

"The Dalhousie Gazette."

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Le Besoin D'un Cercle Francais a Dalhousie.

Nous avons l'habitude de consacrer cette colonne à la discussion de quelques idées nouvelles. Nous parlions, il y a quelque temps, de "l'esprit de corps" à l'Université. Nous avons ensuite examiné les avantages que présenterait pour nous la fondation d'une "Société littéraire," ou l'établissement d'une "Association d'étudiants." La semaine dernière il s'agissait d'une période de travail intense avec suppression de tous amusements, etc. Cette semaine nous désirons attirer l'attention de nos camarades sur la nécessité d'organiser un cercle français à Dalhousie. En lisant les journaux des autres universités qui nous parviennent chaque jour, l'idée d'une société de ce genre s'impose à nous de plus en plus. Il n'y a presque pas une université canadienne qui n'ait un cercle français ou plusieurs. Citons les noms de quelques-unes d'entre elles pour lesquelles nous avons des renseignements précis:

- Université Acadia: "Le Cercle français."
- Université d'Alberta: "Le Cercle français."
- Université de Colombie britannique: "La Causerie."
"La Canadienne."
- Université McGill: "Le Cercle français."

Nous savons que les étudiantes de l'Université de Toronto ont également un cercle français.

De tout ce que nous avons lu nous sommes fondés à conclure que ces associations sont extrêmement populaires et obtiennent un plein succès. Au cours de leurs réunions les étudiants vivent dans une atmosphère entièrement française—ils n'entendent, ne disent, ne lisent que du français. Pour la conversation, les membres du cercle se partagent en plusieurs groupes suivant le degré d'expérience qu'ils ont acquis. Ils mettent en commun leurs connaissances avec autant de plaisir que de profit.

Ce qui est possible ailleurs l'est également chez nous. Il y a chez les étudiants de Dalhousie des ressources intellectuelles insoupçonnées et qui ne demandent qu'à se révéler. Nous sommes persuadés que sous l'influence d'un cercle français beaucoup de langues se délieraient que la timidité paralyse aujourd'hui.

Et beaucoup de talents se développeraient qui demeurent dans l'ombre. Notre cercle français serait, comme il convient, un cercle littéraire, oratoire et dramatique. N'est-ce pas une chose enviable que d'apprendre à débiter correctement un monologue,—que de s'exercer à bien tenir un rôle dans une pièce de Molière, de Labiche ou d'Alfred de Musset? Or ceci nous pourrions le faire, et avec la certitude de le faire bien.

N'oublions pas, en effet, que dans le Canada tout entier il y a tout juste quatre Universités où la direction des études françaises est confiée à un professeur agrégé de l'Université de Paris, et que Dalhousie est une de ces quatre Universités. Le meilleur moyen de montrer que nous sommes fiers de ce privilège serait peut-être d'en profiter un peu mieux.

Dans le même ordre d'idées ne serait-il pas possible d'envisager l'établissement de cours d'été pour l'enseignement du français—d'une Maison française—où cet enseignement pourrait être donné dans une atmosphère purement et exclusivement française? On le fait à McGill: pourquoi pas à Dalhousie?

En attendant, la Gazette serait très heureuse de recevoir quelques articles écrits en français. Que nos jeunes auteurs aient confiance: ces articles seraient revus avec la plus grande attention par une personne compétente, et leur feraient le plus grand honneur. Il va sans dire qu'un poème étonnant "rara avis" dans notre journal aurait toujours le plus grand succès auprès de nos lecteurs.

Nous prions tout particulièrement les étudiants de première année de vouloir bien faire violence à leur modestie et mettre un terme à leur silence. La Gazette serait très heureuse de recevoir d'eux quelques compositions qui permettraient au public d'apprécier leur talent.

De bons articles français offerts à la Gazette, seraient la meilleure preuve que nous avons parmi nous les ressources nécessaires à l'établissement de ce cercle français dont nous parlions plus haut et qui demeure l'idée essentielle du moment.

A Suggestion.

The Work Campaign is now entering its fourth day and it is most gratifying to observe the eagerness with which it is being supported. It came into being as a vain hope,—a vague possibility, doubtfully fostered in the Editor's mind and the general approval which is apparent comes almost as a surprise. It is to be hoped that the enthusiasm will not wane but will become more prevalent as the time passes.

