



GEORGE WILLIAM STAIRS

■ THE FIRST DALHOUSIAN TO FALL FOR EMPIRE ■

A family that has lived in the same city for more than a century is a rare phenomenon in this age of restless change. It can hardly do so without developing very marked characteristics. Ever since the end of the eighteenth century, the family of Stairs has had its part in the civic life of Halifax. It is of Irish origin, and it has grown in importance and influence. Various members have attained special prominence. The late William J. Stairs is remembered as a type of the old school merchant, and as the life-long friend of Howe; as one also who took his side in the great strife over Confederation. John F. Stairs, his son, represented the city for years in the Dominion House. He was a pioneer in the great industrial development of Canada, which began some twenty years ago, and was working for the commercial independence of the maritime provinces, when death cut short a most useful career. He was Chairman of our Board of Governors, and a true friend of Dalhousie, attesting his friendship not only by generous gifts but by unstinted labor in its behalf. Gilbert Stairs, his son, was Dalhousie's first Rhodes Scholar, and proved an excellent representative at Oxford of the little college. He is now junior major of the Grenadier Guards of Montreal, recruiting vigorously for overseas service. The regiment will be a "corps d'élite."

The family has already a war record. Captain W. G. Stairs, R. E., was Stanley's right hand in the Emin Bey expedition. He died in Africa of fever in 1892. The Dictionary of National Biography contains an article on him, and the Duke of Abruzzi named one of the peaks in Ruwenzori after him. H. B. Stairs, his brother, commanded "H" Company of the First Contingent during the Boer War. He and his company held the trench at Paardeberg which enfiladed Cronje's men and thereby won the day. For this, he was mentioned in despatches, specially praised by "The Times," and awarded the Distinguished Service medal.

These details go to show that the Stairs are doers rather than talkers. They dislike sentiment and show. They are noticeably quiet, clannish and undemonstrative.

George William Stairs was one of the quietest. I remember him as a boy at school, attending Upper Canada College Toronto. In the summer of 1903, he and his friend R. Y. Cory took me over the buildings and grounds of the new U. C. C. Cory is now a prisoner of war in Germany and George fills an unmarked grave in

Flanders. George had the benefit of a very thorough elementary training under Acklom at Harrow House, and, consequently, he did very well at Upper Canada. How well I remember that June day those two boys showed me all about their school! Even then George was markedly quiet and grown-up, observant and thoughtful

that he had established a new record. The number of Firsts and High-Firsts he had won so easily put him six or seven points ahead of the best previous winner of this college honor. My most vivid personal recollection was of a little difference we had about a red-book theme, and I learned to respect his strength of will.

After college, he looked about for a while. His father was a successful man of business and had left him a competency. He considered various openings in the West



MONTREAL OFFICERS WHO COVERED THEMSELVES WITH GLORY AT ST. JULIEN.

The Officers of No. 2 Company, 14th Batt., Royal Montreal Regiment. They were badly cut up on the night of April 22nd at the Battle of Julien. From left to right they are:—
Capt. W. Knubley, Capt. D. F. B. Larkin, Capt. Richard Steacie (killed); Major Paul R. Hanson, Capt. Wilfred Brotherhood. Front row: Lieut. George Stairs, Captain S. English, Lieut. Gavin Stairs.

beyond his years, a contrast to his more vivacious friend.

He came to Dalhousie, with a preparation for his work rarely equalled. Consequently, he had an excellent course without a suggestion of over-work. His aim was General Distinction, and, when it came to totalling up his marks, it was found

and in Montreal. It was in Montreal I saw him and had speech with him, for the last time, in May, 1914. One evening, I went to the University Club, (which, by the way, has the arms of Dalhousie painted on the ceiling of one of the rooms) to see Gilbert Stairs, and George was with him. We

(Continued on page 9)

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

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Business Manager.....J. S. FRASER

Make your subscriptions payable to the Business Manager.

THE death of Sir Charles Tupper cannot pass unnoticed by the Gazette. With his removal, one has gone who for long played a very prominent part in the affairs of this Dominion. To the way in which he filled that part the following, coming as it does from the pen of Hon. Charles Marcell, a political opponent, is a very striking tribute.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest! When spring with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung: There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay: And Freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping hermit there."

ONCE again in this issue must notice be taken of a death. This time it is of the death in action of Lieutenant George W. Stairs, who belonged to the '09 Arts Class. He is the first and only Dalhousian so far reported to fall a victim to the Hun.

the students of today a lesson or two his death should suggest, for George Stairs "being dead yet speaketh." One cannot fail to be impressed by the devotion to duty that led him to make even the supreme sacrifice of life itself. It is possible, however, for the men and women of Dalhousie to exhibit the same characteristic in regard to college matters.

But further, it is inconceivable that the death of this young man does not cause every Dalhousian to consider anew his relation to the great world conflict now going on in Europe. Upon the issue of that cosmopolitan struggle hangs the fate of the ideals of liberty, humanity and democracy essential, we believe, to the progress of civilization.

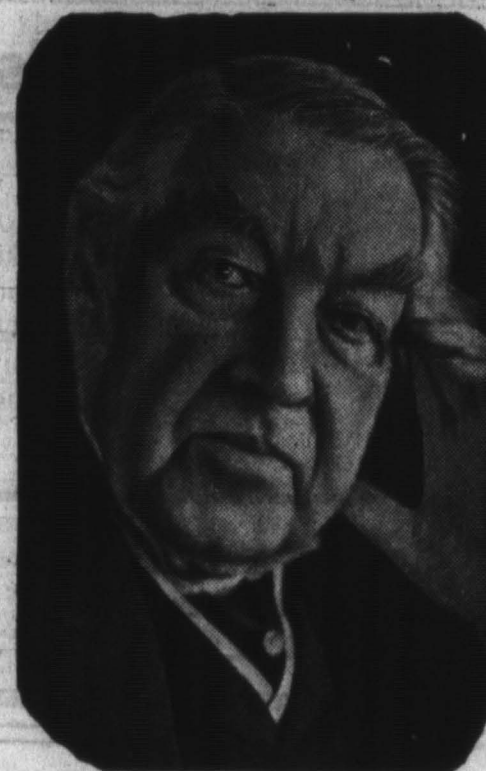
THE Gazette is very reluctant to speak about a certain matter which, however, for the honor of our college it feels should be mentioned. The reference is to the profanity and impurity that seems to dominate the speech of the football field whether at the practices or at the games. Such language is unnecessary. There is an abundance of dignified English whereby those correcting a player could express themselves.

IN the first issue, the Editor-in-chief penned his inaugural editorial. Now he must write his valedictory. It is not without genuine regret that he gives up his position. Despite its difficulties, he has grown to like the work. It is only because of what he conceives to be a still greater duty that he relinquishes the task.

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SIR CHAS. TUPPER

WHEN Dalhousie College was re-organized in 1863 nine prominent citizens interested in education, were appointed to manage its affairs. It was deemed advisable by the Board that the names of these gentlemen should continue in connection with the college as long as they lived.

Sir Charles was born at Amherst July 2nd, 1821. He was the son of Rev. Dr. Tupper a very prominent and highly respected Baptist minister. As a boy he distinguished himself at school and after a brilliant course he graduated from Acadia College when quite young.

