

THE DAILY MONOPOLY

The Daily Monopoly sits on Maritime Progress and Development, and is dedicated to the service of the people that no champion shall back a good cause and that wrong cannot thrive opposed

For the cause that lacks existence
From the Editor's desistence,
For the suckers in the distance
And anything else that will increase our circulation.

The Daily Monopoly is published daily except the Lord's Day by The Daily Monopoly of 54 Argyle Street, Halifax, Canada. The subscription rate by mail anywhere in the Empire is £1, 5s, 6d per year. United States one tourist extra. Address subscriptions to Circulation Manager, The Daily Monopoly, Halifax. Telephone. Authorized as second class mail. Post Office Dept., Ottawa.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1950

NEVER LET IT BE SAID

We want to be fair. The C.N.R. isn't really so bad, even if it won't buy our Sydney coal. We might as well face it; the stuff isn't very good anyhow. And besides, it's much, much cheaper to curtail operations to the Maritimes, than pay the American exchange rate when there's a good excuse not to.

We don't want it said that R. C. Vaughan is a bad man. He just made a mistake, that's all, and surely we in the Maritimes are willing to walk to Montreal so Mr. Vaughan won't have to admit his error. Then, too, think of the hundreds of nice men he has working for him.

Why, just the other day the Winnipeg Free Press said: "My, these railway men are so faithful" . . . and we think so too. They push their puny little locomotives into the biggest snowdrifts, even though they have got a cold, and their only reward is a little paycheck.

No, we just don't want it said that the C.N.R. is all wrong. We must remember that the coal industry isn't producing as much as it once did, and hasn't found a better way of burning coal in fifty years. That proves they're backward, and why should the C.N.R. and Ottawa help an industry that won't help itself? Now, we ask you . . . why?

WE WOULD

If most of us old folks in the Maritimes had our lives to live over again, we would stay right here, wouldn't we? They why is it that all our young people want to go where they can make more money? They should realize that it's much more fun to eat fish and crab about Ottawa.

Only the other day our Premier proved that Nova Scotia held limitless opportunities by saying "We are prosperous". And if we teach our youngsters to repeat that often enough, why there's no telling how low our living standard can get.

Make no mistake about it . . . we are all in favour of youth taking advantage of its opportunities, but we're sure there are all sorts of them here. And besides, our circulation drops every time someone leaves.

TAKE A STAND

Some people just will not commit themselves. These lily-livered, yellow-bellied, equivocating, non-sensical mugwumps are afraid someone will disagree with them. But we (brave us) are going to take a stand, and stick to it.

We want to say here and now that we believe Nova Scotia has absolutely the best climate of its kind. And just to be consistent we won't change that idea until Ottawa changes the climate.

Let anyone contradict us, we hasten to point to Nova Scotia's hay production. Last year we grew 2,594,436 tons of hay, and that ain't money.

That just goes to show that no matter how much hay we grow, we'll always have less money, because some people insist on keeping horses.

Letter to The Editor

Dear Sir,

This may or may not come as a surprise to you, but one of the most burning issues in Halifax is the state of sandwiches at the Dalhousie Canteen.

It has been discovered that the peanut butter sandwiches outnumber the meat and cheese six to one. This should not be! Is this fair to the vast armies of cows slaving in earnest labour producing meat (and cheese)? No! Let us consider the cows' attitude: they must feel deeply slighted, for we seem to prefer the impersonal peanut to the very personal cheese and meat. This, my friends, is the obvious result of our mechanical age. I feel compelled to raise my voice in protest.

As Omar Khayam (and several lesser philosophers) have remarked "Eat, Drink, and be Merry" . . . how can we do so with nothing but peanut butter sandwiches to sustain us? Though peanut butter may appeal to the bourgeoisie of Dalhousie, the aristocrats know that cheese (or meat) inspires the soul. It is very probably the plebeian Commerce students or Engineers who are responsible for the superfluidity of peanut butter sandwiches; you, as editor of the Monopoly, a publication which has tremendous influence on Halifax

As Foreigners See It

OH, TEMPORA! OH, MONTREAL
Statistics show that the average conventional visitor stays in Toronto 4.5 days. The unconventional go to Montreal and stay.—Ottawa Journal.

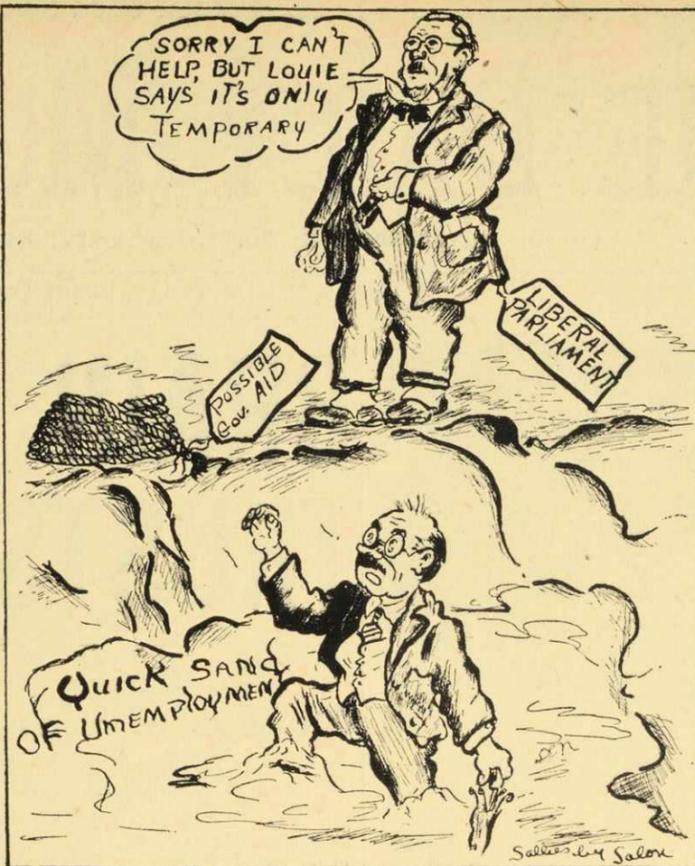
HOLIDAYS FOR 20,000,000
Some 20 million workers in Britain are now getting holidays with pay, a fact which has brought about a revolution in the holiday industry. — U.K. Information Service. The other 14,000,000 voters went Conservative, and too many Labourites were holidaying.

