a Toast to Old New Scotland

We haven't got a Casa Loma here But we can dance, and we have swing bands, too, And though St. Catherine's St. is longer far We have neons just as big and new. I must point out that we too see the sun And Winnipeg can have her prairies free, We want no river floods to make us run!

> So here's to you, Nova Scotia, With your challenge to the sea, Though other's may look down on you You're good enough for me.

Our springtimes come when they're supposed to come. We've never seen a twenty-two below, And they were building towns along our shores Before men thought to brave the inland snows. They say the Rocky Mountains are a treat, That's Ottawa's green valley is a prize, But they should see our beaches and our lakes Or our Fundy's disappearing tides.

> So here's to you, Nova Scotia, With your challenge to the sea, Although the rest abhor you You have blessed humility.

They tell me that their colleges are great That in them lies the culture of the land. If this be so, then why such snobbery, Do they not educate the mind of man? And anyway we have Dalhousie here. And lots of smaller colleges besides. We export more than frozen mackerel-We give you men that you now claim in pride.

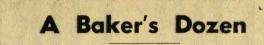
> So here's to you, Nova Scotia, With your challenge to the sea At least you've got a character That's true and rare and free!

ANON.

Foreign Student Publications Different To Those of Canada

The Gazette is beginning to look like a clearing house for student papers from foreign Uni- the Varsity, the student publicaversities. The latest is an issue tion of the University of Cape from the University of Helsinki-Ylioppilas. This paper is unique lished in Afrikaanse and English, in that it is printed in three lan- separate editors being appointed guages, Finnish, Swedish and for each language. The front page English, as Finland is one of the few countries where the majority of people speak two languages, cles in both languages appear Finnish and Swedish. English is added because of the distribution of the paper to outside centres. The paper has a much wider viewpoint and an interest in news of more national and international importance than Canadian student note worthy of comment appears papers show. On the front page in a letter to the editor in which is an article commenting on the the writer lets forth a blast duty of all students to be "cham- against an organization which did pions in the work for peace by not send a delegate to a conferpromoting international under- ence at Durban. O shades of standing and by bridging the gap Dalhousie! between several opinions." A particularly interesting article appears on the reparations which Finland has been forced to make Russia since the war. An amount equal to 300 million U.S.A. dollars, a huge burden for a country the size of Finland. "At the 1938 rate of exchange the total amount of reparations would correspond roughly to 21/2 times the pre-war annual value of the Finnish harvest!"

Following the same practice is Town, South Africa. It is pubalternates in being printed in Afrikaanse and English and artiside by side on the inside pages. This paper is much more like a Canadian student publication including everything from the Personality Parade of students to the never failing gossip column. One



'By candle light, a prophecy'

then.

we could not forget, or explain. It

was some months later that I came

alone. This was his work of art!

This was our passport for borrowed

time although we did not know it

The years passed. We had gone

our separate ways. Some got mar-

ried; most of us became quite suc-

cessful in life. That October night

Unremembered, until the day I got

unholy night. It told of how in

1937, on the night of October 13th,

Bill died in a car accident; and now

in 1938 Harold had met a violent

death. So two of us had gone.

the autopsy held in 1907 for our

remembered the note. "In 30 years

count 12-". Bill's death was 30

years to the night since that note

He looked at Ralph. His yellow

eyes burned with a latent fear.

panic and fear grew in me daily.

I began to drink. My business col-

what you see me as now. For

eleven years I've existed like this.

was written!

By candle light, a prophecy. antiquated, with stale and smoky to hear the words. "We left colbar-keep. There were four tables lives for a while. It was a thing and on the side, two booths. Three strands of fly-paper hung from the ceiling. In the corner, a box of refuse. At one table a tramp bent over a bowl of soup and in the first booth the old man sat with his In 30 years count 12-the baker's beer, as always, and alone.

Mystery

He's kept his promise, Ralph thought as he went over and sat down. The man smiled thinly under a battered hat. His eyes shone dimly from their hollow sacs. His

teeth were yellow and a nervous twitch played havoc with his twisted face.

"I said I'd tell you all you want was forgotten and the note I had to know", he said abruptly. "It kept was lost and forgotten too. doesn't matter now."

Ralph felt a surge of pity he a letter from one of our old Socould not explain. The man began. ciety. It recalled too vividly that "In 1907 I was at College. It was my final year and my future was bright and clear. My friends and I had our own club, a society of liberal arts. It was exclusive and we were the select on the campus, Both on October 13th in successive the envy of all who did not get years. The letter also told about our favour. There were twelve of us in it and our Society's creed was initiate's death. It appears he died a sequel to Wilde's 'Art for Art's of fear! Just plain fear. Then I Sake' movement. But my story is not about the Society."