A possible safeguard against this would be a schedule carefully drawn up by each individual and as carefully followed. It would cover minutely the remaining ten days. Every day, every hour would be allotted either for work or recreation. Such a time-table along with a firm resolve to follow it would form a pregnant combination.

Le Roi Est Mort, Vive le Roi.

To the successful candidates in the recent elections we extend our sincere congratulations and our best wishes.

Through the medium of the polling booth the electors of the University have made their choice. They have placed their confidence in certain students and it rests with the chosen ones to prove worthy of it. Any petty jealousies or faculty rivalries which may have sprung up during the campaign must be thrust aside and forgotten. While diversity of opinion will and indeed should arise on various matters, the Council must always be united in a common bond of sympathy for the rights and interests of the students of the University.

We offer our condolences to the unsuccessful candidates and also the rare bit of comfort to that quite possibly they are the more fortunate.

Merely Bubbles.

For the past five months it has been the supreme desire of the Editor to produce a special literary or short story issue of the Gazette which might be recognized as a high tribute to the literary and artistic ability of Dalhousie undergraduates. But now the end of the term approaches and the desire is still unrequited. It is found impossible to obtain financial support from the Students Council and in addition to this the available material is scarcely sufficient. So hopes must fade into mere dreams.

However the two past issues have contained three original contributions of fiction and this week more are featured. In this manner do we hope to publish, in the remaining four issues, the contributions which formed our hoard.

To the Men of the Faculty of Arts and Science.

The college year is rapidly nearing its end. With the new year will come many new students, and the first college ceremony will be their initiation.

Will it be carried out in the same way as was the last initiation or in the more satisfactory and decisive method of previous years?

It is for YOU to decide.

An editorial from an early issue of the GAZETTE is reprinted here to refresh the facts in your memory.

"The Old Order Changeth."

With the opening of college year comes the passing of a glorious old custom from Dalhousie. We are told by those whose college life is long past that their first and last days as students linger most fondly in their memories. Linger because they are most impressive and symbolic even in their extreme difference. For many years past the new students of Dalhousie have been promptly subdued by the superior forces of their upper classmen. It was clearly and forcibly shown to them that they were Freshmen, while at the same time, they were given an opportunity to display their own prowess and stand on an equal basis with their opponents, as college students.

This year the initiation was conducted quite differently. The Freshmen were instructed to appear at the Gymnasium on a certain evening. This they did, quite peacefully, and like little lambs being led to slaughter, allowed themselves to be blindfolded and in some cases bound. The Sophomores then proceeded to make perfect fools of them. All having fully qualified for their dunce caps they were freed and allowed to mingle, on equal terms, with their persecutors.

An initiation, what ever form it assumes, should be impressive. In years to come will the Class of '29 look back on this evening's performance as one befitting their entrance to Dalhousie? We think not.

There is no real boy or man, with fresh healthy blood coursing through his veins, who does not thrill at the prospect of a good fight. It is true that last year the initiation was carried out too roughly and while the casualties were not nearly as heavy as our sport toll, yet this could be avoided.

We should suggest that the Sophomores be allowed to overpower their younger classmen by physical force, at an appointed time and a suitable place. Such a combat took place in 1923 when the Class of '26 initiated '27 at the "Battle of Studley Campus." After a hard fight the Freshmen were overcome and paraded through the streets of Halifax as captives. There were no casualties of even a minor nature. The grassy campus provided an ideal battle ground and there was absolutely no hard feeling between the rival factions.

An initiation of this type is impressive. Ask any Class '26 or '27 man. He will tell you that no matter how the Future may deal with him, it will always remain one of the most memorable occasions of his life. We suggest that in addition to this, the Freshmen might bear some insignia of their humble positions. A verdant bow or armet, while rather trite, is at least better than nothing at all. The McGill freshmen in addition to wearing green, are obliged to salute their superiors by placing the tip of the index finger on the top of the head and uttering a meek, but audible, "Tweet-tweet." If such a rule can be enforced at McGill, a university having, each year, almost five hundred Freshmen, there should be no difficulty in executing it at Dalhousie.

