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Golia
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Folia Montana

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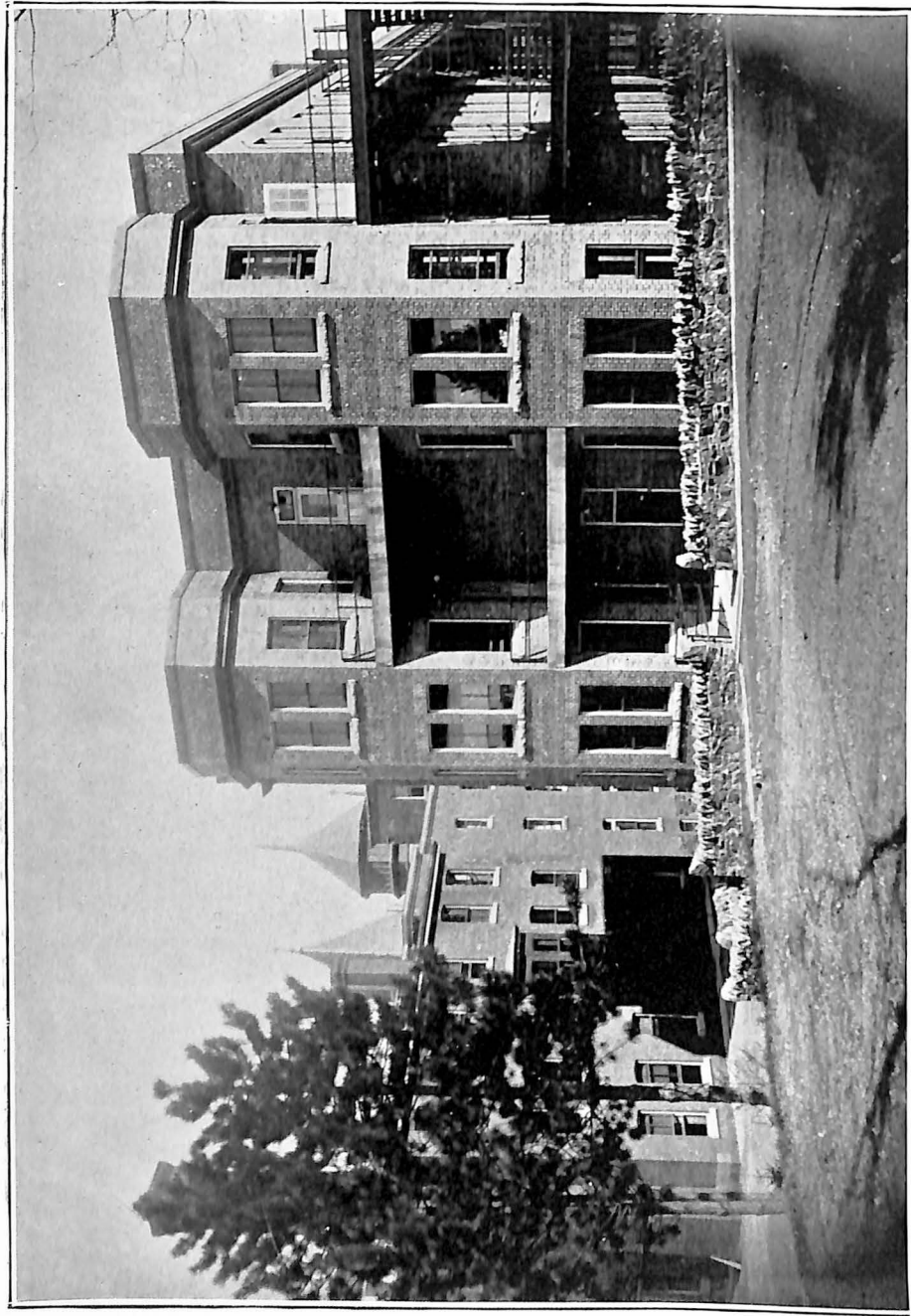
CONSTANCE ALLISON

BUSINESS

KATHLEEN DORAN, '28

ALUMNIANA

MARY ROMANS, '28



THE NEW BUILDING.

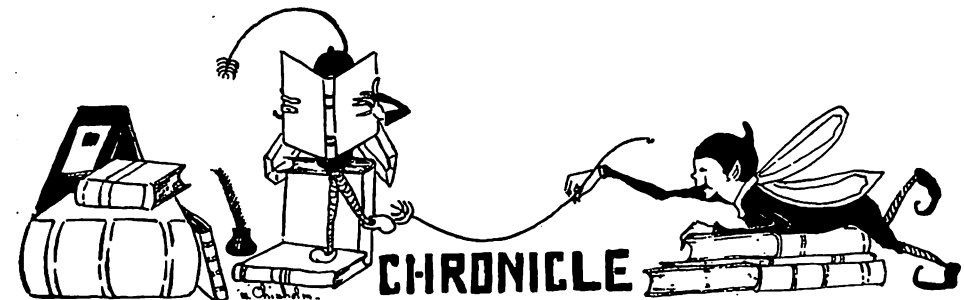


To Our Beloved Mistress General

It would be folly, dear Sister de Chantal, to attempt to put into a few words our feelings towards you, or to express ourselves in high sounding phrases to you who know so well our talents and our deficiencies; the bad that is in us as well as the good. It is enough that your high aims are ours, that the ideals that you have held before us with patience and with hope, have taken deep hold upon our hearts. In testimony, then, of our good will and our affection, the Editors of the FOLIA of '28 dedicate to you this book.

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1927-1928

"Full many a note trills forth from parts unseen,
And startles all the quiet convent air".

HARK! Did you hear that shriek? 'Tis naught; merely someone practising for the Fortnightly recital. Listen! There is a droning, accompanied by a moaning; there is a squeaking that resembles a faint creaking. Fear not, my dear. We are passing through the domain of the musicians; and they are getting ready for the Fortnightly recital. But tell me! What is that far off hallooing that dies away in a distant wail? It comes from the northwest corner of the house and fills my bones with fear. Be of good cheer, my friend. That is a mere elocutionist. They're all like that, you know. Have you never heard

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

Lest there should be "treasons, stratagems, and spoils" at M. S. V. all possible care is taken to develop our musical talents. Hence the Saturday Night Recitals which are as religiously fostered as the old-fashioned Saturday Night bath. We offer a sample for your inspection:

PROGRAMME.

Overture	ORCHESTRA.
Greeting	CONSTANCE WALSH.
Songs	MARY ROMANS.
Reading	MARY HACHE.
Piano Duet	{ PAULINE MELANSON. ANNIE MANTIN.
Song	JOEY GILLESPIE.
Spanish Dance	JEAN MONTAGUE.
Songs	HILDA DURNEY.
A Bit of Humour	DOROTHY MORSON.
Piano Solo	MARGUERITE McNEIL.

Now let us sing, "God Save the King!"
And let us go to bed.

THE COMMERCIAL GIRLS' PICNIC.

THE horses, cows, and chickens at the farm stared in astonishment one bright September afternoon, when band after band of Mount girls arrived in full array for a picnic. At the sight of jazz sweaters, cameras, and steamer rugs, the sheep fled in dismay, and the laughing groups took possession of the field beyond the farmhouse. The Commercial Girls were the hostesses of the occasion. Weary from games and sports, we sat down to a delicious "bean supper", to which beans formed only an introduction. It was a special feat to hold a hot plate and seat oneself Turk fashion on the ground. Songs and laughter echoed over the hills until at last in the evening shades we started for the house. A few long skirts arrived home torn. Who the afflicted owners were, we shall not say. A half hour's study had to suffice for an hour, and then closed the first of the Red Letter days of the year.

THE FRESHMAN INITIATION.

THEY stood in the corridor and shivered. Suddenly the door of the classroom was flung open and like sheep they filed in. Miss Romans, Class President, in her usual businesslike way, called the club to order. She announced that ere the first regular meeting, it was necessary to test out the new material by a series of exercises planned especially for the Standard A girl of M. S. V. The first to be "exercised" were our erstwhile collatura soprano, Miss Margaret McManus and the celebrated contralto, Miss Winifred Barkhouse. After being introduced to the audience, they were speedily dressed by the gentle hands of Mlle. Mancini, Modiste, in raincoat and rubbers, and sang to the immense satisfaction of all, the soulful little lyric "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More",—sheltered all the while beneath an umbrella which had been fetched for the occasion from behind the presses. The baby of the class, Miss Norma Buckley was presented with a realistic picture of a half drowned person and told to explain to the audience how it happened. Norma expounded the subject in a quiet, scholarly manner. Miss Vera Greene, crowned with a dunce cap, was required to recite the A B C's backward, skipping every second letter. After this, as Vera still smiled, she was passed by the board of censors as quite capable of doing "A" work. Alice and Astrid were obliged to describe their case, but it is not sure to this day whether it has to do with Geometry or the heart. Carmella Gouthreau, who had just returned from Europe, thrilled us all with an account of her experiences there. Agnes Garnier in dust cap and apron gave a demonstration of modern sweeping methods. Ella Williams gave a talk on "Mislaidd Textbooks". Sadie McNeil, our Latinist, who has "Amo" by heart, was required to look up its English equivalent in Webster's dictionary and to deliver a lecture on it. There was a brief pause when Sadie's verbal demonstration came to an end, and for a few tense moments the class officers sat in deliberate (we can call it nothing else) silence. Then the momentous decision was arrived at, and the new girls were admitted to the Freshman Class of '28.

BEN HUR.

A LITTLE buzz of excitement filled the refectory on October twenty-fifth, for rumour had it that there was a possibility of our being permitted to go into the city to witness the popular production of "Ben Hur". Rumour proved right for once, and on October twenty-sixth at half past one everyone was in the marble hall, waiting for cars and buses. The performance fulfilled all expectations, and the great Hebrew drama remains fixed in our memories as one of the best things we have ever seen on the screen.

MISSION SUNDAY.

(Taken from *The Gazette*, October 29, 1927).

SUNDAY, October 23, which had been appointed by His Holiness Pius XI as "Mission Sunday", was chosen by the pupils of Mount St. Vincent as the occasion most fitting for the first "drive" of the year for the benefit of the Foreign Missions. As members of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade the pupils have for the past three years exerted themselves with great energy and enthusiasm in behalf of the zealous work of the propagation of the Faith. The various Christian Doctrine classes of the Academy have by turns, put forward some enterprise for the purpose of gathering funds for the Missions. Last year's entertainments were noteworthy not only for their originality and for the enthusiasm with which they were carried out, but for the generous response which they evoked from school girls to whom pocket money is as a rule none too plentiful. Altogether, Mount St. Vincent provided more than \$750 for the spread of the Faith during the school months from September to April. These facts are taken from the report presented at the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Convention held at St. Mary's College, last June. One part of the Catholic training given to Mount pupils is the care for the mite box of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, of which every Catholic student is a member. The mite boxes are distributed to the classes and to any individuals who apply for them, and every pupil makes a weekly offering of at least five cents. The girls realize that the obligation of giving alms is a real obligation to the true Christian, and that no surer way can be found of drawing down the blessing of God than by contributing towards that great work which Christ our Lord had so dear at heart, the bringing of the heathen nations into the true fold of His Church.

On Sunday afternoon, October 23, the pupils and Sisters were addressed in the Chapel by the Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, C. J. M. on "The Work of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith." In the evening a programme was presented by the Freshman Christian Doctrine Class for the benefit of the Society. The entertainment was religious in tone and presented the work of the Propagation of the Faith from two aspects: that of the past in the conversion of Canada, and that of the present, in the work which is being done to-day in the Far East. The programme, which was excellently carried out, was as follows:

PART I

The Society of the Propagation of the Faith	JEAN MONTAGUE.
Three Little Maids from Japan	JEAN MONTAGUE, ANNIE MANCINI, KATHRYN BURGESS.
Reading: The Canadian Martyrs	MARY EGAN.
Violin Solo: Legend (Bohm)	MARY MONTAGUE.

TABLEAU.

Blessed Isaac Jogues before Anne of Austria.	
Piano Solo: Sea Winds (Adams)	MARGUERITE McNEIL.

TABLEAU.

The Death of Blessed Jean de Brebeuf.

PART II

School in Topsy-turvydom	BLANCHE GILLIS, H. MELANSON, M. JONES.
Violin Solo: Kobaltanz (Wieniaski)	MARY MONTAGUE

IN THE FIELD AFAR.

(A Japanese playlet).

Setting: the garden of a Japanese orphanage.

Time: the Present.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Lili, a Japanese school child	BLANCHE GILLIS.
Ling Yo, her mother	ANNIE MANCINI.
Kamlen, another child	KATHLEEN LEARY.
Ah Lo, Japanese servant	VERA GREENE.
Sister Marion, an American nun	JEAN MONTAGUE.
Mother Angela	MARY EGAN.
Ah Fa, a pagan	MARY HOUSE.
Naka Fa, his wife	KATHLEEN DORAN.
Children of the Orphanage	{ F. DE WOLFE, J. WALLACE, P. JONES, M. JONES, H. MELANSON, M. SYDNEY.

TABLEAUX CHARACTERS.

Bl. Jean de Brebeuf	MARGARET McMANUS.
Indians	C. GOUTHREAU, A. BUCKLEY, M. TOBIN, S. McNEIL.
Bl. Isaac Jogues	A. SMITH.
Anne of Austria	N. BUCKLEY.
Cardinal Mazarin	M. HOUSE.
Attendant Bishop	A. BUCKLEY.
Courtiers	M. CAMERON, M. TOBIN, A. GARNIER. E. HAMILTON, K. BURGESS.

The following day at four o'clock, the Freshman Class gave a tea and dance in the gymnasium. Japanese girls presided over the tea pot and the ice cream tables, while the Indians in full regalia offered "Frankfurts" in opposition. The entertainment and sale realized fifty dollars, which was soon disposed of to the Missions.



HALLOWE'EN.

THE Freshmen were the hostesses of the first formal "Party" of the year. All the school clubs were invited in a charming little note to attend a supper and dance on the night of Hallowe'en. At half past five the guests assembled in the school refectory where a delicious supper was served. The party began with a snap when bon-bons were cracked and paper caps donned by all, from the oldest to the youngest. During supper the Misses Romans, Montague and Mancini entertained with songs and violin selections. The accompanist was Miss Marguerite McNeil. During the second course Miss Egan announced a contest. A poetical genius of the Freshman group had produced verses in praise (?) of some of the guests, and all were asked to exercise their guessing powers. The prize, donated by Mary Montague, was won by Joey Gillespie. Immediately after supper all repaired to the gymnasium where an interesting programme of novelty dances had been prepared. The black and orange of the Halowe'en decorations vied with the bright frocks and the paper caps of the guests. Intermission came, and with it, candy. Then a strange thing happened. All lights went out except the candles on the piano, and from one of the gymn alcoves emerged three witches bearing the traditional caldron. With horrible incantations and fiendish cackling they unearthed various school skeletons. Annie Mancini, curious as ever and bold to know the worst, begged the witches to give us a glimpse into the future. The victims of the prophecies were obliged to stand forth, and then and there had their future revealed. But even witches like to dance, and they soon hastened away. The lights appeared and the party went on until the school song brought the festivities to a close. The highest praise is due to the Freshmen for their good spirit and splendid management in conducting the affair.

THE Forty Hours Devotion opened on October thirtieth and closed on the feast of All Saints. During this time occurred the solemn celebration of the feast of Christ the King. Reverend Father O'Reilly, taking as subject "the length, the breadth, and the depth of the Charity of Christ," gave us brief talks on the three nights of the Triduum preceding the feast. The solemnity of the occasion was made more impressive to the new girls by the procession of novices with lighted tapers, who like the "wise virgins" of the Scripture, accompanied the Bridegroom in His progress around the beautiful Mount Chapel.

PIANO RECITAL BY MADAME NORAH DE KRESZ.

ON the evening of November 10th a number of the music pupils attended a recital given in Halifax by Madame Norah Drewett de Kresz, the famous English pianist. Those who were unable to attend regretted the fact exceedingly. What was our delight then, when Madame de Kresz accepted an invitation to the Mount. Her recital delighted us beyond expression. The first numbers on her programme were a group of three pieces by Bach, Saint-Saens and Chopin. Then followed *The Wanderer* by Schubert, which took fifteen minutes. The programme ended with a dainty contrast of compositions of similar theme, "The Murmuring Brook" by Cyril Scott and Debussy's "Les Jardins Sous la Pluie". At our request, Madame de Kresz played Grainger's "Country Gardens".

All her numbers were played with great ease and elegance. Her runs were like strings of pearls; the delicate poetry of her phrasing, her refined and masterful rhythm was a joy to those especially who are following with intense interest the courses in Counterpoint and Harmony given here by our own capable instructors. Her technique was perfect. Madame de Kresz played Chopin from very love of that composer, with a musical understanding that gave pleasure to the most indifferent of her hearers. Her personality captivated us all, and we shall not soon forget her.—PAULINE MELANSON.

THE COLLEGE ENTERTAINS.

ON November 19th the College Girls put on a sale and gave an entertainment to the Academics. The sale began at three o'clock and took place in the gymnasium. Everyone bought and enjoyed to her capacity,—frankfurts, candy, ice cream, cake, and tea. During the sale there was dancing, the music being furnished by the College orchestra.

The evening's concert offered the following programme:

Piano Duet: Slavische Tanze / / / / / / / Dvorak.

MARGUERITE McNEIL, LUCILLE THERIAULT.

Chorus / / / / / / / (Adapted).

THE COLLEGIANS.

Songs: A Birthday / / / / / / / Wood.

Whoo? / / / / / / / Wells.

HILDA DURNEY.

ONE ACT PLAY: "An Economical Boomerang".

Piano Solo: Country Gardens / / / / / / / Grainger.

MARY SHANNON.

ONE ACT PLAY: "Getting A Photograph Taken".

Songs: The Enchanted Glade / / / / / / / Barker.

The False Prophet / / / / / / / Prindle Scott.

CONSTANCE McGRATH.

Piano: Dance of Olaf / / / / / / / Pick Margiogalle.

MARGUERITE McNEIL.

Chorus / / / / / / / (Adapted).

COLLEGIANS.

Colina Clancey and Evelyn Campbell made a charming bride and groom, while the Newlyweds, Cassie Ferguson and Alice Dowd created a good laugh in *The Economical Boomerang*. Hilda Durney was very good as the doctor, and Pearl Sutherland was a genuine "howling success" as the old Irish servant. Cassie Ferguson's recent illness has not interfered, we are glad to say, with her powers of comic acting.

FEAST OF SAINT CECELIA.

ON the twenty-second of November the musicians of the Academy gave a special programme in honor of their patroness. The evening's entertainment consisted of a series of interpretations of famous compositions. Thus after Pauline Melanson's excellent rendering of the Polonaise by Grace White, Annie Mantin played Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 1 which was interpreted by Mary Hache. The haunting theme of the piece is said to express the feelings of a young girl who feels a call to the religious life and is struggling against it. Grace finally conquers and after the solemn chant of the monks which occurs in the middle of the piece, the theme turns softly back and the Voice of the Beloved triumphs. Kathleen Pery read Mother Augustine's beautiful poem "The Sea" as an interpretation of the "Romance" of Sibelius, which was played by Beatrice Rubenovitch. A one act play "The Minuet" was followed by a tableau of St. Cecelia and the Hymn to Saint Cecelia closed the programme.

AN INTERESTING VISITOR.

ON December 12th we had an unexpected and very enjoyable visit from Reverend A. H. Lopez, a native priest from India. Father Lopez came to this country for the Eucharistic Congress and spent some months in touring the United States and Canada speaking everywhere the message of good will from his people, for whom he begged our prayers. His country has a population of three hundred million, of whom only nine in every hundred are Catholics. He contrasted the appreciation of the spiritual world which characterizes the people of the East with the mad pursuit of material things which marks our Western civilization. Father Lopez's time with us was limited, as he was embarking on the Baltic that evening for Europe, whence he intended to proceed to the Holy Land before returning to his beloved India.

THE FEAST OF SAINT THERÈSE OF THE CHILD JESUS.

THE Sunday evening following the feast of "The Little Flower" we assembled in the music hall where we followed the charming life of the little Saint through the medium of lantern slides accompanied by selected readings from her "Autobiography". The effect of the evening's entertainment was an increased veneration for this beautiful little model of youth and new devotion to her whose childlike sweetness and strong womanliness has made her the favorite of the whole world.

THE CHRISTMAS PLAY.

THE Christmas play this year was the retelling of the old and ever new story of birth of the Divine Child. Benson's Nativity Play was very effectively staged and realistically presented. The portrayal of the Blessed Mother by Miss Norma Buckley elicited special commendation. Among the youthful players were several whose appearance marked their debut in theatricals, but the perfect freedom and ease with which they played their roles showed genuine talent. The musical accompaniment of the beautiful scenes, and especially the singing of the angelic band was exquisite. The cast was as follows:

Zachary, an old shepherd										MARY EGAN.
Erza, another shepherd										ELLA WILLIAMS.
Ben Erza, a boy										AGATHA FULTZ.
Travelling Merchants										{ JEAN MONTAGUE.
										MARY HOUSE.
										AGNES DALLAS.
Inn Keeper										MARY HACHE.
The Inn Keeper's Boy										KATHERINE OWEN.
Blessed Virgin										NORMA BUCKLEY.
Saint Joseph										ANNA McLEAN.
Abel, a little boy										JEAN WALLACE.
Martha, a little girl										MARGARET CUMMINGS.
Angels										MARY K. McDougall, MARY ROMANS, MARY FOLEY,
										ASTRID BUCKLEY, MARGARET McDONALD, MARIAN EMBREE, JOEY GILLESPIE,

THE ANNUAL RETREAT.

"Some men a forward motion make,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, I return."

(H. VAUGHAN).

IN the days from February second to February fifth, we turned back in spirit over the pages of our short lives, and with the help of Reverend Father McMahan, J. S., who conducted the Retreat, we were led to reflect on our ultimate end. Not in vain. Under the inspired influence of our director, and enlightened by the grace of the Holy Spirit, we made many good resolutions to correct our erring course. Time alone will show who were first and most generous in making them, and who will hold them to the last.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

Indespite of cold and snow
Let your hearts with love be aglow
On love's patron feast day dear,
Valentine's—it's almost here:
Ere the day shall quite be sped,
You by us are invited,
One and all to celebrate
Until the bell sounds half past eight!

THIS novel I-LOVE-YOU invitation came at the hands of an old fashioned dancing couple to each of the Clubs just a few days before the Feast of Hearts. Promptly at half past five on St. Valentine's Day the guests of the Kilmer Club arrived in the refectory where amidst dainty decorations in keeping with the feast, a delicious supper was spread. A five-piece orchestra furnished very good music and the repast was further enlivened by a guessing contest in which Nora Fitz Randolph won first prize. The Busy B's in white uniform and wearing hearts of various sizes, flitted hither and thither, charming and gay hostesses. With dance programmes filled, we proceeded to the Music Hall which was beautifully decorated in white and red, with the posts fitted out as the gayest of gay young flappers. In the midst of the dancing, the lights were extinguished, the stage curtain was slowly raised, and out of an immense heart in the middle of the stage, we saw the laughing faces of our hostesses who sang "Love's Old Sweet Song". Other novelties followed. Marie Ackermann sang "The Second Minuet" while Irene McQuillan and Hilda Murphy, attired in colonial costume, danced the figures of that quaint old dance. A series of tableaux followed, which we were asked to guess:

1. Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh,
JOAN TEMPLE and ELINOR MOORE.
2. James Fitz James and Roderick Dhu,
CONSTANCE ALLISON and ANNA McLEAN.
3. Swift and Stella,
MARGARET LAUDER and ANNIE MANTIN.
4. Priscilla and John Alden,
MARIE ACKERMANN and MARY HARRIS.

Jean Montague won the prize for guessing the correct titles for the tableaux. Dancing was resumed afterwards, and when the hour of departure came the guests separated, declaring that the Kilmer Club's entertainment was "the best ever".

INTERESTING LECTURE.

ON Sunday evening, February 12th, we enjoyed an excellent lecture which was given by Mr. Justice Wallace. The subject chosen was one of interest to all, *Confederation in Canada*. Judge Wallace emphasized particularly the life and work of D'Arcy McGee. The speaker sketched the romantic career of the noble Irishman, putting before us the ideals which stirred him first to give up his position and later his very life for the cause of Canadian Confederation. The reading of an original poem on Confederation was much appreciated, and the lecture left us with a greater appreciation of those "who builded better than they knew".

THE MID-YEAR PLAY.

FEBRUARY 20th saw Collegians and Academics assembled in Saint Cecelia's Hall for the great event of the year,—Mother General's Concert. In the address prepared by Miss Anna Cameron and delivered by Miss Mary Shannon, both of the College, our common sentiments towards Reverend Mother were gracefully expressed. The programme, practiced up to the point of perfection, was excellent in its every detail. The orchestra, the singing, and especially the superb acting of the biblical drama, "The Wanderer" showed splendid talent as well as careful training. Everybody was pleased with everybody else, and Reverend Mother General was pleased with us all.

PROGRAMME.

Hungarian Dance *Brahms.*

ORCHESTRA.

Address and presentation of flowers.

MISS MARY SHANNON, College '30.

MISS MARIE ACKERMANN, Academy '29.

Song: Crossing the Bar *Willeby.*

MISS MARIAN EMBREE.

THE WANDERER.

A Biblical Drama.

ACT I.

The Home of Jesse: Hebron.

Violin: Serenade *Valdez.*

MISS HELEN STOKES.

Songs: Homage to Spring *MacFadyen.*
A Birthday *Woodman.*

MISS HILDA DURNEY.

ACT II.

Scene 1: The Garden of Tisha: Jerusalem.

Song: Indian Dawn *Zamenick.*

MISS MARY ROMANS.

ACT II.

Scene 2: The House of Nadina: Jerusalem.

Piano Duo: Feu Roulant *Duverney.*

MISS MARGUERITE McNEIL.

