



# Folia Montana

Mount Saint Vincent  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

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### LITERARY.

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EILEEN RYAN, '27.  
EILEEN HALLEY.

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NORAH WHELPLEY, Com., '27.  
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### BUSINESS.

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### ART.

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SAINT ALOYSIUS  
1726 1926

## TO SAINT ALOYSIUS

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Strangers are we, and in strange tongue  
We pray to thee that art so young,  
    So mild, so strong, so pure,  
    So reckless of things of time, so sure  
Of eternal verity:  
O Aloysius, in thy charity  
    Look upon us with friendly eyes!  
    Young are we,—alas! not wise,  
Though fain we'd be  
To travel in thy company  
    With one who long since learned thy way  
    And walks with thee from day to day,  
Client of thine in simple truth,  
Lover and mother of our youth,  
    Who lifting up our eyes to thee  
    Marshals the way to eternity—  
O Aloysius, be our brother  
For she who loves thee is—our Mother!



OUR OUTLOOK

To our Dear  
Mother Mary Louise  
Client of Saint Aloysius  
and like him  
Protector and Lover of our Youth  
The Girls of '27  
Dedicate this Book



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By EILEEN HALLEY.

**T**HE Saturday night recitals have gradually brought to light the startling genius of some highly gifted among us who otherwise would have remained in obscurity, "mute, inglorious . . ." Think of it! Whereas the prima donnas of this group have hitherto opened their throats and exercised their larynxes in the privacy of four dull, unresponsive walls they have now the advantage of an audience. Then there are the elocutionists! There are those too, of the nimble fingers who tread the ivory highway up and down and enchant us with their melodies. Various names will appear on the precious programs saved for these pages; perhaps they will one day be famous . . . Who knows?

**O**NE of the most interesting programs given during the year was that which we enjoyed on October first when Mr. Paul Kollins gave a number of readings to the school. His repertoire included several selections which we shall not easily forget. Most striking perhaps were "The Address of Spartacus to the Gladiators," the Dream Scene from "The Bells," the scene from "The Fool," The Trial of Robert Emmet, and the Chinese scene from "East is West." The interludes in lighter vein proved to us that "A little nonsense now and then" is not out of place even in a serious program. Mr. Kollins' interpretation was very good and his costumes, changed with surprising rapidity, aided the imagination and made the illusion almost complete. So perfectly did he live his part, that it seems to us now that we have had personal acquaintance with the characters he impersonated. It was a delightful treat and we regretted that Mr. Kollins did not return as we expected.

### GREETING TO OUR MOTHER GENERAL.

**O**N October 11th the College and Academy pupils had the pleasure of meeting our new Mother General, Mother Mary Louise. The address was very well delivered by Miss Jean Montague, and the song of greeting rendered by a group of selected voices expressed very well our sentiments towards our honored guest. A bouquet of flowers was presented as a symbol of our love and loyalty. The program consisted of orchestral selections and instrumental pieces, both violin and piano. Miss Hilda Durney and Miss Mary Romans were the soloists of the occasion.

ISABEL GOUTHRO.

ON October 15th Miss Rose Orlando '27 (College) entertained us most charmingly with an illustrated talk on her tour of Europe made last summer. We visited the scenes of The Lady of the Lake, Shakespeare's home, Oxford University, and numerous other places in England, France, and Italy, and it was with regret that we ended our trip in order to make another to the Land of Nod.

ISABEL GOUTHRO.

ONE Friday in October the elocution teacher created a sensation by announcing that she desired the pupils of the vocal expression class to repair to the city the following day to see Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The proclamation was received with a burst of applause. The College girls were to act as chaperones:—everybody breathed a sigh of relief at being placed in such capable hands. Even those who knew they had not the slightest chance of joining the elocution group shared in the excitement and kept up the atmospheric tension. Saturday noon saw a general exodus from the Mount. The return was not less hilarious. It was remarkable how the chauffeur kept his head amid the flying remarks that filled the "bus." Malvolio seems to have won the sympathy of the tender-hearted, but Caesario and the clown received the largest number of compliments.

ON October 23rd a most enjoyable afternoon was spent in the beaming presence of a gentleman who demonstrated what he called a "Panotrope". As an introduction we were given a short explanation of air waves and sound waves, neither of which produced any signs of sea-sickness in the eager audience. Most of the selections were familiar to everybody; but "Home Sweet Home" did not, we are glad to say, result in the usual shower. We enjoyed Miss Marion Tally—and the nursery rhymes! The National Anthem closed an interesting program. Passing remarks gave evidence that the gentleman of the "Panotrope" will not soon be forgotten.

THE Forty Hours' Devotion opened solemnly on October 30th and closed on the Feast of All Saints. It was a time of sweet solemnity and special grace for all. The usual pomp was this year increased by the celebration of the glorious feast of Christ the King. Special preparation was made for the new feast by a triduum given by our Reverend Chaplain, Father O'Reilly and special devotions were inaugurated for the occasion. Nowhere in the world, we think, was this beautiful feast surrounded with more love and tender ceremonies than in our own beautiful chapel at the Mount.

## HALLOWE'EN.

OCTOBER closed with the time honored festival of the Ghosts and Goblins on All Hallows Eve. The Kilmer Club assumed the rôle of hostesses and entertained the school delightfully with an altogether novel and interesting programme. Not to fail in due honor to the patrons of the feast, the Club kept to the tradition of black and yellow decorations, cats, witches, pumpkins, skeletons, and the whole Hallowe'en paraphernalia. It was an enchanted place that we stepped into after five o'clock tea, and we were destined to succumb to the charm of the spot and the hour until Mount bed-time came. While refreshments were served at dainty tables, the Kilmer Club produced a prize performance such as has not yet ceased to excite to hilarity our select circle by the mere remembrance. Before our astonished eyes appeared Fritz Kreisler himself who with his heart subduing (and mirth provoking) execution (?) of his own compositions and withal his ecstatic facial interpretation of the passion of music within him nearly brought down the house. The "House", however, literally appeared in the next number as Miss Marion Tally, and by her charm of voice and manner won hearty applause. Miss Annie Mancini whose aesthetic grace need not cause her to blush beside these celebrities, gave a lively and varied exhibition of the charms of the dance. Whatever grace was in her, it was not the grace of God. Following the fairy-like flittings of this human Titania, Professor Godard Chopin-Porter performed marvels at the piano. The concert ended with a rousing march by Sousa's band which under the direction of their masterly leader produced such flourishes that several neurotic young ladies in the audience complained of a pain in their sides and were seen next day at the Pharmacy door. Suffice it to say, we enjoyed the entertainment and the dance that followed it, and with tears in our eyes, expressed our appreciation to our kind hostesses, the Kilmer Club.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE DRAGON

Coming events fill the bulletin board! From November sixteenth to November twentieth mysterious notices, changed at unknown intervals by some phantom hand set the school guessing. These notices at first contained information as obscure as the Delphic prophecies; but gradually they became less paganish and more intelligible to our understanding, wearied as it is and worn out by the problems of the chemistry laboratory and the mathematical blackboard. They advertised the fact that we should actually be able to drink tea with the heathen Chinees on Saturday evening, November twentieth, from six to eight o'clock. According to directions, to reach the cabaret, it was necessary merely to follow the end of a perfectly ordinary nose.

On November twentieth a great transformation was wrought in the refectory, and the usual hungry multitude flowed in to a delightful Chinese cabaret, which had for its designation "The Sign of the Dragon". Here dainty Geisha Girls and pigtailed gentlemen ushered the guests to their places at small tables, while an oriental orchestra beat time under the glow of numerous Japanese and Chinese lanterns. With true eastern courtesy, your attendant requested of you your ticket and when this hieroglyphic had been presented, offered you the menu. This, though altogether unreadable by our most talented linguists, was not at all unpalatable. The repast over, the more energetic of the company purchased dance tickets; the remainder reclined luxuriously in easy chairs and enjoyed the scenery, or went forth courageously on the dragon hunt. St George was put to shame entirely, for even the youngest of the Crusaders succeeded in bringing in at least three dragons in the course of the evening. The prize was awarded for fifteen dragons, brought in by Mrs. Hinshaw, one of the guests of the evening.

The quaint dance of the Geisha Girls and the antics of four ridiculous Chinamen afforded excellent entertainment. A very effective joss stick drill rendered in total darkness came as a surprise to the uninitiated. Thus a very interesting evening was brought to a close.

The share-holders of "The Sign of the Dragon" are to be commended for the thoroughness of the service, the high quality of their art, the excellence of their entertainment, and above all for the noble inspiration which devoted their energies and their profits to the Students' Mission Crusade.



OUR MISTRESS GENERAL'S FEAST-DAY.

ON the morning of November twenty-seventh we awoke after a prolonged sleep to the realization that a holiday had dawned at last. Our dear Mistress with a true mother's instinct, had provided a royal feast for her children, and we banqueted at noon in true congé fashion. The afternoon was free and the evening brought our entertainment of Sister de Chantal and the faculty. The programme was as follows:

DUET: Valse / / / / / / / / / / / / Arensky.

MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL and MISS KATHLEEN RYALL.

SONG: A Spring Fancy / / / / / / / / / / Densmore.

MISS KATHLEEN PERY.

### Address and Presentation of Spiritual Offering.

MISS CONSTANCE WALSH.

DRAMA: IL POVERELLO.

SCENE 1: The Inn at Assisi.

### The Masquerade.

VIOLIN SOLO: Gypsy Song . . . . . S Coleridge-Taylor Op 20.

MISS KATHLEEN RYALL.

SONG: God's Garden / / / / / / / / / / Lambert.

MISS MARY ROMANS.

SCENE 2: The Hills Above Assisi

The Hermitage.

SERENADE      /    /    /    /    /    /    /    /    Slunicko, Op. 58, No. 1.

ORCHESTRA.

SONGS: A Brown Bird Singing      /      /      /      /      /      /      /      Wood.

A False Prophet / / / / / / / / / / Scott.

MISS ELINOR DE WOLFE.

SCENE 3: Tableau.

## The Departure for the Crusade

VIOLIN SOLO: Dance of the Gnomes . . . . . Eberhardt, Op. 25, No. 1.

MISS HELEN STOKES.

SONG: Ave Maria / / / / / / / / / / / / Gounod.

MISS HILDA DURNEY.

SCENE 4: The Death of Francis.

VIOLIN DUET: Hungary · · · · · Moskowsky, Op. 28, No. 6.

MISS KATHLEEN RYALL and MISS HELEN STOKES.

CHORUS: Magnificat / / / / / / / / / / Adapted.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



The cast was very well selected and the charming little drama of the life history of the fascinating Saint of Assisi was rendered with spirit and feeling. The personages were as follows:

Francis of Assisi	KATHLEEN PERY.
Bernardone, his father	STEPHANIE McISAAC.
Madonna Pica, his mother	NORAH WHELPLEY.
Zita, a light o'love	JEAN MONTAGUE.
Guido, crippled servant to Francis	MARIE ACKERMAN.
Pedro, the Inn-keeper of Assisi	EVELYN CAMPBELL.
An Old Hermit	MARY HOUSE.
Masqueraders, Crusaders, Monks.	

### THANKSGIVING.

NOVEMBER brought Thanksgiving with its joyous home-going. There was a happy week-end and then we came back to work,—many light at heart, but more light of purse. However, time mends all things, and ere long our spirits and our purses had recovered their balance.

On November third Peter Pan paid us a delightful visit. Everybody was glad to see that happy sprite and we spent a happy evening in his company.

On November fifteenth a very interesting review of Pathe Pictures was offered for our entertainment and instruction. The geography students must have especially enjoyed the extensive tour through Europe and back to Land of Evangeline. We saw the prize productions of our own province and the Valley girls swelled with pride at sight of the apple orchards. The tiger hunt quickly drew our attention to another quarter and Mary Harris expressed in an audible whisper her admiration for the tiger's jazz sweater. The loitering elephant, someone hinted, was merely trying to skip notes.



SOME OF OUR NEIGHBORS

### THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

DECEMBER brought winter, exams, and—Christmas! The usual energy was displayed by the Santa Claus agents who after procuring sundry articles, ranging in variety from broom-sticks to tonic bottles and hair-pins, bestowed them on the audience assembled in the music hall on the eve of our departure for the holidays. For the sake of old times the All-Star Company which several years ago produced "The Squeaking Puppet" revived its talents and gave a delightful presentation of that charming little Christmas play. The cast was practically the same, save that in the space of two years the Brownie and the Princess and the King and the Puppet and even the Cat have grown considerably. The tiny Snowflakes, our Junior Department, produced the usual sensation and later formed a charming entourage for the wee Babe of Bethlehem in the exquisite tableau which closed the evening. With rousing cheers and tender feelings, we retired to dream on the great feast so fast approaching, and the holiday joys to come. The cast for the playlet was:

The King	MARIE ACKERMAN.
The Queen	CONSTANCE WALSH.
The Prince	MARGARET LAUDER.
The Puppet	MADLINE DAVIDSON.
The Witch	MARY HACHE.
The Brownie	MILDRED MORSON.
The Goody	MARIE KELLY.
The Poor Girl	HELEN KENNEDY.
The Old Woman	DOROTHY MORSON.
The Cat	KATHLEEN LEARY.
Santa Claus	MARY HOUSE.
Children, Snowflakes, etc.	

### SPIRITUAL RETREAT.

FROM Thursday evening, February fourth to Monday morning the eighth, an unwonted quiet reigned through the halls of M. S. V. Father John Knox, S.J. our retreat master of 1926 had returned to give us the benefit of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. The three days with their four lectures a day, meditation, visits to the Chapel, evening Benediction, and quiet walk, passed very quickly. The whole retreat was made in keeping with the beautiful new feast of the Church, and the stirring talks of the zealous director took for their text the liturgy of the Festival of Christ the King. The most striking exercise of all, and that which we shall probably remember longest, was the Holy Hour which closed the retreat on Sunday evening. The singing was especially beautiful, as we had with us making the retreat, our graduate of 1926, Ena Barberie, whose rich voice, grown mellower in the months she has spent away from us, lifted our hearts to heaven on the wings of song. In this last sermon, Father Knox dwelt especially on the need of strong Catholic men and women to reap the harvest of souls both in the religious state and in the world.

Reaction followed when tongues were let loose once more on Monday morning. This type of reaction has yet to be defined, and its effects on the spiritual atmosphere have never been gauged. What the real effects of the retreat were will only be discovered when Time draws the curtain behind which the Future lies concealed.

## VALENTINES AND MOTHER GOOSE.

ON Monday night, February fourteenth, the Freshman Class gave a Valentine Party in the gym. The home of the dumbbells (spelled with a small "D") and the favorite resort of the athletes, threw off its professional appearance and actually looked charming in its festal dress of gayly coloured streamers, hearts and Cupid fantasies. That mischievous sprite, Love, peered from every corner and shot his arrows in all directions. Female curiosity was aroused by a petite straw-roofed cottage which resembled the House that Jack Built. And sure enough, it was Jack's own house, and out of its door there shot presently a familiar old figure with voluminous dress, high peaked hat and traditional staff. It was Mother Goose herself! and beside her, a true goose, fetched for the occasion from the Academy museum. It appears that Jack's House was built over the famous gym "slide" and Mother Goose had taught her children a flying entrance which was most effective. At the call of the old nursery rhyme, each of the personages of that interesting tale of Jack's House came flying out at the door, and landing right side up breathlessly proclaimed his or her identity. After that all the family of Mother Goose presented themselves; sliding and tumbling down the chute came Mistress Mary, and Little Bo-Peep, and Simple Simon, and Little Jack Horner, and numerous others. Even the Three Blind Mice forgot their terror of female society long enough to run around after the farmer's wife. Finally all her children gathered around Mother Goose and sang a song in her praise. All Mother Goose's old-time games were played with great gusto, and while refreshments were served the entertainment was not slackened. The elimination dance prize was won by Margaret Tobin and Mary Harris. All too soon the disciplinarian pronounced the fatal word "Bed-time" and after a hearty singing of the School Song the guests departed.



## THE MID-YEAR PLAY.

ON February twentieth the Mount celebrated the feast-day of His Grace, our dear Archbishop McCarthy by an entertainment and a banquet given to the clergy of the diocese. The subject chosen for presentation was a dramatization of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. The personages who figured in this excellent production were:

Dante	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	KATHLEEN PERY.
Virgil	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	STEPHANIE MCISAAC.
Beatrice	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	JEAN MONTAGUE.
Francesca da Rimini	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	CONSTANCE WALSH.
Paolo	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARY COMERFORD.
Cleopatra	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	JOSEPHINE BURGESS.
Helen of Troy	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	NORAH WHELPLEY.
Belacqua	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	CASSIE FERGUSON.
Casella	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	HILDA DURNEY.
Sordello	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARY HOUSE.
Matilda	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARIE ACKERMAN.
St. Peter	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	PEARL SUTHERLAND.
St. James	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARY EGAN.
St. John	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	CATHERINE BROWN.
St. Dominic	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARY HOUSE.
St. Francis	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARIE KELLY.
St. Augustine	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARY SULLIVAN.
St. Cecelia	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARGARET D'EON.
St. Agnes	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	RITA HOLLOWAY.
Angel of Purgatory	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARY HACHE.
Angel of Paradise	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MARGERY DUNSWORTH.
Our Blessed Lady	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	·	MADLINE BOROTRA.
Spirits of the Lost, Angels, Virtues, Books of the Scriptures, Spirits of the Blessed, etc.										

The great epic of the next world was represented in five scenes: the first the Wood of Error, where Beatrice calls on Virgil to guide Dante; the second the Inferno, the Circle of the Sensuous; the third, the ante-Purgatorio; the fourth, the Terrestrial Paradise; the fifth, the Heaven of Heavens.

The acting was remarkably good, and color and lighting effects altogether striking. The drama was voted a success by all who saw it, and was repeated for the benefit of the relatives and friends of the pupils on the following Saturday.

## MOTHER GENERAL'S FEAST-DAY.

FEBRUARY twenty-first marked our celebration of Mother General's feast. The day opened propitiously with a genuine long sleep, and the morning was spent for the most part in attendance at a very interesting lecture given by Reverend James Boyle. The subject was "Education" and was of special interest to those who are looking forward to a teaching career. Father Boyle has made a study of statistics in educational matters in Nova Scotia, and was able to give first hand information which was very valuable. Moreover, his fluency and power to hold his audience made the lecture not only instructive but a real pleasure.

"High dinner" was counteracted by tobagganing, and no one suffered any ill effects of a very enjoyable congé.

## YE OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY FAIR.

MARCH came in like a ravenous if not a roaring lion,—for it was Shrove Tuesday, and the prospect of “fasting” was not far away. The College Girls solved the situation by an altogether unexpected “tour de force”. The Academy was invited by poster to a genuine Country Fair, and after a preliminary lunch of “hot dogs” the guests repaired to the hall at six o’clock. There eatables of various sorts were to be found, and prominent among the booths was the candy table. Our hosts and hostesses received in full regalia. The Mayor and his wife presided. Among the celebrities present we might note Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Hopgood, the fascinating florid widow, Mrs. Bright, the town shiek, Mr. Flashy, the village belle, Miss Marigold, the Spinster sisters, the small boy, Jimmy Flatterhead, and others who made the affair a huge success both socially and financially. Various attractions opened our purses. There was the tempting Post-Office where everyone had mail waiting; then there was the Beauty Contest; then there were lotteries, contests and games. The suit-case race was won by Joyce Roop. Mildred Hamilton, our dignified Freshman succeeded in rolling a peanut across the floor with the end of her nose. Marie Ackerman and Hilda Murphy won the dancing contest, and Josephine Burgess won the first beauty prize, with Mary Sullivan as second. The townsfolk themselves entertained us with round and square dances of the ancient type which they executed with surprising agility. Thus, in sports and diversions the evening (as the poet says) fled away. Mardi Gras ended in a burst of laughter and we prepared ourselves for Lent.



## SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

Whisht! to the hall on St. Patrick's night  
To meet the Leprechaun, Ireland's sprite:  
But remember this! he'll ne'er be seen  
Save by those who wear his native green.

'T WAS thus that we were summoned for St. Patrick's revels. The Benson Circle had somehow or other prevailed upon the shy Leprechaun to use his powers, and the hall for the evening was a scene of enchantment. The guests were welcomed by Irish coleens who ushered them to dainty card-tables where the game went on for an hour and a half. When prizes were distributed refreshments were served. Meanwhile our hostesses quietly withdrew and presently reappeared in a dainty little pantomine entitled “The Kerry Dancers”. The personages were as follows:

Old Michael, the blind fiddler	-	-	-	-	-	ROSEMARY FINN,
The Leprechaun	-	-	-	-	-	ANNIE MANTIN.
Sheila	-	-	-	-	-	JOSEPHINE MUNRO.
1st boy	-	-	-	-	-	BLUEBELL CUMBERFORD.
2nd boy	-	-	-	-	-	MARGARET LAUDER.
3rd boy	-	-	-	-	-	HILDA MURPHY.
2nd girl	-	-	-	-	-	ELEANOR COLEMAN.
3rd girl	-	-	-	-	-	IRENE McQUILLAN.
Saint Patrick	-	-	-	-	-	ANNA MACLEAN.
Erin	-	-	-	-	-	MAXINE MULLIN.
America	-	-	-	-	-	ELEANOR MOORE.
Canada	-	-	-	-	-	ROSALIE BELLIVEAU.
Australia	-	-	-	-	-	ISABEL GOUTHRO.
Newfoundland	-	-	-	-	-	MARY HARRIS
Faith	-	-	-	-	-	JOAN TEMPLE.
Prologue and Epilogue	-	-	-	-	-	IRENE McQUILLAN.







## PIANOFORTE RECITAL

BY MARGUERITE MACNEIL.

May 14, 1927.

## PROGRAMME.

Duo: Cortège            /        /        /        /        /        /        /        /        /        Val-de-Paz.

MISS MARGUERITE MACNEIL.

MISS MARY WINDEATT.

Rhapsody     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     Brahms.

Valtz	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Stojowaki.
-------	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	------------

Theme and Variations . . . . . Paderewski.

Violin: Legende     /     /     /     /     /     /     /     /     /     Bohm.

MISS KATHLEEN RYALL.

Valse Brillante     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     Manna Zucca.

Sea Winds     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     Adams.

Moszkowski.

Aspiration      /        /        /        /        /        /        /        /        /

CENTENARY COMMEMORATION.

Sonata Pathétique / / / / / / / / / / / Beethoven.

Dramatic Interpretation—MISS MARY EGAN.

Interpretative dance: { Rondo—MISS JEAN MONTAGUE.  
Minuet—MISS CONSTANCE WELSH.  
MISS JEAN MONTAGUE.

Vocal: Ave Maria / Schubert.

Hark! Hark! the lark     /     /     /     /     /     /     /     /     Schubert.  
Schubert.

MISS HILDA DURNEY.

[illegible]

Rigaudon     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     '     Grieg.

										Chap.
Concert Etude	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	'	<i>MacDowell.</i>

GOD SAVE THE KING.

## THE NEW BUILDING

OLD pupils and friends of the Mount will be glad to know that the new building is now near completion. The following item taken from the *Halifax Herald* gives some interesting information:

"Since May 1926 construction work has been going on steadily at Mount Saint Vincent under the able direction of Rhodes and Currie, Contractors, of Amherst, N. S. and S. P. Dumaresq of Halifax, Architect. Already the new building shows exterior completion; and the winter months will see rapid progress on the interior, so that by the Spring it will be ready for occupation.

