

DAL PRODUCES STRONG TEAM

Dalhousie Basketeers Tie With Y For First Place

LANGSTROTH LEADS TEAM TO VICTORY OVER Y AND GIVES DAL CHANCE TO WIN LEAGUE

BY virtue of their decisive 35-20 win over the "Y" hoopsters on Saturday night the Dal Senior Basketball squad are now tied for first place in the city league and general favorites for this year's title.

The Dalhousie squad certainly struck their stride in last week's game and had complete control of the ball in both periods. Much credit for the team's performance goes to Captain George Langstroth who played brilliant ball, tossing in baskets from all parts of the floor and netting nineteen points of the total 35.

The close checking of the Dalhousie guards was also a predominating feature of the evening. The "Y" forwards found it impossible to work in any combination under the basket and long shots were attempted with little success.

Cox didn't seem to be in his usual form and was relieved by George MacLeod, whose short, swift passing and back checking contributed a great deal to the final count.

Brown playing his usual aggressive game, broke up many attempted plays on the "Y" and scored several nice rebound shots. He was relieved in the second stanza by Hughie Ross, who made his debut in Senior Company on Saturday night.

Brown started the ball rolling after one minute of play when he pocketed a foul and was followed shortly after by Langstroth who dropped in two pretty field baskets from the side, making the count 5-0.

At this juncture the "Y" seemed to find themselves and play was about even for the rest of the period, Dal netting thirteen points and the "Y" ten.

In the opening of the second half play zigzagged back and forth for about five minutes, neither team being able to tally. Ab Smith opened hostilities with a foul shot and Langstroth and Ed Brown each dropped in a close in basket. This rally seemed to dampen the

ardent hopes of the Y. M. C. A. five and their efforts for the remainder of the period were confined mostly to long shots.

Brickey Stevenson of Sydney handled the game.

Line up—
Dalhousie — Forwards, Langstroth, MacLeod, Cox, Centers, Brown, Ross, Guards, Smith and Moore.

Is Democracy A Failure?

RESOLVED that Democracy is a Failure, is the subject to be debated at Sodales on Wednesday Feb. 16. The debaters will be affirmative: Miss Anna Wilson and Mr. E. B. Fairbanks; negative: Miss Florence Crage and Mr. Jack Atwood. The subject is a vital one in these days of shifting standards and changing ideas. The great political battles of the past century were fought in the name of Democracy. Some say now, however, that democracy is a false idol and reaction is setting in. They point to the appearance and popularity of such figures as Mussolini. The above mentioned speakers can be relied upon to have some interesting comments on these speculations.

Miss Anna Wilson is a senior in Arts and a native of Newfoundland. Her major interest is in scientific subjects in which she has attained considerable distinction.

Mr. Binney Fairbanks is President of the S. C. A. and Sec. Treas. of Sodales. He is a man of ideas and can be relied upon to tackle a subject in a logical manner and from an original point of view.

Miss Florence Crage is a first year student from Perth N. B. She has brought with her to Dalhousie some reputation as a speaker for she was Valedictorian of her class at school.

Mr. Atwood needs no introduction. He is an old familiar land mark. This year he has shown us that he can add financial ability to his other talents for he has had great success as Business Manager of the Gazette. He is of Irish descent and possesses to an exaggerated degree those admirable traits for which his people are noted.

Basket Ball Team Wins

On Wed. Feb. 2nd, Dal girls defeated the United Memorials. It was a very mediocre game in which one team far outclassed the other. Dal centres kept the ball well in the hands of their forwards who managed to make a count about every time the ball came their way—although it was often a case of "if at first you don't succeed." Miss Wood, for Dalhousie, played a good game at guard, blocking many nice passes. The Dal cheering section was anything but large—we need support, remember that, for the game next Monday night at the West End Baptist Hall and for the two intercollegiate games.

Arts B Lead League

Arts B won from the Legalites in Saturday afternoon's game at the Studley Gym and are now league leaders with four wins to their credit. Law and Dentistry are tied for second place.

Medicine, Dentistry and Arts A won over Commerce, Pine Hill and Engineers respectively in closely contested games.

Blenkinsop, playing for Arts A was high scorer for the afternoon with fourteen points.

To Debate Again!



Miss Eveleen Burns debates this year in Intercollegiate circles for the second time.

Commerce Holds Live Meeting

MARITIME Provinces Trade Relations was the subject of an interesting paper read by Robt. Slayter in the Munro Room on Thursday evening at the first of a series of meetings which the Commerce Society are holding for the purpose of considering, *extra muros*, the present day economic problems, with particular reference to the Maritime Provinces.

Mr. Slayter's paper brought forth considerable discussion which was characterized by an earnest desire to disown the causes and cures for the Maritimes' economic ills and tempered by a good working knowledge of the fundamental economic principles involved.

Mr. Herbert Morton then read a scholarly and highly instructive paper on the subject of Instalment Selling. Reference was made to the recent great growth of instalment selling of motor cars, until today 83% of our cars are sold on the instalment plan. Mr. Morton went deeply into his subject, discussing the effects of this type of selling upon the individuals involved, upon general credit and cyclic trends of business.

The Society is certainly to be commended in its unique action of doing some really serious work which is entirely independent of the class-room work and not in any way motivated by a desire to pass certain examinations.

—H. B.

New Debater



Miss Margaret Ells is a newcomer in Intercollegiate debating. Dal expects great things from her.

House, Ross and Guss Debate For Dal Against St.F.X.