MISS PAULINE MELANSON.

Songs: The Song of the Soul *Breil.*
Little Old Garden *Hewitt.*

MISS ELINOR DeWOLFE.

ACT III.

The Home of Jesse: Hebron.

Rondo *Mendelssohn.*

ORCHESTRA.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Jether, son of Jesse	· · · · ·	MARY HOUSE.
Gail, elder brother to Jether	· · · · ·	PEARL SUTHERLAND.
Jesse	· · · · ·	MARY EGAN.
Hulda, mother of Jether	· · · · ·	MARY HACHE.
Naomi, cousin to Jether	· · · · ·	CONSTANCE WALSH.
Shealah, a shepherd	· · · · ·	AGNES DALLAS.
Rissah, a shepherdess	· · · · ·	AGATHA FULTZ.
Tola, tempter of Jether	· · · · ·	ELLA WILLIAMS.
Tisha, a Jerusalem dancing girl	· · · · ·	JEAN MONTAGUE.
Nadina, mother of Tisha	· · · · ·	MARY EGAN.
Sadyk, a jeweller	· · · · ·	DOROTHY MORSON.
Barshipa, a servant to Tisha	· · · · ·	KATHERINE OWEN.
Phares, a sea captain	· · · · ·	NORA FITZ RANDOLPH.
Hagaii, a merchant from Hebron	· · · · ·	MARY SHANNON.
Merbel	· · · · ·	ANNA McLEAN.
Put	} false friends to Jether	MARY K. MACDOUGALL.
Madai		HARRIET MYERS.
Ahab, servant to Put	· · · · ·	ELEANOR MOORE.
A Hebrew Prophet	· · · · ·	HILDA DURNEY.
Reapers and Dancing girls	· · · · ·	HILDA DURNEY, ELINOR DeWOLFE,
		MARY ROMANS, CONSTANCE McGRATH,
		MARIAN EMBREE, JOEY GILLESPIE,
		PAULINE MELANSON, ANNIE MANCINI,
		BEATRICE RUBENOVITCH, IRENE McQUILLAN.

The story of "The Wanderer" is the story, ever old, ever new, of the Prodigal Son. The plot, simple but profound finds a sympathetic cord in every human heart. The setting among the vineyards of Hebron, was particularly effective, and the costuming and lighting were exquisite. Mary House as the Prodigal won the hearts of the audience. The situation was rendered even more affecting by the splendid characterization of the Prodigal's mother as acted by Mary Hache. Jean Montague played her usual brilliant rôle, and Mary Egan took a double part very successfully as the Father of the Prodigal and the mother of the Jerusalem adventuress. Ella Williams made a subtle villain, and Pearl Sutherland played remarkably well the part of the hard-hearted Elder Brother.

The musical score furnished by Marguerite McNeil, Helen Stokes, and Mary Montague was excellently well done. The singing throughout the drama was beautiful.

MOTHER GENERAL'S FEAST DAY.

A DAY of days! It dawned at last, bright, clear, with just enough crisp snow and just enough clean ice to make it a joy to tobogganers, snowshoers, skaters and skiers. Immediately after breakfast, (a very late Conge breakfast!) everybody made for outdoors. The sports were perfect until hunger drove us in just in time to dress for dinner. Everybody appeared in white uniform and did justice to the genuine banquet provided in Mother General's name for her oh, so hungry! children. The school orchestra provided a special program for the occasion, and everything was merry. Toasts were called for and responded to with nothing stronger than tea. The College girls nobly took the lead; Colina Clancey proposed Mother General; Alice Ward, the Dean of the College; Cassie Ferguson, The Mistress General; Mary Romans, our Academic spokesman toasted the College girls, and Marguerite Mackey, one of the College Graduates made reply and proposed the Academy Girls. Then Hilda Durney proposed the Graduates, and the long list came to an end when Beatrice Rubenovitch in the name of everybody toasted the Mistress of Discipline. The most important function of the day over, all scattered, some to the hills and rink again, and some to nooks and corners of the house. After tea, an impromptu concert was organized by the Graduates in honor of the Mistress of Discipline. A touching address was read by Mary House and a surprising bouquet, gathered from the remnants of "The Wanderer" of the day before, was tendered to our beloved Mistress. The Graduates' orchestra furnished noise enough for the occasion, with Mary Romans as director. With the aid of a few of the brilliant C's the program was made very lively. The entertaining committee issued tickets for refreshments which were liberally served during intermission. Thus we owe to Reverend Mother General, and to her kindness and liberality, one of the happiest days of the year.

A MUSICAL TREAT.

ON February 25th a splendid musical program was provided for us through the kindness of Doctor and Mrs. Beckwith, and the courtesy of several of the Alumnae and their friends. All the numbers received hearty applause, but perhaps the strongest appeal to the audience was made by the orchestral numbers and the songs of Dr. Beckwith and Mrs. Chester MacDonald. The violin solos of Miss Teddy Saunders and Miss Jean Fraser were well received, as was the cello solo of Miss Margaret Wainwright. The piano solos of Mrs. Gordon Page, who gave a splendid interpretation of Schubert's Ballet Music, proved that she has not lost the brilliant technique and power of expression which made her recital several years ago at the Mount such a triumph. We wish to thank Dr. and Mrs. Beckwith and our kind entertainers for the pleasure their concert afforded us.

INTERESTING LECTURE.

OUR missionary spirit gained impetus when, on February 29th, we enjoyed an illustrated lecture on the African Missions, given by Father Roy, a member of the Congregation of the "White Fathers". In full flowing white habit and red Fez

Cap, the missionary presented an interesting figure. We were interested to know that the missionaries assume this dress in order not to prejudice the Arabs, and to keep in harmony with the spirit of the desert. By means of a series of well-chosen slides, we were transported in imagination to the desert and the jungle. The pictures illustrated the customs of the people and the habits of the animals, as well as the splendid work done in "the dark continent" by the priests and Sisters who devote their lives to the conversion of the savage tribes. There are now organized communities of native religious both men and women. The transformation wrought in these poor negroes by Catholic training is well worth the sacrifices which the missionaries make for their conversion. Can we not do something to further the good work?

VIOLIN RECITAL.

ON Thursday, evening, March 8th, a group of the Mount musicians, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Holloway, attended a recital given by the world renowned violinist, Kathleen Parlow, under the auspices of the Ladies' Musical Club of Halifax. The programme was thoroughly enjoyed, and the excitement of a night trip to town and the consequent late lunch served upon their return home, made the occasion a memorable one in the diaries of the musicians.



SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

A WEEK before "the wearin' of the green", Mrs. Denis O'Finnigan presented her compliments to each of the Clubs of the school with the following invitation:

'Tis Leap Year, me darlin' and 'tis plain to be seen
My son Pat is just longin' for March seventeen;
For he knows the young colleens, all troopin' around,
Will be askin' his hand, for life to be bound.
So, to save you the trouble, and give you delight
I'm askin' each one on Saint Patrick's night
To come to a party with proposal all writ:
'Tis meself that will judge who for Patrick is fit.
Be it prose or in verse, you must sign it all true;
'Tis the price of admission to my Patrick's debut".

For a week pens were scratching and ideas hatching, with the result that the eventful evening found a gay group of colleens dropping ardent proposals into the card tray that stood on the table at Mrs. O'Finnigan's side as she welcomed her guests in the hall. With her was her handsome young son, whose beaming smile set all hearts aflutter. The large room was gay with green and white streamers, and each guest as she entered received a green ribbon bandeau with shamrock decoration which she donned immediately. There under the glow of dainty drop lights all took their places at the tables and tombola began, while the orchestra struck up "The Wearin' of the Green". Two Tombolas were played, with an elimination dance between. The winners of the Tombolas were Carmella Gouthreau and Eleanor Walsh. The elimination prizes were awarded to Astrid Buckley and Ruth Adams. During intermission Dorothy Morson in costume gave a comic reading entitled "Me Photograph". Miss Beatrice Rubenovitch sang a dainty Irish lyric, "Denis". While refreshments were served an excellent cabaret entertainment was given. The first course, a "candle" fruit salad, was accompanied by a novelty song, "When 'tis candle time in Ireland". All lights were extinguished, and twelve of the hostesses, holding lighted green candles in candlesticks came forward and deposited them on the tables where the guests were seated. The solo was sung by Pauline Melanson, and the candle bearers joined in the chorus. This was followed by a clever adaptation of Alfred Noyes' poem, "The Barrel Organ", with pantomime for each of the Irish Airs introduced. The reader was Mary Haché; the singer, Beatrice Rubenovitch. The pantomime characters were as follows:

Come Back to Erin	MARGARET MACDONALD.
The Wearin' of the Green	BETTY KELLY and MARY K. MACDOUGALL.
The Kerry Dance	KATHERINE OWEN and BERNADETTE LANNIGAN.
Believe me if all those endearing young charms	AGNES DALLAS and NOREEN HEALY.
Kathleen Mavourneen	REGINA COMEAU.
Saint Patrick	MARY MCSWEEN.

The orchestra was excellent. Each member wore a tight black coat with tuxedo shirt front, high collar, and appropriate green tie. The members were: Pauline Melanson, Helen Stokes, Rosemary Finn, Mildred Morson, Mary Haché, Edna Carroll, Violet Haché.

The climax of the evening came when the twelve best proposals were read without names to Mrs. O'Finnigan and her son Pat, and were voted on by the guests. The winner of "Pat" was Ella Williams, who was presented with a very pretty gift by her future mother-in-law. Consolation prizes of green novelty handkerchiefs were awarded to Agnes Garnier and Annie Mancini, who came second and third in the contest. These were intended, as the hostess explained, to dry the young ladies' tears. To cheer them, dancing was immediately begun.

The part of Mrs. O'Finnigan was very charmingly played by Norah FitzRandolph, and that of her handsome young son, by Mary K. MacDougall.



THE MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

MAY Day was anticipated this year by the Seton Club, who gave a supper and dance on Saturday evening, April 28th. The celebration of the May was the underlying idea of the whole entertainment, in which ingenuity, talent and artistic taste blended to produce a charming effect. Dainty favors, place cards, and dance programmes were all in keeping with the coming of Spring. The color scheme both in the hall and dining-room was mauve and pink, and the decorations were very attractive. Promptly at five thirty the hostesses received their guests in the dining hall, and while the delicious supper was served, provided entertainment with songs and orchestral music. After supper all repaired to the hall, where the event of the evening was to take place; for we had been invited to choose a queen. The votes of the guests brought the honor to Norma Buckley, who in the midst of the May dance was crowned under the May-pole and was presented with a basket of flowers. Novelty dances followed, and a comic pantomime was staged, which literally was a howling success. The cast was as follows:

The young lady	AGATHA FULTZ.
The young man	HARRIETT MYERS.
The girl's mother	MARY BUREL.
The baby sister	JANE THORUP.
The housemaid	MARY FOLEY.
The Prima Donna	FRANCES GREGOIRE.

The advent of the Prima donna and her pantomime solo, accompanied by the young gentleman on the violin brought down the house. Madame Francesca de Gregoria surpassed herself and the effect was uproarious.

Mary Deveau's beautiful voice was much enjoyed in two songs, and Ferna Moore received a hearty encore for her charming little solo. Frances DeWolfe flitted about the stage like a real butterfly in a dainty interpretative dance. The "lucky dance" brought prizes to Eleanor Moore and Marjorie O'Brien. A special gift of gratitude was presented by the Seton Club to Pauline Melanson, who had placed herself at their service as pianist. Refreshments were served later and the party broke up with high praises for the "D's". The members of the Seton Club are:

Mary Deveau, Mary Burel, Agatha Fultz, Norma Edens, Mary Foley, Harriett Myers, Claire Garten, Jane Thorup, Frances Gregoire. They were assisted by the following Juniors: Margaret Cummings, Ferna Moore, Frances DeWolfe.

GRADUATING RECITAL.

OF

HILDA C. DURNEY.

Mezzo Soprano.

Assisted by Miss MARGUERITE McNEIL (pianist).

Saturday, May 5, 1928.

Prelude (Cycle of Life)	/ / / / / / / / / /	Ronald.
My Heart Ever Faithful	/ / / / / / / / / /	Bach.
Serenade	/ / / / / / / / / /	Gounod.
Violin Obligato, Miss MARY MONTAGUE.		
Violin Trio: Ballata	/ / / / / / / / / /	Guido Papini.
Miss M. MONTAGUE, Miss R. FINN, Miss H. STOKES.		
Vissi D'Arte (Tosca)	/ / / / / / / / / /	Puccini.
Swiss Echo Song	/ / / / / / / / / /	Eckert.
Elsa's Dream (Lohengrin)	/ / / / / / / / / /	Wagner.
With Orchestral Accompaniment.		
Hark! Hark! the Lark	/ / / / / / / / / /	Schubert.
Twilight	/ / / / / / / / / /	Glen.
Violin Obligato, Miss MARY MONTAGUE.		
A Birthday	/ / / / / / / / / /	Woodman.
Piano Solo: La Truite, Schubert	/ / / / / / / / / /	S. Heller.
Humoreske	/ / / / / / / / / /	M. Levine.
Miss MARGUERITE McNEIL.		
Homage to Spring	/ / / / / / / / / /	Mac Fadyen.
Ave Maria	/ / / / / / / / / /	Gounod-Bach.
Violin Obligato, Miss HELEN STOKES.		

GOD SAVE THE KING.

AN AFTERNOON WITH SCHUBERT.

Saturday, May 12, 1928.

3.30 o'clock.

Marche Militaire.	ORCHESTRA.
Reading on Schubert.	Miss MARY HACHE.
Moment Musical (Interpretative Dance).	Misses MARIE ACKERMAN AND ELLA WILLIAMS.
Song; Who is Sylvia?	Miss MARION EMBREE.
Impromptu in E. flat.	Miss ANNIE MANTIN.
Violin Duet: Serenade.	Misses HELEN STOKES AND ROSE MARY FINN.
Sonata in B. (First Movement).	Miss PAULINE MELANSON.
Scherzo in B. flat (Interpretative Dance).	Misses MARY HAGHE, CONSTANCE WALSH, AGNES DALLAS.
Piano Duet: Valse Caprice.	Misses LUCILLE THERIAULT AND CARMELLA GOUTHREAU.
Violin Solo: Ave Maria.	Miss HELEN STOKES.
The Erl King.	Miss MARY SHANNON.
Songs: My Peace Art Thou	
Hark, hark the lark!	Miss HILDA DURNEY.
The Trout.	Miss MARGARET McNEIL.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

MOTION PICTURES.

AT intervals during the year, we have had some pleasant surprises on the screen. The first was "Little Annie Rooney", in which Mary Pickford, in the part of "Annie", brought forth many a laugh and many a sob from the spectators.

On our dear Mistress General's feast-day, owing to Sister's absence, we were unable to entertain her as usual. She, however, entertained us, sending us Sir James Barrie's charming fantasie, "A Kiss For Cinderella".

Our next venture into the land of romance was made under the auspices of Dickens, when we saw dramatized the fascinating story of "The Tale of Two Cities". With Sir James Martin Harvey in the rôle of Darney and Carton, it is easy to understand the pleasure and profit we derived from the picture.

Once again we were entertained by the screen, this time by Zane Grey's famous American character play, "The Vanishing American". With its sympathetic appeal in behalf of the "Red Man", the story lost none of its power by being transferred to the screen. Richard Dix played a noble part as the representative "Vanishing American".

A SUNDAY MORNING IDYLL.

I wander listless in my search,
My eyes are weary now;
They close despite me as I wipe
My hand across my brow.

The haunting spectre of my fear
Presses on my aching head;
I stagger onward once again
And seem to hear the thing I dread.

I pause,—I falter in my way,
As, like the first glad light of day,
A thought comes winging—
And I start flinging
Boots, coats, and hats, that seem astray.

For it must, surely, save me,
That thought must save the day:
It must, I trust,—it surely must—
That thought *shall* save the day!

Afar I hear it ringing,
The Prime bell, sure enough!
And with a cry I drag it forth,—
That one, elusive Sunday cuff.

CONSTANCE ALLISON

JUDGE WALLACE.

"I THINK that if I were to select one of the active promoters of the cause of Confederation and, by narrating his career, incidentally deal with the conditions then prevailing in Canada and the events which led up to the Union, the subject might prove interesting. I would therefore select D'Arcy McGee, and while making him the central figure, deal with various factors leading to the consummation of Confederation. It would be virtually a lecture on McGee, but a fair portion of it would be devoted to the progress of Canada since Confederation. I would entitle it, 'A Confederation Builder'".

So ran a letter of January twenty-third from Judge Wallace. His lecture of February twelfth proved one of the most delightful ever heard in the Mount auditorium; the speaker's extraordinarily full knowledge of his subject, his gift for sympathetic interpretation of character, his genial manner, his very appearance, all helped to bring forth an ideal of patriotism which cannot fail of influence on the young students who listened. There was every hope that the course in Canadian History which the Judge, eager to place the harvest of his rich experience at the service of Catholic education, had offered to give, would be arranged for next year; but the Great Mind that directs the universe, ruled otherwise, and in presence of that Supreme Wisdom human minds can only murmur brokenly, "Thy will be done".

Judge Wallace's predilection for McGee, who was very evidently his favorite hero, points to some bond of attraction between them. They were really kindred spirits: both men of wide horizons, both literary, lovable and beloved, unselfishly devoted to their country, but with this difference that McGee was challenging where the Judge was conciliating. Of his humor, his urbanity, his charity, the public press has left nothing unsaid; there remains but the last thought of him that was the last thought of his lecture, the theme of McGee's touching threnody for a dead friend, with its soul-piercing refrain,

"Miserere nostri".

Sophomore Graduates



ANNIE RITCHIE.

LIVERPOOL, N. S.

AN uproarious hurry? That's Annie coming. Would you hear lively talk, all about nothing in particular and everything in general? Hire Annie.

Though hilarious and loquacious, and everything else that makes for dissipation and popularity, Annie is an earnest student, and by steady application has maintained a good place in the ranks of the Sophomore Class since September. As an "A", Annie was a general favorite, and though now a College girl, she is often found among the Academics, especially in the capacity of cheer leader at Basketball. As her college work is half done, there is reason to hope that Annie will be among the B.A.'s of 1930.

MILDRED HAMILTON.

WEYMOUTH, N. S.

THIS spirited little maid came to the Mount three years ago to join the "B" class, and has made steady progress up to graduation with Sophomore credits. Besides being a keen student, Mildred is an ardent lover of sports, and is specially fond of basket-ball and skating. We hear that she intends to begin a nursing career in the West next year. Whatever her future, we wish her success and hope that she will always have the brilliant record she has made for herself at M. S. V.



Academic Graduates

MARY ROMANS.

BEAR RIVER, N. S.

AS President of her class for the past four years, Mary has proved her capabilities and has moreover, won the love and respect of the whole school. She seems to like responsibility, and is known as a thoroughly reliable girl. Her keen intelligence, good, sound sense, her spirit of fun, and most of all her constant thoughtfulness of others, have made her one of the most popular girls in the school. "Romeo's" beautiful singing voice will be sadly missed from our recitals, if she does not return next year to continue her vocal studies.



KATHLEEN DORAN.

WINDSOR, N. S.

"KADDY", as Prefect of the Sodality of Children of Mary, holds the most responsible position in the school, and holds it well. Quiet, unpretentious, but full of fun and fond of a joke, Kaddy has made many friends. Besides being an excellent Prefect, she is also an able captain of the "Red" basket-ball team, which she led to the winning of the Athletic Shield last year. Her "leisure hours" are spent in the sewing room, but leisure is scarcely to be found in that locality.

Kathleen is one of the Commercial Graduates of 1927 and now graduates in Secretarial Science.





MARY HOUSE.
AGUATHUNA, Nfld.

FOUR years ago, Mary arrived at the Mount, a tall, very shy girl, with a profusion of blushes. She has conquered the shyness but has not laid aside her blushes, which, after all, are very becoming. In four years Mary has made a brilliant record, and has taken an active part in dramatics. She makes a very charming hero, and has won a name for herself on the Mount stage. We all hope that Mary will return to the college next year, either to work for her B. A. or to continue her dramatic studies.

ANNIE MANCINI.
NORTH SYDNEY, N. S.

JUST three years ago, a shy, dark-eyed lass came to M. S. V., and quickly won renown, both because of her steadiness in class and her jolliness out of it. Annie has been for three years a member of the famous Nightingale Quartet, which holds its practices mostly for its own benefit, and unlike little children, is heard more often than it is seen. With Annie's alto gone, the quartet will surely come to an end; so the other members are praying for Annie's return next year. Perhaps she will return for good. Who knows?



EDNA HAMILTON.
WEYMOUTH, N. S.

EDNA came to the Mount for her "B" three years ago, and has made a brilliant record ever since. Unfortunately, her Freshman course was interrupted by illness last year, and she has had to wait until 1928 for her "A". It is all a gain however, to the class of '28, to all of whom Edna has endeared herself by her unselfish disposition. In Maths she is a star, and we all feel that she will make a success of whatever work she later undertakes. If you would see Edna's record, look at the Honor Roll.



MARGARET CAMERON.
GLACE BAY, N. S.

QUIET and demure, Margaret is an energetic member of the Freshman Class. Her sympathetic heart is leading her thoughts to the nursing profession, and all her energies are directed towards fitting herself for her future work. Our good wishes go with her to Saint Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay, where she hopes to enter in September.





JEAN MONTAGUE.

HALIFAX, N. S.

WITH her sister Mary, Jean came to the Mount as a tiny Junior, and first distinguished herself by playing a diminutive harp. Long since, however, she has laid her harp aside in favor of other pursuits. She possesses not only remarkable dramatic talent, but is a singer and pianist as well. For the past two years, she has appeared in successful rôles on the academic stage, where her graceful dancing has frequently supplemented her dramatic ability. Seldom have so many talents been displayed in one small person. We feel sure that Jean will find good use for them all.

MARY MONTAGUE.

HALIFAX, N. S.

A WE E girl of six, Mary came to the Mount, and has been here ever since. Although she is still a small person, her brain and her fingers have won her the place of first violinist in the orchestra. She is much in demand at musical entertainments, and at dances. It is rumoured that Mary will return next year to join the Collegians. Her past career promises a successful future.



KATHRYN BURGESS.

GRAND FALLS, N. B.

KAY" is one of the famous trio of friends known as The Harris, Tobin and Burgess Society. As such she has certain responsibilities to meet and a reputation to maintain. She has other responsibilities, however; notably, the secretaryship of Our Lady's Sodality, and that of the Alphakaibeta Club. Kathryn has been in the school for some years, as her career started in the Junior Division. During all this time, she has developed her musical talent and is now one of our foremost musicians. We hope that now her Academy career is over, she will specialize in music.



MARGARET TOBIN.

HALIFAX, N. S.

MARGARET came to the Mount three years ago, with long, black curls; but with the passing of time, has entered into new ways, and now is recognized by her thick, curly "bob". As she is a diligent person, she spends most of her free time assisting Kaddy in the sewing room, or waiting around the corridors for the other members of "the trio". She plays a strong defense on the Black Basket-ball team, and is one of the few archers of the school. What her aim is no one can guess, but we hope she will hit the mark later on.



Commercial Graduates



MARION EMBREE.

AMHERST, N. S.

MARION was one of the brilliant B's of 1927, but abandoned classical studies in favor of a commercial course. Since September her record has shown that she employs not only brains but industry in the pursuit of business efficiency. She is a keen humourist and an able athlete, and holds in her hands the key to success in a business career.

RITA LeBLANC.

MONCTON, N. B.

"REET" is the personification of neatness and efficiency, and is of the sunniest and funniest disposition ever. She is an all round sport, a graceful figure on the ice, an ardent tennis player, an indispensable basket-ball centre, and one of our best dancers. In her first year Rita has made a host of friends, and we hope to see her return next September for secretarial science.



MARGARET MEAGHER.

HALIFAX, N. S.

MARGARET has been frequently arrested for speeding,—on the typewriter, of course. Although she did not enter the class until a short while before Thanksgiving holidays, she had already made a good foundation in commercial work at St. Patrick's High School, and easily took her place in the class. Margaret has "a way about her" and has always a smile ready. May she always be as agreeable as she has shown herself in the Commercial Room at M. S. V.



ELEANOR WALSH.

PUGWASH, N. S.

A STUDENT of one year is Eleanor, and as a student she will be best characterized. Quietness and gentleness are her chief qualities. Upon her first arrival at the Mount Eleanor suffered from an attack of home-sickness, but recovered very soon, and is now one of the happiest girls in the school. So great has been her success that she looks forward to returning next year for Secretarial Science. A glance at the Honor Roll will show that Eleanor carries not a few honors for the year.





MARION BOURGEOIS.
RIVER HEBERT, N. S.

MARION is known as an ardent student and a lover of English literature. She has shown her ability in writing and in clear, logical reasoning in class debates, and bids fair to prove a law expert should the class of '28 continue its study of that interesting subject. Mount life has agreed so well with Marion that she hopes to return next year. Already she has taken class honors several times, and merited the approval of both teachers and classmates.

RUTH ADAMS.
LUNENBURG, N. S.

LUNENBURG might well be proud of this fair daughter. Ruth, besides being a good student, has a charming manner, which is a great asset in the business world. She is also an accomplished musician and an eager worker in the studio, where she spends two afternoons each week. She is fond of dancing and of outdoor sports, and makes a splendid centre on the Commercial Basket-ball team. Although Ruth's ambition is to be a nurse, we hope to see her at the Mount again next year.



