uwt th th dntch'c'ur'nd t,uow xA,"
"Curse you," screamed Harry, "we are powerless, but at least we can comto our death like American gentlemen." The boys then acted out a little pageant of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, followed by two choruses of The Star Spangled Banner. Dan meanwhile was hacking away at the air-line.

Just as the boys had given up all hope, the faithful battleship Oregon came steaming across the bay. "Boom-boom!" The guns boomed. "Crack-crack" the rapid fire guns cracked, and had to be discarded. With a howl of rage Dan Baxter dropped his knife and rowed hurriedly away.
The strong arms of the sailors pulled the boys up by the side of the ship. "Three cheers for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the Captain.
"Three cheers for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the sailors tossing their little white caps in the air and cheering lustily.
"What have you got there, Dick?" asked Harry to the other Rollo, who

was dragging a heavy chest across the deck.
"I found it on the old wreck," replied Dick.
"Open it, open it," cried all the sailors, jumping up and down excitedly.
With feverish haste, the boys tried open the lid. "What is it? What is it?" asked the sailors.
"It is the next volume of the Rollo Boys Series," said Harry, "to be entitled The Rollo Boys at the Infirmary, or How Tom Taught His Chums to Play Foot-ball."
And here let us say Good-bye,
"Good-bye" —W. G. A. '29

That Wayward Bell.

This is the story of a wayward bell. A wayward chapel bell at that!
Last year Mt. A. defeated U. N. B. in a game that was predicted as a win for U. N. B. As a result the Mt. A. boys en masse turned out to paint the town red. And, as the town in question was only "two by twice," this painting didn't take very long.
In the absence of something to do, the boys began to think. They thought that they were entitled to a holiday! Their superiors thought otherwise, and that's where the trouble started.
The young men in a college are something to be reckoned with. Haven't they been told time and time again that they would be the statesmen, the poets, the scientists. . . . As petty as college life may appear from College Humor, there is yet on the campus great importance attached to all college activities. There is an animus, a spirit that can move mountains. And when your college is victorious this "animus" receives a great inflation; and so it happened at Mt. A. But the inflation clashed violently with the refusal for a holiday.
This refusal was absolutely the greatest violation of justice! Hadn't they won the game? Hadn't they earned a holiday? Oh what has become of justice?
Now came a silence. A calm as before a storm. Then a leader of men cried: "No Sir! we will not go to class! We will have a holiday tomorrow! Come on boys! Down with the Chapel Bell whose hateful clang breaks our morning slumbers."
And so it happened they didn't hear the Chapel Bell next morning. And they haven't heard it from that day to this. Why? Well that's just what this story's about: A Wayward Chapel Bell!
They hid the Chapel bell in a freight car. But freight cars these days have a peculiar habit of moving on; they are subject to change of address without notice.
When the boys showed up next morning, gone was the freight car! Gone was the Chapel Bell!
After several months the bell was reported as having been seen in Saint John, Halifax, Montreal. . . . But strange as it may seem the bell is now in Fredericton. What? Not at U. N. B? Yes Sir! Mt. A's Chapel Bell is at U. N. B.
How it ever got there is part of the secret history of college life. It is one of those inexplicable acts of fate that savours very much of retribution.

—B. R. G.

HINTS FOR DANCE COMMITTEES

- 1) Have the Gym. temperature 80 degrees F. This is to prevent a dance being slow. Heat being conducive to motion—also to comfort.
- 2) Provide identification tags, to be worn around the neck. This should prove a great boon to those seeking partners to whom they have just been introduced.
- 3) Non-spilling punch glasses—or packages of Rex.
- 4) Director to handle traffic jam between dances.
- 5) Dictographs to prevent delay when saying goodnight to chaperones.
- 6) Somebody to write up dance who knows a synonym for "best yet".

Something for Sodales

Whatever art may interest a man, whatever profession a man may follow, in whatever business a man may be engaged, occasions will arise when on his ability to convince an audience of the plausibility of his arguments will depend perhaps his own success, perhaps vital issues involving the interests he represents.

Does not every successful doctor sometime in his career, wish to introduce new methods to his profession?—Is not every lawyer constantly faced with the problem of convincing the court that his contentions are correct.—Does not every financier, in the interest of economic progress, find it necessary to sway director's meetings? Everyone, almost without exception, whether in public or private life will at sometime or another be called upon to address an audience and to convey to them his thoughts, ideas, opinions. The most expedient method is by speech. To support this contention we have but to read our histories.

The recognition by the students of the need for the development of the oratorical ability has given rise to the birth and development of the Dalhousie Debating Society. Sodales meets every other Wednesday evening in the Munro Room.

Notice of these meetings are posted in the main hall of the various buildings. These notices constitute a cordial invitation to you to come and enjoy an evening's entertainment, and to put forth your views on the subject under discussion. In his earnest desire to have these subjects of personal interest the president Rod. McLeod invites your suggestions as to what these subjects shall be.

Every year Dalhousie debates with other colleges. Oxford and Cambridge, McGill, Mt. Allison, St. Francis Xavier; these teams are composed of the men and women whose debating prowess has been developed by Sodales. It is up to you to see that the personnel of the team is composed of Dalhousie's best.

THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

A. L. Murphy
(Continued from Page 1)

weakly to the floor seeking shelter under the rear end of the car. His chance had come! He could hear them speaking in low tones. The voices sounded vaguely familiar! Then the lights snapped off and two figures passed out beside him and shut the doors.

A new light shone in John Mannerling's eyes. He felt his way about for a few moments and then ran to the doors. They were locked. He cried aloud and beat it with his fists, but all in vain. It was fully fifteen minutes before he gave in and exhausted, drenched with rain and cold, clammy mud, he subsided on the concrete floor. And there nursing his swollen ankle between his two bruised hands he waited, "The next time my chauffeur goes to my garage for my car to take my maid on a midnight drive without asking my permission I'll—I'll—"

He paused inarticulate; the cat was asleep; so the screen door strove on alone.

23rd PSALM—a la Freshman

The Soph. is my keeper. I shall not want another. He maketh me an initiation: he causeth me to sit down in wet places. He troubleth my soul. He guideth me in the tracks of foolishness, for my namesake. Yea though I walk on open campus, I fear much evil. For his wiles and his rods discomfort me. He prepareth trouble for me in the presence of mine co-eds. He anointeth my head with shoe polish; my tears runneth over. Surely to goodness if this thing follow me all the days of my life I will dwell in the bug-house forever.

—B. R. G.

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Medical Dinner And Meeting

In the olden days when knighthood and chivalry were in vogue and brave men rode forth on fiery steeds to aid and rescue fair maidens, there was formed the Order, Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The Knights of this order were chosen from the bravest and most skillful of all the men in the land and they rode forth, not so much to save as to aid the fair.

These were learned men, renowned for skill in the most difficult of crafts—that of healing. They were taught and lead by one, St. John of Jerusalem, the most skillful in this art, at that time, and far and wide did spread a knowledge of the good work done by him and his brave followers. They were trained in the use of splints and bandages, in the knowledge of herbs and in all manner of healing.

And so it happened after many years the art of "first aid" became generally known, and so today we have as a direct continuation of this chivalrous order, the St. John Ambulance Association.

The St. John Ambulance Association is represented in the Maritime provinces by Col. Hodgetts, M. D. Col. Hodgetts is a Canadian and has held several important public positions. In 1912 he was appointed Medical Advisor to the Canadian Commission of Conservation. In 1914, the Red Cross sent him to France as Overseas Commissioner which post he retained until the end of the war. Since then he has devoted his time and ability to the St. John Ambulance Association.

All medical students will have an opportunity of hearing Col. Hodgetts when he addresses the Dalhousie Students Medical Society at their dinner at the Green Lantern on Monday, Oct. 24th, at 6.15 p.m. Medical Students of Dalhousie, the days of chivalry are not yet past; come and learn your craft.

A Sound Mind In A Healthy Body

A very comprehensive phrase which should be the aim of every Dalhousian both male and female. In studies we of this University have always upheld our side and will do so in years to come. We are all proud of our graduates who have gone forth into the world and who have taken positions of prominence among the leaders in Canada and the United States.

But what good is this wonderfully developed brain if we must carry it around in a body broken and weakened by hours of study and toil? It is of little use and so the body too must be developed.

And in this bodily development Dalhousie is able to help you. Some students here know the Studley Gymnasium only as a place where many horrible hours are spent writing examinations. Allow me to present it as a place where just as many hours can be spent in the enjoyment that can come only from competitive games and contests. It is open to you every day and Mr. Stirling is very willing to help you. There you will find opportunities to indulge in all sorts of sports and no matter how particular you are, something will appeal to you.

Start now, forget studies for an hour and play. Even though you have passed through many summers, play and play as you have done in years gone by. Then a shower, a rub down, forget play and pick up the books again. What a difference you will find. Problems which before had been impossible will assume negligible proportions to your brain so refreshed by a different form of exercise and the keen pleasure derived from it.

Follow this procedure during your college days and graduation day will find you a person well able to mix play and work in the right proportions and above all the possessor of "a sane mind in a sound body."

Ab. Smith Leading Popularity Contest

In the popularity contest to discover the most popular college athlete in Halifax, Ab. Smith, Dalhousie football and basketball hero is well in the lead with Gerald Godsoe second. The Majestic Theatre is conducting this contest and a beautiful cup will be given to the winner. Clip your coupon from the Dalhousie Gazette and hand it in at any performance. The following is the standing of the leading candidates.

Albert Smith, Dal.	700
Gerald Godsoe, Dal.	600
Ed. Brown, Tech.	300
Hughie Martin, Dal.	150
George Langstroth, Dal.	100
Lee Miller, Dal.	100
Orton Hewatt, Dal.	100
Dunlop, Kings.	100
Tupper, Dal.	100
Ralkburn McCunn, Dal.	50
Jack Atwood.	50

All Dalhousie Students especially the Book Lovers ardorally invited to make
THE BOOK ROOM
141 Granville Street
their Headquarters
Come in and browse and make yourself at home.
E. VICKERY, Manager.