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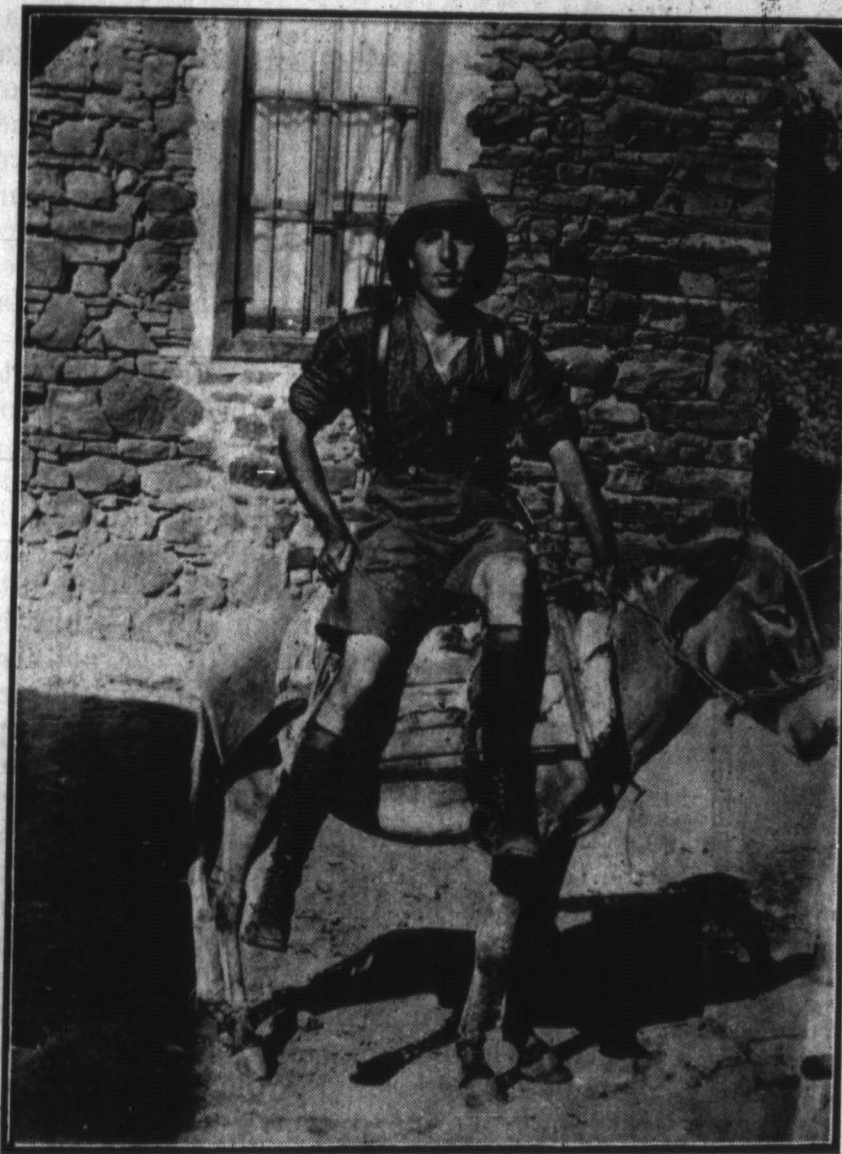
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He was a man of wide outlook and broad vision. In educational matters he was what a free system of public education meant. He grasped the idea of provincial development in railway matters. He foresaw what a great future lay in the bringing together of the scattered fragments which made up British North America, and when Confederation was accomplished he was really the first of our public men to get a vision of the possibilities of our great North West.

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Earle Whyte, Arts '16, travelling in the Dardanelles. A slow but only method there.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

THE following is a letter from Earle Whyte (Arts '16) received by R. MacG. Dawson.

Dardanelles, Sept. 8, '15

Dear Bob:—You will perhaps be surprised to learn that I am now at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean. I am forbidden to tell you our exact location but we are not on the Gallipoli peninsula as yet. We are, however, pretty darn near it. After a month and a half in France, just as we were preparing to move to another part, we suddenly received orders to be ready within twenty four hours to sail for the Dardanelles. We were ready but we certainly had to go some, worked all that night and had to be rushed to the boat in motors. We went to England, landing at Dover, and thence to good old Shorncliffe. That is the best place I've struck since leaving Halifax. After twenty four hours rest (?) we left for Southampton where we boarded the "Asturias," the Hospital Ship that the Germans almost subbed at the beginning of the war. We left about three o'clock Sunday, August 1st. The following Sunday we were at Malta, where we received orders to proceed to Alexandria. There we dropped No. 5 Stationary, a bunch from Queens; and transferred to the transport, "Afric." After three days at Alexandria we set sail for our final destination. The following Sunday morning a torpedo boat destroyer was seen chasing us. Not knowing whether she were friend or foe, we trained upon her our 4.7, which we carried in the stren. She came, however to warn us. That very night the Royal Edward which was just ahead of us was sunk by a submarine. It was supposed that those same subs were laying for us. It was getting thrilling. I almost hoped they would get us. We changed our course and were assigned to life boats

with piles of life belts placed beside each. At night we ran with lights out. It was fine. Hospital ships are too safe entirely.

However, nothing of interest happened, and after seventeen days on the water we disembarked. What a place we had come to! Bare, barren, desolate. It was a heart breaker. The first thing to assail us was not the Germans but the flies. I was one of a small advance party. After working hard all afternoon we decided to have a bit of a lunch. We had bread and jam. As you know, flies are very fond of jam. The problem that confronted us was how to get a mouthful of the eatable without at the same time getting a layer of flies. The solution we hit upon was to rush about in an endeavour to create a bit of a breeze. Then while we waved the free hand vigorously over the aforesaid bread and jam, we took a blind quick bite and let it go at that. In this way we managed to get our supper. The flies are

still troublesome but on windy days we don't mind them much. The next enemy was the heat. It knocks the kick right out of a fellow. The day that I feel like working is an exception. Some days the mere effort of pulling on a rope or pushing a box over completely exhausts me. We suffer, too, from bad water. There is only one well from which we can get drinking water, and it has precisely the same effect as a dose of salts.

We camped on a field of stones, averaging in size a little smaller than a coconut. I don't think there was a worse site anywhere. We have Egyptian labour cleaning it up, however, and now our surroundings are taking on quite a civilized appearance. Despite the heat, we worked wonderfully well. Although we lost a couple of days by starting our camp in the wrong place, yet in less than four days we had patients. We have been receiving them every day since. Everybody had hopes when we first came that our stay would not be long. But they are now erecting wooden huts for a hospital so we are here for the winter at least. We have with us some of those who experienced the horrors of Salisbury Plain and they say this place has Salisbury beaten to a standstill. Even after a bit of a shower we carry a couple of pounds of mud around on each boot. It collects on the heels just like snow with this difference, however, it doesn't come off as easily. The rainy season is about due now. The place is really improving on acquaintance. We have even discovered vegetation. The cotton is just blooming. It is different from the American in that it has only one head on a plant. The other day my colleague and myself, having a little while to spare, betook ourselves to a nearby vineyard and filled a large receptacle. A native working near gave us the sign to beat it, but when we yelled furious English at him he straightway became subdued.

(Continued on page 5.)

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R. J. LEARY

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There are four small Greek villages in sight from the camp. The only other things visible are the barren peaks of the hills or small mountains. I often think of "Each purple peak, etc." They have a decidedly purplish tinge at times. We get quite a bit of sub-tropical fruit down here, but I would give a good deal to have a few of those russets that you used to be so generous with. It is very difficult, in fact impossible, to get food that one craves and desires. I'd give a sovereign for a miserable barrel of Gravensteins right now if I only had opportunity. However, if it gets cooler soon and we get more appetite, things will be O. K. My hope is to get back to France and be sent up the line with an ambulance. I suppose we shall get back to the Western front before the thing is over.

Sincerely

WHYTE.

Dalhousians everywhere will rejoice in the news received on Sunday, October 31st, of the safe arrival in England of the 40th Regiment. This regiment composed almost wholly of Nova Scotians, and officered by a large number of Dal men, was for a time quartered at Aldershot. Then they were transferred to Valcartier, whence, on Monday, October 18th, they sailed for England. Immediately upon their arrival there they entrained for Bramshott Camp, Aldershot where they are now located.

Among the Dalhousians serving as officers in this regiment are the following:

W. E. E. Doane, assistant adjutant. Bill was for three years one of the most popular members of the '15 class in Arts.

Rev. Geo. Wood, Chaplain. Mr. Wood is an alumnus, having been graduated with the degree of B. A. in 1898.

Herb't St. C. James (more popularly known as "Cudgy"), Lieutenant in the Machine Gun Section. Cudgy come to Dal from Kings to prosecute the study of law. For two years he was a valued member of the first football team. In dramatic circles he was also well known for his successful portrayal of the part of the college president in the College Widow.

George H. Campbell, Lieutenant in A. Company. Geordie's fame has gone far and wide throughout the Maritime Provinces wherever football is played. As a full back he was without a peer in Eastern Canada. At hockey he proved no less successful than at football. The esteem in which he was held by his fellow members of Class '15 Arts is evidenced by the fact that in their junior year they made him their president.

Hugh P. Bell and Geo. Sylvester, Lieutenants in B. Company. These were both well known members of Class '11 Arts. The very best wishes of their class mates follow them. Brule Bell—for by this name he was better known—is the genius upon whom devolved the greater part of the task of drawing up the present constitution of the Arts and Science Society.

Gerald Dwyer, Lieutenant in C. Company. Mr. Dwyer was one of the prominent members of class '14.

The Poet of Dalhousie is also among the officers of this regiment. O. B. Jones, better known as "Toby" holds a lieutenancy in the Reinforcements Company. Toby was one of the best known members

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of Class '11 Arts. Perhaps his most striking characteristic was the ease with which he could dash off poems and songs. His best known production is no doubt the song "There's not a Flaw, Flaw, Flaw on the Boys in Law."

MacIntosh MacLeod is another of the Dal boys holding down a lieutenancy in this regiment. Toshi belonged to the '13 Class in Arts and, during his college course, filled many important offices.

From a few of the other Dal boys the mails have brought word during the past fortnight. Major J. Keiler McKay, Law '17, is now in command of the 8th Howitzer Brigade, Otterpool, England. Recently the camp at which he is stationed was honored by a visit from the Zeppelins. A bomb fell within fifty yards of where Keiler was standing. Fragments of the bomb were found three hundreds yards from the spot where it exploded. Thirteen were killed, many of these were blown absolutely to pieces. Keiler was fortunate enough to escape uninjured.