FRACTIONS
A news story says that of 25 Canadian Rhodes scholars at Oxford "half are married". As we do not believe in fractional scholars we conclude that 12 are married, 12 unmarried, and your guess is as good as ours about the last. —Peterborough Saxaminer.

FREE DRINKS
The Principal of McGill University says universities in Canada need \$6,242,000 a year — that is something over \$90 per student per year. — A Halifax Paper. What happens to the rest of our fees?

opinion, must bring about a change.
Hungrily yours,
Dr. H. B. Flatlee.

It depends on where you stand



One Romantic Homicide

By ALICE McSNARL

THE STORY: Morgantorpe Jones-Wayne, an underprivileged young millionaire's only child had fallen madly in love for Gertrude, his father's chauffeur's kitchen maid. She so far has scorned his attentions because of the uncrossable cavern between them socially. One morning Morgy's father woke up dead with a pistol with seven empty cartridges in it lying by his body and a half-empty glass of deadly poison on the dresser by his bed. The doctor tells everyone that the deceased died from a heart attack, but Morgantorpe is suspicious and turns in his moment of need to Gertrude. Gertrude agrees with him that there is suspicion of foul play and they call the police who agree with the doctor that the poor man died of a heart attack. Despairing of help from the authorities they turn to Sam Shovel, a private detective. Shovel decides to attend the funeral and, as the bullet-ridden body is lowered into the grave he hears a groan from the coffin and stops the funeral. The old man is revived but can remember nothing of what has happened. Sam is still suspicious and decides to stick around.

CHAPTER 178

Sam walked nonchalantly into the library and pretended to look at the rare volumes on the book shelves. In reality he was looking for a clue. Any clue would do; he was clueless. Suddenly he heard a noise from behind him and quickly whirled to see the closet door closing. With a flash of genius-like inspiration he realized that someone was in the closet. Hearing a step in the corridor outside he swiftly ran to the door of the closet and turned the key in the lock. No sooner had he resumed his place before the books when Jones-Wayne Sr. entered the room, hobbling along on crutches. Sam whirled around to confront the aged man. "Aha!" he said.

"Aha?" queried the old man in a tremulous quiver.
"Aha!!" repeated Sam in a firm voice.

Knowing when he was beaten the old man limped slowly from the room.

Wiping the perspiration from his brow caused by his narrow escape Sam resumed his search for clues. Putting the irritating rattling and knocking coming from the direction of the locked closet out of his mind Sam turned his attention to a general survey of the room. A cold chill ran down his back and he realized that the window was open.

Crossing over to the open case-ment he looked out and saw a dark blur. It was Ching-Gow-Nin, the alley cat. He was carrying something. "I smell a rat" said Sam to himself. (To be continued)

Edgar I. Guess

I contend one sex is plenty,
And Man made his first mistake
When Adam ate the apple
'Neath the watchful eye of Snake.
What a happy race of men we'd be
You can at once perceive,
If, while Adam munched the apple,
Mr. Snake had eaten Eve.
We had no female troubles
And our chivalry was laggin'
Till St. George took matters over
And went and killed a dragon.
O foolish man! Did'st not perceive
To what thy valor led.
We'd have no worries had the
Dragon killed St. George instead.
This land of ours was undefiled
By common female stock,
Till the good old Pilgrim Fathers
Landed on the Plymouth Rock.
For they brought some women
with them.
O! How trivial all our brothers,
If the good old Plymouth Rock
Had landed on the Pilgrim
Fathers.

Tight Little Campus—

(Continued from page one)

the facts reveal, that the trouble was discovered which led to the legal battle. Officials on both sides immediately saw that the truck was one half on each campus, and there was three hundred cases of White Cow left in the truck NOT OPEN. They drly remarked that the Dul-Rex agreement did not cover the situation. Later, after a prolonged argument their spirits dampened by the difficulty the officials decided to let the Supreme Court decide in whose jurisdiction the cases had fallen.

In summing up their respective positions the consuls for each side pleaded that for the sake of fairness one side should get the booze, and the other side the useless truck and the dead driver, good for lab purposes. Each suggested that his client deserved the booze, just for the record.

George P. Sharpie, V.O. solicitor for Dal, maintained that although the truck had landed on both properties, his clients was entitled to the goods under salvage rules, after all it was the Dull track team which got there first. Further—
(Continued on page three)



Resting Is More Restful When You Add Coca-Cola



Ask for it either way . . . both trade-marks mean the same thing.

COCA COLA LTD. HALIFAX