SERIES OF TRIALS RESULT IN ABLE TEAM TO DISCUSS LIQUOR QUESTION ON FEB. 25th AT ANTIGONISH

Emerging from probably the most thorough debating trials that Dalhousie has ever held, Messrs. House, Guss and Ross will represent the college against St. F. X. at Antigonish on Feb. 25. The resolution is: "That a system of government control of liquor, modelled on that of Quebec would be in the best interests of Nova Scotia." Mr. Ernest House will lead the team.

Both Mr. Guss and Mr. House make the team for the first time. Ernest House comes from the home of a clergyman, now at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland. He attended the Methodist School, St. John's, and later taught elsewhere in Newfoundland. He has put in a year at Albert College, Saskatchewan. Also

a couple of years on the mission field. Altogether House is a man of the world and brings to the Dalhousie debating team no little experience. Ben Guss is a product of Sodales. No one probably has shown a greater interest or debated more frequently this year at Sodales than he. Mr. Guss is a well known college figure and a prominent member of Class '28. He is the Sec.-treas. of the Maccabean Society. His speaking is conversational, witty and at times approaches the brilliant. Let St. F. X. beware. Walter Ross needs no introduction. He distinguished himself and his class by making the team in his freshman year. He combines to an unusual degree, scholarship and sociability. He is a member of the Council who expresses opinions and is prominent in many activities.

This will be one of the best intercollegiate teams Dalhousie has ever had. The three men chosen had to prove their metal on three occasions. The first trials, which were eliminative, were before a student committee. The second and third hearings were before the regular Intercollegiate Committee. Though some of the candidates did not approve of the extra trials the majority opinion was that they were a sound institution; and that if there had been only one set of trials Sodales would have produced nowhere near so good a team. In addition the debaters have become acquainted with every phase of the question.

Dalhousie needs a good team. St. (Continued on page 3)

Sodales Decides For Initiation

(By E. M. H.)

ON Wednesday evening Sodales added another to its list of successful and entertaining debates. Before a comparatively large and thoroughly interested audience two representatives of the Freshman class threw down the gage to picked opponents from the Sophomores on the resolution: that the initiation of freshmen should be abolished.

The debate was opened by Mr. Stewart Allen, President of the Freshman Class. Mr. Allen said it was now the opinion of the faculty and the more intelligent students that initiation was better dispensed with. Initiation he affirmed did not fulfill its professed purpose, and it was no real help to the newly entering student. The straw hats of last fall were productive rather of heat than of benefit to the freshmen. The fact that the rest of the University did not then rally to the assistance of the hard pressed sophomores indicated, he said, their feelings on the matter. He concluded by pointing out several wrongs and abuses of initiation such as neglected studies, broken arms, and branded foreheads. This sanction of long usage was not to be declared sufficient argument for continuance.

Miss Elizabeth Colpits opened for the Negative. Her manner of speaking is quiet but persuasive. College she argued is a distinctive institution and should have distinctive rites. Initiation creates esprit de corps. It brings together the members of the entering class and also

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Jazz Fan Asks Why We Dance

AS a participant in the most widespread of all popular amusements of the present day, namely, dancing, I am beginning to wonder just where all the fun comes in. There is, of course, some pleasure derived from listening to the blare of the saxophones, the wail of the violins and the rubbering thud of the drums, doubtless due to some faint remembrances of the primitive music of our hairy forefathers. But apart from that, where is the pleasure to be gained from the bumps, bad floors, stuffy atmosphere and general air of inane of our modern dances.

Look at the types on the floor. One couple passes us, dancing perfectly and passionately from pure habit, with their bodies moving like machines. Their faces are as wooden as any gambler's when he is playing a delicate hand in a poker game and they rarely, if ever, speak. Then their opposite comes lumbering down the floor, clearing a mighty swath before them; four hundred pounds of flesh and bone moving as remorselessly forward as the proverbial juggernaut and as dangerous to resist. Swooping around them like a pair of stormy petrels

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Writer Agrees Milton Visited Mermaid Tavern

Sir:—This week's Gazette announces that a prize for verse has been won by M. A. B. While delighted to find that my little rhyme possessed some merit, may I say that I do not think myself eligible for any prizes and that I was not competing when I sent in the poem. This year, though a registered student at Dal, (*sub rosa* I've already lost my attendance percentage) I read the Gazette as a graduate of '26 and as a winner of a literary "D", and it was only because I was asked not to forget that material with which to fill columns is often short, and because I remember the occasional frenzied writing at 2 a. m. when I was on the Gazette staff last session, that I sent in a contribution. And so Mr. Editor, will you please ask the judges to award the prize for verse to the student next on the December-January list.

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What's Doing

- Today—Dents vs. Commerce (H)
- Feb. 11 St. Mary's vs Dal (Sr. H)
- 12 Mt. A. vs Dal (Girls' B) at Sackville.
- Dal vs St. George's (Sr B)
- Law vs Med (H)
- Commerce vs Arts B (B)
- Law vs Pine Hill (B)
- Arts A vs Dent (B)
- Med vs Engineers (B)
- Delta Gamma
- Male Choir
- 14 Dal vs Go-getters (Girls' B) (West End Baptist Hall, 7 p.m.)
- 15 Med Banquet
- Dent vs Arts (H)
- 16 Sodales
- 17 Dent vs Commerce (H)
- 18 Dr. McMechan's Lecture Junior—Senior Dance Dal vs Acadia at Hfx 7.30 (Girls' B)
- Dal vs Tech (Sr. H)
- Dal vs Y. M. C. A. (Inter B)
- 23 Glee Club