W. J. V. Tweedie, Arts '15, has been promoted to be a master gunner in the 6th Mounted Rifles.

R. E. G. Roome, Arts '17, who enlisted in the 2nd Heavy Artillery, has been honored by being made a Lieutenant in the Imperial Service. In the art of war, as in the arts of peace, Dalhousie men make good.

Ed. Chisholm left us a plain Captain. Since reaching the other side, he has been made a Major in the Imperial service.

B. C. Salter, Arts '13, writing from "Somewhere in France," speaks of the Cycle Corps as not by any means being the suicide club they all anticipated. The Corps which his section is relieving has not had a casualty since the last March. He is one of a section of eight which is engaged in a sort of police duty. Their task is to keep non-combatants outside and the combatants inside the lines. With him is another Dal man, Lockerby (Arts '18). The remaining Dalhousians who joined the Cycle Corps are scattered everywhere.

A MIDSUMMER IDYL (?)

JOHN HANLON.

THE poet lies upon the fragrant grass beneath the lilac bush, and dreams his dreams. Princesses and fairies, and all sorts of beautiful things rush through his brain in a riot of flashing, luxuriant color. His face glows with the light of inspiration.

It is twilight. The edge of Night's mantle has fallen across the garden. The kisses of the setting sun still linger upon the bosom of the sky. The shadows under the linden tree are turning purple.

Everything is still, save for the distant murmuring of a sleepy robin, and the almost inaudible dropping of the lilac petals. Suddenly a single sound breaks the silence.

The poet half starts up. His parted lips quiver with ecstasy. He clasps his hands together. His eyes gleam with a wonderful light.

What is this sound? The throbbing note of a nightingale? The curfew ringing across the misty meadows? A woman's voice raised in a son of evening? Ah, no. It is the supper bell of his country boarding house.

THE FRESHIE-SOPH AT HOME

IN the history of Dalhousie a new chapter is being written. The door has been closed upon the past. Today we are entering upon a new life that promises great things scholastically and socially. Of the splendid new buildings at Studley, of the excellent and well balanced staff of Professors we now enjoy, little need be said here. Of the signs of an impending change in our social life, may I be permitted to speak for a moment. Beneath the surface of our college life in the last few years, one gifted with prophetic insight might have seen a certain unrest, movements indefinite and vague, like shifting sand before a landslide. When a few years later C. F. MacLennan came as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" it was but the direct antecedent of the glorious new movement at Dal.

A visitor to our college this fall would see much to his amazement a new system of benevolent and civilized hazing. Not without opposition has this change been effected. The voice of R. F. B. C. raised in lamentation, proclaims from evidence garnered in tete-a-tetes across the counters of Davidson's book store: "The people of Halifax don't know the students are here. O tempora! O mores! The golden age is gone."

But what is this paltry revolution to that affected where man meets maid? Oh Muse divine guide now the pen! Truly, saith the scribe "Oh splendour! What words can picture? What words can tell?" In the room o'er which the spirit of Munro broods with that kindness which characterized his life, there was held on October 22nd, 1915, such a function as outrivalled the glory of all Dal functions—now past, yet not forgotten. The tender memory of many a Dalhousian lent to the thoughts of all a feeling of mingled sadness and pride. What tho' assembled in gaiety under those flags for which even now perhaps the life blood of some former comrade flowed, could any fair debutante fail to realize that these young Titans were filled with the same loyalty, felt equally the drawing power of the trumpet call "To Arms." The eye of professorial dignity, how could it fail to kindle at the sight of the Herculean stature of these illustrious freshmen, the Socratic intelligence which beamed alike from the eyes of ladies and of knights, and the exquisite grace and tender beauty of the fair additions to our college. Sons of Light! Daughters of Beauty! We salute you! On bended knee pay we our homage. Welcome to our Dalhousian Elysium.

The bravest of the brave among the Heaven-born men of Class '19 rose. He, powerful as his name and mighty in words, ruled as by Divine Right the destinies of Class '19. When with the stately tread of Habbakuk Mucklewrath he mounted the forum and gazed with those magnetic eyes upon his audience, to the lips of the scribe came the words unsought "How like a God!" But when he spoke, the beating hearts feared to beat and the minds and hearts of all were moved by eloquence unknown since the days of Demosthenes and Austin A. Zinck. He spoke. With becoming modesty the gems fell from his lips: "Nunc me deorum hominumque consensu ad imperium vocatum

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Sophomores turpissime usi sunt." Then with a graceful descent to English and German, he continued: "But, genius of all time has been persecuted." "In der Gesellschaft von den Welt und Zeitererhrten gebe ich—" which, being interpreted, means "I walk in the company of those honored by the world and time." Then with true nobility of character refusing longer to consider his own humiliation, he proceeded: "But now beat drums no longer, the battle flag is furled, swords have become pruning hooks and former enemies I greet as friends. My adversaries, souls that have moiled and scrimmed and fought with me, you and I are friends. Deep buried is the hatchet, a guest I stand in your wigwam. For the splendor of the feast, for the pleasure of an evening filled with sweet music and the delicate perfume of lovely flowers receive my thanks." He spoke and, with a nod Olympian, descended. A pause, a hush of awe, then rang the welkin with the applause of "fair women and brave men."

The Gods of Olympus, who were wont to feast upon time—forgetting ambrosia and nectar served by the winged Mercury must have looked with painful wonder upon the fleet footed knights who, reversing that high custom, plied lady loves with delicacies fearfully and wonderfully concocted to rival the luscious qualities of Parnassus honey.

The Naiads, dancing on the green within the sound of roaring Neptune, to the music of wild waves dashing on the shore, and sprayed by the foam of old ocean, have inspired the poets of many ages. Would that some mortal of divine clay might rise adequately to celebrate the modern gymnastics of fair co-eds and of their agile admirers, performed in wonderful rhythm to melodious strains brought through some mysterious magic by Mrs. Barker from the mystic depths of a grand piano.

Reluctantly thus far, and not without some creakings and scratchings of inward impatience, the Pen has done her duty. The labor is too great. Hercules, deprived of Herculean powers, had never performed the labor of Hercules. Hardly then may one of earthlier build seek to fulfil a task greater than his. With a sigh of weariness relinquish the impossible, only saying "O noctes caenaeque deum."

'18

THE SODALES DEBATING SOCIETY

THIS, the most criticized society in the college, has already held two highly satisfactory sessions. As regards both, the attendance and the quality of the speeches, the meetings so far have been very encouraging. All that is needed to make Sodales boom this year is the readiness of the students, even if at some sacrifice, to participate in the debates.

The opening session was held on Friday evening, October 15th. A record breaking first night crowd greeted the speakers. The debate proper was preceded by an admirable address from the Honorary President, Dean MacRae. Dr. MacRae in an interesting way spoke of the benefits of such a society as Sodales and cautioned those taking part in the discussions against certain temptations that might beset them. Following this, the debate of the evening

was proceeded with. A subject much discussed today by the statesmen of the Old Country was dealt with in a way that would have done credit to an Asquith or a Balfour. The merits and the demerits of the opposed systems of recruiting, the conscriptionist and the voluntary, were freely set forth. The attack upon the latter was led by R. D. MacCleave, ably seconded by Barry Moore. In earnest tones and grave that might have proceeded from somewhere near his pedal extremities, Mr. Baird championed the voluntary method of recruiting. He did not stand alone, however, J. S. Bonnell manfully came to his support. So evenly were the two sides matched that the judges were unable to decide which was superior. As a result of this tie, the Sodales Executive is unable to advise Premier Asquith as to the best course to pursue.

On the night of the 21st ult., the Freshmen hosts went down to defeat before the Sophomoric barbarians. Upon the issue of this titanic conflict hung the fate of hazing at Dalhousie. The rout of the Freshmen has fully vindicated this ancient and highly honorable custom. MacDonald, despite his physical defect (N. B. not in the bean), led the '19 men into the fray. At six points he assailed the practice of hazing. It was undignified, it belittled the reputation of the college; it infringed upon the student's time, it engendered feuds between the two lower classes, it was highly discourteous way of greeting newcomers, it might be dangerous to life and limb. Close behind him pressed the redoubtable Mathieson, a mighty man of valor, from whom in former days all evil doers in the town of Sydney were wont to hide. Not one whit daunted by the fear of a coming retribution, he hurled first one charge after another against his opponents. "Hazers," he asserted, "have been bred upon dime novels and prize rings. Sophomores make themselves ridiculous (at least in the eyes of the Freshmen). They are very rude in their reception of newcomers. But worst of all they become an influence tending to lower the moral standards of the students." A political speaker preferring such serious charges against an opponent would have been almost fiendish in his glee. Not so Mr. Mathieson. One could hardly tell by his manner of speaking whether or not he got any pleasure from such allegations against a mortal enemy.