MARY RILEY.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

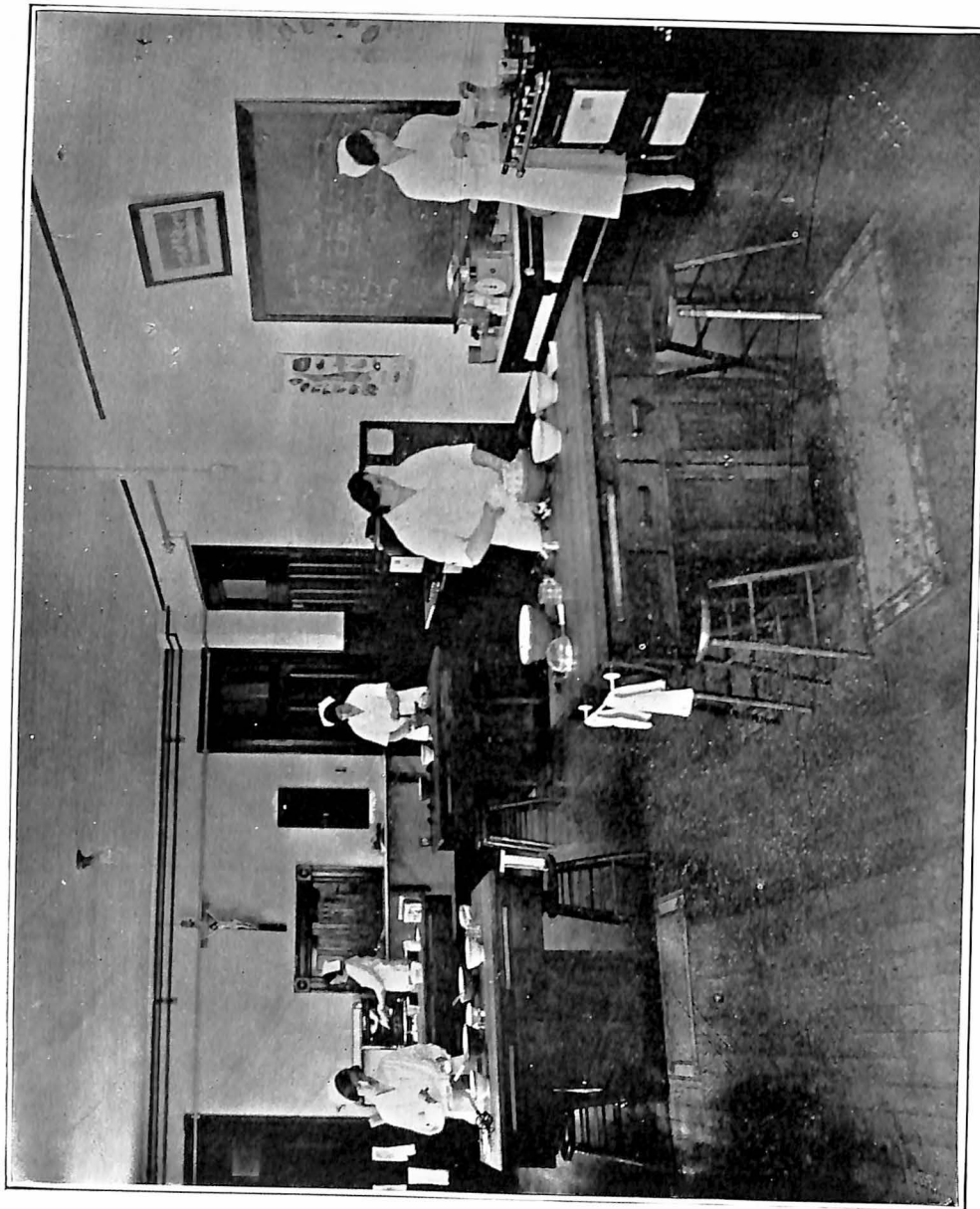
THIS dark-eyed lass from P. E. I. opened her career at the Mount three years ago in the "C" class. She entered the Commercial class in the middle of last year, and is now completing her course. Apart from regular studies, Mary has many talents, not the least being her gift for the pencil and brush. Her exercise books give evidence of her love of drawing. Mary is a tobogganist of note, and in spite of bumps and bruises declares there is nothing like a good slide. Her sunny disposition and sense of fun as well as her generous heart, have won for her many friends.



MILDRED JOY.
PORT AU PORT, NEFD.

MILDRED is noted chiefly for her good nature and love of sport. In her first year she has accomplished a good deal of work besides having a lot of fun. She had her earlier education at Mt. St. Joseph, North Sydney, and so boarding-school life was no new experience to her when she arrived at the Mount in September. Its ups and downs she bears with equal fortitude, and finds life most jolly. Armed with certificates, she goes forth to her business career. All success be yours, Mildred!





HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

DIGNITY and character are combined with usefulness in the laboratory for the scientific study of the principles of Cooking and Dietetics, illustrated on the opposite page. Eight large windows facing south and west, ensure an airy, sunny atmosphere, so much to be desired where the important work of food preparation is conducted. Here are taught the principles of scientific Cookery and of practical Dietetics to the students pursuing the four year course in Household Science, which leads to a degree of B.H.Sc., as well as those following the two year program, for which a certificate qualifies its holder either as a teacher of Domestic Science in the elementary schools; or, after a six months hospital training as pupil dietician, as a hospital dietician.

The laboratory is equipped with the most modern gas and electric ranges, the most approved laboratory work tables, where each student is provided with drawers and lockers for her individual equipment. Here are taught those principles which, with the facilities it is possible to offer our students, are later supplemented by practice work involving the application of those principles to large quantity cookery; by field trips and observation periods in departments outside our own institution; and, finally, in the senior year, an opportunity to practice household management in a thoroughly equipped practice house which is to be provided.

Garment construction includes plain and fancy stitches, hand and machine sewing, cutting, fitting, draping, making of children's clothing. Millinery is also a branch of this department. A practical demonstration of the usefulness of this course was given in October when the girls of the sewing class made the white uniforms and caps for the girls of the cooking class. An exhaustive study of Textiles and courses in Nutritional Physiology, Bacteriology, Organic Chemistry, Child Care, Sociology as applied to the home, all form a part of the course which leads to the degree of Bachelor of Household Science.

NIGHT CLOUDS.

Into the opal colored sea
A silver speck dips its wings;
A rippling veil of white it flings
As it glides on noiselessly.

The moon throws out a golden light
That shakes across the water blue;
The speck takes on an orange hue
And sails into the depths of night.

The sky is but a broader sea,
And across the deep blue of a rift
Go sailing tiny cloud boats swift
Afloat upon infinity.

HILDA MURPHY.

THE PRINCE OF PHANTASY.

BY MARIE ACKERMANN.

"Fairies and gnomes stole out
Into the leaf-green light".

(Martha).

WALTER de la Mare, one of the foremost English poets of to-day, belongs apparently to no special school or group of writers. His field is Fairyland and his realm is Phantasy. Silence, shadows, ghosts, whispers, dreams, starry candles, moths, crickets, mice, dew, ivory, peacocks, gold, make up the woof and web of his theme. Yet not only in "such stuff as dreams are made of" does this magician deal; his human studies are whimsical and rare and have all the haunting quality of his shadows and fancies. Miss Loo, Old Susan, and Poor Miss Seven, are creations with personalities of their own. Walter de la Mare's lyrics and even his Shakespearian character sketches are touched with glamour.

"Glamour" is the word that fits best the atmosphere of his poetry. His poems a combination of berry picking and moon gleams, of precious jewels and jam tarts, of half heard whispers and trumpets of elf-land. Take for example one of his best known pieces, "Silver". A painter could not reproduce more truly the light and shadow of moonlight magic; every picture in the little poem is true to life, a familiar thing of everyday life; but touched by the brush of the wizard, each takes on a new meaning, blossoms into a new, strange atmosphere it never knew by day. It reminds one of the delicate tracery of the frost done in silver on a black leaf. The repetition of the word *Silver* does not, as one might think, become monotonous; instead, it enhances the liquid rhythm of the poem. The details are as clear as the moonlight:

"A harvest mouse goes scampering by
With silver claws and a silver eye,
And moveless fish in the water gleam
By silver reeds in a silver stream".

In his poem "The Listeners", we are led into still another realm, the realm of shadows, half spoken whispers,—silence:

"But only a host of phantom listeners
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight,
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair".

Again in "The Song of the Shadows":

"The old hound whimpers, couched in sleep,
The embers smoulder low;
Across the walls the shadows
Come, and go.

Ghosts linger in the darkening air,
Hearken in the open door,
Music hath called them, dreaming,
Home once more.

But the nicest thing about Walter de la Mare's ghosts and shadows is that they are chummy ghosts, not the scary kind. They are wistful, drawn not in stark white and greys, but in lavender, soft violet, ivory and olive, with a soft grey toning down of contour. His imagination is often pensive. . . .

Pensive? . . . Not always. Who could resist the secret told so confidently in "The Cupboard":

"I know a little cupboard
With a teeny, tiny key,
And there's a jar of lollypops
For me, me, me".

Who wouldn't long to know a teeny, tiny cupboard that held such delights? and who wouldn't love to have

"a small, fat grandmama
With a very slippery knee"?

One of the most delightful poems in Peacock Pie is *The Duncce*. Doesn't it bring you 'way 'way, back on the dusty road of Life, to when you were just a frightened little child called "Duncce!"? Don't you remember thinking

"Why does (the clock) keep ticking
Why does his round white face
Stare at me over the books and ink
And mock at my disgrace"?

Didn't everything in the room find a tongue to call, "Duncce"! Oh, Walter de la Mare is still a child at heart. His gentle pen traces the lines of childhood's woes, and we smile—ruefully.

How close to the heart of childhood this man of fifty has kept even through years of bookkeeping, is seen in his poems for children. Who could enter more fully into the intimate feelings of tiny boys and girls, if not this friend of the fairies and gnomes? He has a strong affinity for Mother Goose, and who knows whether

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!
My dame has lost her shoe—"

may find more favor with wee critics than Walter de la Mare's modern version:

"Poor little Lucy
By some mischance
Lost her shoe
As she did dance".

Quaint—that is the word for "The Memoirs of a Midget," his most remarkable prose work. It is more than quaint; it is charming, delightful, with the same touch of wistfulness that characterizes his poetry. The persons are particularly well drawn. Fanny Bowater, to whom the Midget had early given her heart, Fanny of the straight black brows and the deep, dark eyes and the treacherous heart; Mr. Crimble, of the full red lips; Polly, the red cheeked country lass, Mrs. Bowater of the deep, yet flat voice,—all haunt you; for De la Mare, like Dickens, has the faculty of individual creation; each of

his characters has his own peculiarity. Who but a master writer could characterize a certain young man of fashion as, "the fair young man with the tired smile and the beautiful shoes!"

Though a midget, Miss M. has the feelings and the heart of a normal woman; nay, her feelings are more intense, for she hears things and sees things that a normal being would never observe. The author seems to have humanized one of his fairies. She is not a hunch-back creature with a crooked, misshapen form. No, the midget is a tiny, beautiful thing, with a perfectly fashioned, delicate body, a fair complexion and long flaxen hair. It is hard to realize that the descriptions of Miss M's wardrobe come from a man. But it is harder to believe that a man could enter so thoroughly into the likes and dislikes, the emotions and passions of a woman, even though a miniature one.

Miss M. dances through the book, through laughter and tears, doubts and perplexities, through gay adventures and unpleasant incidents, a thoroughly lovable figure. She views the world from her own littleness very much as the noblest of philosophers have viewed it from the height of greatness, and in the end concludes that the world is smaller than herself. Disappointed in all things earthly, she slips away, and the reader is left with a sense of those other words of De la Mare:

"My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten,
Thou, Lord, and I.

ON LADY DAY.

As I kneel before your statue,
Mother of the Son Divine,
I long to ask you if you foreknew
All the griefs that would be thine.

When you gave your humble answer,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord",
Did you know that through your own heart
There would pierce one day a sword?

But, Mother of the Word Incarnate,
As I look into your eyes,
The depths of mysteries within them
Hush the questions that arise.

AGNES GARNIER.

THE FIGURE IN BLACK.

SHE came first, long ago, when we were very little girls. That figure in black with the gentle smiling eyes and the sweet mouth, helped our baby feet along the rough paths and followed us over the smooth. From the first she took a maternal interest in us, and she watched each one of us, noting our little failings, never forgetting our good points, and leading us on all the while by her unfailing tact and zeal, toward higher, better things. She singled out from among us those who were inclined to be sulky and naughty and made us the objects of her special interest and the sharers of her prayers. For a while she merely watched us; then she told us very gently where each was most deficient. After that warning we were expected to remember and to work on for ourselves. But always she led and we followed; and when we failed she looked so sad and disappointed that instantly we were all repentance.

Then there were gay times, when the gentle smile turned to a merry laugh. She knew all sorts of wonderful games, that lady in black, and wonderful stories about everything our childish minds could imagine. She directed us how to make the best snow man and to draw the best hop-scotch; and always there was a prize in the big pocket of her wide black habit for the winner.

Sometimes, of course, we were sick, and then her cool hands smoothed the tumbled sheets and arranged the hot pillows and soothed our feverish little hands and heads with those strong fingers which could be—oh so gentle!

There were times, all too frequent, if I remember rightly, when the mild eyes were not so mild, and the sweet voice not so sweet. There were times when we were wayward little sheep and needed a strong hand to guide our stubborn feet. But after the storm there was always a great calm; then we were oh, so good, and the figure in black oh, so dear.

For years I did not realize that she had not always been the figure in black; that to be our friend, our confident and our guide, she had given all she had. Time once was, I suspect, when with laughing eyes and lips, and bobbing curls she danced along in her bright muslins, the very gayest of the gay,—the little sweet-heart of the world,—and then the winsome little figure with the dancing feet was transformed over night into the "figure in black", and the gay muslins were laid away and the flying curls tucked under her little black cap.

I realized all that only in later years when I looked back. For a long time I only knew she was my friend and that she had always my welfare at heart. There were storms, alas! when the gentle eyes were dark with anger, and sad, or disappointed. . . Then, when I needed her most, she was gone; they had taken her away, and I missed her guiding hand, and longed even for her frown.

It is a long time since she went away, but her influence is still with me; and when I am restless and discontented, I see her watching eyes and remember her old smile; and in that little corner of my heart where I store up happy things, I always find, in all my varying moods, the Figure in Black.

CONSTANCE ALLISON.

A SESSION IN COURT.

BY RITA LeBLANC AND MARY RILEY.

The scene is laid in the Mount Commercial Room.

TIME—8.40 A. M. any day.

CHARACTERS—The Judge.

The Attorney for Plaintiff.

The Attorney for Defendant.

The Bailiff.

The Clerk.

Twelve Jurors.

The interested parties.

When the Judge has taken the place of honor and the Jury are in their box, the action begins. The first case is an action for Breach of Promise. The parties are:

PLAINTIFF—The Mistress General of Mount St. Vincent.

DEFENDANT—Miss Joey Gillespie.

JUDGE: Are the interested parties present?

RESPONSE: Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Is a jury wanted?

ATTORNEYS: Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE: The clerk will please swear in the witnesses.

(The witnesses are sworn in).

The plaintiff will now state her case.

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF: "Miss Gillespie was due to return to Mount Saint Vincent in time for classes at 8.10 on January 10, 1928. She arrived on January 10th, at 5.30 and thereby missed a whole day of school. The Mistress General sues Miss Gillespie for "breach of promise".

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF: Will the Mistress General please take the witness stand?

ATTORNEY: What is your name and occupation?

PLAINTIFF: Sister, Mistress General of Mount Saint Vincent.

ATTORNEY: The defense may take the witness stand.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE: Do you know Miss Gillespie, Sister, the defendant in this case?

PLAINTIFF: Only too well.

ATTORNEY: Sister, is this Miss Gillespie's first offense?

PLAINTIFF: No, she is an old offender.

ATTORNEY: On what other occasions has Miss Gillespie given cause for complaint?

PLAINTIFF: Every time she has gone home during the past four years.

ATTORNEY: How often does she go home?

PLAINTIFF: Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter.

ATTORNEY: Did she have sufficient excuses for being late?

PLAINTIFF: For former excuses, all sorts of sicknesses except measles; but she had no excuse for being late this time.

JUDGE: That will do; the defendant will please take the witness stand.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE: Miss Gillespie, please take the witness stand.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE: What is your name and occupation?

DEFENDANT: Joanna Regina Gillespie of Moncton, New Brunswick, pupil of Commercial Class, Mount Saint Vincent, specializing in singing.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE: Is it true that you have never returned on time after a holiday?

DEFENDANT: Ahem—Yes.

ATTORNEY: Had you sufficient excuses for the previous times?

DEFENDANT: Ahem—Yes, lots of them.

ATTORNEY: What were they?

DEFENDANT: I generally became—ahem—ill about two days before I had to return.

ATTORNEY: Are you inclined to be delicate?

DEFENDANT: Ahem—occasionally, Your Honor, but er-ah—

ATTORNEY: But *What*?

DEFENDANT: Ahem—I have a delicate stomach.

ATTORNEY: Are you ever sick at the Mount?

DEFENDANT: Ahem—well, I often go to the pharmacy.

ATTORNEY: Is it necessary?

DEFENDANT: Ahem—well, not exactly, but I like the pink drinks the Infirmarian gives me.

ATTORNEY: When you are sick at the Mount, who looks after you?

DEFENDANT: Ahem—the Infirmarian.

ATTORNEY: What was your excuse the last time you returned late?

DEFENDANT: I wanted to go to Eaton's to see their bargain sale before I came back; I was going to go Saturday morning but as I forgot to get up in time and they close on Saturday afternoons, I had to wait until Monday.

ATTORNEY: Was that the only reason?

DEFENDANT: Ahem—no.

ATTORNEY: State your reason.

DEFENDANT: Well, er—I had made a record for myself by coming back late, and I did not want to break it.

ATTORNEY: You knew you were breaking one of the few rules of the school did you not?

DEFENDANT: I thought only of my record.

ATTORNEY: Answer, yes or no.

DEFENDANT: Ahem—yes, but—

ATTORNEY: No buts, that will do.

ATTORNEY: The plaintiff may take the witness stand.

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF: We have no questions to ask.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE: That concludes our case.

JUDGE: The attorneys for the plaintiff and defense will confine themselves to brief closing remarks. Will five minutes be sufficient?

THE ATTORNEYS: Yes, Your Honor.

(Each attorney sums up his case—the jury retires and returns at the end of the five minutes).

JUDGE: Gentlemen, we have heard the arguments for both sides. Miss Joanna Regina Gillespie of Moncton, New Brunswick, and resident pupil of Mount Saint Vincent Academy, has shown by her answers to our questions that her record in question was one of crime, but the Jury has decided that the sentence may be mitigated, as only the last offense is urged by the plaintiff. Miss Gillespie is forbidden all access of the pharmacy and will abstain from pink drinks for the term of thirty days.

JUDGE: Call the next case on the calendar, Mr. Clerk.

CLERK: Francis vs. Gregoire.

JUDGE: Are the interested parties present?

ATTORNEYS: Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Is a Jury wanted?

ATTORNEYS: Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Call the Jury Mr. Clerk.

JUDGE: Swear in the witnesses Mr. Clerk.

JUDGE: The plaintiff will state her case.

ATTORNEY FOR PLAINTIFF: On February 9th Miss Francis was suffering from swollen glands and borrowed iodine from Miss Gregoire, which she applied to the glands. Next day Miss Francis' neck began to peel, owing to the iodine being too strong.

JUDGE: Will Miss Francis take the witness stand?

ATTORNEY: State your name in full.

MISS FRANCIS: Hazel Francis.

ATTORNEY: Is that your full name?

MISS FRANCIS: No, but—er—

ATTORNEY: Miss Francis, please tell the court your full name.

MISS FRANCIS: Dorothy Hazelton Rose Francis.

ATTORNEY: Where is your place of residence?

MISS FRANCIS: I used to live in Sydney once—

ATTORNEY: You did not answer my question. Where do you live now?

MISS FRANCIS: In Sydney Mines.

ATTORNEY: How long have you been at Mount Saint Vincent?

MISS FRANCIS: Since September.

ATTORNEY: When did you first come in contact with the defendant?

MISS FRANCIS: I can't say. I'm always coming in contact with her.

ATTORNEY: Is the defendant a particular friend of yours?

MISS FRANCIS: Yes, sometimes.

ATTORNEY: In regard to the iodine, did you take the defendant at her word?

MISS FRANCIS: I never know when to take her at her word.

ATTORNEY: Still you thought the iodine was all right?

MISS FRANCIS: She didn't say it wasn't.

ATTORNEY: Who told you to use iodine?

MISS FRANCIS: My brother always uses it.

ATTORNEY: You did not answer my question.

MISS FRANCIS: Nobody.

ATTORNEY: Who told you your glands were swollen?

MISS FRANCIS: Nobody Your Honor, I saw them myself in the mirror.

ATTORNEY: Are you in the habit of looking in the mirror?

MISS FRANCIS: I only look at myself.

ATTORNEY: Are you sure it was the iodine that made your neck peel?

MISS FRANCIS: Well, I didn't use anything else.

ATTORNEY: Keep to the point, Miss Francis.

MISS FRANCIS: Yes, I am sure it was.

ATTORNEY: Do you never use soap?

MISS FRANCIS: Yes—sometimes.

ATTORNEY: Did you wash your neck before you applied the iodine?

MISS FRANCIS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: What kind of soap did you use?

MISS FRANCIS: *Surprise*.

ATTORNEY: Do you always use Surprise Soap?

MISS FRANCIS: No, but Momma wrote that she always does for washing.

ATTORNEY: That is not the question, Miss Francis.

MISS FRANCIS: No, sometimes I use Dutch Cleanser.

ATTORNEY: That will do, Miss Francis.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE: Will the defendant take the witness stand?

ATTORNEY: What is your name in full?

MISS GREGOIRE: Francis Florence Gregoire—I was named after—

ATTORNEY: Never mind whom you were named after. Where is your place of residence?

MISS GREGOIRE: Jubilee Road.

ATTORNEY: In China?

MISS GREGOIRE: No, Halifax.

ATTORNEY: How long have you been attending Mount Saint Vincent?

MISS GREGOIRE: For quite a while but I am going to Mount A. next year.

ATTORNEY: Never mind where you are going next year: answer my question.

MISS GREGOIRE: Three years.

ATTORNEY: How long have you known Miss Francis?

MISS GREGOIRE: I thought I saw her in Sydney Mines last summer.

ATTORNEY: Answer my question.

MISS GREGOIRE: Off and on for the past five months.

ATTORNEY: On the night of February 9th did you lend Miss Francis your iodine?

MISS GREGOIRE: I guess so; I'm always lending things.

ATTORNEY: Oh, so you lend things, do you?

MISS GREGOIRE: No, sometimes they take them.

ATTORNEY: Did Miss Francis take it or did you lend it?

MISS GREGOIRE: I'm not Scotch.

ATTORNEY: Still the law of school prohibits borrowing and lending?

MISS GREGOIRE: Yes.

ATTORNEY: Did you consider this iodine to be all right?

MISS GREGOIRE: It ought to be; Mummy bought it at Wood Brothers.

ATTORNEY: I did not ask you where you bought it. Did you know there was anything the matter with it?

MISS GREGOIRE: Mummy always buys the best.

ATTORNEY: Yes, yes, we all know that, but keep to the point.

MISS GREGOIRE: No.

ATTORNEY: Did you see Miss Francis after she put the iodine on?

MISS GREGOIRE: Yes.

ATTORNEY: Did you think she applied it too thickly.

MISS GREGOIRE: No, the paint does not sink in sometimes unless we use three coats.

ATTORNEY: Who told you that?

MISS GREGOIRE: I take china painting.

ATTORNEY: Do you paint china with iodine?

MISS GREGOIRE: No, but we use turpentine to clean the brushes.

ATTORNEY: We are speaking of iodine, not turpentine, in this case.

MISS GREGOIRE: They are both the same to me.

ATTORNEY: Did you use any of the iodine yourself?

MISS GREGOIRE: No, I only use vanishing and cold cream. Mummy thinks I might spoil my complexion.

ATTORNEY: Then why did you have it?

MISS GREGOIRE: I had to put some extra things in to fill up my trunk.

ATTORNEY: Is that the only reason?

MISS GREGOIRE: I'm tired of answering questions.

ATTORNEY: Answer my question, Miss Gregoire.

MISS GREGOIRE: I guess so.

ATTORNEY: Answer yes or no.

MISS GREGOIRE: I do not know.

ATTORNEY: Do you know you are living?

MISS GREGOIRE: I think so.

ATTORNEY: That will do Miss Gregoire.

ATTORNEY FOR DEFENSE: That finishes our case.

JUDGE: The attorneys for the defense and plaintiff will confine themselves to brief closing remarks. Will twenty minutes be enough gentlemen?

ATTORNEYS: Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE: Will the Jury retire and deliberate on the question?

(Silence in the court. The Jury retire and return at the end of ten minutes).

JUDGE: Is the Jury ready to report?

JURYMAN: Yes, Your Honor: We find the defendant not guilty owing to both being minors, and as minors are incompetant to contract, no contract was made. Then too, the law of Mount Saint Vincent forbids borrowing or lending without permission. We find Miss Francis' neck started to peel on account of frequent use of Surprise Soap which caused it to shrink, and advise her to use Lux in future.

JUDGE: So be it! The court is dismissed for the day.

CURTAIN.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

By NORA FITZ RANDOLPH.

YOUNG Doctor Barker, controlling with an effort, the irritable word that rose to his lips, forced himself to look across the breakfast table at his aunt, who had begun to speak.

"John, dear, I don't want to trouble you, but I was thinking that the pain around my heart is getting very much worse, and my head and back ache so!" She gave a long, tired sigh.

"My dear aunt," he answered, "I have examined your heart five times in this last month. I think you exaggerate your pains and aches. Forget them for a change."

How she did get on his nerves, tiring him with her silly troubles, hindering him with her crazy notions! Old age was a nuisance anyhow. Why, just last evening, he had talked the situation over with a friend who saw things in a reasonable light. The words came back to him now quite clearly:

"You are letting your whole life be ruined by an old woman. What right has she to put a check on your ambition, your free will, even your happiness?"