He looked at Ralph with a challenge in his faded eyes and added: "It deals with ghosts". He went

"I remember how the old mill looked that night when we brought our initiate out. It was dilapidated and built like a mad man's dream lapsed. I left my family. I became -a dark mass of chaotic timber lying lifeless in the October mist. It was October 13th. There was a moon. They said the house was haunted and so our young aspirant was told. We laughed and said he must pass the test. Go on in, we told him, and stay one hour. He was to write a poem in keeping with the atmosphere. If we liked it we would take him in the Society.

"We waited for an hour and a half. Not a sound came out of the house-and no sign of our friend. Curiously the twelve of us went down the path and into the silent rooms. At the far end of a large bare room we saw him. He was at the end of a massive table. There were cob webs, broken furniture. A candle was on the table burning fore him. He didn't look up, he didn't answer our call, he only sat over the piece of paper he'd been writing on. I was the first to reach I said, let's go'. But there was no

Anonymous | Eleven years of waiting. They're all gone now-each year on October 13th they died. And now I alone am left He gave a hollow laugh. This is

my year of grace!"

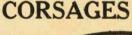
He got up trembling, shuffled "We disbanded the Society," he across the cafe to the door and It was a filthy place, dimly lit, went on thickly, as Ralph strained swayed out to the street. Night had fallen. Ralph watched him air. There was a bar with a greasy lege and the scandal ruined our through a dirty window as he passed beneath the lamp light, turned and waved feebly, and was gone.

Later that night Ralph suddenly upon the paper I had taken from realized with a shock that this was the table that night. It was sensethe night of October 13th. The less, like the whole affair. It said: next morning's papers told how an unidentified tramp and been found dozen gives an extra year for you in a gutter of the slums around midnight, alone and dead.

Universities of Canada

(Continued from page two)

High Schools, who feel that they cannot themselves risk the penalties of speaking out publicly. But someone must speak out, unless the cause is to be completely lost, and I have enough faith in Canadians to feel sure that, as a people, they are not willingly acquiescent in this educational decline. The reticent are just now a chief dependence of the enemy. Did not St. Paul anticipate many a modern situation when he wrote of the special perils to be apprehended from "the fearful"?



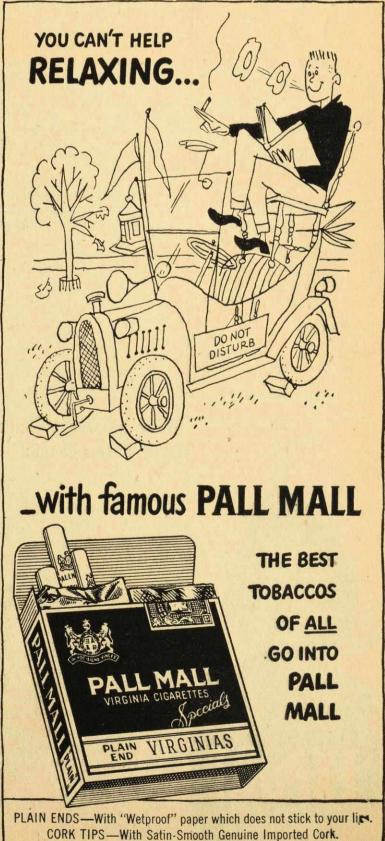


"There's little left to tell. The 426 BARRINGTON ST. - Halifax A "Colonial" Corsage designed of ROSEDALE speaks eloquent vol-"Colonial" Corsage designed by

umes of tenderness and love. Only flowers can express your

proper sentiments.

low and a piece of paper was behim. I took the paper. 'Come on,



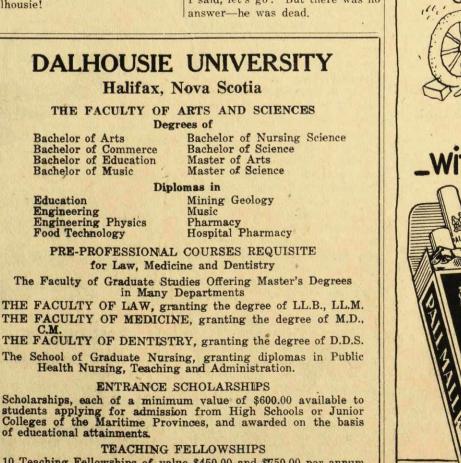
The ads in this paper are even more remarkable being printed not only in English, Finnish and Swedish but German as well.



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