Regarding this year's initiation, the general impression seems to be that it was unimpressive, both morally and physically. The Freshmen, playing the fool for a few hours, were not, in reality, vanquished. They were not shown that, while Dalhousie students, they were the least of Dalhousie students, and so must remain for one year. There is even a case on record in the recent initiation, of one Freshman, being mistaken for a Sophomore and actually assisting in the initiation of his fellow-classmen! Again, it is not at all fair to the new students of Kings, gaily be-decked in whatever the Sophomores may choose, to be looked at and laughed at by the "gentlemen" Freshmen of Dalhousie.

So we strongly urge that in years to come the old custom properly modified, will be returned to us, as it is the only way in which subjugation can be united with a firm bond of good fellowship which should exist among all Dalhousians.

Sign the ballot below and drop it in the GAZETTE box. Your name is desired solely to serve as a method of checking up the voters.

Do you favor the type of initiation employed at Dalhousie in 1925 as compared with an open conflict under safe and suitable conditions?

YES	
NO	

Name

MAJESTIC NOTES.

"Too Much Money" opens a three day engagement at the Majestic today. It is a First National picture from the play by Israel Zangwill and featuring Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone. It is a big drama of money spenders, done in splendor and luxury. Lewis Stone, the best dressed man on the screen, plays the role of a janitor in an endeavor to win back his extravagant wife. In the meantime his fortune, which he has left in the charge of a friend, is stolen by the man who attempts to elope with his wife. After a series of fast moving episodes he wins back both wife and money.

Next week the Majestic presents the biggest picture of the year—"The Sea Beast" with John Barrymore. It is from the famous novel "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville; Dolores Costello plays opposite Mr. Barrymore.

It is an epic of the heroic lives of whalers in the year 1840. The drama is one rich in colorful beauty of heart searing pathos and its emotions are as violent and eternal as the terrific storms that sweep through the picture.

Romantic from end to end and eloquent throughout but also grim and real, it presents America's greatest actor in his greatest role.

From the Mail Bag

TO THE TRUE-BORN HOBO.

The Editor,
Dalhousie Gazette.

Through you I wish to address this letter to those male Dalhousie students who, through lack of funds, despair of being able to take a trip to old England this summer.

Whether you travel—like cattle—in an organized group, or whether you travel by yourself in the ordinary method followed by wealthy, indolent sightseers, you are bound to spend a lot of good money that might have been better employed. And if you have the money to do so, you will be sure to spend twice as much as you intended.

Now to those of you who are prepared to rough it a little in a wholesome way in order to see a few of the wonders of this world, I, as an experienced hobo, may be able to give you some advice as to the various methods of travelling cheaply. This advice would fill the scanty inches of the Gazette for a six-month, wherefore, to spare my nib and your precious weekly, I suggest that you should come and expose yourself to the sound of my voice, any time and everywhere you see me, but preferably at the Y. M. C. A. between two and ten on a Saturday.

As a recommendation I will mention that last summer I travelled from here to Quebec for three dollars and fifty cents, from there to Leicester, England, for a paltry ten dollars, from Leicester to Shrewsbury, Gloucester, Bristol, Bath, Reading, Cambridge, Lincoln, and back to Leicester, covering every inch of the thousand miles of scenic highway at the cost of one pound and eighteen pence. Finally, after three months abroad, I returned to Halifax at the cost of a few shilling's worth of "delicacies" to eat on the way.

This, you must admit, is a recommendation, but I needs must remind you that I am a hobo, that I work my way on ships and often on land, that I sleep on hay-ricks and feed on bread and cheese by the wayside. When I travel I look what I am. Policemen question me, dogs bark at me, and by night rats gnaw at my delapidated boots. These things, if you are a true-born hobo all help to make you the happiest man alive. And if you are such a one, please remember me.

Your everlasting friend,
P. L. H. MUSCHAMP.

MORONS AND MUCKERS.

To The Editor:

There may be something interesting in what I say and there may not. If there is, you might publish it; if there is not, you might publish it anyway.

I was prompted to write because of several matters which drew my attention during the Glee Club Night about two weeks ago. Everyone knows that the rear of the gym, during the entire program is in comparative darkness; that there are several nooks and corners which are almost totally dark. But I doubt if everyone knows that those almost totally dark nooks and corners are, during Glee Club programs used as parking spaces by loving, petting, crooning couples. If they would restrict their activities to crooning there might be no real cause for criticism, but it does seem a bit out of place to pet rather effusively during the programs.