Upon John Thomas MacKitrick Harris as the calendar gives it, devolved the duty of repelling the Freshmen's attack. Right nobly did he defend the practice of hazing with voice and hand, alleging that the benefits of the custom far outweighed its evils. Not only did it serve to cure the first year man of his inherent freshness and to initiate him into college life, but as well it made for the organization of the Freshman class and interested the new students in college affairs.

O. R. Crowell, forgetting that "He is the true conservative who lops the mouldering branch away" upheld Hazing on the ground of tradition. If he excelled in one thing more than in another, it was in the superabundance of analogies. With what did he not compare this tradition of Dalhousie? With everything from the commander of the Good Hope who "with arms folded and dog at his feet went down with his ship" to the mechanism of a watch.

Vigorous counter attacks were delivered by Messrs. Harris and MacDonald. When the smoke of battle had lifted sufficiently to permit the judges to view the scene of conflict it was found that the knights representing the Sophomores had added another to their long list of victories. In triumph they were borne from the field by their cheering compatriots.

THE STUDENTS COUNCIL

The Semi-Annual Meeting of The Students' Council was held in the Smoking Room of the old college building on Carleton Street, Tuesday evening, November 2nd. A regrettable feature of so important a meeting was the small attendance, hardly more than a quorum being present. The chief business disposed of was the bringing down of the budget for the year. Owing to the smaller registration, the estimated revenue amounts only to some \$1500, almost \$500 less than last year. In view of this fact the Council found it necessary in almost every case to reduce the amount granted each society below its request. The Budget finally adopted is as follows:

D. A. A. C.	\$ 277.00
Gazette	400.00
Skating Club	300.00
Y. W. C. A.	40.00
Delta Gamma	65.00
Girls Athletic Club	50.00
Sodales	45.20
U. S. C.	150.00
Athletic Field	150.00

Total.....\$1477.20

The internal management of the Old Homestead was also provided for. It was decided to vest the control of this building—the forerunner of the Students' Union—in the hands of an Advisory Board consisting of one representative from each of the following bodies: Council, Alumni, Senate. Mr. F. T. MacLeod was elected as the Council's member on this board. The body so composed is to draw up the rules and regulations governing the Old Homestead and to appoint a House Committee of students to enforce their observance.

An Athletic Field Committee was also authorized. To this Committee is entrusted the care and control of the athletic field at Studley. It is to be composed of one member from the D. A. A. C., one from the Alumni, and one from the Senate.

The resignation of Mr. Rattee as Editor-in-Chief of the Gazette was accepted. He and the business manager were instructed to bring in a recommendation as to a successor.

It might be well if, in future, the Council got down to business more nearly at the time for which the meeting is called. Punctuality on the part of the members would ensure the conclusion of the session at a more reasonable hour.

HEARD AT SODALES.

"The dim cloud of Prussian militarism which speaks."

"He has crawled into his shell like a clam, settled down by his fireside and showed the white feather."

"If they read the latest papers they will find—what would they find?"

"As my colleague has pointed out with such appalling results."

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AN INDIAN LOYALIST AT DALHOUSIE

ON Tuesday, November 2nd, Dalhousie students were privileged to have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Rustom Rustomjee, of Bombay, speak on the loyalty of his native country. He has been in America for about two years and his command of the English Language was something remarkable, whilst his use of a chance quotation might suggest that he is not unacquainted with Latin.

In his opening remarks Mr. Rustom said that he had spoken about 400 times on this continent, but in this, the first Canadian city which he had visited, he had been thrilled with enthusiasm at the sight of men, in highway and byway, clad in khaki, ready to fight in the service of the British Empire and for the cause of civilization. He was also proud of his country and her part in the present crisis. "India," said the speaker, "is doing her duty nobly. She is fighting in Mesopotamia, in East Africa, along the Persian Gulf, in France and in Belgium. She has sent 300,000 soldiers to all parts of the world, and behind her soldiers stands India to a man!"

Continuing, Mr. Rustom said there had been a widespread belief during the past few years that India was restless and anxious to revolt; nor had prophets been lacking who prophesied evil concerning India. At the beginning of the war India was considered a doubtful factor. This was due in part to the unfortunate representations of a leading American statesman and others, who had condemned the British administration in India without due knowledge of the facts.

The speaker next pointed out several aspects of the government of India, which includes more than three and a half millions of people, and is therefore not a political entity. There are several distinct classes with various interests. The several hundred Princes rule, some independently and others nominally, over about 65,000,000 people. These have never swerved from their loyalty. Then there are the agriculturists, who number about 200,000,000. Their loyalty is proverbial, and they do not greatly trouble themselves as to politics. Besides these there are some 72,000,000 Mohammedans, all of whom are loyal to the Empire. This was attested in an especial manner a few years ago. In addition to those already noted there is an increasing number of educated Indians. They belong to two parties; the Modernists, and the Extremists or Nationalists. The former, to which Mr. Rustom belongs, are numerous and strong. They believe in the permanence of British rule in India as being essential to her best interests. The influence of the latter party has perhaps been over-estimated.

In seeking to account for the enthusiastic loyalty and support of India Mr. Rustom ascribed various motives. "The Princes," he said, "see in Britain's attitude towards Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality a guarantee of the integrity of their own states." Hence they are sacrificing much. One hundred and twenty of the Princes and Nobles of India are in Europe today. In one particular instance a nobleman seventy years old and his nephew who is only sixteen, are fighting side by side.

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least I judge so by the amount of work I get
from them.

THANK YOU, BOYS.

WON LUNG

"Around the Corner"

Other classes in India have no desire to see the days of despotism, anarchy, famine and disease return, such as there were before the time of British Rule, when any man who could raise a troop of horse might aspire to a kingdom, and when foreign invasions were common. "The people were ground down by the oppressors within and by the oppressors without." Now conditions of justice and liberty are maintained. In particular Mr. Rustom mentioned the prohibiting of the practice of Suttee (the burning of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands), and the stopping of child marriages.

The Mohammedans know that they have greater freedom for worship and religious toleration under the Union Jack than they could otherwise enjoy, hence they are loyal. They recognize that the war is one between ideals; between auto-cracy and democracy!

Even the leading Extermists and Anarchists say that, although they may have differences with the existing government, yet in presence of a common enemy they are ready to sink these and to unite in warding off a common danger.

In concluding Mr. Rustom said, "Germany cannot fight against the future. Though the banner which guarantees liberty and justice may seem to droop over our heads, India knows that under it we shall be carried, not to any easy, but to a certain, and not distant future victory."

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GEORGE WILLIAM STAIRS.

(Continued from page 1)

sat down to a long, rambling, three-cornered argument, in which I maintained the unpopular view that Canada was as yet not a nation, that the world would lose no great original idea, religious, political, scientific, etc. etc., if Canada were swept out of existence. Be it remembered that any discussion will languish, if no one champions the unpopular side. Much might be said on both sides, and much was, until the hour of parting came. A merry parting, with no suspicion that it was to be the final parting! The last days of May, 1914, when our hearts were thrilling and sad with the loss of "The Empress of Ireland!" What ages ago it seems!

Then were the flood-gates opened. War came upon the world like a deluge. Canada flew to arms instinctively. In the first mobilization, George Stairs was among the very first. With no wild, blind enthusiasm, but quietly, deliberately, without fuss or useless talk, he made his choice. He was free, he had no one dependent on him. He was, as he said himself, one of those who ought to go. At the same time he took all reasonable precautions. In a certain regiment he would not enlist, because he had no confidence in the superior officers; and so he elected another. Time showed the wisdom of his choice; for the Fourteenth, won undying fame for itself, when the time of testing came. The same quiet resolution, which was so characteristic of him, was shown in this decision. There was the possibility of his being rejected on account of some defect of vision. In that event, he had determined to pay his own way to England and get into some unit there. But that was not necessary; he was enrolled in the Fourteenth.

I received one letter from him. It was in courteous acknowledgement of a magazine I sent him at Salisbury. The courtesy was characteristic and so was the maintenance of his own point of view. He wrote "Do you remember our conversation at the University Club of Montreal one day last May? You contended, if I remember rightly, that up to then Canadians had not exhibited any striking national characteristics, but were a number of mediocre individuals gathered together rather than a nation. Since the beginning of the war I think Canada has done pretty well and I hope that before long you will be able to modify your views."

Canada has "done pretty well," and George Stairs was one of the thousands of our very finest manhood who have had their part in that great doing.

He was keenly interested in Dalhousie, showing his interest in a quiet practical way. He wrote,

"I am glad to hear that you are starting an O. T. C. at Dalhousie and am sure that it will be a great success. I hope that the new buildings are nearly completed and that the library will soon be transferred."