He shuffled his feet and scowled as he poured the cream over his cereal. If only she were not in his way! Then he could be free, could have a good time,—get ahead in the world! That was the main thing. . . What was the older generation doing anyhow, hanging on until the last gun was fired, and wrecking the happiness and fun of everybody else?

He turned towards her again. There she was, acting like a fool; her little plaintive mouth showing that she was hurt by his matter-of-fact attitude, her eyes looking helplessly and reproachfully at him like a wounded animal's.

Had the woman no temper at all? Why must she always bear everything without a word?—silently, reproachfully, as if she had some secret thoughts of him which she dared not show. Now she was taking off her glasses and wiping the weak tears from her pale blue eyes. Weak! spineless! that was her whole character, suffering things without a word, gazing at him like a whipped dog!

Perhaps he had been a little stern. Perhaps he had said too much. His aunt had a good deal of money, and he was her nearest living relative. What if there were cause for this pain she was always having,—one that he could not discover? . . . then it would be worth while to be sweet, to keep down his temper;—but it would be a great task; her very hands, white and trembling as they were, filled him with loathing. . . .

Suddenly there came back to his mind the words which his classmate had spoken lightly:

"Why not pop her off one of these fine days, old man?—with something painless, you know? She isn't doing the world a whole lot of good,—nor you either, for that matter. You're getting moody! The money will help you along in your studies, and as for your having a good time—I can tell you for a fact, that money counts nowadays. There is too much ahead of you to be held back by a stupid old lady. Didn't Doctor Greeves tell you only the other day that you would make the best surgeon of the whole class?"

At the time these words were spoken, he had taken them as a joke; but now in his poisoned mind they assumed a very literal meaning. Why not? Did he not know a few secrets about drugs? At this very moment he had in his pocket some capsules of deadly poison, which he should have given in to the Pharmacy superintendent yesterday. .

With his mind still in these channels, he turned to his aunt and spoke gently:

"Aunt, I'm sorry. Please forgive my temper. I was very rude, I know."

Before she could reply, he hurried on:—

"I have been thinking that I should change your tonic, for a long time. Here, take this pill before lunch and see how you will feel when I come home".

He could not look into those sad, tearful eyes; he felt a terrible wave of weakness sweep over him. . .

Oh, well, he must brace up! After all, it was for his good, his success. Where was his ambition? Surely his nerve would not fail him when he needed it—most of all. Murmuring something about being late for the first class, he strode blindly to the door, down the front steps and into the street.

Two hours later, he was working feverishly in the laboratory, in a vain attempt to forget the house which would be within a few hours hushed and darkened. The awful guilt of his crime struck him with its full force. John Barker, promising young doctor, well trusted, and well liked—he could almost see the headlines. . . .

The thought of his guilt was now fixed in his reeling brain and caused him to clutch the table for support. Nothing mattered now except to prevent this death. A great pity for his innocent victim swept over him. If he could only warn her. . . .

Without a word to the laboratory instructor, John Barker fled hatless down the College steps and into the street. Hailing a taxi, he climbed in, and gave the address of his aunt in a hoarse whisper to the astonished driver. In a few minutes he was running up the front steps of his home.

The colored maid answered his frantic ring and flung the door open.

"Oh mistah John!" she sobbed, "My missus is dead! Come quick! Come quick! She's in deh!" She pointed to the drawing-room door and covered her face with her apron, sobbing convulsively.

"Dead!—dead!—" John Barker echoed, "Then I am too late—too late. . . . I killed her!"

The woman kept pouring out a stream of words in frightened whispers to him as he knelt by the still figure on the couch; but he paid no heed. Only he put his hand into his pocket and drew out the remaining capsule of death. . .

Later through the black mists that hung over him and the agony of remorse that stifled him, he heard the voice of the maid going on and on; he only caught the words; "—shopping—knocked down by a car—people brought her—went for doctor—just died before you came—"

Then, a wild shriek from her as he fell to the floor.

"You dyin' too?? Oh, come back! Come back! Mistah John, come back!"

Far away in the world he was leaving,—oh, the pain, and the bitter irony of life there! Then he was not a murderer; he would have prevented her from taking the capsule; he could have gone on living without the guilt of an irreparable sin.

This much he realized before total darkness enveloped him, shutting out the light.

AN OLD FAMILIAR FACE.

BY ELLA WILLIAMS.

IT was a dark, low-studded room that I entered, and I could not plainly discern the furnishings. All that I know is that it was lined with book-shelves, and that there was a bright fire blazing in the grate. It was damp and chill outside and I drew up to the blaze gratefully. Then, as I sat musing, half dreaming, there was a sudden movement at the door; a footstep sounded on the carpeted floor, and I looked up. There he stood, smiling and holding out his hand.

How glad I was to welcome that slightly stooped, black-clad figure. Although I had never before met this man, something told me I had known all my life that face with its touches of joy and sorrow. "Ah", thought I, "here is a man called by sorrow and anguish and a strange desolation of hope and quietness, a soul set apart and made peculiar to God".

At my pressing invitation, he seated himself beside me in front of the fire, and lighting his pipe, began to talk of the topics of the day. Our conversation finally drifted back to happenings of long ago, and as these seemed to interest him greatly, I asked him to tell me something of his life.

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days".

. . . It was strange how those lines floated into my memory as my companion began his story.

His early life, until he was fifteen, was spent at Christ's Hospital, London. A wide smile illumined his face when he described the blue uniform trimmed with yellow and the gaudy yellow gaiters. Here he had formed a life-long friendship with a man of genius, doomed alas! to lose the fruit of his natural gifts through the sad vagaries of a weak will. Here he had spent the happiest days of his life. His face grew sad when he spoke of his parting with his friend, who went up to the university, while he himself was obliged to take a clerkship in the India office. . . .

"I had a friend, a greater friend had no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly".

Strangely familiar to me this man, and yet. . . .

His visits to his grandmother's home seemed to stand out in his recollections. Here he had met his one and only love, the "fair-haired maiden" of whom he had written sonnets. Blood, to him, was thicker than water. He had given up the woman of his dreams to care for his sister, who needed him badly. His face and his voice, as he spoke of his sister, hinted at a tragedy, and I did not press him to speak of it. My admiration increased almost to veneration when I realized the greatness of his sacrifice. . .

"I loved a love once, fairest among women:
Closed are her doors to me, I must not see her." . . .

Suddenly I saw his eyes brighten, and turning my head I saw that his gaze was fixed on a picture of a group of children gathered around their mother's knee. The firelight touched the charming little group with shadow, and the shadow on his own face seemed to deepen.

"Ah, if dreams could only come true!" he said, and as he spoke, I remembered something I had read about "Dream Children", of a lonely man surrounded by a happy group; of their exclamations of delight at his stories, their little arms around his neck, their soft hands patting his face. Again the old poem came drifting back to me:—

"Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse." . . .

I realized that he was becoming unhappy, and so I changed the subject, and began to talk of his family. He spoke very affectionately of his brother James, but all his interest seemed to centre in his sister, Mary. And now I began to understand the nature of the tragedy that had darkened both their lives. After his father's death, he had devoted himself to this sister afflicted with periodic fits of insanity. During the intervals, "between the acts," as he expressed it, they lived in closest companionship, Mary aiding her brothers literary work and presiding over his little receptions of his friends:—

"I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies" . . .

For although a great deal of his time was taken up with his sister and with the affairs of the India Office, he had many friends, and found time besides, for writing. It was his custom, I gathered, to rise early and to work at the office from ten till four, "in the contemplation of indigoes, cottons, raw-silks and otherwise", as he facetiously remarked. After office hours he would stroll around the suburbs or into the book-shops; and in the evening, with a pipe of tobacco for company, would pore over his old books, his "midnight darlings", or a muse himself in writing essays.

There were some wonderful nights spent with just Mary and Coleridge. It was the result of one of these evenings that he had undertaken with his sister, at her suggestion, the prose "Tales of Shakespeare", in order to give to children a foretaste of the pleasure that awaited them in future years in the works of the master dramatist. If Mary loved anyone, he said, it was Coleridge. This made the tie between him and Coleridge all the stronger. His voice sank and he seemed to be talking to himself. I caught the words:

"Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?" . . .

. . . Far away in the distance I seemed to hear—

"How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old, familiar faces" . . .

Then everything began to swim before me, and putting my hand out to detain my disappearing friend, I found myself clutching the empty chair in front of my own fireplace. In my lap was a copy of "Essays of Elia".

THE MUSICAL NEIGHBORHOOD.

Did you ever try to study
In a quiet boarding-school,
Where silence reigns as mistress,
And all are bound by rule?

The talking's ceased you must admit,
But the worst is yet to come;
For from all sides such sounds are heard,
You'll never find life dumb.

Do, re, mi, fa,—tra, la, la, la!—
Now *pfeifen*, *pfiff*, *gepfiffen*!
Do, dare, dedi, datum,—oh!
You feel your muscles stiffen.

"My heart is like a singing bird!"
Then typists—click, click, click!
And then you hear, "What is a third?"
Oh, dear! your heart is sick.

"Things equal to the same things
Are equal to each other—"
The violins squeak, the pianos speak,
You fear your brain will smother.

"One (pause) two, three, four, five, six,"
And then a mournful "Noo-oo!"
Gracious! isn't there a single noise
Left to make, for YOU?

The choral practice down below
Adds to the general din,
And jazz floats up from windows where
The "dumb-bells" are at gymn.

In grim despair you block your ears
And all is going well,—
You're having—just some forty winks,
When—hark! there goes the bell.

A. MANTIN and I. McQUILLAN.

THE STUFF OF ROMANCE.

By MARIE ACKERMANN.

THE stuff of Romance is, after all, just the same material as the common-place. It all depends on the light.

Life certainly held Romance for the young couple who were enjoying so immensely the adventure of a bargain sale in one of the big "cut-rate" stores. Without resistance, they allowed themselves to be pushed from side to side by the fury of a small sized mob; but jerked and tossed about as they were, they displayed nothing but the keenest interest in every counter they came in contact with. Now and then, they would squirm past elbows up to a counter, gaze at its contents for a moment and then push on again.

At last, when they had drifted to the back of the store, the girl caught sight of a pile of rainbow coloured silks. She seized her companion by the arm, and with the dexterity that comes of practice, they wriggled up close to the gleaming heap. Her hard, factory-worn fingers patted and stroked a bright green piece which was marked "75c. a yd." With her plain face aglow, she turned to the man.

"Oh! Tom! Ain't it beautiful?"

He nodded silently, his worried frown disappearing into a smile as he gazed at the dazzling heap.

"Why don't you get yourself some and make yourself a dress like Mrs. Paittzer's?" he said.

"Oh, Tom! Mrs. Paittzer! Why, I couldn't wear a dress like Mrs. Paittzer! She's so fat—and I'm so thin! She shouldn't wear them bright colors, neither. It's only us that's thin that can".

"Well,—I like 'em bright. G'wan, buy yourself enough to make a dress. That's a pretty red over there," he pulled towards her a length of lipstick red.

"No, I want this green if any—it's like the grass we saw,—'member?—before we was married—at the Ferry Farm. Oh, gee!"

But his masculine eye had caught sight of a table of shirts lying close by.

"I'm goin' to have a look at them shirts," he said.

She followed immediately, and the vision of Ferry Farm faded.

"Oh, Tom! Why don't you buy one of those! You need 'em so!"

"Well,—but you need a dress more. Aw, come on, Daisy, buy the dress. We've just enough money for that".

"Nope—I won't think of it,—an' you needin' shirts!"

"You buy the dress. The shirts can wait."

She hesitated. "Haven't we enough for both?"

"Nope. You say you need four yards. Well, four times seventy-five is just three dollars and we've just three fifty. Three twenty-five, countin' the trimmin's for the dress, and twenty-five cents for candy and something for Tommy".

But—just then they saw simultaneously—a table covered with tiny, dark blue sailor suits marked \$3.00; and they moved as if magnetized, toward the new centre of interest.

It was not until the wee sailor suit was tied up in a package and they were moving away with it, that they thought of themselves.

"But you never bought your dress!" he said.

"Nor your shirts!"

"I didn't really need them".

"Nor I the dress. I have that black one aunt Janet gave me last year, and I haven't worn it very often—won't the suit look cute on Tommy?"

... and they elbowed their way on, their eyes shining with the vision of Tommy in his new suit. For after all, you see,—it was just the light.

POPULAR MAGAZINES FOR M. S. V.

"Good Housekeeping"	/	/	/	/	/	Private Rooms.
"True Confessions"	/	/	/	/	/	Exam Papers.
"Liberty"	/	/	/	/	/	The Monthly Week-end.
"Smart Set"	/	/	/	/	/	The C's.
"Review of Reviews"	/	/	/	/	/	The Night Before Exams.
"Judge"	/	/	/	/	/	The Faculty.
"Life"	/	/	/	/	/	The Ups and Downs of M. S. V.
"Theatre"	/	/	/	/	/	Dramatics.
"Re (a) d Book"	/	/	/	/	/	The Mistress General's Register.
"Adventures"	/	/	/	/	/	Prime, Notes and Recitals.
"Detective Stories"	/	/	/	/	/	A Search Behind the Presses.
"The Golden Book"	/	/	/	/	/	Honor Roll.
"The Blue Book"	/	/	/	/	/	The Note Book.
"College Humor"	/	/	/	/	/	The Collegiates.
"Literary Digest"	/	/	/	/	/	English Class.
"Music Magazine"	/	/	/	/	/	Theory Books.
"True Story"	/	/	/	/	/	Reports.
"The Delineator"	/	/	/	/	/	Mount Uniforms.
"The Saturday Evening Post"	/	/	/	/	/	The Six o'clock Bus.
"Current Events"	/	/	/	/	/	The Day's Programme.
"The Field Afar"	/	/	/	/	/	The tennis Courts.
"Current History"	/	/	/	/	/	A Mount Girl's Diary.
"Everybody's"	/	/	/	/	/	Gouter.

B. R.

AN OLD LADY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

BY MARIAN EMBREE.

LET us take a trip into the future and stop at the year nineteen hundred and eighty, when shortly after the death of Miss Mary Romans, an old scrap-book bearing the inscription, "Clippings about my old school mates Collected from year to year", was found among the belongings of the departed and presented to the Mount library. We quote some of the more interesting of the newspaper clippings pasted with care on the yellow leaves:

From *The Chicago Tribune*, June 1, 1954.

"The whole world was shocked this morning to hear of the death of Madame Joey Gillespie, soprano, who for several years has held the title rôle of "The Barber of Seville" at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her death was caused by the breaking of her voice. She had for years been attempting to make a supreme record for long-windedness, and had just succeeded in holding high B (flat) for twenty minutes when something inside gave way, and the famous soprano fainted. Even her favorite restorative, a certain pink concoction, failed to bring her to consciousness. She had died like the swan,—singing.

The funeral will be held at her old home in Moncton, New Brunswick. Floral tributes which were intended for her supreme success, now take the character of expressions of grief and accompany the great singer on her last train-ride: Wreath of dandelions, Madame Helen Stokes, violinist; Spray of onion tops, City of Chicago; Sheaf of Buckwheat, Metropolitan Opera Company."

From *The Sydney Post*, January 1935.

"Miss Agnes Garnier has accepted the position of Professor of Greek at Harvard University. This is the first time in its long history that Harvard has invited a woman to occupy one of its professorial chairs. Owing to her increased dimensions, however, Miss Garnier will be obliged to occupy two chairs."

From *The Halifax Herald*, June 10, 1938.

"The marriage took place yesterday in Paris, of Miss Mary House, a graduate of Mount Saint Vincent School of Oratory, and Napoleon Bonaparte, a distant relative of the original of that name, and prominent in social affairs in France. Present at the wedding were several of the bride's old school friends, among them, the Misses Montague of this city, and Miss Constance Walsh of St. John's, Newfoundland. The story of the match is most romantic, the bride having professed an open admiration for the Bonaparte family from her earliest years. The bridegroom has many excellent qualities, being among other things, a professional poker player."

From *The Moncton Transcript*, July 18, 1951.

"Mrs. Chester Coughin, (nee MacManus) a post graduate of the Mount St. Vincent School of Domestic Science, is touring the United States giving a series of lectures on 'Phonetic Spelling'. Occasionally she demonstrates for manufacturers of cough mixture, and gives talks on 'The Necessity of School Discipline'."

From *The Halifax Daily Star*, July 1, 1961.

"The death occurred in Hong-Kong, China, last week of Barbara Louise, only daughter of Frank Mulock of Upper La Have, Nova Scotia. Although taken from life at the

comparatively early age of forty-eight, Miss Mulock had made for herself a career. She was born at Upper La Have and was sent at a tender age to Mount St. Vincent Academy where she made an honorable record. After twelve years of study she gave a most brilliant piano recital and embarked on an artist's career. Not content with her musical triumphs, she decided to devote herself to the stage. Success followed her and 1945 found her playing the leading role in "Naughty Noreen", a high class comedy. In the midst of her career, and so to speak, "at the height of her fame", the great actress began to weary of the footlights, and being touched by a talk of the Foreign Missions, she sailed for China where she became known as "the tallest woman in the Orient". There her life was spent in acts of charity and mortification, and closed quietly from yellow fever, contracted from getting her feet wet, on June 25, 1961. The body of "the tallest woman in the Orient" is to rest in the foreign field, by special request of the Chinese government, which is preparing a marble shaft twenty feet high to be erected in memory of her honorable name."

From *The Sydney Post*, August 10, 1935.

"The many friends of Miss Mary Egan will hear with regret of her departure for Halifax this morning. Miss Egan leaves Canada tomorrow on The White Cross, for Lisieux where she will enter the order of Carmelites."

From *The Evening Mail*, June 22, 1940.

"An event of great social importance to Haligonians took place yesterday when Mrs. I. D'Know (nee Stokes) held her first "At Home" since her return to this city. Known the world over as simply "Helen", the famous violinist gave all, even her career, for love and was married to Mr. I D'Know, a famous tenor, in Vienna where both were doing concert work. The bride, gorgeous in a Parisian creation of black satin and red fox, was assisted in receiving by her mother-in-law who wore a charming gown of navy brocaded satin. The refreshments, consisting chiefly of German Frankfurter and Viennese rolls, were served by members of the Mount St. Vincent Musical Club; among them, Miss Rosemary Finn, Miss Mary Haché and Miss Violet Haché. Miss Annie Ritchie, the well-known lecturer on "The Art of Speaking", presided over the tea urn, and Miss Mary McSween cut the ices. The many friends of the bride rejoice that at last she has found romance."

From *The Halifax Herald*, September 5, 1947.

"Miss Dorothy Morson will reopen her class in vocal expression on Monday, October 1st. Applicants will please register at the Deutsch-Francais Apartments between two and five o'clock. Pupils will kindly provide themselves with English dictionaries."

From *The Casket*, May 1, 1942.

"The death occurred in the wilds of Africa, of Annie Jane, daughter of the late Donald McLean of Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Although Miss McLean was only thirty-five at the time of her death, her life was nervously active. After obtaining her degree at Mount St. Vincent College, in Physics and Chemistry, she entered St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish, in order to practice her art on her fellow townsmen. Her sudden departure from the hospital without diploma is now known to be due to a tragedy which happened a week before her graduation. In a fit of abstraction, Miss McLean administered to a patient in her charge a dose of ammonia instead of lime water and on finding her mistake,

immediately resigned her position. To distract her mind from the event and to quiet her disturbed nervous system, she decided to join a party of friends which was setting out that same week for Africa on a Big-Game hunt. The Jungle had the needed effect, and her friends were not surprised when Miss McLean announced that instead of returning to the rush of Antigonish life, she was determined to spend her days in quiet as the directress of a community of native nuns with whom she had made acquaintance. Her duty, it seems, finally was that of chaperoning the native students of the school on their daily walk, which she termed "going on the road", a custom which she herself had introduced among them. On one of these occasions, however, the party of pupils came face to face with a huge man-eating gorilla. Commanding the children to flee for their lives, the good woman drew from her belt a large jack-knife which she always carried and began a life and death struggle with the monster. The next morning the remains of the heroine were picked up by a relief party which had been organized over night, and were interred in the convent cemetery. A life-size statue has been erected over her grave, and a facsimile has been presented to the Chemistry department of Mount St. Vincent. The skull of the gorilla now rests in the Mount museum."

These are but a few extracts from this very interesting scrap-book. If you do not believe us, come some day to the Mount and read them for yourself.

ANTIQUES.

By MARY HOUSE.

CERTAINLY not, Harry! Of course it must go with the rest. Why, what would we do with that antique? We're not going to make a museum out of our new home, are we, dear?" she added as she saw the hurt look on his face.

"I admit it is old-fashioned looking; but, Jane, so many boyish recollections cluster around it—I hate to part with it. . . It belonged to Great Grandfather, you know."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised to find it dated farther back than that", laughed Jane. "Such an ugly piece of furniture! Come, dear, forget this absurd sentiment. Of course, you're an old dear to be so fond of it, but go it must."

Husband and wife were holding this discussion over an old rosewood sofa, richly carved, attractive in its ugliness. The Fishers had been married nearly six months, and had returned from their honeymoon only a week ago. The family homestead had always been in Bellview; no one had ever dreamed of changing it; no one ever thought of living away from Bellview. Now the unexpected had happened. Jane had decided that she could not live her young life shut up in a little country place, and Fisher himself felt that his talents were lost in his present surroundings. So they had determined to migrate to town. The homestead had to go; furniture had to be auctioned off to produce funds for the exodus.

Everything went smoothly until they came to the old, old sofa. Harry clung to it as the last souvenir of his boyhood. What memories it recalled—of games, and lessons, and even punishments! It had been a coach and four, a pirate ship, a beleagued fort, a caravan, a castle, in turn; and the good natured old sofa took all in good part, never

seemed to be less comfortable, less a refuge in time of trouble for all the hard treatment it received. Jim always studied at one end, and Harry at the other. Jim was gone now; so were all the rest. . . Home would seem empty without the old sofa, but Jane was set on a thoroughly modern home,—everything up-to-date, and after all, it was only sentiment on his part. So the sofa went with the rest of the things.

The Fishers had been in town for some months. They had been fortunate in securing a comfortable house on a quiet street in one of the best sections, at a fair price. Harry, who had been working for some time on a new model for a steam shovel, was full of hope. He was proud of his invention and talked enthusiastically about it whenever he could get any one to listen. His main object now was to get a good listener with money, to back him. The young couple had not been long in town before Harry collided with Mr. Whitney in the business world.

Reginald Whitney was a retired contractor; he had made his money and could afford to sit by—always, however, with his eyes wide open. Money was always welcome. He sighted young Fisher, took an interest in him, heard all about his invention, saw possibilities in it, and finally invited the Fishers to his home.

Whitney, likewise, had recently moved into town and had opened an elaborate home. Rumours had got about concerning it that piqued the curiosity of the neighbors. The Whitneys, it was plain, were people worth while.

Jane, enraptured, bought a new gown for the occasion of the visit. She had met Mrs. Whitney before, at a social gathering, but had never hoped for a personal invitation to her home.

Their hostess greeted them charmingly. "Ah, Mrs. Fisher! I am delighted to renew our slight acquaintance. And Mr. Fisher? My husband has spoken very often of your marvellous invention".

Thus speaking, she led the way to the spacious drawing room. At the threshold Jane halted, astounded. A beautiful room, but—amazing!—it was furnished with *their* antiques! There at one side was the mahogany secretary, there in the centre, was the table to match. And. . . there before the fire-place was the familiar old—

Mrs. Whitney interrupted her inventory at that moment with—

"Oh, my dear, I see you have an eye to antiques. Don't you just *love* old things?—things our great grandfathers have owned? All my friends feel the same way about it you know, and I do think I have a good collection,—don't you? Every piece has a history, you know! Strange, isn't it?—how the taste for antiques has become such a fad, but I suppose our ancestors are the most interesting part of the family tree. Now, that old chair you're sitting on. . ."

And so she rattled on. Jane scarcely heard. She dared not look at Harry. To think that *their* ancestral furniture adorned the most fashionable home in town! After all her endeavors to be up to date!

She spent the evening as in a dream, sitting on *their* chairs, eating from *their* table! Did Harry notice? He didn't seem to. He was as pleasant as ever. . .

Vain hope! They were about to go. The host had preceded them to the front hall, the hostess was leading the way when Harry tugged Jane's sleeve. She followed his finger along the back of the carved sofa, luxurious now with new upholstery, and read in a boyish scrawl,—HARRY FISHER, Jan. 1898.



A CHEMISTRY CLASS

THE ALCHEMIST.

A One Act Drama by ANNIE MANCINI.

SCENE: Chemistry Room at Mount Saint Vincent.

TIME: 6 P. M.

ATMOSPHERE: Odoriferous of past experiments.

CHARACTERS.

THE ALCHEMIST.

A HELPFUL STUDENT.

HYDROGEN—the lover.

OXYGEN—his fiancée.

CUPRIC OXIDE—her uncle.

CALCIUM CHLORIDE—a benevolent old aunt.

BUNSEN BURNER—the villain.

AMMONIUM—a physician.

SODIUM AND POTASSIUM—the town gossips.

The Curtain Rises.

THE ALCHEMIST, a long black figure is standing by a table, striving to obtain a bottle of Hydrogen.

ALCHEMIST (to assistant): That is right, dear, leave everything in order.

HELPFUL STUDENT (jerking her elbow and knocking over a Bunsen burner): Pardon me—er—yes, Sister.

ALCHEMIST: Just empty that jar.

HELPFUL STUDENT promptly shoves an inverted jar towards the edge of the table.

ALCHEMIST: No, not that one. That is full of Hydrogen for to-morrow morning's experiment; the other one—yes, the crock.

Helpful student carries away crock and in passing pushes the Hydrogen jar to the very edge of the table. A bell sounds in the distance.

ALCHEMIST: Now, I have to go. Be sure to put out the light, and lock the door. Do not forget to be here at 7.30 sharp in the morning.