College Women Disagree On Big Problem

TWO young women, Anne Temple and Regina Malone, debate in the Forum on the question, "Has Youth Deteriorated?" Both are college graduates, and neither is more than 22 years of age, so that it may be presumed that they know whereof they speak. Anne Temple's answer to the question at debate is "Yes," and Regina Malone's is "No." Both agree, however, that the younger generation is in revolt and that it has cast aside the ideals and standards of the preceding generation. And both discuss, with the frankness that is characteristic of the youth of today, matters that their mothers would have blushed to hear mentioned. As for the conclusions, Anne Temple says:

We young people are like a herd of calves enclosed in a wide pasture. Leaderless we rush, in an impetuous, juvenile stampede, toward the furthest pasture gates, not knowing what lies beyond—more pasture lands or chasms. We have hurled aside all conventions. Accept-

(Continued on Page 3)

Arts vs Eats

Delta Gamma will hold a meeting on Saturday, Feb. 12 at Halifax Ladies College. The programme will consist of a debate on the subject: Resolved that a two year Household Science course is of more benefit to a girl than a four years Arts course. The debaters for Dalhousie will be Miss Margaret Ells, Miss Jessie Gladwin and Miss Sheila Macdonald.

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Setting The Students Afire

THERE are at Dalhousie too few students who run, when classes are over, madly to the Library, bursting with a desire for knowledge. The reason is that there are too few professors of the same sort. Whether it is because they are overworked, or because they have not it in them, or because they think it not wanted, professors seldom hand out inspiration. Students are dependent on books and outside men. Surely the professors believe in inspiration? It seems sometimes as though they disapproved—that they thought inspiration a harmful intoxicant. The lifeless and matter-of-fact way in which some discuss the subject to whose study they are devoting their lives, is enough to turn a student away forever.

Professors should realize that they have before them minds hungering for stimulating suggestions. Let each professor attempt to win his students to a love of his own subjects; let professor compete with professor in revealing attractions; let each indicate those beauties by which he himself was won. Then, as never before, will this college turn out great men—scholars, writers, statesmen. Or is the professor too tired for any exertion of that sort? We think it is only that he does not realize that the student mind is tinder, eager to be kindled—that a little feeling and a little enthusiasm will set the student afire.

Politics

WITHIN two weeks Council nomination day will be over. That time of the year is approaching when the students will be choosing executives for next year—the political season is at hand. It is difficult to estimate the importance of a good Council. The Council is as important as its members make it; a weak Council cannot do nearly so much harm as a good Council can do good. Let us elect students who will make the Council a force in the University.

It is, of course, a matter of choosing—we have all kinds of material, all types of students, at hand. Let every student ask himself: *What do I think a Council member should be?* Should he have executive ability? Should he be able to talk? Should he have initiative? Experience? Personality? Should he be radical? Should he be conservative? Should he think? Which of these qualities are most important? There is a second question, almost included in the first: *What views must a candidate hold*—to get my support? Are there any Council questions on which I have a definite opinion? For example, that the Council does not give sufficient help to athletics? When each has decided—if he can—what sort of student he wants on the Council he will cast his eyes about and find his men, comparatively easy. This procedure is not for the lazy student, it is for the student who thinks.

The student who thinks will contribute to the successes of the coming year. This year promises to be the biggest in the history of Dalhousie. Let us, by choosing well our student officers, lay the way for a bigger, better year in 1927-28.

A Suggestion

WE DISCUSSED some time ago the Council constitution. We may have been wrong then in some of our medicines, as we were in some of our premises. Whether wrong or not, the fact remains that the constitution is far from perfect. The present Council is seeking the trouble in the representation. Though it is not unlikely that the Council is too bulky, there is more wrong than that.

Students should attack a problem like this in student fashion. Let the Council appoint carefully a committee, willing to undertake a hard job, which will study and attempt to improve the constitution. Such a committee might well look at other constitutions: Dalhousie is not a pioneer in student government. Why should we ignore what others have learned? Such a committee should hear any students who, though they might not be members of the Council, have suggestions to offer.

A constitution is never perfect. Will Dalhousie be satisfied? Here is a reasonable suggestion—the appointment of a capable committee to study our own and other constitutions, and either to revise the old constitution or to draw up a new one. Which will it be?

About Frats

FRATERNITIES are a recent development at Dalhousie. There are now three—a law frat, a med frat, a non-professional frat—having a total membership of probably of well less than one hundred. There are no sororities. Surprisingly there has been no public discussion of the new institution—either in the Council, the Gazette, or the debating society.

It is surprising because fraternities are so questionable. In the United States they have been the cause of many a quarrel. Wasn't

Should Girls Be Abolished

I CAME to college with the rather unusual idea, (I am not an ordinary young man,) that the library is a place where you study and read books. I have, of course, changed my mind since coming to Dalhousie. But still, working on the assumption that there might possibly be some truth in my first belief, the other day I took a book from the library shelf, and in spite of the chattering coming from the other side of the desk, I attempted to wade through "Nocale's Conception of the Orthaphonic and Radiolarian Ooze." The voices on the other side, coming as far as I could see from two pairs of champagne colored hose and dainty black shoes, grew louder and louder but I read on bravely until I finished the book.

The next day in class I was asked by the Prof. to explain what I had read in "Nocale's Conception of the Orthaphonic and Radiolarian Ooze." I was, perhaps, the only one in the class who had read the book, and of course, all eyes were turned on me. I staggered to my feet. I was astonished at my ready flow of words—they came to me quick as a flash—I had not forgotten one single thought or sentence.