This imposing structure of blue-nose brick with granite trimmings will form an additional feature of beauty to the group of fine buildings which together comprise the College and Academy of Mount Saint Vincent and the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity. It follows the general appearance and design of the architectural lines of the rest of the group, with twin towers facing the Northwest. Two broad entrances with granite porticos and stone steps give entrance to the spacious corridor of the first floor. Here are found reception rooms, and administrative offices. The ground floor provides a large refectory for the Community, besides store rooms, etc.

The second floor will contain lecture rooms for the college students, a private chapel, an infirmary, and sleeping apartments. Eight large class-rooms are being equipped, besides a department of Domestic Science, Physics and Chemistry laboratories.

The wing connecting the new building with the college contains thirty private rooms and ten practice rooms for students in the music department. This wing is already occupied and affords greater facilities of ease and comfort to those who enjoy its benefits.

The rest of the new building will be devoted primarily to the use of the Sisters who are being trained for the various works of the Community in the Novitiate of the Sisters of Charity. Accommodation is therefore provided in lecture rooms and sleeping apartments for about two hundred persons.

The new building will supply a long crying need for space which the rapid expansion of the Community requires. At the same time it gives greater facilities to the Academy which will immediately occupy the rooms left vacant by the removal of the various departments to the new building.

## Academic Graduates



STEPHANIE MACISAAC.

SYDNEY, C. B.

TALL, plump, and jolly,—that's Stephanie, "Steve" for short. Though she dwells apart from us and enjoys college privileges, she is still one of us and is very much beloved. Sydney is her home, and she is very loyal to her native town, her college, her class, and her ideals. Her smile is like sunshine and her laugh a tonic for the blues. It was mainly her fault that the Academy lost to the College in our big Basket-ball game. Still, we forgive her, and the weight of all our good wishes goes with her.

JOSEPHINE BURGESS.

BOSTON, MASS.

LIKE Stephanie, Josephine would have graduated from "A" last year had it not been for the "residence" requirements of our Academy. Stately dignified, a perfect lady, "Jo" has won all hearts during her two years at the Mount. "Jo does most near everything," one was heard to remark, sagely, though ungrammatically, after our beloved graduate had acted Cleopatra in the Mid-year Play. Now that she has completed her Sophomore year of College, we hope that she will withstand the attractions of a certain hospital and stay until the College can give her a degree.



## Academic Graduates



EILEEN RYAN.

HALIFAX, N. S.

DID you catch that glint of gold? That's Eileen Honorah, whose Irish wit and Irish smile has helped many a girl over a fit of the blues. She has captained the Freshman Basket-ball team through a brilliant year, and was one of the famous "Glutens" of '26. Through rain and shine Eileen has been one of us for the past four years, and unless she returns for college work we shall miss her very much. Her unselfish ways and ability to see the happy side of life have made her a general favorite.



LUCILLE THERIAULT.

BELLIVEAU'S COVE, N. S.

LUCILLE,—the name is quiet, musical, and gentle, like its owner. This demure little maiden came to the Mount three years ago, and has made steady progress in her studies, so that she is frequently the honor student of the Freshman Class. In sports she is enthusiastic, and in musical circles is known as an artist. We trust that Lucille will return next year to grace the Sophomore Class at M. S. V.



## Academic Graduates



MOLLY CHESLEY.  
KENTVILLE, N. S.

THIS young lady, ordinarily attired in a paint daubed smock is no other than our artist Molly. As ready to dance as talk, to indulge in a game of bridge or of tennis, to write an essay or take part in a debate, she is an all-round girl. Her genuine good sense and happy gift of humor, along with her artist's eye for the ridiculous, have made her three years at the Mount memorable to all who have known her. We trust that Molly will always have a full paint-box, lots of brushes, stacks of paper, and loads of good luck.

JOYCE ROOP, Sec. Sc.  
BEAR RIVER, N. S.

FULL of quips and cranks and wreathed smiles, Joyce has during four years worked steadily up to graduation in Secretarial Science. Quiet and unobtrusive, she has proved that with her sense of humor goes a deep fund of strength of purpose, and a reliability that has developed remarkably during her two years of business course. With these qualities we feel that Joyce must meet with success, whatever the sphere of activity that may claim her energies and talents.



## Commercial Graduates

RUBY BELL  
LAHAVE, N. S.

RUBY was one of the Commercial Graduates of '26 and returned in the autumn to continue her studies in secretarial science. One circumstance stood between her and the academic diploma, and that was the shortness of her term of residence. Ruby has been with us only two years, whereas academic graduation requires three. However, she has done all the work assigned and is going away laden with commercial diplomas and certificates, to say nothing of the good wishes of her friends.



GRACE AMIRAULT.  
PUBNICO, N. S.

GRACE came to us after Christmas last year and was unable on account of her short residence to take her diploma the following June. Now, however she has the advantage of the rest of the class and excels in every part of the Commercial work. Her care-free shrug is familiar to all of us, and she is popular with both pupils and teachers. Her generosity has no limits and that alone will insure happiness for her wherever she goes and whatever her career in life.





MARIE KELLY.  
SHEDIAC, N. B.

MARIE is known as "our star", and she shines not only in the Commercial Room. As a skater, a basket-ball player and an all round good sport, Marie has won popularity in one short year. Her happy disposition and constant good nature, together with her talents and capacity for work, promise a brilliant future for our beloved class-mate. We feel sure that success will be hers.

FRANCES LOCKHART.  
KENTVILLE, N. S.

"SIS" looks to be a quiet lass, but underneath that gentle exterior you will find a spirit bubbling over with joyousness. She seems to wield a magic power over the typewriter and if speed were a crime, she would be always beyond the limit. In our lively Scotch and Irish disputes she can always hold her own with a tenacity that is characteristic. In the gym she is a graceful figure, and is perhaps our prettiest skater. We trust that the world will treat you always as well as it does at present, Sis.



MADGE HARNISH.  
HUBBARDS, N. S.

MADGE was rather boyish looking when she first arrived at M. S. V. last September, but she has since learned that "a woman's crowning glory" is not to be despised, and has let her hair grow to astonishing lengths. Madge's sunny disposition has won her many friends in the school and we are all glad that she intends to return next year to continue her work. She has a brilliant record for commercial work and also shines, we are told, at music! All good wishes to you, Madge in both fields!



MILDRED MACDONALD.  
IONA, C. B.

MILDRED is a true Scotswoman, inasmuch as she possesses all the industry and energy of her race. The results of her work in the Commercial Room mark her as a capable and successful stenographer. Mildred, though quiet and unassuming, is always ready to take her share in any fun at recreation. She is known to be an excellent needlewoman, a reputation rare in these days. Here's good luck to our little Scotch lassie!





BEATRICE BUTLER.

LIVERPOOL, N. S.

BEATRICE is the president of the Commercial Class and has attained a high record in her studies. During the four years of her residence at the Mount she has developed her goodly stock of talents so that she is now an accomplished young lady. She is frequently one of our soloists at concerts and is besides a pianist and organist. With all her musical training, Beatrice turned finally to the Commercial course, but her ambition is not for a business career but for the nursing profession. Next year she proposes to begin her training in an American hospital.

KATHLEEN DORAN.

WINDSOR, N. S.

KADDY" as she is commonly called, is a general favorite and has been ever since she first came to the Mount four years ago. She is a lover of sport, especially of skating and tobogganing. Besides, she is Captain of the Commercial Basket-ball team and an ardent tennis player. As a student she is industrious and persevering. She frequently is found in the sewing room, but whether she goes there to sew is a debatable question. We hope to have "Kaddy" back next year for Secretarial Science.



KATHERINE MACDONALD.

SHEDIAC, N. B.

AT the earnest appeal of Marie Kelly, Katherine came to join her friend in the late fall. In a very short time, however, she had caught up with the class, and is now numbered among its most brilliant members. With her industry and perseverance Katherine joins a lively sense of fun and a keen interest in sport. She is a very formidable opponent on the basket-ball floor and has fought some hard battles for the Commercial team. May her success in a larger field be always as brilliant as her career at M. S. V.!



MARGARET ROMKEY.

BRIDGWATER, N. S.

MARGARET is the only Commercial girl with long hair! In fact she is one of the rare specimens in the school. When she first came among us, even after a year in Provincial B, Margaret was very shy. An attack of the measles it is said, cured her of her quietness, and now she is the gayest of the gay. No one could be dull with Margaret around. She is noted for her generosity and her industry, but even more for her dry wit.







LILLIAN ROMKEY.  
BRIDGWATER, N. S.

LILLIAN came to the Mount last year to take her "B" license and determined to return for a Commercial Course. Alas, for Lillian! Appendicitis took her out of our midst for many weeks. For all that she worked steadily even during her convalescence, and from her invalid chair at home sent constant written work to her teacher at M. S. V. Such grit and perseverance show remarkable signs of success in the business world. We all feel that Lillian will "make good".

NORAH WHELPLEY.  
MONCTON, N. B.

NORAH came to the Mount two years ago and made a name for herself in Senior C as the winner of the prize essay. Her brief acquaintance with typewriting during her first year encouraged her to undertake the full Commercial Course, and she has seen all her hopes realized within the past few months. Armed with certificates, she goes forth to a career. Will it be in the business world? We wonder; for Norah's heart is in her pen, and we share her ambition that she will one day be a writer of fame.



HELEN COPELAND.  
KENTVILLE, N. S.

HELEN is a very quiet girl, and a steady worker. Her industry and patience amid the ups and downs of our miniature commercial life have won her final success. Everybody will be glad to know that Helen intends to continue her work in secretarial science next year. Her friendliness and willingness to help others in difficulties of the Commercial Class who will welcome her return.



MARY DULHANTY.  
BRIDGWATER, N. S.

ASmile? A laugh? That's Mary Dulhanty. Our tall basket-ball centre is a cheerful person and though quiet is popular in the school. Her ambition at present is to seek her fortune in "the States" next year. We should all like to see her return to M. S. V.



CATHERINE BROWN.  
NORTH SYDNEY, C. B.

CATHERINE is one of the liveliest of the Commercial girls, always ready for a dance or a game. She is especially fond of basket-ball and is one of our best players. Gymnasium work and elocution are among her main interests. Whatever she does, Catherine always does with energy, and this applies to her work in the Commercial Room particularly. We hope to see Catherine back next year for further study.

HARRIET HEBB.  
BRIDGWATER, N. S.

HARRIET is noted for her heart. She has lost it dozens of times, but somehow it always strays back to her and is as good and kind as ever. We feel that when she departs from M. S. V. a fair share of her heart will be left behind her. Her good nature and her generosity are well known. Nothing ruffles her even temper, she is always calm and contented. Such qualities are a valuable asset in the business world, and they will serve towards Harriet's success.



## THE COMMERCIAL CLASS OF '27

BY MARIE KELLY '27 (Com.)

THE school term opened on September 8, 1926. The Commercials (old and new), made their way to their Class-room in the First Corridor, and the new-comers gazed with awe and curiosity on the many terrifying instruments therein, typewriters, weird shorthand characters, and the startling announcement on a piece of pasteboard, "I am early, What a pleasure!" Which when reversed is just the contrary, "I am late, What a pity!"

The majority of the Commercials arrived on time, but the month of October witnessed two new arrivals in Katherine MacDonald and Mary Riley. With these two additions the roll call amounted to twenty-five.

The first term of the year was spent in earnest work. The English exam was the first trial, and with the exception of two or three, the marks were very gratifying. After we completed our course in Filing, our teacher took us "in town" to view and study the Filing systems of several large firms. After that came the exam. The thirty word certificate was won by five pupils before the close of this term. The majority of the class sent the Junior O. A. T. test, and all who sent, received certificates from the Gregg Company. The final exam in Bookkeeping was taken by several pupils before Christmas; with the exception of one, all passed with good marks.

The next term—The "Extreme Penalty," did not seem so terribly "Extreme" to the Commercials. Every minute of every day was employed in real and true work. The Theory Test was taken on March 19, at 8 a. m. The participants scarcely dared to breathe until the results were ascertained. These were made known to the public at 10.30 and they were very pleasing. When the Law Course was completed, Mr. Jones, a lawyer gave us a very enjoyable lecture. He covered all our ground, and this helped us wonderfully when the time came for the final test.

It was during this term, that we had a surprise visit from the Vice-President of the Underwood Company. We demonstrated our skill in managing typewriters to advantage, by typing to music with "perfect" rhythm. The Bookkeeping Final Test was taken by the remainder of the pupils, and the results would startle any ordinary person. The sixty word certificate for Shorthand Dictation was won by two pupils on the March Test. A large number received it a short time later. Who will be the first to reach the eighty-mark? The final goal is yet to be achieved in the form of bronze, silver and gold emblems and several certificates in Shorthand and Typewriting from various Companies.

The Commercial Club met every Sunday night, and the annual serial story is being written. The history of this tradition may be traced back to ancient days. The traditional spirit of the Commercials is—Loyalty. If you could look in the heart of every Commercial from time immemorial, I am sure you would find the flame of loyalty to their class, teacher, and school, that never has gone out. They share in one another's joys and sorrows. Our hearts go out in loving remembrance and kindness to our teacher who has set our feet in the right path, the path that leads to happiness and success.

Good Luck to the Future Commercials of M. S. V. from the Commercials of '27!

## MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

MOUNT Saint Vincent College opened in October with a registration of forty-seven students, of whom twenty-three were Freshman; sixteen Sophomores; six Juniors, and two Seniors. Thus quietly came into existence the Mount College, long dreamed of and long prepared for.

The scholastic results of both semesters are entirely gratifying to the staff and the students. Nor have social activities been neglected for studies. Dramatic and literary clubs, debates, sports, and outdoor activities take up spare hours. The College Students live apart from the Academy pupils and enjoy the privileges of their age and standing. They have their own social room and lecture rooms. Beginning with the Sophomore year, all students wear the cap and gown.

The College has kept for its colors the traditional light and dark blue of the Mount. The new seal is very beautiful in its emblematic significance, and bears the motto: Veritas ad Deum ducit.

The first graduate to attain to B. A. degree is Rose Orlando of Bridgetown, N. S. who was graduated from the Academy several years ago, and completed three years in the arts course of Dalhousie University. Her general education was supplemented last summer by a trip to Europe.

Dorothy MacDougall of Port Hood, C. B. is the first College girl to attain to the degree of Bachelor of Secretarial Science. A part of her college work was done at Mount St. Bernard, Antigonish, and she came to the Mount in her Junior year.

Marguerite McNeil and Mary Windeatt, both students for B. M. receive this year their licentiate in music. Marguerite McNeil in a brilliant recital gave evidence not only of her own great talent, but also of the excellent training she has received. She is as yet only in her Junior year.

The College Commencement will take place on June first.

Extension courses are attended every Saturday by a number of young ladies eager to avail themselves of the advantages offered of attaining credits towards College degrees.

In connection with the College a summer school was started last year the scope of which has been enlarged so that it will now benefit a greater number of students. This year courses will be given at Mount St. Vincent College, daily for five weeks, beginning July 14th. The College is fortunate in securing the able services of Rev. Gerald Phelan, Ph. D. (Louvain) professor of Philosophy at St. Michael's College, Toronto University, and of J. D. Logan, Ph.D. at present Head of the Department of English in Marquette University.

## First College Graduates



ROSE ORLANDO, B.A.  
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.  
receives the degree  
Bachelor of Arts  
on June 1, 1926.



DOROTHY MACDOUGALL, B.A.  
PORT HOOD, C. B.  
receives the degree  
Bachelor of Secretarial  
Science  
on June 1, 1926.

## FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW.

(Looking in).

IT is interesting to speculate what other people's lives are like. I sometimes speculate thus and the results are altogether surprising. It is more fascinating for example, to wonder about those above us, than those below us, to watch them in their superior world and to take part (mentally, at least) in their superior occupations. Such superior beings are the College Girls. I wonder what it feels like to be a College Girl?

To sail majestically on and pay no attention to Academy sign-posts, to wear silk stockings in broad daylight, to repair to the social room or to the library or to one's private apartment at any hour of the day:—a dream!

Shakespeare said very wisely, "The apparel oft proclaims the man". 'Tis so, indeed; for the gown doth proclaim the College Girl and marketh her from the crowd of mere Academics. She muncheth biscuits (alas, propriety!) and the crumbs fall beneath the feet of her plebeian neighbors who follow in her wake. She droppeth her silver in the refectory, and nothing said! She partaketh of gouter in the far away gym, out of sight of Academic eyes.

She placeth her cloak about her and departeth for town, where she commenteth on things in general and nothing in particular. She arriveth on the seven-thirty bus!

She expresseth her wish. 'Tis said. 'Tis done. A wave of the Collegiate hand. All obstacles which hinder her convenience in arrangements of a personal nature, are brushed aside.

With idyllic ease she playeth the uke and (conscious ears!) seeth visions, as across the mournful strings she playeth. The bell ringeth. Silence and stillness. She giveth no token and breaketh what no mortal ever dared break before—Silence! 'Tis the Academy bell and nothing more!

The murmur of study passeth from our hall; the murmur of revelry riseth from hers. Ah! To be a College Girl! She attendeth not at the venerable assembly (Notes) clothed with the supreme dignity of Cap and Gown: but with gentle flutter and stately mien, passeth on, up the staircase.

Darkness. Faint light. The moon riseth. The Academy sleepeth, the College retireth late. Forsooth, 'tis nothing! The clock striketh. Still 'tis nothing! She poreth over her book.

Examination cometh. Dark circles too! A frown taketh the place of the smile. The uke vanisheth, the book appeareth. Ah! to be a College Girl? NO—Thank Heaven—I am an Academic!

BLUEBELL CUMBERFORD.

## THE CHAPEL

THE Mount Chapel is one of its greatest attractions, and no wonder. Its finely chiselled altars, its storied windows "casting a dim religious light," its high arched dome and pendant lamps, call forth an exclamation of astonishment from the visitor ushered for the first time within its sacred precincts. Every year has added to its loveliness, and this year is no exception, for during its course the chapel has been enriched by several paintings of rare value. The northeast wall is now covered by two companion pictures, the one of Saint John Berchmans in prayer, the other of the First Holy Communion of Saint Aloysius. The first was presented to Reverend Mother Mary Berchmans on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee, the other was given to Reverend Mother Mary Louise when she was elected to the office of Mother General last August. Both are the gifts of the Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts.

Over the altar of Saint Joseph is a beautiful mural painting of The Espousals of our Lady, while over the Sacred Heart altar is a corresponding masterpiece, The Agony in the Garden. Both are original compositions done by one of the artists of the Community and are striking in their perfection of technique and beauty of coloring.

High in the Sanctuary wall an oak door and ornamented brass railing mark the opening into the Infirmary chapel which is a part of the new house. Here the invalid sisters will hear Mass daily with no inconvenience, and can enjoy the unspeakable benefits of the Holy Sacrifice.

At the end of the chapel on the epistle side space has been found for that favourite of all hearts, Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus. Her beautiful statue is a memorial gift from a friend of the Community, Miss Mary Alice Ward of Boston.

Nor must we forget, in speaking of our heavenly patronesses, to mention the beautiful painting of Saint Cecelia which hangs just over the entrance to the new music wing. The picture is a copy of Gauthier's lovely masterpiece which represents the virgin martyr after she had received the death stroke, lying on the marble floor of her Roman villa. The painting is an inspiration to all who look at it, but most of all to the many little maidens who travel many times a day that musical corridor and pray to their heavenly patroness for some advancement in her lovely virtues and in her heavenly art.

IRENE McQUILLAN.



## LIVING HISTORY.

BY ANNIE RITCHIE.

HISTORY for most of us is a dead subject, and ancient history doubly dead. The fault lies chiefly in lack of appreciation of the reality of the facts and in a want of imagination to make them vivid; that is to say, *living*. Take for example, Xenophon. How little we appreciate the struggles and trials related in the despised little text book of the *Anabasis*. To many of us the *Anabasis* is little more than the title of a book. A few can give a little information and tell us that it means "The March Up Country"; but up what country and why up and not down is still a mystery to many.

"How the Greek force was collected for Cyrus when he undertook his expedition against his brother Artaxerxes; what occurred in his march up the country, how the battle took place, how Cyrus was killed and how the Greeks returned to their camp and went to rest in the belief that they were completely victorious, and that Cyrus was still alive"—in this one sentence the writer gives the whole situation at the beginning of Book II. Suppose a British army were to find itself in the wilds of Siberia without leaders or supplies, far from any help. Imagine the feelings of these soldiers. Such were those of the Greeks when on awakening the morning after the battle of Cunaxa they learned that Cyrus had been killed. Far from home, in the midst of deserts and mountains, and surrounded by hostile tribes, their situation was perilous in the extreme. Yet they had their own leaders to rely on. What was their dismay then, when their officers did not return from the conference to which they had been summoned by the Persian satrap, and the awful truth dawned on them that the Greek generals had been murdered by treachery.

Xenophon tells us his story very simply. Wearied and distressed by the events of the day, he retired to his tent and there at length fell asleep. It was then that he had the dream which he relates so vividly in Book III. "In the midst of a thunder storm a bolt seemed to fall upon his father's house, and the house in consequence became all in a blaze". As is the case in so many instances in history, on this dream hangs the whole course of the events which followed. To Xenophon it meant an inspiration from Heaven. He called together first the officers of Proxenus' division, and then the whole force. He roused them to action and urged them to elect new leaders. He himself is chosen in place of the murdered Proxenus and the Greeks full of enthusiasm, determine to begin the march home.

Then commenced the march of over three months' duration. The events are chronicled with an exactness of detail that could only come from intimate experience. The scenes through which they pass are like a panoramic view of that old region where centuries before the Assyrians had exercised their harsh rule and had driven their chariots over conquered peoples; a desert now, a wilderness dotted here and there with towns or villages of barbarian people, who for the most part are hostile and suspicious. By a strange irony of fate the Greeks, the civilizers of the ancient world, encamp upon the site of an unknown city,—a heap of ruins. It was Nineveh, the great capital of Assyria, that Nineveh in the streets of which Jonas cried, "Forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed"! All the glory of Assyria was centred in that proud capital; yet of its name, Xenophon tells us, no one could give information.

It was a journey terrible from the attacks of hostile tribes and the treachery of false counsellors. Pursued for days and haunted by the presence of Tissaphernes, the Persian satrap, who like a bird of prey followed in their wake and seemed to await their destruction, the little band pressed on. Yet the dangers from man were insignificant compared with the awful perils of the wilderness, hunger, cold and disease. Many of them contracted bulimy, a strange disease of hunger, and exhausted were unable to go on. Others were suffering from frost bites and infected feet and refused to march farther. And through it all, Xenophon, with the skill of a born leader guided the little band nearer and nearer home. The only achievement equal to this or comparable with it is Alexander's march from India, or Napoleon's retreat from Russia.

Step by step they fought their way, and came at last upon a tribe whose governor promised to conduct them to the sea. They accepted the offer, and the fifth day as they climbed the ridges of Mount Theches, a great cry arose from thousands of throats, "The Sea! The Sea"! They had reached the Euxine at last. Xenophon had accomplished his task and by his patience and foresight had brought the Greeks, reduced now to about eight thousand, to the Chersonese.

As we think of these things our Greek course assumes a new interest. We realize that we are reading history and not merely memorizing words and grammar. We enjoy the vividness of the scenes and try to understand the sufferings and the hardships of that memorable band, which so long ago, under their brave leader, made that long and tedious journey through the wilderness. Our own task becomes less tedious and the desert of study becomes fruitful.

## JANUARY.

January!  
Frosty, wary,  
Through star avenues visionary  
Across the heavens clear and airy  
Flits the fancy fain to see  
Signs of summer days to be.  
A little snow, a little ice,  
O King of Storms, will us suffice;  
Your hoary presence chills us through;  
O bitterest of months are you,  
January!

MARGARET TOBIN.