As is evident by now, this is being written, not to advertise such almost totally dark nooks and corners as parking spaces, but, rather, to criticize the actions of those who use them as such. It is strange that they cannot find a more suitable space to express, other than in words, the tender passions they feel. I hesitated to use the word "tender"—What was evident on the occasion to which I refer was anything but tender. The sentiments might be described in that way, but certainly not the expression of them.

I rather fancy that the practice could be eliminated by moving the wrestling mats up nearer the main part of the audience. I omitted the fact that the

(Continued on page 3, col. 3).

Tonight at 8 O'Clock

This evening (Thursday) at 8 o'clock should you peep in to the Shirreff Hall Reception Room, or better still should you enter and take a seat there, instantly Halifax with its snow, slush and wintry charms would disappear, and you would find yourself in historic Geneva and chatting with that new child of history—the League of Nations. Prof. Mercer with his lantern has undertaken to be the magic carpet and intends not only to show the beauties of the wayside, but to recreate in some measure the international spirit he found alive in Europe last summer, especially the possibilities for women to possess themselves of a real patriotism. "The Release of Patriotism" is the rather suggestive sub-title of the hour. Anyone wishing to book their passage for this adventure should be in the Shirreff Hall Reception Room promptly at 8 o'clock.

Une Petite Mesaventure

Au cours de cette dernière guerre un officier canadien fut blessé par une balle venant des tranchées allemandes. Une ambulance le transporta à un de leurs postes de secours, et on se mit immédiatement à le soigner. Le pauvre homme dut souffrir une succession infinie de douloureuses opérations, qu'il supporta sans rien dire pendant huit jours. A la fin il leur demanda ce qu'ils faisaient. "Nous cherchons la balle qui vous a blessé," répondit un des médecins. "Comment!" s'écria le canadien, "mais pourquoi ne me l'avez vous pas dit plus tôt? Si vous désirez la balle, venez la trouver dans une de mes poches."

"The Critic," by Richard Brindsley Sheriden, was recently presented by the students of University College, Toronto.

Student Service

The annual student service under the auspices of the S. C. A. was held in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday night.

The opening anthem William Blake's "Jerusalem" was sung by a choir of Dalhousians. There were two other 'specials' in musical features, one a solo by John Wickwire and the other a quartet "The Haven" sung most pleasingly by our old friends, Gordon Graham, Charlie MacLennan and Messrs. John and Chalmers Wickwire. The hymns sung were "God reveals his presence" and "Where cross the crowded ways of life."

Jarvis MacCurdy, who led the service in a few words explained clearly the organization of the local Association and then introduced to the congregation Miss Gertrude Rutherford, national secretary. She spoke of the movement in its national and international aspects and started by tracing, in an interesting way, its development. In Canada there are only two colleges not affiliated with the Student Christian Movement and the students of Canada are linked with those of the United States (who work under Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.) by a representative council. These two nations are connected with the Student Movement of Great Britain, of Germany, of France, of Japan; in fact, of most nations. The underlying, vital bond is that all these students everywhere in the world are facing life together, trying to solve its problems and be honest with one another. Miss Rutherford spoke of the European Student Relief fund, now the Student and Friendship fund, which was organized after the war and to which came contributions from students throughout the rest of the world. This fund, beside supplying physical needs of professors and students of Austria, Russia, Germany and such countries, made tremendous headway breaking down national prejudices and animosities and, in their place, building up international fellowship. So greatly did it do this year, at a conference in Germany last year, although the need for the fund did not any longer exist it was proposed that it be kept for the help of students of any nation which should, at any time, be in distress. The German students then paid in \$2,500 of what had been given them and expressed their intention of paying it all. This was a real demonstration of the movement in its working internationally. Miss Rutherford closed her talk with a prayer.

"Saviour again to thy dear name we raise" was sung as the closing hymn and the benediction was pronounced by Mr. Clarke.

After the service there was a "Sing-Song" at Shirreff Hall for which Dot Berry played. Much rivalry was displayed in the hymn choosing, Owen Armstrong and Frank MacDonald both scoring, thanks to Jarvis.