HELPFUL STUDENT (mopping her brow): Well, that is over!

She locks the windows, closes the shutters, and goes out. Injured Bunsen Burner emits a spark of flame. All is quiet for a moment, then slowly a wraith-like figure emerges from the jar. He skips gaily around the room, and begins to laugh. It is Hydrogen.

HYDROGEN: Ha! Ha! Ha! So they thought to cork me up, and make me work. I'll show 'em.

He floats lightly to a shelf, and begins to open the bottles. Various figures emerge. Among them a deliquescent old Oxide with a young sylph-like creature clinging to his arm.

HYDROGEN (approaching them): Well, Uncle Cupric, how good of you to bring Oxygen.

(In a whisper)—she is very efflorescent to-night!

CUPRIC: (testily): Case of have to—have to.

CALCIUM CHLORIDE (coming up): Now, Cupric, stop that grumbling, and act like a sane gentleman.

ACETIC ACID (a thin person) then advances. Very nice of you, Hydrogen, to invite me out; only I am not quite in my element without the rest of my friends. Where are all the other Acids?

HYDROGEN: Well, you see, since the Nit-Rates became the controllers of the telegraph and telephone system, they have to work at night. The Halogens have gone to see the Leblanc process exhibition, so you see they could not come. I didn't bother asking Mr. and Mrs. Sulphide because their little son Radical died last night, and I suppose they wouldn't feel like coming out.

Hydrogen then takes Oxygen by the arm. Come, I've just learned the new synthetic hypothesis, and I want to try it with you.

They glide acidly across the floor, and all molecules are turned on them.

BUNSEN BURNER (flamingly): If I don't have my vengeance on that Hydrogen, there will be spontaneous combustion!

SODIUM AND POTASSIUM, the town gossips enter, and at one glance, they take in the whole atmosphere.

SODIUM: The way that Oxygen is flirting with Hydrogen is simply oxidizing. I don't know where Cupric's alkoline sense is.

POTASSIUM: By the way, Bunsen has a great affinity for Oxygen too, and he looks pretty gaseous to-night.

SODIUM: There is Mrs. Chloride over there! Come, I want to have a little collodion with her.

They go over to Calcium.

SODIUM: Why, how do you do, Calcie. I'm so glad to see you!

POTASSIUM: Yes, my dear, it is a whole experiment since I saw you last.

MRS. CHLORIDE: I've been quite busy. Excuse me, I see Mrs. Gay-Lussac over there. You know I've joined the Bessemer Club, and I met her at one of their Phlogiston hops.

SODIUM TO POTASSIUM: Well, I declare, the old anhydride! What a dephlogisticated air she is getting!

POTASSIUM: Never mind her. She's full of choke-damp. Listen! Did you know that Mr. Chalcoprite has inherited 15,000 atoms?

SODIUM: No!

POTASSIUM: Yes. You see, now he can be quite catalytic towards the building of the pneumatic trough for the Alloys.

SODIUM: Yes, and also for the Ions.

A noise is heard outside and the two immediately rush out.

OXYGEN enters screaming: Oh! that fiery Bunsen has struck Hydrogen. Oh! Oh! Oh!

CUPRIC: Get Boyle Nitrate on the wire and tell him to get Dr. Ammonium as spontaneously as possible.

THE GOSSIPS: Where is he hurt?

CUPRIC: Just a few molecules out of place.

SODIUM: Aqueous tension is the only thing for that.

POTASSIUM: No, the cementation process is better; that is, temperature remaining constant.

Both begin to gesticulate. The Doctor enters.

DR. AMMONIUM (after examining Hydrogen): Cupric, help me put this fellow into a solution; (in a whisper)—the only thing that will save him is the upward displacement treatment.

He works over him for a while and then draws Cupric aside.

I have had bittern for you. By the law of Conservation of Energy, his constituent is very much diffused, and I fear he is too much exhausted for the gun-metal application.

All the time the Gossips have been bustling around minding every one else's reactions.

POTASSIUM: It's good enough for him! Why I understand they planned an elopement for to-night.

SODIUM: Humph! Well it's a somewhat reversible reaction then.

MRS. CHLORIDE (to the Gossips): My dears, would you mind evaporating? Oxygen is almost in a devitalized state, and wishes to be alone.

She turns away, and Bunsen approaches.

BUNSEN: If anything happens to Hydrogen, I will be precipitated. Anyway it's Oxygen's fault; she needn't treat me in so liquified a fashion!

SODIUM: Never mind! We think you were perfectly justified in smashing him to atoms. Oxygen enters with a loud combustion.

He is dead—dead!

The noise of an explosion is heard, and all rush to their respective places.

ALCHEMIST (entering hurriedly): Why, what has happened, here? Gracious! Somebody has left the bunsen burner lighted!

She turns off the gas, and goes over to the Hydrogen jar. Why, the cover has been taken off that jar, and the gas has all escaped!

HELPLESS STUDENT (enters brightly): Can I help you to do anything?

ALCHEMIST: No! Tell the others I have changed my mind. There will be no experiment to-morrow.

The atmosphere grows tense.

Vacuum on the face of helpless student. She goes out with a tragic lifting of the arms in appeal toward heaven.

CURTAIN.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS.

BY CONSTANCE ALLISON.

THEY were young, those two, and life stretched before them. They were poor. They had only each other and their little rented house with its square yard of garden plot in front; these they had—and their dreams. Life without dreams would have been to them unbearable. They dreamed of a luxurious home, with lawns, and flowers, and trees. They dreamed of beautiful clothes and gay companions. They dreamed of life,—one long, glad day of amusement, with always something new, something different. They thought,—oh, when their dream came true,—there would be no more monotony, no more boredom.

All day long she stayed at home,—cooking, mending, patchings, cleaning, while he earned their daily bread in one of the large garages of the town. All day long there was no time for dreams, but in the evenings, when too tired to walk or talk, they sat on the porch of their little home, the narrow piazza became a parquered balcony, their square garden plot became spreading acres;—then there was time for their dreams.

Sometimes on a bright Sunday afternoon, they strolled through the suburbs of the city, or out into the public park. And once, as they went slowly under the arching elms of a great avenue, they came upon their house of dreams. After that day, their Sunday walks always led them past it. Voices sounded within. They listened to the laughter and the song—Did the laugh ever sound harsh, or the song shrill? If so, they did not notice, for their ears as well as their eyes were dreaming.

So they went on, blissful in their imaginings, until one day as they sauntered by, they heard voices from the other side of the hedge, voices of a girl and a man,—the one peevish with discontent, the other sharp with impatience.

"Oh, I'm so bored!" the girl's voice was saying, "There's absolutely nothing to do. I'm sick and tired of this place—I'm sick and tired of living. If something doesn't happen soon, I'll—"

"There you go!" broke in the man impatiently, "Why do you always go off in that strain? After I've given you everything a woman can want, you've still nothing to do! Why, you've more to interest you than any other girl in your set,—and still you've 'nothing to do!'" The last words were a derisive imitation of the girl's petulant tones.

"I know," she answered, "I have everything. I go a lot,—but will you tell me?—what is it I do? Dances, golf, tennis, motoring,—the same old round all over again. And cards,—if I lose much more at bridge I'll have to sell my car. Tell me, anyway, what is there in it? There's never anything exciting. I wish I lived in a flat, and had to earn my own living, make my own clothes, cook my own food,—then there would be something to live for. Every movie would be a thrill, every new dress an adventure. The people who live like that don't know how lucky they are".

The voice stopped, interrupted by a loud, scornful laugh. . . .

Outside the hedge the two eavesdroppers stood wide eyed and troubled. Their house of dreams came tumbling down about their ears, crashing, devastating. . . .

Slowly they walked home, back to the shabby little house with its garden patch in front; and as they stood upon the narrow little porch, they turned to each other and smiled.



THE TOWERS OF M. S. V.

I saw the towers of M. S. V.
As the train went rushing by,
The grey old towers I knew so well,
Against the morning sky;
And my heart was with the Mount girls
Who work for ideals high.

The years go fast at M. S. V.
The laughing years and gay;
The stiff Collegians all look down
While the Academics play,
But when their high school days are o'er
They'll gladly work away.

They'll leave the quiet study
The silence, notes, and bell,
The frightful agony of Prime,
A sterner tale to tell;
They'll leave their merry youth behind
And the dreams of Fairy Dell.

God bless you, merry Mount girls,
Who yet have time to play,
Who live through silence, notes, and prime,
And work from day to day:
God bless the towers of M. S. V.—
May you be staunch as they!

KATHERINE OWEN.

MAGGIE BEWARE!

A play in three acts.

THE following is reproduced by permission of The Six Silent Scribblers who edited a remarkable magazine during May and June 1927. Since the subject of this realistic little drama is still a resident of M. S. V. the Scribblers offer the M.S. for the edification of the public and in the hope of reforming the heroine.

ACT I

SCENE: Miss Lauder's room. Jane and Mary helping Maggie dress for her wedding.

MAGGIE (greatly rushed): Is my dress too short?

JANE (vainly trying to make Maggie's hair curl): No. Your hair is a sight.

MARY (her mouth full of pins): Anyone would think you were going to something other than your own wedding. Do keep still! You are only half dressed and it is half past two. We'll never get to the church before three.

MAGGIE (sewing up a run in her stocking): Rather! It feels more like Prime (she pricks her finger and howls). But no doubt I shall get used to it.

MARY (hunting for Maggie's gloves): If we ever get you married to-day we'll do well. I don't think any man will ask you a second time, so you need not get the false notion that you will get used to it. (Looks under the bed and finds the gloves). Goodness, here they are! Now DO hurry or we'll never get you off our hands.

MAGGIE (looking as if a hurricane had passed her by): I look like a fright, but he's marrying me, not my clothes. Come on, girls.

Exit Maggie followed by Mary and Jane.

ACT II

SCENE: A church decorated for a wedding. A young man nervously wringing his hands

BRIDEGROOM (pacing up and down): Why doesn't she hurry? Everyone told me she was never on time, but I thought that on her wedding day. . . (He puts his hands over his ears and groans).

BEST-MAN (watch in hand): Look! The church is packed, the priest is waiting. . . What shall we do! (Turns to find the bridegroom sitting in a dejected heap on a chair). Come, brace up! (pulling at the bridegroom's arm). Maybe she will come.

(INTERMISSION FOR HALF AN HOUR.)

(Audience will have time to go out for a soda).

Promptly at the end of the half hour the clergyman appears in the pulpit.

PRIEST: My good people, there will be no wedding to-day.

The clergyman descends the pulpit to comfort the bridegroom, but finds only the Best-man.

BEST-MAN: He bolted out that door, Father.

Exeunt guests, ushers, and Best-man.

ACT III

SCENE: The deserted church.

MAGGIE (tearing in at top speed): Why Jane! Mary! They have all gone! Why—why—(she sits down on the nearest bench and weeps). How could he do it! How could he!

JANE (with a note in her hand which a messenger boy has just handed in at the door): Maggie, here is a note for you.

MARY (to Jane): Serves her right—Now she'll learn to be on time.

JANE: Don't be hard on her.

(Maggie groans and sinks to the floor in a dead faint. The note slips from her hand. Jane picks it up and hands it to Mary).

MARY (reads): Dear Maggie,

I'm off to South Africa. I could not stand the disgrace of waiting at my own wedding, and hope to find consolation out here. I hope this will be the last time you will be late at your wedding.

MARY (crumples up the note and bends over Maggie). Well, it'll be hard on her, but perhaps he will forgive her in time. In the meantime, come help me, Jane.

(They pick Maggie up and bear her gently to the door where their car is waiting).

JANE (to the waiting chauffeur): Home, James!

CURTAIN.

CHILLS AND THRILLS.

BY KATHERINE OWEN.

THE dictionary states that a chill is "a sensation of cold which precedes a fever; a disagreeable coldness; a sensation of coldness, penetrating, benumbing, or depressing; a check to ardor, warmth, joy, enthusiasm; a feeling of discouragement."

Now you have the literal meaning of a "chill". The Mount term, however, has a deeper connotation. "Chills"—that queer "sensation of cold which precedes a fever"—when the Infirmary says, "You have MEASLES! Go into the Pharmacy and wait for me!" "Chills"—a "disagreeable feeling of coldness" when there isn't any tobogganing or skating, and you have to stay out until five minutes to five. "Chills!"—a "penetrating, benumbing, depressing sensation"—when you get a bad report at Prime or a special mention at Notes. "Chills!"—a "check to ardor, warmth, joy"—when in the dim grey of the morning a clap sounds in your ear, and somewhere a voice is calling, "Get up! Get up! It's time for the second bell". "Chills!"—a "check to enthusiasm"—when you approach the darning list and find you have five stockings. "Chills!"—a "feeling of discouragement"—How often, how many times a day and a week does the Mount girl experience this kind of chill! After being refused permission to go to town; after Prime, after a meal in silence; after folding your bed clothes and finding out you were supposed to make your bed; after being told that "there are no more French fried potatoes"; after dropping your silver; and numerous other occasions which bring tears to the eyes merely to think on. . . This, dear reader, is the Mount girl's interpretation of "Chills".

We turn back to the dictionary and look up "Thrills". Ah, here it is!—"a tremor quiver, or shiver of excitement, permeating the whole body; a sudden and keen sensation".

"Thrills"! A large topic. There are thrills for some in the very mention of a violin lesson; others again feel a tremor of excitement at the distant sight of a novice; others again, shiver with anticipation of delight in a visit to the Pharamcy. Yes, indeed, that chamber of horrors for some has a strange fascination for others. English, for some, is thrilling; Latin is a cause of joy to others; while still others forward look to French class. A mere "Thank you dear," often calls forth a whole array of thrills, which find vent in, "Isn't she gorgeous?" "My, she's adorable!"

Did I say you get "chills" when you have five stockings to darn? I must modify that statement somewhat. Some are actually thrilled by the atmosphere of the sewing room and would gladly spend hours getting little tremors out of holey stockings. It seems that the musicians' library is overflowing with thrills of all kinds, which find outlet in blushes, sighs, smiles,—and sometimes, alas! tears.

"These are *Her* overshoes!" we hear. Ah me! No one knows the thrills that the speaker gets out of an ugly old pair of goloshes. A mere scrap of paper with *HER* writing on it!—Ah, the thrills you experience! A holy card, an old vacation letter, tied now in tissue paper and pink ribbon! A mere message, is enough to give one thrills for a month.

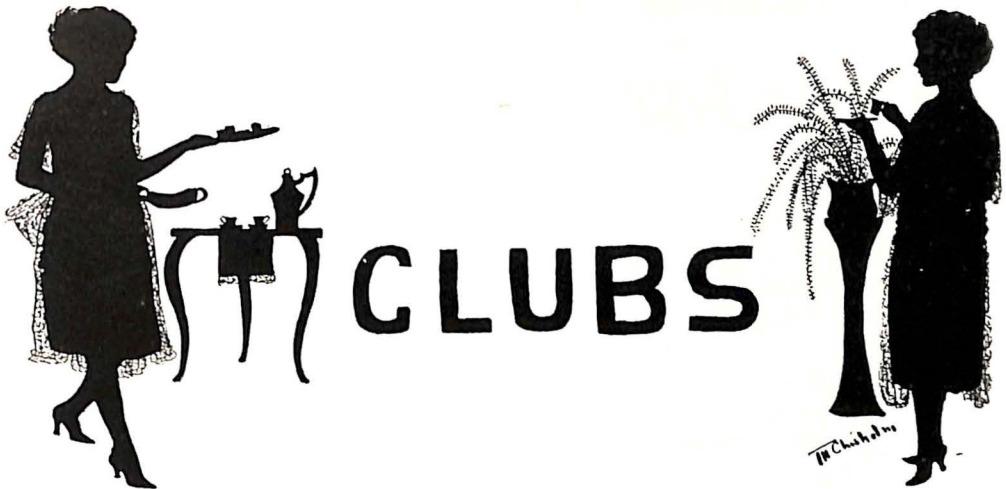
A "Good-bye"—ah, the sad, heart-breaking moment! But each tear that rolls down a path of powder has its own secret thrill, is a testimony of a tremor of excitement that comes only once a year, when you are going home and leaving loads of thrills behind.

"There are thrills that have a tender meaning,
There are chills, you will agree;
But the thrilliest thrills and the chilliest chills
Are those of M. S. V.

FARWELL!

Sounds of the Mount grow fainter,
Sounds like far waves spent,
The murmur of the classes
Is silent, or is blent
With sounds of early summer,
And in the sunshine haze,
We dream of long vacation
And happy holidays.

N. W.



FRESHMAN.

President	/	/	/	/	/	/	MARY ROMANS.
Secretary	/	/	/	/	/	/	KATHRYN BURGESS.
Treasurer	/	/	/	/	/	/	JEAN MONTAGUE.

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SETON.

President	/	/	/	/	/	/	MARY BUREL.
Secretary	/	/	/	/	/	/	MARY DEVEAU.

ELEMENTS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

NORMA BUCKLEY.

History: discovered in Sydney about the year 1909.

Occurrence: very widely distributed between the Junior Classroom and St. Stanislaus laboratory.

Preparation: To produce this element, procure three or four juniors, a few spare minutes, and a half-open door. The substance called Norma will appear in a few minutes.

Properties: (Physical) weight, medium; specific gravity, very slight; color, pink and white; taste, remarkable—special fondness for red.

Chemical: A very active substance under ordinary conditions.

Experiment to prove this: Pass along St. Stanislaus corridor any night while the A's are at late study.

Compounds: This substance combines very readily with another element known as Mary Sullivan. The exact proportion of the combination is yet to be ascertained.

LUCY FLETCHER.

History: discovered in Colchester County around the year 1910.

Occurrence: found in abundance in the Chemistry or Physics Lab.

Preparation: Take three or four giggles, stir them up in the solution of a trigonometry problem and leave them to evaporate in St. Ignatius' classroom.

Properties: Physical: color, olive; (occasionally a brilliant red in certain atmospheres).

Chemical: if left exposed in a humorous situation this element effervesces into giggles.

Compounds: commonly found in combination with A. McL. and other elements of Class B.

MARGARET CAMERON AND SADIE McNEIL.

These two elements may be studied together as they come from the same source and are frequently found together.

History: Both found in Cape Breton about sixteen years ago.

Occurrence: Frequently seen in the neighborhood of St. Cecelia's classroom.

Preparation: Any fine Monday these two elements may be produced from the 4 o'clock Academy line.

Properties: Physical: the former occurs only in small quantity; the latter has bulk. Color, the former usually red, the latter palish, but becomes carmine in the neighborhood of St. Cecelia's.

Chemical: neither very active under ordinary conditions, but at a high temperature, notably at Latin class, become so.

MARGARET TOBIN.

History: discovered about the year 1909 in Halifax.

Occurrence: occasionally around the sewing room.

Preparation: by a little ingenuity you may produce it from any chair in the sewing room.

Properties: Physical: weight, lighter than air; specific gravity, very little except at Prime; turns green when a third element joins a particular combination.

Chemical: combines with Doranium to form an acid. Symbol of this acid (-MT. KD.)

Compounds: Commonest are those of Harris and Burgess, which are found anywhere at any time.

MARY ROMANS.

History: Great controversy has been waged over the historic site where this element was first discovered. Some say Bear River, N. S. Others put in a claim for Mt. St. Vincent.

Preparation: generally produced without difficulty at Saturday Night recitals.

Occurrence: in Music Rooms, in St. Cecelia's, and finally in the Pharmacy.

Properties: This element is slightly heavier than air. Chemically, it is extraordinarily active.

Compounds: found most frequently in combination with Doranium.

MARJORIE O'BRIEN AND WINIFRED BARKHOUSE.

History: These two elements, found frequently in conjunction, were discovered about seventeen years ago, somewhere in Nova Scotia.

Occurrence: The former is found in every A Mathematics class; the latter is commonest in the studio.

Preparation: a strain of music from the recreation hall will produce both.

Properties: Physical: both whitish in color and have high specific gravity.

Chemical: Both very active in gym, especially in the event of a basket-ball game.

Compounds: found in the combination MOWB₂, which is broken up with difficulty.

KATHRYN BURGESS.

History: first discovered at M. S. V. in 1920 but known in Grand Falls, N. B. before that date.

Occurrence: Found anywhere in conjunction with Tobinium and Harris.

Preparations: Place these two other elements in any room at any time and the third will immediately appear from nowhere.

Properties: Physical: weight, considerably under the average; color, white.

Chemical: combines readily with soap and water and is very active in a musical atmosphere.

MARY HOUSE.

History: first discovered in Port au Port, Newfoundland, in 1909.

Occurrence: on the stage quite frequently; otherwise in St. Agnes' classroom.

Preparation: given any play, this element is bound to appear in a leading rôle.

Properties: Physical: taste for History and Christian Doctrine; color, pink.

Chemical: noted for its affinity for two other substances known as Montagues.

JEAN AND MARY MONTAGUE.

History: These elements, which belong to the same family, were discovered in

Halifax some years ago, but were transferred to Mt. St. Vincent as early as 1916.

Occurrence: Frequently at M. S. V. More frequently in the city of Halifax.

Preparation: Given a play, Jean appears. Given a recital, Mary appears.

Properties: Both elements are very active. *Physically,* they do not look alike;

Chemically: they occasionally act alike.

EDNA HAMILTON.

History: Discovered in Yarmouth County, but its value is not well known except by experts at M. S. V.

Occurrence: in any Greek or Latin class.

Preparation: Leave a light burning in St. Cecelia's classroom, or in the Chemistry Lab. and this substance will presently appear.

Properties: Physical: taste, for brown, and for dead languages.

Chemical: not very active under ordinary conditions, but when heated, for example in Basket-ball, becomes extraordinarily so.

MARY EGAN.

History: Discovered in North Sydney, Cape Breton.

Occurrence: in "A" English frequently, but more generally in the elocution room.

Preparation: any stage setting will do to produce this element.

Properties: Physical: of good bulk, and constantly stretching; color, red.

Chemical: slow to action, except in rarified atmosphere.

ELLA WILLIAMS.

History: Discovered first in St. Stephen, N. B., but more abundantly found in New Glasgow.

Occurrence: widespread, but is most abundant in the music corridor.

Preparation: a few notes of jazz and a limited space for dancing will be sufficient to set this element in motion.

Properties: Physical: recognizable by a fuzzy top extremity and bright appearance. Experiments are usually accompanied by noise.

Chemical: very active at all times. Combines with anything that promises excitement. Has a special affinity for Porter Method.

ALICE SMITH AND ASTRID BUCKLEY.

History: These two elements have been closely associated for many years. As a matter of fact they are two separate elements, though they are commonly classed as one.

Occurrence: chiefly in the neighborhood of St. Ignatius' classroom.

Preparation: any mathematical solution is bound to produce these elements, if heated to the proper degree.

Properties: Physical: both are known for length as well as thickness.

Chemical: when heated together, these elements produce combustion. It is safer to keep them in a cool, dry atmosphere.

VERA GREENE.

History: Discovered in Newfoundland in 1910.

Occurrence: Anywhere at any time.

Preparation: this element is hard to procure, but is generally obtainable in the gymnasium at a basket-ball game.

Properties: Physical: color, peony red.

Chemical: frequently found in combination with Healium.

MARGARET McMANUS.

History: discovered, or made itself known to the world, some years ago in New Brunswick. First used in Mt. St. Bernard laboratories.

Occurrence: widely distributed from the domestic science department as far as the top story in the North Wing.

Preparation: may be produced either from a barrel of flour or a sewing machine.

Properties: Physical: color, vivid red; taste, for anything edible.

Chemical: always found in a free state.

CARMELLA GOUTHREAU.

History: first brought to light in North Sydney, C. B.

Occurrence: generally in the neighborhood of a piano.

Preparation: Harmony exercises in combination with Porter Method will produce this element.

Properties: Physical: color, black.

Chemical: combines most readily with other Cape Breton elements.

METAMORPHOSIS.

He my Prince, and Cinderella I;
Clothed by His bounty, and by love made fair,
Within the circle of His royal arm I dare
To face the angelic court empyrean high;
And not one dazzling seraph flaming by
Suspects, or even dreams that still I wear
My beggar's rags beneath the beauty rare
He decks me with; nor will I lay them by:
For in the hour of metamorphosis,
Not lone I flee His gleaming halls of bliss;
Swiftly He follows, eager, lover-wise,
Doffs all His glory, dons a meek disguise,
And still to share in mine, as I His part,
Sits poor beside the hearth-fire of my heart.

THE PEER GYNT SUITE.

BY ANNIE MANTIN.

THE most popular composition of the great Norwegian master, Greig, is the incidental music which he wrote for Hendrik Ibsen's fantastic drama, "Peer Gynt". The peculiar and interesting character of the famous Norwegian ne'er-do-well, which Ibsen and Grieg have immortalized, is taken from a folk tale, and is a phase of the Faust legend.

It was in the year 1866 that the Norwegian dramatist published his first play, "Brand", the hero of which is represented as an iron-willed, relentless, self-sufficient individual, going through everything that stood in his way, to gain his end. This drama met with such success that in the following year Ibsen was writing his friends of the imaginative character which was to be the centre of his next play. This was no other than "Peer Gynt", a worthless, care-free, insufficient, irresolute fellow, of the very opposite type to "Brand". The details had been carefully planned; and folklore woven into experience, gave the direction to Peer's adventures.

The scenes, incidents, moods, and characters of Ibsen's play are essentially Scandinavian; wild, gloomy, weird, and fantastic. The hero, Peer Gynt, though a lawless adventurer of uncouth personality and undisciplined instincts and passions, is a most lovable rascal. In creating him, Ibsen became so reckless in his workmanship that the drama itself is almost formless.

The story, briefly sketched, describes the adventures of "Peer", the son of a poor widow, Ase, who is the only one in the world who believes in the wild and fantastic dreams with which her son is filled. The mother, though she fears his wild ways, has really great faith in her son. It is here that Grieg opens his story in the suite which he composed for the play.