## THE CHRISTMAS THIEF.

BY MARY WINDEATT.

JUDGE Williams, a portly, white-haired gentleman of some sixty years, sat in his well furnished library on the evening before Christmas. The curtains of the apartment were drawn and the rose shaded lamp cast a cheerful glow over the solid mahogany furniture and shone reflected from the leather-bound volumes that lined the walls on every side. A slight movement of the velvet portiere, and the butler entered bearing a well-appointed tea-service. The Judge turned and the light showed up his intellectual profile to advantage.

"Any news? No calls, I hope?"

"No, sir."

"It's a beastly night and I hope there'll be nothing to bring me out in such wet snow. By the way . . ."

"Yes, sir?"

"There is to be some sort of a celebration here to-night,—a Christmas party or some such like?"

"So I believe, sir."

"Hm . . . Yes,—very well. You may go."

Left to himself the Judge endeavored to find pleasure in the repast before him, but his capricious appetite did not find satisfaction in the dainty morsels.

"Oh, oh, this life!" he yawned, stretching himself with difficulty. "And to think," he mused, "that this was once my idea of happiness,—wealth and a home."

Rising, he went over to the casement and pulled the curtain aside abstractedly. Outside the world was a mass of pure white, save where the street made an inky black line under the glimmering of the arc light. Far off the dazzling electric signs of the great metropolis flashed, proclaiming busily their wares to the world. The clock on the City Tower was pointing to six.

"Christmas Eve again!" he muttered to himself. "And twenty years without Ben!"

How long it seemed! He flung himself into his chair and attempted to interest himself in his paper,—but in vain. His wandering thoughts refused to concentrate on the money market, the latest scandal, and the newest fashion; his mind kept turning back to twenty years ago,—to his first wife's death, and then . . .

Twenty years before on Christmas Eve the old stone mansion was a blaze of lights. In the drawing room a wondrous Christmas tree stood resplendent, but upstairs death was knocking at the nursery door. Little Ben, the Judge's only child, and his heart's idol since his mother's death, lay dying. In spite of all that specialists could do, the little life was flickering. Just as the church bells rang out the Christmas tidings, the child's soul fled to a brighter world.

Now it was Christmas again. Presently the bells would ring out once more and all the world would be glad; but he . . . Clearly, there was something missing in his life . . .

Inpatiently he tried to shake himself out of the melancholy mood that was stealing over him.

"Come, come, old boy! Pull yourself together. It's almost time to dress for this affair to-night."

"Phil, dear," said a mellow voice behind him.

"Yes, yes, Marian, I'm coming." With a little difficulty he stood up and turned around.

The second Mrs. Williams was a type of the charming society woman of a fashionable city. Of medium height and with just that gentle dignity that middle age lends to the feminine sex, she was the true embodiment of the woman of the world. In a gown of soft gray with a cluster of violets to give it relief, she presented a charming picture.

The Judge looked at her with admiration in his steel blue eyes:

"Ah, Marian,—when have I ever seen you when you were not lovely?"

"Why, Phil, you old flatterer! But come, dear. We are having a few in to-night, and the Thompsons are waiting for you."

"Yes, yes, my dear," he answered moving off, "I'll be with you in a minute."

How people envied him Marian, he thought as he dressed. A perfect hostess, a woman of poise, possessed of charm, but withal,—lacking something which his soul craved. Had his second marriage been a happy one? He did not know, himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

The orchestra was tuning up behind the mass of evergreen which flowed in streamers from the alcove at the end of the brilliant ball-room. The smell of Christmas was in the air, and holly berries shone from the walls and the chandeliers. Already the guests were beginning to arrive; some old, showing signs of care; others on the threshold of life, fresh debutantes with the glint of youth's joyousness and expectation all aglow.

As the various couples glided out over the polished floor, the Judge watched them silently, a smile upon his lips but bitterness in his heart.

"Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure for all but me," he told himself. "In what after all does true happiness consist?"

This gay, pleasure-mad crowd, with whom his wife associated, had they the right idea? The dancers floated past him as in a dream. At that moment his first wife's face came before him, and he could almost hear her say:

"Oh, Phil, do not pass your life on earth uselessly! Look to the true joys of the heart. Ben and I are watching over you; we are happy, dear."

The vision faded, and the Judge came back to himself with a start. The orchestra was playing a syncopated novelty and as the dancers moved across the floor, he could see Marian among the crowd, smiling, seeing that everything was as it should be.

"Good evening, Judge," a well modulated voice broke in on his reverie. Turning he bowed to the wife of one of the city's millionaires, garbed in ultra-modern fashion.

"Ah, good evening, Mrs. Rogerson," he said in cold tones. "A very joyful gathering is it not?"

"Yes, indeed. I really must congratulate you on your wife. A more perfect hostess I never met."



"Ah, thank you." He bowed in his courtly manner and the lady sensing something of sarcasm in his attitude, moved on.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the library a fire was burning in the grate and the Judge feeling more at home here than in the superficial atmosphere of the ball-room, was glad to come back to its quiet. The brass andirons caught the flickering gleams from the fire and sparkled in its glow. Across the heavy draperies glided grotesque shadows, eerie phantoms of a ghostly world. The Judge sank into his chair and stared moodily at the flames. He could not go on like this . . . Already the melancholy of his life was eating his heart out and he longed for the end. Praised by his contemporaries, envied by many, he was miserable. What could he do? Morphine? . . . opium? . . . No, no, —not yet . . . a little while yet . . .

A noise behind him startled him into attention. Instantly all his senses were alert.

"Do not move or you'll be sorry," said a rough voice in his ear. "How many people in this house?"

Calmly, without a tremor in his voice the Judge answered briefly, "About one hundred, I should say."

A few whispered words followed this announcement and he could make out that there were at least three people in the room. The Judge was not a coward and realizing that for the moment the vigilant watch on him was relaxed, he sprang to his feet.

"Drop that gun," he commanded in that voice which the lawyers of the criminal courts knew so well. "Right about face now," he continued, "and not a word."

Three shadows fell suddenly backwards, and two figures loomed for an instant against the French window before they leaped wildly out into the darkness. The third figure crouched at the Judge's feet. He grasped it firmly with one hand, and with the other pulled the chain of the electric lamp.

It was only a lad; but the Judge's tone was stern.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" he questioned with an impatient shake of the boy's shoulder.

"Me'n the others didn't have nuthin' fur Christmas," he began, "and . . . and . . .

"Yes?" questioned the Judge, "and you thought to get it this way?"

Silence. The boy's face fell lower.

"I'm sorry, sir, but . . . Oh, don't don't send me up the River, please don't! The others made me come! Honest, I never did it before!"

"House-breaking is a criminal offence, my boy. A court of justice would decree you guilty. I'm afraid . . ."

A look of despair came over the whole crouching figure, but the culprit did not raise his head.

"Where do you live?"

"On the East side, sir."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir. I live with my mother and my two sisters. Oh, sir, don't send me up the River! They'll die of shame!"

"A green hand at the business, for sure," thought the Judge. Then, aloud, "Your name?"

"They call me Ben," replied the boy.

It was simply said, but a tremor shot through the Judge's frame. A light dawned in his eyes, and he scanned the boy more closely. He put his hand on the rough tweed cap and pushed the culprit's head back so that the light fell on his face. It was not a bad face, and the big dark eyes shone with fear. Almost involuntarily he reached for the bell, and as he did so, he saw the lad cringe.

"Yes, sir?" Judkins' immobile features betrayed no sign of surprise at the strange visitor.

"Tell Harris to bring around the closed car immediately."

"Yes, sir . . ." There was a question in the butler's attitude which the Judge immediately detected.

"That is all, Judkins."

The servant bowed and retired, pondering within himself the eccentricities of the gentry and their kin.

In less than five minutes the Judge and the young marauder were ensconced in the big machine that rolled silently to the side door.

"I'll drive, thank you, Harris," said the Judge and quietly took the wheel.

Noiselessly the great car swung down the wide avenue, the powerful motor pulsating quietly. Flakes of snow drifted on the night air and a feeling of peace and contentment seemed to prevail over the old Dutch houses set back from the road, solid and comfortable, —strong reminders to the old man of past Christmases and —happiness.

Meanwhile the boy sat motionless and stared out through the windshield at the flying snow. Soon they were in the business section of the city and it was with difficulty that they made their way through the streets crowded with holiday merrymakers. Slowly they proceeded farther up the street and stopped at the entrance to one of the great city churches.

"Come with me, now, and don't you dare try to get away," commanded the Judge.

The boy followed wondering, up the broad steps and into the great nave aglow with hundreds of lights. There were still a few vacant places although it was close to midnight, and the two slipped quietly into a back pew. The Judge looked around. It was years since he had been in a Catholic Church. The last Midnight Mass he had attended was with . . . Again his first wife's face came clearly before him. He bowed his head.

Up to the stroke of twelve the crowd kept pouring in. Then the solemn chant of the Introit began. Something was pulling at the Judge's heartstrings all during the Mass, but when at the end a boy's soprano voice rose in exultant tones to the Cathedral dome in the "Adeste Fideles," something hard in the old man's heart broke. And when the chorus answered in a mighty swell of praise,

"Venite, adoremus in Bethlehem,"

that indefinable something melted away entirely.

When all was over, the Judge still knelt with bowed head. The last worshippers had passed from the church and the boy watched him wonderingly. Far down the aisle the little red light danced in the darkened sanctuary; the lights had been extinguished



one by one, and still the old man remained motionless. At last he arose and beckoned his companion, and together they passed out into the night.

"Merry Christmas, my boy," said the Judge huskily, pressing something into the boy's hand. "Forget about to-night and keep the straight path after this."

The boy looked up in awe at the changed face of the man standing in the light that streamed from the Cathedral vestibule.

"Yes, sir!" he answered simply.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Phil, Phil," sang a voice in his ear as the car glided smoothly homeward, "Be happy with us this Christmas time. We are glad, Ben and I, that you have come back at last."

The Judge leaned back and gazed dreamily across the snowy scene shadowed here and there by a faraway moon, and through his mind there flashed old words: "As a thief in the night . . ."

## SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Poet wert thou? Aye! a voice  
Singing through endless space the choice  
God makes of little simple things;  
A rippling, laughing voice that flings—  
Soaring from throngs of cherubs' wings,—  
Far o'er the fields of Paradise  
The song of an earth-bird at sunrise.

Player wert thou? Aye! a part  
Was thine such as human art  
Ne'er dreamed before;—to lend thy guise  
To Christ,—to give Him lips and eyes,  
Feet to walk the earth, hands to beg a prize;  
Hungry, thy bread to His poor to impart,  
Homeless, to shelter all men in His heart.

Lover wert thou? Aye! a flame  
Caught from the circle round the Name  
Ineffable, where mingling rise  
The vows of patriarchs, prophets' sighs,  
White virgin passion, martyrs' cries;—  
Merged in thee, earth and heaven above  
Mingle and melt,—are one in love.

## RHYME—BUT REASON???

RECENTLY the B's have taken to poetry. It seems that somebody found a wish-bone and passed it round the class. As a result we have the following verses which for obvious reasons remain unsigned:

### MY WISH.

- THE SOLITARY: Mine be a nook below the hill  
Where pine trees tower strong and tall;  
A mossy glen where all is still  
Save the music of the water-fall.
- THE IDLER: Mine be an arm-chair by the grate  
A novel new to ease my mind,  
A box of chocolates for my mate  
Oh, that's the life I'd like to find!
- THE CASTAWAY: Mine be a quiet island place  
Where breaking seas rise high and lonely,  
A rocky island on whose face  
Look down the stars of heaven only.
- THE SLEEPYHEAD: Mine be a clock that stops at night,  
With no alarm to greet my ear,  
Under the blankets, out of sight,  
There shall I dream till noon is near.
- THE PEDESTRIAN: Mine be a road in fair Springtime,  
Bordered by lilac and by rose,  
Where gay young ramblers boldly climb  
The garden wall and sunlight glows.
- THE STUDENT: Mine be some extra study time  
From morning sun till evening moon,  
With no annoying bell to chime,—  
Perchance I should succeed in June!
- THE WOULD-BE POET: Mine be the power to write a verse  
A power to me denied by Fate;  
Yet my poor head is much the worse  
For all the rhyming done of late.



## AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

I SIGHED disconsolately as I strayed into the gloomy old library. I was cross with myself, cross with the weather, bored with everything and everybody in fact. I looked out of the window. It was raining, not heavily, but with a steady weary drizzle that somehow made one sullen and discontented. The drops of water rolled slowly, sadly down the window pane; the wind sighed drearily in the chimney, and altogether it was a day for the blues.

I glanced at the clock. Half past four! Two more hours till dinner! I wandered restlessly around the room, exclaiming angrily as I stumbled over a chair. I sank down on the floor by a bookcase and idly reached for a book. "The Life and Letters of—" I thrust it back. "Greene's History of England"—it dropped heavily from my hand. Listlessly I ran my finger along the backs of the volumes. Here was a book with a cardboard cover. What a funny, yellow old book! Evidently it was a diary or notebook. I turned to the fly-leaf, and saw written in a scrawling boyish hand: "Jack Allison, 1830".

"Why, I murmured, this must be cousin Jack's!"

Then, noticing the date, I laughed out loud. Jack was three months older than myself. Then I tried to think. I dimly remembered hearing about a great uncle who had once owned the house in which I was now living. His name was Jack Allison, too. I opened the book and began to read, and in my amusement at the bad spelling and my perplexity over the occasional code introduced, I forgot all about the blues. Jack Allison at any rate must have been a lively fellow. One entry fascinated me:

"A new boy is living next door. His name is Ted Smith. He's a jolly fellow and I guess we'll be chums. Guess I'll tell him about the secret passage . . ."

"The secret passage"! I thought to myself, "I wonder if it's in this house".

I eagerly resumed my reading and soon came across another entry of interest. "Ted and I painted a skull and cross-bones on the door of our cave in the secret place. When we're really in our own house nobody knows where we are. We aren't ever going to tell anyone where the secret passage is".

"Oh!" thought I, "Isn't that just like boys, the mean things!"

Jumping up, I looked eagerly about me. I walked around the room again and with hands trembling with excitement began tapping on the panels on the walls. But alas! they were uniformly solid. Then I tried the living-room with a similar result; and finally I ran upstairs to my own little room, the only other in the house that I could remember had panels. It was in vain. No secret passage was to be found.

I said nothing to my uncle that night at dinner about the diary or the passage. I wanted to find it all myself, and if I told him about the book he would want to see it. My cousins were coming in a week's time to visit me, and Jack Allison was one I could count on; so I waited as patiently as I could until they finally arrived. That very night I took Jack into my confidence. Of course he was very much excited and spent much of his time examining the house both inside and out. Whenever I could, I joined him

and when the others saw us peering about or whispering together they begged us to tell them the secret; but not a word would we give them and they were left guessing.

One morning, about a week after their arrival, the incorrigible Jack was descending the old-fashioned stair-case in his usual fashion, leaping three steps at a time and swinging by the great post at the end of the balustrade. We were trooping in his rear, laughing and talking all together when suddenly there was a sharp click—Jack had disappeared from view! Five very astonished children we were when, having sufficiently recovered our wits to rush to the bottom of the stairs, we heard Jack's voice sounding very "spooky" and faraway, calling "I've found it! I've found it!" The others stared in amazement. I alone understood.

I approached the foot of the stairs and leaning down to the floor, I called, "Jack! Jack! How can we find the entrance?"

"Look at the post at the foot of the stairs," was the answer.

We all turned and stared at the old balustrade. The lion's head that formed the top of the post was turned three quarters around. Bob went over to it and turned it back to its original position. By working it around again we found that turning it half-way opened a small hatch in the oak floor, and turning it further closed it again. Jack had evidently opened it suddenly enough to fall into the hole and then the trap door had swung back to place.

We all descended by means of a ladder and soon stood together in a long dusty corridor. Jack, though covered with cobwebs and showing a bruise on his forehead, was otherwise uninjured. For a moment we all stood together not knowing what to do. Of course Jack and I had to explain all about great uncle Jack's diary and the secret place; and though it was not very clear to the others, they became very much excited. Jack and Bob, with boys' natural love of exploring, wanted to begin at once to find out where the corridor led to. So we all started on the quest, Jack leading.

Cobwebs hung from the ceiling, the floor and the walls were thickly coated with dust, and the air was very musty and damp. There was something so very mysterious about the place that somehow we felt that we must not break the silence. We talked in excited whispers as we approached a low wooden door upon which was painted very badly a skull and cross-bones. It would have taken more than that to have stopped us now, and with trembling hands we pushed open the door . . .

Well, to make a long story short, we did not find any great treasures; we hadn't expected to; but we did find some very funny souvenirs of two boys of nearly a century ago; some queer old letters all yellow with age, two rusty jack-knives, three old cricket balls, a blackened ink-well, a ragged Union Jack, and two old, old books. Armed with our treasures, we went slowly down the dusty corridor, up the ladder, and into the front hall again where we sank down to meditate on the old lion's head and to wonder how he had kept his secret for nearly a hundred years.

KATHERINE OWEN.

## FAMILIAR SNAP-SHOTS.

## GYM.

ORDER prevailed. In five minutes the confused throng had fallen into line and silence quell'd the murmur of tongues. The director now punctually took her place, but still all seemed to wait. Drawn up in line down the middle of the room, the ninety girls stood motionless and erect. A fine assemblage they appeared; all with short hair combed back from their faces, not a lock astray; in white middies neatly made and worn with a dark blue skirt reaching to the knees; with black silk ties draped over their middies so as to serve for ornament as well as for use; all too, wearing cashmere stockings and white sneakers tied with neat laces. About twenty of those clad in this uniform were very young girls, or rather only children. It suited them well, however, and gave an air of trimness even to the slouchiest. I was still looking at them and also watching the teacher, when as my eye wandered from girl to girl, the whole class marched simultaneously as if ordered by a sudden clap. What had happened? I had heard no command; I was puzzled. Ere I had recovered myself the girls had again halted, and as all eyes were turned to one point, mine followed and encountered the Mistress General whom I had met the night before. She stood at the bottom of the room, gazing quietly and gravely at the class.

MARGARET LAUDER.

## RECREATION.

A loud sound of laughter and of merry voices—voices of Juniors and Seniors—echoed through the rooms while the recreation hour lasted. There was little roughness in the merriment and much playfulness, and a tendency on the part of the more thoughtful girls to join the newcomers, which led especially among the livelier ones to playing cards, talking of home, strumming on the piano and ukalale, and even to joining of hands and dancing, in couples together. When the hour was over and the groups where the noise had been loudest were marched into a single file at a signal, these frolics ceased as suddenly as they had begun. The girl who had left her blotter marking the place in the book she was reading, put it aside again; the Junior who had left in the classroom the box of crayons with which she had been decorating her own and her neighbor's scribbler, returned to them. Seniors with short hair, trim uniforms and healthy faces, who had flocked into the recreation room from the library, went their way to resume their studies, and silence gathered on the scene that appeared more natural than the flow of talk.

HILDA MURPHY.

## WAITING FOR THE BUS.

Every gray cloud of dust flying far off the highway brought up my expectations to a high degree, as assuredly to fail. First appeared a dilapidated Ford dating from the time of the first make in the States, the mudguards full of rust and holes, the ribboned top battered by many storms, thumping along on two bare rims, with the engine full

of loose screws and the bent crank dangling from the radiator. Then a team with several bundles of kindling wood and a queer colored man holding the reins, passed by. A young agent for "Fuller Brushes" walked briskly along, with samples packed in a suitcase and a black bag for money grasped in his hand. Of ridiculous objects and queer shapes there was no end, but of any sign of the bus there was none. It was now just five minutes past bus time when my despair was changed to relief, for the yellow lights shone out at last from the cloud of dust and the big clumsy vehicle drew up by the side of the road.

JOAN TEMPLE.

## A GUST OF WIND.

BY KATHLEEN RYALL.

## IT IS A SIGHT.

To see the gust come up from hill and meadow  
Sweeping a pathway over woods and leas:  
The venerable trees bow leafy heads in homage  
And shadows flit before the monarch breeze.

## BEHOLD,

The weary sea lulled evenly to slumber,  
Dreaming of castles in the cloud-built sky,  
To sudden fury by the wind is driven,  
And angered waves throw vain white hands on high.

## LAUGHING,

White, graceful ships so lightly riding,  
Slip, dip, in the onslaught of the gale;  
Scudding, they part the foam-churned waters  
That chase in mad pursuit each flying sail.

## HUSH!

Sudden as it came the blast is over;  
The trees lift up their proud heads to the sky,  
The waves sink back again in placid slumber,  
And all is calm,—the gust has swept them by.



## WEDDING CHIMES IN CHINA TOWN.

BY BLUEBELL CUMBERFORD.

IN the quiet of the night there was a great to-do in China Town. Miss Tureen and Mr. Ladle were being married, and every shelf was crowded to the utmost of its capacity. It was a Saturday night to be sure, and cook had given the china an extra polish, so you see they were very bright and shining.

Miss T-Cup, of the most ancient family of T-Cups in the neighborhood, a dainty, frail looking lady, deliberately turned her back on her poor relations, the Common-Cups on the opposite shelf, and bowing to Mr. Saucer remarked in a thin, cracked voice.

"Though dear Miss Tureen is so plump, her gown becomes her,—and she was so worried over it!"

"Indeed, indeed," answered Mr. Saucer in a very round tone, "not half so charming as you, my dear young lady."

Miss T-Cup became rather excited over the compliment and rattled audibly; so much so, in fact that one of the ushers, a handsome young Glass looked quickly in her direction; which made her rattle all the more.

Mr. Jug, the minister, was about to unite the young couple who stood before him, when Mr. Peter Pepper-pot leaning forward in rapture to look at the bride who was an old friend of his, nearly lost his balance and jerked suddenly backward, almost under the minister's venerable nose.

"Ker-choo-oo!" sneezed Mr. Jug, "ke-er-ch-oo-oo! Wilt thou,—ker-ch-oo-oo—wilt thou . . .?"

"I will!" answered Mr. Ladle in a rattled way.

"Wilt thou—ker-choo!—What?"

"I will!" repeated Mr. Ladle, this time more firmly.

"Wait!" commanded Mr. Jug, "The question is not finished. Wilt thou—ker-choo! take this—ker-choo! utensil for thy lawful helpmeet?"

Two young Soup-Spoons, cousins of the groom, laughed with a slight tingle.

"Did he say 'awful'?" whispered one.

"Sh!" said Mrs. T-Pot turning severely around.

Mr. Jug, restored at last to composure, addressed the question again, this time to the bride: "Wilt thou have this utensil for thy helpmeet?"

"I will!" answered Miss Tureen in a gushing manner.

The bridegroom was stepping forward to salute the bride when young Mr. T-Pot interposed hotly. "No!" said he, "As best man I kiss her first!"

The happy couple left the top shelf and took their way to the northern corner of the second one amid the singing of China Wedding Chimes by the sharp and silvery voices of the Knives and Forks, members of the church choir. Dancing began in which everyone joined except the young Spoons who preferred to sit in the corner by themselves.

Miss T-Cup was having a tête-à-tête with Mr. Boat who was inclined to look on life gravely.

"This should never have been!" he was saying in nasal tones. "Ladle is a shallow fellow,—a shallow fellow! She'll soon find out he's cracked."

"Ah, indeed?" rejoined Miss Cup archly, "Mr. Ladle did not know, I fancy, that Miss Tureen had her face filled in with plaster of Paris. Poor Ladle!" she sighed, her voice overflowing with pity for the bridegroom, "Poor Ladle!"

## A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY ANDRE MARTHELEUR.

ONE of the most pleasant experiences in my life was our eight days' visit to Japan.