And so he went on, from the long trials of Salisbury Plain to that great April day in Flanders when the Canadians by their steadiness and devotion saved the doubtful battle, as their Commander-in-Chief, and their comrades testified. They did all men could do. They stood like rocks, or charged like mountain torrents, as the need arose; and they fought without water, without food, without relief through four long days and nights. "They jeopardized

The Royal Military College of Canada

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government Institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course, and in addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Survey to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B. A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniform, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military divisional areas and districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont., or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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their lives to the death in the high places of the field." The losses of the glorious First Division in those great days were more than one man in every three. And through that hell, our Dalhousian fought until death came, in a flash.

One thinks of the ordinary fifth act, the slow decay, the indignity of old age, and the "straw death" as the light flickers out.

How shall I envy lying there
Your sudden, swift, heroic end.

THE ART OF EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

THOSE who braved the rain of Saturday afternoon, October 30th, and turned out to hear Prof. MacMechan lecture on "The Art of Edmund J. Sullivan" were well rewarded. Not only did the lecture serve to introduce to them a hitherto unknown artist of real merit, but as well it could not fail to deepen their appreciation of good book illustration. It is in that art, the art of illustrating books, that Sullivan is unique. By means of slides, all too crudely setting forth some of the artist's drawings, Dr. MacMechan conclusively shewed the greatness of Sullivan as a book illustrator. One can well believe that a wider acquaintance with the work of this painter through such lectures, will not fail to gain that recognition for his friend which Prof. MacMechan covets. Canada may thus be led to develop some initiative and independence in art criticism. Hitherto she has been content to accept an author, a painter or a sculptor only after he has been finally passed upon by London, Paris or Boston. The Gazette understands that in the near future Dr. MacMechan is to deliver this lecture before the Montreal Art Club.

(Continued from page 13)

THE CLIFFS AT ST. MARTIN'S.

But the sea had not been placated.
It was merely biding its time,
And now fostered new terrors in its bosom.
Far away in the war-torn waters of Europe,
Death had been scattered in iron capsules,
Death and destruction that was swift and complete,
Leaving only shattered wreckage behind it.
At last one of these mines drifted to the peaceful
neighbourhood of Saint Martin's,
And lurked at the mouth of the channel,
Until the fleet came forth, with the creaking of ropes
and the cries of the sailors.
Jean Marie's boat went first,
Spurning the waves, as a thoroughbred's hoofs spurn
the race-track.
Suddenly there was a roar,
The sound of water rushing rapidly upwards,
The shrieking of men,
The noise of falling debris!
Then all was calm again and the sea smiled wickedly
in the sunlight.
High upon the cliffs, a woman who had been waving a
red handkerchief in farewell,
Stared blankly in front of her
With tearless eyes
And a heart that was aching and empty.

The villagers wondered why, after her first prostration
was over,
She went every day to the cliffs,
And stared steadfastly down into cruel green depths.
They thought that she should have avoided the thing
that had stolen her husband.
She was really trying to make friends with it,
Trying to master the repugnance with which it filled her
When she grew brave enough, she would fling her-
self to the white mouthed waves that whimpered
over the jagged rocks.
Perhaps some friendly current might sweep their
bodies together.

NOTICE

Will the student who has Dow's His-
torical Atlas from the Arts Library kindly
return the same without delay?

THE PLACE OF THE COLLEGE MAGAZINE IN THE COLLEGE COMMUNITY

It is my humble endeavour to suggest an answer to the question; What should be the function of the college journal?

First and foremost, it seems to me that the College Magazine should serve to keep alive the College Spirit. Now by College Spirit is meant something more than mere interest in student activities. By that term I mean loyalty to the ideals and traditions of the institution. I conceive of a university as existing for the making of manhood and womanhood. When, therefore, one speaks of the ideals of a college he means the particular type of manhood or womanhood it seeks to develop. College spirit is the response of the students to that ideal; it is their devotion to that standard, their guiding their conduct and moulding their characters by it. The greatest service that a Student's magazine can render the college community is the keeping before the students that ideal. For this reason it must stand unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly against everything in the college life that represents a lower type of character. Mean or dishonourable practices that obtain in the various societies, unbusiness like methods of transacting the student activities and similar things must come in for severe condemnation. On the other hand everything in the university that tends to enhance the worth of a man or woman should be encouraged. Thus athletics, debating, social life, and the like deserve such treatment through the columns of the paper as shall deepen the interest of the students and lead them to participate therein. If too, any society fails of its purpose it is the office of the editors or contributors to point out this defect and to suggest on improvement. (The one without the other is useless). Perhaps however, a more effective way of keeping alive this spirit, is by perpetuating the memory of those sons and daughters of their Alma Mater who, in response to this ideal and in part at least because of the lessons learned in college days, have done great and noble things. How rich in such men must be the past of a university like Dalhousie! To make these outstanding characters of other days live anew before the students of today, this should be the aim of the Dalhousie Gazette and the Acadia Atheraeums and the King's College Records. To do this must certainly mean the deepening of the present-day Dalhousian's or Acadian's devotion to his college's ideal, it must mean the quickening and the purging of his own spirit. This ever is the function of History. It should, then, be the aim of the college editor to keep this great past always before his readers that they may be inspired to make the present and the future still more glorious.

In the second place, I observe that college journalism should be a means of developing the literary abilities of the students. This it may do in two ways. First, by acting as a supplement to the English class-room. The aim of that class is to train its members in the spoken and written use of correct and expressive English. Through the pages of a Gazette,

for instance, is afforded a grand opportunity for the practical application of the lessons there learned. This conception makes imperative the maintenance of a definite literary standard for such a paper. Care must be taken that words are correctly used and properly put together, that sentences are not too long and involved, that unity and coherence are maintained. A college paper can thus become a potent factor in helping the students to acquire a correct use of their mother tongue. Indeed I would go so far as to advocate that the editors do not arbitrarily correct or improve an article submitted to them, but that they read the contribution; then if it needs to be remedied that they call the writer into conference while the correction is being made. This course would be more helpful to the author and would secure the retention throughout of his individuality.

The college journal may develop the literary abilities of the students in a more direct way. If the editors are continually on the lookout for the least promise of literary capacity and if it is their aim to encourage those who show such promise to make trial of their powers, who knows but what through a Gazette or similar paper a Ralph Connor or a Lucy Maude Montgomery may be discovered? If there is a youth who possesses a vivid imagination he should be set to work to write stories; if there is one who shews a gift for writing poetry, he should be led to compose verses. By judicious praise, by kindly criticism and helpful suggestion the editors may do much to draw out the unsuspected powers of one who some day may be a literary genius.

Thirdly I would remark that it should be the aim of the college journal wherever possible to preserve good relations between the Students and the Faculty. I am fully aware that in most places—how it is at Dalhousie I do not know—it is considered inevitable that the former shall be at variance with the latter. I, on the other hand, look forward to a day when amity and peace shall reign within the college community, when the Professor shall be to those who sit under as the Big Brother is to the Little Brother. In bringing in that day and in maintaining these better relations once they are established, methinks the college paper might play an important part.

In the majority of cases I find that these misunderstandings between the student body and the powers over it spring—as do so many of life's misunderstandings—from insufficient knowledge and from inconsiderateness. The students are ignorant of the professor's view point; the professors on the other hand are not always careful to make that view-point plain to the students. In many an instance the former forget that the latter see things in their own way and that that way is not necessarily the same as that of the occupant of the professional chair. In the nature of things how could the viewpoint of these two bodies be identical? Upon the world and more particularly upon that portion of it contained within the college community the one looks out with a mind matured and trained and more informed; the other with a mind requiring to be trained and informed. Instead, then, of simply issuing a fiat and expecting unmurmuring obedience the Faculty should first ask "How do the students regard this matter?" and if on

examination it seems that the student's viewpoint is not that of the professors, it should be the task of the latter to inform and to educate the student body. The student's outlook must not be ruthlessly overridden. It must be respected and if wrong they must themselves be led to see their error. The whole matter of establishing better relations between the Faculty and the Students seems to me to resolve itself into this, a question of more knowledge of and of more consideration for the other's viewpoint. In disseminating the former and in insisting upon the latter the college magazine can render a distinct service to the college community. Such a task of course means that the professors shall make more use of its columns than in most cases they do at present. Why should they not? After all the Gazette or the Argosy is not the organ of the student body but of the college community as a whole.