"Peer Gynt" goes uninvited to a rustic wedding in the neighborhood, and seized with a sudden infatuation for the bride, Ingrid, carries her off to the mountain heights in the face of an assembled crowd. The first number opens "allegro furioso", suggesting the delirious excitement of the flight and pursuit, contrasted ludicrously with the dazed, helpless astonishment of the disappointed bridegroom. The following plaintive, minor strains embody the complainings and reproaches of Ingrid, who grieves at the thought of her lost happiness. Peer then suddenly changes his mind, and makes his escape, brutally leaving the stolen bride to her fate in the hills. The furioso mood of the first four measures is resumed, to indicate the only lasting impression made upon him by the whole affair, which was his triumph of excitement in the moment of success.

After this first escapade, Peer flees still deeper into the forest, where he is surrounded at nightfall by a pack of trolls, Scandinavian mountain spirits, but more in the nature of gnomes, kobolds, and goblins, than of the gentler elves and fairies of English folk-lore. The second number of the suite is called "In the Hall of the Mountain King". The character of this movement admirably brings out the mood and nature of the trolls, who alternately tease and entertain Peer with their pranks and antics. The suggestion of the stealthy footsteps of the gathering pack of trolls, emerging from the shadows of the night to cautiously surround their unwelcome guest, is given by the light, weird effect of the opening measures. Little by little, the movement becomes more impetus, as the hilarity

increases, until towards the end it becomes an incoherent whirl and rush, above which ring out sharply the shrieks of the infuriated goblins, balked in their sport by the approach of dawn.

After these and many other adventures, Peer finally returns to his native village, and finds his mother dying. Repentant and sorrowful, he remains through the night by her bed-side. The illustrative music accompanying this scene, known as "The Death of Ase", is cast in the funeral mood, with one developed theme. Grieg in this number emphasizes the sombre aspect of death. The tone is solemn, the mood unrelieved by a single vibration of hope or consolation.

Our hero, now in the prime of life, and still driven by his erratic spirit, lands on the coast of Africa in search of new adventure. The scene is now an oasis in the desert, where an Arab chief has pitched his tent. Here Peer, clad in stolen silks and mounted on a white charger, arrives in the rôle of a Bedouin prophet. "The Arabian Dance", which depicts the scene, opens with a clash of tambourines, and the tinkle of silver bangles and anklets; its mood is one of repressed but jocose humour, beneath the flimsy veil of fictitious gravity. To such music a bevy of Arabian girls are dancing before Peer in oriental costume, pausing at intervals to pay homage to the supposed prophet, who reclines on silken cushions, drinking coffee and smoking a long pipe.

Anitra, the light-limbed, dark-eyed daughter of the chief, has won the favor of the prophet, and dances alone before him. She so charms him by her grace that he gives her all his gold and jewels. "Anitra's Dance", representing this episode, is warmly subjective, and more distinctly personal than the preceding movement.

"Morning", the most musical and sensuously beautiful movement of the whole suite, represents daybreak in Egypt, where Peer stands before the statue of Memnon in the hush of the dawn. He is watching for the first rays of the sun to strike it, when, true to the ancient tradition, the statue gives forth an entrancing melody. The piece is a charming tone picture of the first timid rays of the sun, the gradual increase of life, and warmth, and the full burst of the glorious day.

The better side of Peer Gynt's nature is represented by the influence of Solveig, a maiden of his native village, the earliest and only true love of his life. She is the guardian angel of his soul, and through his maddest escapades, her influence never wholly deserts him. It serves at last as a magnet to draw him back to her and home. The last scene of the drama represents Solveig, now a serene-faced, silver-haired woman, as she spins and sings of her unfailing faith in Peer's return, her own constant love and her prayers to God to gladden and strengthen him on earth and in heaven. Grieg has admirably depicted the character of Solveig, tender, joyous, and full of hope. After years and years of shipwreck and adventure, Peer lands at last in Norway, and finds the hut on the mountain-side. He drops on his knees by the bench on which she is seated. In peace and happiness, repentant and forgiven, Peer dies in the arms of Solveig as she sings the "Cradle Song".

The moral of the drama is not an ethical one, but one which has possessed the minds of many men and women since the world began. Briefly, it is this: that in love alone there is salvation. Whatever the errors, and sins, and follies of the man, he is won at last, and saved, even at the eleventh hour, by the faith, the hope, and the love of a devoted woman.

MR. BROWN COMES BACK.

BY WINIFRED BARKHOUSE.

THE solemn tolling of a bell over the town roused Mrs. Harper to remark to her daughter, "Well, that's the end of poor David Brown. Too bad he couldn't live to enjoy the fortune that he had just made".

That was March 10, 1865. Mrs. Harper has long since passed away and has been forgotten, as has Mr. Brown. No one ever dreamed that at twilight on March 10, 1928, Mr. Brown would come back to visit the scenes of his happy life. Yet that is just what he did.

He looked about him. What in the name of thunder could that be that came tearing down the street with two glaring eyes and a shrill cry of "Whoo-ee-ee"? For a moment Mr. Brown stood paralyzed with fear; he had expected changes, certainly, but not a new breed of the ante-diluvian monsters. Nearer and nearer came the terror. He saw that to run would be useless, yet he must escape. He spied a lamp post and immediately with the agility of his boyhood he scrambled up,—just in time. The beast sped on beneath him and turned up a side street.

He descended carefully from his perch, and still shaken by fright, started in the direction of the gray stone mansion he had built when he married Nellie Smith a hundred years before. At last he sighted his home, hidden alas! by great houses of brick, but still as staunch as ever. Somehow or other, he found he did not need his latch key, but stepped quietly into the front hall.

Hearing voices in a room, once his own library, he hastened in that direction; alas! too hastily for one unaccustomed to the domestic arrangements, for his foot slipped, and to save himself from being hurled against the wall, he clutched for something for support. His hand grasped something, yes,—a cord. In a flash the room became illumined with a strong red light. This was terrifying, and his knees began to tremble so, that he clutched the cord again. Instantly the room became dark again. He dropped to the floor and felt the cold sweat start from his brow.

At this moment laughter issued from the old library, and the miserable Mr. Brown crawled on his hands and knees to the door. Within, before the fire, his great grandson's family was assembled. The head of the family lounged in an easy chair reading. His wife sat at a bridge table playing cards—by herself! A girl of eighteen was turning over the pages of a magazine. A little boy was evidently studying. On the floor sat the baby playing with a toy train. The abbreviated dresses of the mother and daughter alarmed and shocked Mr. Brown, and he wondered if the ladies were fully dressed. The voice of the youngest caught his ear:

"Mummy, who is that ugly old man in the picture? Is it the boogy man?"

"Why, no, dear. That is your nice great grandfather. He built our house and left Daddy's father our money. He's old-fashioned, that's all".

"They mean me", thought Mr. Brown, but before he could make his mind up to be angry or not, the youngster with the book started up with,

"I wonder what's on the air to-night?"

Suddenly a man's voice announced, "This is Station W. Q. R., San Francisco, California. Miss Rozelle Smith will now sing "Moonlight and Roses".

Then a high soprano voice filled the room. Mr. Brown mopped his brow with his handkerchief, realizing that San Francisco was a whole continent away. The heat must be affecting his head, he decided, and the only remedy was fresh air. He stumbled out of the house and found himself once more in the street.

At this moment he remembered the old coffee house he had so often frequented, and he hastened toward it. Arrived at the place, he gasped. Could his eyes be telling him the truth? There was a large sign,—“Delicatessen”, but whatever that meant he had no idea. The display of foods, and the signs in the window amazed him. “Hot Dog, 10c,” “Drink Whistle”, “Take one of our bricks home”, “Eat Grape Nuts for Breakfast”, “Our roast chickens are the way to every man's heart”.

“Goodness!” thought Mr. Brown, “These folks must be cannibals, eating dogs, and drinking whistles”.

He felt rather relieved to see that chickens were still on the market, but after all he had seen, he was glad to turn off in another direction.

His meanderings took him now into the business section. Lights bobbed and flashed in all directions, and the strange animal he had viewed with so great alarm in the first moments of his reappearance on earth, was everywhere. Crowds filled the streets, and as no one else seemed afraid, Mr. Brown took heart. On closer view he saw that it was not a beast, but a wagon without horse; in fact, he could not see a horse anywhere. As he moved along, the crowd about him became so thick that he was carried with it, and found himself pushed into what seemed a theatre. No one saw him (how could they?) as he passed by the ticket office, and entering the darkened balcony, sat down in the nearest seat.

The orchestra began. Such a queer orchestra! It seemed made up of tin pans and Indian tom-toms. Suddenly a weird light shone from somewhere in the back and struck the curtain. Words appeared on the screen: “The Life Story of Abraham Lincoln”. Then, flitting hazily across the curtain came the face he knew so well. Good old Abe! Then there were more words, and more faces, and then the people in the photographs began to move about. It was certainly weird. Though they seemed to speak, he could catch no sound. Mr. Brown was fascinated. Old sights, old faces, real honest-to-goodness clothes on the ladies, and a real horse and buggy! Then the words were flashed: “At this juncture, Lincoln and his friend, James Harlor, quarrelled never to make up”. It was a lie, and Mr. Brown knew it. He jumped to his feet and strove to speak; but the words refused to come, or rather, they faded away on the air; and he realized for the first time that he was a shadow, a nobody, in this world that had turned upside down in sixty-three years. Overcome by the thought, he sank through the floor, and nobody was the wiser.

THE BUSY "B" HIVE.

BY MARIE ACKERMANN.

THE Busy "B" hive is high up on the branch of the old Mount tree. Unlike the usual beehive, though, the B's have no drones; all are workers. Come, let's take a peep at them while they are at English class. There, directly in front of Sister sits Marg Lauder, one of the busiest workers. However, more likely Marg is doing her Algebra now for she cannot seem to keep track of her study time. Her recreations though, are spent in or very near the Pharmacy. There, she professes she is very much interested in the pretty colored bottles but—"I have m' doots!"

Behind Marg sits Connie Allison, of the boyish bob. She like Marg has a great, great interest in the Pharmacy. (She says it's the soda biscuits). Connie composes one of the trio—Hilda, Connie, and Marie. To the left of Connie is graceful Joan Temple their "day-boarder" one of the noisest (?) girls in the school. Joan, of course, is old enough to know better but she cannot restrain her noisy laughter and her undignified positions, but Joan is a whiz at piano and a very sweet singer, so really her impoliteness does not matter.

That lass with the mop of ruddy curls, you ask? Why, that is Giggles MacLean. Her name is really Anna but she giggles so, you really forget her name. It is said that a person can die from laughing—well—if they can,—poor Anna!

The other flaxen haired Miss is Eleanor Moore. Eleanor is a second Joan Temple,—noisy, rude. Eleanor is interested in English class as is the black haired girl across the aisle from her, Julia Harnett. Really it is hard to place Julia. When she first came we thought she was very quiet with quite a fondness for Trig, but now—well "still waters run deep", and we have discovered Julia is the best of chums and not at all quiet, also—English class (teacher) proved her Waterloo.

Now, there is Eleanor Coleman, our future piano teacher. Not a Saturday night recital has gone by but Eleanor has charmed some difficult melody from the ivory keys. Darby and Joan, Romeo and Juliet, Gabriel and Evangeline, as easily as those names pair off, so do the names of Irene McQuillan and Annie Mantin. At least, I should say so! Annie wanders around half the time looking for and calling "Irene", while Irene does the same when she is not looking for "butts". They are both very good students and pianists, though Annie prefers and devotes more time to music (alone?) while Irene wears the honor medal of class B.

In the back seat hugging the radiator is Mary Harris. She is not doing that because she is cold; it is merely force of habit. Mary works too hard, to be ever cold, especially at her violin. You see—there is a violin teacher. With her is our French girl, Parquerette Michaud. When she first came, all she could say was, "I am not obliged", but we have found that that was merely a saying, for she is very obliging.

Last, in this seat right ahead of you, is Hilda Murphy. Do you notice how dreamy she looks? Yet, if you were to ask her what the lesson is, she would tell you very quickly. Hilda's talents incline somewhat toward maths, though she is a good student all round and a clever musician.

A TRIBUTE TO SCHUBERT.

BY IRENE MCQUILLAN.

TRULY Schubert possesses a spark of the Divine fire. Some day he will make a noise in the world." This was Beethoven's dying prediction of the man who stood sorrowing by his bedside. And though these words were not fulfilled before the death of the great master, the hundred years which have intervened since then have proved that Beethoven recognized true genius in Schubert.

The son of a poor parish school-master, picking up a musical education here and there—precocious, but no performer, Schubert mastered the principles of his art early in life; in fact, he began composing, with almost fatal fluency, at thirteen. At an early age, he was sent to a choir school where his clear, young voice won for him a place of distinction. When his voice broke, he left the school a youth of sixteen with a living to make for himself. As music was not to be thought of as a profession yet, Schubert returned home and became his father's assistant. During the three years of drudgery that followed, the master mind was not idle. It was at this time that he wrote some of his finest songs, dramatic works, masses and symphonies; and miscellaneous pieces in sufficient number to have served as the life work of any ordinary artist. It was now that he composed the song which first made his name famous—the "Erl König".

Seated one afternoon in his room, Schubert found himself deep in the study of a volume of Goethe. He came to the "Erl König" and as he read, every line seemed to flow into strange, unearthly music. The rushing sound of the wind and the terrors of the enchanted forest were instantly changed for him into realities, and seizing a pen he dashed down the song, as we have it now, in less time than an expert would take to make a fair copy of it. The swift gallop of the horse over the broken ground is given in rapid triplets as a continuous accompaniment; the rush of the storm through the moaning pine-tops, the roar of the wild night, are forcefully depicted in the sweeping crescendos and somber harmonies of the left hand, while the three voices engaged in the flying colloquy are rendered the more distinct and easy to follow by being played in different and suitable registers; the father's voice in the baritone—grave, stern, impressive; the child's—in the soprano, plaintive and pathetic; and the Elf King's—sweet, persuasive, impossible to mistake. Three times this colloquy is renewed with growing agitation, each time ending with the terrified shriek of the child, while the flight and pursuit continue with increasing speed, and the tempest grows. Finally, the Elf King loses patience, throws off the mask of friendly gentleness, declares that if the child will not come willingly he shall use force, and tries to take him by violence. The child shrieks for the third time in an anguish of fear, for the touch of the Elf is death to the mortal. The father, now himself frantic with terror, spurs madly for home, with the tempest crashing about him. He reaches his door at last and dismounts in fancied security, only to find the boy dead in his arms. Perhaps the most impressive moment of the whole composition is that of its suddenly subdued, solemnly, mournful close, when he stands at the goal of his futile race and gazes into the dead face of his child.

In like manner, Schubert's masterpieces were all written on sudden inspiration. Handel, Bach, Mozart, and Hayden wrote with extreme rapidity, but nothing like Schubert. His ideas flowed faster than he could set them down; in one day alone he composed seven successful songs. There is a story told of a vocalist who once tried over a Schubert

song in the composer's presence. "H'mm!" said Schubert, "pretty good song! Who wrote it?"

He could compose anywhere at any time; for his beautiful morning song, "Hark, Hark the Lark!" was written on the back of a bill of fare, amidst the clatter of a Viennese restaurant. He is one of the greatest melodists that ever lived.

Most beautiful, perhaps, and most haunting of all Schubert's compositions, is the famous "Ave Maria". The melody itself is devotional, and is but the expression in tone of the wonderful message it accompanies. The melody, in strong contrast with the light, joyous accompaniment, is calm; one might say it is sad. It hardly varies throughout save to rise and fall with the emotion, and to shift from major into minor at the poignant parts of the prayer. It is essentially spiritual, and leaves an impression of hope and devotion. Schubert himself said that he wrote it at a time when he felt an intense fervor of devotion to our Blessed Lady. What more beautiful memorial could a man have than such a hymn?

THE C'S: WHO'S WHO AND WHY.

AGNES (DALLAS): a person of experience. Has the strange habit of playing an imaginary piano during class hours. Favorite recreation, practising a clap. Favorite remark: "We had that last year".

BARBARA (MULOCK): a mathematician of note, and a musician of notes. Is thought to be a direct descendant of the Puritan line. Addicted to giving little talks on "Life" and sermons on "The Younger Generation". Has written several sane and sound books, some of which are: "Why I Never Lost a Minute of Study", and a rather obscure volume entitled "How I Managed to Reach the Top in Three Parts".

BEATRICE (RUBENOVITCH): Russian pianist, violinist and dancer. Jumps about continually. Comedy specialist—wears spectacles. Claims relationship with Harold Lloyd.

BERNADETTE (LANNIGAN): a student who is specializing in "Methods of Concentration." As yet does not believe in unnecessary work. Has acquired a reputation for smiling and dancing.

BETTY (KELLY): a retired professor. Wears goggles and generally carries a book under her arm (which she never has been known to open). Famous in amateur dramatics. Is at present engaged in writing a book: "My Experience in Nerve Tonics".

CONNIE (WALSH): an actress of long standing reputation, noted especially for "La Danse". Of nervous temperament but generally optimistic. Favorite recreation, going to the dentist.

DCROTHY (MORSON): humorist of note. Speaks at least six languages; that is, everything but English. Works one day in three; is making a scientific study of vocabulary with a view to omitting one half the unnecessary words in the English dictionary.

EDNA (CARROLL): a person of weight. Takes life, joy, sorrow, and herself very seriously. Has had an honorable career, in fact has had honors thrust upon her on several occasions. Main ambition, to play the violin.

EVELYN (HOLLOWAY): a resident of the flourishing town of Rockingham. Much given to walking. Has made a record of speed, covering the distance between Ye Wayside Inn and M. S. V. in time for class at 8.10 A. M.

HELEN (KENEDY): mathematical wizard and famous German scholar. Has found the formula for obtaining absolute knowledge at a uniform rate. Talks little and that little *sotto voce*. Has invented a method of keeping uniform back pleats in perfect condition.

HELEN (STOKES): a violinist of violently increasing fame. A philosopher and an observer of life. An authority on any movie produced within the past five years. Author of: "Questions and Debates on Religious Subjects".

KATHERINE (OWEN): A lady of leisure. Uses her spare time writing nonsense novels. Has produced "How I Became a Wreck from Overwork, a Tale of M. S. V." So far has published a few personal reminiscences, but is working hard at her autobiography. This will be the final selection from a vast amount of matter collected from hidden diaries.

MADELINE (DAVISON): novelist of note. Has produced besides, a number of compositions which have won her a reputation. Some of these are: "Aunt Jane at the Baseball Game;" "It Shrieks".

MARGARET (MACDONALD): a lady. Possesses a personality. Does not believe in hurry, either in speech or action. Motto: "Keep that school girl complexion".

MARY (HACHE): well known reader and actress. Will elocute at any time. Remarkable talented; can dance, sing, and even bark. Can also make funny faces.

MARY K. (MACDOUGALL): known far and wide as "Mary K". Occasionally answers to "Fitz". Of Scotch descent but Irish temper. Excels in all kinds of sports. Favorite recreation, basket-ball.

MARY (MCSWEEN): brilliant Latin scholar. Spends study time waiting for this class to begin. Spends class time trying to convince herself and others of the truth of the "I Don't Know" system. Hands out chalk at English class.

MILDRED (MORSON): a student of note. Has added German to her extensive line of courses. Generally seen with a book under her arm (or nose) and is recognized by the string of honor medals across her chest. An expert at Russian dancing.

NOREEN (HEALY): brilliant but nervous Chemistry expert. Always answers the right question at the wrong time. Absent-minded, since her mind is often "home" while her body is still at M. S. V.

PAULINE (MELANSON): famous musician. Winner of the Bach contest. Will play at any hour of the day or night. Has done much towards keeping dancing alive as an art. Favorite composition: "Ain't She Sweet?"

REGINA (COMEAU): world famed skater. Finds outlet for energy also in basket-ball. Wants what she wants, when she wants it. Generally gets it. Main idea in life, Pauline.

ROSEMARY (FINN): a violinist of first rank. Refuses to play "second fiddle". Won fame in a few hours over a hair cut. Has never been the same since.

VIOLET (HACHE): a flower-like personality. Most like the original, shy and retiring. Ambitions incline towards the musical scale, especially the violin. Most remarkable for penmanship.

NORA (FITZ RANDOLPH): ——— ? ? ? ? ?

(The compiler of this book refuses to give any information concerning this person).

GREEN MANSIONS.

BY NORA FITZRANDOLPH.

GREEN Mansions is a romance—wonderfully pure—wonderfully beautiful. Its setting is in the forests and mountains of South America. Birds, beasts, and Indians, the children of the forest, are the characters of the book. There is little plot, but only a strange superstitious story woven about a beautiful girl of mysterious origin. It is a tragedy—but such beauty could not be destined for other than tragic end. Paradise was obtained when the young Spanish exile won the heart of the forest girl; and paradise was never meant for this earth. She perishes at the hands of the superstitious savages and her lover, half-maddened, has his revenge and returns to civilization.

Of the philosophy of the book I say nothing. It has its profound truth as well as its fallacies. It is a study not of ethics but of the natural man in natural surroundings.

The style is intensely alive, pulsating with Hudson's own strange, wild love of life and of nature in every form. He is one of the few who is not afraid of saying what he thinks and of showing his contempt for all that is merely sham and hypocrisy in man. He has an intense dislike for the artificialities of life and the people who through human respect or other such motive, lose themselves, and their individuality in the struggle for existence and become dead souls carried along on the great tide of life; afraid to be true even to themselves. His love of solitude is beautifully expressed in the following passage:

"As I crossed the savannah I played with this fancy; but when I reached the ridgy eminence, to look down once more on my new domain, the fancy changed to a feeling so keen that it pierced to my heart, and was like a pain in its intensity—causing tears to rush to my eyes and caring not in that solitude to disguise my feelings from myself, and from the wide heaven that looked down and saw me—for this is the sweetest thing that solitude has for us, that we are free in it, and no convention holds us—I dropped on my knees and kissed the stony ground, then casting up my eyes, thanked the Author of my being for the gift of that wild forest, those green mansions where I had found so great a happiness!"

This style of expression is perfect, with a truly natural perfection. Hudson does not follow rules or other writers; he has a beautiful style of his own. He says things boldly and does not modify his statements; but he writes down his own beautiful thoughts naturally and simply. Hudson's vivid imagination and immense descriptive powers are his greatest gifts. His extensive knowledge of nature places him in the position of a great naturalist but the name of scientist does not suit Hudson; he is ethereal, yet realistic. He points out the uselessness of seeking true perfection and happiness in this world, and yet he himself is always seeking it. He has something about him of the seer when he dimly, and beautifully, points out the right way; and yet he can hardly be called a prophet.

He is just himself, rebellious against the hypocrisy of the world, revelling in the simplicity and grandeur of his "green mansions", pointing out perfection and real living, conscious of the truth of his own experience, and professing his faith in nature in the face of an unheeding world.

To read him is as refreshing as to live in a world eternally rain washed, a world in which everything is new and unexplored. To follow his imagination with the beautiful,

yet strange, bird-girl Rima, and to read his enthralling descriptions of each wood-land creature is to experience joys which we stupidly thought lost in the land of "every day".

Mingled beautifully with his intense love of nature is a great faith in the happiness of life. Even his characters assume wild-life forms; birds especially are mingled in his thoughts. The description of Rima, illustrates the power and fascination of Hudson. Only the quoted passage can illustrate the point:

"It was a human being—a girl form, reclining on moss among the ferns and herbage, near the roots of a small tree. One arm was doubled behind her neck for her head to rest upon, while the other arm was extended before her, the hand raised towards a small brown bird perched on a pendulous twig just above her head; and the hand appeared to tempt it greatly, for it persistently hopped up and down, turning rapidly about this way and that, flirting its wings and tail, and always appearing just on the point of dropping on to her finger. From my position it was impossible to see her distinctly, yet I dared not move. I could make out that she was not above four feet six or seven inches in height, in figure slim, with delicately shaped little hands and feet. Her feet were bare, and her only garment was a slight chemise-shaped dress reaching below her knees, of a whitish-grey color, with a faint lustre as of a silky material. Her hair was very wonderful; it was loose and abundant, and seemed wavy or curly, falling in a cloud on her shoulders and arms. Dark it appeared, but the precise tint was undeterminable, as was that of her skin, which looked neither brown nor white. Altogether, near to me as she actually was, there was a kind of mistiness in the figure which made it appear somewhat vague and distant, and a greenish grey seemed the prevailing colour. This tint I presently attributed to the effect of the sunlight falling on her through the green foliage—. I had not been watching her more than three seconds before the bird, with a sharp, creaking little chirp flew up and away in sudden alarm. At the same moment she turned and saw me through this light leafy screen. But although catching sight of me thus suddenly, she did not exhibit alarm like the bird; only her eyes wide open, with a surprised look in them remained immovably fixed on my face. And then slowly, imperceptibly—for I did not notice the actual movement, so gradual and smooth it was, like the motion of a cloud of mist which changes its form and place, yet to the eye seems not to have moved—she rose to her knees, to her feet, retired, and with face still towards me, and eyes fixed on mine, finally disappeared, going as if she had melted away into the verdure".

This strange almost ethereal meeting with Rima, is typical of Hudson; he clothes everything in a beautiful half-misty light, through which truth and reality are seen dimly.

Again in his intensely real description of the tempest in the wood, his wonderful powers are shown:

"As I approached the wood, there came a flash of lightning, pale, but covering the whole visible sky, followed after a long interval by a distant roll of thunder, which lasted several seconds, and ended with a succession of deep throbs. It was as if nature herself, in supreme anguish and abandonment, had cast herself prone on the earth, and her great heart had throbbed audibly, shaking the world with its beats. . ."

What a beautiful description of a thunder storm! How terrifying and yet how real! But Hudson is like that, real—true! With his beauty of style and imagination, he has the great power of taking his readers, in thought, anywhere he chooses.