We were en route for China and spent just a week at Yokohama where we stayed at the Royal Hotel. During that memorable week we saw many interesting places, the most interesting being Kamakoura, a small town about one hundred and three miles from the city. In this town there was one of the most extraordinary idols that I have ever seen. It was built entirely of bronze and was enormous. The eyes, which flashed a bright red colour in the evening, had once been rubies, we were told, but on the coming of the white men to Japan, the gems were replaced by glass. This idol was situated in the middle of a clearing in a thick spruce grove, and a great avenue of smaller idols, each bearing its own name, led up to it. Beyond was a beautiful temple surrounded by most gorgeous flowers and shrubs.

We had supper at a pretty little restaurant at the foot of Lotus Hill. I remember its name was "Lotus Café". There we ate Japanese food in Japanese fashion, and having finished our meal, drove back to the hotel by another way than that by which we had come. All along the road were charming little scenes; now a lake covered with lotus flowers and water lilies, now a picturesque Japanese village looking very tiny at the foot of great mountains.

We had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of Yokohama before we left, and also visited Fujiama, the volcano that has been causing so much trouble these past few years. It was surrounded by a bright misty vapour, and in the sunset it looked threatening indeed.

Yokohama itself is worth describing. The native quarters are of course the most interesting. We were fortunate enough to be there when the cherry trees were in bloom and it was very lovely. The native part of Yokohama consists of little thatched-roofed houses, very neat in appearance. These were decorated with flags and banners and oriental coloured decorations. The people looked very quaint in their bright coloured costumes which gave a brilliance to the parks and streets where they moved to and fro.

Our stay in Japan was all too short, and we were very sorry to leave. I was consoled however, by the thought of seeing soon another country entirely different in many ways. China has its memories too, but among my favorite mind-pictures is the image of Japan, "the Fairyland of the World."



## LE JONGLEUR DE DIEU.

BY NORAH WHELPLEY.

"THE motto written deep across his heart was this: 'To ease the burden of the world.'"  
*The Jester's Sword.*

Once upon a time in a far away country there dwelt a mighty king. Unlike most kings he was very happy. Was he not blessed with strong, healthy, stalwart sons, who were destined to live in the paths of glory and fame? But Aldabaran, the youngest son surpassed even the old king's fondest prayers. From his youth it was known that he would be given the Sword of Conquest, which was always handed to the bravest and most honorable son of the throne.

One bright morning when the earth was bathed in sunshine Aldabaran started forth to battle the world with his wonderful sword. But as is too often the case, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." Aldabaran won honor for himself but he did not exceed the bravery of his ancestors, and one lovely night, when the long sought for fame was almost within his grasp, he lay down under the stars for his rest, dreaming of his goal to be reached the next day.

Alas! when the next day dawned, it found Aldabaran lying bruised and bleeding beneath the massive trunk of a tree, which had fallen in a terrible storm during the night. Three days later a shepherd found him lying in the same position and after he had removed the weight from his body he carried him to his hut.

Months later Aldabaran was once more able to walk around, but what a difference! No longer was he a handsome, ambitious youth, but a man with bent body and distorted features. What a blow for that proud heart! Deprived of all earthly beauty, he had not even the love of his soul near to comfort him. Never would he go back to his kingdom to claim his bride. To even think of her pitying glances made him suffer all the tortures of hell.

The years passed away and Aldabaran became the jester of a near-by village. The people loved him and never once did they dream that beneath that friendly smile, there was a fountain of sorrow and sadness. It had taken him many months to learn to face these simple peasants, but in his dire need God had comforted him and now he was able to be the comforter of these humble folk.

When Aldabaran died, the people mourned his loss as they would that of their monarch and they bore him home to his father's palace in royal state. His father came to meet him through the same gate that years before Aldabaran had gone through to conquer the world, and when he saw the worn, shrunken form and the infinite holiness that shone from the face, he took the Sword of Conquest and laid it by his side and said, "No other hands will be found worthier to claim it."

\* \* \* \* \*

But there is a tale far more fascinating to us than Aldabaran's. It is the story of a jester too, who called himself "The Jester of God." It is the story of Saint Francis

of Assisi whose life runs parallel to the legend of Aldabaran. Like Aldabaran he was rich, he was young, handsome and ambitious. Like the prince of the story he was not content with ordinary conquests but must go abroad to seek his fortune, but it was no accident of fate that turned him from the quest of earthly glory. It was a light from heaven that changed him from the worldly troubadour into the Jester of God. He too, like Aldabaran sought a bride, but she was not clothed in glimmering silks and costly jewels; oh no, his bride was poor and lonely and shunned by mankind; she was the Lady Poverty.

Unlike Aldabaran, he knew the peace and rest that came from her fond embrace. Worries and cares of the mind all ceased when his bride appeared. When he claimed her he felt free to face the whole world, to go and come as he pleased, and no man could detain him. He said, "If we had any possessions we should need weapons and laws to defend them." Another one of his companions was Simplicity. Like Lady Poverty he kept her with him during all his life and with these two friends he was so glad and joyous that all men caught his spirit; for Francis taught them that if they would only befriend his two comrades they would become rich in heavenly joy, no matter how poor in earthly goods they might be.

Saint Francis did not don the garments of a jester, but clad himself in a poor brown habit and with his Lady always by his side, went through the village streets and country lanes, singing the praises of God and the beauty of His creation. Of him it might be written as of Aldabaran: "And it came to pass, whenever he went by, men felt a strange, strength-giving influence radiating from his presence, a sense of hope. One could not say exactly what it was, it was so fleeting, so intangible, like warmth that circles from a brazier, or perfume that is wafted from an unseen rose."

Aldabaran found it very difficult to conceal the Sword of Conquest from the eyes of the world. No sooner would he have it safely hidden than it would leap forth from under his motley. This constant curbing of his natural character cost him much, but Aldabaran the prince found that the greatest conquest in life is to learn to play the fool right royally, and no one guessed that the Jester was a king's son.

Saint Francis' life was equally hard. To-day he appears to us almost as a fairy prince always joyous, happy, bubbling over with high spirits and never tired, cross, depressed, or having an ache or pain. It would be foolishness to think that, for no human being could live the life that Francis led and not suffer intensely. Pain certainly came into his life and that in no small measure; towards the end of his days his eye-sight failed and it was necessary for him to have red hot iron pressed on his eye-lids. Was this not pain? and yet when the irons were about to be applied to his eyes he said, "Brother Fire, God made you beautiful and strong and useful. I pray you be courteous with me."

People emphasize his visions, his ecstasies, his kindness, his love of nature and his love of mankind. They forget the painful self-denial, the constant perseverance in a life, that to a young man of rank and wealth, must have been exceedingly hard.

Saint Francis' love for the people was sincere and lasting but it was but a small portion of the love that he bestowed on Christ Crucified, and Christ must surely have loved this man. He bestowed upon him the marks that He Himself had received on the cross! Saint Francis rejoiced to think that Christ had so favored him, but like a prince he tried in his great humility of heart, to hide the miracle.



Saint Francis of Assisi is not a person of a fairy tale. It is true that he has descended to us as a mystical figure through the ages, but he is by no means mythical. In his own day he started the greatest religious movement that has perhaps ever been known, and even now he is a person of great power. The books we read about him are full of legends, beautiful and touching; they seem to many superstitious, or fanatical or incredible. And yet indeed such things would happen now-a-days to any man who gave himself as Francis did to Christ.

His conquest, accomplished six hundred years ago has lived ever since in the memories of men. Had he gone his way, lived the life of his comrades in luxury and ease, who would know his name to-day?

### SAM JOHNSON AGAIN!

Recently the B's, listening in on the Elocution Room Radio, were startled by the following announcements:

Samuel Johnson was born in 1709 . . .  
 In a heaping cup of butter . . .  
 He had many infirmities but an unusual intellect . . .  
 Generally creamed with two cups of sugar . . .  
 At Pembroke College he resided three years . . .  
 With two eggs and a cup of melted chocolate . . .  
 Then after the death of his father he set out to seek his fortune . . .  
 With a little vanilla and salt added . . .  
 Later he married . . .  
 And beat it up well . . .  
 He died in 1784 . . .  
 and after baking fifteen minutes . . .

Horrors! Static introduced itself at this point and we are still in a state of anxiety concerning the fate of our friend.

MARY ROMANS.

### THE BLUE MOTH.

By BLUEBELL CUMBERFORD.

HOW old he was no one knew . . he did not know himself. But he had sat in the prison courtyard day after day for years, and before that he had paced the prison wall as a sentinel, day after day for other years stretching back to his youth and boyhood. He was toothless now, and feeble, like an old mastiff, and he scarcely spoke. In reply to the questions of visitors he merely mumbled and looked off vacantly over the sea.

I seated myself beside this ancient Spanish guard one misty night when the waves broke heavily against the brick wall and dim thunder rolled on the distant hills. I had been told that he was the only remaining native in the place who knew the Pintos and their sad story; and that for the offer of some delightful French wine he would tell the tale to me. I offered him a flask. He looked at me, shook his head and turned away. I offered it again, pressed it on him. He drank it in silence. Then he took another,—and then I began my questions. After much muttering and casting up of eyes, he began. .

"Senor, it happened many, many years ago here in Coronell. All those who loved and admired Senor Pinto felt very sad for him, but could do nothing. Had not the hated Mendoza ordered it? . .

The Senor Pinto and his lovely lady and his daughter lived in that house called Casa Pinto which you see there through the trees. One day they were ordered to come before Mendoza to answer a charge for treason. The terrible Mendoza sat behind his desk, Senor, and I stood at the door. The poor wife and daughter stood white and proud. Only the breath of Mendoza filled the room. Senor, I swear by the Madonna that his eyes were living balls of fire in his head.

"Pinto, vile dog, you are accused of treason! Plotting with Peru! Giving news of Chile's soldiers, of Chile's fortifications! You pig! You common worm of the earth!" These words, Senor, came from Mendoza's throat and made Pinto yet paler.

Ah, Senor, the poor Senora! the proud girl! Pinto swore by the Madonna and all the Saints that he was innocent. But it was no use. Mendoza merely said: 'Guilty! Over the River you go!'

Here the old man paused for breath. Over the River I knew, meant the prison rooms away from all mankind. The houses were built of cement and span the river which makes the floor and walls icy cold and damp. Only one small window opens to the air and that lets in only a stray gleam of sun. It was one of the most dreaded of punishments, worse than death.

"The wife fainted and Pinto and the daughter revived her," resumed the old guard-man. "When Pinto was ready to leave, the Senora would not be separated from him. Angry at the delay, Mendoza entered and said with a sardonic smile that the women could go too.

I followed, Senor, and when they fired at me from the bank, I fell from the boat and swam under water as far as the prison house. They gave me up for dead, but my master took me in and no one stopped me. So I stayed with my beloved Pinto.



Many months passed. On the eve of the twentieth month Pinto died of a broken heart . . . also, Senor, of consumption. Oh, the cold prison walls with water dripping night and day!

They tied him in a blanket and passed him through the window, into the river below. That, Senor, was the end of Pinto—but no, it was not the end.

A week after Pinto's death, his wife was about to enter the cell which had been his when unseen hands opened for her the door. At her cry of terror we flew, the daughter and I, with the speed of love to her assistance. She stood in the middle of the room, looking into a small mirror which my master had playfully placed upon the wall, saying as he did so that every time a Pinto gazed into it, there would appear the face of a traitor.

We too, looked at the mirror but saw nothing. We retired when the Senora was calm.

Next evening the same thing happened. We watched during the dark hours with only a candle to light us. Nothing more happened . . .

Ah, but the next evening, Senor! We stood in the centre of the room, facing the mirror. At first we could see our faces; then they vanished. The mirror hung as before. Then, while we were still rooted to the spot, a white cloud of vapour passed before us and a voice grave as the dead spoke: "My wife, what have you in your hand?"

Ah, Senor, the poor Senora! She could find nothing in her hand. This went on for three evenings. Then on the fourth evening the old man pressed his knotted hands to his head as he said this—"On the fourth evening we beheld in the mirror, a bulbous nose and a flaming eye!"

Both the women fainted and I could not help them. Senor, I was paralyzed with fear.

Next evening the white vapour passed again in front of the Senora and again the voice spoke: "My wife, what have you in your hand?"

Lo! Senor, when we looked it was a small blue moth on her right thumb. We pondered this for many days until at last the girl said: "My mother, did not my father write a book, a history of this country, called *The Blue Moth*?"

"Yes, my child."

"Then the white vapour is a sign from my father that he wishes us to read in his book! Happy am I for I have found it among his few possessions!"

"Next morning they read the book, Senor, over and over. Then the girl cried joyfully: 'There are, my father says, in this country carrier pigeons from Chile to Peru; and because they are almost invisible in the sky the people call them the Blue Moths.'"

The Senora was surprised. She asked her daughter, "What of the bulbous nose and the flaming eye?"

Then the girl answered: "There is nothing here, nothing. Yet I have seen them both. Ah, yes! It is the foreign secretary, Pancho!"

"It was so, Senor, I had seen him myself. The Senorita continued:

"When my father's spirit was free, it saw many things. It saw Pancho doing that very treachery my father had been accused of. He saw him making plans and sending them to Peru. It is the pigeons that take them! Mendoza comes here to-morrow. With him comes Pancho to torment us. We shall tell all."

"Senor, they did. Then Pancho who was greatly terrified of the dead, confessed all. Pinto's name was free from stain at last. The people rejoiced. But alas! the Senora did not live to see it. She died and was buried in the river like her husband, for she wished it so. But the people took Mendoza and threw him into the prison where he rotted and died."

The old man relapsed into silence. He had finished his story none too soon, for a flash of lightning ripped the skies, driving us indoors. Through the grated window we looked out on the night and beheld the palace of Mendoza lurid as in an infernal light. There was a crash—then silence.

A strange, strange story and a strange Spanish night.

## THE BUS.

By ANNIE RITCHIE.

This is the way to catch a bus,  
(It can never be done without trouble or fuss)  
If you get the 1.20 you leave on the fly  
Not stopping to linger o'er deep apple pie;  
If you get the 2.20 you may dress with care  
And even take time to curl your hair;  
If you get the 8.20 you dress when you rise  
But wear uniform at breakfast,—that is, if you're wise;  
If you get the 9.20 steal quietly away  
And no one will know that you're gone for the day.  
If you get the 10.20 you rush from the gym  
And throw things about with plenty of vim;  
The 11.20 bus always means for the "A's"  
The skipping of Chemistry,—which never pays.

Then there is always the coming back,  
About which I must say, some folks are quite slack.  
The really good girls come back on the five,  
For that, we are told, is the time to arrive;  
As the six passes by, a few straggle in  
Looking,—ah, woefully tired and thin;  
Those who are bold to come home on the seven  
Feel after their welcome they're not fit for heaven;  
And as for the eight, if you ever survive,  
You'll thank the kind stars that you still are alive.



## THE MILKMAN'S HORSE.

BY EILEEN RYAN, '27.

"SAY, Ma," said Mr. Brenton helping himself to bread and butter at the Saturday evening meal, "I've got a surprise for you. Guess!"

"Guess! Surely you're not goin' to have the house painted! Oh, John!"

"House painted! I guess not. What do you think I'm turnin' out to be? A millionaire? No! Guess again!"

"I bet I can guess, Pop!" piped up Jimmy the youngest born.

"I'll bet you can't, you young rascal," responded the fond father.

"Yes, I can. Jamey Wilkinson told me his father wuz goin' to lend you his horse and carriage on Sunday, and we're all goin' to drive."

"Land sakes, child!" cried Mrs. Brenton.

But the father only smiled grimly.

"A bright boy, that, Eliza, he's got his father's brains. Yes, son, we are goin' to drive to-morrow; that is, if it's a fine day."

So it was settled. Next morning all was bustle in the Brenton household.

"William!" called Mrs. Brenton up to her eldest son. "Will you get up immediately? It's after eight o'clock and if you're goin' to ride, you're goin' to church first!"

William at that, did wake up and rubbed his eyes. After a critical survey of the alarm clock, he decided that his mother was right and that he had better be stirring.

Now the Brenton family was all ready for the day. But was "Bottles" ready? "Bottles" was Mr. Wilkinson's horse, and Mr. Wilkinson was the town milkman. Both were as sleepy as any man and horse could be. Somehow their early morning labour, accomplished rather in a rush, left them leisure for the rest of the day. "Bottles" was so named because he seemed always to shrink at the sight of a milk bottle, doubtless owing to painful associations with the idea of work.

"William, will you hurry?" Mrs. Brenton was always flustered at the last minute. Margaret and Lizzie attired in their Sunday array and too dressed up to be of any assistance in the material preparations for the trip, sat demurely on the sofa and watched with interest their mother's final packing of the goodies in the baskets. Margaret was solemn, but Lizzie just giggled. Somehow she always giggled whether there was cause for such hilarity or not; so to-day she giggled as usual in spite of the tight braids which must have pulled her little head sadly.

Young Jimmy in his Sunday suit waited in the front seat of the carry-all which was drawn up at the door. His father stood surveying the turn-out with satisfaction.

The Royal Coach passing through the gates of Buckingham Palace could not have presented a more solemn and more pompous appearance than did the Brenton family issuing through their own gateway and starting off in state. The effect was wonderful but short-lived. Soon Lizzie broke the enchantment with, "Ma, Jim won't stop pulling my hair!"

Here was the start. Sunday was to be Sunday after all. Mrs. Brenton threatened, threatened effectively to have Jimmy removed to the rear seat, and the trouble ended in that corner. But if Jim had started the spirit of contradiction, it was "Bottles" that took it up.

The first sign of trouble came when he halted at Mrs. Smithkin's house. It was

the first stop on his regular beat, so the dutiful animal, making no distinction between a waggon-load of Brentons and a waggon-load of bottles, naturally carried on his daily program. Sunday made no difference to him. One day he had been deceived. Some boys had pulled his rein in his master's absence and he had obediently plodded on, but he would not be fooled again. He was trained now to wait for the click of the gate. That was his signal to start, and no amount of coaxing could move him beforehand.

Vainly did Mr. Brenton pull and tug at the reins and cry "Gid-ap!" Bottles remained obdurate. There was but one signal of advance, and no one realized it until young William suddenly woke from his usual doze and electrified the family by springing out of the back seat and clicking the gate of the Smithkin's garden with a violent bang. Presto! Forthwith Bottles began to move. William, delighted with the result sprang back into his place. To his mother's inquiry he merely answered with a grin, "He always does that. I know, 'cause I go with Mr. Wilkinson lots o' times."

With this remark he lapsed again into silence. And lo! as they approached the next customer's gate the same series of adventures began again. This time Mr. Brenton got out, but ere he had reached the street after banging the gate, Bottles was off again and young Jimmy had to assume the reins, for father was left behind. Mr. Brenton ran after the party but only caught up with it when Bottles stopped again. To save time Mr. B. clicked the third gate, but only to find himself again in the rear.

In such fashion did the family proceed down Main Street until they came to where the highway crossed it. At the corner stood the mansion of Lawyer Richardson. His son was the dandy of the town during his summer stay. He was the only boy in the neighborhood with a bicycle and a real fishing rod, and was the envy of the boys and the idol of the girls.

Now just as the Brenton family arrived at that corner, Master Lionel was playing on the lawn with his dog. His mother sat on the well-screened verandah and peeped behind the awnings at the passing show. A show Mrs. Brenton intended it to be, but fate was (at least figuratively speaking) in Bottle's hands. Mr. Brenton had hardly regained his seat when he found that Bottles was not going to turn into the highway but was bent on following his milk route down the other side of Main Street.

Now an interesting pantomime ensued for the benefit of young Lionel Richardson and his mother. Mr. Brenton pulled at the reins and tried to wheedle Bottles into changing his mind. Then he got out and took the bridle in hand. In vain! Bottles was a horse of duty and nothing could force him to forsake the beaten path. So the beast had his own way at last. He ambled peaceably down Main Street, while Mr. Brenton held the reins (theoretically speaking) and Mrs. Brenton hid her scarlet face behind her handkerchief and the girls looked mortified. Only William was at all amused. He chuckled to himself and said, "I knew he'd do it! I just knew it!"

At last it became evident that the only course was to let Bottles have everything his own way. So the dutiful animal continued his route in peace. After clicking all the gates of all Mr. Wilkinson's customers, Mr. Brenton turned the horse on the homeward road, and Bottles fairly flew.

The party was wrecked, but Bottles was as complacent as ever, and while the Brenton family ate cold victuals over their dinner table, the knowing animal munched his mid-day meal in his own stall, well contented with his day's work.



## A MODERN PORTRAIT PAINTER

BY KATHLEEN RYALL.

THERE are painters with the brush and painters with the pen. To the first class belong the masters whose names are forever associated with great achievements in color and figure and light and shade, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Rembrandt, Sir Joshua Reynolds. To the second group belong those lovers of human life, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and all the great artists of fiction down to the present day. Among these last we may place Joseph Conrad, who by sheer genius merits to be associated with those men and women who have created the immortal figures of our English literature.

Conrad is one of the few to whom belongs an intimate and loving knowledge of the sea in all its moods and manifestations. He chose ever to paint against the background of the sea, and his twenty years experience in its service gave him a power all his own, a power that could paint for example such pictures as that of the burning ship in "Youth:"

"Between the darkness of earth and heaven she was burning fiercely upon a disc of purple sea shot by the blood-red play of gleams; upon a disc of water, glittering and sinister. A high clear flame, an immense and lonely flame, ascended from the ocean, and from its summit the blue smoke poured continuously at the sky. She burned furiously; mournful and imposing like a funeral pile kindled in the night, surrounded by the sea, watched over by the stars. A magnificent death had come like a grace, like a gift, like a reward to that old ship at the end of her laborious days. The surrender of her weary ghost to the keeping of the stars and sea was stirring like the sight of a glorious triumph."

In contrast to this picture take the description of the return of "The Narcissus":—"Under white wings she skimmed low over the blue sea like a great tired bird speeding to its nest. The clouds raced with her mast-heads; they rose astern, enormous and white, soared to the zenith, flew past, and falling down the wide curve of the sky seemed to dash headlong into the sea,—the clouds swifter than the ship, more free, but without a home. The coast to welcome her slipped out of space into the sunshine . . ."

Such pictures as these reveal the master touch. In all Conrad's stories we have those amazingly beautiful word paintings. "The Typhoon" shows us the very heart of ocean storms; "Youth" is the very embodiment of the indomitable spirit of the sea. But although all his writing is of the sea, not all his stories are of storms. One of the most striking romances in the language is Conrad's "Lord Jim." It is a psychological study of English youth, and is one of the greatest stories of moral conflict ever written. The hero of the book was suggested to Conrad by a character in real life, as he himself tells us: "One sunny morning in the commonplace surroundings of an Eastern roadstead, I saw his form pass by—appealing, significant,—under a cloud,—perfectly silent. Which was as it should be. It was for me, with all the sympathy of which I was capable, to seek fit words for his meaning. He was 'one of us!'" Conrad's description of Lord Jim is certainly "appealing, significant"; yet for all that Jim is hard to put into any set frame, and when the story ends, the reader is left with an impression rather than a picture. Other figures in the book stand out in clear relief; the old German captain, rolling in fat and reeking with villainy; that long, lanky coward, the second mate of the Patna; the

heavy, bull-like, silent chieftain of the South Seas and his inscrutable little wife. The portrait of the old French officer, third lieutenant of the rescue ship, however, is one of Conrad's best:

"He looked a reliable officer, no longer very active, and he was seamanlike, too, in a way, though as he sat there, with his thick fingers clasped lightly on his stomach, he reminded you of one of those snuffy, quiet village priests into whose ears are poured the sins, the sufferings, the remorse of peasant generations, on whose faces the placid and simple expression is like a veil thrown over the mystery of pain and distress. He ought to have had a threadbare black soutane buttoned smoothly up to his ample chin, instead of a frock-coat with shoulder-straps and brass buttons."