At this "sing" Miss Rutherford spoke about conferences in general and particularly of the National Conference to be held the end of this year. A short discussion on conferences ensued. Then after a few more hymns, the non residents reluctantly began to go. With the aid of Herbie's oratory most of the lingerers waiting for a word with Miss Rutherford were chased out shortly after 10.30.

MORONS AND MUCKERS.

(Continued from page 2, col. 5.)

mats, used as settees, seem to be a necessary adjunct to the darkness of the various nooks and corners.

It is not necessary to go into a discussion of the moral side of the problem. But anyone, it seems, who cannot control their desire for what they appear to consider the divine of divine pleasures even during Glee Club programs certainly can be considered as no more mature than a moron, and as having no more sense of decency and propriety than a lower animal.

There is no need of saying more on the subject, except, perhaps, to suggest that people who indulge in that form of "pleasure" under such circumstances can have little or no self-respect; and people who are lacking in that respect are to be pitied with all the pity that is available.

You will pardon me if I take more space? I hope you will for I wish to say a word about the "muckers", who, on the evening in question, consistently interfered with the announcement of the last number of the program.

I use the word "muckers" advisedly. By their actions ye shall know them—and their actions certainly designated them as muckers. More than one person in the audience blushed—actually blushed,—thinking of the opinion that the outsiders who were present must have gained of Dalhousie students. The disturbing group were the only ones who found anything humorous in their crude, impolite, and noisy actions. These actions, in their minds, seemed to be, oh, so clever. They seemed quite pleased with themselves. But everyone else was nothing but disturbed and angered by such an exhibition of childishness and thoughtlessness.

If there is any doubt as to just what group I refer, it is the group which congregated around the door leading to the locker-room downstairs. Their actions were an insult to people of ordinary intelligence and sense of decency.

Sociology Club

On Tuesday, 23rd February, the Sociology Club had an exceedingly interesting talk from Mr. E. H. Blois, Judge of the Juvenile Court. He first gave a brief outline of the legislation underlying the creating of such a court and explained that according to the act the Juvenile Courts have a two-fold purpose, the welfare of the child and the good of the community, and these two are both kept in mind when a case is being considered. Judge Blois emphasized that a delinquent boy or girl is not regarded as a criminal charged by the state, but as a ward under the protection of the state and that therefore the procedure of the Juvenile Court is informal, private and friendly, its purpose being not to punish but to aid the delinquent. He cited a number of concrete cases to show how different circumstances led to different verdicts, and to emphasize the fact that the child's own home, if at all worthy of the name of home, is considered the best place for him; when the home is not judged to be the best environment for the right development of the child then, and only then, is he placed in an industrial institution. The club was assured that fully 75% of those who pass through the institutions make good, the Judge humorously remarking that if they could turn out 100% perfect record they'd beat Dalhousie.

In closing he told an amusing story to show that their more serious work had its bright moments. On one occasion he was conducting a little fourteen year old girl to a home in the country. On the journey she was passing the time chewing gum somewhat noisily, and the other passengers began to stare. Mr. Blois finally whispered to her, "Mary, you'd better put that gum away." "Oh sir," she said tearfully, "please don't take it away from me. I'm so lonely without it, it's the only friend I've got."

This talk was greatly enjoyed by those present and the thanks of the club to the speaker is sincere.

For the benefit of any students who do not know, it may be well to state here that all students interested in social problems will be welcome at the meetings of the Sociology Club. These meetings afford a wonderful opportunity to learn something of the problems of Halifax and of how they are being met and solved.

The University of British Columbia has chosen Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" for its spring play.

Engineering Notes

An important meeting of the Engineering Society was held on February 22nd, when many interesting questions were brought up. The subject of an Engineering graduating picture was first discussed, and a committee appointed to interview Gauvin & Gentzel concerning it. After the secretary had presented a very favourable financial report, the athletic manager asked that the society pay for the time during which the Engineers had had the use of the rink, instead of the amounts being charged to the individual users. The meeting passed this unanimously.

The annual Engineer's stag banquet was then considered and after much heated controversy on the merits of different types of functions, the entire matter of the very indefinite subject of a "banquet" was left to the social committee.

The final matter to be brought before the meeting was the election of nominees to the Student's Council. A change has been made this year in the representation on the Council and as a result the department of Engineering is to have two members in that body. Seven names were set before the meeting and from this number, Currie, Dechman, Doull, and Bell were chosen to go up for election on March 2nd. Since the date of the meeting a furious election fight has been carried on in the various buildings by the different campaign managers, with the drafting room as headquarters. The candidates themselves however still contrive to keep up friendly communication.

