

THE HALIFAX WAIL

Seventy Years In The Wrong Party

The Halifax Wail stands forever in the same spot with the rest of the Maritimes, and is dedicated to the service of Halifax, and any other silly cause that lacks a champion.

For the cause that lacks assistance,
From the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the drinks we get for free.

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This Is Ridiculous

An announcement of particular interest to Halifax as a maritime city on the side of a hill has been made by the Dominion Public Weather Office. It is that Winter may be expected shortly.

With the coming of Winter, we may expect snow, and of course, ice. There is always ice in Halifax in Winter.

The expected arrival of icy conditions in this city brings into national prominence one more the hotly-contested issue of the city's inability to properly sand Sackville Street.

Let there be no misunderstanding — this newspaper's crusade to have fine sand liberally sprinkled on Sackville Street has nothing to do with injuries suffered by this writer seventy years ago when he slipped on the icy cobblestones.

It is a matter of national importance, and should be considered as such.

Today, many of the real important issues are obscured by newspaper and radio reports of disturbances in far-off lands which are of little significance to us in Nova Scotia.

It is time those in power in this city realized that the elderly, conservative people of Halifax will not stand on icy pavement. It is time the work's department bought some sand.

And it is time we congratulated the Weather Bureau for their timely warning.

And So Is This

Another one of these troublesome situations is about to rise in the city. With the advent of the new trolley coach system, we are to be faced with the problem of old men, with forty and sometimes fifty years tram car service, driving coaches.

It is apparent now that some of these people have great difficulty keeping out of accidents when the vehicles they operate are capable only of travelling along a narrow track.

What, then, we may well ask, will be the result when these same men are turned loose in city streets in large, speedy vehicles capable of travelling all over the road?

The lives of pedestrians, already precarious, will be in imminent peril at all times. Some of these men, accustomed to racing along the middle of the street, clanging bells and swearing, will become dangerous additions to the heavy traffic of our crowded streets.

It has been excellently suggested that the army overcame this danger by providing governors on the motors of the army vehicles which prevented their travelling at too great a rate of speed.

Why could the trolley coaches not be governed, so that they could go no faster than the present tram cars? This is the obvious answer to the problem.

And This Is Stupid

This Lord's Day Treaty group has rightly protested the use of Sunday as a day for games. It is a day of sanctity and rest. In this city not only are all dens of iniquity such as beer dens and drug stores closed on Sundays, but so is everything else. Even some churches are closed, in deference to the sanctity of the day.

It should be thoroughly understood by civic authorities that Sunday is a day when everything must be closed. No one has ever tried to do anything on Sunday here. Why should they start now? That is the question, and the answer is that what was good enough when there was nothing to open is good enough now when there is.

Leave Us Secede



Points By Pots

WHAT'S NOT IN THE NEWS ... AND SHOULDN'T BE

By Runner-Up

All sorts of things are not in the news these days — and they shouldn't be, for a number of reasons. Only the other day a friend wrote to me to ask if this were true, that Halifax was now on a par with such unholly cities as Montreal and Toronto, and had liquor dens licensed by the Government.

Yes, unfortunately this is so. But there are worse places than that in Halifax. You should see them.

Halifax is a busy place these days with the Bicentennial celebrations coming up next year. Rumour has it that as a special concession to tourists there will be special stands where they can obtain drinks on showing their passports. Last year local people drank everything reserved for tourists, while everyone knows that they are not supposed to be drinking at all.

Speaking of old fossils, the other day Dr. O. Swineheim ran in from Digby where he has been excavating for evidence of ancient remains. What these remains are

no one knows, but the Dr. himself expected to find Mesozoic crustaceans. What he did find he wanted to keep dark, but we wormed it out of him.

Long ago and far away a galleon had dropped a case of the best which the Doctor and his assistants unearthed near the Digby Firs Roadhouse. On making the discovery they had retired from civilization to investigate further. Unfortunately no evidence is left, it all having leaked out somewhere.

Latest favourite recipe around Halifax is baked juror's fingers; everybody is after this nice new dish since the verdict in the trial was made public. There was some talk of pickling their brains until it was found that they hadn't any.

One housewife has tried the recipe for fish and brews contained on these pages. Unfortunately we left out the part about lace heavily with pusser rum, and she found it heavy going. Emerging from the hospital she was heard to say "Do not trust the Wail." This is quite unnecessary.

Halifax Down The Years

SHIVIC IMPROVEMENT LEAGUE COMMENTS ON BEER SITUATION

by Seldom

Taverns are nothing new to Halifax, some people to the contrary. In 1749 Halifax began when a hooch shop was set up, which brought all the Indians down this way. When the white settlers heard of such a good thing, they put the Indians in reservations and came here themselves, and put up churches to mark their claim — a habit these settlers had.

In the early eighteen hundreds these churches caught up with the settlers, who by this time were making quite a thing of taverns, and closed them all up.

The Speak Era

And thus Halifax became known as the city of Speakeasies, as private establishments were set up to

combat the growing scarcity of beer and similar commodities. The speaks, as they were known, later moved to Cape Breton and New York when the Province caught up with the rest of the area and introduced by Act of Parliament legal beer. The bill which brought it in was entitled "Let the Government Make the Profits" — which, by God, it did, driving up the price something horrible.

But it must not be assumed that the prohibition era was bad for all: many of our now prominent citizens and pillars of society and church made great hay while the pure sun of prohibition shone. Their descendants have lived to bless the wisdom of those who kept out beer for a while.

Russia Foiled

by Dr. Blurbie Stewpot

Having followed with great interest the progress made by the Conservative Party at the Convention it is with heartfelt relief that we hear that the Leader of the Party, Hon. John Heather, confided to a few friends that his party would oppose Russia.

It matters not that the Party has nothing else on its platform; the signal issue today is the opposition of Communism. If it is not stopped today, for all we know the beer parlours may become liquor taverns before we know it.

Maritime Rights are indissolubly bound up with the retention of free enterprise, and with the Conservatives in power Nova Scotia may always be sure that Communism will step no further than the borders of the Curzon line.

The Party has been blamed by some for its lack of a comprehensive plan for moving Upper Canadian Industry to the Maritimes, which might mean revival here. This does not matter: once the Communists are in their place, the freight rates will cease to be a source of confusion, and margarine will be settled by the Supreme Court.

Wed., Thurs.
"The Virginian"
"Song of the Thin Man"
Fri., Sat.
"Waterfront at Mid-night"
"Fiesta"

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