And again, another sitting of the same character: "I raised my eyes and saw him as I had never seen him before. I saw his chin sunk on his breast, the clumsy folds of his coat, his clasped hands, his motionless pose so curiously suggestive of his having been simply left there. Time had passed indeed: it had overtaken him and gone ahead. It had left him hopelessly behind with a few poor gifts: the iron-grey hair, the heavy fatigue on the tanned face, two scars, a pair of tarnished shoulder-straps; one of those steady, reliable men who are the raw material of great reputations, one of those uncounted lives that are buried without drums and trumpets under the foundations of monumental successes."

There is again the portrait of the old German seer and scientist, Stein: "The gentle light of a simple, unwearied, as it were, and intelligent good-nature illumined his long, hairless face. It had deep downward folds, and was pale as of a man who had always led a sedentary life—which was indeed very far from being the case. His hair was thin, and brushed back from a massive and lofty forehead. One fancied that at twenty he must have looked very much like what he was now at three-score. It was a student's face; only the eyebrows nearly all white, thick and bushy, together with the resolute, searching glance that came from under them, were not in accordance with his, I may say, learned appearance. He was tall and loose-jointed; his slight stoop, together with an innocent smile, made him appear benevolently ready to lend you an ear; his long arms with pale big hands had rare deliberate gestures of a pointing out, demonstrating kind.—This man possessed an intrepidity of spirit and a physical courage that could have been called reckless had it not been like a natural function of the body—say good digestion, for instance,—completely unconscious of itself. . ."

Another striking portrait is that of the stolid chieftain: "Doramin was one of the most remarkable men of his race I had ever seen. His bulk for a Malay was immense, but he did not look merely fat; he looked imposing, monumental. This motionless body clad in rich stuffs, coloured silks, gold embroideries; the huge head, enfolded in a red-and-gold head-kerchief; the flat, big, round face, wrinkled, furrowed, with two simicircular heavy folds starting on each side of wide, fierce nostrils, and enclosing a thick-lipped mouth; the throat like a bull; the vast corrugated brow overhanging the staring proud eyes—made a whole that, once seen, can never be forgotten. . ."

Other pictures there are, but we have cited enough to win from those who know Conrad's books a smile of approval, and to rouse to curiosity which may lead to fruitful investigation, those who know them not.



## RADIO NEWS.

BY JOSEPHINE MUNRO.

NOW that M. S. V. has obtained college privileges and gained in importance, the suggestion has been made by various bright minds that we give a few radio programs. The following have been submitted and look interesting.

## MONDAY EVENING (any week).

1. A touching melody played à la Porter Method by Miss Annie Mancini.
2. A solo entitled "Don't Wake Me Up, I Am Dreaming" by our girl soprano, Miss Annie Mantin.
3. A one act play written by Miss Bluebell Cumberford and directed by Miss Anna MacLean, entitled "The Terrible Mrs. Layton." The characters are as follows:  
Mrs. Layton,—a very religious woman but very ignorant of Chemistry—  
Miss Mary Romans.  
Mr. Layton—an old man, greatly crippled by rheumatism—Miss Eileen Ryan.  
Cecelia—a flapper and a very worldly person—Mary Dulhanty.  
Anna—a delicate but sweet dispositioned invalid—Mary Windeatt.  
Mrs. Buster—the family wash-lady—Marie Ackerman.  
Miss Quick—a talkative young person, always in mischief—Eleanor Moore.  
Two Fairies—Isabel Gouthro and Marie Amirault.
4. A lecture by Miss Florence Archibald on "The Beauties of a Slim Figure."
5. A solo with variations, entitled "Just a Cottage Small by a Waterfall." by Miss Mary Harris.
6. The M. S. V. Orchestra will execute a number composed by themselves and entitled "We are the Jolly Gay Students."  
Piano—Kitty Power.  
1st Violin—Isabel Gouthro.  
2nd Violin—Harriet Hebb and Stephanie McIsaac  
Miss Kathleen Ryall will assist the orchestra on a comb, and Miss Eileen Ryan will beat time on her drum.
7. A sacred song by Annie Ritchie—"Just As I Am, Mine Own To Be."
8. The concluding number or grand finale will be a chorus of over a hundred and twenty-five voices in the stirring strains of the well-known hymn: "We Won't Go Home Until Easter."

## TUESDAY EVENING.

1. A debate on the subject: Resolved: that a stitch in time saves nine. The affirmative speakers will be Miss Kathleen Doran and Miss Margaret Romkey; the Negative speakers will be Miss Agnes MacLennan and Miss Marian Embree.
2. A Bed-time story by Miss Katherine Owen.
3. A harmonious duet sung to the tune of "The Last Rose of Summer" by Mary Windeatt and Rosalie Belliveau.

4. A lecture on "Silence" by Mildred Morson.
5. Sacred Song: "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes", by the famous contralto singer, Harriet Hebb.
6. A stirring reading, a romance of the Wild West, "The Shooting of Sam McGee" by Eileen Halley.
7. Song hit "Syncopated Sue" by Isabel Gouthro.
8. Piano Solo with saxophone accompaniment "The Riley Minuet" composed and rendered by Mary Riley and Mary McSween.
9. A brief resumé of her book "Chemistry and Experiment" by the famous scientist Annie Mancini.
10. Trio: "Let the Rest of the World Go By" sung by the Misses Tobin, Burgess and Harris.

## WEDNESDAY EVENING.

1. *The Daily Dozen* dictated by the well-known gymnasium star, Lileian Romkey.
2. A One Act Play written by Mildred Hamilton and directed by Beatrice Butler, entitled "The Villany of Johnson". Characters are:  
John James Johnson, a clever crook . . . . . Dorothy D'Entremont.  
Belinda Johnson, his gentle invalid wife who suffers  
from dyspepsia . . . . . Beatrice Rubenovitch.  
Ava, their dutiful daughter who toils all day at  
sewing and cares for her invalid mother . . . Marion Embree.  
Simon Harlow, a dashing cavalier . . . . . Eleanor Coleman.  
The dumb waiter . . . . . Katherine Owen.
3. Lecture on "The Lady of the Lake" supplemented by a few remarks on "Lamb's Tales," by Rosemary Finn.
4. Popular Song: "The Old Oaken Bucket" with "My New Tin Liz" as encore, by Grace Amirault.
5. A talk to Business Women on the advantages of speed in Typewriting, by the Underwood Champion, Kathleen Murphy.
6. Physiological Lecture by Kathleen Ryall, the famous Somnambulist: "How I Learned to Walk and Talk in My Sleep."
7. Solo with ukalale accompaniment by Andre Martheleur: "Smilin' Through."
8. Short biographical lecture entitled "The Life of St. Francis de Sales," by Maxine Mullin.
9. Quartet of mixed (?) voices: "Pack All Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag" by Annie Mantin, Irene McQuillan, Rosemary Finn, Annie Mancini.
10. Organ solo: "The Bells of M. S. V." by Jean Montague.

## THURSDAY EVENING.

1. For the benefit of Latin scholars, choice bits of translation from Virgil and Caesar will be rendered by Mary House L. L. (Lover of Latin) assisted by Miss Bluebell Cumberford who will decline Latin nouns and demonstrate vocabularies, emphasizing the verbs.



2. Light Opera Selections by Eleanor Moore, soprano.
3. A lecture by Marie Ackerman on "The Evils of Wearing Rubbers in Spring."
4. Duet: "Sorry and Blue" by Betty Kelly and Beatrice Rubenovitch.
5. Song: "When the Lights are Low" by Helen Stokes.
6. Debate: Resolved: that sleeping is preferable to eating. Affirmative: Annie Mantin; Negative, Margaret Lauder.
7. A few remarks on Metabolism by our Hygiene Specialist, Anna MacLean.
8. Monologue: "Shall I have It Bobbed or Shingled?" by Margaret Romkey.
9. "Hints on Feather Movements", an instruction by Mary Windeatt.
10. Song by the M. S. V. Club: "How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

## FRIDAY EVENING.

1. A short talk on English and English Literature by Madeline Borotra.
2. Song: "Dainty Little Damozel" by Francoise Doucet.
3. Reading: "The Funeral of Julius Caesar" by Annie Ritchie.
4. Instructions on Sweeping and Dusting: A lesson for Housewives, by Joyce Roop.
5. Ballad recitation by Annie Mantin: "Late, late yestere'en."
6. "The Advantages of Physical Training," a talk by Frances Gregoire.
7. Band selection: "The Dish Towel Rag" by the Refectory Helpers, led by Stephanie MacIsaac.
8. Trombone Solo: (this will not begin until about 10.30) by Mary Windeatt.
9. "Prohibition and Ham Sandwiches," a little talk to Hygiene students by Jeanne Lefevre.
10. Grand Symphonie: "Nothing to Do Till To-morrow."

## SATURDAY EVENING:

1. Dramatic Interpretation from the new popular play "Pharmacy Orders" wherein a gargle fiend soliloquizes: Miss Annie Mantin.
2. The beginning of a serial story entitled "Treasure Trove" by Eileen Ryan. The scene is laid in the M. S. V. reservoir and the subject is: The Mystery of the Floating Milk Can.
3. "How to Pronounce German:" a lecture by Professor Mary Egan with occasional references to Mary Sullivan.
4. New Song Hit: *Basket-Ball Blues* sung by the Freshman Team.
5. A Few Caustic Remarks by our Skin Specialist Miss Halley.
6. Dialogue: between the Misses Montague, the subject being, "When do we next go to town?"
7. The Daily Dozen by the members of the Dumb-bell Class.
8. A sermon by Miss Mary Romans on The Evils of Chemistry.
9. Lecture by Joey Gillispie: *My Philosophy of Life*.
10. Philharmonic Chorus: (in four parts) *Our Tale of Woe is Ended*.

## MOONBEAMS

BY MARIE ACKERMAN.

IN the dormitory all was silent. Now and then there would be a creak as a restless sleeper tossed suddenly, or the curtains rustled with the light wind. Without, the sky was tucked in with a billowy puff of white cloud, studded and caught with a thousand diamonds. Over the sky brooded Mother Moon, infinitely patient, with a tender smile on her placid face, gliding softly across infinite space.

In a tiny white cot across from the window lay Star Castle, gazing with sleepless eyes out at the sky, and as the Moon Lady crept, crept, making her rounds to see that all was well in the nursery of heaven, she smiled a broad smile through the window at the little girl. To Star it seemed that the smile of the Moon Mother made on her curtain a little gate. Just for fun she stretched out her hand and turned what seemed like a silver handle. Slowly, slowly, the little door swung back; and oh! there on the other side, held up by thousands of beautiful beings, was a honey-colored velvet carpet, stretching up, up, up,—straight to the Moon.

Timidly, and with fast-beating heart, Star stepped from her bed to the soft, soft carpet. Immediately she was swept upward and the air was full of the hum of music. Glancing about her to see whence the melody proceeded, she perceived that as the star fairies flew their wings made exquisite music. Larger and larger loomed the moon. Looking backward, Star saw but dimly the outline of the sleeping earth, gleaming through the dark mists that surrounded it. Nearer and nearer she came to the great silver sphere, until at last with a gentle thud, she was landed on it. Ugh! but it was cold! Star wished she had worn her kimona, but it was too late now to turn back, so she followed her tiny guides.

After walking on a wide, gleaming road that looked as if it were paved with beaten gold, they came to a building the like of which Star had never seen before. It was built, she thought at first in a square, but as she gazed on it, it assumed the shape of a bee-hive; and then it became diamond shaped. She could have stayed watching this for an indefinite time, but she noticed that the sound of the wings had grown fainter and fainter. She was about to move on when out of the house came a wondrous creature. She had the most beautiful face that Star had ever seen and her hair was of the same pale hue as the road. She floated lightly toward the little girl and when she spoke it was in a faraway voice like the sound of soft bells over distant waters.

"Star," she said, "you have been chosen by Queen Moon to represent the human race at our great convention of peoples and races this creit."

"I?" exclaimed the astonished child, "and pray, what is a creit?"

"Oh! I had forgotten that you are human, and it is a long time since I have used the human language. A creit, my dear, is a year in the language of the Moonbeams. But come, we are late already." And so saying, the Moon fairy enfolded the child in her mantle of silver and floated up the dreary road.

As they went along, Star noticed that all the fields, trees, grass, and shrubs, everything in fact, was of the same dreary, parched color of dusty white.

"My! what a desolate country this is!" she thought.



As if in answer to her thought, the beautiful Moonbeam said wistfully, as if apologizing for the dreariness,

"It wasn't always this way, you know".

"Really!" exclaimed the little girl, "How did you know what I was thinking about? What was it like before this?"

"Well, if you really would like to hear the story, I shall tell it to you", replied the Moonbeam. "You see it was this way. A long, long time ago, that is many creits since, this dreary moonland was not the drab country it is now, but a flourishing sphere. Everything went well until the reign of Mounpine the Great, then things began to happen. First of all, let me tell you that your world and ours lived in perfect harmony, and many times the velvet carpet bore people passing to and fro; but then there came the break. Every hundred years a great convention of kings was held in a different planet. At the creit I am speaking of, it was the turn of the Earthmen and there were great rejoicings, for next to the Moonbeams came the Earth folk in greatness. Now Terra, King of the Earthmen, had a noble son, Pan-Terra; and a more handsome youth could not be found in any of the planets. This son had often made the trip on the velvet carpet, and soon his journeyings to and fro became even more frequent, for he had fallen in love with the dainty daughter of the King of the Moonbeams, who was the most beautiful of our maidens and who was called Moonlight.

Now just at the time of the great convention of Earthmen, the Earthking, Terra, learned of his son's love for Moonlight. In a towering rage, he declared that no son of his should ever marry a mere Moonbeam; but the night of the great assembly when the Moonking and his court were all in Earthland, Pan-Terra fled swiftly across the carpet in a chariot and drove straight to the palace where Moonlight was awaiting him. Now one thing that was an absolute law in Moonland was that no one should drive or run fast there, for its substance was a sort of flint which would strike out sparks and easily give rise to flames. Pan-Terra had always remembered this rule before, but now in his excitement he drove furiously and left behind him a trail of fire.

When he reached the palace he was surprised to see the princess, Moonlight, rushing towards him with a face full of terror. Quickly he glanced behind, expecting to see her father. Alas! the whole roadside was in flames! Their only safety lay in flight. Moonlight, seeing it was too late for help, leaped into the chariot beside the prince and the two drove wildly to the silver way that leads from our land to Mars. They reached Mars safe; but by the time our King returned, all Moonland was on fire. There is not much more to tell. Now you will understand why our land is dreary, and you can tell the earthmen why our world is burnt out".

"And what happened to Moonlight and Pan-Terra"? asked the child, entranced.

"Ah, they lived happy ever after in Mars; but that is why the Martians are not allowed to come to our convention, as you will see; for here we are already at our desination".

The child looked about her wonderingly. On every side were the strangest creatures! The representative from Venus was dazlingly beautiful and looked not unlike a mortal, except for her deep, deep blue eyes and her long blue hair. The representative from Taurus had red hair and eyes and his face was covered with fine red hair. This was not a man but a species of beast. Many, many, were the guests. At last Star lifted

up her eyes and saw elevated on a throne of pale gold set with stars the Queen Mother, Lady Moon. She was veiled in filmy clouds, and her mantle was of deep blue. Slowly she lifted the veil of white mist from her face; there was a breathless pause, until she suddenly smiled, and then a loud cry burst from the crowd and a song in many tongues thrilled through the universe.

The Moon fairy floated slowly toward the Queen and placed the little girl from earth at the foot of the throne. The Queen Mother bent low and kissed Star.

"This is to show," she chanted in silvery tones, "that the Moonbeams still love the Earth people though they do not often now make the voyage of the golden carpet. It is now only little children who believe in and love Mother Moon that have that privilege. Now, my dear, good-bye!"

The eyelids of the little girl drooped lower and lower and soon Star was fast asleep. At a motion from the Queen, millions of tiny Moonbeams stepped forward, and formed a guard around the little sleeping maid. Then she took her shining veil and wrapped it round the head of the slumberer and fastened it with a tiny star. After a farewell kiss from their Queen Mother, the Moonbeams carried their burden away. . . .

Softly they entered the silent dormitory and placed the little girl just outside the golden door. Star awakened suddenly and ran quickly through the door to her own little bed. Once more in her cot, she glanced up just as Mother Moon was sinking out of sight. "Good-night and good-bye, Lady Moon", she called, "I'll come again some time".

## ASK US ANOTHER.

WHO??? rattled the beans in purgatory?

- were the Angels playing bridge behind the scenes?
- was the bird behind the gates of paradise?
- has the cough in St. Vincent's dormitory?
- said Norah Whelpley could not read Hebrew?
- introduced that obnoxious German visitor in February?
- washed the dishes in Measle Lane?
- spilled the ink in the C Classroom?
- said K. Burgess was dumb?
- drank gargle and gargled with lemonade?

## THE ONYX RING.

BY NORA WHELPLEY.

THE old man behind the counter peered out at his customer from the twilight dimness of the shop.

"You want to sell something?" he said.

The aristocratic looking, shabbily dressed young man took a small velvet case out of the pocket of his great-coat and opened it.

"A ring?" the old man said, and stretched out his hand.

It was a very plain ring, yet striking in its simplicity, a band of engraved gold with a large black onyx set in it. A man might have squeezed his little finger into it, but it was plainly made for a lady.

"You wish to pawn this?" he mumbled.

"Yes. How much will you give me for it?"

"The ring is not valuable. I should say it is worth one hundred francs."

"One hundred francs! You're joking. I would not part with it for less than two hundred!"

"Two hundred! Nobody wants a ring like this, and I should have to sell it at a loss, and I'm old and poor," he whined.

"Very well then. I shall take it back with me."

"But, Oh, Monsieur! Why—Why, don't you leave it overnight and I shall examine it? You can come in the morning, and we shall see."

The young man pondered a moment, and suddenly glancing up perceived the old man regarding him with a strange expression.

"Very well, then. I shall come in the morning. Good-night."

He turned out of the dingy old shop and threaded his way through the narrow streets of Paris. He walked briskly, with a certain, anxious step. At last he entered the narrow passage of the high-storied old house that lent its hospitality to boarders from all parts of Europe. The steep stairs creaked as he climbed to his room and let himself in with a latch-key.

It was a student's room, plainly furnished, but in good taste. The furniture was old, but its oldness showed that it was valuable; the pieces were evidently the remnants of a beautiful home. A small fire burned in the grate and a large black cat purred on the hearth. In the centre of the room stood a well-worn library table covered with books and papers with a reading lamp in the centre. In one corner was a couch, and opposite a row of book-cases. There was a certain austerity about the room.

The young man threw off his coat and sank into a chair by the table. Immediately he plunged into a book and remained motionless for more than an hour. Suddenly he slipped down in his chair, then recovered himself with a start and said, "No, no, I must not sleep yet . . . Gracious, what's this?"

Before him stretched a large ballroom. Its floor shone like glass and reflected the lights on the walls like a mirror. As he stood gazing, a group of people sauntered through the door. Some stood chatting, while others wandered about. Was it a masquerade? Who were these powdered folk in the dress of the eighteenth century? Suddenly he

recognized a face. It was his own grandfather that was approaching, the very same whose portrait hung in the old chateau long ago.

There was a strange silence in the room. He could see the people talking, but could hear not a sound. Strange! He wandered through the room, though no one appeared to perceive him, and approached an alcove where a gentleman was holding a very earnest conversation with a beautiful lady. It was his grandfather again. He seemed to be pleading with the girl, and she also seemed greatly distressed, for two tiny tears that looked like little pearls rested on her lashes. At last the girl with a movement of despair took from her hand a ring and handed it to her partner who put it to his lips and then carefully placed it in the breast pocket of his satin waistcoat. The young intruder drew back amazed, for the ring was a gold band engraved and was set with a large black onyx.

While he was wondering, the ballroom faded from his sight and he found himself in a smaller room lighted by several candles. The room was full of shadows, but by the flickering light of the candles and the glow of the fire he could see that it was the sleeping apartment of a man of wealth. On the couch a nobleman lay asleep. He approached and looked at the face. It was the same he had seen in the ballroom. Ah, yes, this was his grandfather's room. There on the bookshelf opposite were the familiar books that rested now on his own table. A shaft of light fell across the room as he was examining the backs of the volumes, and turning, he perceived a man glide over to the couch of the sleeper. A knife glittered in the candle light, hovered an instant in the air, and before the young watcher could cry out, had descended to the breast of the sleeping man. The murderer stood gazing at his work, when suddenly the hand of the victim shone clearly in the glow of the fire, and the servant made an eager movement to wrench away the ring that showed a dark stone like a blot on the little finger. He had bent forward for the purpose, when the arm of the man on the couch struck him a blow across the eyes, and with a cry of terror he turned and fled.

Not able to endure more, the young man rested against the wall and raised his arm to shut out the horrible sight. Then the rain began to beat against his face and as he slowly lowered his arm he found himself in a street only a short distance from his lodging. He paused and took shelter in a doorway. The street was deserted save for one man at the farther end who walked slowly along with bent head. The figure had arrived almost opposite the doorway and was pausing beneath a street lamp, when a man burst suddenly from the dark house beyond the light and started in pursuit of the lone straggler. There was an attack from behind, a fierce struggle, and in the glow of the lamp the young man caught the flash of a bluish black onyx on a little finger. With a quick movement, the assailant struck the gentleman on the head, and with a moan he sank to the ground and lay still. The murderer then disappeared into the house from which he came, and the yellow light of the street lamp showed up in a hazy way the features of the man who had fallen, features strangely familiar to the young watcher. Good heavens! It was his father!

All the while it was raining heavily, and he struggled along in the grip of the wind. Just before him he saw a small shop, and not being able longer to face the storm, he entered its dingy precincts. To his surprise it was the shop of the day before. Behind the counter the old man was muttering over something which he held in his hand. A solitary



candle lighted the shop. The young man stood shivering in the corner, when the door seemed to blow open with the wind, and to his amazement, he saw his father enter the room. Had he taken leave of his senses? The opening of the door blew out the candle, and when the old man after much fuss finally succeeded in lighting it, he glanced with annoyance at his customer. The sight of him seemed to drain the blood from his face. His jaw shook and his eyes dilated. The skinny hand held up in the lamplight a small gold ring set with a black onyx. The hand shook and the wizened face was frozen with horror. The face opposite was as cold as stone. Indeed it was colder; it was the face of a dead accuser . . .

The young man stirred. Something clutched him from behind. He raised his head and beheld the dawn coming in from the window. The black cat was brushing against his legs. With a start he looked around. The room was cold in the morning air, for the fire had gone down. He rose, lighted the fire, and made himself a cup of coffee. By the time that was done, it was broad daylight. He slipped on his great coat, took his hat, and departed, locking the door behind him.

Once in the streets he walked quickly. His way led him over his steps of last evening. Reaching the shop, he pushed the door, and to his surprise it yielded to his touch. Everything was still. In the corner the solitary candle kept its vigil, though it fluttered now and had almost reached the socket. The old man sat still behind the counter and made no move as the visitor entered. The young man approached. Still no move. The skinny hands clutched something that reflected the feeble candle light in a surface of black onyx. There was an expression of horror in the staring eyes, the jaw had dropped. The old man was dead.

### A PRAYER FOR ADVENT.

BY IRENE McQUILLAN.

Little King, we long for Thee,  
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem's cave!  
Wilt Thou not list to such as we  
Whom Thou didst come to save?