The book has a remarkable practical knowledge of Geography and the peoples of

the world especially of that part so dear to him—South America. This knowledge is displayed by Abel's wonderful description to Rima of the countries, lands and rivers of the world.

"Look, Rima," I began, "here we are on this small pebble—Ytaioa; and this line round it shuts us in—we cannot see beyond. Now let us imagine that we can see beyond—that we can see the whole flat mountain-top; and that, you know, is the whole world. . . ." Then in a sudden burst of inspiration, I described the Cordilleras to her—that world—long stupendous chain; its sea of Titicaca, and wintry desolate Paramo, where lie the ruins of Tiahuanaco, older than Thebes. I mentioned its principal cities—those small inflamed or festering pimples that attract much attention from appearing on such a body. Quito, called—not in irony, but by its own people—"the splendid and the magnificent"; or high above the earth as to appear but a little way removed from heaven—"de Quito al cielo", as the saying is.

But of its sublime history, its kings and conquerors, Haymar Capac the Mighty, and Huascar, and Atahualpa the Unhappy, not one word. Many words—how inadequate!—of the summits, white with everlasting snows, above it—above this navel of the world, above the earth, the ocean, the darkening tempest, the condor's flight. Flame-breathing Cotopaxi, whose wrathful mutterings are audible two hundred leagues away, and Chimborazo, Antisana, Sarata, Illimani, Aconcagua—names of mountains that affect us like the names of gods, implacable Pachacamac and Viracocha, whose everlasting granite thrones they are. At the last I showed her Cuzco, the city of the sun, and the highest dwelling place of men on earth".

In strong contrast to Rima, the strange mysterious bird-girl, is Cla-Cla an old Indian witch who puts the warriors to sleep at night by her wandering stories. But here again I must quote Hudson who puts his ideas down so clearly and beautifully:

"Last of all, who should perhaps have been first, was Runi's mother, called Cla-Cla, probably in imitation of the cry of some bird, for in these latitudes a person is rarely, perhaps never, called by his or her real name, which is a secret jealousy preserved, even from near relations. I believe that Cla-Cla herself was the only living being who knew the name her parents had bestowed on her at birth. She was a very old woman, spare in figure, brown as old sun-baked leather, her face written over with innumerable wrinkles, and her long coarse hair perfectly white; yet she was exceedingly active, and seemed to do more work than any other woman in the community; more than that,—when the day's toil was over and nothing remained for the others to do then Cla-Cla's night work would begin; and this was to talk all the others, or at all events all the men, to sleep. She was like a self-regulating machine, and punctually every evening, when the door was, closed and the night-fire made up, and every man in his hammock, she would set herself going, telling the most interminable stories, until the last listener was fast asleep; later in the night, if any man woke with a snort or grunt, off she would go again, taking up the thread of the tale where she had dropped it. . . ."

It is strange that one should be convinced that before long, Hudson will be one of the greatest of modern writers? In fact he is now! but the world is slow to recognize true genius and it may be a little time before his place in literature is fixed. Among the keenest of his judges and most appreciative of his admirers we find—Theodore Roosevelt and John Galsworthy.

SONGS SUNG BY THE NIGHTINGALE CLUB.

(Under the direction of I. McQuillan and A. Mantin).

TRY THESE ON YOUR OWN VOICE!

1. *Life's Old, Sweet Gong.*

Chorus: (this is as much as we can use for advertising purposes).

(Dreamily): Just a gong at daybreak
When you're fast asleep,
And you think you're dreaming
In your slumbers deep.
Then you start and listen
Full of anxious fear,
Till you hear the hand bell—
Alas! so near—
Ah—ah—ah!—a—a—ass—s, so near—!
(Tutti): Hear!—ear!—

2. To the Tune of "The Wearin' of the Green".

Oh, they're doin' things at M. S. V.
They've never done before;
The College girls just sail around
Like princesses and more.

In years gone by 'twas never thought
That things would progress so,
That anyone would dare to shun
The rule of "Silent Row".

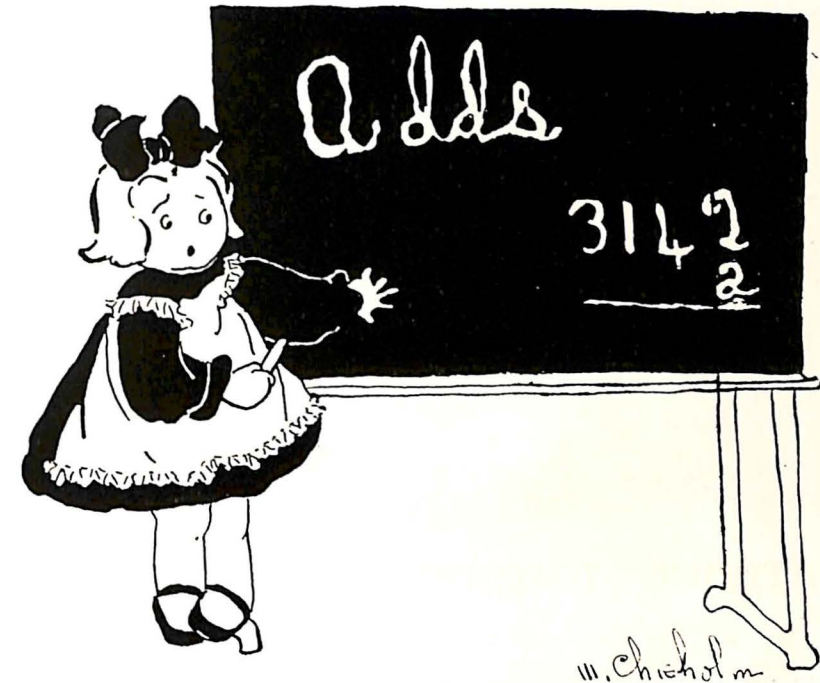
They even leave the campus bounds
Whenever they do please,
To purchase in the busy town,
Or roam around at ease.
But still with all their privileges
And long vacation spells,
We'd rather than a cap and gown
Just wear our cap and bells!

3. *Song Before Breakfast.*

Prunes, porridge hot,
Prunes, Corn-flakes cold,
For you must eat them both my dears,
If ever you'd live to be old:
Some like them not,
Some, we are told,
Take neither prunes nor porridge hot,
—They'll never live to be old!



HOME NURSING



HOW CIVILIZED ARE WE?—A new book which contains the condensed experience of the C Class. A composite production edited by BEATRICE RUBENOVITCH.

YOURS AT HALF PRICE:—Slightly damaged but internally whole French composition containing the delightfully varied and humorous adventures of Madame X. Don't write: telegraph your order to KATHERINE OWEN.

LOST:—One pair of perfectly good tonsils. The owner has never been the same since they were removed by stealth. Address MARY HARRIS.

HOW TO GET THROUGH YOUR WORK, QUICKLY, EFFICIENTLY, AND WITH THE GREATEST SAVING OF ENERGY:—"It is my opinion," writes Miss McManus, "that the numerous break-downs in academic classes are due to lack of leisure". Advice given free by M. R. McM.

WANTED:—A pair of roller skates for use between St. Stanislaus lavatory and St. Agnes Classroom. NORMA BUCKLEY.

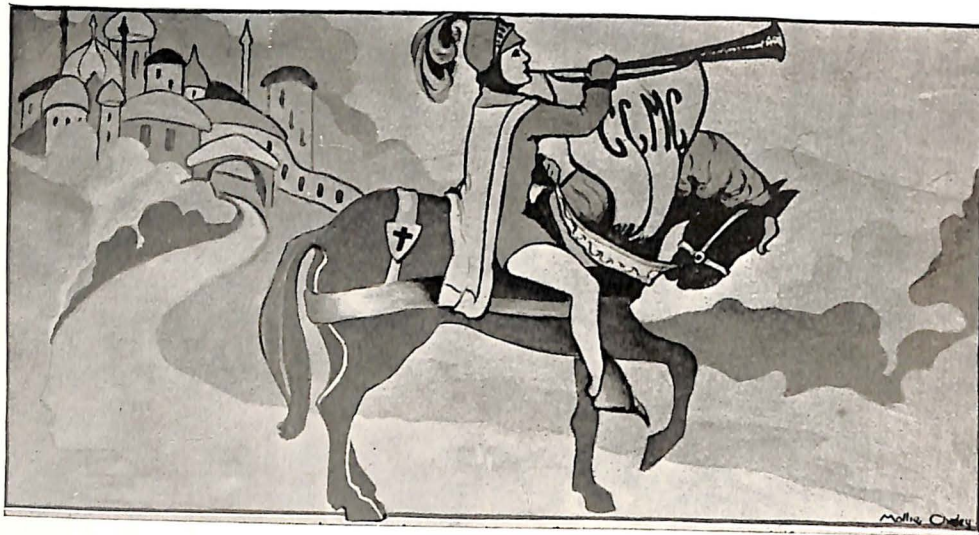
YOU CAN HAVE THIS THRILLING BOOK FREE!—An encyclopedia of my knowledge. First volume offered as a sample. Address DOROTHY MORSON.

SELF-EDUCATION AT COLLEGE is the thing to aim for. Read the profoundly instructive and edifying pamphlet on this subject by BARBARA MULOCK.

FOR SALE:—a small collection of Tres Biens, valued as keep-sakes. The owner, however, is obliged to dispose of them, and asks that the purchaser will treat them tenderly. ANNIE MANCINI.

FOUND:—several hearts in battered condition. These may be had on application to the Sewing Room.

AUCTION:—By Betty Kelly and M. K. MacDougall, a variety of soaps.



CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE.

THE Third Annual Convention of the C. C. M. C. was held at Saint Mary's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia, on May 22, 1927. The programme was arranged as follows:

- I. REUNION IN ASSEMBLY HALL 2.30 P. M.
 - (a) Singing of Crusaders' Hymn: "God Wills It!"
 - (b) Opening remarks: Reverend Father Director.
- II. PRESENTATION OF REPORTS 2.50 P. M.
 1. Mount St. Vincent.
 2. Academy of the Sacred Heart.
 3. St. Patrick's Girls' High School.
 4. Saint Mary's College.
- III. READING AND DISCUSSION OF PAPERS.
 1. The Society of the Propagation of the Faith.
A Historical Sketch: Written by Mary Windeatt and
read by Jean Montague, Mount St. Vincent.
 2. The Spiritual Poverty of the Field Afar.
Academy of the Sacred Heart.
 3. The Needs of the Home Missions.
St. Patrick's Girls' High School.
 4. Life of Saint Francis Xavier.
Saint Mary's College.
- IV. CONVENTION RESOLUTIONS.
- V. SOCIAL INTERMISSION.
- VI. SOLEMN BENEDICTION OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT.

The zeal and enthusiasm which were shown at this meeting of the Catholic Students of Halifax spoke well for the cause of the missions during the school year of 1927-28. Nor have our hopes been disappointed. Shortly after school opened in September the new students were enrolled in the ranks of the Mission Crusade. The Monday following the First Friday of the month was chosen as Mission Day and the day of general meeting for all Mount Crusaders. On that day we offer all acts of silence, mortification, charity, and aspirations, prayers, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Way of the Cross, as well as the Mass and Holy Communion of the day, for the cause of the Missions. The spiritual alms gathered for the Missions have therefore been abundant. Every month a special patron is chosen, and special practices assigned, all with a view to a special Missionary intention. The mite boxes have been filled and emptied regularly, and all have been generous in their weekly contributions.

In October, the Freshman Christian Doctrine Class presented a programme which has been already described in our Chronicles. The following afternoon, the same class gave a tea and dance in the gymnasium for the Missions. Both undertakings were a great success and gave impetus to Mission Work for the year. In February the proceeds of a moving picture, "The Vanishing American" starring Richard Dix, were devoted to the cause of the Missions. We are looking forward to still other projects for raising funds.

Interesting literature has been abundant during the year. Letters from China and India, the "Thankee" of Brother Gerard, the new official organ of the C. C. M. C. which comes regularly from Toronto and keeps us in touch with our associates, as well as the regular Mission magazines, find their way to us through our devoted Directress. Our Library magazine stand holds current numbers of "Catholic Missions", "The Field Afar", "Jesuit Missions", and other standard mission literature.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the C. C. M. C. is fixed for May 13th and will take place in St. Patrick's Girls' High School, Halifax.

KATHRYN BURGESS, Secretary.

MISSION CRUSADE ACTIVITY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT 1927-1928.

RECEIPTS FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR.

Balance from May 1927	\$ 3.88
Mite Boxes	128.71
Mission Crusade Fee	116.31
Entertainment (Freshman Class)	50.00
General Entertainment (Moving Picture)	12.00
Other donations (including \$250.00 for education of a seminarian)	394.65
Miscellaneous sources	12.72
Total	\$718.27

EXPENDITURES FOR THE SCHOOL YEAR.

Support of a Seminarian	\$250.00
Propagation of the Faith	56.00
Home Missions and Catholic Extension	115.50
Austrian Missions	20.00
China Mission Seminary and Father Fraser	74.00
Father Gavan Duffy and British Indian Mission	75.00
African Missions	25.00
Negro Mission Seminary	11.00
Jesuit Missions, Philippine Islands	4.50
Sundry Charities	40.70
Holy Land	7.00
Literature	23.35
Postage	4.36
Canadian Mission Crusade	7.50
	\$713.91

SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

Masses	3,174
Holy Communion	1,921
Spiritual Communion	998
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament	2,795
Stations of the Cross	394
Beads	3,226
Office of our Lady	147
Acts of Charity and Mortification	6,132
Aspirations	573,29
Special Prayers for the Conversion of China	33,750

Linens donated to poor churches.
Literature distributed to various posts.

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT SODALITY OF OUR LADY IMMACULATE AND SAINT AGNES

ON the first Sunday after school opened in September, the officers of the Sodality were chosen with the following results:

Prefect	KATHLEEN DORAN.
First Assistant	EDNA HAMILTON.
Second Assistant	MARGARET CAMERON.
Secretary	KATHRYN BURGESS.
Treasurer	JEAN MONTAGUE.
Mistress of Candidates	MARY EGAN.
Readers	MARY EGAN and IRENE McQUILLAN.
Mass Section	MARY HOUSE.
Librarians	ANNIE MANTIN and IRENE McQUILLAN.
Choir Mistress	JOEY GILLESPIE.
Stamp Section	ANNIE MANCINI.

The Sodality wishes to recommend Margaret Reardon, Gertrude McLean, and Helen Le Brun, Alumnae members, who have kept up the practice of saving cancelled stamps. We thank Marie Power Lancaster and Vivian Power, for their contribution of five dollars each to the Sodality Fund.

The Mass of the second Sunday of every month is offered for all Sodalists, past and present. We would ask the Alumnae to remember to join in spirit with us and to make their special intentions.

During the past year four of our former Sodalists have entered the Novitiate. They are Margaret Prendergast, Elizabeth Pickup, Isabel Gouthro, and Stephanie McIsaac.

ALUMNAE SODALITY OF OUR LADY IMMACULATE.

OFFICERS.

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 PERYL DALY.	MISS MARY DENCE.
MRS. C. C. HANRAHAN.	MISS MARJORIE WAKELY.
MRS. O. CORMIER.	MRS. F. FINLAY.

The opening meeting of our Sodality in October gave promise of a fruitful year. Nor have our hopes been disappointed. Month after month has found us assembled at Saint Mary's Convent, to renew old acquaintances and meet under the kind glance of our Lady, other Mount girls who carry the same standards and strive after the ideals which we have all learned from our Blessed Mother during our school days.

To Reverend Charles McManus, Rector of Saint Mary's Cathedral, we owe our sincere gratitude for his unfailing helpfulness and kindly interest. To the good Sisters of Saint Mary's Convent, we likewise would express our gratitude for their continued hospitality.

The instructions which Father McManus has given during the course of the year have been helpful and varied.

In October Reverend Father Director took the very appropriate subject, "The Rosary", and explained very clearly and sweetly, how the life of our Divine Lord is pictured therein. The following month,—the month of All Souls—brought a most interesting talk. Reverend Father reminded us that we must "pray always", and that prayer to the Mother of God is always fruitful, though it may not seem so to human eyes.

On December eighth, we accepted the invitation of Sister Directress to come out to the Mount for the renewal of our consecration to our Blessed Lady. Following the reception of the new members into the Sodality, Reverend Father O'Reilly gave a very impressive talk on the Model Child of Mary. Immediately afterwards we proceeded to the Music Hall where refreshments were served and we sat chatting with our friends over the tea cups. In the course of the evening we had the pleasure of meeting Reverend Mother Louise and Mother Berchmans and of hearing from them the account of the actual miracle which had taken place under the roof of our Alma Mater only a few days before. A novice had been suffering for about seven months from an infected hand and arm. All hope was given up by the attending physician, whose parting words were, "Only a miracle can cure Sister now". Whereupon, a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help was begun, and lo! on the night of its completion the Sister was perfectly and almost instantaneously cured! What an inspiration for the Alumnae Sodality! What an incentive to faith in the power of her who is always "Our Lady of Perpetual Help!"

On February fifth, Father McManus spoke of our Lady as "The Gate of Heaven", and urged us to follow more closely her who is all holiness, all love, all devotion. Our Sister Directress reminded us of the Lenten practices which are undertaken by every true Sodalist.

Lent is not quite over, as we send this record to press. Other good things are to come, especially the beautiful month of May. So we leave the Mount Alumnae Sodality under the loving care of Mary with the fervent prayer that it may daily grow in strength, loyalty, and devotion and produce fruits worthy of the Mother of God.

MARY B. THOMPSON, E. de M.



FRESHMAN	B. CLASS	COMMERCIAL	C. CLASS	D. CLASS	MID. A.
October			HONORS.		
*E. Hamilton.	M. Lauder.	*K. Doran.	*M. Morson.	*M. Burel.	
M. Cameron.			H. Kennedy.		
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
M. Egan.	*I. McQuillan.	M. Bourgeois.	*B. Mulock.		
		R. LeBlanc.	E. Carroll.		
November.			HONORS.		
*E. Hamilton.	*I. McQuillan.	*K. Doran.	*M. Morson.	*M. Burel.	*J. Thorup.
*M. Romans.	*M. Ackermann.	R. LeBlanc.	R. Finn.		
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
M. Cameron.	M. Lauder.	R. Adams.	*B. Mulock.		
M. Egan.	C. Allison.	M. Meagher.	E. Carroll.		
December.			HONORS.		
*M. Romans.	*I. McQuillan.	M. Meagher.	*M. Morson.	*M. Burel.	*J. Thorup.
*E. Hamilton.	*M. Ackermann.	*E. Walsh.	*B. Mulock.		
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
A. Mancini.		*K. Doran.	P. Melanson.		
M. O'Brien.			H. Kennedy.		
January.			HONORS.		
*M. Romans.	*I. McQuillan.	*K. Doran.	*M. Morson.	*M. Burel.	*J. Thorup.
*E. Hamilton.	M. Lauder.	*E. Walsh.	*B. Mulock.		M. Cummings.
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
M. O'Brien.	E. Moore.	M. Embree.	E. Carroll.		
A. Garnier.	J. Harnett.		P. Melanson.		
February.			HONORS.		
*M. Romans.	*I. McQuillan.	M. Bourgeois.	*B. Mulock.	*M. Burel.	*J. Thorup.
*E. Hamilton.		*E. Walsh.	E. Carroll.		M. Cummings.
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
A. Garnier.	J. Harnett.	R. LeBlanc.	P. Melanson.		
L. Fletcher.	E. Moore.		R. Finn.		
	M. Lauder.				
March.			HONORS.		
*E. Hamilton.	*I. McQuillan.	M. Bourgeois.	H. Kennedy.	*M. Burel.	
A. Mancini.	M. Lauder.	*E. Walsh.	*B. Mulock.	C. Garten.	
			M. Morson.		
			E. Carroll.		
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
*M. Romans.	J. Harnett.	R. LeBlanc.			
A. Garnier.	*M. Ackermann.	M. Meagher.			
S. McNeil.					
N. Buckley.					
April.			HONORS.		
*E. Hamilton.	M. Lauder.	M. Bourgeois.	*B. Mulock.	C. Garten.	
A. Mancini.		*E. Walsh.	H. Kennedy.	*M. Burel.	
		M. Embree.			
			HONORABLE MENTION.		
S. McNeil.	J. Harnett.		P. Melanson.		
M. Cameron.	M. Harris.		M. Haché.		
C. Gouthreau.	E. Coleman.				
N. Buckley.					

(Asterisk marks Honor Medallist).



ATHLETICS.

SEPTEMBER days were bright with sunshine. At noon the archery enthusiasts occupied the field, where at four o'clock fierce battles were waged in basket-ball. The teams, chosen according to classes, are:

FRESHMAN I. (Black).

Rt. For., M. O'BRIEN, (Capt.)
Lt. For., E. WILLIAMS.
Centre, A. BUCKLEY.
Rt. Centre, M. CAMERON.
Lt. Centre, E. HAMILTON.
Rt. Def., S. McNEIL.
Lt. Def., L. FLETCHER.

FRESHMAN II. (Black).

Rt. For., M. EGAN.
Lt. For., N. BUCKLEY, (Capt.)
Centre, A. SMITH.
Rt. Centre, A. GARNIER.
Lt. Centre, C. GOUTHREAU.
Rt. Def., V. GREENE.
Lt. Def., W. BARKHOUSE.

COMMERCIAL (Red).

Rt. For., M. EMBREE.
Lt. For., J. GILLESPIE.
Centre, R. LeBLANC.
Rt. Centre, M. JOY.
Lt. Centre, R. ADAMS.
Rt. Def., K. DORAN, (Capt.)
Lt. Def., H. FRANCIS.
Sub., E. WALSH.

PROV. B. (Purple).

Rt. For., M. LAUDER, (Capt.)
Lt. For., M. DEVEAU.
Centre, A. McLEAN.
Rt. Centre, E. MOORE.
Rt. Def., E. COLEMAN.
Lt. Def., M. ACKERMANN.

SENIOR C I. (Blue).

Rt. For., M. MORSON, (Capt.)
Lt. For., H. KENNEDY.
Centre, H. STOKES.
Rt. Centre, A. DALLAS.
Lt. Centre, N. FITZ RANDOLPH.
Rt. Def., M. K. MacDOUGALL.
Lt. Def., K. OWEN.

SENIOR C II. (Blue).

Rt. For., P. MELANSON.
Lt. For., R. COMEAU.
Centre, M. MacDONALD.
Rt. Centre, N. HEALY.
Lt. Centre, B. MULOCK.
Rt. Def., E. CARROLL.
Lt. Def., D. MORSON, (Capt.)

The outdoor work from September to November was principally practice work. The scheduled games were played in the gymnasium on Thursday evenings. The scores up to the present stand:

BLACKS I.	BLACKS II.	REDS.	PURPLES.	BLUES I.	BLUES II.
26	59	54	38	35	32

The Base-ball scores are:

BLACKS	REDS	PURPLES	BLUES I	BLUES II
26	25	9	40	24

In spite of the attractions of the diamond and the basket-ball field, the tennis courts were not deserted. Every afternoon each of the four courts was occupied by players, some very skilful, others mere beginners. Badminton was played indoors during the winter months.

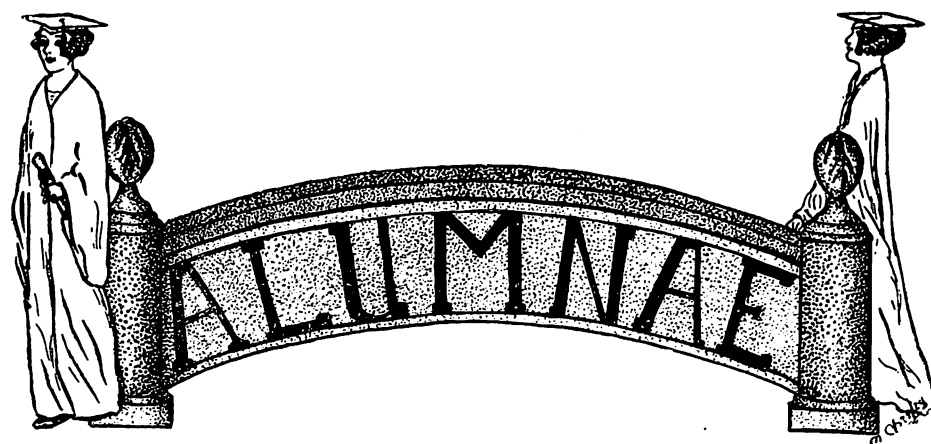
Out of doors, the winter brought its own fun, and no sooner had the snowy season set in than the toboggan parties set out, with great liveliness. The route from St. Joseph's Hill is a thrilling toboggan course, and after a few mishaps, we became expert in dodging trees, rocks, and other tobogganers. Skiing too, came into fashion, and Mary K. was able to show her skill.

After a long, patient wait, the final frost came that froze the old rink perfectly and soon the jolly skaters were gliding over the smooth surface. Although this sport is enjoyable in daytime, nothing surpasses the feeling of skating by night. We had some jolly times by moonlight and bonfire light, and in addition a real sleigh ride down from the farm and hot cocoa at the end of the ride.

The snow-shoers made quite a crowd when they got together; so, all told, the winter was a memorable one for good sport.

Spring brings us back to archery, tennis, and basket-ball. Base-ball too, promises fair; so, on we go to the end of the year when the tennis tournament will round out the athletes' calendar.

MILDRED MORSON.



ANOTHER milestone has been passed, and with 1928 the Alumnae Association enters upon its seventh year of organization.

The Scholarship Fund, around which most of the Alumnae activities centre, has reached a total of \$1,240.00. The beautiful painting in oils, "Rebecca at the Well" the gift of Mount St. Vincent Academy, and won by an Alumnae member, Mrs. W. F. Healy, added \$200.00 to the Fund.

The Valentine Tea, and Musicales held by courtesy of the Knights of Columbus in Columbus Hall, enlarged the Fund by another \$50.00.