It would be well if those in that group had a sense of humor. Then we would not be bothered by them, for they would die laughing at themselves—at the thought of how insane they were to believe they were being entertaining, when they actually were making themselves despicable.

A. B. C.

"KELLYS"

FOR

CANES

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ON AN ENGLISH EXERCISE.

We are a nest of singing birds today,
For when commanded, then we must obey.

All English I must write a ten-line verse
And take a chance for better or for worse

Ye Gods! To make this scan I have no hope.
I wish I were a Dryden or a Pope.

Those gentlemen could make their verses scan
Like water from a tap their rhythm ran.

Oh well, I have but two more line to do;
And now, Thank Goodness! I declare I'm through.

W. G. A.

ENGLISH I.

O meter most melodious and sublime
Pentameter iambic, made to rhyme
In couplets fill'd with beauty flowing free,
This stilted verse I dedicate to thee.

No liquid line or flowing phrase I mould,
As would a lilting Grecian bard of old;

No striking similes my speech inspire
As did, with Virgil, storms and Dido's ire—

Indeed, my lack of eloquence confines
All I can say to thee through these few lines.

D. M. M.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Although of love of work I cannot boast,
Of all my work, O Muse, I hate the most

To put my thoughts in verse, however prime,
Because for me the words will never rhyme,

But give me just the plain and simple prose,
Where truth is truth maybe; a rose a rose,

And if you wish that I may happy be,
That I may cheer and yell and always see

Old Studley and Dalhousie in my dreams,
Why then cut out, I pray, both verse

and themes!

G. N.

TROUBLES OF A FRESHMAN.

The freshman tried to write a little verse
He tried quite hard but still each line grew worse.

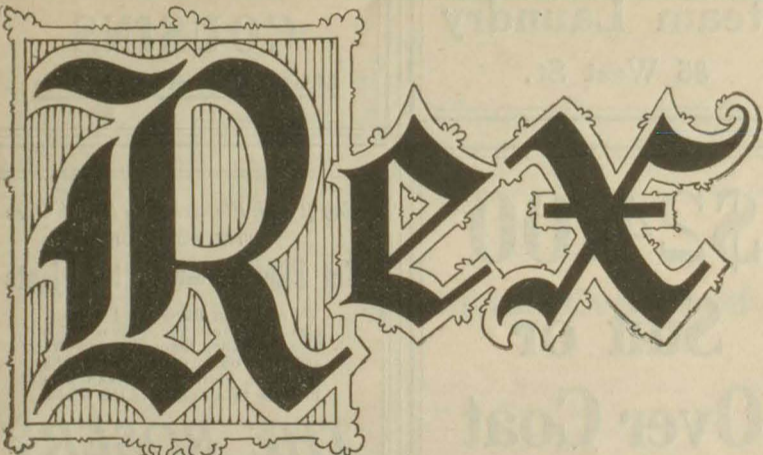
He had to write for Monday's English class,
He was afraid that he might fail to pass

That hard exam, the prof. is sure to set.
Turn from that thought! For this must first be met,

And written ere 'tis time to go to bed
He racked his brain and this is all he said.

The poet Gray was slow to write a rhyme
So what can I do in this little time?

R. C. M.



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MME. DEAVIS DANCERS

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NEXT WEEK

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IN

"The Midshipman"

THUR., FRI., SAT.

GLENN HUNTER IN

"THE LITTLE GIANT"

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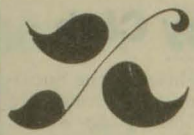
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HALIFAX

FAIRIES OF THE FORREST.
 (Continued from page 1, col. 1).