Our lowly hearts to Thee we bring  
In loving adoration,  
While choirs of heaven's angels sing  
Thy glories through creation.

The gold we bring is Charity,  
The frankincense our prayer,  
The myrrh—ah, best of all to Thee  
The pain for Thee we bear.

## SHORTHAND

BY JOYCE ROOP, Sec. Sc. '27.

STARTLING as it may seem, the fact is, that shorthand is not an invention of modern times. It is a very ancient art and was used as far back as the time of the Caesars. Julius Caesar was a writer of shorthand, and historians relate that in composing his famous "Commentaries," he dictated to six stenographers at a time! Doubtless the method employed was that used in reporting speeches in the Roman Senate; that is, all the stenographers took down the same matter and afterward the transcriptions were pieced together. Still, Caesar was not the inventor of shorthand. Plutarch attributes the invention of it to Cicero, but it has been convincingly proved by historians that the art was systematized by Tiro, a freedman of Cicero's; and since in those days the credit of whatever the slave could do was given to the master, Cicero's name was associated with the new system of shorthand. Doctor Ziebig says: "Had Cicero been the inventor or even the perfecter of shorthand, he would not have remained silent about it . . . and the writings of his biographers and commentators contain no allusion to such a meritorious achievement."

Titus Vespasian, the eleventh Caesar, was probably the most expert writer of shorthand among the Roman Emperors. Suetonius records that "he was capable of writing shorthand with the greatest rapidity and often competed with the scribes for his own amusement," which shows that shorthand speed contests date back to the first century of the Christian era.

Nor was the art lost during the Middle Ages. In 1912 a petition was made to Rome by eleven hundred stenographers of various nationalities, asking that Saint Genesius of Arles be declared the patron saint of shorthand writers. St. Genesius was a secretary in the civil service at Arles, and when the Emperor Maximianus Hercules in the year 308 issued an edict against the Christians, the saint refused to record the law against his own people, and suffered death in consequence.

Saint Basil wrote the following letter to a student. It contains such excellent advice that it might well be placed on the walls of every classroom of shorthand pupils:

"Words have wings; therefore we use signs so that we can attain in writing the swiftness of speech. But you, oh youth, must make the signs very carefully and pay attention to an accurate arrangement of them, as through a little mistake a long speech will be disfigured; while by the care of the writer a speech may be correctly repeated."

The famous Origen has left it on record that he prepared his addresses in shorthand. St. Augustine employed ten stenographers and Pope Gregory the Great in the dedication of his famous "Homilies" mentions that he had revised them from stenographic reports. St. Jerome had four stenographers who took down dictation and six others who transcribed what the others had written.

These men of genius evidently found shorthand indispensable; they understood the value of time. A man to-day using a typewriter or a pencil can write about a thousand words an hour. The same man using shorthand can accomplish the same amount of work in fifteen minutes. And when time means money, as it very often does, this is an important advantage. To-day Shorthand is more necessary than ever.



The status of Gregg Shorthand, which came into the field half a century after the original Pitman system, is taught in the high schools of 87 per cent of the cities and towns of the United States and Canada whose high schools teach shorthand—adopted, in most instances, after a comparison with the older systems. It is a certainty that the school authorities and the teachers, a majority of whom formerly taught Pitmanic shorthand know *results* when they see them. The teacher has no illusions. He has the experience of hundreds of learners to draw from; the reporter bases his judgment upon his own.

The Gregg Shorthand champions, Albert Schneider, Charles L. Swem, and Martin Dupraw, write two hundred eighty words a minute with a record of 99% accuracy. That this system is not difficult may be seen from the fact that little girls of seven and eight years of age after studying it for six months are able to write and read shorthand.

Let us consider what shorthand will do for us:

It quickens the mental faculties.

It trains the memory.

It increases the power of concentration.

It cultivates the reasoning power and especially the powers of deduction.

It increases the mastery of English.

Some practical examples of the uses of shorthand are found in its value to the nurse, the author, the court reporter, the college student, as well as to the professional stenographer. Shorthand should be learned by every woman as an insurance against a possible uncertain financial future. It is a means of economic independence and has, besides, a practical educational value that one cannot well afford to miss.



A COMMERCIAL CLASS.

## AN 18th CENTURY EPISTLE.

BY MARIE ACKERMAN.

London, August 2, 17—.

MY DEAREST VIOLETTE:

Did you ever in all your life see anyone as annoying as that chit of a lawyer, Boswell! The other day I attended the garden party of our mutual friend, Mrs. Montague, and to my great disgust, there I found Boswell. Yet I really think he is head over heels in love with me, for he follows me around from place to place asking such questions. The other day Henry brought him home to dinner with my dear friend, Dr. Johnson, and—would you believe it?—though I was my prettiest and wittiest (for Henry's sake, my dear) he did not even glance at me, but talked and talked to Dr. Johnson—quite, quite monopolized him in fact. When he did consent to speak to anyone else, it was only to make a senseless remark about Queenie's hair and to say it was a pity it was not flaxen but brown, which is the color of my own! 'Tis said he is now in love for the third or fourth time—the present lady being no other than his own cousin Margaret, that insipid little blonde! She lacks vivacity and that charm of manner which people like you and me have, and know how and when to use.

We are having a rather gay time. Nearly every evening dear Dr. Johnson calls, and what lengthy and brilliant discourses! We are quite envied for possessing Dr. Sam for a personal friend. You see he prefers our house to any other in London. Last Tuesday Sir Philip Jennings Clerk, Boswell (!) and Johnson were in to supper. We had a very interesting discussion on Pope's poems. And would you believe it?—Boswell sided with me!

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Montague and I went shopping. Lud! She brought along Mrs. Melmoth, whom you know I detest. Nevertheless, I managed to spend a very agreeable afternoon; for poor Mrs. Melmoth subsides with a little ambling. I bought a beautiful peach colored silk to be made into a very full bustle. I shall use white point lace for the bodice. I have discovered that Miss Burney, Queenie's dancing teacher, can embroider very nicely, and I shall engage her assistance. Mrs. Montague has a new violet velvet in the prevailing style, trimmed with narrow black velvet. My gown is for the ball at Brownley's. Queenie is going to attend also. It will be her first ball, the dear child! Her dress is very simple, as befits her tender age. It is of white silk not too full and trimmed with soft rose. She is putting her hair up for the first time, a high effect with a few ringlets over her shoulder. Mr. Moore has been paying her quite marked attention. If only she marries well, what a load off my mind!

There is some talk of Arthur Murphy, who introduced us to Johnson, editing the Doctor's works. La! If he does, what a loss it will be to the stage!

Garrick, I suppose you know, has just terminated another unfortunate love affair. The young lady, it seems, told him she admired his acting, but she wished he would wear a brown periwig in Hamlet instead of a white one. David said that she looked so appealingly into his face that he really couldn't help falling in love with her. He called on her,



several times, but discovered that the lady had already a husband. Poor Garrick! He thought she had been introduced as "Miss"!

Fanny Burney has published her book at last. The other night the dear Doctor surprised us all and delighted Fanny by quoting from it. *Evelina*, it is called,—a very touching story. We roared with laughter at our dear Samuel imitating the voice and manner of a young lady of fashion.

Hadge, the Doctor's cat, has a sore paw, so he brought the creature to me, declaring that since I nursed him so well, I could certainly cure the cat.

Well, we go back to Bath after the ball. Our summer home will seem quiet after the bustle of the city. This winter we shall be at Argyle Street; so if you return during that season, do come and stay with us.

Good-bye. I shall write you about the ball and all the beaux,—matter which I know will be of interest to you. Queenie sends her love and also Henry who is growling, "When is that woman coming home from Paris?"

Very affectionately,

HESTER THRALE.

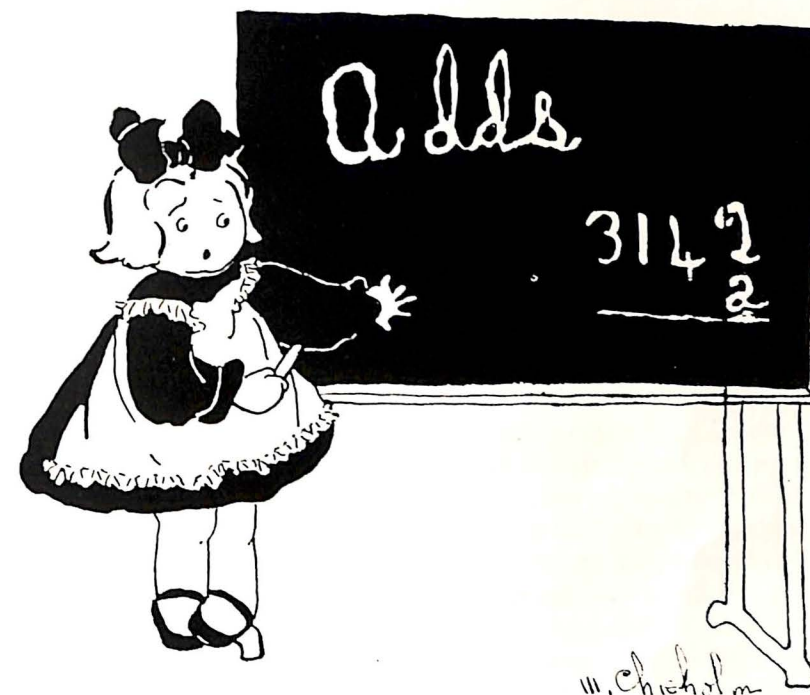
### A PIG TALE.

BY ANNIE MANTIN.

This little pig went to market  
This little pig stayed at home;  
This little piggie came to class  
And that is the tale of the "pome."

This little piggie has lost his heart  
To the girls of the Senior C class  
With his lungs, it is true, he hated to part;  
They were taken and blown up, alas!

This poor little piggie has lost his breath;  
His lungs are quite flabby indeed:  
The loss of his heart and his lungs meant death,—  
What a merciless, cold-blooded deed!



Stop! Look! Listen!

Steve McIsaac and Kitty Power announce  
the completion of their monumental  
work:

*The Perfect Figure.*"

Price \$5.50 at the School Office.

WANTED:—By the inmates of Saint Agnes'  
Dormitory a loud speaker for the  
broadcasting of nightly programs of our  
prima donna, Mary Harris.

Dr. Pickup and Dr. Shannon recommend  
PORTER for the cure of rheumatism.

WANTED:—By the Mistress General a  
step ladder for use in conferring  
decorations at Prime.

For side lights on Xenophon apply to Annie  
Ritchie. Tiring work is done by M.  
Amirault.

BEST SELLER:—"Poise and Avoirdupois"  
a novel by Mary Windeatt.

"One of the most startling productions  
of the year". (Annie Ritchie in *The  
Morning Gossip*).

"Eventually, why not now?" For aches  
and pains due to gymnastic exertions  
use Archibald's Lubricating Oil.  
10c. a bottle. Guaranteed chemically.

FOR SALE:—Surplus ambition and Self-  
Reliance. Apply to any B.

FOUND:—By L. Theriault and M.  
Hamilton, the secret of the permanent  
wave.

NOTICE:—Undertaking parlors have been  
opened by Annie Mantin. If you have  
any deceases, attend to them at once.  
Embalming a specialty.



## BRITISH PAINTING.

BY MOLLIE CHESLEY, '27.

*"Art manifests whatever is most exalted, and it manifests it to all."—Taine.*

NOT until early in the eighteenth century did England begin to make a name for herself in the art of Painting. This fact is brought very forcefully to our realization when we consider the progress she had made in nearly every other field of learning, and the great wealth she had stored up. Surely much great talent has been hidden in those dark ages of British Art.

Perhaps these unknown artists were thrust even into the background, because up to the time of Hogarth, the monarchs of England had brought into the country, foreign artists who painted for the aristocracy and the nobility. Consequently, as these men were great artists in themselves, little heed would have been paid to any striving young Englishmen. For instance there was the great Holbein, a German painter who served for fifteen years under Henry VIII. He was an excellent portrait painter and as he was one of the first to paint portraits in miniature style, he probably is responsible for introducing it into England. And then under Charles I we find the Flemish master, Anthony Van Dyck, in England. He had studied and worked with Rubens, travelled extensively in Europe and had won a great name ere he settled down to make his home here.

Well, then, we have these two great artists in England who enriched the country with their priceless masterpieces. But after they had passed, greatly inferior men took their places, men such as Sir Peter Lyly and Godfrey Kneller, so that the English people were obliged to turn to their own land for good art. And it was then that Hogarth, the first great English painter, came to be known.

William Hogarth lived in London practically all his life. He was early apprenticed to Sir James Thomhill, chiefly as an engraver, but set up for himself about the year 1770. Hogarth was a remarkable man. He studied his time, seeing all of its silliness and insincerity, with a keen vision. He strove to teach the people to realize their superficiality by painting what are known as series of satirical pictures and for this facility in depicting the vices and follies of his time, he is famous. "A Rake's Progress," "A Midnight Modern Conversation" and his masterpiece, "Marriage A La Mode" are some of the best of these. Hogarth is said to be the first and most original of the British School of Painting. He remained entirely uninfluenced by foreign modern art, endeavoring until the end to uphold his own principles. And as a humorist and social satirist he is quite unsurpassed. So then we have in Hogarth a strong beginning for the British School, to which England is destined to produce a large number of really great men.

Very generally speaking, the art of Britain lacks originality and it is clear that its strength lies in portrait and landscape painting where the model is rather closely adhered to. The works of Hogarth were not popular because of their hostility to the predominant ideas of the time. And it was reserved for the two greatest English portrait painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough, to convince the people of the value of real British art.

The careers of those men were strangely similar, and a comparison of the art of each is most interesting. Reynolds lived a happy and a successful life. This may be due to his determination "Never to be troubled by little things and always to look for success as an outcome of tireless effort." His portraits of women and little children have never been surpassed, except perhaps by Gainsborough in the case of "Mrs. Siddons." He was an intellectual man and his works bear great witness of this. So glorious is his coloring that he has been ranked by Ruskin as one of seven greatest colorists of the world. Reynolds painted tremendously all his life, but his portraits of little children are exquisitely true and in these perhaps he has reached his greatest heights. "Little Samuel," "Innocence" and "Miss Bowles" are charming examples of these.

While Reynolds seems to be the learned man, we find in Gainsborough a different type, a man with a passion for music. And here we find a more intense character with a dash of melancholy. Gainsborough despised codes and forms of any kind, consequently he painted with extraordinary freedom and originality. In his "Blue-boy" there is displayed a strange force of technique and a defiance of Reynolds' rule that portraits should be warm in color and light. Generally speaking, his color in landscape was warm, while in portrait it was rather cold. Gainsborough is the most English of English painters and from the first he has ranked among the greatest in British Art.

Other good portrait painters, none of which could come up to either of these great men, are Romney, who painted women in particular with much charm and vivacity of manner, Beechey, Raeburn, John Hoppner, and Lawrence. This last painter was very prominent in his day and is much admired by modern artists, especially for his technique. He is decorative and brilliant always, but lacks the greatest power of all—simplicity. Lawrence had many contemporaries. Etty is the best in figure painting.

William Blake cannot be called an artist at all. He knew practically nothing about form and coloring but yet he drew some figures with such force and sweep of line that they are almost sublime. He has great decorative power as is shown in his illustrations to the Book of Job; it is the originality of his conception that holds.

Moorland, Sir David Wilkie and Edward Landseer stand foremost as British genre-painters. That is, they rather came down to earth, and painted just what they saw in every-day life—meadows, animals, and shepherds. Moorland was a "realist of English country life." His art is rich in coloring and very true and simple in representation.

In the rendering of rather "smart" textures and surface effects with a brush work too limpid to produce power, the works of Wilkie and Landseer are similar. Wilkie, however, was strongly influenced by the Dutch painters and eventually drifted into portrait painting exclusively, while Landseer painted animals which are effective and popular but lack truth of conception since they are made too human.

"In landscape the English have had something to say peculiarly their own." Richard Wilson has been classed as the real founder of this branch of art in England and as one of the most sincere of her painters.

John Crome was an artist of rare force in rendering a light-and-air feeling in his pictures. He drew about him a number of men in Norwich, chief among whom, after Crome, was Cotman. This was known as The Norwich School.

And now we have the most all-round landscape painter of England, John Constable. Like Gainsborough Constable went directly to nature for his art. He cared little for

idealistic things and he delighted in sweeping uplands and ragged skies. His brush work was broad and strong and at times a little heavy. But his effects were true to nature. His influence upon English art was considerable but on the French school it was much greater.

No doubt the name of Turner is the best known of all British painters. However it does not follow that he is the greatest by any means. There is about his art a dazzling brilliancy of light and color which attracts the eye instantly and which to many is very delightful. In most cases however, his paintings are extravagantly idealistic. He was an excellent craftsman and knew his mediums thoroughly; which accounts, probably, for his freedom in handling. In composition he is truly good.

A new transparency of effect was introduced into English art by Cozens and Gertin. It was given through the medium of water color and Turner was quite a master of this before he abandoned it for color in oils. Stothard, Fielding, Cox, Hunt and Lewis are a few who won recognition through this medium.

About the middle of the nineteenth century there arose in British Art a movement called pre-Raphaelitism. It was originally introduced by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Sir John Millais, and its aim was to bring back into art the sincere truth which had prevailed in the old masters before Raphael. However the simplicity and truth were forced in this case and the movement soon died out, but not without having its influence greatly felt. Rossetti, an Italian by birth was more of a poet than an artist. Hunt generally lost truth of mass in his painting while endeavoring to procure truth of detail. But Millais broke away completely from the Brotherhood and has produced some really great work.

Madox Brown, an artist of considerable dramatic power in depicting historical scenes, never actually left the Brotherhood although he upheld many of its principles. But in Burne-Jones we find a much more marked influence of pre-Raphaelitism. He painted with a rather stippled and dry brush work at times but in beauty of conception, richness of color and grace of composition his work is most admirable. Albert Moore worked after Burne-Jones a great deal.

As figure and portrait painters Sir Frederick Leighton, Watts, and Alma Tadema are perhaps the greatest of the more modern men. Leighton is ranked high as a draughtsman but he lacks color sense and good brush work quality. Watts in his power of conception, has risen to grandeur occasionally and his portraits are excellent. In color, however he is apt to be sombre and muddy.

As a marine painter, Henry Moore is ranked as the best in modern British Art. There are many others well worthy of mention however, men such as Vicat Cole, Cecil Lawson, Alfred Parsons and W. L. Wyllie.

British Art has not the tradition of the ages, but it has risen suddenly within the last four hundred years and has soared to amazing heights.

## IT'S ALL IN THE FLAVOR.

BY ANNIE MANTIN.

MOTHER Brown had gone to the city for the afternoon, and had left five little Brownies on their best behavior. Now she had done this many times before, in spite of the fact that as often as she returned she would be sure to find the pantry minus some of its goodies, or a chair minus a leg, or some other sign that Bobby and Betty, and Billy and Nan, and Jane were very much alive and altogether normal youngsters.

It was only after many injunctions that she had left us and we had agreed to the substance of her parting lecture; namely that we should be less selfish and more helpful around the house. It was I, Jane, the eldest of the Brownies who took these remarks most to heart, and resolved that I would no longer be classed with those mischievous brothers and sisters. I must redeem myself; but—how? What could I do during Mother's absence to give evidence of my conversion?

The other four romping on the lawn, each with a slice of cake that was fast disappearing, reminded me rather suddenly and not too comfortably, that a part of the evening dessert was already being devoured. It must be replaced. But how proceed? Should I just guess, or should I look it up in the cook book? I adopted the latter course as the safer.

I studied the recipe carefully. Milk, eggs, butter, sugar, baking powder, flour, a tablespoonful of chocolate and some vanilla. After considerable labor all of these ingredients were in the porcelain bowl except the essence of vanilla. I searched and searched the pantry shelves. Where could I find the precious liquid? Suddenly a bright idea occurred to me. Upstairs, stored away among my most treasured possessions was a little bottle of perfume which I had found in my Christmas stocking. I knew the smell of vanilla, and it seemed to me not unlike that of my precious liquid upstairs. Well! It would be a sacrifice, but it was worth it, for that cake must be a success at any cost! So up I went, and in a moment the contents of the precious little bottle were poured into the golden mixing bowl. Jubilantly I poured the creamy contents into a buttered pan, and followed by an eager little procession, marched to the oven.

Now the whole process had had one advantage. It had kept the young Brownies perfectly quiet, as they watched, open mouthed and keenly interested, the movements of their clever big sister. Bobby and Billy in particular were most anxious that the cake should be a success. So, taking advantage of their state of feeling, I ordered each of the spectators to sit on a chair in perfect posture until the cake should be finished. I am quite sure that never before had these noisy children been so quiet in their waking hours. Except for Nan falling off her chair a number of times, and Betty nearly losing her head in the oven every time I opened the door, they were painfully good.

Ah! the cake was finished. It appeared much better even than Mother's, it had risen so much higher. The Brownies humbly begged a piece, but I was firm. Not a bite until Mother returned and viewed the results!

At last she came. How she did praise me! Daddy Brown was not expected to dine with us that evening, and Mother Brown had already had afternoon tea, so the five young

Brownies were left to devour the cake, a process not at all hard. Only I refrained for a while and put away my piece until I should be at leisure to enjoy it. After each of the others had had one piece, and then another, and then another, I noticed Bobby looking very white. Betty and Billy had grown very quiet and appeared rather uncomfortable. In a few minutes Mother found that a doctor was needed for the little people. Had the cake done it?

"Nothing but poison could make them so sick," declared Mother.

The doctor was puzzled. I was summoned and answered a careful inquiry as to the ingredients of the cake. It seemed all right; everything was perfectly wholesome except, possibly, the essence.

"That reminds me," said Mother. "I haven't a drop of vanilla in the house. Jane, where did you get that essence?"

I blushed. My big sacrifice had to come to light.

"It wasn't really truly essence, Mother, but it was just as good. It was my Christmas perfume."

Mother gasped and the doctor smiled. So it came out at last and the mystery was solved. I wept when I realized it. My sacrifice had been in vain!

## THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

By MARY AUCOIN.

BENEATH the shade of oak trees on a lonely country road stands the old schoolhouse. It is a low, paintless building, not very large, and with a peaked roof. Pieces of glass still remain in the window frames, while fragments lie on the ground outside. Once it was occupied by playful children, but now it is deserted and cheerless. Bushes and weeds cover the narrow path leading to the door. The stone step is green with moss. In the rear a tree has decayed and leans on the house, while not far away the brook still babbles on, though no children go there to paddle or play. As we peek inside we note the blackboard which still bears traces of chalk. A small pile of wood is in the corner and nearby is a rusty pail with a mug hanging by it. The rude desks stand patiently nailed to the floor, as if awaiting the return of the children, but they are men and women now and will never, never come back.



## COLLEGE DEBATE.

The most interesting debate of the year was that held on Sunday evening March 27th in which the students of the Cap and Gown displayed their forensic abilities to the Academy. The subject was Resolved: that advertising has been carried to excess. The debaters were:

### AFFIRMATIVE.

CASSIE FERGUSON, '28.  
COLINE CLANCY, '28.  
ALICE DOWD, '29.

### NEGATIVE.

HILDA DURNEY, '28.  
ROSE ORLANDO, '27.  
HELEN CAMERON, '29.

The arguments on both sides were delivered with spirit. The Negative had prepared for themselves a setting of posters and ads which besides advertising their cause served as effective stage decorations. In spite of all precautions, however, the Affirmative carried off the victory with a score of 120-98½.

The debates of the various clubs have, owing to a change in program, suffered somewhat; so that not as many were held as were planned at the opening of the year. The subjects which were discussed, however, were:

## ALPHA KAI BETA CLUB.

Resolved: That Canada should be annexed to the United States. Result in favour of Negative 86-68.