Students' Council Report 1926-27.

Editor Gazette.—Dear Sir.—Enclosed please find financial report of the Council of the Students for the scholastic year 1926-27. To permit of publication this report needs be, to an extent, concise—and it is perhaps unintelligible to a number of the students. However, if there are any students sufficiently interested they may investigate the finances more in detail upon application.

Yours very truly,
J. GERALD GODSOE,
Sec'y.-Treas., 1926-27.

THE REPORT		Receipts	Expenditure
Balance 1925-26		\$ 4.76	
Student Fees		4704.00	
Students' Council			
Dances	\$ 146.45	221.55	
Salary (Sec.-treas.)		100.00	
Year Book		150.00	
Telephone, postage, stationery, printing		182.89	
General	47.37	166.35	
O/S accts. 1925-26		7.00	
		\$ 193.82	\$ 827.79
D. A. A. C.			
Football	598.65	1341.72	
Hockey	162.55	598.31	
Basketball	147.75	330.07	
General		143.83	
O/S Accts. 1925-26		164.50	
		\$ 908.95	\$ 2578.43
Gazette			
General		730.71	
Graduation No. 1926		310.47	
			\$ 1041.18
D. G. A. C.			
Ground Hockey		27.61	
Basketball	61.75	181.50	
General		27.27	
		\$ 61.75	\$ 236.38
Student's Rink			
Wages		184.00	
Light, fuel and water		62.55	
Erection and removal		87.80	
General	81.33	87.17	
		\$ 81.33	\$ 421.52
Sodales			
Imperial and Intercul.	225.42	376.89	
General		59.67	
		\$ 225.42	\$ 436.56
Delta Gamma			
Grant		150.00	
Glee Club			
Equipment		144.41	
Music		87.83	
General		124.02	
Convocation Play	2196.99	2211.84	
O/S Accounts 1925-26		22.50	
		\$ 2196.99	\$ 2590.60
		\$ 8377.02	\$ 8282.46
Balance 1926-27		\$ 8377.02	\$ 8377.02
Accounts payable O/S N. S. Tram P Power (Rink)	\$ 26.92		

ARTHUR E. JUBIEN,
H. C. MORTON
Auditors 1926-27.

J. GERALD GODSOE,
Sec.-Treas. 1926-27.

Class '29 Party

Class '29 held its first party for this year last Friday evening at the Commerce House. Although the weather was bad in the extreme, a large crowd attended and the evening was a decided success. Morton Kataief, Charles MacKenzie and Gordon Durstun furnished the music. The chaperones were Miss Lowe and Dr. Wilson. The party was staged by a committee consisting of Jessie Gladwin, Graham Allen and Forrest Musgrave.

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We enjoy the distinction of making practically all Dalhousie Class Jewellery. We appreciate the trust placed in us by the Dalhousie students and in turn always assure them of our very best service.

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Diamond Merchants HALIFAX

Until

Three chubby little fellows played at toy soldiers in kindergarten. How serious they were. One would think that in truth the lives of a thousand men were in their hands. Their lips were set, their foreheads wrinkled as they manoeuvred their little soldiers back and forth on the floor.

Ah this was their day... the day of make-believe... Realty? Wait till they grow older.

A group of boys aged seven or eight played war about the cannons in an old deserted fort. The same seriousness prevailed as at the Kindergarten. The orders, the commissions, the despatches, the wounded, the doctors. The warfare itself: the uneven ground affording trenches; the huge rocks affording camps, hiding places. This was real war.

This was their day... the day of make-believe... Realty? Wait till they grow older.

A troop of boys scouts aged fifteen or sixteen divided into two groups—rival groups in search of treasure. Each group feared the other and also the imaginary Indian natives who were zealously guarding this treasure. The plans, the maps, the advance guards, the packs on their backs. The expression of expectancy, of suppressed fear. This was a serious matter, this treasure hunting. Soldiers of fortune.

Ah! this was their day... the day of make-believe... Realty? Wait till they grow older!

At college eight hundred young men and women hustle and bustle to and fro from buildings. Serious browed, "spectacled" youths, with voluminous books under their arms.

The meetings—the seriousness with which they are conducted! These are indeed important matters!

The Moot Court, chief-justices, justices, counsel for defence, counsel for prosecution, all robed, serious young men. This is a trial. A man's fate is being decided in a court of justice!

Ah! this is OUR day... the day of make-believe. Realty? Wait till we grow older!

Yesterday, we made believe. Today, we make believe. Tomorrow? Realty? And so we grow older!—B. R. G.

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Phone Sack. 61

Captain Salvation

A vividly dramatic sea story that will bring to the screen one of the greatest cases ever seen in one feature production is what is offered by "Captain Salvation," which will be on view at the Casino Theatre for three days beginning Monday, October 24th. Among the noted cast are Lars Hanson, Ernest Torrence, Pauline Starke, Marceline Day, George Fawcett and Flora Finch. The story deals with the life of a divinity student, who forsakes his calling because of the intolerance of his friends and relatives. His regeneration in a most unusual manner provides a startling climax.

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