Social intercourse among the members has been enjoyed through a chain of vanishing bridge teas; and at the same time, the Scholarship Fund has been helped considerably.

The "shower" of toys and useful gifts held at Christmas for the children of Saint Joseph's Orphanage, was the most successful in the history of the Alumnae Association. Every girl and boy in the Institution received a gift in an individual wrapping with Christmas seals and card enclosed. Ten dollars in prize money will be donated to the Orphanage as usual, at the close of the school year.

The Reading Circle held three interesting meetings in the homes of different members. A musical as well as a literary programme and a social hour was greatly enjoyed on each occasion.

During the term of the present officers, the sum of \$22.00 has been sent for the Mary Memorial altar at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Michael Sullivan, President of the Boston Chapter, was a welcome visitor at more than one meeting of the Alumnae in Halifax.

Miss Angela Geele, faithful secretary of the New York Chapter, continues to keep us informed regularly of the meetings of our New York friends. When a number of Mount Sisters were spending the summer in Brooklyn, N. Y., the members of the New York Chapter came in a body to see them, and spent a delightful afternoon. Supper was served and the spirit of fun ran high. Ida Marsland entertained the company by several readings, as well as by her personal observations. All remained for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and declared on their departure that the afternoon had been almost as good as a visit to the dear Old Mount.

MARY REARDON, Secretary.

The following letters speak for themselves:

6926 Woodrow Wilson Avenue,
Holly Wood, California,
April 13, 1928.

Dear Sister:

. . . Now that I have made an excuse for being lazy, I will tell you how we got along at the meeting. I am enclosing a copy of the minutes, from which you will see that ten enthusiastic Mount girls talked over old times for the better part of an afternoon. Mona Mullane, or rather Mrs. Jackson, could not come up to Los Angeles that day. Marion McPartland and Margaret McEvoy drove to Wilmington a few days after the meeting and saw Mona. She lives at 909 Ronan Avenue, Wilmington, and has three lovely children. She will do her best to attend the next meeting which will be a week from this Saturday. The Olands are spending the winter here and will try to attend the next meeting.

With so few of us there is little hope of swelling the Scholarship Fund to any great amount, but we thought playing bridge and charging \$1.00 a table would help to collect a few extra dollars. It remains with the hostess to have as many tables as she likes. Then once a year we will try to do something big. You never can tell,—we might have a substantial contribution to send you next year. Anyway, we hope for the best and expect the worst.

We certainly had an enjoyable time at our first meeting. The hostess, Mrs. Lyon, (Winnifred McEvoy) was ably assisted by her two charming daughters, three and two years of age, Mary Grace, who is called Mollybon, or Bonny,—and Peg. They are two darling babies, and as good as gold.

I am sure Marion will make an excellent president, and I will do my best to be a hard-working secretary. I know everyone enjoyed herself, and will make an effort to attend the meeting each month. I guess we all wanted to attend the big meeting at the Mount. We shall have to send a delegate from California sometime.

This will be all for to-day, Sister. I will write you again to let you know how we are getting along. If you find that there are any other Mount girls in California, let me know. Someone thought Janie Pride was here, and also one of the Kytes.

Sincerely,

FRANCES FOLEY.

MINUTES OF FIRST MEETING.

The first meeting of the California Chapter of the Mount St. Vincent Alumnae took place on Saturday, March 24, 1928, at the home of Mrs. Richard Lyon, Los Angeles, California.

Those present were:

MRS. RICHARD LYON.
MRS. HORACE SOPER (Vera Gavin).
MISS MARION MCPARTLAND.
MISS RUTH ELLIOTT.

MISS THERESE SMYTHE.
MISS LOUISE MONROE.
MISS ANNA DRYDEN.
MISS KATHLEEN FOLEY.

MISS FRANCES FOLEY.

Miss Margaret McEvoy of the Boston Chapter was also present.

Miss Mary Cronan, Miss Gertrude Huggins, and Mrs. J. A. Jackson, were unable to attend.

The officers for the year 1928-1929 were elected by ballot as follows:

President . . . MARION McPARTLAND
Secretary . . . FRANCES FOLEY

It was decided to meet once a month and to follow the meeting with a bridge party, charging \$1.00 a table. Proceeds at the end of the year to go to the Scholarship Fund.

Dues for the year—\$1.00—to be paid at next meeting.

It was decided to write the Secretary at Halifax for names and addresses of other Mount girls living in California.

The next meeting of the Chapter will be on Saturday, April 21st, at the home of Miss Ruth Elliott, Beverly Hills.

Meeting Adjourned.

FRANCES FOLEY, Secretary.

74 Lancaster Avenue,
Saint John, New Brunswick,
May 6, 1928.

Dear Sister:

Our President, Mrs. J. P. Byrne, has received your letter asking for items for the Folia, and it is a great pleasure to contribute in a small way towards its success.

During the last year the Saint John Chapter has suffered the loss of another of its most active and valued members, Miss Gertrude Costley, whose death in March brought sadness to us all. Prior to her death she was a constant attendant on her father, who died in November.

Our Chapter had High Masses offered for Mr. Costley and for Gertrude; and Mrs. Costley has our deepest sympathy.

In August, as you know, we had the pleasure of welcoming two of the Mount Sisters. Our Honorary President, Miss Elizabeth McGaffigan and several of the Mount girls met the Digby boat and welcomed the Sisters to our city. During their visit, the Sisters held a reception for us at the Infirmary and a large number of our members called. A delightful hour was spent talking over former years at the Mount and the careers of our classmates.

In September we had the honor of meeting Mrs. Scanlan, President of the Alumnae, who paid a short visit to Saint John on her way to the Conservative Convention. Our President, Mrs. J. P. Byrne, regretted that she was not in Saint John to welcome Mrs. Scanlan or the Sisters. Miss McGaffigan, our Honorary President, met the train, and through the kindness of Pauline Dalton, one of our members, was able to motor around the city and show Mrs. Scanlan some of the points of interest.

Mrs. Affleck of the Halifax Chapter visited Mrs. Frank Mullin, one of our former Presidents, in October, and was a guest at one of our meetings.

Miss Lillian Flood was married on September 28th and is now Mrs. Daniel Malloy. Lil has a disposition full of sunshine, and we have no doubt that her married life will be very happy.

Mary McElroy, who is a graduate of the Mayo Brothers Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, is to spend the summer at her home in Oromocto, N. B.

Two future pupils for the Mount are Anne Marie McGloan, daughter of Mrs. Louis McGloan, (Eileen O'Regan) and Patricia Brennan, daughter of Mrs. Frank Brennan (Marie Thompson).

Mrs. Frank Winslow (Marguerite Ganong) won the consolation prize in the Ladies Doubles in the Maritime Badminton Championships.

I trust, Sister, that some of these items may be of service to you, and wish the FOLIA ever success.

Sincerely yours,

GERALDINE READY, Secretary.

ALUMNAE BANQUET.

Saint John, New Brunswick.

The following is taken from a Saint John paper:

"The series of meetings of the Saint John Chapter of the Mount Saint Vincent Alumnae was brought to a close on Wednesday evening, with a delightfully arranged banquet, held in the salon of the Royal Hotel. The table was centered with an artistic arrangement of mauve Darwin tulips and carnations in two shades of pink, with festoons of gracefully draped tulle in light and dark blue, the College colors. Light and dark blue tapers in silver candlesticks provided a delicate lightning effect, and the place cards depicted quaint little Colonial ladies. After dinner a short musical program was given. Miss Gertrude O'Neil rendered two very pleasing vocal selections with Mrs. T. Louis McGloan as accompanist, and Mrs. Frank Mullin gave a reading. A pleasing feature was the presentation made by Miss Elizabeth McGaffigan honorary president, on behalf of the president and members, to Mrs. Daniel Malloy, a recent bride. A vote of thanks was extended to the president, Mrs. J. P. Byrne, who had arranged the delightful gathering, and who had accorded such a gracious welcome to all. Votes of thanks were also extended to those contributing to the evening's program."

SCHOLARSHIP FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mother M. Berchmans	\$76.00
Boston Chapter—Proceeds of Dance	
(Misses Miriam Allison and Elspeth Andrews)	60.00
Mrs. E. J. Cragg	50.00
Doctor Margaret McDonald	25.00
Miss Minnie McDonald	25.00
Mrs. J. P. Byrne	25.00
Mrs. D. F. McGrath	25.00
St. John Chapter	25.00
Miss Nellie Power	20.00
Mrs. D. P. McKenna	20.00
Miss Nora McLaughlin	10.00
Miss Mary Neville	10.00
Miss Margaret McEvoy	10.00
Miss Mildred Donovan	10.00
Miss Marjorie Wakely	10.00
Miss Angela Geele	10.00
Mrs. A. H. Cameron	10.00
Mrs. W. F. Healy	10.00
Miss Mary Reardon	5.00
Miss Francis Power	5.00
Mrs. O. P. Cormier	5.00
Miss Katherine Martin	5.00
Miss Peryl Daley	5.00
Miss Mary McDonald	5.00
Miss Mary Thompson	5.00
Mrs. K. Scanlan	5.00
Mrs. Amelia Green-Wyner	5.00
Mrs. J. C. Hagen	5.00
Miss Kathleen Hagen	5.00
Miss Mary Dence	5.00
Mrs. J. F. Rowe	5.00
Misses Mary and Margaret Sullivan	5.00
Miss Nellie Meehan	5.00
Miss Mary Jeffers	5.00
Mrs. W. A. Affleck	5.00
Miss Sarah McIsaac	5.00
Miss Queenie Carter	2.00
Mrs. G. J. Lynch	2.00
Mrs. D. R. Agnew	2.00
Miss Chisholm	2.00
Mrs. A. McDonald	2.00
Miss Minnie Vegers	2.00
Mrs. J. P. Dwyer	2.00
Mrs. Leo Currie	1.00
Proceeds of Musicale (Feb. 1927)	54.50
" of Dance (Apr. 1927)	42.00
" of Lottery	206.30
" of Musical Tea (Feb. 1928)	49.65
Vanishing Bridge Parties (to date)	23.00

ALUMNIANA.

WEDDING BELLS.

GLYNN SAUNDERS was married in September to Mr. Jack Rundle, and spent the winter in Florida. She is now living in Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITH CLEARY was married early last fall to Mr. Donald Love, and is now living in Brooklyn, N. Y.

MADGE HARNISH was married early in February to Mr. G. Mitchell of Chester.

MARIE POWER was married in February to Mr. J. Currie Lancaster, and is making her home in Florida.

MARGARET SMITH is now Mrs. James Cohoon, and is living in Brooklyn, N. Y.

GERALDINE DONOHUE was married last June to Mr. William Curran,

WELCOME!

To MRS. RIVLYN COSTIGAN (Lillian Kennedy) a daughter, Catherine, born on the feast of St. Catherine, November 25, 1927.

To MRS. ARTHUR CAMERON (Alexia Kyte) a daughter.

To MRS. BRENNAN (Marie Thompson) a daughter.

To MRS. A. H. YOUNG (Elsie Doyle) a son, Alfred Preston, born March 15, 1928.

To MRS. J. LANDRY (Agnes Doucet) a little girl.

To MRS. DON AGNEW (Blossom Davison) a daughter.

To MRS. EDWARD CRAGG (Lorette Donohoe) a little girl.

To MRS. JOHN MCINTYRE (Florence Penny) a little son.

To MRS. DANIEL F. MCGRATH (Katherine White) a son, Daniel Francis Junior.

SYMPATHY.

The Mount offers sympathy through the FOLIA to Emily Mare Warren, on the death of her husband. The early close of a career as brilliant as that of Judge Warren is a calamity not only to his immediate family but to Newfoundland.

Our condolence is likewise due to Mr. George MacKay, the husband of Veronica Loasby, who died in New York in February and left a little boy five years old.

Sincere sympathy is offered to the family of Gertrude Costley, who died in March, following her father to the grave after an interval of only a few months.

To HELEN MACALEENAN, who lost her mother in December, we offer our heartfelt sympathy, and

To RUTH PARSONS APPLEBY for the loss of her father.

To MARIE THERIAULT for the death of her sister, Yvonne.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

MRS. J. DEWOLFE (Kathleen Reardon) is a frequent visitor at the Mount, where her little daughter, Frances, is a pupil. The First Communion of this wee Junior was one of most touching sights the Mount Chapel has witnessed in the course of the year.

KATHLEEN HAGEN and MURIEL DONAHOE, who took their Bachelor's degrees last year from Dalhousie, are among the M. A.'s of this year at the University.

MILDRED MACDONALD is working in Halifax, and frequently visits us.

JENNIE and MARGARET DULHANTY have very good positions in New York. Mary is at home with her mother.

MRS. EDWARD KINNEY and her two daughters, Aileen and Kathleen, visited the Mount last Fall before returning to Boston where they are making their home.

MARY COMERFORD visited the Mount shortly after Christmas on her way to New York where she underwent a very serious but very successful operation.

CARMEL O'REILLY in training in St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn where she finds a real Mount atmosphere in the company of Ida Marsland, Mary Arbing, and Edna Pitts.

FANNY GOODMAN spent an afternoon with us last Fall. After a course at MacDonald College, Fanny has taken up the nursing profession, and is at present training in a New York hospital.

NORA WHELPLEY came over for the Thanksgiving holidays and spent a very happy week end with her old friends. She holds a good position with the government railway in Moncton, and rendered a service to the class of '28 by sending us time tables for use in Geography study.

DOROTHY D'ENTREMONT and FRANCOISE DOUCET visited the Mount in February. Both are attending the Normal School at Truro. CLARA CAMPBELL is also a student there.

LOTTIE HOLLOWAY has been nursing in New York City during the winter months.

NELLIE and NANO WARD paid us a visit at New Year's. Nellie is a graduate nurse at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, while Nano holds a secretarial position in Kentville. Madge, (Mrs. Canning) is living in Kentville. She always visits the Mount when she comes to Halifax.

ALBERTA SOY, as a professional nurse, is attached to the Roosevelt Hospital, New York. Her sister Isabel is at home in Amherst.

PAULA LYNCH is attending commercial school in Halifax.

MARGUERITE BELLIVEAU and JEAN MACDONALD are teaching in New York City.

MILDRED BLANK is living in Boston, whither her family moved last spring.

MARGARET and MARY JEFFERS are living in Calgary, Alberta.

VIVIAN POWER is working in Boston.

MRS. M. PALMER (Marguerite Currie) has made her home in Moncton, N. B. Her address is 71 Church Street.

JANE LEAHY has a business position in Halifax. She frequently visits the Mount.

MRS. TUTTLE (Cassie O'Leary) with her little son, Gerald, visited the Mount one afternoon in January.

FRANCES FOLEY is now residing in Hollywood, California. Her address is 6926 Woodrow Wilson Drive. Frances, loyal as ever, is endeavoring to bring together the Mount girls in Los Angeles in order to establish an Alumnae Chapter.

MRS. JOSEPH MADDEN (Clemens Callahan) with her little daughter spent a pleasant afternoon with us in October. Her home is in Cambridge, Mass.

MONA FRASER spent several days at the Mount last Fall and visited her old friends, Isabel MacNeil and Aileen Macaulay in Halifax. Isabel is completing her course at the Art School, and Aileen is making a name for herself in scientific circles at Dalhousie.

JOSEPHINE BURGESS is training at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

ROSE ORLANDO who was the first B.A. from Mt. St. Vincent College, is proving herself splendidly at Simmons' College, Boston, where she is taking a course in diatetics.

IDA LEBLANC is teaching in Wedgeport.

JEAN MACDOUGALL paid us a visit after her return from a three months' tour in Europe. She is now following a course in diatetics at the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence, R. I.

MARGARET ROMKEY spent a happy afternoon at the Mount a week or so before Christmas. She still keeps her long hair. Congratulations on your perseverance, Margaret. Her sister, Lilian, is at home also, in West Dublin.

HELEN WAKELY has migrated to Montreal where she has a very good secretarial position.

FLORENCE ARCHIBALD is attending Acadia University. At Christmas time she came back to see her old friends, and was very welcome.

MARGARET SMITH (of Halifax) is training at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BLUEBELL CUMBERFORD writes occasional letters from Amherst to her friends at the Mount. Bluebell is taking a commercial course, and hopes to go back to Chile this summer.

KATHLEEN PERY was with us for a while this year, but was obliged to undergo an operation for appendicitis at Christmas time which took her from her old haunts at the Mount. We miss her on the Academic stage, but are glad to say that she is now completely recovered.

STEPHANIE MCISAAC entered the novitiate in February and is happier than ever. Her sister Sarah spent a week end at the Mount in March.

ISABEL GOUTHRO, MARGARET PRENDERGAST, and ELIZABETH PICKUP, who entered in September, received the holy habit in March, and are now known respectively as; Sister Mary Isabel, Sister Mary Aidin, and Sister Cecelia Joseph.

KATHLEEN RYALL is at home in St. John's, Newfoundland, where her musical talent is highly valued.

MARY MCISAAC, of New Waterford, is living at home, and making good use of her musical talents.

EILEEN BRADSHAW holds a commercial position in Halifax.

MRS. LEO WHITE (Vera Townsend) is living at 9 Hesston Terrace, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

MOLLY CHESLEY is studying Art in New York and writes enthusiastically of her work. She has been able to accomplish two years' work in one, to the great satisfaction not only of herself, but of her teacher at the Mount. Her address is The Three Arts Club, 340 W. 85th Street. Molly visited Halifax during the Christmas holidays and spent an afternoon with us.

Los Angeles holds a number of Mount girls; among them, MARIAN MCPARTLAND, Mrs. Richard Lyon (Winnifred McEvoy), MARGUERITE MCEVOY, Mrs Soper, (Vera Gavin) KATHLEEN FOLEY, THERESA SMYTHE, MONA MULLANE JACKSON, ANNA DRYDEN, LOUISE MUNRO, RUTH ELLIOTT. These have formed and Alumnae Chapter.

ALMA HANWAY paid us a visit on St. Patrick's Day. She is attending school in Amherst, Nova Scotia.

RUBY BELL has been working in Halifax since December.

BEATRICE BUTLER is training at Jersey City Hospital and is enthusiastic over her work.

CATHERINE BROWN is living with her mother in Chicago.

KATHLEEN MURPHY is a stenographer for the Maritime Telephone Company in Sydney.

DOROTHY McDUGALL is doing secretarial work for her father.

JOYCE ROOP is doing secretarial work in Boston. While visiting the Academy of the Assumption one afternoon, she met her old school mate, Dorothy Hogan, who was also visiting there.

GRACE AMIRAUULT spent the winter at home in Pubnico, but intends to continue her studies next year.

HELEN COPELAND returned to the Mount in September but her health did not permit her to continue her studies. She spent two months in Boston recently and is now at home in Kentville. We hope to see her back here next year.

FRANCES LOCKART is working in her home town.

MARIE KELLY and KATHERINE MACDONALD are doing office work in Shediac, N. B.

MRS. MICHAEL SULLIVAN (Mary Nolan) is convenor of the Boston Alumnae Chapter. She paid us a visit last fall and was present at the first quarterly meeting of the Alumnae in October.

ROSALIE BELLIVEAU spent the winter at home in Belliveau's Cove.

ANDRE MARTHELEUR is attending the Convent of the Holy Angels, Sydney.

ANNIE McISAAC (Mrs. Fred. Kirby) is making her home in Toronto. She has two lovely children, a little boy, Michael, aged four, and Kathleen, aged two. Her two younger sisters, Sarah and Stephanie spent some weeks with her in the autumn, and also paid a lengthy visit to Mary McIsaac, (Mrs. Fabian Poulin) in Ottawa, who has two little girls.

EILEEN HALLEY writes interesting epistles to her old friends, the remnants of The Six Silent Scribblers, and is as entertaining as ever. Recently, she made her debut into St. John's society, and was happy to meet Kitty Power and Kathleen Ryall at a dance.

MARY A. MACDOUGALL has moved to Arlington, Massachusetts, where she is attending school.

MAXINE MULLIN is now at home in Saint John, N. B. She enjoyed a trip to the South during the winter months.

Two of the Sisters visited St. John in August and were cordially welcomed by the St. John Chapter of the Alumnae. Among those who came to see them were, BESSIE MCGAFFIGAN, GERALDINE, THERESA, and HELEN READY, GERTRUDE COSTLEY, GERTRUDE O'NEIL, AGNES DOLAN, PAULINE DALTON, MARY KANE, ELIZABETH FLOOD, MAXINE MULLIN, ELIZABETH GORMAN GRANNAN, MARGUERITE GANONG WINSLOW.

MARY WINDEATT writes occasionally to her old friends from San Diego, California, when she is making her home.

GENEVIEVE D'ENTREMONT is attending school at a French convent in New Brunswick.

ADELE COMEAU and MARGARET D'EON are at home.

AMELIA GREEN WYNER visited the Sisters in New York last summer. She has two children, a boy and a girl, and is the same happy Amelia, as enthusiastic as ever brimfull of life.

MARIE THERIAULT is teaching in her home town.

AGNES DOLAN visited the Mount last June, when she came to Halifax on the occasion of her brother's ordination.

MARY McHUGH is a secretary in a wholesale house in Moncton, N. B.

ALICE MURPHY is a stenographer for the Dominion Coal Company. She paid us a visit one afternoon in November.

MAY and GLADYS McCORMAC spent a week end in Halifax at Thanksgiving and paid several visits to the Mount. Gladys (Mrs. Urban Pineau) brought her little daughter Betty, and all three received a hearty welcome.

NORA HARES DALY recently sent some charming snap-shots of herself and her two children. She is living at Guayaguayare, Trinidad, and hopes to visit Canada again some day.

MARY MARSLAND is a faithful correspondent. She is still doing commercial work in Woonsocket, R. I.

HELEN MEEHAN of St. John's, Nfld. has been seriously ill. She is now, we trust, on the road to recovery. We are glad that the fervent prayers offered daily in her behalf were answered.

MARGARET DAVIDSON has been staying at home with her mother in Moncton.

HELEN POWER (Mrs. Leo Carter) who recently underwent a serious operation, has now recovered. She writes that she hopes to be passing this way on a trip to New York, and is looking forward to a visit to the Mount this summer.

MARGARET REARDON is doing secretarial work for her father in Halifax.

MARY and MARGUERITE WALSH of Gary, Indiana, are both doing splendid work the former as matron of a hospital, the latter as one of the directors of a bank in Gary.

RUTH PARSONS, (Mrs. Percy Appleby), telephoned from Middleton on the occasion of the death of her father in March. She was on a short visit to her home, but expects to return this summer, when we hope to welcome her at the Mount.

GENE McDONALD is still doing bank work in North Sydney, and thinks there is nothing like it.

QUEENIE CARTER is keeping up her athletic record in Dartmouth. Recently she made a splendid showing in the swimming and canoeing contests held in Halifax.

ISABEL KENNEDY is enjoying home life in St. John's, Nfld.

MADLINE DUBE, who was graduated from Lakeside Hospital, Chicago, last year, is still doing professional work in that city.

GERTRUDE McLEAN is working with a law firm in Glace Bay.

POLLY BRYNE O'REILLY is a regular correspondent. Her little girl, Alison, is almost ready to come to the Mount to school.

ISABEL GAVIN is working for her father in Parrsboro.

ANNA SMITH after spending two years doing commercial work in Boston, has returned to North Sydney, and no inducements in the way of salary or advancement can allure her away.

JEAN HEFFERNAN occasionally writes. She is as loyal as ever to the Mount, and is making good use of her Catholic training in doing church work in Springhill.

CATHERINE BELLIVEAU is working in the Canadian National Office at Moncton.

MADELINE KYTE spent a few days in Halifax on her way to Ottawa, where she was to make her debut. She hoped also to be able to do secretarial work for her father at the opening of the House.

MARGARET and ELLEN GILLESPIE are both in Moncton. Margaret is an R. N. and Ellen is a stenographer for the government.

EVA ABBIS is at home in Edmonston and takes active part in Church work.

ANNIE CALLAGHAN, (Mrs. Tom Kennedy), of Saint John's, Nfld. spent a few hours with us one afternoon after Easter. She was on her way home from Montreal where one of her sons is studying at Loyola. She tells us Isabel is at home "playing the lady".

KITTY HOWLEY of Saint John's, has written several times this year after a long silence. She is the same old loyal Kit. At present she is remaining at home where her presence is demanded by the illness of her mother and father. She is ever eager that petitions and supplications be made for her and her loved ones in that Chapel of her Alma Mater where in former years she received so many favors.

BED-TIME STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a Mount girl who got up at the first bell one morning, and when she put on her clean clothes, she found that her stockings were mates; and when she opened her drawer, there was a clean collar there; and when she went to breakfast she had bacon and eggs, and when she went upstairs afterwards to make her bed, she found that her room-mate had made it for her, and when she went to her charge, she found that they were waxing the study-hall floor, so she hadn't anything to do; and as she had her lessons all prepared, she went light-hearted to Geometry Class, where she knew her theorems perfectly; and in Christian Doctrine class she didn't get a single question; and instead of English composition, Sister read a story to the class; and she got a new piece at her music lesson, and then she went to study and read a library book, which she was allowed to keep out after Sunday; and there was a lemon pie for dinner, and after dinner she got four letters and a parcel, and then she hadn't a class all afternoon. She didn't have to go on the road and there were French fried potatoes for supper, and she had "complete" at Notes, and Sister told her she might go to bed early, and she didn't have to wait for a bath-tub, and her room-mate had put a hot-water bottle in her bed, and some candy on her table, and the trains didn't shunt a bit, and she went straight to sleep, because nobody snored. . . That will conclude the program for to-night, folks. Next Wednesday evening at the same time, Aunt Dorothy will be on the air again with another fairy story for the kiddies. Good-night everybody!

KATHERINE OWEN.

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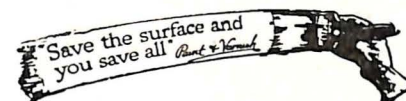
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