"Wasn't the Students' Dance just the swellest affair like having Howard away and not having to prepare any Latin

DAL STILL AHEAD

The Intermediate Basketball team won their fifth consecutive game this season when they defeated the R. C. R's. in the Military gymnasium on Wednesday night. Ross and Harrison were outstanding for the collegiates getting seventeen and nineteen points.

although you really ought to see Ethel's dress because she's worked so hard and the mean things plucked her in three I think the the way Gladys talks about the other girls is something horrible don't you think they ought to cut out this cheap stuff in the Gazette and have something funny for a change instead of putting her picture in as if she were any better than the rest of us for just as we got in out seats who should we see in the next row but Harry and Lillian and what do you think he said a Pine Hill fellow too refusing me the loan of her fur coat when I wanted it so bad why my dear the only place I find they do it decently so that it is really permanent is Doom's Beauty Parlours and then I said to Rene sweetly "Je ne sais pas" and you ought to have heard the way she carried on at our last class party why I think it simply awful but don't tell her that I told you either because it's supposed to be kept a dead secret and I wouldn't have her know for the world."

Needless to say, I shall never attempt reading in the library again.

—Kelly '29.

Memoirs of a Young Man at College

I DID not see the Davises again until I went to the University; my family, shortly after the incidents recorded last week, had moved to Cape Breton, and consequently out of all polite society.

When I had spent sufficient time in the local high school,—about five years—I came to Dalhousie to pursue farther my investigations into natural philosophy, preferring natural psychology and kindred sciences to some others that are of less value to man, and woman as well.

They talk of the facilities of their Medical faculty, the Grace Maternity, the V. G., the Health Clinic, the other hospitals and Medical Buildings being all together, and Camp Hill cemetery not so far away; let me tell them, that all this is of no such importance for the propagation of knowledge, as the nearness of Shirreff Hall to other places of amusement in the city. When the cost of education is already growing prohibitive, and more and more students compelled to earn their livings instead of coming to college, it seems an unnecessary thing that the price of taxis should be added to all the rest. This Yellow Cab, I dare say, lives solely by the misfortunes of the students. It is more than probable that we should have five or ten or a dozen such companies, or extortioners, if it were not for the nearness of the North-west Arm Club, and its benches.

That Arm Club might have been the gift of a beneficent friend of the college, and could well be set down beside Leacock's smoking room, as the foundations of a University. I have occasionally sat on the parapet of the bridge below the Hall, about eleven o'clock of a Sunday night, and watched the procession; and often thought that I could write a book, on the immoral life of the college. I was sitting there one night, with Pill Hill and Squib Elliott, when a girl passed whose step seemed very familiar; and I heard her say, that she wondered what Jack Smith was doing there that time of night: I might have asked what the deuce she was doing, but I was not only too polite, but too interested in trying to think who she was, for I was certain that I had seen her before.

It was just next day that I found out. I ran into her—quite literally—at the door of the Arts building, and knocked her down. Her hat flew off, and then I saw her red head, and I knew who she

'Hello, Jack!' said she, getting to her feet.

'Alice Davis!' said I.

'Good guess,' said Alice. 'Have you seen John? He's a sophomore now.'

I had not yet, but met him informally that night, on South Street. There was a moment, a lull in the festivities, when I thought there was an aura of the past from the red head of the person who was, at the moment, sitting on me. I had a sudden conviction that somewhere before, in some place, I had been in that situation before. I was certain of it; then, in a flash, I remembered, the occasion when another red head had sat on me, on the bridge over that pond, at home.

'John Davis,' I gasped. With a flashlight he leaned closer over me, and ceased a moment the operation he was concerned with, of clipping part of my hair and combing down the rest of it with shoe polish guaranteed to resist water (and soap too, as I found later).

'And Jack Smith!' said he. 'By gosh, this is a real pleasure, Jack.'

He got up off me; but even today, when we are firm friends, I have not been able to understand what he meant by that. But that night, undecided though I was, the encounter recalled other incidents too clearly to let me be at peace with myself, and tranquil: the old humiliation asked for wiping out.

'You don't think much of yourself, do you, Jack?' said Alice, calmly, that evening.

I was very surprised, "No I don't think so, Alice," said I. "Not more than I should. You forget what a family I come from!"

I remember that as I spoke she gave me no answer, and her head was turned so that I could not see her face. I was glad that she was ashamed of having spoken so. We were then on our way to the Casino: it had seemed to me that I ought to tell her what I thought of her, and how can you talk to a girl without taking her somewhere? My mind was firmly set on putting her in her place.

"I am glad that you realize your mistake," said I, severely.

"Oh!" said Alice oddly, and a moment later, "Yes, I do."

"Because" said I "there is a difference between conceitedness and self respect. One must have self-respect and realize the position he fills in this world."

it a fight against or for frats that brought Woodrow Wilson into the public eye? Here at Dalhousie there are students, whether with reason or not, who disapprove of fraternities. Frats have certain advantages—they bring some students into closer contact. The principal argument for professional frats is that if a man goes abroad his frat will make things pleasant for him. It is an attractive thought to the undergraduate. Certainly there is little harm in frats so long as they retain their present small dimensions. Cite as many advantages as we will, we cannot ignore the objections to frats—arising of course out of their exclusiveness.

We do not propose to pass judgment on the frat; we wish to make two points. First that Dalhousie as a whole should decide whether or not the frat system is to develop at Dalhousie—one hundred students, or whatever the frat membership may be, have not the right to make this decision, affecting as it does every student. It is a question for the entire student body. The second point is that now is the time to decide—before the frat system has definitely taken hold. If that time should arrive, even a vote of confidence would be wasted.