Resolved: That a king is more beneficial to a country than a president. Result for Affirmative 100-79.

Resolved: That the spoken word is more forcible than the written word. Result in favour of Affirmative.

Resolved: That the Elizabethan Age was a greater literary period than the Victorian Era. Result, a tie.



## KILMER CLUB.

*Resolved:* That a detailed knowledge of a few things is a greater asset than a superficial knowledge of many things. Decision in favour of the Negative by 18 points.

*Resolved:* That Free Trade is more beneficial to a country than High Tariff. Decision in favour of the Negative by 12 points.

*Resolved:* That the growth of Magazines is detrimental to literature. Decision in favour of the Affirmative by 4 points.

## COMMERCIAL CLUB.

*Resolved:* That wealth is a greater asset than Brains. Affirmative 291; Negative, 235.

*Resolved:* That a Commercial Course is more beneficial than a course in Domestic Science. Affirmative 306; Negative, 263.

## BENSON CIRCLE.

*Resolved:* That farming is more beneficial to the community than manufacturing. Affirmative, 170-160.

*Resolved:* That two half holidays are better than one whole one. Negative, 126-123.

*Resolved:* That written examination should be abolished. Negative, 137-117.



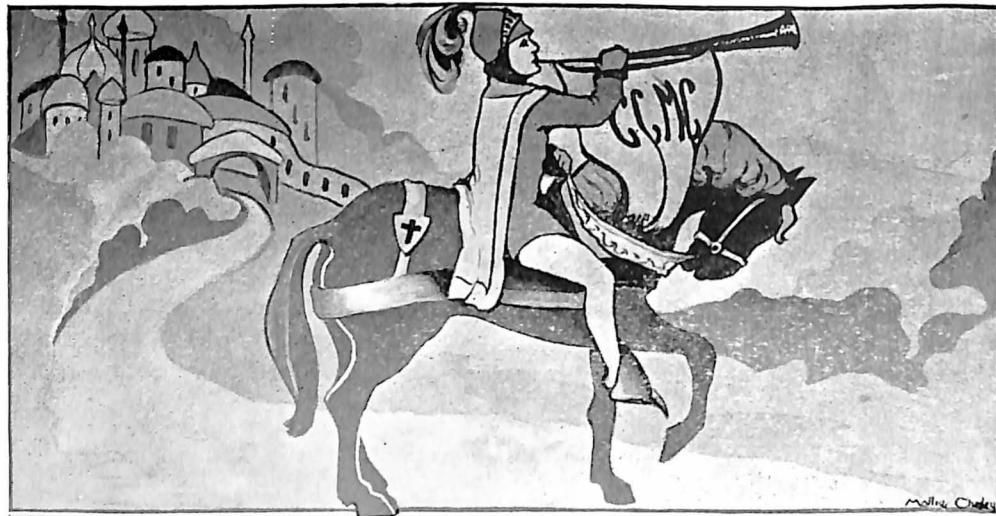
## A TRIBUTE.

ON March 22nd news reached the Mount of the death of Archbishop Seton, grandson of Mother Elizabeth Seton, who passed away quietly at the College of Saint Elizabeth, Convent Station, New Jersey. A telegram sent from the Sisters of Charity with whom the Archbishop made his home during the last years of his life, announced his death to their faraway Sisters of the Halifax branch of Mother Seton's Community. The interchange of sympathy thus brought about speaks eloquently for the greatness of the dead Archbishop and emphasizes more clearly than ever the grandeur and the solidity of the work of his saintly grandmother. From North and South, East and West, the Sisters of Charity scattered now through the United States and Canada united with their Sisters in New Jersey in prayer for the repose of the soul of the great prelate who represents for them a last link in the direct line of descent from their beloved Foundress.

Our readers will recall that Mother Elizabeth Seton at the time of her foundation of the Sisters of Charity at Emmittsburg, had five children. Of these, two were boys whose education was begun at Saint Mary's, Baltimore, and later completed abroad. William, the eldest son, entered the navy and later settled at Cragdon in Westchester County, near what is now Mount Vernon. Robert Seton, his son was born at Pisa, Italy in 1839. His mother was Emily Prime Seton, a New England woman. As a boy he studied at Saint Mary's in Maryland and afterwards was sent to Karlsruhe and Pau. He studied theology at the American College in Rome and was one of its original thirteen students. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1865, and was graduated from the Ecclesiastical Academy at Rome in 1867, receiving his D. D. from the Roman University the same year. While in Rome he was made Private Chamberlain to Pope Pius IX and was dean of the Monsignori in the United States. In the same year he returned to his native country and reported to his uncle Bishop Bayley who appointed him to a curateship in Newark. Afterwards his health necessitated a removal to St. Elizabeth's, Madison (now Convent Station). In 1876 he accepted the pastorate of Saint Joseph's, and remained in this obscure parish for over twenty-five years, when he resigned and returned to Rome. In 1903 his merits received their recognition, and he was elevated to the rank of titular Archbishop of Heliopolis in Egypt. In Rome he lived a retired life, and on account of his love for children was called "the children's Monsignor."

Six years ago Archbishop Seton sought the hospitality of Bishop O'Connor in the home diocese of Newark, and was cordially welcomed by the Sisters at Saint Elizabeth's who cared for him until his death. There among the spiritual children of his saintly grandmother he spent quiet, happy days, following the simple routine of a devout life among those who loved him and whom he loved.

He was a scion of a glorious race, one of those Setons famous in Scotch history for their association with Mary Stuart, and for the mention made of them in the old ballad of MARY HAMILTON. More glorious still, however, is his connection with a greater woman, our own Mother Seton. With her, doubtless, to-day he rejoices and looks down in benediction upon her children, scattered over a continent, but one in heart and will, and drawn closer by each new bond of joy or sorrow.



## CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

THE Second Annual Convention of the C. C. S. M. C. was held at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, Nova Scotia, May 9, 1926.

The program was arranged as follows:

- |  |   |            |
|--|---|------------|
| I. REUNION IN THE CHAPEL.                                    | Hymn: Heart of Jesus                                    | 2.30 p. m. |
|  | Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart.                |            |
|  | Act of Consecration to our Lady.                        |            |
| II. PROCESSION TO THE RECEPTION HALL.                        |   |            |
|  | Crusaders' hymn: "God Will It!"                         |            |
| III. BUSINESS MEETING  |   | 2.50 p. m. |
| (a)  | Opening remarks: Reverend Diocesan Director.            |            |
| (b)  | Presentation of Reports.                                |            |
|  | 1. Mount Saint Vincent.                                 |            |
|  | 2. St. Mary's College.                                  |            |
|  | 3. St. Patrick's Girls' High School.                    |            |
| (c)  | Reading of Papers:                                      |            |
|  | 1. The Holy Father and the Foreign Missions.            |            |
|  | Mount Saint Vincent. (Miss Ida Marsland).               |            |
|  | 2. The Call to China. St. Patrick's Girls' High School. |            |
|  | 3. The Canadian Martyrs. St. Mary's College.            |            |
|  | 4. Lay Co-operation with the Missionary Endeavor.       |            |
| (d)  | Convention Resolutions.                                 |            |
| IV. SOCIAL INTERMISSION                                      |   | 4.15 p. m. |
| V. THE MISSION PLAY, "TEKAKWITHA" (The Lily of the Mohawks). |   | 4.45 p. m. |
| VI. SOLEMN BENEDICTION                                       |   | 6.00 p. m. |
|  | Crusaders' Hymn: "The Sacred Heart for all the World".  |            |

The zeal and enthusiasm apparent at this meeting of the Catholic Students of Halifax augured well for the cause of the Missions during the school year 1926-27. Early in October our new members were enrolled in the ranks of the Crusade, and the first Friday of the month was chosen as the day of muster for our unit. The meetings have been continued with enthusiasm, and the practical results of the exhortations of our Mistress General speak eloquently for her zeal and self-sacrifice for the cause. Various topics were chosen for discussion. December's meeting was held on St. Francis Xavier's Day, and a special tribute was paid to the great Patron of all missions. At the January meeting the topic chosen was *The Society of the Propagation of the Faith: Its Origin and Spread*, and a paper was read by Mary Windeatt on *Pauline Jaricot*. The Freshman Religion class has produced monthly for its own benefit, a mission magazine entitled *The Crusader's Outlook*. Articles are written by each member of the class, and as these entail a certain amount of research work, there is a constant reading of current mission magazines, of which our library has a goodly stock.

During the course of the year various movements have been set on foot and entertainments given for the increase of the Mission Fund.

In November the Freshman Class took the initiative with a novel entertainment at "The Sign of the Dragon," which has been described already in our Chronicles. In February the College Girls gave the Country Fair, and later, just before Easter, put on a concert which helped considerably to swell the fund. Mite boxes have been filled and emptied regularly, so that there is no one who has not contributed to the good work. Spiritual alms have also been abundant, as the year's records show. Unfortunately our account of activities, receipts and expenditures goes only up to the Easter holidays. Nevertheless the good work goes on, and its benefits flow back upon ourselves; for if these "little nameless acts of kindness and of love" bring blessings to our far-off brothers and sisters in the Church of God, they bestow not less a benediction upon ourselves whereby we are the richer for our giving.

## THIRD ANNUAL MEETING CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE.

The meeting of the Halifax branches of the Crusade is planned for Sunday, May 22nd, at Saint Mary's College. All are keenly interested. The subject of the Mount St. Vincent paper will be: *The Society of the Propagation of the Faith*. We are sure that the results will be altogether encouraging and that the third union of the Catholic Boys and Girls of Halifax will give a strong impetus to the Mission work during the coming year.



# MISSION CRUSADE ACTIVITY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT, 1925-1926

## RECEIPTS FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR

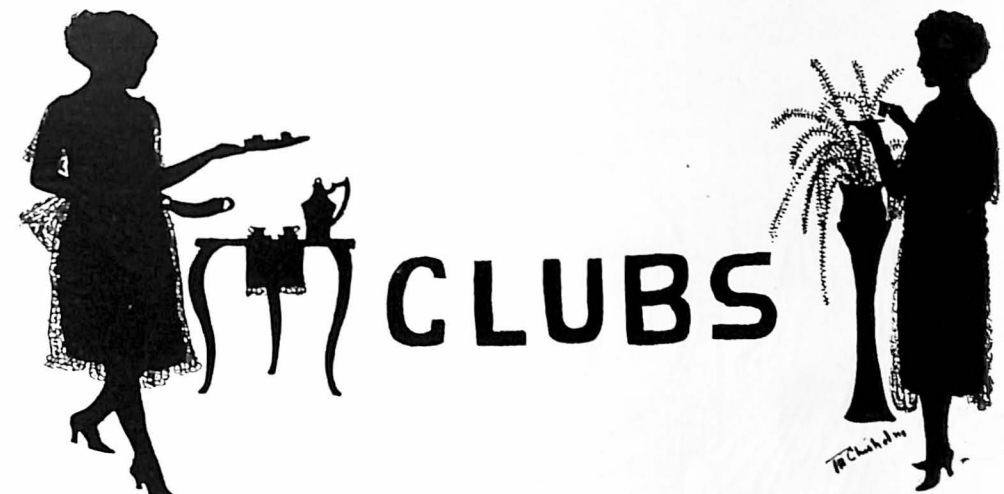
MATERIAL.		Other donations during school year, includ-	
Received from Mite Boxes	\$145.00	ing \$250.00 for the support of a Seminar-	
Mission Crusade Tax	92.65	ian)	472.03
Entertainments (College and First Christian		Other donations from the pupils	2.80
Doctrine Class)	61.90		
		Total	\$772.38

## EXPENDITURES FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR

Support of a Seminarian	\$250.00	African Missions	27.15
Paid to Reverend Doctor Curren for the		Literature	11.31
Propagation of the Faith	52.00	Austrian Missions	110.00
Paid to Right Reverend Monsignor William		German Orphans	5.00
Quinn for the Propagation of the Faith	14.06	Reverend Father Gavan Duffy, India	20.15
Reverend Father Fraser and the China		India, Korea, and Various Foreign Missions	39.13
Seminary	83.45		
Catholic Extension, Canadian, and Masses	81.00	Total	\$768.50
Western Canadian Missions	45.25		
Indian and Home Missions	30.00		

## SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

Masses	1,572
Beads	1,744
Aspirations	332,981
Acts of Mortification	4,616
Grace at Meals	1,039
Office of Our Lady	190
Communion	1,543
Stations	842
Visits	1,250
Spiritual Communion	1,481
Sign of the Cross	26,229
Angelus	916
Acts of Charity	1,718
Special Prayers for the Conversion of China	16,000



## ALPHA KAI BETA.

President	F. ARCHIBALD.
Secretary	M. WINDEATT.
Treasurer	M. CHESLEY.

## KILMER.

President	M. ROMANS.
Secretary	K. BURGESS.
Treasurer	A. MANCINI.

## COMMERCIAL.

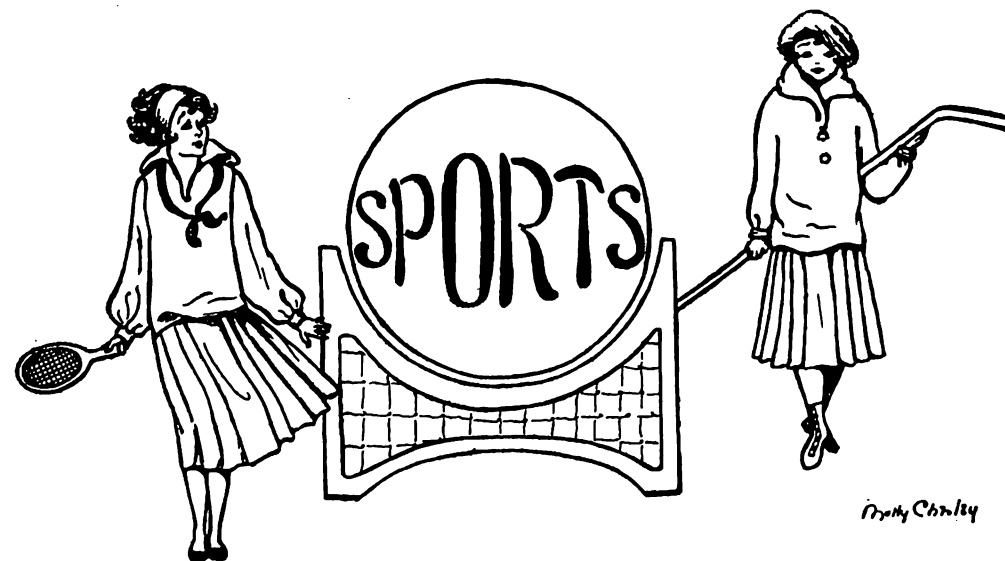
President	B. BUTLER.
Vice-President	K. DORAN.
Secretary and Treasurer	J. ROOP.

## BENSON READING CIRCLE.

President	I. McQUILLAN.
Secretary	A. MANTIN.
Treasurer	B. CUMBERFORD.

## SETON.

President	H. STOKES.
Secretary	B. RUBINOVITCH.
Treasurer	M. COMERFORD.



EARLY in the year the basket-ball teams were selected according to classes and put into the field for practice. The shields are grouped as follows: Freshman, Black; Provincial B, Purple; Commercial, Red; Senior C, Blue; Senior D, Orange.

Some hard-fought contests took place in the gymnasium where basket-ball is played regularly on Thursday night. The most interesting game of the season was that played between the Freshman and the Senior College classes on December 16th. During the first half the Freshmen held the lead but in the second half the collegiates brought the score up to 14-5 in their favour. The Academy loyally supported the Freshmen with cheering and applause but the team work of the college girls was too much for the Blacks. The teams were: College, Rt. For., A. Cameron, Lt. For., C. Ferguson, Centre, M. Mackey, Lt. Centre, J. Burgess, Rt. Defence, C. Clancy, Lt. Defence, S. McIsaac. The Blacks were: Rt. For., K. Ryall, Lt. For., E. Ryan, Centre, F. Archibald, Rt. Centre, Marie Theriault, Rt. Defence, A. Ritchie, Lt. Defence, M. Windeatt. The Academy athletes, undaunted by defeat, now look forward to a return game.

Tobogganing and skating were the principal outdoor winter attractions. The skating season was fortunately quite long and we enjoyed several moonlight evenings on the ice. Many enjoyed snow-shoe tramps through the woods. Now that spring is here, tennis has revived and all are looking forward with interest to the outcome of the annual tournament.

## BASKET-BALL TEAMS '1926-27

BLACK.		PURPLE.	BLUE.
Rt. For.,	E. RYAN, (Capt.)	M. O'BRIEN.	J. MONRO.
Lt. For.,	K. RYALL.	K. BURGESS.	M. LAUDER.
Cen. For.,	M. HAMILTON.	M. EMBREE.	H. MURPHY.
Centre,	F. ARCHIBALD.	M. ROMANS, (Capt.)	A. MCLEAN.
Rt. Cen.,	L. THERIAULT.	A. MANCINI.	A. MANTIN.
Lt. Cen.,	D. D'ENTREMONT.	E. HALLEY.	M. MULLIN.
Rt. Def.,	M. WINDEATT.	L. FLETCHER.	I. McQUILLAN.
Lt. Def.,	A. RITCHIE.	M. ACKERMAN.	B. CUMBERFORD, (Capt.)
Cen. Def.,	M. THERIAULT.	M. TOBIN.	R. FINN.
Sub.,	A. McLENNAN.	M. HOUSE.	M. HARRIS.

RED.		ORANGE.
Rt. For.,	N. WHELPLEY.	M. MORSON, (Capt.)
Lt. For.,	C. BROWN.	H. KENNEDY.
Cen. For.,	C. MACDONALD.	J. GILLISPIE.
Centre,	M. DULHANTY.	H. STOKES.
Rt. Cen.,	G. AMERIAULT.	D. MORSON.
Lt. Cen.,	H. COPELAND.	A. MARTHELEUR.
Rt. Def.,	K. DORAN, (Capt.)	M. K. MACDOUGALL.
Lt. Def.,	K. MURPHY.	M. HACHE.
Cen. Def.,	M. KELLY.	A. HANWAY.

### BASKET-BALL SCORES.

Black	Purple	Red	Blue	Orange
53	19	63	38	36

Winners of Shield: Reds—Kathleen Doran (Capt.)

## ODE TO THE COMMERCIALS.

(After a score of 16-3).

Ye mighty ones! who one and all  
 Are Amazons at Basket-ball,  
 Accept my homage, humble, true,  
 But suffer me to beg of you  
 When you have vanquished A's and D's  
 And brought the C's to their very knees,  
 When you've stepped at length from our little gym  
 And conquered the world by your constant vim,  
 Then don't forget when you think of "B"  
 That once on a time they did get "Three."

MARIAN EMBREE.



## MOUNT SAINT VINCENT SODALITY

### OF

## OUR LADY IMMACULATE AND SAINT AGNES

SHORTLY after school opened in September, the following officers were elected for the year 1926-1927:

Prefect	COLINA CLANCY.
First Assistant	ROSE ORLANDO.
Second Assistant	EILEEN RYAN.
Secretary	BEATRICE BUTLER.
Treasurer	KATHLEEN DORAN.
Mistress of Candidates	MARGUERITE MACNEIL.
Readers	STEPHANIE MACISAAC.
	CASSIE FERGUSON.
Mass Section	EVELYN CAMPBELL.
Librarians	MILDRED HAMILTON.
	LUCILLE THERIAULT.
Sacristan	MARGARET TOBIN.
Choir Mistress	BEATRICE BUTLER.
Stamp Section	DOROTHY MACDOUGALL.

The officers in charge of the different sections report that good work has been done by all the girls.

We thank the following Alumnae members who have sent contributions of money:

Mrs. Rivlyn Costigan, Miss Molly Wood, Miss Marie Power, and Miss Vivian Power—\$5.00; Miss Madeline Kyte—\$4.00; Miss Mary Flack, Miss Miriam Allison, Miss Mary Jeffers, Miss Margaret Nott, and Miss Kathleen Allison—\$2.00; Miss Gertrude MacLean, Miss Ida Marsland, Miss Alice Murphy, Miss Helen LeBrun, Miss Alice Reardon, Miss Mary O'Brien, Miss Mary McHugh, Miss Mary Marsland and Miss Ena Barbarie—\$1.00.

Two of our last year Sodalists have entered the Novitiate at the Mother House here, Mary McNeil, and Mary Walsh.

BEATRICE BUTLER, E. de M.

## ALUMNAE SODALITY OF OUR LADY

Prefect	MRS. W. A. AFFLECK.
1st Assistant	MISS LENA CASHEN.
2nd Assistant	MRS. C. J. REARDON.
Treasurer	MISS DORA DAVISON.
Secretary	MISS MARY B. THOMPSON.

### CONSULTORS.

MISS PEARL DALY.	MISS MARY DENCE.
MRS. C. C. HANRAHAN.	MISS MARJORIE WAKELEY.
MRS. O. CORMIER.	MRS. F. FINLAY.

ON the first Sunday of every month a goodly number of loyal Sodalists turn their steps towards St. Mary's Convent, and there spend an hour or so in honour of Our Blessed Mother. We can easily imagine with what loving smiles Our Lady looks down upon that gathering and recognizes the little girls of Mount Saint Vincent schooldays now grown to womanhood and each playing her part in the world.

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament always opens the meeting and after this Reverend Father McManus invariably gives us a very impressive instruction on some subject vital to our Faith. At the November meeting, Father spoke on "The Church Militant," introducing in conjunction with this part of the Church—"The Church Suffering" and "The Church Triumphant."

Other subjects which Reverend Father treated were "The Word of God" and "The Relations Existing between Our Blessed Lady and her Divine Son." As Reverend Father remarked, "We find Mary with her Divine Son all through His life upon earth. It is through her we go to God, and realizing this, we should strive to advance in the virtues befitting her favored children." The lecture on "Lenten Resolutions" was very appropriate; Reverend Father impresses on us that sacrifice should attend all our daily acts of virtue, and in conclusion stressed the fact that above all we must be resolved to pass as perfect a Lent as possible.

For all these helpful instruction we are deeply indebted to Reverend Father McManus who gives us so generously of his time and talents, and we wish to thank the Sisters of St. Mary's for their kind hospitality.

In the December meeting held at Mount Saint Vincent, a Reception of the Children of Mary took place followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and a very inspiring lecture from the Reverend Chaplain Reverend J. B. O'Reilly on the beautiful Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The visitors then partook of dainty refreshments, enjoyed chatting with their good friends and former teachers and left their Alma Mater in a happy mood, realizing how fortunate they were to be Alumnae Sodalists of Our Lady Immaculate.

MARY B. THOMPSON, E de M.  
Secretary.

## GUARD OF HONOR IN UNION WITH THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

SINCE the Apostleship of Study has been correlated with the Children's Crusade thereby losing some of its activities, it was suggested that we introduce the Guard of Honor and unite it with the League of the Sacred Heart.

The associates are divided into bands of ten presided over by a promoter.

An hour is assigned each associate. During that hour the associate will try frequently from time to time, to repeat inwardly the indulged aspiration of the League "Thy Kingdom Come." During the hour it is most desirable that the associate wear her Sacred Heart badge exposed.

The Guard of Honor has for its particular mission the honoring of Jesus wounded on the Cross by the lance, and of attracting to the Church and to men a special effusion of grace from that wound of love. A simple aspiration, a simple intention of the soul suffices; but is it not beautiful to see at each hour of the day a legion of Guards of Honor gathering in the chalice of their hearts the blood and water from the divine wound, and offering them through Jesus to the adorable Trinity?