Lastly, and perhaps more briefly, the college magazine should be the connecting link between the students of today and those of yesterday and those of tomorrow. For the graduates scattered far and wide, it is their only source of information as to the doings of their Alma Mater. The reports of student activities, of additions to the staff, of the expansion and growth of the university, contained in the columns of the Gazette for instance enable old Dalhousians to keep in touch with the life of the Dalhousie of today. Many a student of the coming days, too, will gain his sole knowledge of the college life of the present from back numbers of the Gazette. It is important, then, that the Gazette be a faithful record of all that takes place within the college. Such a record should be a plain unvarnished one written in correct English. The sporting page of the ordinary newspaper is not a good model for the student reporter to follow. The report of a football or a hockey game as given there so abounds in slang and nonsense that the ordinary reader can't follow the game at all. With the record of college activities should be combined a record of the activities of former students. This for the interest and information of those who hear of their classmates only through the columns of the college paper.

I have thus outlined a quite ambitious programme, a truly heavy role for the college magazine to play. Yet with the right kind of men at its head and with the support alike of the Student Body and of the Faculty, I think this part can be well maintained. In closing just permit me to express the hope that the Dalhousie Gazette in which I have ever taken a great interest may in some measure realize this ideal of a college paper.

For the Good of College Journals.

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SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS

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"ON PRESCIENCE"

FROM its inception I have been a constant and interested reader of the Dalhousie Gazette. In my undergraduate days things were vastly different from what they are in these latter times. There were then no stately buildings such as have arisen on the Studley estate; no magnificent laboratories; no college paper, and, what is more to the point of my story, no science such as psychology, studied or taught. I am writing this article, however, not to contrast the present with the past and not to bewail our disadvantages in those days but, rather, to let the students of psychology know of a remarkable experience that I had in my graduating year—an experience that I have always held had its import and was a presage of some all-important event in the history of Dalhousie. My friends as well as one of the professors to whom I told my story laughed it to scorn. The ridicule of any one, however, was pardonable, for at that time the S. P. R. was not yet born and psychology was a thing unknown.

I can still distinctly remember the day and the hour in which I had my unique experience. It was on a Friday night: I had been granted my degree only a few hours before. As I sat before a cheerful grate fire in my room, planning my future course, I suddenly lost consciousness of all about me and I had a wonderful vision or rather a series of visions. First I saw a number of young men, presumably students, seated in a room with strange lights hanging from the ceiling. They were engaged in a very animated discussion. One student after another arose to speak and as far as I could judge they were quite indignant about something. Neither in this nor in those visions that followed was I able to see the men's faces. The first vision lasted but a short time. It was quickly followed by another—a weird one. The company were engaged in digging into what looked like a grave. To one side there was laid a number of beautiful wreaths of flowers that were not as yet withered. This scene suddenly changed and once more I beheld the room of my first vision, with its strange lights. On two chairs was placed a coffin with its lid open; on a table was laid a dead body and one of the students was pointing to finger-prints on its throat—marks that were clearly distinguishable. The next scene was in the same room. Each of the company of students with one hand on the dead body and the other raised towards heaven repeated an oath somewhat as follows: "I hereby solemnly swear to avenge the murder of our beloved friend and brother who was foully strangled to death and secretly buried by Mr. C. A. P. and Mr. C. F. McL. So help me God! In the last vision there appeared before me the same band of students burying the body in its old resting-place. One of the men was reading the burial service and as the vision faded away he lifted his head and I got a distinct view of his face. To this day I can clearly picture it in my mind.

This remarkable experience I told at the time to some of my friends and even to one professor—one long since deceased—but they all received my story with a laugh and I could not persuade them that it was a real experience that I had had. I had

almost entirely forgotten about it when Marie Corelli's "Romance of Two Worlds" recalled it vividly to my mind. Her wonderful experience I am convinced was real in many respects, indeed, it was quite analogous to mine. Since that time I have been a very interested student of psychology and of the researches of the S. P. R. and I had become more and more convinced that my experience was not merely an hallucination but a clairvoyant flash or an uprush of the subliminal consciousness that enabled me to peer into the future. This conclusion was based not merely on my reading. When I saw the first electric blub years ago, I recognized it immediately as the strange light I had seen in the room where the students were gathered.

So firmly convinced had I become of the reality of my experience that I was not very greatly surprised, two months ago, on dropping into a church in a town in New Brunswick, to find in the preacher the very person whose face I had seen as the last vision had faded away. The likeness was unmistakable; a person rather slim and above the average height. There was the same black hair parted on the side and the body, just as I had seen it in the vision, bent forward a little, from the hips. He was wearing the same grey suit. I found on enquiry that he was still a student at Halifax and to indulge my curiosity and to clear up the mystery if possible I followed him thither. What was my amazement to discover that my remarkable visions have all been enacted. I have discovered who Mr. C. A. P. and Mr. C. F. McL. are; I have found that they had been charged with the strangulation and secret burial of an old acquaintance of former years who took particular interest in training up "freshmen" in the way they should go. I have learned that my preacher friend was the leader of a party of insurgents who exhumed the body, discovered the murderers and swore solemnly to have their revenge upon them.

There may be still some students who will read this article and be not convinced of the reality of the author's experience. To such incredulous ones I can only recommend a careful study of psychology and a perusal of the publications of the Society for Psychological Research for experiences that are much more startling than mine. And let them always remember that there is, as Shakespeare says "More things than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

THE "KNOCKER"

AT the beginning of the college term perhaps a friendly word of admonition to a certain class of undesirables would not be out of place. Every year, sometimes at the beginning, sometimes later, a coterie of students arises which delights in spending all its time in criticising everything and anything, irrespective of whether the criticism is deserved or not, and not always done with the best intentions. "Nil admirari" is their motto.

Dalhousie like other universities is this year particularly needful of the greatest assistance that she can possibly get. The war has taken some of the best men from us and weakened the college generally. This is the hour when she needs every help-

ing hand, when all should assist to bear the burden of carrying on the college activities, and making this term the success that the others have been. "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." Students, your party is Dalhousie, it is for you to aid her.

There is no objection to criticism properly used. The true meaning of the word is to examine and pass judgment on the merits and demerits of the thing under inspection. Do this if you will but do not exaggerate the faults and minimize the good points. And, moreover, find fault with an eye to improvement; any one can tear a house down, but few can build as good a building, or improve on the original.

The "knocker" is perhaps the most unbearable and despicable creature with whom we come in contact at college. He it is who picks everything to pieces, who finds or pretends to find flaws in every college society, but has not sufficient brains or energy to make one useful suggestion. The officers of our societies will do their best to make them a success, of that we may feel sure, but do not make their work more difficult by adverse criticism. Do not destroy—but rather suggest, help and improve.

Whether Kipling had the "knocker" in mind when he wrote his "Little Folk" or not is difficult to say, but he could not be described more aptly.

"We are the Little Folk—we,
Too little to love or to hate,
Leave us alone and you'll see
How we can drag down the great!
We are the worm in the wood!
We are the rot at the root!
We are the germ in the blood!
We are the thorn in the foot!"

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BLUE RIDGE, JULY 1915

FOLLOWING the Summer conferences at Lake Geneva, at Estes Park, and at Northfield, there was held, in the Association at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, a training school, where about eighty student secretaries from the United States and from Canada met to discuss the college problems of these countries and to fit themselves for the duties of their growingly complex task. It was the privilege of Dalhousie, a university in Nova Scotia, to be represented. There can be little doubt, therefore, that Dalhousie men must feel an interest in what went on at that gathering.

It is the purpose of the present article, not only to make known what the Conference at Blue Ridge aimed at and accomplished, but also to state briefly the reasons why such a gathering, drawing men at considerable expense in time and money from all points of North America, should take place at all. The last will be attempted first.

The justification of such a conference is found in the fact that with the rapid and wide expansion of the student movement, the work of general secretary has become quite complex. If the Student Y. M. C. A. is to be a real live force in a university, the secretary must be more or less of a specialist along his line. The Conference at Blue Ridge is a training school wherein general secretaries are prepared for the problems that meet them in their work and where they are brought into touch with the very best methods of effectively carrying on that work. A second reason for such a conference is that in the growing complexity of a College Y. M. C. A.'s activity the student secretary has tended to become a mere machine intent only upon getting through a certain routine. To counteract this tendency and to ensure for him a greater inspiration to the work, it is necessary that for a short period he enjoy in some such gathering the fellowship of men of like purpose.

The spot selected for this Conference lies among the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina. Its sessions followed immediately upon the more general conference at Northfield.

On the evening of Sunday, July 4th, the Conference closed and quiet settled down over Northfield. Shortly after eleven o'clock a coach rumbled into the grounds and stopped at "Betsy Moody" cottage. Soon a number of tired men came out and throwing in their luggage, climbed aboard. The coach again started. A stop was made here and there to take on some other weary one, reluctant to leave, and followed to the carriage by men into whose lives his own life had become woven. After the last stop, at Guild Hall, the fares were collected in the darkness, and the coach rattled its way from the peace of Northfield.

A sleeper was drawn up at the station and the allotment of berths began at once. Some early arrivals were already wrapped in slumber, others were preparing, and the rest were not very particular what space would be given them so long as it would be given them soon. A journey, in sleep, is uneventful, so without any continuous

consciousness of change the party opened their eyes to find themselves aboard a train sliding swiftly towards New York.

