

**Acadia President**

**Installed Today**

The inauguration of Dr. Watson Kirkconnell as President of Acadia University will be held in University Hall, Wolfville, on October 22. At that time honorary degrees will be conferred on five outstanding natives of Nova Scotia including the President of Dalhousie University.

The five to be honored are: Dr. Alexander E. Kerr, Miss Charlotte Whitton, C. B. E., Professor A. S. P. Woodhouse, Professor Muriel V. Roscoe, and the Dominion astronomer, Dr. Carlyle S. Beals.

Dr. Alexander E. Kerr, President of Dalhousie University who will receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity, has had a distinguished career, first as a minister of the Presbyterian and United Churches, then as principal of Pine Hill Divinity Hall, and finally as President of Dalhousie.

The degree of Doctor of Common Laws, honoris causa, will be conferred on Miss Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa, for many years executive director of the Canadian Welfare Council, and at one time Canada's delegate to the League of Nations Committee on Social Work.

Professor A. S. P. Woodhouse, head of the department of English in the University of Toronto, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and former chairman to the Humanities Research Council of Canada, is to be made an honorary Doctor of Literature.

A graduate and a former faculty member of Acadia, and now chairman of the department of botany at McGill University and warden of Royal Victoria College, Professor Muriel V. Roscoe, will receive the degree of Doctor of Science.

The Dominion Astronomer, Dr. Carlyle S. Beals, a graduate of Acadia, Toronto, and London, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and of the Royal Astronomical Society, will also receive an honorary Doctor of Science degree.

**Slumming with Spicer**

On yo' mark men - get set - an' thar's the startin' gun - The Sadie Hawkins race is on! Well - perhaps we are a bit early, but just the same the Sadie Hawkins dance is this Friday night. If previous performances are any indications - it will be one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. Come on gals, nab yo' men an' drag 'em up to Memorial Hall on Friday evening! Kickapoo joy juice.

The UNB Veterans Ball has set a standard in the way of a formal evening which should prove extremely hard to surpass. The praises of the function have been loudly sung all over the campus and the city. The idea of a place to park your aching bones between dances, and sometimes during, is more than appealing - it's wonderful.

And while we are handing out bouquets - there is a large size one due the freshettes for their luncheon on Saturday. Halloween was the theme for the decorations, which were carried out most effectively. As a matter of interest girls, is it in order to enquire if you did all the cooking yourselves? If you did, then, men beware! It's perfectly obvious that you have definite ideas on the best way to reach a man's heart. Special thanks are also due Shirley Staples for getting things organized. She did an excellent job.

After the luncheon, the guest faculty members having departed - Miss Walters conducted a short Ladies

(Continued on page seven)

**The Fat Man**

(Continued from Page 5)

business and probably die of a broken heart. Too bad, too bad." He shook his head deprecatingly.

The fat man looked murderous, but said nothing.

"Well, I said I would give you warning and I have. I already have five hundred of my men working for you in various jobs over the Maritimes -"

"You have! Good God! Me employing your dirty ..... I'll throw every one of them out on their ear! I'll -"

"Tut tut, now, now, my good man! How can you, pray, when you don't know who they are? They are working for you very well, and in fact you consider some of them your best men, and so they are, except that they send me detailed reports of your methods and activities." He yawned, delicately covering his mouth with a well cared for hand. "Your methods seem to be standard business practice at that, with very little crookedness. Which makes it easier than we had thought." He ground out his cigarette in the other's ashtray. "Law of the jungle, you know. You put many small men out of business in your time. Now it is your turn. Weakness goes to the wall, you know. Who knows, someday it will be our turn - God forbid."

"And how do you propose to do this 'little job' you are thinking of? I am no little man" he sneered, but his pallor belied his bravado.

The intruder eyed the other's bulk coldly. "You certainly are not, but I think it can be managed." The fat man reddened.