for I revived, dripping and reeking with its sweetly repulsive moisture.
 A circle had now been formed around me. More had come,—even as I looked one arse slowly from its dissecting table and joined the doleful throng. I was surrounded by those creatures, indescribably odious and defiled, and all emitting the most nauseating stench.
 They were in all stages of disruption and even decay. Several there were with but one arm or leg. One resting against the wall was both legless and armless. Another—most horrible of all—another was headless, and it went poking about amongst the bones on the shelves, searching—searching for its head!
 "If only he would come," I moaned, "the master of all these creatures, their only earthly over-seer. He could save me—would that he might come."
 But more horrors were awaiting me. They were to speak! Never to my dying hour shall I forget those morbid grating croakes which were their voices. Each word, nay, each syllable made my nerves, drugged with fear, tingle anew.
 "What shall be done to him," cried one, the one of the sardonic toothless grin, and he pointed a gaunt and bony, putrified finger at me. "To him, a mere mortal, who takes these poor bodies of ours, these last vestiges of our earthly life, and hews and hacks, severs and sunders them with his cruel knife."
 "Who tears us limb from limb cried another tottering unevenly on one leg.
 "Who brands us with gaudy painted numbers."
 "As if we had neither features nor names."
 "Who laughs and jokes over us as he sinks his sharp edged blade deep into our bodies," cried a higher shriller voice which might have been feminine had it been at all of this world.
 And so they cried—a hellish pandemonium.
 "Away with him," "Away with the wretch—away—to the dissecting table", they cried "Away to the table."
 I was borne up in those vine like arms I tried to cry out but a cold clammy hand, soft and flabby in decay, was thrust over my mouth. I was carried and dropped heavily on a dissecting table—a greasy metal topped dissecting table. "On with the lights!" cried one, "The lights," croaked another derisively.
 "A match would give more light," and my pockets were rifled for matches.
 Then one creature placed itself at my feet, holding a huge book. It was the "Atlas of Human Anatomy." Another by its side held the key. They chanted slowly, aloud. A seeming thousand hands now held me down.
 Foolish precaution! I could not have stirred had I been free—so paralyzed with fear was I.
 The chanting grew louder and louder and I felt the cold, sharp, cruel steel piercing the skin of my forehead. But there was no pain.
 What was mere physical pain while I suffered all the mental tortures of a soul eternally damned?
 I felt the knife cutting across the bridge of my nose. The thick hot blood trickled down into my eyes and over the pupils.
 "If only he would come," I moaned—before its too late."
 And even as I spoke my wish was granted me.
 The door swung open and he entered as he had often done before, the same gay old hazel eyes, the same close cropped Van Dyke, the same bronzed face and even the same khaki lab coat enveloping his slightly stooping shoulders. At sight of him the creatures, my vivisectioners, fled each to its proper place, and laughing hysterically I stumbled from the room.



Interfaculty Basketball

LAW 15. ARTS 13.

Law defeated Arts for the second time this season, but had a very close shave. Profiting by their mistakes of last Saturday they were a vastly improved team when compared to the one that Medicine defeated. Law working on theory of the 'early bird,' piled up a double score on the first period 8-4. In the second Arts came to life and very nearly nosed out a victory but the Lawyers guarded very well.

Law—Richardson 7; Doyle 8, Outhit, Mitchell, Coughlan, McInnes, Fairbanks.
 Arts—H. Ross 3; Keating 4; Clark 6; Hood, W. Ross, Grant.

Medicine defaulted to Commerce and Dentistry to Engineers.

DAL. 36. Y. M. C. A. 14.

Dalhousie walloped the Y. M. C. A. in a convincing manner last Saturday. The game was played as a result of Dal. losing a protest on the game in which they beat the "Y." two weeks ago by one point. By the victory the league is now tied and Dal. and the "Y." have to play off. Looking back over the league the "Y." and Dal. were the two outstanding teams and it wasn't long before it could be seen that it would be nip and tuck between these teams for the championship. They have met three times this season giving Dal. 81 points and the "Y." 61 as total scores. This takes into consideration the protested game, which Dal. even though they won and then lost on the protest, should have won by a greater margin than they did assuming the score to indicate the margin of play. "Doc." Smith made his first appearance of the season at center and his presence was immediately felt. Though as yet he is not in the best of shape yet he played an excellent game being right there all the time particularly in getting in on the rebounds which up to now has been one of Dal's weak points. The other forwards Langstroth and McLeod were in excellent form their passes criss-crossing the floor with such speed as to completely "stump" their opponents. This pair working together made an enormous difference as previous to "Doc's" appearance McLennan played on one of the wings and though he plays a good game yet he slows up quickly when the checking becomes at all heavy. Smith and Doyle as guards were as a stone wall, blocking well and getting the ball back up the floor quickly yet with the smoothness of a well oiled machine. McLennan played a remarkably fine game taking as usual many bumps but not slowing up at all.
 Line up—McLennan 14, McLeod 8, Langstroth 4, "Doc." Smith 8, "Ab." Smith 2, Clark, Moore, Doyle, Hewat, Jones.