The near approach to this great city caused some uneasy stirrings within at least one passenger, who inwardly congratulated himself that he was travelling with friends who were not strangers to New York. He need not have worried, however, for in New York he had no great adventure. He saw some very high buildings, walked alone on Broadway, and heard a suffragette harangue a street crowd. Rain prevented any extensive exploration, and made more welcome the departure of the south bound train.

It was a congenial crowd that purchased tickets for Blue Ridge that afternoon. There were George Irving, Dave Porter, Francis Miller, and other kindred spirits. When a man found his money short he became a borrower and many of the others became lenders. Thus the journey to the land of "the po' white trash"—the land of cotton and of corn was begun.

The writer will not attempt, for obvious reasons, to describe the unique scenery through which the train bore him. That would require the pen of an artist and a poet. He can only say that what has been written about the Blue Ridge Mountains has but half told the story of their beauty and grandeur.

From the stopping place at Black Mountain, was plainly visible, half way up a leafy slope, the Blue Ridge Association's building in its isolated whiteness. Over a winding road, hard, white, and smooth, the new arrivals were hurried, catching, as they went, hasty glimpses of mountain rhododendron with its large white and pink flowers. Soon the car rounded an abrupt curve, and Blue Ridge had been reached.

The spacious piazza was crowded with earlier arrivals who greeted the newcomers in the spontaneous Southern way. Friends greeted friends, and there were few strangers. The small Canadian delegation consisting of E. H. Clarke, J. E. Dayton, and C. Guy MacKenzie were, perhaps at first, among these. Mr. Dayton, however, had arrived sooner and was already quite at home.

It was not for a holiday excursion that some eighty student secretaries from the United States and from Canada had gathered at this point for several weeks' fellowship. It is true that for some it was the only holiday, and many such had brought their families to enjoy with them the mountain atmosphere. But primarily these men had come together to prepare themselves more adequately to meet the demands of an increasingly complex calling. Courses on the Psychology of Religion; on Religion and Philosophy; on Christian Apologetic; and on the philosophy of Hegel were given. The smallness of the groups made it possible to touch the personalities of such men as Dean Boswick from Oberlin, and of Dr. Elliot from Winnipeg.

Moreover, each evening the secretaries met for a frank discussion of American college problems. There was no talking for effect, but an attempt was made to put in common terms the problems of the colleges and the ways to meet them. One noteworthy aspect of these meetings needs particular mention. It was quite

generous the way those big friendly fellows from all parts of the United States appreciated the feelings of their brothers in Canada. Not an evening passed without delicate reference to the sacrifice of the Canadian student; to the need of such sacrifice by American students, and without earnest prayer for Canadian college men. At times like these were felt those ties that bind college men together, be their race what it may, and their differences legion.

But it is not to be supposed that the days passed without sport of any kind. Immediately after dinner one could see white trousered men make their way to the tennis courts; others in baseball togs to the diamond; and still others to the mountain trails. Later one could look from a window and see twenty or thirty disporting themselves in a spacious swimming pool. This same pool more than once received into its depths a secretary who had been indiscreet enough to announce his early plunge into matrimony.

There was one trysting place where all roads met—the spring that bubbled from the mountain side. About half an hour before retiring, many strolled involuntarily toward this spot. A sign read "Do not pluck flowers near the spring." No flowers were visible, giving evidence that the South is a lawless country. Here, in drinking from the same little tin pint, men from Texas from California, from Virginia, and from Canada were made to feel that they were one in a great work and that, by standing together, that work could best be done.

C. G. M.

THE Annual Junior Walking Party was held on Monday October 25th. With Mrs. Murray MacNeil as chaperone the company set out from Forest Hall shortly after eight o'clock.

"Lead on MacDuff" shouted J. M-t-II and then he stubbed his toe and we are not sure if he continued the quotation or not.

Having traversed many of the highways and by ways of the city we arrived at the Waegwoltic. Here an excellent supper awaited us.

Supper concluded—and included—the president made an announcement of interest to Dalhousians and to members of class 17, in particular. Mr. R. E. G. Roome, the president of the class during its Freshman year has been given a commission in the Imperial Army in recognition of his efficiency.

After a short time spent in social activity the first function of the year for the Junior class was brought to a close, and the company started for home.

Of the subsequent events of the evening it is not for this historian to write.

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TEA IN WAR TIME

J. H. M.

The room is quite the same as usual; The same brilliantly clad women; The same few, uncomfortable men; The same giggling debutantes; The same older women tragically trying to be young; The same unattractive girl who smokes one cigarette in the conservatory under the impression that she is doing something devilish; The same peroxidized, expansive hostess who greets every guest effusively; The same tea which is either too strong or too weak; The same cakes which are clandestinely dropped into the fire place; The same small talk about everyone in the world—the world so far as it comprises this particular circle; All these things are unchanged. Yet, beneath it all there is something strange. The gaiety is forced. There is no real depth to the laughter. The guests move as if in a dream. They are afraid to think. The future holds too many dreadful possibilities. The past is heart-breaking in its immutability. They live only for the present. This woman who is smiling over the mispronunciation of a Russian name has lost one son. She may go home to the news that another has been taken from her; And yet she is here and laughing! Look deep into her eyes! They are mirthless and hold a look of every-dawning terror, of despairing disbelief. When she stops speaking, her face falls into dreary lines. Like all the others in the room, she is old and unspeakably weary. Suddenly the telephone rings. The conversation ceases. Three women lean forward with parted lips. Another gasps as if for breath. Then the hostess sweeps in, her face a trifle whiter. She whispers something to a girl who is gossiping with a naval officer. The young woman turns deathly pale and sways forward. She bites her lip and regains possession of herself. Then she bids the hostess good-bye and walks dazedly down the room. Her eyes also are flooded with despairing hopelessness. The portieres close behind her. "Her husband!" says the hostess softly in answer to the unspoken question.

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THE CLIFFS AT ST. MARTIN'S

J. H. M.

When they were children, they used to run there after school was over, Where the gaunt white grey cliffs defied the waves which tore at their throats, Where the wind blew salt and strong, And one could see the fishing fleet gliding gaily home through the twilight. Sometimes a vessel from foreign lands, storm-tossed and battered Would creep like a weary pilgrim into the sheltering harbour. Sometimes the smoke halo of a liner showed faintly against the horizon. Always there was the wild, fascinating roar of the water, Waging its deathless feud upon the rocks. The boy loved it all. He longed to be away over the silver white caps, Commanding his own ship, Seeking strange sights and strange experiences. He knew no fear, and used to climb far down the cliff, Until the spray lashed into his face, Trying to lure him further. But the little girl was terrified and shrank away from the ocean. She had seen the awful despair in the eyes of the women, As they wandered along the shore after a tempest, She felt that even now it was reaching out to engulf her happiness.

When they grew up they were married, And had their little white-washed cottage, Within sight of the quaint old wharf, Where the fisherman dried their nets, And purple iris grew among the boulders. He owned his fishing smack now, And went forth at early dawn, Before the lamp had been extinguished in the light-house among the pines, Returning at sunset, the deck glittering with the quivering silver scales of his victims. She had almost ceased to be afraid of the sea: For it gave them their livelihood, And God had been too kind to her, To blot out the sun of her life forever. Nevertheless, when the breakers growled at the mouth of the cove, And the foam splashed over the quay upon the cobbles-stones of the village street, She would kneel before her crucifix, And pray that her husband might be spared by the elements. Her prayers were answered. And, after the storm was ended, The new-born sunbeams always fell blithely upon his home-coming sail.

(Continued on page 9)

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SUGGESTION FOR A MOCK PARLIAMENT

WING to the numerous and lengthy articles on Sodales which were published in these columns last spring, it is with some hesitation that the writer offers a suggestion as to a possible program for the months after the Intercollegiate Team is chosen...

The following are some of the advantages;—

An opportunity for speaking is given each night to a greater number than is practicable in an ordinary debate.

All who attend learn something regarding actual parliamentary procedure.

Local allusions enable the undergraduate's sense of humor to add variety to more serious discussion of questions actually before the public to-day...

There are other advantages, as well as some disadvantages. Several Universities in the Maritime Provinces include a Mock Parliament in their lists of annual student activities.

The regular Arts and Science meeting was held on October 29th in Room 51, Science Building, Studley. President MacNutt in the chair.

ARTS AND SCIENCE

The leading feature of this meeting was the debate on the important resolution, "That wearing of gowns should be made compulsory at Dalhousie."

The resolution was supported by Mr. A. G. Melvin, on the grounds that the wearing of gowns was a valuable tradition, a comfortable custom, and a democratic institution.