This is a question for the Council of the Students. There is no doubt as to its authority: Art. III, Sec. 4 (which makes it difficult to understand why the Council has not discussed this question before) of the Constitution is as follows: *No new student society, club or organization shall be constituted in the University without the sanction of the Council.* There are quite a number of students at Dalhousie who believe in and want the frat system. In justice to them at least the Council should discuss the problem; and, if it comes to a favorable decision, repeal this section and legalize the frats. Let us have a frank discussion of fraternities.

THE LIFE OF A LITTLE COLLEGE

The sign of these days is, in every other notebook, a yellow envelope. It is not a telegram—more important still. From it, breathlessly and disregarding the steady flow of professorial wisdom, hesitant fingers draw forth, for the inspection of a friend, half a dozen proofs. Which do you like best? I don't think they're a bit like me! Isn't that a terrible one? Putting us in mind of course, of the old proverb: *All the girls dislike a likeness.* That is why: *All is not told to sitters.*

On Monday night, some say, there was a pleasant dance at the Hall.

Allan Hill is taking an M.Sc. at McGill. He is studying cellulose chemistry under Dr. Hibbert, a Geneva graduate.

An anonymous correspondent advises us that Lord Lytton gave the following advice to the plucked: "He who never despairs seldom completely fails."

We do not envy the "eligibles" among the pros the task of opening their mail on Monday. How many valentines will they receive? We ask you one: How many members has Delta Gamma?

We understand on reliable information that the Juniors want 400 students to attend the Snappiest Dance in years.

Students are beginning to look forward to the English Nine exam—that is, the "oral" which Prof. Bennet stages annually at the School for the Blind.

HALL HAPPENINGS

On Monday night Feb. 7th the Shirreff Hall girls entertained at their second dance this year. The honorary guests were Dean and Mrs. Read, Professor and Mrs. Nickerson and Professor Bennett. Though the number present was smaller than usual the distinctive charm peculiar to Hall dances was just as much in evidence this time and its success was due chiefly to the efforts of the efficient committee in charge of it.

With a "oui oui" here and a "la la" there—who would recognize Shirreff Hall? A storm of French conversation has swept the Hall, and there is but one explanation. The dazzling personality of Mademoiselle Gaspard of Acadia Seminary has been the inspiration of it all. She even reads tea cups in French, and the girls have acquired a thoughtful, listening, intelligent expression, by which we may assume that they understand at least one per cent.

The bridge bug is still at work in Shirreff Hall. The "sky's the limit" in the bidding line and only two girls have gone down seven so far. The following conversation shows how enthusiastically the game is pursued:

G. S. 'Seven Spades'
E. McC. 'Eight Clubs'
G. S. 'You can't make it.'
E. McC. 'I know, but I won't let you have it.'

We are wondering if Allene McCurdy has contracted a new form of spring fever. Her aspirations seem to be higher this time, as she has favoured the second floor with her presence in preference to the basement.

Some of our male visitors have lately inquired about the "missing three planks" in the board walk. We have to blame the men, but we have inside information to the effect that a little pull exercised by one caused the downfall of one of the prominent members of the Junior Class. Evan, please be more careful in future.

A. Mc. C. Did you get my gum at the little store!

E. M. It never entered my head.
A. Mc. C. I should hope not. Do you expect me to chew it after you?

A stranger in the Hall might have thought that Christmas had arrived the other morning, but we were relieved to discover that it was only Madeline bringing a window-stick full of hose out of the pound. We hope that she didn't have to pay five cents per article.

Anne Bell and Irene MacDougall have a couple of gold-fish which have grown so much that they are no longer comfortable in their present quarters. Irene is thinking of putting hers on a leash and letting it roam about the Arm. Everyone seems to think Anne has grown a lot herself this year. Has Irene advised Shorty?

Some of the younger members in the Hall are looking forward to the time when they will be seniors and have the privilege of serving afternoon tea to their gentlemen friends on Sunday. Cheer up, girls, time soon passes.

"A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

Three Failings

There is an island to the north-east of Nova Scotia, which is separated from the mainland by only a mile or so of water. The inhabitants of that island are famous the world over for their virtues but as no humans are perfect, it is only fair to show up the humorous side of some of their failings. Some of the people are extraordinarily superstitious, one, at least, is a most expert liar and another is certainly a very ingenious grafter.

Probably, you will not believe me when I tell you that there are men and women there who still have implicit faith in the power of the "evil-eye." John Alec MacLellan is one who does. One day last summer, he drove up to the smithy to have his horse shod. Angus, the blacksmith, noticed that one of the buggy wheels was badly in need of repair and suggested that it be fixed at once. John Alec was in a bad temper that morning and his refusal was quite tart. Angus answered back in an angry tone, that he "hoped to God" that the wheel would break before it reached home, as a lesson to its owner for his carelessness. It was unfortunate that he prefaced his remark with "hope to God" because those are the key words, according to local tradition, used when laying a curse.

Nothing more was said and John Alec drove off to pay a visit to a friend. On his return, just as he came opposite the smithy, the wheel gave up the ghost. That brought back the memory of Angus' words and John Alec immediately jumped to the conclusion that his wagon had been "witched." With a wild yell, he dropped the reins, seized his axe, which was lying on the floor-boards, and took after Angus like a madman. The smith didn't even stop to find out what the trouble was; he dropped his tools and fled for the woods where he spent a most uncomfortable night.