Dal. plays the "Y" in the Dal. gym next Saturday at 8 p. m. in the first of the home and home games. Everybody should be out as a victory for Dal. gives her a chance at the only championship she is likely to get this year.

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SPORT NEWS

Interfaculty Hockey

DENTISTRY 1. COMMERCE 0.

Taylor scores in over time.

Commerce met their first defeat of the season last week, when the Dental Devils scored in an overtime period. Commerce started off strong but found "Barney" Oldfield unbeatable. Dentistry came to life in the second and had the edge of territory for the rest of the game. When the whistle blew at the end of the game neither team had scored so after some discussion it was decided to play overtime. After about six minutes of ding-dong hockey Taylor stick handled through the entire team beating Phinney with a hot shot which smashed into the crotch before the Commerce goalie could make a move to close the shutters. It was probably the best played, most closely contested and consequently the most interesting game of the season, being full of fast good natured hockey from start to finish.

"Wilf" Creighton, the lumber king, rendered a touching version of "The Little Wooden Whistle wouldn't whistle" throughout the game which held the play up time after time.

Dentistry—Oldfield, goal; Tupper, Dobson, defence; Taylor, Sullivan, Craig forwards; Israel, Duxberry, McLean, subs.

Commerce—Phinney, goal; Munroe, Doyle, defence; Taylor, Sullivan, Craig forwards; Israel, Duxberry, McLean, subs.

LOUIS MURPHY'S LETTER

(Continued from page 1, col. 3).

Freshettes by name, their privileges are in a great many cases more than the stately Senior, the result of which is that the first year students are not passing their exams. at Christmas and that their standing in their respective classes is not what is expected by the Professor, but that their first year consists not of getting used to the College customs but of learning the Charleston, the manners and customs of afternoon teas, midnight shows, and a jolly social life the year round. The first year students do not stop at this, their manner to the higher student is unbelievable, they are in a great many cases before the Senior man, which I might say is not at all college spirit.
 Sometime ago it was the custom of initiating the Freshman in a manner which he could not forget, but which I might say, he enjoyed to the fullest extent. This form of initiating has been barred and even the wearing of some conspicuous apparel has been covered to some extent. This plan is something that should be dropped before another year dawns on the University, let the custom which has been carried out for years be again returned, let the Freshman realize that his standing at the college during his first year is one in which he learns the manner of the college and that the Senior man is his superior, that the Senior man is to come before him and not after, which had been the habit for the past year or two.
 Let the Freshman know that his time for acting will come after he has acquired the ways of the college, that the Senior man can do the work of representing the University as well as he can, and that after the Senior has completed his work he will be all too glad to step out and give the new Student a chance. It might be said that the Senior student is too busy with his studies, but this has been looked into and in most cases he has sufficient time and a strong initiative to do all he can for the college in his final year. Therefore, I would suggest that the students who were elected this week to the Students Council would push this plan and would make it a reward to the students interested, for their vote.

Yours truly,
 LOUIS F. MURPHY

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Girls' City League

Dalhousie girls defeated Trinity last Tuesday 54-8, and thereby finished the league without a defeat. There will be a play off series staged between the two high teams of both sections, the dates of which will be announced later. Miss Thompson was high scorer.

Line up—Atherton, Thompson, Campbell, McCurdy, Phinney, McPhail, Freeman, Thompson, Foote.

DAL. 26. MT. A. 13.

Dal. just managed to nose out Mt. A. last Saturday when they played Mt. A. in Sackville. Marion Campbell practically scored all the points getting a total of 14, five of which were one point baskets. Alice Atherton, the debater, scored the remaining two. The game was very hectic and often inclined to become rough. The guards played very well.

Line up—Campbell 14, Atherton 2, Archibald, Thompson, Borden, Freeman Roberts, Barnstead.

Intercollegiate Basketball.

A return game will be played Friday night at the Dal. Gym. Everybody out to root Dal. on to victory and a big score.

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