"To answer your question. We never go into battle unprepared. We find out all we can about the other's resources and methods, and we never play underhand unless forced. Wrecking trucks and equipment and all the rest, I mean. Unless you play rough, and most do before we are through, we just underbid them and undersell them and generally provide better services and better goods at less price. Takes money, of course, but we can afford it. It pays in the end." He grew thoughtful and confiding. "I will tell you", he said, bending over towards the fat man who was eyeing him with dislike and fear, "when we finally succeed we usually find that we can provide the consumer and do the contracting jobs for often less than the people we - er - displaced .....". He trailed off.

"Look here, my confident friend" - the fat man looked far from confident, though he didn't know it - "why not give in right now. It will be worth your while. It will take us another year to get our data on you and probably five years to - displace - you, and think of all the worry and heartache you will avoid by selling to us now."

The fat man glowered and thought rapidly. He would have thrown them both out of his office at once except for his desire to get as much information as possible. Then check, check, and double check. He smiled inwardly, his confidence returning. He hadn't got as far as he had without being ready to take risks and yet at the same time being as sure of his facts as it was possible to be. There was an incongruity here that he could not quite put his finger on. That lean and hard young man with his soft voice..... Maybe it would come to him after they had gone. Orton's. The bastards.....

"I'll fight."

The intruder laughed, his eyes amused and a little contemptuous.

"I have information that you are going out to supervise personally the job you have going on just a few miles out of town. I have also information that you lost two of your best truck drivers yesterday. Don't look startled - the reports will in very shortly. Yes, I know it is an important job and that the contract deadline is not far off, but don't worry. Seeing as the job is so near to headquarters I have decided to give you the honor of employing me. My - er - friend and I will take the truck drivers' places tomorrow. I never ask my men to do a job that I wouldn't do myself and I wouldn't trust them with a job like that. I can gain much information being so near to yourself." The fat man struggled to overcome his amazement at his enemy's tactics.

"If you - you - think that I would employ you on one of my trucks, you - you are damn well mistaken....." The intruder laughed again.

"My fat friend, you will, and you know it. You don't believe you can be beaten and yet you are just a little afraid - yes? You want me near so you can keep your eye on me. I, too, worked from the ground up and I can handle a truck better than most - well enough to deal with any tricks of yours, for instance." His eyes turned cold. "You will find that you won't be able to side-swipe me, or crowd me over the side of the road." He rose and sauntered casually to the door. "Come joe." He opened the door, and glanced back at the fat man. "We'll be there in the morning."

A car purred as it drew smoothly away from the curb.

The fat man reached for a telegraph blank, then stopped. "A year" he muttered. He pressed the intercommunicator buzzer.

"Take a letter" he said.

A few blocks away the slight man and the heavy set man entered a room. The girl and the man seated there started up eagerly, the girl taking the slight man's arm.

"Tom! How did you make out?"

The slight man grinned. He lost his tenseness and somehow

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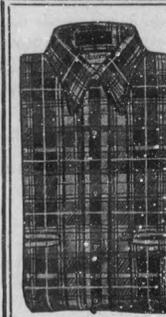
Students wishing to join the Contingent are requested to submit their applications without delay.

Students in their Junior, Sophomore, or Freshman years, within the age limits of 17 and 22 are eligible to join. (Age limits do not apply to veterans.)

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looked younger. "Just great, honey, just great! The scheme worked like a charm! Thought your father would throw us out any minute, but he was a little worried. A little, but enough to listen, and I think the bluff worked - thanks to you George, for lending me your cigarette case. Your initials being the same as Orton's did the trick. He could not help seeing them, and the faked card helped, too."

Eleanor pouted. "I gave you all the information!"

Tom hugged her. "I know, darling. Do you think I am not grateful? We could not have done anything but for you. He won't find out for about a week how we fooled him, and by then he will have calmed down some - I hope."

The heavy-set man spoke for the first time. "That is what I call getting a job the hard way."

Tom sank into a chair, pulling Eleanor on to his knee. "One who can fight for and keep his job on his own merits, eh? I guess we fought for that job, eh Joe? I guess we can keep it too, eh? Work to the top, eh George, you old son of a gun?" He gave Eleanor a squeeze, and she giggled. "I can hear the wedding bells ringing now!"

**Dr. G. Address Scientific**

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