Baron Munchausen has some fame—and Ananias is not unknown among stretchers of the truth, but for the king-lar of them all, I commend you to Lochy MacNeil. Lochy, in his early days was a fisherman and he says that one day, when on his way out to the fishing grounds in his small boat, a very heavy squall came up. He could see it coming but had no time to lower the sail and he knew that when it struck, the boat was sure to capsize. There was only one thing to do and that was to jump clear. At the instant when the gust hit his craft, Lochy leaped as high as he could, so high—it must have been fully fifty feet—that when he came down he landed on the keel of his boat, which had rolled completely over while he was in the air. That is only one of Lochy's yarns.

Nova Scotians are rather clever in the art of grafting, as witness the late investigations into various town and county treasury departments and Mr. John MacDonald of this island is no exception. John was a road repair foreman and among other duties, he had charge of the pay-roll. On the pay-roll was one, Sandy MacDonald, laborer, rate \$3 per day. It was noticeable that Sandy's name was sent in regularly, so regularly that an inspector decided to investigate. He found that Sandy was John's small Irish terrier, whose sole duty it was to watch his master's coat.

Song Books

Those students who did not get their Song-Books will be glad to hear that they are to have another opportunity. At the next meeting of Glee Club Song-books will be selling at fifty cents each. Every Dalhousian knows the Dal songs!

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Council Meeting

The Council appointed a committee, at a short and business-like meeting on Tuesday evening, with representatives from each faculty to consider how to reduce the Council membership. From fifteen to twenty members, it is thought, would make a more efficient Council. This committee will consider also the appointment of a Gazette Assistant Business Manager. The meeting also heard a Year Book committee and, students will be glad to learn, voted \$150. toward the Year Book. Other business included the distribution of Student Union literature on the Christmas conference, and discussion of the introduction at Dalhousie of the Honour Society, the idea of which is to provide recognition for unrecognized but meriting students.

House, Ross and Guss

(Continued from page 1)

F. X's team is with the exception of one man the same as that which the English debaters pronounced the best which they had met on their American tour. St. F. X. spares no efforts to put an able team on the platform. But, for all that, this is Dalhousie's year to win and it looks as though she has the team that can do it. Dal has lost the Intercollegiate debates the last two years—last year to Mount A., the year before to U. N. B. Previous to these two defeats Dal had a fine string of wins.

Grads Do Well

Dr. W. H. Hattie, Dean of our Medical School, has received the following telegram, which speaks for itself. — The recent pass list of the Alabama State Exams includes the names of three Dalhousians, viz. W. J. MacDonald W. R. Cameron and H. H. Pierce. Ten papers were written including Hygiene for which they used Dr. Hattie's notes almost entirely. They also mention that they greatly appreciated the high value of the course at Dalhousie and they particularly recommended Dr. Cameron's 'wee' Book.

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As We Were Saying

WRITER AGREES (Continued from page 1.)

By the way the third verse of "Garra Glen" didn't appear. Perhaps the printer didn't like it but I think it is the best of the three so here it is again:

Bonnie is the Glen in the stillness of the morning, Cool its green shelter in the sun-parched noon, Friendly are its shadows when dusk creeps down the hillside Playing hide-and-seek with the stars and the moon. In the dear glen, in the quiet corrie Where brown waters over gray rocks leap, There in the deep-healing heart of the corrie Lies the one I love in his last long sleep.

May I congratulate Graham Allen on his "Milton as a Song-Writer of To-day," particularly for the scene in the Mermaid Tavern,—he has caught the spirit of the thing very well. I am glad to find someone else besides myself wanders occasionally into the Mermaid Tavern! I think I rather surprised a grade XII one day when I said they'd never enjoy or understand Elizabethan literature unless they supped now and then at the Mermaid, drank its "good brown ale" and listened to the gossip of its frequenters,—gallant Sydney, bold Grenville, daring Drake, luckless Raleigh, my Lord Essex and bonnie Southampton rubbing shoulders with Marlowe, Greene, Jonson, Shakespeare and all the other "wizards in words." It has been said that John Milton never visited the Mermaid. But I agree with Mr. Allen that he did. It was just as natural for young John to drop into the Tavern as for us to drop into—well, in Scotland I'd have said the Students' Union, here unfortunately there isn't any sort of common meeting-place. Milton is usually called "sublime" and so he is, but at the same time he is the friendliest "sublime" person one could meet. Apart from the gay, light mood of *Comus* and of *L'Allegro*, there is a brightness in *Lycidas* that is not to be found in *In Memoriam*, and in *Paradise Lost* there are many passages that reveal the man of the world more than the puritan. Give a dog a bad name and hang him! Call Milton "sublime" and you relegate him to the examination room. But go with Mr. Allen to the Mermaid Tavern and join young John in a glass of ale and you'll find those passages in *Paradise Lost* that are far bigger and more thrilling than any movie scenario is to-day. And so "more power to your elbow, Graham Allen!"

—M. A. B.

SODALES DECIDES

"introduces" them to the class preceding. It does not mean barbarous proceedings. Class '30 was knit into quick and effective organization through the impetus of initiation. Initiation was equally good for girls. They needed it as bad—or even

worse. Seniors, she stated, have a right to the deference of freshmen.

Miss Elken spoke vivaciously for the affirmative. The money spent for bells and hats was a total loss she declared. The girls initiation was getting worse and worse. Self-conscious girls could not go down town for fear of ridicule. The regalia of the incoming co-eds had already gone from green bows to green stockings, and no one knew where it would stop. She pitied the professors who were irritated last fall by the bells of the musical freshettes. Miss Elkens spoke in witty and even sarcastic vein and she was warmly supported by her classmates.