Mr. R. F. B. Campbell proved to his own satisfaction that the gown was not democratic but inconvenient. Mr. Campbell's speech was the best of the four.

Mr. P. C. Lewis spoke in favor of the resolution. "If the wearing of gowns is not made compulsory, then there will be two parties in the college," he wailed.

Mr. C. C. Walls, in opposing the resolution, contended that the college gown was going out of fashion. Moreover, it was expensive.

After a strong rebuttal by Messrs. Campbell and Melvin, the judges, R. D. McCleave, O. R. Crowell, and F. H. Anderson, brought in a verdict that the affirmative had won.

Mr. Henry Dawson delivered an able critique, which must have cost him much trouble. With the bland smile of a William Bryan, he pointed out the mistakes made by the speakers—no easy task.

The attendance was fairly large. This is as it should be. All the members of Arts and Science should make it their business to attend. Their presence encourages the speakers and officers to greater efforts.

FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 16)

centre brought out some good passing by both back divisions and Boxendale, getting the ball about thirty yards out, broke through, and when stopped, whipped the pig-skin to Stultz who shot across the line for the only try of the half and game.

The second period did not produce the finished football of the first and it was seen from the toot of the whistle that the Wanderers were after a score hot-foot. But there was nothing doing.

For Dal. it is hard to pick any particular stars in the forwards and among the back Boxendale, Fraser, Haslam, Stultz and Campbell were in almost every play while Fluck handled every thing that came his way in true "Geordie" style.

Appleton of the 85th Highlanders, and formerly of Mount A. and New Glasgow hockey fame, handled the whistle in good style.

The teams were evenly matched and the game was anyone's until the last minute of play, when Appleton broke away on a throw in from touch and scored.

Dalhousie seemed to lack scoring ability and lost many opportunities to get across, but this will be overcome by experience.

For the 85th boys Black at full, Appleton, Christie, McIntyre and quarterback—starred. "Stan" Fraser refereed and squelched all arguments.

PERSONALS

"Duke" Seaman, a well known member of the '14 class in law, has joined the colors. Mr. Seaman is attached to the 85th Battalion which is now quartered in Halifax.

Mr. B. W. Russell, B. A., LL. B., lecturer in office practice is now in Kingston, Ont., where he is qualifying for his lieutenancy at the Royal School of Artillery. Mr. Russell has been succeeded by Mr. J. S. Roper, M. A., LL. B.

Lieut. Loy S. Sifton of Moosejaw, who attended law school last session, was in Halifax for a short time en route to England. Lieut. Sifton is attached to the 46th overseas battalion.

An event which will be of interest to Dalhousians generally is the approaching marriage of Mr. Doug. Vair, B. A., LL. B. to Miss Claire Strickland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. S. Strickland of this city.

In behalf of their many Dalhousian friends past and present, the Gazette extends congratulations.

Theatre patrons will this week see the Academy Players in "Geo. M. Cohan's great success the "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a melodramatic farce.

The play centres around a man who, desirous of writing a book, retires to a lonely cabin under the impression that he had the sole key to open its door. To his surprise while engaged in his work he is suddenly interrupted by the possessors of six other keys to the cabin.

FRENCH Miss F. J. Bowes Diplome de Langage et Litterature francaise (Degre, Supérieur) de Paris. Specially designated by Prof. J. M. Lanos, M. Lit., Instructor at Kingston Royal Military College, to teach his "Practical French in the Field."

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

If one is to judge the success of the football teams this fall by the number of games won his conclusion must be adverse to Dalhousie. If, however, in passing judgment he has regard to the spirit that prevades the footballists, he must conclude that this has been a remarkably successful season.

THE GAMES.

On Wednesday afternoon Nov. 3rd the second team lined up against a team from the 63rd Regiment. The score, 9-0 in favour of the 63rd fairly well represents the merits of the two teams.

Throughout the first half the 63rd had much the better of the territory. Brownfield's runs were a feature of his half. Moriarty got away for Dal. on what was practically the only good run of her halves.

The second half was practically a repetition of the first. After a number of dragged out scrimages, West got away and made another touch down for the 63rd. There were no more scores made and the game ended with Dal. playing much better than at its earlier stages.

The teams line up as follows:—

Table with 3 columns: Position, 63rd, Dalhousie. Rows include Full, Halves, Quarters, Forwards.

FIRST TEAM.

Wanderers—10 Dalhousie—4.

On Saturday October 16th, Dal. for the first time in two years met the Wanderers on the latter's grounds. A rather mediocre exhibition of football was given by both teams.

A feature of the game was the kicking of two field goals, the first time this has happened in several years. Dal's four points were made in this way by Don. Campbell.

The line-up was:—

Table with 3 columns: Position, Wanderers, Dalhousie. Rows include Full, Halves, Quarters, Forwards.

Dal—20. H. M. S. Carnarvon—0.

The Tigers celebrated the formal opening of their new playing campus on Thursday, October 28th, by defeating a team from the H. M. S. Carnarvon, 20-0.

Dal. scrim and the continual fumbling and playing off side of the Dal. halves.

H. M. S. Suffolk—5. Dal.—3.

The best exhibition of football this season was the verdict of those who saw the game Wednesday, November 3rd, between teams from the H. M. S. Suffolk and Dalhousie College. The game was played on the College campus.

The first half opened with a punting competition that ended in Dalhousie territory. Here a scrim ensued. The ball came out clear on the Tiger's side and on a pass from Baxendale there followed a good exhibition of short runs and neat passes by Fraser, MacKay and Haslam.

Neither side scored in the second half though both teams worked hard and played good football. This period was marked by clean scrimages, by short snappy runs and neat passes by Dal. halves, and by good punting, dribbling and tackling by both teams.

would have given them several scores. As it was a hard fought game ended 5-3 in favour of the Suffolk.

Line up;—

	<i>Suffolk</i>	<i>Dalhousie</i>
<i>Full:</i>	Belmont,	Porter.
<i>Halves:</i>	Cooke, Luddington, Burberry, Grant,	McGillivray. Haslam. Joe McKay. Don. Campbell.
<i>Quarters:</i>	Hill, Vivian,	Stultz. Fraser, Baxendale.
<i>Forwards:</i>	Venables, Price-Jones, Crowly, Peters, Jones, Todd, Luffman, Jones.	Godfrey. Rattee. Goode. Kirkpatrick. Lyons. O'Brien. Harris.

Dalhousie—5.

Wanderers—0.

Once again the Dalhousie Tigers have come from their lairs and, springing a surprise on the Wanderers, have compéd home with the big end of a five to nought score. A few of us who remembered the old days when the Yellow and Black had a string of wins as long as the cross bar, were mighty glad to be on the job on Saturday, November 13th, and see that old winning "pep" once more show itself and hear again from the old north stand the songs and yells of the winning days.

Dalhousie's victory came as a surprise to many persons, but those who knew the conditions felt that the situation looked bright for a Tiger win and the boys certainly put it across. The first half produced some good football; there was plenty of half line work with snappy passing and the scrim heeled the ball in grand style. The connecting link—the quarters—worked perfectly, and some of the plays brought forth deserved applause from the stands. The writer knows of one man who was exceedingly pleased with the win and one to whom the College and team can be thankful for no small part of the victory; for the genial and capable manager worked hard—even to the extent of losing his morning rest—to produce a winner.

Play started at 3.30 when the Wanderers centre booted the pig-skin into Dal. territory and a number of scrims were held. A punt took the play down over the chalk marks but a free kick awarded to the Wanderers resulted in the play being shifted to centre. Phillips, the Wanderers hefty full-back, rescued the ball from a dribble and exchanged a number of kicks with Fluck, Dal's last line guardian.

Play remained inside the red and black's twenty-five yard line until Phillips relieved the situation. The collegians were not disheartened but drove the ball down the field and the Wanderers' were forced to touch for safety. Creighton, Blois, Monahan and Hunter were doing the biggest part of the work for the city team while Lyons, Fraser, Haslam and Boxendale were driving the "gaff" home. The ball went to centre field and Haslam receiving a pass from Fraser dodged through a broken field for a big gain. From a scrim the Wanderers line was crossed and the kickout was run back by Lyons. A scrim or two at

(Continued on page 14)

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FOOTBALL vs. C. O. T. C.

Judging from the controversy being waged through the columns of the Fredericton Gleaner, between the athletic powers of Mt. Allison and U. N. B., some doubt is maintained by the latter institution as to the genuineness of the motives Mt. A. put forward in defence of her withdrawal from the Inter-collegiate football league. We do not wish to throw any doubt as to the sincerity of our sister institution, yet we cannot help remarking that all the other Maritime Colleges are just as enthusiastically engaged in C. O. T. C. work, as is Mt. A., and yet find time for football, we at Dalhousie are able to participate in both military and football training, by reason of the fact that we hold our practices in the early morning to avoid any conflict with the scheduled hours for C. O. T. C. work.