"The Church is on Calvary; now is the time to rally around the Heart of Jesus wounded on the cross!"

The Guard of Honor, is founded on Calvary, and better still, it is founded on the very wound of love in the Heart of Jesus. We need not be astonished, therefore, that it produces so much good in souls and that it is like a fountain of blessings for all places where it is established. That Heart, prodigal of its gifts, has confided to its faithful Guards of Honor a sublime mission, that of surrounding it and consoling it in the holy tabernacle, the new Calvary where our coldness renews Calvary's loneliness, the new Calvary where our outrages and ingratitude pierce it and wound it more cruelly than did the Roman soldier's lance.

When Jesus is in your heart, say to Him unceasingly, "Thy Kingdom Come." Behold! The Guard of Honor proclaims this kingdom; it honors, it surrounds the Heart of Jesus pierced on the cross! All the Fathers are in accord in saying that the cross is the throne on which Jesus Christ began his divine reign over souls. From there He has drawn everything to Himself. There over His head He carries even the royal title, Rex. He is King of love and sorrow. Earthly kings appoint their best and most devoted subjects to their Guard of Honor; Jesus the King will have His, which will be relieved before Him hour after hour, to offer Him incessantly the homage of love and reparation. The post for the Guard of Honor is the Tabernacle, for there it finds its Jesus always living, and always, alas! almost as deserted as on Calvary.



FRESHMAN	B. CLASS	COMMERCIAL	C. CLASS	D. CLASS	MID. A.
September			HONORS.		
L. Theriault.	K. Burgess.	M. McDonald.	I. McQuillan.	A. Hanway.	M. Cumberland.
E. Ryan.	M. Romans.	L. Romkey.	*A. Mantin.	C. Walsh.	
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
*M. Hamilton.	*M. Montague.			A. Martheleur.	
F. Archibald.	J. Montague.			M. K. McDougal.	
H. Ready.	M. Ackerman.			*M. Haché.	
	*A. Mancini.				
October.			HONORS.		
*M. Hamilton.	M. Ackerman.	M. Harnish.	*A. Mantin.	*M. Haché.	
F. Archibald.	*A. Mancini.	*F. Lockhart.	*J. Monro.		
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
H. Ready.	A. Comeau.	M. Kelly.	R. Belliveau.	A. Hanway.	
L. Theriault.					
November.			HONORS.		
M. Amirault.	*A. Mancini.	C. McDonald.	R. Belliveau.	*M. Haché.	M. Burel.
A. Ritchie.		M. Riley.		H. Kennedy.	
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
*M. Hamilton.	M. Ackerman.	M. Harnish.	I. McQuillan.	A. Hanway.	
L. Theriault.	K. Burgess.	M. Kelly.	*A. Mantin.	M. McDougal.	
		*F. Lockhart.	*J. Monro.		
December.			HONORS.		
*M. Hamilton.	*A. Mancini.	*F. Lockhart.	*J. Monro.	A. Hanway.	M. Burel.
*M. Windeatt.	K. Burgess.	G. Amirault.	M. Lauder.	H. Kennedy.	
A. Ritchie.		M. McDonald.			
K. Ryall.		L. Romkey.			
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
D. D'Entremont.			I. McQuillan.	*M. Haché.	M. Cumberland.
			*A. Mantin.	M. McSween.	
January.			HONORS.		
D. D'Entremont.	*M. Montague.	*K. Doran.	*A. Mantin.	A. Martheleur.	M. Burel.
*M. Hamilton.	M. Ackerman.	G. Amirault.	*J. Monro.		
	A. Comeau.	C. McDonald.	I. McQuillan.		
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
L. Theriault.			R. Belliveau.	*M. Haché.	
February.			HONORS.		
*E. Hamilton.	*M. Montague.	M. Kelly.	*J. Monro.	J. Gillespie.	
*M. Windeatt.		*K. Doran.	*A. Mantin.	A. Hanway.	
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
L. Theriault.	C. Power.	M. McDonald.		C. Walsh.	M. Burel.
*M. Hamilton.					M. Cumberland.
March.			HONORS.		
*M. Windeatt.	*M. Montague.	*K. Doran.	*J. Monro.		
*E. Hamilton.	K. Burgess.	G. Amirault.	*A. Mantin.		
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
L. Theriault.	M. Ackerman.	M. Harnish.	I. McQuillan.	C. Walsh.	
F. Archibald.		M. McDonald.	I. Goutaro.	J. Gillespie.	
		M. Kelly.			

(Asterisk marks Honor Medallist).



## CANADIAN CONFEDERATION

1867-1927

Rise, mountains, rise up and declare it!  
 Sing, ye rivers! bear it to the sea;  
 Blow, ye winds, that all the earth may share it,—  
 Canada has reached her Golden Jubilee!

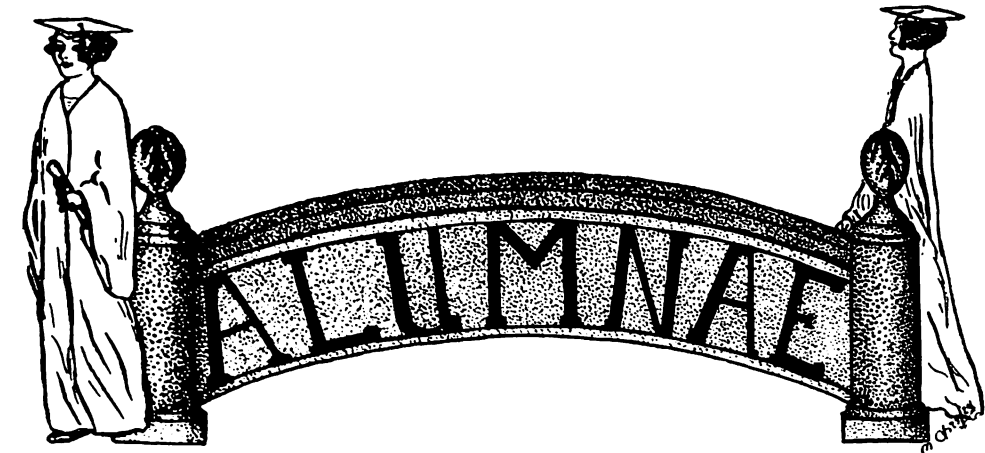
Far o'er the plains that ripen to the harvest,  
 Flooding the lakes that move in majesty,  
 A single voice from nearest and from farthest  
 Chants "Canada is one, and she is free!"

Sing, ye children, sing, for we are of her;  
 Our fathers gave to her their liberty;  
 The best they had they offered on her altar,  
 Their name, their fame, their glorious eastern sea.

Pray, children, pray that heaven guide her,  
 For she is young, and beautiful, and free;  
 Pray God He may with strength and love provide her,  
 And wisdom that looks to eternity.

Not for a little day has she been moulded,  
 For no mean task her robes are girded up;  
 When centuries within the dust are folded,  
 God grant she lift to Him her brimming cup!

ALUMNA '12.



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 1926-1928

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## ALUMNAE REPORT.

THAT the year 1926-27 has been one of activity among the members of the M. S. V. Alumnae will be shown by the following report of the Alumnae in Halifax and news of the chapters established elsewhere.

Although no outstanding event such as a Golden Jubilee celebration or the entertainment of a distinguished visitor has given an opportunity for an unusual display of zeal and energy, surely and quietly progress has been made.

The Scholarship Fund is now an assured fact. A Musicales in the School for the Blind on February eighth added nearly sixty dollars to this fund which is, at present, \$730.00 and is invested in the Eastern Trust Company at 5%. The Musicales was decidedly an artistic success. The talent was supplied by the Alumnae exclusively and consequently some of the best musicians in the City were on the programme.

The Annual Dance and Bridge held on Thursday in Easter Week was one of the social events of the season. The proceeds will be placed to the credit of the Scholarship Fund.

The usual "Shower" of toys and useful articles for the children of St. Joseph's Orphanage was held on the Saturday before Christmas. Many of the members contributed generously. Ten dollars in prizes for the children of this institution will be distributed at the close of the school year.

Interest in the *I. F. C. A. Bulletin* still continues and correspondence with *I. F. C. A.* headquarters is constantly maintained. Miss Mary I. Walsh of Gary, Indiana, who represented M. S. V. Alumnae at the Seventh Biennial Convention of the *I. F. C. A.* held last September at St. Mary's College, Indiana, submitted a very interesting report of convention proceedings.

The Reading Circle has received new impetus, this year. Through the generosity of some of the members who entertained the circle in their homes, five delightful evenings of literary and musical charm were enjoyed. This circle although composed of twenty-five members of the Alumnae, welcomed all others who cared to join them at any time.

The Saint John Chapter of the Alumnae, Mrs. J. P. Byrne, President, always most enthusiastic, is constantly in touch with headquarters in Halifax. The following paragraph taken from a Saint John paper speaks for itself:—

"Delightful in every detail was the Dance and Bridge given by the Saint John branch of the Mount Saint Vincent Alumnae in the Venetian Gardens last evening. The guests were received by Mrs. J. P. Byrne, president; Mrs. Frank Winslow, vice-president; and Miss Elizabeth McGaffigan, honorary president. Tables for bridge were nicely arranged upstairs and the main floor was used for dancing. The Venetian Gardens orchestra provided excellent music."

Attendance at the meetings of the Boston Chapter is increasing noticeably. Mrs. Michael Sullivan has been elected president recently. A dance held after Easter helped to swell the scholarship fund. Miss Angela Geele, Secretary of the New York Chapter writes interesting accounts of all meetings held by that chapter.

In a letter received lately from Miss Cora McSweeney, Secretary of the Moncton Chapter, is an account of a very successful bridge held by members of the Alumnae living in Moncton. As a result the sum of twenty dollars has been placed in the bank to be used for Alumnae purposes. This chapter meets every month.

Miss Molly Wood, Secretary of the Newfoundland Chapter, some time ago, sent a splendid account of a most enthusiastic meeting held last summer in St. John's. Nothing has been heard from this chapter during the year.

## "At what hour you think not."

TO those who saw Mrs. L. G. Power last summer, the picture of active strength and mellow beauty, to those who remember her affectionately as the beautiful Sue O'Leary of their Mount years, the news of her death came as a cruel shock. It was on the paths her feet had followed many a time during her happy school-days that "the Son of Man" met her swiftly; but if gentle courtesy, a charming human reverence, and the virtues of unfaltering Faith and sweet Charity make ready a soul for His coming, hers was royally prepared. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was immediately offered for her at the Mount, and she had the prayers of the Community, the Novitiate, and the Alumnae. Numerous friends gave her a sorrowing tribute of praise; among them,

Kathleen O'Leary regretted her loss as that of "a finely representative Canadian."

Adine Fremont wrote, "I had a great admiration for dear Mrs. Power; she was the typical *grande dame*, so sweet and so distinguished."

A Saint John's Alumna paid this eloquent tribute, "I have lost my best friend."

Lady Fred Borden, who was closely associated with her when the Hon. L. G. Power was President of the Senate, wrote, "We were always good friends. She was lovely, not only in body but in spirit."

A cousin, Mother Emmanuel of Mount Carmel, Boston, wrote, "The news of her death came during our Retreat. We had Holy Mass in our chapel for her dear soul, and we are to have another. I offer my Masses and Communions for her every morning and she has the prayers of the Community and the promise of a daily memento from our Retreat father."

Another cousin, Mother Wallace, wrote, "Reverend Mother and the Community of the Sacred Heart have prayed for dear Mrs. Power, who, I feel sure, is at home with the God she loved and served so faithfully that He might summon her at any time and find her ready."



## ALUMNIANA.

IN these pages it is possible to mention only those who keep in touch with their Alma Mater, either through the Alumnae or through their old friends. If your name is not found in the list, write and tell us something about yourself. We'll be delighted to hear from you.

## WEDDING BELLS.

FLORENCE PENNY is now Mrs. J. D. McIntyre, and is making her home in Senora.

GENEVA MURRAY, now Mrs. James Coughlin, is living in Halifax.

EILEEN O'REGAN was married last summer to Mr. Louis McGloan.

## WELCOME!

TO MRS. URBAN PINEAU (Gladys McCormac) a little daughter, Betty.

TO MRS. ARTHUR BRENNAN (Marie Thompson) a daughter, Marie.

TO MRS. LOUIS SILVER (Joan Van Buskirk) a daughter, Frances.

TO MRS. THOMAS HANRAHAN (Margaret Donohue) a son, James.

## OUR SINCERE CONDOLENCES.

TO our classmate, CATHERINE BROWN, and to her sister Mrs. ERNEST MACKEY, on the death of their dear father last May.

TO GRACE AMIRAUT, whose mother died during the winter term.

TO ROBINA and MARY ROMANS on the death of their beloved father in February.

TO ROSALIE BELLIVEAU, who lost her mother in March.

TO ISABELLE SOY whose mother died during the winter.

Mr. Colin McIsaac, an ex-M. P. died in March. He was the husband of our first Mount pupil, HELENA HOULETTE. To her we offer our sincere sympathy.

HELEN GORMAN, a graduate of 1923 died at her home in Amherst last fall. To her bereaved parents and brothers, we desire to express our sympathy.

MARJORIE EGAN was married in New York City to Doctor Hubert Lyons, February last. Within a few weeks she contracted pneumonia and died in the Fifth Avenue Hospital. Her body was conveyed to Halifax and buried here. To her father and mother and bereaved husband, our sincerest sympathy goes out.

MARY SUMMERS lost her dear father last October. All her classmates and associates of last year unite in expressing their condolence.

BERTHA BENNING died at her home in Montreal in April. To her sister and to her parents we offer sincere sympathy.

MARY GRACE POWER of Halifax passed away in May. To her parents and to her sister Agnes we wish to offer our condolence.

## HERE AND THERE:

IDA MARSLAND has at last realized her ambition and has begun her training at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. To her great satisfaction, she has an old Mount girl for room-mate. Ida writes: "What Wordsworth missed by living in the Lake District on "Plain living and high thinking!" It is "mirabile visu" to watch the "vulgus" go streaming by!"

MARY ARBING and GLADYS BLANK are now graduate nurses from the same hospital, St. Mary's, Brooklyn.

VIVIAN POWER is happily single in Kingston, N. S. Her sister Marie was in Florida all winter, but returned to Nova Scotia at Easter.

MRS. T. R. EDNEY (Annie Murphy) of Sherbrooke, Quebec, was a guest at one of the Alumnae meetings of the Boston Chapter.

MILDRED RATCHFORD is now graduated from the Somerville Hospital. She paid us a visit of several days on her way home during the winter.

MARY FLACK has a very good position with an Insurance Company in New York.

TEDDY LITHGOW, who spent a good part of the summer with her friend Kathleen Ryall in Newfoundland, is now living in Plymouth, Mass.

MRS. FRED KIRBY (Annie McIsaac), spent a very happy afternoon at the Mount in February. She was with her mother and both were returning from a long and interesting visit to Mrs. FABIAN POULIN (Mary McIsaac) in Ottawa. Mrs. Kirby is now the mother of two lovely children, a boy, Michael, and a baby girl, Katherine. Her home is in Sydney at present but she intends moving to Toronto this summer.

MADELINE KYTE is working in her father's law office in St. Peter's, C. B.

QUEENIE CARTER is keeping up her stenographic work in an office in Dartmouth.

HELEN McLELLAN is a stenographer for the Royal Print and Litho of Halifax.

GERTRUDE MURRAY paid us a flying visit in March. She had been recalled to Halifax from Boston by the illness of her mother, but fortunately, the latter recovered and Gertrude returned to her work. Her sister Kathleen is doing stenographic work in Halifax.

MRS. R. O'REILLY, (Polly Byrne) is still in St. John's, Newfoundland. She hopes to be able some day to send her little girl to the Mount.

MADELINE DUBE has finished her training and graduated from the Lakeside Hospital in Chicago. She is now making a tour of Europe with her mother.

GERALDINE READY had an interesting trip to Florida with her father this winter.

AGNES McNULTY is attending the Convent of Mount Carmel in Saint John, N. B.

BERENICE BORDEN and MARY KANE are training at the Fifth Avenue Hospital, New York.

MARIE PENNY, Mrs. Ronald Hanrahan, is making her home in New York.

GRETA BRUNT, now a graduate nurse, is doing professional work in Halifax.

ETHEL TOBIN is in Boston, doing secretarial work.

PAULA LYNCH is attending Saint Patrick's High School in Halifax.

MARY MARSLAND has a secretarial position in Woonsocket, Rhode Island and is making the success we all predicted for her.

NOREEN LOUNDS is working in Halifax.

JEAN BLACKADER is training at the Halifax Infirmary.

MARCELLE SAMSON is at home in Quebec.

CATHERINE BELLIVEAU has a position in the C. N. R. office at Moncton.

EILEEN HALLISSEY got her B. S. E. last year and is now teaching art at the Normal College, Truro.

ALICE MURPHY is a stonographer in the Electrical Construction Company, Glace Bay.

MURIEL DONOHUE and KATHLEEN HAGEN both received their B. A. from Dalhousie this year. Muriel has been following the education course and intends to teach.

MRS. P. E. APPLEBY (Ruth Parsons) is living in Brighton, Mass.

BRENDA MCFATRIDGE is training in the Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

ADA KOPF is singing in Grand Opera at the Metropolitan, New York.

MRS. R. COSTIGAN (Lillian Kennedy) was a very welcome visitor at the Mount last fall when she paid us a call on her way home to Newfoundland from Montreal.

MARY COLEMAN is graduating this year from Saint Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, New York.

HELENA GAUL is now at home in Berwick, N. S.

KATHRYN SHAW (Mrs. R. W. Davis) is now living in Saint John. She visited the Mount last fall.

ENA BARBERIE is teaching singing in Dalhousie, N. B. She paid us a long visit in the winter and made the retreat at the Mount. Her voice is more beautiful than ever, we think, and our opinion is confirmed by the many friends who had the pleasure of hearing her sing in Halifax.

LOUISE GRASSBY is at her home in Winnipeg and is a faithful correspondent.

MIRIAM ALLISON is teaching music in Boston and is a zealous member of the Alumnae Chapter. Her sister, KATHLEEN, is still in Winnipeg.

JENNY and MARGARET DULHANTY have both stenographic positions in New York.

ISABEL MACNEILL is attending art school in Halifax and is a frequent visitor at the Mount.

AILEEN MACAULAY is attending Dalhousie University.

ANDRE MORAZE is working for her father in St. Pierre.

HELEN CASEY is working in Boston.

MRS. D. F. McGRATH (Katherine White) is the mother of two charming little daughters, and is making her home in Milton, Mass.

CHARLOTTE MacKENZIE, who left us last year for the far West, is a very happy nurse in a hospital in Kelowna, British Columbia.

HELEN WAKELY is taking a course at the Maritime Business College.

GERTRUDE McLEAN is working in Glace Bay.

MONA FRASER is at home in Ottawa.

FANNY GOODMAN is taking a course in MacDonald College, Montreal.

HELEN LE BRUN is at home in D'Escousse, Cape Breton.

MARGARET CARNELL has a government position in Halifax.

ANNA SMITH is teaching at St. Joseph's School, Halifax. She is a frequent visitor at the Mount where she is following the philosophy course which is being given to the Sophomore class.

MARY WALSH, MARGUERITE PHALEN, MARY McNEIL and GERTRUDE HEALEY entered the Novitiate last September and received the Holy Habit on the Feast of Saint Joseph. They are now respectively: Sister Aloysia, Sister Mary Mercedes, Sister Joseph Peter, and Sister John Bernard.

QUEENIE DAIGLE and her sister WEEDA are at home in Edmundston, N. B.

JANE LAHEY is attending the Maritime Business College, and occasionally visits the Mount.

GERTRUDE MEAGHER is following courses at our College and is consequently often with us.

SARAH McISAAC is at home in Sydney, C. B. She paid us a visit last Thanksgiving and everybody was glad to have her back even for a few days.

MARY HAMILTON is nursing at Saint Elizabeth's Hospital, Newton, Mass.

IDA LeBLANC is attending Normal College at Truro. She spent a day at the Mount at Easter and seemed glad to be among old friends again.

GERTRUDE SMITH also spent a week end with us at Easter on her way home from Boston where she had been visiting her two sisters, Anna and Margaret who have stenographic positions there.

MERCEDES FINN is doing secretarial work for the Juvenile Court in Halifax.

CAROLINE McKENZIE is finishing her course this year at the Whittier School, Merrimac. We hope to have her back with us next year.

ANNA DRYDEN is now living in Los Angeles. She still keeps up a lively correspondence with her Mount friends and has sent many of them pretty souvenirs of California.

FRANCES STOKES is training in the Fifth Avenue Hospital, New York.

MARGARET REARDON is doing secretarial work in Halifax. She is a frequent visitor at the Mount.

CHARLOTTE HOLLOWAY, still a very busy nurse, visited us during her vacation when she came home for a rest last fall.

GERTRUDE COSTLEY spent a short vacation during the winter at her home in Saint John where she is greatly missed. She is training at the Royal Victoria in Montreal.

EULA RICE is still teaching in Edmundston, N. B. and likes her work better than ever.

KATHLEEN PERY enjoyed a six weeks' trip to the West Indies during the winter. She still takes special courses at the Mount and is as prominent as ever on our Academy stage.

HENRIETTE HUBY visited the Mount with her father during the latter part of the winter. She was then on her way to New York from St. Pierre.

BARBARA CAMPBELL is now teaching in Point Tupper and likes the work very much.

MARIE LOUISE L'ESPERANCE, now Mrs. A. O. Dufresne, is the happy mother of five children. Her home is in Quebec.

MARJORIE TAYLOR (Mrs. Norman Eckersley) is living in East Orange, New Jersey.

ANNA McLAUGHLIN has a position as teacher in a school not far from Truro. She is as usual, enthusiastic over her work.

MRS. ISABEL CLEARY (Belle Bradshaw) visited the Mount in the spring on her way home from New York. Her daughter, Edith, is still in Newfoundland, but is to be married in August to Mr. Donald Love, and will make her home in New York.



FLORENCE KELLY (Mrs. James Hanley) sent us last year a charming photograph of a very happy family group, three little girls and a sturdy boy gathered about their mother. We may add that the Hanleys were very good to our Sisters who were in Chicago last summer.

FRANCES McCRAITH (Mrs. Kelleher of Roxbury, Mass.) is happy to have her eldest daughter a novice at the Mount. Her second daughter paid us a fortnight's visit at Easter.

CARMEL O'REILLY is training at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NELLIE MEEHAN has spent the past year in New York where her whole time was given to the nursing profession. She visited us in May on her way home.

EVA ABBIS is putting her stenographic work to good use by employing it in church duties and bank work. She has part of her notes to do in French.

ELSPETH ANDREWS is in Boston and is an enthusiastic Alumnae worker.

NELL WALSH, now Mrs. Howlett, spent a few hours at the Mount on her way home from Southern France where she had spent the winter with her husband.

MARY POWER is having a year's rest in St. John's, Newfoundland.

MONA MAHAR pays us frequent visits and is very generous with the use of her car.

RUTH PARKER is living at Medford and CATHERINE CAMPBELL is making her home in Auburndale.

### EXCHANGES.

We wish to thank the editors of the following for the magazines received during the year. All were excellent and it would take too much time and space to comment on them as they deserve.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

ST. JOSEPH'S PREP. CHRONICLE.

THE GEORGETOWN JOURNAL.

THE TRINITY TIMES.

THE SETONIAN.

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 1 tablespoon water  
 1 pound brown sugar  
 2 tablespoons butter  
 1 teaspoon vanilla

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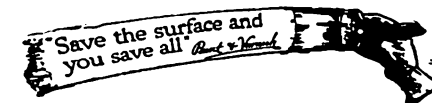
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