Mr. Baxter closed for the Negative. He launched a vigorous attack upon the enemy. There were emphatic reasons he said for initiation. It separated the wheat from the chaff, 90% of freshmen are mere children away from home for the first time and moist from their goodbye kiss. They need initiation. Otherwise they will consider themselves men and women. He dealt with the "Battle on the Parade" which he said was enjoyed by all. Initiation had failed this year he admitted, but it would fail miserably next year. He discussed spiritedly in conclusion the various points raised by the affirmative.

Speakers from the floor were Messrs. Guss, Howse, Rowlings and Atwood, and Miss Elks.

The vote of the audience was 21 to 12 in favor of the negative.

JAZZ FAN ASKS (Continued from page 1.)

are two lovers, paying not the faintest attention to anyone but themselves and avoiding collisions by some instinct which they alone possess.

Fat and forty comes leaping around trying to adapt the steps of twenty years ago to the mad antics conjured forth by the savage rhythm of modern jazz; the male expounding heavy political problems to his buxom mate, who is privately wondering what has happened to dear Mary, since she disappeared with that rakish looking gentleman some five dances past. Keeping pace with them for a brief instant is a light-headed young couple, laughing and joking but with about as much thought in their heads as there is beer in a beer barrel after a banquet. In the middle of the floor is a vacant-faced youth with a sorrowful looking partner. Their legs seem to be boneless and entirely disconnected from their bodies. They fly out at impossible angles, missing other limbs by the thickness of a rose petal and giving the spectator the impression that after all "the missing link" is not so very many generations away.

Type after type flies past, young and old, wise and foolish, all keeping time to the weird, sensuous music of the mad musicians in the orchestra box. The music stops and the varied leaves of humanity file out of the hall, chattering like squirrels and telling each other what a marvellous time they had had—is it permitted to wonder?

—S.

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COLLEGE WOMEN

(Continued from page 1)

ed standards are "nil" with us. And now, without precedents, denying all antecedents, we are as bald and as intrinsically uninteresting as a plucked ostrich. We have sowed the wind: we are reaping the whirlwind. True, we have our freedom, our "self-expression" and our inhibitionless theories. Even at that, however, I am wondering if the past generations haven't something on us.

And here is Regina Malone's summing-up:

All the petty things to which you, a generation or two ahead of us, attach so much importance, are mere symbols of a revolt whose object is Freedom—Freedom, the cry of the ages—and it is only in this light that they should be regarded. Beauty and idealism, the two eternal heritages of Youth, are still alive. It is only the form of expression which they have assumed that has been mistaken for their death knell. Laugh it off, you who are alarmed at this fabulous monster of Youth! Pay less attention to the surface signs of the revolt and more to the good being accomplished by it. Remember how the expression affected you when your parents cried: "O tempora! O Mores?" And the funny part is that the young insurgent who today inspires your wrath will one day be saying to a group of tolerant youngsters: "Things certainly have changed. Now in my day—"

LAUGH!

"I hear your roommate is something of an inventor?" "Oh yes, some of his excuses for cutting classes are in use all over the world."

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Peace

THERE are some things in this world that inspire us, they lift us above the level of our everyday experiences, and to them are due greater deeds and nobler thoughts. There are other things that rebuke us; we are filled at once with a sense of shame and pity for ourselves. Again, there are others that encourage us, that give us, not merely a smug complacency, but a realization that we have done our best and that it has been well. But none of these is as well suited to our needs, at times, as complete quiet. When we are quite still we can think—of what has been or may be. Those who dwell continually in the midst of confusion, live mainly in the present, they have no time to compare their lives with what they have been, and to note whether they have become larger or smaller.

There are a few places where I have found perfect peace. One was on a hill a mile from human habitation. There was an old cellar overgrown with wild-roses nearby, the hill sloped gently down on all sides to dark woods, through gnarled apple-trees the sky glowed, rich orange paling to faintest yellow and the first star overlooked the peaceful scene. From far away in the valley the chime of a church bell calling to evening worship came over the fertile plains and up the hill-side, soft and clear: while nearby the gentle tinkle of a sheep's bell and the sleepy vesper songs of a few birds broke the stillness.

Another quiet place is at home Sunday evening, with the light dim, the fire making a low sputtering noise, the soft prelude of a church service coming over the radio as if from another world.

But not all peace is to be found Sunday evening. Here in our own college library in the early afternoon when the few present are not there purposely to talk or flap the leaves of books noisily, when the sun slants drowsily in through the unshaded windows and the room is so quiet one may hear the clock ticking slowly, ponderously, at the other end of the room, one may rest.

It is good to be quiet and to think of things that perhaps we cannot fully comprehend, to wonder about things that are deeper and more difficult to understand than the way we shall have our next evening dresses modelled. Let us try to enjoy more of this profitable pleasure.

—R. E. G.

The Engaged Girl

She had her ring; now what to do
The anxious girl inquired;
Was she to isolate herself
From things all girls desired?

Her fiance was not at hand
To see she had her fun,
Why miss the shows and dances too,
For any mother's son?

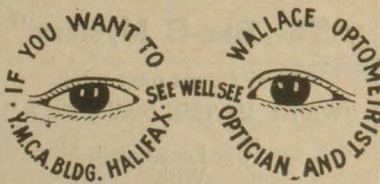
If other boys her charms had spied
And longed to take her out,
Could she be asked at home to mope
And never go about?

At last she settled what to do,
Her doubts she tried to quell,
Off to the Med quite gay she went,
And there she was the belle.

But something vague was lacking there,
And she was not content;
The boy away she wanted here
And gladly home she went.

For days she was besieged each hour,
But always very nice
She answered "No" to this and that.
It meant no sacrifice.

—Alice Atherton.



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The Futility Of Latin

By P. L. H. Muschamp

AN ancient custom which still prevails in our college is that to secure a Bachelor of Arts degree one must take at least two years of Latin. Knowing this, the high schools, catering to our ingenious curriculum, are compelled to begin early to train the students' minds to all the peculiar and amusing intricacies of this venerable language. Already in the ninth grade a large volume full of Latin grammar and syntax is put into the hands of the stupefied little boys and girls, and a teacher forthwith proceeds to spend three years in explaining the mysteries which it contains.

Fortunately only a slight knowledge of this language will secure an entrance into our university. Yet there are quite a number of students who, having from the beginning had a strange aversion to Latin grammar, and fearing to go up for examination, are for ever debarred from scholarship. They therefore become exposed to higher education in the school of life. Those, however, who had obediently memorized a certain quantity of Latin, and those who were not deterred by the fact that they did not know any of it, having duly donated twice eighteen dollars for the privilege, are straightway admitted into tri-weekly classes wherein they may continue for two years to explore the weird syntax of our pagan forefathers. By then they have grown weary of this intellectual toy, and so they forthwith proceed to forget all about it.

That Latin is an intellectual toy is the highest claim that can be made for it. And yet last autumn, when the Cambridge team debated here on this subject, each member of the team based his arguments on the assumption that a study of Latin and Greek gave the student an opportunity of reading the writings of the ancients. This may be so in England. Here, such a statement is absurd. We do not learn to read Latin, we spend five or six years trifling with Latin grammar and syntax. I have yet to meet the Dalhousie graduate who reads Latin for pleasure or otherwise. If he needs classic information he will get it all in very good English translations. Of course there is no reason why we should not be able to read Latin fluently. In France, for instance, and to a certain

extent also in England, the schoolboy almost at once learns to read Latin. He is given easy Latin primers, which he reads willingly because they are easy and interesting. Thus, gradually, by dint of reading, he is led on to the classics.

But it is not my intention to suggest more rational methods of teaching Latin. I am advocating its abolishment. At least it ought not to be compulsory. For whatever the value of a Latin training, and however much of it we may learn, the time spent on it might have been better employed on a more useful subject, such as French. Under the present system the student learns neither enough French nor enough Latin to be of value. It would be much better to know one of the two well. In a bi-lingual country like Canada, French should be taught earlier and more thoroughly than at present, so that we would not see students coming to Dalhousie who are absolutely incapable of understanding or even in the slightest way appreciating a first-class French professor such as Dalhousie provides.

It is essential for us to choose between French and Latin. There is no time for both. Learning French provides all the mental exercise accredited to Latin, and twice or three times as much of the former can be studied in the time spent on the latter. If all the time now spent on Latin were given to French a student would get just that extra amount which at present debars him from speaking the French language and of appreciating French literature.

No, we cannot afford compulsory Latin; at least, not in the University. The sooner it is done away with the better for the students. They will then be able to give more time to the study of a really useful language or to any other subject in which they may be interested. A university should offer the maximum opportunity for voluntary research. Ours seems to aim at giving every student a mere smattering of a vast number of things of questionable value and leaves him in such a muddle at the end of four years that it takes him as many more to get over the cramping effect of his university training and to settle down to the business of life. His chance of an education may be forever lost.

Fever

As I lay in my bed with a fever
I was thinking of Mary-Anne.
My mind not a minute would leave her,
But ever beside her ran.

And in many a sad situation
Was I led by this hallucination,
And I swore an eternal damnation
On the head of my dear Mary-Anne.
God bless her!
My sylphian, sublime incantation!

When the doctor came in to inspect me
He laid his cold hand on my brow,
"What ails you I know not precisely,"
And he doesn't know that even now.
But I'll tell you with contrite con-
viction:

'T was the sort of a silly affliction
That comes like a sad benediction
For failing to win Mary-Anne.

The story is long and regretful—
Regretful to me, not to Anne—
For she narrowly missed
Being petted and kissed
And bound to a very bad man.
But what matters now my sad story,
My fever has left me—I'm well—
And I'll ever draw comfort and glory
For going through Mary to Hell.

And if Mary-Anne isn't the way she is
named,
I assure you her beauty are none the less
famed,
Her manner is none the less prone to be
proud
Her broad brow is still just as white as
a shroud,
Her voice and her speech is no less
sweet and kind,
No less is the purity of her mind.

And so to my Mary, my sweet Mary-
Anne,
I send this farewell—
Wherever else I shall dwell,
I will burn up my passion
In an old pagan fashion
And live without purpose or plan.
Oh Anne!

"G. A."

Going down to

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Dallusiensia

1. What university chair has the Alumni Association founded?
2. Who laid the corner stone of Shirreff Hall?
3. How old is the Dental Faculty?

Answers to last week's questions:

1. The Sydney Post in 1902, which was then under the editorial guidance of a Dalhousian, said of a Delta Gamma debate: "Sad to say it was decided that a lie is sometimes justifiable." It regretted that Dalhousie was "endorsing one of the greatest vices of the age." Further the Post objected to the discussion of such subjects in college. The Gazette remarked, in noting the incident; "It must be a pleasure to the instructors in the college to learn that our graduates are so sensitive to any deviation from the path of stern and uncompromising virtue."

2. The first women's residence, a house on the corner of South Park and Morris streets rented by the Alumnae Association, was known as Forrest Hall.

3. The first corner stone at Studley was laid Thursday, Aug. 15, 1912.

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